

HUTCHINGS'
CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

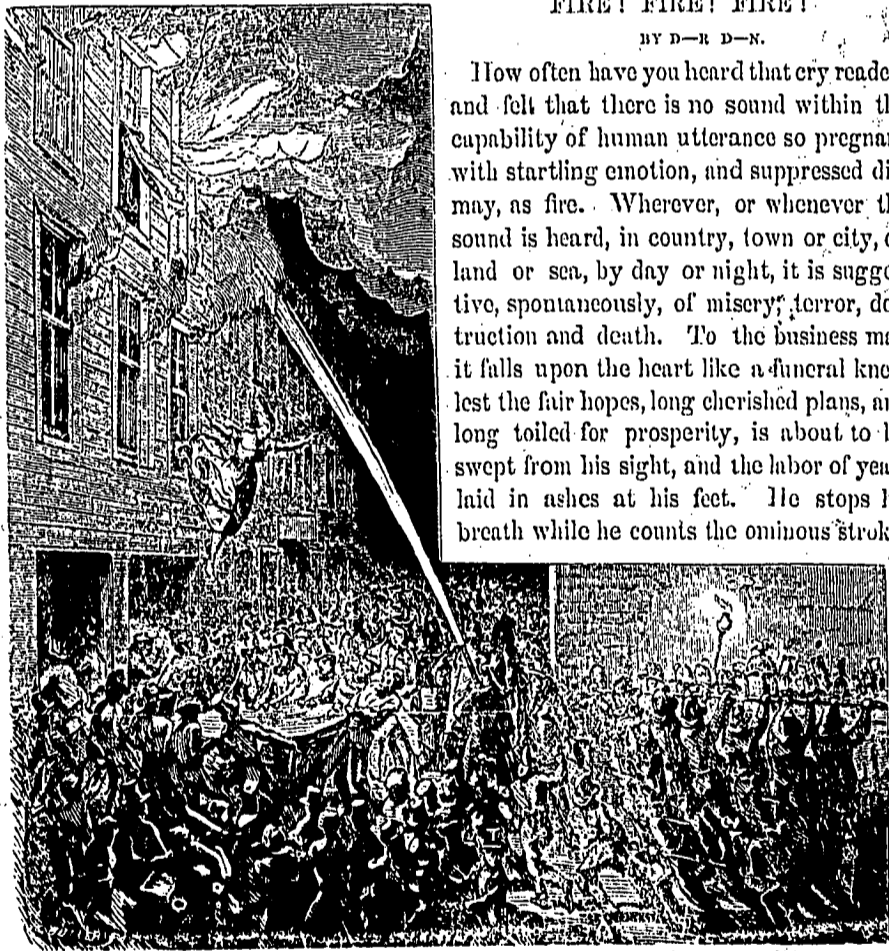
AUGUST, 1857.

NO. II.

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

BY D-R D-N.

How often have you heard that cry reader, and felt that there is no sound within the capability of human utterance so pregnant with startling emotion, and suppressed dismay, as fire. Wherever, or whenever the sound is heard, in country, town or city, on land or sea, by day or night, it is suggestive, spontaneously, of misery, terror, destruction and death. To the business man it falls upon the heart like a funeral knell, lest the fair hopes, long cherished plans, and long toiled for prosperity, is about to be swept from his sight, and the labor of years laid in ashes at his feet. He stops his breath while he counts the ominous strokes



of the City fire bell; or the loud cries of the populace, proclaim the locality of the fire; and either blesses God that he has once more escaped the ravages of the relentless enemy, as he offers up a silent hope or prayer that it may not be a particular friend who resides in the locality of the fire, and of whom he immediately thinks; or, he hurries on to the scene of action to remove the more valuable of his treasures, or those of his friend, and render aid at such a time, even to an enemy.

Now all is excitement—the red glare around and upon the sky, and the black volumes of curling smoke rolling past, invite all haste; streams of men, engines, hose-carriages, hooks and ladders, are hurrying on, on, alike heedless of consequences to those who thoughtlessly impede their progress. The loud orders of the foreman through his trumpet; the solemn and alarming tolling of the bells; the impatience of the living tide of men eagerly pressing forward to the conflict, unite to give a fearful impetus to almost superhuman effort. Soon—aye, how very soon!—but a few moments apparently, and the gallant firemen—the guardians of the public property,—with their means of salvation, and without a selfish thought, are at hand to compel submission to the common enemy.

See them in their Roman-like helmets, and with their Roman—no, American—courage, hurrying up ladders; leaping on roofs; rushing through doorways; climbing through windows; creeping on floors to prevent suffocation; crawling on the very top of the trembling and consuming building; that, in the front of the battle, they may successfully combat and annihilate the fell destroyer. What though he may fall over into immediate death; or drop through into the fiery abyss which is raging below, to immediate destruction; nothing daunted, on, on he presses; nor will he quit his post until the victory is won!

Should a cry for help, from some almost inaccessible height be heard,—from frantic mother or helpless children,—how quickly

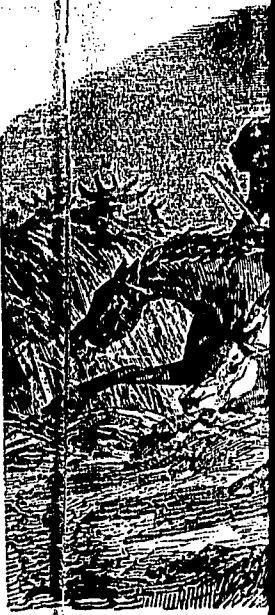
a ladder is ascended, and through the fiery element, deliverance carried to the perishing. How well does he deserve the welcoming plaudits of his anxious brethren, and the cheering acclamations of the eager crowd; who, as witnesses, stand to see and admire the cool and intrepid daring of the delivering hero? No wonder that in grateful heart throbbings of the rescued ones, a prayer for blessings is offered up on the generous head, and for the self-sacrificing hand of the deliverer; while all say "God bless you,"—and they mean it too.

The fire is subdued. Now comes the stern realities of the loss. A life saved from destruction, lives to be grateful,—that is much, very much; but, alas! from comparative opulence, the sufferers are reduced to actual destitution. All the luxuries of life which they were just beginning to enjoy as the reward of unremitting toil, are now lying in the dust, like the frail card-palace—the toys of our childhood.

Oh, what news to send to the fond, and perhaps absent partner of his life, to the little and loving ones at home! Of what comforts has it not robbed them? of what innocent pleasures has it not bereft them?

Encouraged by friends he has to begin life anew; though perhaps now an old man, he has to put on the vigor of a young one, to supply even an ordinary subsistence to the cherished ones of his once happy household. This is not a picture merely, but the recital of a reality—aye, many a heart-touching story of California experience could be written of fire in the commercial cities of our State, and in nearly all of the large mining towns; of men, who are rich to-day and helplessly poor to-morrow.

A PRAIRIE ON FIRE.—Amidst the roar of the contending elements, is heard, at a distance, the screams of fugitive animals; now a faint trampling, then in the far-stretched out horizon an incongruous herd of the hairy denizens of the wild forest and plain. Nearer and nearer they approach; plainer and plainer are heard their mad-



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spoiler. Side by side, the
the deer, the lion with the
with the hare, the panther
Clouds of heated dust and
mark the progress of the
reckless tyrant behind
they are brought up to a
the old, experienced and
He, foreseeing the angry
burning heavens, with
judgment, marks the path
Scattering a light from his
the direction of the blast,
weeds before him, and clear
before it to stay its progress
astounding, he views the
of flight upon the fugitive
The lion has lost his cool
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A PRARIE ON FIRE.

dened trappings; onward they rush, helter-skelter; terror in each eye, fury in each tread. Behind and around them, following them up, appears a wall of fire, crackling, sparkling, roaring, like the blast of a heated furnace! Onward, still onward, they rush, trampling many a young fleet one beneath their feet, to feed the flame as prey to the spoiler. Side by side, the tiger races with the deer, the lion with the buffalo, the jackal with the hare, the panther with the roebuck. Clouds of heated dust and blackened smoke, mark the progress of their race, and the reckless tyrant behind them. Suddenly they are brought up to a halt by the art of the old, experienced and intrepid traveler. He, foreseeing the angry aspect of the burning heavens, with cool, calculating judgment, marks the path of the destroyer. Snatching a light from his wallet, he watches the direction of the blast, ignites a ridge of weeds before him, and clears sufficient space before it to stay its progress. With marked astonishment, he views the wonderful effects of fright upon the fugitives around him. The lion has lost his courage, yet terror-stricken roars; the tiger no longer thirsts for blood, but sneaks with tail behind him, a very craven. The wild deer turns not

aside from the traveler, but almost offers his throat to the knife; some remain stationary, lashing their tails, as if undecided what to do; others turn and rush madly on, the heated embers and perish in their path.

A SHIP ON FIRE.—One of the most heart-rending scenes we ever witnessed, was that of a ship on fire at sea. Having just taken our usual position on the quarter deck, looking at the shoals of porpoises which were at play about our vessel, we heard the soul-thrilling cry of fire—fire! shouted in wild affright from all parts of the ship. Where? where? was eagerly enquired. The steerage! the steerage!

Without scarcely waiting for the answer, we sprung forward and cut down the buckets from beneath the boats, when a voice called, M. ———, M. ———. We hastened to the spot from whence the voice proceeded, and there we found the captain looking pale, though collected, and firm as though nothing were happening, giving his orders to every man what to do.

"M. ———, please bring every woman and child on board, to the quarter deck immediately."

Immediately we proceeded to execute his orders, but the scene presented made

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one almost powerless, either to run or speak. Children dumb with fright were, clasping their mother's knees, as the most certain place of refuge. Some mothers frantic with fear, were crying and wringing their hands; others holding up their little ones, pressed them to their bosoms, exclaiming "what shall we do?" Agonizing despair seemed written upon almost every countenance. Many of the men ran about, like children, now this way, now that, crying, "we shall all be burnt! we shall all be burnt." Others suggested that they jump overboard to save themselves. "Where is your Manhood?" exclaimed a sailor, with a loud voice; and it was astonishing the effect this candid question produced. Men rose from their knees, (for some of the worst men on board had actually been the first to pray); women wiped their eyes; as through their tears they looked and asked if there were any danger; but now some of the men returning from below, cried: "it is out," "it is out."

Now if the reader ever noticed the first bright gleam of sunshine falling upon a tree or flower, after a storm, when the diamond rain lay nestling in the hollow of a leaf, and the sparkling change then produced; he may in a measure, realize the effect this glad intelligence made upon all on board, as they cried, laughed and looked joyfully through their tears at the messenger. Eager joy lighted afresh the eyes still wet with tears. Despair's deep wrinkles gave place to Hope's round dimples.

One fact we noticed too;—now, that those whose manly hearts knew no fear in the hour of danger, but who unmoved, rushed fearlessly below to combat the destroying element, when the danger was over, and the foe was conquered, had a tear standing in the eye, as with their voice almost choked with feeling they remarked: "Thank God we're safe."

The danger over, we had time to inquire the cause and extent of the fire. It ap-

peared that in obedience of orders, a bucket of tar and a red hot iron had been taken below by the sailors to fumigate the steerage, and purify the unwholesome air; besides compelling those to go on deck who had not been up there since leaving port, at the risk of severe sickness. By some mishap the tar bucket when on fire, had been tipped over, and the fiery; resinous substance had run among the trunks and berths, and set them on fire.

How truly fearful must be a fire at sea, when all hopes of safety or flight are cut off, and death from fire or drowning is inevitable. How beautifully expressive are the graphic lines of Charles Mackay, the present able editor of the *Illustrated London News*, entitled:

THE SHIP ON FIRE.

The storm o'er the ocean flew furious and fast,
And the waves rose in foam at the voice of the blast,
And heavily labored the gale-beaten ship,
Like a stout hearted swimmer, the spray at his lip;
And dark was the sky o'er the mariner's path,
Except when the lightning illumin'd it in wrath.

A young mother knelt in the cabin below,
And pressing her babe to her bosom of snow,
She prayed to her God 'mid the hurricane wild;
Oh! Father have mercy, look down on my child.
It passed.—The fierce whirlwind careered on its way,
And the ship, like an arrow, divided the spray;
Her sails glimmered white in the beams of the moon,
And the wind up aloft seemed to whistle a tune.

There was joy in the ship as she furrowed the foam,
For fond hearts within her were dreaming of home;
The young mother press'd her fond babe to her breast,
And sang a sweet song as she rocked it to rest,
And the husband sat cheerily down by her side,
And look'd with delight on the face of his bride.

Oh happy, said he, when our roaming is o'er,
We'll dwell in our cottage that stands by the shore;
Already in fancy its roof I desery,
And the smoke of its hearth curling up to the sky,
Its garden so green and its vine-cover'd wall,
The kind friends awaiting to welcome us all,
And the children that sport by the old oaken tree;
Ah gently the ship glided over the sea.

Hark! what was that—Hark! hark to the shout!
Fire!—then a tramp—and a rout,—
And an uproar of voices arose in the air,
And the mother knelt down—and the half spoken pray'r.

That she offered to God in her agony wild,
Was Father have mercy, look down on my child:
She flew to her husband, she clung to his side,
Oh there was her refuge, what'er might betide.

Fire! Fire! it was was raging above and below,
Their eyes filled with tears and their hearts filled with woe,
And the cheeks of the sailors grew pale at the sight;
And their eyes glistened wild in the glare of the light;
'Twas vain o'er the ravage the waters to drip,
The pitiless flame was the lord of the ship,
And the smoke in thick wreaths, mounted higher, and higher;—

Oh God it is fearful to perish by fire;
Alone with destruction, alone on the sea,
Great Father of mercy, our hope is in Thee.

Sad at heart and resign'd, yet undaunted and brave,
They lowered out the boat, a mere speck on the wave
First entered the mother enfolding her child,
It knew she carcass'd it, looked upward and smiled;

Cold, cold was the night as
And mistily dawn'd o'er the high
And they pray'd for the high
The sun o'er the waters shone
Ho! a sail! Ho! a sail! cried
Ho! a sail! and they turned
They see us, they see us, they
They bear down upon us,—



SHIP ON FIRE.

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debted for the informa-
engine that ever nu-
This celebrated mech-
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The husband sat cheerily down by her side,
Look'd with delight on the face of his bride.

Happy, said he, when our roaming is o'er,
I'll dwell in our cottage that stands by the shore,
Nestled in fancy its roof a desery,
The smoke of its hearth curling up to the sky,
The garden so green and its vine-cover'd wall,
The kind friends awaiting to welcome us all,
The children that sport by the old oaken tree;
Gently the ship glided over the sea.

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And at heart and resign'd, yet undaunted and brave,
They lowered out the boat, a mere speck on the wave,
First entered the mother enfolding her child,
Then know she creased it, looked upward and smiled;

Cold, cold was the night as they drifted away,
And mistily dawned o'er the pathway the day,
And they pray'd for the light, and at noontide about,
The sun o'er the waters shone joyously out,
Ho! a sail! Ho! a sail! cried the man on the lee,
Ho! a sail! and they turned their glad eyes o'er the sea,
They see us, they see us, the signal is wav'd,
They hear down upon us,—thank God we are saved.



SHIP ON FIRE AT SEA.

To Ctesibus, the renowned, are we indebted for the information of the first fire engine that ever made its appearance. This celebrated mechanic flourished in the reigns of Ptolemy Philadelphus, and Ptolemy Energetes, n. c. 250. He was the first man who discovered the elastic force of air; and the first who adapted this knowledge to any practical purpose. He is said to have invented a hydraulic organ water clock, and condensed air fountain; the latter, no doubt, suggested the invention of a fire engine. The Ptolemies, who were the founders of the Greek Kings in Egypt, were derived from Soter, the ablest of all the generals of Alexander the Great; and were all, more or less, great patrons of the mechanical arts. The Chinese later than this, among their musty records, manifest indications of a similar invention; but it may be asked, what modern invention is there which they do not claim, according to some travellers? The Greeks themselves it

would seem had not much demand for the display of this manly institution; their magnificent stone edifices standing in no danger of the Fire-King; but it was otherwise in Rome, for all the Emperors had their fire brigades; and Nero must have begun his tyranny by nullifying their power, or otherwise they would have disappointed him in his demoniac enjoyment of the conflagration of Rome. The pupil of Ctesibus, before mentioned, was one Heron. The common pneumatic experiment called Hero's fountain, throwing a continued jet of water, by means of condensed air, is attributed to him. He has left many works on mathematical sciences and mechanical arts; among which, may easily be traced the first principles of the steam engine; as well as the double forcing pump in fire engines.

Suetonius, who flourished in the reign of the emperor Trajan, has left on record a good account of the Roman trained firemen; but their cumbersome machines would excite now the ridicule of the merest tyro in hydraulic art, not to mention any matter involving mechanical construction.

The first fire engine which has been thoroughly described, was made by one Theodore Hautsch, of Nuremberg, in 1657. It was worked by four or six men, and was applied more to irrigations than to conflagrations. In 1699, a Mons. Duperrier brought out his invention, and received his patent, expressly for the purpose of extinguishing fires in the buildings of Paris; but none of these inventions had an air chamber, nor had they the flexible hose of the modern inventions, but a series of copper tubes of different curves, and lengths, to adapt themselves to the location. It is easy to conceive how much time was lost, and how much labor was spent, before they could be put in order to become at all effective. In 1672 Jan Vanderheide produced his flexible pipes, as we now have them in action; and to complete the present machine, forty-eight years after, one Leupold, introduced the air chamber with

many other important mechanical improvements and enlargements. From this period they became universal all over England and France, and in most other European capitals. In 1830 Mr. Braithwaite brought out his celebrated steam fire engine, and afterwards his floating fire engine which can be adapted to propelling vessels or working ship's pumps. Before the year 1825 each Fire Insurance Company in London had its separate establishment; but from this period they began to associate for the advantage of public property, under one sole superintendence. The whole of the city of London was then divided into districts, in each of which was established one, two, or three engines, according to its size. The firemen are formed into one body, called The Fire Brigade; over which Mr. Braidwood presides. The men have an uniform, select from any other company; and are drafted off every night into watches, to be ready upon the instant they are required. So expert are the men forming this brigade, in harnessing, and equipping their horses, that only one minute is allowed for this purpose, and this is often accomplished, incredible as it may appear, even in less than this time. This splendid establishment is paid by the various Fire Insurance Companies; each contributing its quota towards the general expences.

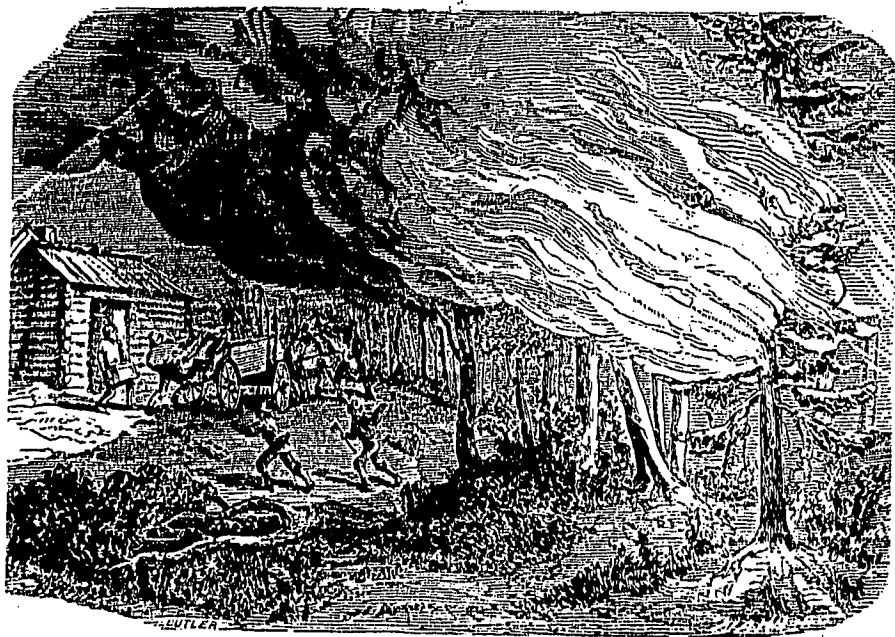
These engines are by no means so imposing in appearance as those of the United States. They are usually painted red, and have the appearance of our more ordinary Furniture Vans. A fire rarely, if ever, extends to two houses, there; this is owing to the provision that the legislature has made of requiring party or perfect side walls to every individual house. These walls are always of incombustible materials, such as stone, brick, or iron. The use of cast iron in buildings has increased so much of late, that many engineers and builders have projected plans of buildings to be composed entirely of that material. Cast iron pillars, supports, and breast-summers are so frequent now, that there

is scarcely a modern building to be found in London without them. Besides these, fire proof floors are often adopted, both in public and large private edifices. A Mr. Farrow has lately patented an invention consisting of joists of wrought iron, with a flange on each side stretching from joist to joist inserting a series of flat stones, whose upper surfaces lie flush with the upper edges of the joists. These may be covered with plank or painted so as to imitate it. A Mr. Frost has also invented a method of constructing roofs and floors of hollow square earthenware tubes, cemented together, so as to form one solid flat indestructible surface. The great use of timber in building, has given rise to many suggestions of rendering it indestructible by fire. Payne adopts a method by placing timber in a solution of muriate of ammonia, or muriate of soda with borax or alum, and has partly succeeded. Besides these there are many other solutions, which are well known to chemists, and which are only rendered impracticable by the great expence attending them. Owing to these and other methods of prevention, fires are of much less frequency in London or Paris than in any other cities: another cause and a no less important one of their infrequency, is the extraordinary vigilance of the police; who in both metropolises are permitted to enter any house whatever, which they may find open at night; or to break open any door of any private dwelling, when they may suspect fire. In France the Fire Engine *Pompe a Incendie* is no object of pride or exultation, but one of severe utility and practical form, like those of London; there is an utter absence of all fancy paintings, silver appointments, multi-colored ribbons, &c. They are less attractive even than those of London, and exhibit when called out not the least excitement; even the *petits gamins* (street boys) find no fun in the largest house bonfire. Their engines are under the control of especial and responsible police officers. There is one in every *arrondissement* usually kept in some part of the *Mairie*



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or City Hotel. The *Corps des Pompiers* (Body of Pumpers) is organized, first, by order of the City Council, and every fireman receives his regular pay from the city funds. The Fire Engine officers of each company, are elected by the corporation, and hold their office for a term of years. The men are chosen from mechanics, accustomed to ascend buildings, and are ever daring, intrepid, noble fellows, and the words self-danger or fear, are not to be found in their vocabulary. The same may be said with as much emphasis of those of London.

They move with military discipline, and greater pains is taken with their training than with others; they have to acquire several of "*les artes de la gymnastique*" admirably adapted to holding on expertly in critical and dangerous situations. The advantage of the indispensable condition of strict discipline, upon any important public occasion, is nowhere seen to better effect than in France. The men themselves appreciate it, and would be useless without it. In London the sound of alarm is the human voice,—Fire! Fire!! Fire!!! echoed by all the neighbors; and the rattling in furious

speed of the heavy engines to the place of action. On such occasions, for any hurt or damage they may do to any passenger or conveyance, they are not amenable; all give way for them, and stop, or draw aside to let them whirl themselves by. In France, the tocsin is sounded from the nearest church steeple, at the expense of the party suffering by the fire. This is followed by the tolling of all the bells from other steeples within hearing of the latter. Then the drummers go through the streets furiously beating *la generale* and in less time than can be mentioned, the respective fire companies are ejecting streams as from a deluge upon the theatre of the conflagration. Soon after this, rush the soldiers of the nearest garrison, filled with the same ardor, enthusiasm, and *devouement* as at the assault of a Malakoff or a Redan. Then close at their heels come the *seminaristes*—students in theology—with their long black *soutans* or gowns; burning with zeal to take their part in the enviable strife. In London, the enthusiasm is confined to those pressed voluntarily into the service at the moment, and who receive adequate pay for their services if needy, or honorable men

tion if otherwise. Those of other European cities are formed upon the same plan as that of Paris or London, and exhibit the same amount of promptitude and excitement. But it is reserved for the United States and the Canadas to exhibit to the world a system unrivalled in every respect; whether as relates to the splendor and magnificence of its machinery, or the efficiency of its appointments and organization.

There are few objects that more excite the admiration of a foreigner than the first appearance of our establishment in action. The energy and promptitude of the men and the beautiful order of the engines are beyond all adequate praise. No sooner is the alarm sounded, than the solemn tones of The City Hall Bell are "borne forth on the dull cold air of night" and the clappers of every engine house take up the "wondrous frightful tale." Then out pour the noble band in neat costume of red shirt or white shirt, coat or no coat, from church, hall, concert, theatre, or bed room, to their respective Engine Palaces. The "Open Sesame" proclaimed, the ponderous gates fly open, the elegant creation moves, apparently with unseen hands, and flies down the street with the impetus of an arrow shot from the bow; is on the scene of action in a few moments, and pouring forth the counteracting element, in incessant contest. Now the flames rage higher and higher, lighting up the universal heaven with demoniacal lure. Now the antagonistic element, heavier and heavier, pours upon them its aqueous wrath, as from a mighty conqueror, bent upon a conquest. Column after column of fire, meet column after column of water, until the flaming forks hide their humbled heads in the dust, and vanish altogether in burning, blackening smoke. Meanwhile sleeping babies are snatched from a horrible death, or maniac mothers clutched from self destruction, by the cool but nicely calculating daring of the noble and intrepid fireman. With one foot planted upon—he hardly knows what,

and the other—he hardly cares how,—he sees before him the accomplishment of a paramount duty, a life to be saved—and should his own valuable life be the forfeit, he knows that he leaves behind him a fame which is engraven on the affectionate hearts of his brethren.

In the last Exhibition Universelle of Paris in 1855 there was an opportunity given to test the various excellencies of fire engines from every part of the civilized world. Among the foremost that especially demanded attention was one from a manufacturer in Canada. Its size was less than half, of the smallest of U. S. or European make. This little unpretending machine threw up a column of as capacious a bulk as the largest, and much higher than any others, and maintained its power until the last drop was exhausted from its reservoir. Upon what principle this desideratum was achieved, we are yet to learn; but it is to be feared that its machinery is too delicate to bear the wear and tear of the constant demand of whole years.

That in use amongst us is too well known to need description, but in case any of our readers may not be well posted in the matter we subjoin a description of the common one.

This consists of an oblong cistern, in the lower part of this cistern is a metallic pipe into which the water flows from a feed pipe connected with the other end and with the cistern. When the water gains access to the interior pipe it is elevated and forced into an upright air vessel by two pumps, worked by manual power, at connecting handles or levers out-side. From this air vessel the water is forced into a pipe connected with the leather hose, and from this on to the burning building. The use of this air vessel is obvious; for without it, the jet would gush forth at intervals like that of the common syringe, but by the help of this air vessel the stream is made a continuous one by the elastic pressure of the air.

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BRANNAN ENGINE AND COMPANY.

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The application of steam power to ab-

breviate the labor of working fire engines is one of the most successful and happiest of results. Wherever expedition and power are required, there steam is most adaptable. The celebrated trial of the steam fire engines of Cincinnati on the occasion of the opening at the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad described in Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper will be read with interest by our readers.

We were fortunate while in Cincinnati in witnessing the "turning out" of one of these "steamers," as they are familiarly called by the citizens. We happened to be on the same block on which an engine was situated; the moment we heard the tap of the alarm bell, and before we could run the distance of half a square, the engine completely in trim was in the street and on its way to the conflagration. Determined to witness the working of these to us novel contrivances, we continued on, and discovered that the building, the Waverley House, on fire, was of wood, very large, containing eighty rooms, being for the moment unoccupied, yet full of furniture; it was set on fire in eight different places, by putting shavings under the beds in different floors of the house. We had hardly time

to quickly walk the five or six blocks necessary to reach the scene, before we discovered the steamers "shutting off," the building, in spite of its light materials, so far as fire was concerned, being but little injured, for a stream of water was almost instantly pouring over each floor, even before the beds under which the fires had been made were consumed.

The most marked feature in this imposing procession was the turn out of the fire department, which consisted of seven "steamers," fourteen hose carts and one hook and ladder company, the whole escorted by a fine body of military. After parading the streets up to an appointed hour, at the tap of a bell the "steamers" started off at full speed, getting up steam at the same instant precisely as if going to a fire.

Proceeding at a rapid pace to the large open square in front of the market on Sixth street, three of the "steamers" took their places at the different cisterns around the square, while the other four took their positions near the cisterns in the adjoining streets. The hose from the different engines was then brought into the middle of the square where the trial took place.

At a given signal, the water suddenly started into the air from seven different pipes, and turned upward, the united glory

proving one of the most beautiful sights that could possibly be imagined. The glistening drops sparkled like so many diamonds flung into the air, and the vast crowd assembled gave expression to their admiration by stentorian vivas. The amusing admiration expressed by many country people at the spectacle was quite refreshing; and their remarks upon the beauty and utility of the fire department, though uttered in homely language, was expressive and complimentary.

These seven fire engines houses of Cincinnati are not little "cubbys," such as we have in New York, but substantial edifices, occupying two lots, and fifty feet wide. They are built so that throughout the day they are literally open to the passers-by through the streets, and any one who chooses can walk in and inspect the different things connected with these useful buildings. The large "steamer" stands on one side with its pipe directly under a funnel, so that the smoke from the slumbering fires of the furnace escape out of the roof; beneath the engine is a brick well to catch any cinders which might fall and litter the floor, or endanger the safety of the building. Alongside stand two carts, each carrying two thousand feet of hose; they are so large that our New York hose carts look like toys by the contrast, and instead of being dragged by fifty men and boys one horse efficiently does the labor. There is also to be seen what appears to be a small hand-cart, which contains the fuel taken to the fire to supply steam. This cart is attached to the hose when it goes to the fire. In the fourth district house is to be seen the only hook and ladder carriage in Cincinnati! It is drawn by two horses, and accompanied by the captain and a small number of men.

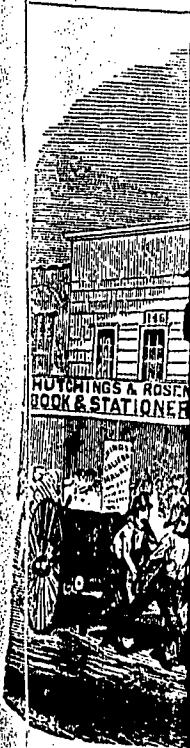
At the back of the house, and of the same floor, is a large stable, running the entire width of the building, containing six of the finest draught horses in the country. Attached to the fourth district "steamer," are four grays, perfect matches; the largest weighs one thousand five hundred pounds, the smallest one thirteen hundred and fifty. Each horse has its name, and answers to it with great intelligence. These horses stand all day with their trappings on, ready to work at a moment's notice. At night the harness, which, by the way, is in one piece, is taken off. As the men attached to the engine all sleep in the house, each horse has a person especially appointed to bring him out; consequently, at night, the instant the

alarm is given, each horse is in an incredibly short space of time harnessed and in his place. In many instances the men have been in bed asleep, the horses laying in their stalls, and in two minutes from the time the alarm was given, men, horses, and engine and hose were on their way to the fire.

The officers of a steamer consist of a foreman, assistant-foreman, pipeman, fireman and driver. On the alarm being given, the fireman rushes to the furnace and with a torch lights the fire under all the surface of the grate; the engineer takes his place in front of the engine, his duty being to turn on and off the steam, as the foreman may direct; the driver springs into the saddle on the near horse and guides the near leader with a rein; the off horses he controls by voice and whip. In proceeding to a fire, the two hose carts lead and clear the way, and the steamer follows at a short distance, so that in case of another coming through a cross street the driver can signal the steamer to pull up, if nothing is in the way the steamer rattles over the pavements like flying artillery.

On arriving at a fire the driver takes his horses into a neighboring street, or any convenient place, and never leaves his charge. The two suction pipes are instantly lifted from their hooks, and placed in a cistern, (the streets being amply provided with them) and then all that is necessary to do is to attach the hose, and everything is ready. All this is done with precision and quietness; and instead of seeing a crowd of men and boys, in each others' way, as in New York and other Atlantic cities, you see an engine of a dozen times the power of our best hand engine controlled by a few persons, not a word being spoken, the remainder of the company meantime being engaged in ordinary duties about the burning building.

The contrivances to raise steam almost on the instant are very happy. The boiler is flat, rendering a large surface of grate necessary. The wood is distributed thinly over the grate, and, as we have already stated, is fired in every part by a torch. In the boiler there is no more water than can with great promptness be converted into vapor; this done, a little engine, designated "the doctor," supplies fresh water enough to make another respiration of steam, and then another, and so on as long as the motive power is needed. Two safety valves are attached to each boiler, one only of which is under the control of the engin-



cer; so that if he get down the valve, he zeal, as was the case on a cholera occasion, cause the force of the water requires two men to hose and move with it the nozzle directs the are for utility and nearly eighteen inches easily inserted into an that leads to the he element.

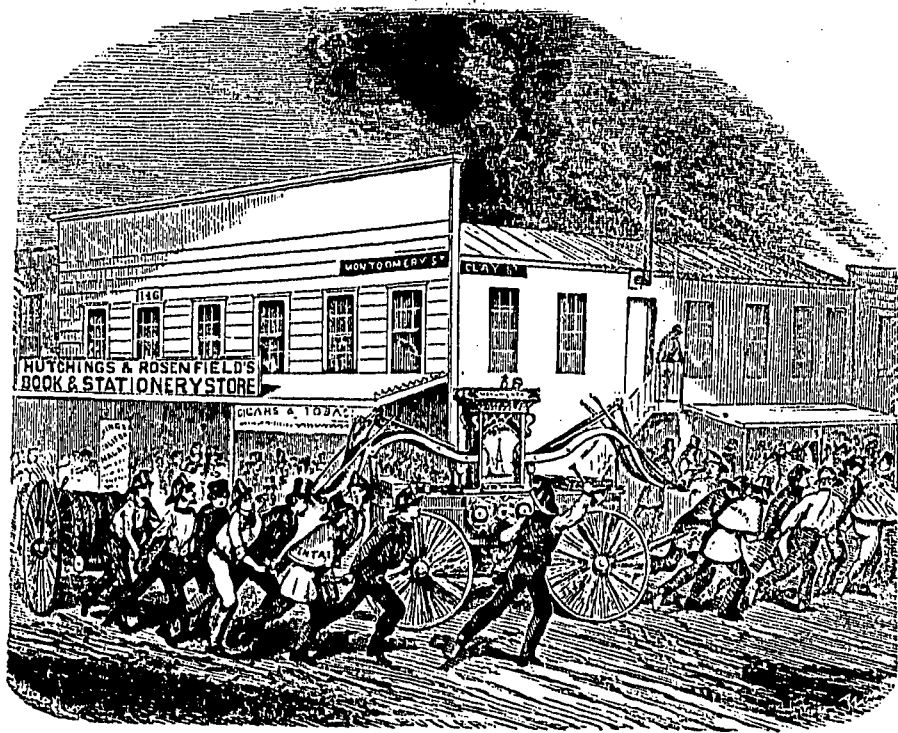
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JUMP HER BOYS! JUMP HER LIVELY!!

er, so that if he gets enthusiastic and shuts down the valve, he cannot by his ill-timed zeal, as was the case on a former melancholy occasion, cause an explosion.

The force of the water is so great that it requires two men to hold the end of the hose and move with it, while the third with the nozzle directs the stream. The nozzles are for utility and not for beauty, being only eighteen inches long, and therefore easily inserted into any opening that offers, that leads to the heart of the devouring element.

After a fire, the engines return at walking pace to their different station-houses. We were much amused at the way the driver backed the cumbrous machine into the house with the four horses, which was done by whip and command alone. Inside the house is a tube or funnel fixed to the roof; the engine must be backed so that the funnel comes under this tube to allow the smoke to escape. This was done while the horses were attached. The driver then took his horses from the traces—the firemen cleaned out the furnace and relaid the fuel for the next occasion it would be needed. This is done by first putting a tier of shavings on the grate which covers the whole surface of the boiler; then a tier of splinters or laths on top of the shavings;

then the ordinary blocks of wood in general use. As soon as the fire is lighted and the steam well up, the fire is continued with coal. The engineer and the rest of the firemen then polish the engine, and in a short time it is in the same state as when it went from the house. The average of the fires which take place, according to the Chief's statement, is not more than one per week, and sometimes as long as three weeks elapsed without having to turn out. Such is the sense of security which citizens feel in Cincinnati, that we were informed by several persons that if a fire should happen in the house next their own they would not think of moving a single article of furniture.

The force of water thrown by these machines is so powerful, that if people interfere with the firemen by crowding too near, they turn the hose on them, the water of which pushes them down, and they scamper off as best they can, taking the thing as a good joke, and afterwards keeps as far as is necessary away. Instead of a great number of men, boys, and loafers, being congregated about a fire, as is the case in our Eastern cities, all that one can see are the large engines taking up their stations—sometimes four or five hundred feet from the fire—only two persons near them, viz.,

the engineer and fireman. These powerful machines then commence doing their work quietly and more efficiently than hundreds of men could do it.

This steam fire department was organized by Miles Greenwood, and it was through his influence that the old department was reorganized.

When going to a fire, the horses seemed as anxious and as excited as the men, and the instant the bell was sounded they knew the moment for going on duty had arrived.

The steam is generally got up in seven minutes from the time the furnaces are fired, and we believe that it has never happened that it was not ready when the engine arrived at the scene of action.

The inventor of the fire engines suggests that the insurance companies should make it a part of the agreement with insurers, more especially in regard to warehouses, to have a large iron pipe, six inches in diameter, fixed perpendicularly in the side of the wall of every building, midway between the front and rear, with a hose hole on every story. By this arrangement, in times of fire, the steamer's hose could be attached to this perpendicular pipe, and thus facilitate the firemen, who would be relieved of the necessity of carrying a large quantity of hose into the upper parts of buildings.

In Cincinnati, for the most dangerous wooden tenements not more than one-half per cent. is now asked for insurance.

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

Addressed to the Gallant Firemen of California by their admirer D—r D—n.

Fire! Fire! Fire!
Tyrant, ruthless, dire,
Pitying neither sex, nor age,
Nor rich, nor poor, nor swain, nor sage.—
The lowly cot, the palace proud,
Alike, to earth, by thee, are bowed.
Man's proudest confidence and trust,
By thee, are made to lick the dust.—
What misery is in thy coil!
Swallowing up whole years of toil.—

Fire! Fire! Fire!
Higher, Higher, Higher;—
What Demon bids thee to rage on,
Pour thy hot flame till all is gone,
Thy black smoke vomit, spit thy spite,
Thy terrors strike, in dead of night,
When babes, like angels, sleep in peace,
And labor's toils a moment cease.
When sickness pale, can snatch again
A little rest from wasting pain?—

Fire! Fire! Fire!
Hie her, Hie her, Hie her.—
Ye Gallant Firemen! Boast and pride
Of ev'ry city far and wide,
Bring your bright pet of Science fair,—
Hurl her defiance in the air!—
Nor heed ye not the Tyrant's roar;
Hither the precious liquid pour,
On—on—pour on—Ye Noble Crew,
To Duty, ever, ever true.

Fire! Fire! Fire!
Nigher, Nigher, Nigher
Draw up your little conqueror,
No'er yet, in duty, defaulter,
But, in each hour of peril, nigh,
Like the brave sailor's cherub high,*—
A ready help in time of need,
With all a winged angel's speed;—
Drown, drown, the Monster Demon Foo,
Where'er he dares his smoke to show.

Fire! Fire! Fire!
Liar, Liar, Liar.—
Thy threat of leaving naught behind
Of all the city, is confin'd
To one small miserable spot;—
As ought to be each tyrant's lot.—
Ah! ha! Thou Lord of Devilry!—
Our gallant crew have conquer'd thee.—
No more thy red hot snakes are curling,
Midst falling walls, and timbers hurling.

Fire! Fire! Fire!
Retire, Retire, Retire.—
Nor dare to raise thy Tyrant head
Where our brave Firemen choose to lead.
Know well thy duty is to cheer,
The dull cold nights of winter drear;
To warm the heart, to cook our food,
To melt the ore from matrix rude,
To speed the traveller on his road,
To lessen labor of its load.

Fire! Fire! Fire!
Lyre! Lyre! Lyre!—
Now, O Fame! tune each thy string,
For ev'ry rapturous bard to sing
In praise, a never dying strain
For martyrs the Fire King has slain.—
Weave, Memory, crowns for every head
Our living Heroes, and our dead.—
Go Fame! proclaim on ev'ry strand
These are the nobles of our land!

* For d'ye see, there's a sweet little cherub aloft,
Sits smiling and watching for the life of Poor Jack
Diddin's Song.

'THERE is a man in this city who is so polite that he begs his own pardon every time he tumbles down' and thanks himself as politely every time he gets up again.

Alphonse Karr, the French author, has this singular yet truthful motto upon his signet ring: "I fear only those I love."



This is a town of considerable size, not only on account of its extensive diggings around it, but also because it is situated, as at one time convenient for wagon navigation, at the head of the Sacramento Valley; and its rugged mountain chains and high mountains shut out the mining localities from the benefit of the Shasta, consequently as the district derived their principal business from this route it became necessary to employ on mules, and in the summer months were no less than two thousand employed in the packing trade of the valley, and, "as each mule would average more than two hundred pounds of freight, the most remote point to which the goods taken will not occupy more than four or five weeks—and in many instances it is a very moderate average the trips of two thousand mules at two weeks will give a result of one hundred tons per week as the aggregate freight packed from Shasta; which at a low figure of five cents per pound will give the sum of twenty thousand dollars per trip to the packers."

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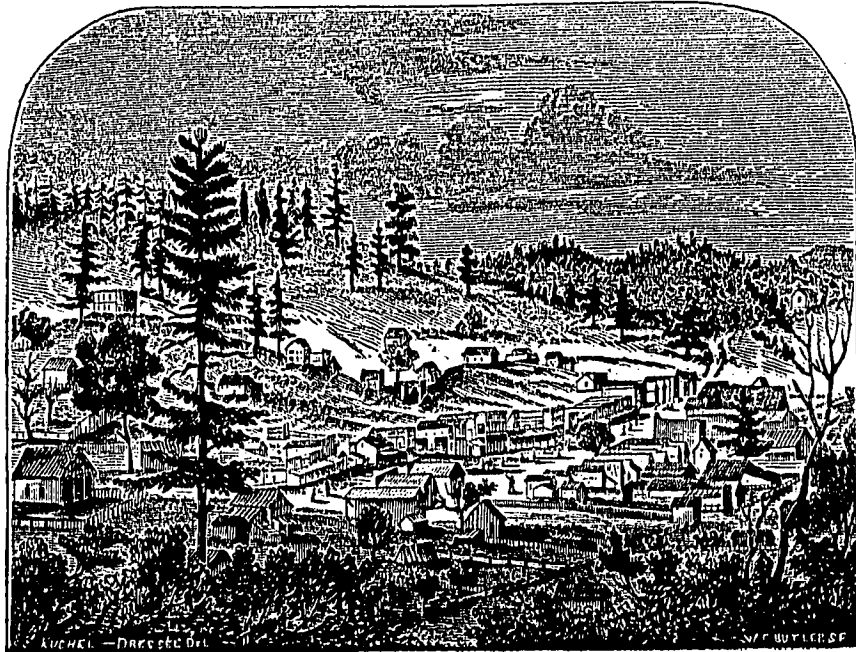
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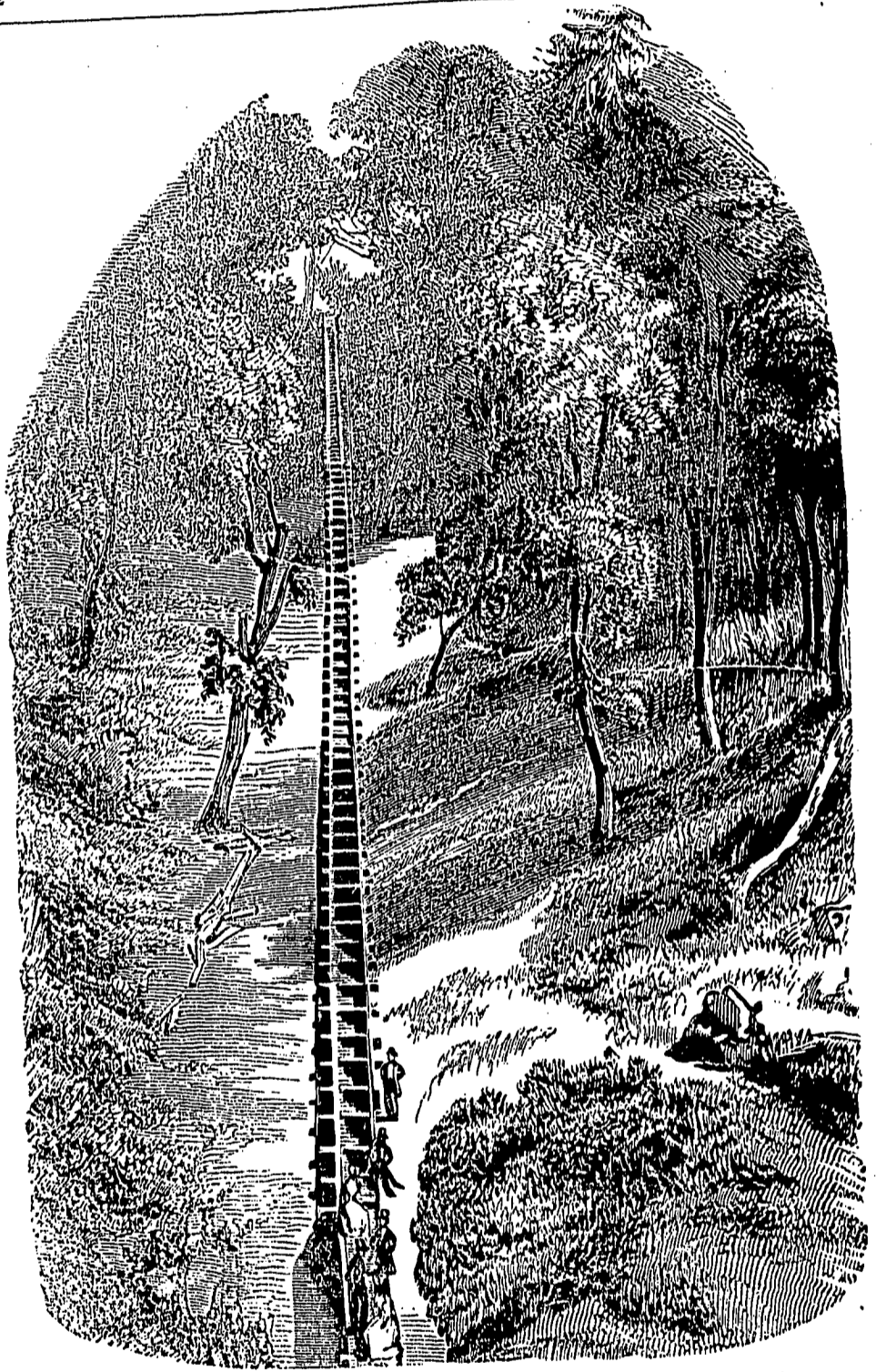
SHASTA.

This is a town of considerable importance, not only on account of the extensive diggings around it, but also from its being situated, as at one time considered, at the end of 'wagon navigation' near the head of the Sacramento Valley; the high and rugged mountain chains and spurs having shut out the mining localities north of Shasta from the benefit of transportation by teams; consequently as that populous district derived their principal supplies by this route it became necessary to pack them on mules, and in the summer of 1854 there were no less than two thousand mules employed in the packing trade of this place; and, "as each mule would average not less than two hundred pounds of freight, and as the most remote point to which goods are taken will not occupy more than two weeks—and in many instances three or four days less, it is a very moderate calculation to average the trips of the entire two thousand mules at two weeks each, which will give a result of one hundred tons per week as the aggregate amount of freight packed from Shasta; which, at the low figure of five cents per pound would give the sum of twenty thousand dollars per trip to the packers."

This packing trade therefore makes Shasta a very lively and important point. Should the new wagon road up the Sacramento be fully opened, it will doubtless somewhat affect its business prospects.

This town originated from Major Reading having discovered gold, in the spring of 1849, and successfully employed a number of Indians and others to work for him: at which time it was known as 'Reading's Springs'—and Reading's Dry Diggings.

In 1850 a public meeting was convened, and its first name was changed to Shasta;—supposed to be from the Russian word "tchatsa" signifying *chaste* or *chaste mountains*. Since that time the town has moved down the side of the hill a little, to its present locality, and where it has grown to the large and flourishing place it now is. Like many other large mining towns it has been destroyed by fire; first on June 14th, 1853—next on Nov. 28th of the same year; when fire-proof buildings were commenced, the first of which was erected by Bull, Baker & Co. The principal portion of this town now is fire-proof, and by its substantial appearance proves the perseverance and enterprise of its business men.



SAW MILL RAILROAD ON THE NORTH FORK OF THE COSUMNES RIVER.

The illustration above, representing a Saw Mill Railroad, constructed on the side of a steep mountain, on the north fork of the Cosumnes river, near Sly Park, shews what is and can be done to accomplish a given purpose, when it is required. In the

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summer of 1852 this railroad and a saw mill were erected in this wildly romantic spot, under the superintendence of Dr. Bradley of the corporation of Bradley, Berdan & Co., for the purpose of sawing the lumber required in the construction of their large canal, from this stream to the mining towns of Ringgold, Weberville, Diamond Springs, Missouri Flat, El Dorado City, (then called Mud Springs,) Logtown, and several other mining localities in the southern portion of El Dorado county, to supply those districts with water for mining.

This railroad is built upon an inclined plane, at the (often quoted) angle of forty-five degrees, for the purpose of lowering saw-logs to the mill. The car descends with its load, and being attached by a rope thro' a pulley at the top to the empty car, the weight descending causes the empty car to ascend; and by which contrivance the necessity of any other kind of machinery for that purpose is obviated.

We happened to be one of a very agreeable little party to visit this singular place, and could the reader have seen us—ladies and gentlemen, cold chickens and sandwiches, boiled ham and water melons, blankets and daguerrean instruments—all snugly stowed away in that coach, and then have heard the jokes and fun going on, if he had not been envious of our enjoyment, we know he would like to have been of the party,—that is, if he liked pleasant company.

Now it so happened that we all endorsed the opinion that frolic was better than pills; and pure mountain air than powders; and open-hearted, jovial, and unrestrained laughter, better than medicine of any kind; however, it seemed to be well understood, that care was to be left behind. It is pleasant to forget care for at least one day, is it not reader? Perhaps, though—we say perhaps—you may belong to those long-faced, slab-sided, door-post-built, cold-and-immovable countenanced kind of folks, who don't believe in fun, and certainly not in pic-nic parties. Well then, we pity you; no we don't either, for you don't deserve it—you

don't. You may be like a friend of ours who is always thinking that things in general—just now—look remarkably blue; and things in particular, particularly black—not a bright, but a *dull* black. If he has just come out of a good speculation, (for he is generally successful,) he hangs his face in elongated mourning, lest he should go in on the next. When he is well—which is very seldom—he looks daily forward, with agonizing anxiety to the day when he may become sick—and the moment he begins to feel unwell, he has day visions of Death, with his scythe and hour glass at his side; and although he dislikes the thought of him exceedingly, he will keep him in imagination by his bed—no doubt wishing (just for the looks of the thing, and to oblige him,) that he would put those weapons of his in the cupboard, or leave them at the foot of the stairs!

Now, if you claim any sympathy or relationship with this eminent friend, we are glad that you were not of the party, simply because we don't like sour faces. They don't look right, well enough no doubt in the curd and cheese business, but not good for pic-nics.

On, on, we go, as merry as crickets; now passing through long forests of trees; now ascending or descending a gently rolling hill; then taking alternates doses of dust and soda water—jokes and cakes—until we arrived at the top of a hill overlooking a cañon. Here, on looking down, we saw something resembling two long lengths of broad ribbon with bars across, lying on the side of the hill. When the question was asked, "What is that?" it was answered with "that is a railway, and we take all our logs down that rail to the mill—that dark spot down yonder; and we have all to take a ride on it to the mill."

"I never *can* ride down there!" cries a lady.

"O, yes," urges a gentleman.

"Why that railway is nearly upright?" queries a second lady.

"Oh, dear!" sighs a third.



COSUMNES RIVER.

river, near Sly Park, shews
can be done to accomplish a
when it is required. In the

"Never mind," soothingly suggests a second gentleman.

"I never can!" objects another lady.

"If the rope should break!" suggests a fifth.

"Why, really there is no danger," cries gentleman number three, "for altogether we are not as heavy as a green pine log, and *that* never broke it."

After some hesitation and delay, one gentleman seats himself in the car, (fitted up with seats for the occasion,) and with sundry questions and entreaties, and sighs and oh dears, the whole party join him, and at last we are all safely seated; while beneath the seats are the water-melons and blankets, cold fowl and daguerrean instruments, cakes and shawls, pies and over-coats. Now off we go!

"Oh, do stop! stop! oh do!" cries a lady.

"I will get out!" exclaims another.

But one and all affirm *that* to be next to impossible.

"It is too steep ever to reach the river on foot."

"Let me try," beseeches a lady.

"Then—if you *will*," answers a gent, "I will assist you."

And she *did* try, and the gent *did* assist her to the bottom; but oh! ye tall pines and spreading oaks, what a time they had of it!

Slowly again we started, and with many heart flutterings and tremblings, fears and exclamations, on, on, we go, until the anticipated danger over, we all stand in safety at the bottom of the railway; and then we calmly looked our enemy in the face and took courage.

"Bless me!"

"Catch me on that again!"

"Who'd have thought it?"

"How steep it looks!"

"Oh dear me!"

"Well, I never!"

"No you don't—if I know myself!" with sundry other remarks of surprise and consolation, were interrupted by our guide and host, Dr. B., who informed us that the perpendicular height of the hill from where we stood to the top, was seven hundred feet, and the length of the railway on the steep side of the hill, was only one thousand feet in length.

"You saw the building on the top, where the logs lie?" he continued.

"Yes."

"That is called by the workmen the 'hypo,' and the mill down here where we stand, they call the 'depot.'—Just look around."

We did look around, but what a wild, craggy place for a mill, that itself was built upon rocks; the fire-place, hearth and chimney in the kitchen were all natural formations of the rock. A flume which has been constructed, is built, or rather hung upon rocks; a prop here, a packing there, and a brace yonder; here, a tree cut off, formed a post; there, a rock formed a stay; while the water rushed and leaped on, on, down the steep rocky bed of the river, as though it cared for nothing and no one.

Friend B. we give you credit for your undaunted perseverance. This work, with many others, shews what can be accomplished by patient, unswerving determination and skill. If at any time a miner should, for a moment, be disposed to think lightly of water companies, we wish him to visit the upper end of most of our canals, there to witness the expense, labor and energy expended on them. At this mill was sawed all the lumber needed in the construction of the flume; besides supplying many thousands of feet of lumber, for sluice making and other purposes, in the settlements below.

It is a magnificent sight to see the stately pine and venerable oak, growing upon and among vast piles of rocks; in some instances a large overhanging tree growing in the seam, or between two rocks, as though it were a lever placed there by nature to overturn portions of the mountain above, adding wildness, boldness, beauty and sublimity to the beautiful landscape.

After enjoying the good things provided by our worthy host, and all the pleasant and exhilarating recreations of fun and frolic, we wended our way along a plank on the top of a serpent-like flume, until it intersected the road below, (as none cared to ascend that railway again,) where our coach had been sent to meet us, and soon we were "all aboard," and on our way homeward, indulging in the reminiscences and enjoyments the trip had afforded us. Should any of our readers ever go upon a jaunt of this kind, they have our best wishes that an equal amount of pleasant and sunny gladness may keep them company on the way, and then we know that they will say, "Yes, we enjoyed it," when the journey is ended.

"Well, let us go, as it is about time all honest folks were in bed."

Ah! yes—then I had better be off—but you needn't hurry on that account!

"I see better without wine and spectacles than when I use both," said Sidney Smith.

THE
THE
Do you not
The school-
How gently
On the roof
-t was there
and you with
Remember the
And the ties fo
The flowers we
The whispered
The childish car
The kiss at part
To lay bright fa
The Memory's
Are calling the fa
The curly lov'd a
Never more may t
That of erst so lig
Come like the fall
For the old school-
'Tis only in faithful
That a dream of it i
A single blossom in
That the years have
SNUGGERS' IN
O TABLE
COMPILED FROM THE
OF ASH
All ages have had
Caesar and Cicero were
days. In later time
Bonaparte. We have
the present day, among
found more eminent than
His wreath of fame is not
and blood, but that fair
Science adorns the brow
He has pursued his inv
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mankind.
In giving these papers
think I may modestly say
due a sense of the responsib
as it is possible for any o
and knowing what avid
connected with such a noble
2

THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE.

Do you not remember friend of mine,
The school-house brown and rusty,
How gently the summer rain came down
On the roof tree old and dusty;
It was there we early learned to love
And you with me true-hearted,
Remember the nooks where we used to rove
And the ties forever parted!

The flowers we bound in each other's hair,
The whispered words of greeting,
The childish carols that cleft the air,
The kiss at parting and meeting;
To day bright fancies hand in hand
Thro' Memory's niches roving,
Are calling the forms of our parted band,
The early lov'd and loving!

Never more may the little feet
That of erst so lightly pattered,
Come like the fall of music sweet,
For the old school-house is shattered;
'Tis only in faithful hearts like ours
That a dream of it is cherished,
A single blossom in Memory's bowers
That the years have left unperished!

ANNA M. B.

SNUDDGERS' INVESTIGATIONS INTO TABLE-TURNING.

COMPILED FROM THE POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF ASHURY SNOBS.

All ages have had their great men,—
Cesar and Cicero were great men in their
days. In later times Washington and
Bonaparte. We have also great men at
the present day, among whom none can be
found more eminent than Caleb Snudggers.
His wreath of fame is not that won by sword
and blood, but that fairer one with which
Science adorns the brows of her favorites.
He has pursued his investigations with a
mind constituted of the happiest mixture of
the theoretical and experimental, and his
startling discoveries will carry his name
down to posterity as a great benefactor of
mankind.

In giving these papers to the world, I
think I may modestly say, that I have as
due a sense of the responsibility of my office
as it is possible for any one to have;—
and knowing with what avidity every thing
connected with Caleb Snudggers' scientific

investigations will be sought, I have spared
no labor to trace the slightest action of
that illustrious individual.

I can safely say, that after my diligent
researches, the first indication that his
gigantic powers were working upon the
subject, which was subsequently so clearly
demonstrated in that renowned undertak-
ing, "Snudggers' Investigations into Table-
turning," was shown in his (after having
been mysteriously thoughtful for several
days, so much so that persons who were
acquainted with that great man's peculiar-
ities, remarked that, Snudggers was on
some scent,) inviting a select company
to his cabin. After the company was
assembled, Snudggers took Blodget by the
button-hole, and, after leading him beyond
the hearing of the rest, addressed him as
follows:

"I feel it my duty to my fellow-man to
investigate, and lay before the world,
stripped of its mystery, this phenomenon
of table-turning, which keeps the world in
commotion. I think, and I hope with be-
coming modesty, that I need but see the
action to find the cause, in consideration
of which I have determined to form a circle
and would be happy of your assistance."

The same words, I find by much labor,
he repeated in the same manner to every
member of the circle. They all shook
their heads and cast knowing glances at
each other, while Snudggers arranged a
table and seats, as silently as if his mighty
intellect was sleeping; but when the ar-
rangement was completed, then burst forth
the hidden power, which the awful stillness
had betokened. Seizing a folded news-
paper, which contained some account of
the mystery, and holding it in one hand
like a baton, he leaned gracefully forward
resting the other hand on the table, thus
began:

"I have, gentlemen," pausing and look-
ing around on the assembled group to
make his words more impressive—"re-
quested your attendance here to-night, to
assist me in the furtherance of some scienti-
fic investigations. Every mail," continued
he, slowly extending the paper baton,
"comes freighted with rumors of the mani-
festation of a mystery too deep for man to
solve; that is for the common analytical
minds which have had to do with it." The
shadow of a depreciating smile played over
his manly features as he continued, "But,
gentlemen, genius jumps at conclusions;
and I hope I may say without any appear-
ance of self praise, that my powers are of

IA MAGAZINE.

We did look around, but what a wild,
raggy place for a mill, that itself was built
on rocks; the fire-place, hearth and chim-
ney in the kitchen were all natural forma-
tions of the rock. A flume which has been
constructed, is built, or rather hung upon
rocks; a prop here, a tree cut off, formed a
brace yonder; here, a tree cut off, formed a
post; there, a rock formed a stay; while
the water rushed and leaped on, on, down
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it cared for nothing and no one.

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undaunted perseverance. This work, with
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lightly of water companies, we wish him to
visit the upper end of most of our canals,
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"Well, let us go, as it is about time all
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Ah! yes—then I had better be off—but
you needn't hurry on that account!

"I see better without wine and spectacles
than when I use both," said Sidney Smith.

that order. If there be any here who doubt it, I would refer them to my researches in Feline Electricity which startled the world by their originality. Who, I ask, but a genius would have ever conceived the idea of taking a cat into a dark closet and rubbing her hair against the grain, until it led to these important discoveries? Is there any one here who does not know what they were?—I hope not, sincerely I hope not. But if there is, I tell him in commiseration of his ignorance that they were of the most startling kind,—that the cat became so highly charged, that with a tremendous yell, the charge reacted upon myself, with what force my bleeding hands and face attested. A mind which had the power to grasp and successfully combat the difficulties surrounding the truths of Feline electricity, can, I think, without any doubt as to the result, undertake the solution of this less abstruse mystery. I would fain have pursued my investigations alone, but I find from the unsatisfactory reports that it is impossible, and I have chosen you, gentlemen, as those I would most like to have benefitted by the celebrity of my researches." he paused and looked condescendingly upon them. "In order," he continued, "that they may partake of the method and regularity, which characterizes my undertakings, I propose to give them a name, and think they may be appropriately called, "Snudggers' Investigations into Table-turning." As he paused a general murmur of assent was heard, he bowed slightly in acknowledgement, and continued: "as the slightest thing will be of importance, I deem it expedient to appoint a secretary, and would

select Mr. Ashbry Snobs, as a person capable by his high attainments, to fill that important office, (Snobs bowed) and now, gentlemen, we are prepared to commence."

They were seated with some regard to temperaments, which, I judge the worthy secretary did not quite comprehend, and so made a large blot in his book. The impression which the scene made on the lamented Snobs, as he has noted it down, is highly interesting. It is a sight calculated to impress one deeply with the solemnity and method, with which all investigations must be carried on in order to be successful. At the head of the table sits the illustrious Caleb Snudggers, of whose physical appearance it can be truly said (as it has often been figuratively remarked in compliment to his piercing intellect) that "he has a head as long as a horse's"—there *he* sits with transcendent intellect beaming from every lineament of his dignified features. On his right sits Blodget, the manly Blodget of whom his admiring friend Sulks so often says, "If there is any one man made more in the image of his Maker than another, that man is Blodget." On the left of Snudggers sits Sulks, the admiring friend of Blodget, who thinks as he thinks, says as he says, and does as he does, without asking why or wherefore. Their relation to each other has been expressed in ways, all synonymous of their seeing with the same vision. Next to Sulks sits the incredulous Weeks, who has never been known to proceed thus far in anything before, without exclaiming, "I'll not take that in, I'm no sardine," the allusion to this particular species of fish, being a conventional phrase, about equivalent to *dupe*. Those great

scales, the world's opinion, have weighed Weeks and found him wanting, and he has been branded as 'too ultra to admit facts.' Opposite Weeks sits O. Slappy, the abstracted man, whose one idea is the freedom of Ireland, and who is eternally muttering in his abstraction, "For freedom's sight, when first began, Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son, Though baffled oft, is over won."

Last, though not least, comes Jones, who is slightly tinctured with the poetic, and who never undertakes



THE CIRCLE IS FORMED.

any thing but to aid him. Such now in the evening. The impression broken for a moment, of the child he might have wriggling in his so his motions put on the "human form Snudggers' eye light the first manifestation omenon; all eyes who under the cover became perfectly in was, a flea was thus of that poetical individual Jones (as he afterwards "how consoling it monster, or at least to the afflicted part investigations of the be broken to reason was, my misery was closing line of a Speech alternative was created. But Jones like most made of clay, although order; and that others a peculiar cap which rendered him flea bites;—and not some savages, as subject of bearing philosophers, how with that tortured susceptible a point of desperation, and no consequences, and Jones point; jerking his head with such force that he lit upon the unsuspecting dexterity truly commend head from his goated had been surprised at but when he saw the scene indignantly astonished as insensible. Blodget sent at poor Jones; Sulks dit Slappy was completely a semblance of a single player of the incredulous Weeks. renewed with a word but shortly (as Snudggers covered from astonishment to enlighten the circle, in the course of proceedings in investigations, it is necessary

ANIA MAGAZINE.

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IS FORMED.

"For freedom's fight, when first begun,
Bleached from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won"
Last, though not least, comes Jones, who is slightly tinctured with the poetic, and who never undertakes

any thing but that he brings his muse to aid him. Such is the illustrious company now in the earnest pursuit of science.

The impressive silence remained unbroken for a long time; finally sundry movements, on the part of Jones began to attract attention. If Jones had been a child he might have been said to have been wriggling in his seat; but not being a child his motions partook as much of the sinuosity of the movements of the serpent as the "human form divine" would admit. Snudggers' eye lighted,—it was evidently the first manifestation of the strange phenomenon; all eyes were fixed upon Jones, who under the conflicting circumstances became perfectly miserable,—for the truth was, a flea was amusing itself at the expense of that poetical individual. "Oh" thought Jones (as he afterwards remarked to Snobs) "how consoling it would be to nail the monster, or at least give one long scratch to the afflicted part;—but the chain—the investigations of the great Snudggers must be broken to accomplish that, and as it was, my misery was protracted like the closing line of a Spenserian stanza;—either alternative was dreadful to contemplate."

But Jones like most other mortals, was made of clay, although, perhaps of a higher order; and that clay possessed among others a peculiar capacity called feeling, which rendered him very susceptible to flea bites;—and, not being as stoical as some savages, or as philosophical on the subject of bearing pain as some ancient philosophers, he writhed in the anguish of that tortured susceptibility. But there is a point of desperation, in which men regard no consequences, and Jones arrived at that point; jerking his hand from the table, with such force that he nearly upset it, he lit upon the unsuspecting torturer, with a dexterity truly commendable, and tore his head from his gloated body. Snudggers had been surprised at the first moments, but when he saw the sequel, he became so indignantly astonished as to appear almost insensible. Blodget sent a withering glance at poor Jones; Sulks ditto, of course; O. Sluppy was completely abstracted, and the semblance of a smile played on the features of the incredulous Weeks. The circle was renewed without a word being spoken,—but shortly after, Snudggers, having recovered from his astonishment, proceeded to enlighten the circle, with his intended course of proceedings in nearly the following words. "In pursuing scientific investigations, it is necessary to assume some

facts as truths, as a basis on which to build a theory. Whether these assumed facts be truths or not is immaterial, since the conclusions arrived at will be true without regard to them. I find in the contradictory reports, that this phenomenon is mostly ascribed to the agency of spirits; and I shall assume the same, and shall confirm or disprove that assumption as the circumstances justify me in so doing." The circle appeared deeply impressed with the lucid explanation of the intentions of their illustrious leader. After some little time Snudggers solemnly said:

"If there are any spirits present they will please tip the table." Nothing broke the intense silence which ensued. Blodget asked the same with the same result. The request went round in the same way with the same result except that, Weeks asked the table to tip without any reference to the agency of spirits, and Sulks, who adjured the table to tip toward Blodget in vain. The silence which followed was long, again the request went round, and various, snappings and crackings was the result, "a decided manifestation" said Snudggers,— "a decided manifestation" echoed all the others except Weeks, and the meeting adjourned.

A week had passed and again the chosen few were assembled around their distinguished leader; every thing was arranged and they were about to commence the sitting, when Jones arose and said: "If you will indulge me for one moment I will read a slight tribute, in the form of an invocation to spirits, inscribed to our noble guide." "With the greatest pleasure," said Snudggers. "You will perceive," resumed Jones, "that it is in the form of an acrostical sonnet; while pondering upon the form of verse in which to clothe my invocation, I was struck with the remarkable coincidence of your name containing the requisite number of letters for the acrostical sonnet, and I did not hesitate to take the advantage of it."—Jones then read the following:

SONNET.

INVOCATION TO THE SPIRITS.

Come, spirits, from your heavenly dwelling place
Above this grovelling earth—the realm which stars
Light with their loveliness—this dull clay bars
Enquiring mortals from the abyss of space!
Bright spirits aid our efforts! we would fly,
Swifter than dazzling beam which ever fell,
Nor sun, nor star, to where your legions dwell
Up in the regions of the boundless sky:
Dust though we be, and as dust doomed to die—
Go whence we came—yet still a voice saith,

"Grieve not; the soul shall soar away on high,
Enclosed no more by clay or fear of death."
Reveal, blest spirits, to this mortal eye
Sights which we pant for in our faltering faith!

"Jones" said Snudggers, as Jones finished reading, "accept my sincere gratitude, and believe me this is the happiest moment of my life. If there is anything that can smooth the rough road of science, it is to feel that our labors are appreciated by men of high intellectual parts. It has too often been the case that men who have trodden the path of science before me, have labored through poverty to death, their noblest efforts unappreciated, and their only reward the proud consciousness of the inestimable value of their discoveries to man.

"After this beautiful tribute to my poor talents, by one so justly celebrated for the unrivaled soaring of his thought, I shall gird myself more cheerfully to meet the difficulties of my pursuit."

After this touching speech, which was delivered with that effect which only Snudggers could give, the circle was formed differing to the previous sitting, and their chief proceeded to enlighten his followers in nearly these words: "Since our former sitting I have devoted much time to the study of our present pursuit. I find that the rigid silence we kept at the other sitting, is not necessarily to be preserved,—a sober tone of conversation in no way affects the manifestation.

I also find it advised by some, that if any one becomes impressed involuntarily with an idea, he should write it down, as it may be the premonitory symptoms of an impressive medium;—I have accordingly placed writing materials upon the table, and I hope if any one feels a strange thought, he will not hesitate to write it down.

As to the causes of these manifestations, I have not yet arrived at any conclusion,—there are so many advanced; but I have fixed upon one far more plausible than the rest, which I have found corroborated in a very unlooked for direction. This theory supposes the existence of a subtle fluid called the odious force, [It is probable that the distinguished Snudggers meant *odious force*, and had either mistaken the term, or substituted, odious, as "a more proper word."—Ed.] which pervades all nature;—similar in its characteristics, though much more subtle, to electricity;—indeed some think it a refined form of that element. It is held that this fluid is perceptible to our unaided senses, in the form of a faint halo around a person or body in

the dark. Now my theory is, that this fluid, by its unknown qualities, forms an element peculiarly adapted to the existence of spirits, and is a medium by which they descend from their high homes to hover about our earth. We can easily conceive something in the peculiar arrangement of a circle similar to this, is favorable to the abundant production of this spiritual element, and forms a chain by which man may commune with immortals. The unlooked for corroboration, which I mentioned, I found in the person of a heathen—I must say a pagan. In the course of my diligent researches I had inquired of a Chinaman if the phenomenon existed in his country, and to my surprise (for I had thought it perfectly new) found that it did. He informed me that by placing a piece of light-wood (which everybody knows to be a particular kind of decayed wood; the peculiar qualities of which are not only highly compatible with the pre-conceived idea of the odious force, but rather confirm that supposition) upon the head, in a few moments you will see the evil spirit—you are not, of course, to take the word in its literal meaning, but as one by which, in their imperfect knowledge of our language, they express their idea of spirits." Now "continued Snudggers in his clear and convincing argument," with this corroborative fact, the existence of an odious force becomes highly plausible, and we have only to pursue our investigations with diligence to arrive at this great truth."

The convincing power of this argument was resistless; even Weeks looked less skeptical than usual, and the gravity of conviction settled upon the features of the whole circle as they relapsed into silence. The silence had lasted some time when Blodget gravely took the pencil, wrote a few words and resumed his former position without uttering a word. Snudggers seized the paper as hastily as his dignity would permit, and read:—

"Truth lies near us: but men, like cattle, will still pursue a beaten and ever-deviating path, rather than tread a new and nearer one,—the millenium is near."

"Truly," said Snudggers, "an inspired thought."

"The simile," said Jones, "so beautifully simple." Blodget did not seem to heed these encomiums, and the circle again relapsed into silence. Suddenly Salks seized the pencil and wrote, and sat back with all the gravity of Blodget, while the illustrious Snudggers read; "Man might commune

with angels, but
fit, rather than
shall see his error
"The simile,"
sim—"
"Mr. Salks"
Snudggers, "I
I intended these
be more famous
originality:—and
the wisest disquisi-
tation, unworthy
clé,—I hope I sh
Salks' look of gra-
to one supposed to
to shepherds; Jo
the misapplication
Weeks seemed in wa
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no dark. Now my theory is, that this aid, by its unknown qualities, forms an element peculiarly adapted to the existence of spirits, and is a medium by which they descend from their high homes to hover about our earth. We can easily conceive something in the peculiar arrangement of a circle similar to this, is favorable to the abundant production of this spiritual element, and forms a chain by which man may commune with immortals. The unlooked for corroboration, which I mentioned, I found in the person of a heathen—I must say a pagan. In the course of my diligent researches I had inquired of a Chinaman if the phenomenon existed in his country, and to my surprise (for I had thought it perfectly new) found that it did. He informed me that, by placing a piece of light-wood (which everybody knows to be a particular kind of decayed wood; the peculiar qualities of which are not only highly compatible with the pre-conceived idea of the odious force, but rather confirm that supposition) upon the head, in a few moments you will see the evil spirit—you are not, of course, to take the word in its literal meaning, but as one by which, in their imperfect knowledge of our language, they express their idea of spirits." Now "continued Snudggers in his clear and convincing argument," with this corroborative fact, the existence of an odious force becomes highly plausible, and we have only to pursue our investigations with diligence to arrive at this great truth."

The convincing power of this argument was resistless; even Weeks looked less skeptical than usual, and the gravity of conviction settled upon the features of the whole circle as they relapsed into silence. The silence had lasted some time when Blodget gravely took the pencil, wrote a few words and resumed his former position without uttering a word. Snudggers seized the paper as hastily as his dignity would permit, and read:—

"Truth lies near us: but men, like cattle, will still pursue a beaten and ever-deviating path, rather than tread a new and nearer one,—the millenium is near."

"Truly," said Snudggers, "an inspired thought."

"The simile," said Jones, "so beautifully simple." Blodget did not seem to heed these encomiums, and the circle again relapsed into silence. Suddenly Salks seized the pencil and wrote, and sat back with all the gravity of Blodget, while the illustrious Snudggers read; "Man might commune

with angels, but like swine, will grovel in filth rather than seek fairer fields—he soon shall see his error."

"The simile," said Jones, "so beautifully sim—"

"Mr. Salks" broke in the enraptured Snudggers, "I am astonished to see this. I intended these investigations should not be more famous for their depth, than their originality;—and here I detect, hidden in the nicest disguise, a base attempt at imitation, unworthy any member of this circle,—I hope I shall see no more such!" Salks' look of grave importance changed to one supposed to be exceedingly familiar to shepherds; Jones color heightened at the misapplication of his favorite eulogy; Weeks seemed inwardly pleased; O. Sluppy abstracted as ever, and Blodget imperturbable.

Again the silence had lasted long, when Snudggers gravely said, "If there are any spirits present they will please tip the table." Every member of the circle held his breath as they saw the table slowly tip towards Blodget and O. Sluppy, and as slowly regain its former position. "There they are," was the sententious remark of the celebrated Snudggers. "What a peculiar sensation" cried Jones, eager to wipe out the shame of his late blunder, "I felt as if I soared aloft on airy wings."

"Will the spirits communicate with us to night?" asked Snudggers, "if so please tip the table,"—the table rose. "Ask them if there is any hope for Ireland," said O. Sluppy, coming out of his abstract fit. "I wish you to hold your tongue," replied Snudggers, withering him with a glance, "I have a course of my own which I shall pursue."

As editor of these papers, I now arrive at a point where it becomes incumbent on me to cast some inferences, and draw some conclusion from the terminating incidents. I might tell you how some things nurse in themselves the seed of their own destruction;—I might tell you of other men, equally illustrious with the great Snudggers, whom "ingratitude more strong than traitor's arm, quite vanquished." But I will not. I will give the concluding scene in nearly the words of the late Mr. Snobs,

who, judging from his writing at this point, was highly excited.

"O for a tongue to curse the slave
Whose treason, like a deadly blight
Comes o'er the councils of the brave
And blasts them in their hour of night!"

Weeks, the skeptical, who heretofore had sat perfectly silent, at this point jumped up exclaiming, "I'll not take that in,—I'm no sardine;—nobody needn't tell me that old Blodget's paws didn't tip that table." "Weeks," indignantly said Snudggers, "you'r a fool." "I'm not fool enough," cried Weeks highly excited "to be humbugged by two such conceited and contemptible old noodles as you and Blodget." Stung by this slanderous insult on his fair character, the dignified Snudggers for once forgot his dignity,—and rising in trembling rage, he shook his fist in unpleasant proximity with Weeks' nose, and reiterated the world's opinion—"You are too d—d ultra to admit facts." Those words were like a spark in Weeks' magazine of wrath, he exploded, and a fragment, supposed to be his fist, came in such a forcible contact with Snudggers' nose, that it sent that great personage reeling to the floor.



A STRIKING ILLUSTRATION OF THE ODIOS FORCE.

"So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart;
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel
He nursed the plian which impelled the steel,
While the same plunage that had warmed his nest
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast."

Weeks tore furiously round, profanely exclaiming, "let me maul him,—I'll give him spiritual rappings to his heart's content!" and he would doubtless have been as good as his word, but he was forcibly restrained from his charitable intentions, by Salks and Jones. The great Snudggers

rose to his feet, a beautiful exemplification of the sentiment, that :—

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again."

The hasty indiscretion of the moment was gone, and his mighty intellect was now clearly in the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. Smiling though the blood and tears which covered his face, he exclaimed, "Gentlemen, I consider this exhibition of the odious force, perfectly satisfactory. However unworthy," he continued glancing at the chafing Weeks "the instruments which Providence places in our hands, the truths arrived at through their instrumentality, are none the less beautiful. Through the agency of that base person, (pointing a scornful finger at Weeks) I saw the spiritual element revealed in the form of a thousand brilliant stars,—and I now arrive at the conclusion, that the odious force, though much more powerful, is of a similar character with Feline electricity."

THE SEAT BY THE COTTAGE DOOR.

Oh! sweet was the spot, by the side of the cot,
Where we sat in the bright summer hours;
Where the bees hummed all day, on the white blossomed spray,
In love with the beautiful flowers.
Where the sweet humming bird, scarce the rose-petals stirred,
As it darted the tall sweet brier o'er,
That clambered and spread, round the casement o'er head,
Near the seat by the old cottage door.

How often at noon, when the vertical sun,
Was blazing aloft in the sky,
Have I watched its beams straying, when the broozes were playing,
With the woodbine leaves trellised on high.
Now quivering, now dancing, retreating, advancing,
Now skimming the old oaken floor—
Like fairies they seemed, as they flickered and gleamed,
On the seat by the old cottage door.

And often at eve, when each flower and each leaf
Was hushed in its silent repose,
Have I seen the moon rise, in the clear azure skies,
O'er the hill where the sycamore grows,
When the stars one by one, came twinkling on,
Till they spangled the blue heavens o'er—
Oh! how sweetly they gleamed, as serenely they beamed,
On the seat by the old cottage door.

There often we met, when the bright sun was set,
At the close of the long summer's day—
That dear household band, as we sat hand in hand,
And chatted the evening away.
There father and mother, and sister and brother,
Glanced smiles of affection once more—
Oh! the sweet days of old, how swiftly they rolled,
At the seat by the old cottage door.

San Francisco, July 10th, 1857.

J. T. S.

A PRETTY PIECE OF BUSINESS.—An amusing incident occurred the other day in a fashionable private boarding house on — street, Sacramento, in the following manner :—A young married couple, occupying one of the front parlors on the ground floor, were startled by a gentle rap at the door, and simultaneously, a faint noise, much resembling the cry of a young infant; and, on opening the door, found a beautiful child, about a month old, lying on the door-rug. The youthful bride, with excited and wondering surprise, strained her eyes to their utmost extent, as she started back exclaiming: "good heavens! where'd *that* come from?" "Sure enough!" said her friend Mrs. — emerging from a door-way opposite, "why, somebody has left it there *for you*, no doubt!" "Well, *I won't have it!* I want no children, *except my own!*" and stepping over it she ran to the door to see which way the supposed presumptuous donor had ran; meanwhile the husband of the lady, in a state of excitement and consternation, rushed out to the garden gate, looking now one way and now the other, to endeavour to discover and bring back the unfeeling trespasser upon the hospitality and peace of strangers, declaring that it was "a pretty piece of business," and he'd "let e'm know that they had put it in the wrong box—this time." A simultaneous burst of laughter from a dozen voices, revealed to the unsuspecting couple that they had been "sold," as the baby had been borrowed for the occasion.

"I wonder what is the matter with my watch," said a friend of ours in the presence of a little blue eyed girl of about five years of age—"it stops and goes at intervals to suit itself—surely it must want cleaning." Oh! no, papa, it cannot want cleaning," replied the little maid, "for yesterday I washed it well myself, and hung it on the clothes-line to dry, just the same way as Bridget does the clothes, papa, on washing day!" "Ah you little puss you," said her father, laughing, "watches, my love, are not

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cleaned in the same way as clothes are." "No! papa?" "No my child." Here the whole process of cleaning watches had to be fully explained to the intelligent little one before she could be fully satisfied of the difference between the two. How suggestive to parents that they be patient, and well informed, gentle and instructive, that in due season the seed thus sown may produce a harvest of blessedness upon their own heads, as well as upon those of their children.

RAFFLED OFF.

Heigh ho! it's very strange that when a fellow is going along at a quiet easy sort of a jog, that people can't let him alone—but no, they must keep chucking him under the ribs, and singing out, old Bach! old Bach! old Bach! I'm tired of it, and if they don't quit, I'll whip somebody. There's an old woman over the way, who, every morning when I take the watering pot, and with my big straw hat, wrapper and slippers on, go into the garden, she must come to her door and laugh; if she don't mind, I'll buy a large dog, and then—but I know what ails her, she has a daughter—but she needn't come over for any more books, and sit, and talk, and bother, and tell me that this ought to be fixed so, and this so—I am going to have things just as I like, and do just as I please. But let me tell you how I was served the other night. An old friend of mine turned Benedict, and I received a card intimating that my presence would be agreeable at a certain time. I was simple enough to go, and there I found quite a party of both sexes, including eight marriageable young ladies.

During the evening several of the company commenced to twit me upon my tenacity to Bachelordom, and were quite severe. One cruel, heartless individual, proposed to raffle me off—just think of it!—raffle me off. The proposition took like wild-fire—a hat was instantly procured, and eight slips of paper prepared, seven blank, and one with my name inscribed thereon, indicating the prize. The company seemed to enjoy the fun (?) highly, particularly the eight young ladies, who entered the scheme with an avidity only equalled by one Jack Warner, upon a certain occasion after a plum. The drawing commenced—No. 1, blank; No. 2, ditto; No. 3, same; No. 4—ha! the prize! Matilda Buckheart

was the fortunate young woman. How she was congratulated and envied, and how happy she looked. What an air of exultant pride she wore; and how they heaped their congratulations upon me, poor, miserable sinner that I was—sold! sacrificed to a freak of fortune, which made me the property of Miss Matilda Buckheart.

Miss Matilda and myself met that evening for the first time; and in conversation with her just before the raffle, I learned that if she had many faults, she had at least one virtue, and that, the fact of speaking openly and freely—nothing superficial about her—her expressions were uttered boldly, with no attempt to conceal simple facts. In form she was short and stout, with a large round face, as expressive as a baked apple—mouth very large, eyes very small. I was introduced to, and at once entered into conversation with her.

"How long have you been a resident of the valley, Miss B.?"

"A what! sir?"

"A resident—how long have you lived in the valley?"

"Oh! about five months."

"Have you been a resident of the State long?"

"Sir?"

"When did you come across?"

"Last season—we arriv here in the fall."

"Do you feel contented enough here to make California your home?"

"Sir?"

"Do you like California?"

"Wal, I reckon I do—why, when I was in Missouri, I was right slim, just look now how fat I am!"

And here she thrust a hand upon each hip, threw her shoulders back, opened her eyes to their full extent, and looked straight at me. How she startled me. I could but confess that she was looking remarkably well, but begged her to excuse me for a moment as I wished to speak with a friend in the adjoining room. I rushed out of the house and sat upon a log in the back yard until I recovered, when I ventured in again. And this was the young woman who had won me. Happy fellow! I need not tell you that I remonstrated against such a proceeding, and entered a solemn protest. A judge was appointed, who declared that everything had been done in strict accordance with law, and that beyond a doubt I was the property of Miss Buckheart—but upon one condition could be released, and that was, to be blind-folded and tied in a chair, when each of the eight young ladies

should kiss me, and if I could tell the name of any one of them by the kiss, my freedom should be restored. I consented, because I felt assured I could tell Matilda Buckheart—and was right the first time—I knew her by her *breath*.

Yours tenderly,

FELIXANDER DOINGS.

THREE YEARS IN CALIFORNIA.

BY J. D. BORTHWICK.

We little thought when Mr. B. was a blue-shirted fellow miner and neighbor of ours, on Weaver Creek, in 1851; that (although a countryman of Robert Burns) "a chiel's amang ye taken notes, and faith he'll prent 'em," or we might have conducted ourselves with more decorum as chairman (on a pork-barrel) of the miner's meeting described in these pages. But how often is a man deceived by appearances—especially in California?—and how often too has the self-sufficient and impertinent clerk, who put on more airs than his employer, been reprov'd by the manly intelligence and high purse of the roughly clad miner? No wonder that "stove-pipes" then were at a discount, when they were chiefly associated with the empty and supercilious heads of "young bloods" or "gamblers;"—and "purple and fine linen" with those who preyed upon the very vitals of a miner's earnings.

Mr. Borthwick, however, has entered into the spirit of his labors, and presented to us a faithful and graphic picture of the early days of mining experiences in California; which, while it takes us back among the times and scenes of the past to amuse and instruct, also affords us an excellent opportunity for contrast with the present.

Six years of change in a new and constantly changing State—especially in such an one as this—are productive of great changes, indeed;—and we say six years' because Mr. B. has written with "first impressions" upon nearly every page of his interesting work; and, although its life-like and characteristic contents are a truth,

ful record of 1851, *change* in the habits, morality, and manners of our people make them untruthful for 1857.

The reader will no doubt bear this in mind as he enjoys with us the able and candid experiences of a journey to, and a three years residence in, the land of gold; we therefore with great pleasure introduce Mr. Borthwick to speak for himself.

CHAPTER I.

CALIFORNIA FEVER IN THE STATES—THE START—NEW YORK TO PANAMA—SHIPBOARD—CHAGRES—CROSSING THE ISTH-MUS—THE RIVER—CANOES—GORGONA.

About the beginning of the year 1851, the rage for emigration to California from the United States was at its height. All sorts and conditions of men, old, young, and middle-aged, allured by the hope of acquiring sudden wealth, and fascinated with the adventure and excitement of a life in California, were relinquishing their existing pursuits and associations to commence a totally new existence in the land of gold.

The rush of eager gold-hunters was so great, that the Panama Steamship Company's office in New York used to be perfectly mobbed for a day and a night previous to the day appointed for selling tickets for their steamers. Sailing vessels were despatched for Chagres almost daily, carrying crowds of passengers, while numbers went by the different routes through Mexico, and others chose the easier, but more tedious passage round Cape Horn.

The emigration from the Western States was naturally very large, the inhabitants being a class of men whose lives are spent in clearing the wild forests of the West, and gradually driving the Indian from his hunting-ground.

Of these western-frontier men it is often said, that they are never satisfied if there is any white man between them and sundown. They are continually moving westward; for as the wild Indian is forced to retire before them, so they, in their turn, shrinking from the signs of civilization which their own labors cause to appear around them, have to plunge deeper into the forest, in search of that wild, border-life which has such charms for all who have ever experienced it.

To men of this sort, the accounts of such a country as California, thousands of miles to the westward of them, were peculiarly

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To men of this sort, the accounts of such a country as California, thousands of miles to the westward of them, were peculiarly

attractive; and so great was the emigra-tion, that many parts of the Western States were nearly depopulated. The route fol-lowed by these people was that overland, across the plains, which was the most con-genial to their tastes, and the most conven-ient for them, as, besides being already so far to the westward, they were also provided with the necessary wagons and oxen for the journey. For the sake of mutual pro-tection against the Indians, they traveled in trains of a dozen or more wagons, carry-ing the women and children and provisions, accompanied by a proportionate number of men, some on horses or mules, and others on foot.

In May 1851, I happened to be residing in New York, and was seized with the Cal-ifornia fever. My preparations were very soon made, and a day or two afterwards I found myself on board a small barque about to sail for Chagres with a load of California emigrants. Our vessel was little more than two hundred tons, and was entirely devoted to the accommodation of passen-gers. The ballast was covered with a temporary deck, and the whole interior of the ship formed a saloon, round which were built three tiers of berths; a very rough extempore table and benches completed the furniture. There was no invidious distinc-tion of cabin and steerage passengers—in fact, excepting the captain's room, there was nothing which could be called a cabin in the ship. But all were in good spirits, and so much engrossed with thoughts of California, that there was little disposition to grumble at the rough-and-ready style of our accommodation. For my own part, I know I should have to rough it in Califor-nia, and felt that I might just as well begin at once as wait till I got there.

We numbered about sixty passengers, and a nice assortment we were. The major-ity, of course, were Americans, and were from all parts of the Union; the rest were English, French, and German. We had representatives of nearly every trade, besides farmers, engineers, lawyers, doctors, merchants, and nondescript "young men."

The first day out we had fine weather, with just sea enough to afford the uninitia-ted an opportunity of discovering the differ-ence between the lee and the weather side of the ship. The second day we had a fresh breeze, which towards night blow a gale, and for a couple of days we were compelled to lay to.

The greater part of the passengers, being from the interior of the country, had never seen the ocean before, and a gale of wind

was a thing they did not understand at all. Those who were not too sick to be able to form an opinion on the subject, were fright-ened out of their senses, and imagined that all manner of dreadful things were going to happen to the ship. The first night of the gale, I was awoke by an old fool shout-ing frantically to the company in general, to get up and save the ship, because he heard the water rushing into her, and we should sink in a few minutes. He was very emphatically cursed for his trouble by those whose slumbers he had disturbed, and told to hold his tongue, and let those sleep who could, if he were unable to do so him-self.

It was certainly, however, not very easy to sleep that night. The ship was very crank, and but few of the party had taken the precaution to make fast their luggage; the consequence was, that boxes and chests of all sizes, besides casks of provisions, and other ship's stores, which had got adrift, were cruising about promiscuously, threat-ening to smash up the flimsy framework on which our berths were built, and endan-gering the limbs of any one who should venture to turn out.

In the morning we found that the cook's galley had fetched away, and the stove was rendered useless; the steward and waiters—landlubbers who were only working their passage to Chagres—were as sick as the sickest, and so the prospect for breakfast was by no means encouraging. However, there were not more than half-a-dozen of us who could eat anything, or could even stand on deck; so we roughed it out on cold beef, hard bread, and brandy-and-water.

The sea was not very high, and the ship lay to comfortably and dry; but in the evening, some of the poor wretches below had worked themselves up to desperation, being sure, every time the ship laid over, that she was never coming up again. At last, one man, who could stand it no longer, jumped out of his berth, and, going down on his knees, commenced clapping his hands, and uttering the most dismal howls and groans, interspersed with disjointed fragments of prayers. He called on all hands to join him; but it was not a form of worship to which many seemed to be accustomed, for only two men responded to his call. He very kindly consigned all the rest of the company to a place which I trust none of us may reach, and prayed that for the sake of the three righteous men—himself and the other two—the ship might be saved. They continued for about

an hour, clapping their hands as if applauding, and crying and groaning most piteously—so bereft of sense, by fear, that they seemed not to know the meaning of their incoherent exclamations. The captain, however, at last succeeded in persuading them that there was no danger, and they gradually cooled down, to the great relief of the rest of the passengers.

The next day we had better weather, but the sick-list was as large as ever, and we had to mess again on whatever raw materials we could lay our hands on—red-herings, onions, ham, and biscuit.

We deposed the steward as a useless vagabond, and appointed three passengers to fill his place, after which we fared a little better—in fact, as well as the provisions at our command would allow. No one grumbled, excepting a few of the lowest class of men in the party, who had very likely never been used to such good living ashore.

When we got into the trade-winds we had delightful weather, very hot, but with a strong breeze at night, rendering it sufficiently cool to sleep in comfort. The all-engrossing subject of conversation, and of meditation, was of course California, and the heaps of gold we were all to find there. As we had secured our passage only as far as Chagres, our progress from that point to San Francisco was a matter of constant discussion. We all knew that every steamer to leave Panama for months to come, was already full, and that hundreds of men were waiting there to take advantage of any opportunity that might occur of reaching San Francisco; but among our passengers there were very few who were traveling in company; they were mostly all isolated individuals, each "on his own hook," and every one was perfectly confident that he at least would have no trouble in getting along, whatever might be the fate of the rest of the crowd.

We added to the delicacies of our bill of fare occasionally by killing dolphins. They are very good eating, and afford capital sport. They come in small shoals of a dozen or so, and amuse themselves by playing about before the bows of the vessel, when, getting down into the martingale under the bowsprit, one takes the opportunity to let drive at them with the "grains," a small five-pronged harpoon.

The dolphin, by the way, is most outrageously and systematically libeled. Instead of being the horrid, big-headed, crooked-backed monster which it is gener-

ally represented, it is the most elegant and highly finished fish that swims.

For three or four days before reaching Chagres, all hands were busy packing up, and firing off and reloading pistols; for a revolver and a bowie-knife were considered the first items in a California outfit. We soon assumed a warlike appearance, and though many of the party had probably never handled a pistol in their lives before, they tried to wear their weapons in a negligé style, as if they never had been used to go without them.

There were now also great consultations as to what sort of hats, coats, and boots, should be worn in crossing the Isthmus. Wondrous accounts constantly appeared in the New York papers of the dangers and difficulties of these few miles of land-and-river travel, and most of the passengers, before leaving New York, had been humbugged into buying all manner of absurd and useless articles, many of them made of india-rubber, which they had been assured, and consequently believed, were absolutely necessary. But how to carry them all, or even how to use them, was the main difficulty, and would indeed have puzzled much cleverer men.

Some were equipped with pots, pans, kettles, drinking-cups, knives and forks, spoons, pocket-knives (for they had been told that the water on the Isthmus was very dirty), india-rubber contrivances, which an ingenious man, with a powerful imagination and strong lungs, could blow up and convert into a bed, a boat, or a tent—bottles of "cholera preventive," boxes of pills for curing every disease to which human nature is liable; and some men, in addition to all this, determined to be prepared to combat danger in every shape, bade defiance to the waters of the Chagres river by buckling on india-rubber life-preservers.

Others of the party, who were older travelers, and who held all such accoutrements in utter contempt, had merely a small valise with a few necessary articles of clothing, an oil-skin coat, and, very probably, a pistol stowed away on some part of their person, which would be pretty sure to go off when occasion required, but not before.

At last, after twenty days' passage from New York, we made Chagres, and got up to the anchorage towards evening. The scenery was very beautiful. We lay about three-quarters of a mile from shore, in a small bay enclosed by high bluffs, com-

pletely covered with a shade of green.

We had but little enjoy the scenery that scarcely anchored when we came down in true drops was bucketful lightning were terrified with the rain, which for which Chagres is a actor as a sickly, we well know that none that night; we all aboard ship.

It was very amusing change which had been of the men on board, shrink within themselves avoid being included parties which were by the passage up the river who had provided their erable contrivances for their precious persons and rain; also with elements of very untoward ions, and who were equipped with pistols, knives, implements. They were Robinson Crusoes, real on a desert island; you imagine themselves in predicament, fearful, at companionship with another with the same amount of selves, might involve the sive benefit of what is absolutely necessary. Some of them refuse another tobacco, saying he guesses than what he could use.

The men of this sort, py to say there were a striking contrast to the respect. On arriving became quite dejected and to be oppressed with others were in a wild state having finished a tedious anticipation of the novel of crossing the Isthmus.

In the morning several pulled by the natives, came ashore. The landing here is dangerous. The water is generally swell, causing vessels to get into a small bay, a matter of considerable consequence at the mouth of the river is

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three-quarters of a mile from shore, in a
small bay enclosed by high bluffs, were

pletely covered with dense foliage of every
shade of green.

We had but little time, however, to
enjoy the scenery that evening, as we had
scarcely anchored when the rain began to
come down in true tropical style; every
drop was a bucketful. The thunder and
lightning were terrific, and in good keeping
with the rain, which is one of the things
for which Chagres is celebrated. Its char-
acter as a sickly, wretched place was so
well known that none of us went ashore
that night; we all preferred sleeping
aboard ship.

It was very amusing to watch the
change which had been coming over some
of the men on board. They seemed to
shrink within themselves, and to wish to
avoid being included in any of the small
parties which were being formed to make
the passage up the river. They were those
who had provided themselves with innum-
erable contrivances for the protection of
their precious persons against sun, wind,
and rain; also with extraordinary assort-
ments of very untempting-looking provi-
sions, and who were completely equipped
with pistols, knives, and other warlike
implements. They were like so many
Robinson Crusoes, ready to be put ashore
on a desert island; and they seemed to
imagine themselves to be in just such a
predicament, fearful, at the same time, that
companionship with any one not provided
with the same amount of rubbish as them-
selves, might involve their losing the exclu-
sive benefit of what they supposed so
absolutely necessary. I actually heard one
of them refuse another man a chew of
tobacco, saying he guessed he had no more
than what he could use himself.

The men of this sort, of whom I am hap-
py to say there were not many, offered a
striking contrast to the rest in another
respect. On arriving at Chagres, they
became quite dejected and sulky, and seemed
to be oppressed with anxiety, while the
others were in a wild state of delight at
having finished a tedious passage, and in
anticipation of the novelty and excitement
of crossing the Isthmus.

In the morning several shore-boats, all
pulled by Americans, came off to take us
ashore. The landing here is rather dan-
gerous. There is generally a very heavy
swell, causing vessels to roll so much that
getting into a small boat alongside is a
matter of considerable difficulty; and at
the mouth of the river is a bar, on which

are immense rollers, requiring good man-
agement to get over them in safety.

We went ashore in torrents of rain, and
when landed with our baggage on the
muddy bank of the Chagres river, all was
wet as if we had swam ashore, we were
immediately beset by crowds of boatmen,
Americans, natives, and Jamaica niggers,
all endeavoring to make a bargain with us
for the passage up the river to Cruces.

The town of Chagres is built on each
side of the river, and consists of a few mis-
erable cane-and-mud huts, with one or two
equally wretched-looking wooden houses,
which were hotels kept by Americans. On
the top of the bluff, on the south side of
the river, are the ruins of an old Spanish
castle, which look very picturesque, almost
concealed by the luxurious growth of trees
and creepers around them.

The natives seemed to be a miserable set
of people, and the few Americans in the
town were most sickly, washed-out-looking
objects, with the appearance of having
steeped for a length of time in water.

After breakfasting on ham and beans at
one of the hotels, we selected a boat to con-
vey us up the river; and as the owner had
no crew engaged, we got him to take two
sailors who had run away from our vessel,
and were bound for California like the rest
of us.

There was a great variety of boats em-
ployed on the river—whale-boats, ships'
boats, skiffs, and canoes of all sizes, some
of them capable of carrying fifteen or
twenty people. It was still raining heavily
when we started, but shortly afterwards
the weather cleared up, and we felt in better
humor to enjoy the magnificent scenery.
The river was from seventy-five to a
hundred yards wide, and the banks were
completely hidden by the dense mass of
vegetation overhanging the water. There
was a vast variety of beautiful foliage, and
many of the trees were draped in creepers,
covered with large flowers of most brilliant
colours. One of our party, who was a
Scotch gardener, was in ecstasies at such a
splendid natural flower-show, and gave us
long Latin names for all the different speci-
mens. The rest of my fellow-passengers
were a big fat man from Buffalo, two young
Southerners from South Carolina, three
New-Yorkers, and a Swede. The boat
was rather heavily laden, but for some
hours we got along very well, as there was
but little current. Towards the afternoon,
however, our two sailors, who had been
pulling all the time, began to flag, and at

just said they could go no further without a rest. We were still many miles from the place where we were to pass the night, and as the banks of the river presented such a formidable barricade of jungle as to prevent a landing, we had the prospect of passing the night in the boat, unless we made the most of our time; so the gardener and I volunteered to take a spell at the oars. But as we ascended the river the current became much stronger, and darkness overtook us some distance from our intended stopping-place.

It became so very dark that we could not see six feet ahead of us, and were constantly bumping against other boats coming up the river. There were also many boats coming down with the current at such a rate, that if one had happened to run into us, we should have had but a poor chance, and we were obliged to keep shouting all the time to let our whereabouts be known.

We were several times nearly capsized on snags, and as we really could not see whether we were making any way or not, we came to the determination of making fast to a tree till the moon should rise. It was now raining again as heavily as ever, and having fully expected to make the station that evening, we had taken no provisions with us. We were all very wet, very hungry, and more or less inclined to be in a bad humor. Consequently, the question of stopping or going ahead was not determined without a great deal of wrangling and discussion. However, our two sailors declared they would not pull another stroke—the gardener and myself were in favor of stopping—and as none of the rest of our number were at all inclined to exert themselves, the question was thus settled for them, although they continued to discuss it for their own satisfaction for some time afterwards.

It was about eight o'clock, when, catching hold of a bough of a tree twelve or fifteen feet from the shore, we made fast. We could not attempt to land, as the shore was so guarded by bushes and sunken branches as to render the nearer approach of the boat impossible.

So here we were, thirteen of us, with a proportionate pile of baggage, cramped up in a small boat, in which we had spent the day, and were now doomed to pass the night, our miseries aggravated by torrents of rain, nothing to eat, and, worse than that, nothing to drink, but, worse than all, without even a dry match wherewith to light a pipe. If ever it is excusable to

chew tobacco, it surely is on such an occasion as this. I had worked a good deal at the oar, and from the frequent alternations we had experienced of scorching heat and drenching rain, I felt as if I could enjoy a nap, notwithstanding the disagreeableness of our position; but, fearing the consequences of sleeping under such circumstances in that climate, I kept myself awake the best way I could.

We managed to get through the night somehow, and about three o'clock in the morning, as the moon began to give sufficient light to let us see where we were, we got under weigh again, and after a couple of hours' hard pulling, we arrived at the place we had expected to reach the evening before.

It was a very beautiful little spot—a small natural clearing on the top of a high bank, on which were one or two native huts, and a canvass establishment which had been set up by a Yankee, and was called a "Hotel." We went to this hotel, and found some twenty or thirty fellow-travelers, who had there enjoyed a night's rest, and were now just setting down to breakfast at a long, rough table, which occupied the greater part of the house. The kitchen consisted of a cooking-stove in one corner, and opp site to it was the bar, which was supplied with a few bottles of bad brandy, while a number of canvass shelves, ranged all round, constituted the dormitory.

We made up for the loss of our supper by eating a hearty breakfast of ham, beans and eggs, and started again in company with our more fortunate fellow-travelers. The weather was once more bright and clear, and confined as we were between the densely wooded and steaming banks of the river, we found the heat most oppressive.

We saw numbers of parrots of brilliant plumage, and a great many monkeys and alligators, at which there was a constant discharge of pistols and rifles, our passage being further enlivened by an occasional race with some of the other boats.

The river still continued to become more rapid, and our progress was consequently very slow. The two sailors were quite unable to work all day at the oars; the owner of the boat was a useless encumbrance; he could not even steer; so the gardener and myself were obliged occasionally to exert ourselves. The fact is, the boat was overloaded; two men were not a sufficient crew; and if we had not worked ourselves, we should never have got to

Cruces. I wanted to do their share of good, but some pro how to pull, other the rest very cool their money to I expected to be fail pull a stroke; the they might be on

It was evident bargain, and if not lend a hand, cessary that some rather provokingly gedly under their rot well pitch the ashore, and I co idea that their to notwithstanding t

After a tedious had, as before, de vals of scorching six o'clock at a we were to spend

It was a small or three huts, in miserab-looking Their lazy, listless not suit the hum, invariably reply, thing to eat and and-by) said in t use to a trouble very well we w could not go any —and they took succeeded at la installments—not an egg or a few coffee, just as t minds to the vi these articles rea

About half-a passengers were fifty or sixty of small shanties we had. The native one of them, and dollars, showed of the other two about been fee but rain we were out of thanking for sma

I saw a l others the n places sort about ex t feet we climbed by n cut in it.

tobacco, it surely on such an occasion as this. I had worked a good deal of hard work, and from the frequent alternations of scorching heat and chilling rain, I felt as if I could enjoy a rest, notwithstanding the disagreeableness of our position; but, fearing the consequences of sleeping under such circumstances in that climate, I kept myself awake the best way I could.

We managed to get through the night somehow, and about three o'clock in the morning, as the moon began to give sufficient light to let us see where we were, we weighed anchor again, and after a couple of hours' hard pulling, we arrived at the place we had expected to reach the evening before.

There was a very beautiful little spot—a natural clearing on the top of a high hill, on which were one or two native huts, and a canvass establishment which had been set up by a Yankee, and was called a "Hotel." We went to this hotel, and found some twenty or thirty fellow-travelers, who had there enjoyed a night's rest, and were now just setting down to breakfast at a long, rough table, which occupied the greater part of the house. The kitchen consisted of a cooking-stove in one corner, and opposite to it was the bar, which was supplied with a few bottles of brandy, while a number of canvasses, ranged all round, constituted the storeroom.

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Oruces. I wanted the other passengers to do their share of work for the common good, but some protested they did not know how to pull, others pleaded bad health, and the rest very coolly said, that having paid their money to be taken to Oruces, they expected to be taken there, and would not pull a stroke; they did not care how long they might be on the river.

It was evident that we had made a bad bargain, and if these other fellows would not lend a hand, it was only the more necessary that some one else should. It was rather provoking to see them sitting doggedly under their umbrellas, but we could not well pitch them overboard, or put them ashore, and I comforted myself with the idea that their turn would certainly come, notwithstanding their obstinacy.

After a tedious day, during which we had, as before, deluges of rain, with intervals of scorching sunshine, we arrived about six o'clock at a native settlement, where we were to spend the night.

It was a small clearing, with merely two or three huts, inhabited by eight or ten miserable-looking natives, mostly women. Their lazy, listless way of doing things did not suit the humor we were in at all. The invariable reply to all demands for something to eat and drink was *poco tiempo* (by-and-by), said in that sort of tone one would use to a troublesome child. They knew very well we were at their mercy—we could not go anywhere else for our supper—and they took it easy accordingly. We succeeded at last in getting supper in installments—now a mouthful of ham, now an egg or a few beans, and then a cup of coffee, just as they could make up their minds to the violent exertion of getting these articles ready for us.

About half-a-dozen other boat-loads of passengers were also stopping here, some fifty or sixty of us altogether, and three small shanties were the only shelter to be had. The native population crowded into one of them, and, in consideration of sundry dollars, allowed us the exclusive enjoyment of the other two. They were mere sheds about fifteen feet square, open all round; but as the rain was again pouring down, we thought of the night before, and were thankful for small mercies.

I secured a location with three or four others in the upper story of one of these places—a sort of loft made of bamboos about eight feet from the ground, to which we climbed by means of a pole with notches cut in it.

The next day we found the river more rapid than ever. Oars were now useless—we had to pole the boat up the stream; and at last the patience of the rest of the party was exhausted, and they reluctantly took their turn at the work. We hardly made twelve miles, and halted in the evening at a place called Dos Hermanos, where there were two native houses.

Here we found already about fifty fellow-travelers, and several parties arrived after us. On the native landlord we were all dependent for supper; but we, at least, were a little too late, as there was nothing to be had but boiled rice and coffee—not even beans. There were a few live chickens about, which we would soon have disposed of, but cooking was out of the question. It was raining furiously, and there were sixty or seventy of us, all huddled into two small places of fifteen feet square, together with a number of natives and Jamaica negroes, the crews of some of the boats. Several of the passengers were in different stages of drunkenness, generally developing itself in a desire to fight, and more particularly to pitch into the natives and niggers. There seemed a prospect of a general set-to between black and white, which would have been a bloody one, as all the passengers had either a revolver or a bowie-knife—most of them had both—and the natives were provided with their *machetes*—half knife, half cutlass—which they always carry, and know how to use. Many of the Americans, however, were of the better class, and used their influence to quiet the unruly of their countrymen. One man made a most touching appeal to their honor not to "kick up a fuss," as there was a lady "of their own color" in the next room, who was in a state of great agitation. The two rooms opened into each other, and were so full of men that one could hardly turn round, and the lady of our own color was of course a myth. However, the more violent of the crowd quieted down a little, and affairs looked more pacific.

We passed a most miserable night. We lay down as best we could, and were packed like sardines in a box. All wanted to sleep; but if one man moved, he woke half-a-dozen others, who again in waking roused all the rest; so sleep was, like our supper, only to be enjoyed in imagination, and all we could do was to wait intently for daylight. As soon as we could see, we all left the wretched place, none of us much improved in temper, or in general condi-

tion. It was still raining, and we had the pleasure of knowing that we should not get any breakfast for two or three hours.

We had another severe day on the river—hot sun, heavy rain, and hard work; and in the afternoon we arrived at Gorgona, a small village, where a great many passengers leave the river and take the road to Panama.

Cruces is about seven miles farther up the river, and from there the road to Panama is said to be much better, especially in wet weather, when the Gorgona road is almost impassable.

The village of Gorgona consisted of a number of native shanties, built in the usual style, of thin canes, between any two of which you might put your finger, and fastened together, in basket fashion, with the long woody tendrils with which the woods abound. The roof is of palm leaves, slanting up to a great height, so as to shed the heavy rains. Some of these houses have only three sides, others have only two, while some have none at all, being open all round; and in all of them might be seen one or more natives swinging in a hammock, calmly and patiently waiting for time to roll on, or, it may be, deriving intense enjoyment from the mere consciousness of existence.

There was a large canvass house, on which was painted "Gorgona Hotel." It was kept by an American, the most unwholesome-looking individual I had yet seen; he was the very personification of fever. We had here a very luxurious dinner, having plantains and eggs in addition to the usual fare of ham and beans. The upper story of the hotel was a large loft, so low in the roof that one could not stand straight up in it. In this there were sixty or seventy beds, so close together that there was just room to pass between them; and as those at one end became tenanted, the passages leading to them were filled up with more beds, in such a manner that, when all were put up, not an inch of the floor could be seen.

After our fatigues on the river, and the miserable way in which we had passed the night before, such sleeping accommodation as this appeared very inviting; and immediately after dinner I appropriated one of the beds, and slept even on till daylight. We met here several men who were returning from Panama, on their way home again. They had been waiting there for some months for a steamer, by which they had tickets for San Francisco, and which

was coming round the Horn. She was long overdue, however, and having lost patience, they were going home, in the vain hope of getting damages out of the owner of the steamer. If they had been very anxious to go to California, they might have sold their tickets, and taken the opportunity of a sailing-vessel from Panama; but from the way in which they spoke of their grievances, it was evident that they were home-sick, and glad of any excuse to turn tail and go back again.

We had frequently, on our way up the river, seen different parties of our fellow-passengers. At Gorgona we mustered strong; and we found that, notwithstanding the disadvantage we had been under of having an overloaded boat, we had made as good time as any of them.

A great many here took the road to Panama, but we determined to go on by the river to Cruces, for the sake of the better road from that place. All our difficulties hitherto were nothing to what we encountered in these last few miles. It was one continued rapid all the way, and in many places some of us were obliged to get out and tow the boat while the rest used the poles.

We were all heartily disgusted with the river, and were satisfied, when we arrived at Cruces, that we had got over the worst of the Isthmus; for however bad the road might be, it could not be harder traveling than we had already experienced.

Cruces was just such a village as Gorgona, with a similar canvass hotel, kept by equally cadaverous-looking Americans.

In establishing their hotels at different points on the Chagres river, the Americans encountered great opposition from the natives, who wished to reap all the benefit of the travel themselves; but they were too many centuries behind the age to have any chance in fair competition; and so they resorted to personal threats and violence, till the persuasive eloquence of Colt's revolvers, and the overwhelming numbers of American travelers, convinced them that they were wrong, and that they had better submit to their fate.

One branch of business which the natives had all to themselves was mule-driving, and carrying baggage over the road from Cruces to Panama, and at this they had no competition to fear from any one. The luggage was either packed on mules, or carried on men's backs, being lashed into a sort of wicker-work contrivance, somewhat similar to those used by French porters,

and so adjusted with straps bore directly down on the men could carry over such really seemed inconsistent. lent character, that they sh actively, such prodigious Two hundred and fifty pou an average had for a man doing the twenty-five miles day and a half, and some much as three hundred pou well made, and muscular the men, and were apparently Negro than the Indian.

The journey to Panama performed on mules, but free and as the rest of the pr walk, I determined also to fo of a mule; so, having en carry our baggage, we set o'clock in the afternoon.

The weather was fine, a distance out of Cruces the enough, and we were begin we should have a pleasant jo were very soon undeceive menced to rain in the usu road became most dreadful tinal climb over the rocky itous gullies, the gully itself twelve feet deep, and the each side meeting overh the fresh air received one in to could generally see rocks st the water, in which to put were occasionally, for a e tance, up to the knees in w

The steep banks on each so close together, that in n packed mules could not pa sometimes, indeed, even a jammed by the trunk proj side of him. It was a most When it did not rain, the cating; and when it rained

There was a place called "House," to which we look ionously as the end of our day as it was kept by an Americ to find it a comparative place. Our disappoint when it got dark, we arri way home, and found it a little less hot much more square.

On coming we found so travelers the same plig tired, hungry, wet through limbs. The only furniture

round the Horn. She was however, and having lost the cargo, were going home, in the vain hope of getting out of the owner. If they had been very lucky to California, they might have had tickets, and taken the opportunity of sailing from Panama; but in which they spoke of their return it was evident that they were not glad of any excuse to turn back again.

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As just such a village as Gorgona, similar canvass hotels, kept by numerous-looking Americans, showing their hotels at different points of the Chagres river, the Americans met great opposition from the natives who wished to reap all the benefit of themselves; but they were too far behind the age to have any chance of their competition; and by their personal threats and violence, and the persuasive eloquence of Colt's and the overwhelming numbers of the travelers, convinced them that they were wrong, and that they had better give up their life.

Each of business which the natives themselves was mule-driving, and the baggage over the road from Panama, and at this they had no reason to fear from any one. The goods were either packed on mules, or on men's backs, being lashed into a contrivance, somewhat like those used by French porters,

and so adjusted with straps that the weight bore directly down on the shoulders. It was astonishing to see what loads these men could carry over such a road; and it really seemed inconsistent with their indolent character, that they should perform, so actively, such prodigious feats of labor. Two hundred and fifty pounds weight was an average load for a man to walk off with, doing the twenty-five miles to Panama in a day and a half, and some men carried as much as three hundred pounds. They were well made, and muscular though not large men, and were apparently more of the Negro than the Indian.

The journey to Panama was generally performed on mules, but frequently on foot; and as the rest of the party intended to walk, I determined also to forego the luxury of a mule; so, having engaged men to carry our baggage, we set out about two o'clock in the afternoon.

The weather was fine, and for a short distance out of Cruces the road was easy enough, and we were beginning to think we should have a pleasant journey; but we were very soon undeceived, for it commenced to rain in the usual style, and the road became most dreadful. It was a continual climb over the rocky beds of precipitous gullies, the gully itself perhaps ten or twelve feet deep, and the dense wood on each side meeting overhead, so that no fresh air relieved one in toiling along. We could generally see rocks sticking up out of the water, on which to put our feet, but we were occasionally, for a considerable distance, up to the knees in water and mud.

The steep banks on each side of us were so close together, that in many places two packed mules could not pass each other; sometimes, indeed, even a single mule got jammed by the trunk projecting on either side of him. It was a most fatiguing walk. When it did not rain, the heat was suffocating; and when it rained, it poured.

There was a place called the "Half-way House," to which we looked forward anxiously as the end of our day's journey; and as it was kept by an American, we expected to find it a comparatively comfortable place. But our disappointment was great, when, about dark, we arrived at this half-way house, and found it to be a miserable little tent, not much more than twelve feet square.

On entering we found some eight or ten travelers in the same plight as ourselves, tired, hungry, wet through, and with aching limbs. The only furniture in the tent con-

sisted of a rough table three feet long, and three cots. The ground was all wet and sloppy, and the rain kept dropping through the canvass overhead. There were only two plates, and two knives and forks in the establishment, so we had to pitch into the salt pork and beans two at a time, while the rest of the crowd stood round and looked at us; for the cots were the only seats in the place, and they were so rickety that not more than two men could sit on them at a time.

More travelers continued to arrive; and as the prospect of a night in such a place was so exceedingly dismal, I persuaded our party to return about half a mile to a native hut which we had passed on the road, to take our chance of what accommodation we could get there. We soon arranged with the woman, who seemed to be the only inhabitant of the house, to allow us to sleep in it; and as we were all thoroughly soaked, every sort of water-proof coat having proved equally useless after the few days' severe trial we had given them, we looked out anxiously for any of the natives coming along with our trunks.

In the meantime I borrowed a towel from the old woman of the shanty; and as it was now fair, I went into the bush, and got one of our two sailors, who had stuck by us, to rub me down as hard as he could. This entirely removed all pain and stiffness; and though I had to put on my wet clothes again, I felt completely refreshed.

Not long afterwards a native made his appearance, carrying the trunk of one of the party, who very generously supplied us all from it with dry clothes, when we betook ourselves to our couches. They were not luxurious, being a number of dried hides laid on the floor, as hard as so many sheets of iron, and full of bumps and hollows; but they were dry, which was all we cared about, for we thought of the poor devils sleeping in the mud in the half-way house.

The next morning, as we proceeded on our journey, the road gradually improved as the country became more open. We were much refreshed by a light breeze off the sea, which we found a very agreeable change from the damp and suffocating heat of the forest; and about mid-day, after a pleasant forenoon's walk, we strolled into the city of Panama. [Continued.]

OVER six hundred millions of dollars have been shipped from the port of San Francisco, within eight years!

BEAUTY.

BY W. H. D.

At the natal dawn of creation's morn,
I rose in the pride of my charms,
And an infant world in its orbit hurled,
Received the embrace of my arms:
To the God of Day I gave the pure ray,
Oft seen on the face of the storm,
Where the rain-drops diffuse, their primal
hues,
In the rainbow's expanded form.

The silvery light of the Queen of Night,
Is reflected from my bright eye,
As I watched with care a being so fair
On her lonely course through the sky:
Through unbounded space, with a matchless
grace,
I night's starry banner unfurled;
To the end of time, its glories sublime,
Shall surround an admiring world.

On the mountain high enthroned near the sky,
In an atmosphere pure and rare,
Where the sun-shine glows on eternal snows,
Dwells my spirit forever there:
In the gorgeous dyes of the sun-set skies,
Is portrayed my exquisite skill;
For the placid lake, a copy I make,
To glow in its bosom so still.

My smile may be seen in each landscape
serene,
With which Nature enrobes the earth,
And each sparkling gem in the diadem,
Is by me endowed with its worth:
In fields I preside where the flowers abide
And their delicate forms I designed;
With the verdure's green, to gladden the
scene,
In their splendid array combined.

From founts on the hill where the crystal rill,
Gushes forth to refresh the plain;
My steps may be traced to the watery waste,
Whence their springs are supplied again:
Beneath ocean's waves in unfathomed caves,
I painted and polished each shell,
And in coral groves where the dolphin roves,
I in loveliness long shall dwell.

Love's holy desire I ever inspire,
In the depths of each mortal heart,
When 'tis truly felt then the soul will melt,
With the raptures I there impart:
An essence refined I pervade the mind,
Of those gifted beings of earth;
Whose genius and art alone can impart
Perfection to what I give birth.

In Eden so fair when that happy pair,
Midst its loveliest scenes first trod,
My most sacred shrine was their natures
divine,
In the glorious image of God:

When at life's sad close mortal forms repose,
In death's stern and icy embrace,
In sorrow I grieve, as I'm forced to leave,
What I once delighted to grace.

Let virtue control the immortal soul,
And my holiest triumph I claim,
Though worlds pass away this shall not decay,
Through eternity ever the same:
All praise I resign to a God Divine,
And to Him let gratitude flow;
His mind is the source whence I take my
course,
Through the universe ever to glow.

THE RAIN DROP.

"What if the little rain should say,
So small a drop as I,
Can ne'er refresh the thirsty plains;
I'll tarry in the sky?"

How many there are who excuse them-
selves from doing little deeds of charity
and kindness, because they cannot do
great ones: not content to add *one* small
drop to the many millions which go to
make up the large and life-giving shower;
they withhold the mite of their means from
the suffering child of humanity: when, to
whom, one generous crumb of bread, or
word of kindness, would be as reviving as
a drop of rain upon the withering and
perishing flower. What a pity that the
one great duty and purpose of life, compre-
hended in the golden rule given by Him
"who spoke as never man spake", that "as
ye would that men should do unto you, do
ye even so unto them" should be, alas! so
often forgotten?

Man's truest happiness consists in little
acts of diffusive benevolence: Let us then
learn lessons from the smallest rain-drops,
which are called forth from the vapory
cloud by the electric touch of the light-
ning; and—as tears of pity—drop from
thence without stopping to consider for a
moment whither they may fall—on the
delicate petals of a cherished flower, or
upon some noxious or poisonous plant;
whether on the highly cultivated fields, or
the broad briny bosom of the ocean; so let
the electric spark of sympathy touch our
hearts, and call forth daily acts of love and
kindness to the needy of mankind; that by

little deeds
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 to the needy of mankind; that by

THE RAIN DROP.—THE REDEEMED HANDKERCHIEF.

little deeds of charity we may assist to
 make up the great sum of human happiness,
 even as the rain drops makes the shower and
 that without being "too particular."

It is often from the dark gloomy forest,
 and the desolate rock, that purling
 streams issue forth; and, when joined
 by others swell into large rivers, which
 meander on their way, beautifying and
 fertilizing the whole country through
 which they flow. But those streams are
 made up of single drops. Learn then by
 single acts to accomplish a great and noble
 purpose—that of blessing every one within
 the reach of the small and revivifying rain-
 drops of your individual sympathy, and God
 and man shall bless you. LUNA.

THE REDEEMED HANDKERCHIEF.

CHAPTER SECOND.

"DEAR PARENTS:—For the first time in
 my life, I have left home without your
 blessing, and the painful necessity has
 caused me unspeakable sorrow. May that
 young creature, who has driven me from my
 home, fill my place in your hearts; may she
 be happy with the name of McClure, and
 with the riches she has bought at the price
 of the happiness of Adaline and myself. At
 present I am spending some time at Jack-
 son, and expect to remain here for some
 time. Write me soon, and tell Uncle to
 remember me to Adaline; and mention to
 me in your letter, if she is superficially
 grieved at the loss of all her fond hopes.
 Tell her that I remain the same, though
 separated from her. Much love to you all.
 CHARLES."

They had scarcely finished reading this
 letter, when Kate opened the parlor door,
 with an open letter in her hand; pale as
 death she moved to the side of her mother,
 and, handing the letter to her said—"Oh,
 I am innocent!" and falling back in a chair
 she sobbed aloud as if her heart would
 break.

"Give me the letter wife," said the Col.,
 and taking it, he read it to his wife and
 brother.

"MRS. KATE MCCLURE. Madam:—As
 my lawful wife, I am under the painful
 necessity of addressing you. I have depos-
 ited three thousand dollars in the Charleston
 Bank; please draw enough to appear as

becomes the honor of the house you have
 adopted, at the expense of my happiness. I
 do not know when I shall be home. Adieu.

CHARLES."

"Do not grieve so my dear Kate," said
 her mother, throwing her arms around
 Kate's neck, and kissing her burning fore-
 head.

"Oh mother," sobbed Kate, "I have
 ruined his happiness, I have driven him
 from his home. Oh that I had never re-
 deemed that handkerchief; I little dreamed
 of the price."

"Were you acquainted with Allen,
 Kate?" asked uncle William.

"Oh no, I never saw him before that
 unfortunate evening. Oh my dear friends,
 allow me to go to California to my friends
 there, and let your son get a divorce and
 marry Adaline. I am willing to go, I know
 my mother will receive her unfortunate
 Kate."

"Dry your tears Kate, and hope for the
 best, and if Charles is willing you shall go,
 you may do so; but you must do nothing
 without consulting him. It is your duty
 as his wife," said the Col. "Will you
 promise me Kate, that you will treat
 Charles with the same gentle respect that
 you would under more favorable circum-
 stances?"

"I will do anything that is my duty, dear
 father, only tell me when I am wrong. Oh,
 that I could redeem the unintentional
 wrong," said Kate, with much feeling.

"It is now time my dear for you to
 dress, for you know we expect company;
 try and look as cheerful as possible that
 there may be no room for gossip," said
 Uncle William; "and," he added "you
 must do the honors of the party as Charles'
 wife."

"Must I, mother?"

"Yes, dear; for I am quite incompetent
 this evening."

The company soon began to gather in
 the superb drawing room of the old man-
 sion. Milford and his bride were among
 the first that Kate received. With Uncle
 William at her side, to introduce her to any
 of the company that she was not acquainted
 with, she did ample honor to her sta-
 tion. Milford was much struck with
 the beauty, delicacy and easy affability of
 Kate.

"Can this be the girl that has driven
 Charles away from home? He is fonder of
 running from beauty than I am," thought
 Milford, as he gazed on her sweet, melan-
 choly face; "how beautifully she is dressed.
 What splendid taste."

Milford was aroused from these thoughts by a young gentleman putting his hand on his arm and exclaiming—"what a beautiful young creature! I wish that I had helped her redeem the handkerchief."

"She certainly is a splendid woman, Bently," said Milford, "and I think there are few that are better bred, and as she has a good voice, let us ask her to play and sing us some of her sweet airs;" and moving towards the piano, they solicited a song from Kate. All were charmed with her sweet voice.

"Why," said Bently, "Jenny Lind is thrown in the shade by this charming little paragon. She is the most lovely creature I ever saw."

"You are profuse in your admiration of a married woman, Bently," replied Milford, for it was no common interest that he felt. It was evident Bently was smitten by the unfortunate Kate.

"Profuse, did you say, Milford? It is more than that. In one short hour she has created a sensation in my heart that it never felt before. I only hope my feelings are reciprocated—she should not long remain a neglected wife. I know all about this marriage; Adaline Gray told me all the particulars, and that Charles had told her."

"You surprise me Bently; was Adaline so mean as to divulge what Charles had told her in confidence?" asked Milford.

"Yes," replied Bently, "and I shall thank her for the intelligence, as it gives me hope of possessing that lovely being myself."

"For God's sake hold, Bently! Your conversation distresses me exceedingly," replied Milford with evident concern; "I think your feelings towards Kate exceedingly unfortunate, and I fear may lead to something serious; if you have the feelings of a man, Bently, do not add anything more to the bitter cup Kate has already drunk so deeply of."

Their conversation was interrupted by the appearance of Mrs. Milford—"It is getting late dear, we had better go home."

"Well I am ready, get your things."

Mrs. Milford being ready to leave, kissed Kate affectionately and invited her to call often, as their husbands were particular friends. Soon the drawing room was empty, and Kate retired to rest, fatigued and weary. She arose after a refreshing sleep; the dawn of day was brightening in the east; hastily dressing, she descended the stairs, opened the garden gate, and was

enjoying the sweet morning air, when looking up, she saw Bently riding close to the fence. Handing her a letter, he told her he would call in the afternoon for an answer, and turning, rode hastily away. Kate looked at the letter; there was no post mark on it; "What does it mean?" and breaking the seal while she seated herself on a bench in the arbor, she read the following:

"MY DEAR KATE:—Excuse me for addressing you thus familiarly; but I cannot endure the thought of your name as McClure. Dear one, you have inspired me with emotions that I was a stranger to before I saw you last night. May I hope that you regard me with feelings similar to my own for you? My heart, my fortune, is all your own, dear one. I know all about your marriage with McClure; it is not binding; apply to the Legislature for a divorce; I am a member of that body and you shall be free, to bless and make me the happiest of men; beloved Kate, it is in your power to crush or bless me, will you be mine? Ardently yours,

M. O. BENTLY."

Kate was indignant at his presumption; she felt insulted, and returning to her room she penned the following:

"MR. BENTLY. Sir:—I am hurt at the liberty you have taken in addressing me; your knowledge of my marriage does not affect my obligation to my husband; whatever may be our position toward each other, it can not matter to those, who, like you, have only a partial acquaintance with us. As for reciprocating your feelings, as expressed in your note, I find nothing of the kind in my bosom, and I hope this note will be a sufficient rebuff to prevent any further correspondence of this nature; and as I shall send this note to you immediately, you will oblige me if you will defer calling this afternoon.

KATE McCLURE."

Bently had just finished his dinner when the note was handed to him. After reading it, Bently, more in love than ever, determined to call on Adaline and learn all she knew about Kate; determined to prosecute his suit at all hazards. With this determination, he sought the house of Mr. Gray. He was soon shown up to Adaline's room.

"How do you do, Mr. Bently? I declare I was dying to see you. Did you have a pleasant time at the Col's?"

"Yes, magnificent."

"Were there many there?"

"Yes."

"How did you do, Mrs. McClure?"

"I am dead most of the time, come here on my knees."

"Well, I should now. She never loved Charles, he disapproved of Bently's position in anything."

"I will marry of my own ambition. I will divorce you and be happy."

"I never can be disgraced," said Adaline, "I will use all my power to ruin him."

"I will see you understand me."

Taking leave, Adaline's vanity had been thinking of being disappointed in Bently's falling in love with her.

so that now she was Bently's at Kate's disposal, a great priority.

"Understand him better than he is, but I will help him, into the will he knows, he will then I will be avenged my triumph over my way clear now."

aging thoughts of mine to let, as we leave her, lay take a look at Kate.

After waiting determined to give opportunity of a second company, where it was while these thoughts she was suddenly door, she opened it,—"Miss Gray, Mrs. Gray."

"Where is he?"

"In his room, sitting with him, he is looking he will die before me."

"God forbid," said she, "go immediately," and of his room. She was her father and

AZINE.

sweet morning air, when Bently riding close to her, he told her in the afternoon for an hour, rode hastily away. Kate's letter; there was no post. "What does it mean?" and she sealed herself in the arbor, she read the fol-

KATE:—Excuse me for addressing you thus familiarly; but I cannot think of your name as Mr. Bently, you have inspired me with the idea that I was a stranger to you last night. May I hope you regard me with feelings similar to those you feel for me? My heart, my fortune, is at your service. I know all about you, dear one. I know all about your connection with McClure; it is not applicable to the Legislature for a man to be free, to bless and make me the father of men; beloved Kate, it is in my power to crush or bless me. I will you.

Ardently yours,
M. O. BENTLY."

was indignant at his presumption; he consulted, and returning to her room he read the following:
BENTLY. Sir:—I am heartily glad that you have taken in addressing me; my knowledge of my marriage does not oblige me to my husband; what may be our position toward each other can not matter to those who, like me, have only a partial acquaintance with you. As for reciprocating your feelings, as expressed in your note, I find nothing of the kind in my bosom, and I hope this note will be a sufficient rebuff to prevent any further correspondence of this nature; and I shall send this note to you immediately, will oblige me if you will refer calling after-noon.

KATE. McClure."

Bently had just finished his dinner when the note was handed to him. After reading it, Bently, more in love than ever, determined to call on Adaline and learn all she knew about Kate; determined to prosecute his suit at all hazards. With this determination, he sought the house of Mr. Bently. He was soon shown up to Adaline's room.

"How do you do, Mr. Bently? I declare I was dying to see you. Did you have a pleasant time at the Col's?"
"Yes, magnificent."
"Were there many there?"
"Yes."

"How did you like the looks of the young Mrs. McClure?"

"I am dead in love with her, she is the most lovely woman I ever saw, and I have come here on purpose to learn more about her."

"Well, I should think you knew enough now. She never can gain the love of Charles, he dislikes her so much; depend upon it Bently, you can have my co-operation in anything."

"I will marry her then, she is the height of my ambition. If she would only get a divorce, you and Charles could then marry and be happy."

"I never can be happy until that girl is disgraced," said Adaline, "and I am determined to use all my influence to injure her."

"I will see you again Adaline, I see you understand me."

Taking leave, he sauntered to the hotel. Adaline's vanity was tried sorely, for she had been thinking of Bently since she was disappointed in Charles. But Bently, instead of being charmed with her, had fallen in love with the unfortunate Kate; so that now she was as much provoked at Bently as at Kate; he could not have offered her a greater insult than to have talked about Kate's beauty and her superiority.

"Understand him!" said Adaline, "yes better than he understands himself; fool that he is; but he thinks that I will help him to get her away from Charles; yes, I will help him, into trouble; the first thing he knows, he will be in love with me, and then I will be avenged; they will both see my triumph over them; yes, I can see my way clear now." And with these encouraging thoughts of herself, Adaline determined to act, as well as think. And now we leave her laying her plans, while we take a look at Kate.

After writing the note to Bently, Kate determined to give him no further opportunity of again seeing her unless it was in company, where it would be unavoidable. While these thoughts ran through her mind, she was suddenly aroused by a tap at her door, she opened it, and there stood Dinah—"Miss Kate, Massa William wants you."

"Where is he?"

"In his room, sick, his horse ran away with him and he is hurt; the Dr. says that he will die before night!"

"God forbid!" said Kate weeping, "I'll go immediately," as she sped to the door of his room. She found it true. There was her father and mother weeping, and

her uncle lying on the bed, pale, and breathing very short; looking around, he asked—

"Is Kate here?"

"Yes, uncle," replied Kate weeping, and stooping down over his head, she kissed his pale forehead.

"What can I do for you dear uncle?"

"One thing dear Kate; I will soon be dead, and you will lose one friend; but my dear, poor child, give me one promise before I die."

"What is it dear uncle, only say what it is, and I grant it."

"Then promise that you will never leave Charles, however ill he may treat you; the honor of our house I leave with you, and," added he, "in yonder drawer in my desk, you will find my will, and a letter to Charles," and falling back on his pillow, he expired.

Deep indeed was the gloom that hung over the McClure Mansion. Kate was now doubly afflicted; his cheerful voice she should no more hear. The afflicted family soon bore his remains to their long resting place, and Kate returned home to weep.

"Oh this is selfish, I will weep no more, but go and comfort father and mother;" and going to them, she found them absorbed in deep grief.

"Dear parents," said Kate, "why do you grieve thus for uncle? we know that he is happy, and his pure spirit will hover near us." Overcome with sorrow, Kate put her arms around her father's neck, and then slipping down upon her knees, she poured forth her pure desires in the ear of God who alone could help. She prayed for Charles, for her sorrowful parents, and that God would guide her in his own ways. They all felt comforted.

"Write to Charles my child," said her father, "tell him that his faithful uncle is no more."

"I will go and write to him immediately." "Oh," thought Kate, "if I were a favored wife, it would not be so difficult for me to address him; I must be cold and brief, lest I disgust him; Oh that he loved me!" and seating herself by her writing-desk she penned the following lines:

"DEAR CHARLES:—I am very sorry ever to transmit unpleasant news. Your dear uncle has just been consigned to his grave, and we are left to mourn the loss of one who was dearly loved. Your father and mother are deeply afflicted, and father desired me to say to you, that he thought you would not refuse to return home for a

short time. Father and mother are both indisposed; mother is indeed quite ill. Father will write you as soon as he is able. Yours in haste.

KATE.

After penning this brief letter to Charles, Kate returned to her mother's sick room.

"I have written to Charles, dear mother," said Kate, while a blush stole over her pale cheek.

"Have you dear? I hope he will soon come home, for I fear that I shall never get any better in this world."

"Oh, say not so my dear mother; God forbid that you should be taken away from us in this trying hour."

"Come near my daughter and hear me, I feel assured that God has heard my prayer in your behalf; you will yet be happy as the wife of my son; I feel strong in this hope, I feel that you almost love Charles; tell me my dear, what are your feelings towards him? conceal nothing my love."

"Dear mother, if I know my own heart, there is no one that I love more than your unfortunate son; and I am willing to sacrifice everything for his happiness."

"Remember these promises my dear, and now promise me, that you will not leave Charles, nor allow him a divorce, and I die happy. Come dear, seal your promise to your dying mother with a kiss; weep not; there, that will do. God grant you a blessing; God will bless the good; remember this my child and take courage. Charles was going to marry Adaline Gray, I prayed that it might be averted in some way, and my prayer was answered in the redeeming of your handkerchief, and now shall I doubt? No, I am full of hope, when I think of my daughter as a praying woman, my heart is filled with wonderful love to Him who heareth prayer; pray for Charles, my daughter; when his mother's tongue is still in death, your prayers will come up as sweet incense before the throne of grace; be kind to the poor, oppress not the slave. You have riches that have come to you in the providence of God; be faithful to the important trust; these are your mother's last words. The Lord help you to remember, and meet me in heaven; do not weep thus my child, but rejoice that I am ready to enter a happier sphere."

"Yes, mother, we will meet in that happy place if I am faithful; I will be faithful, God being my helper. You have exerted yourself too much, take a little rest now dear mother," said Kate, putting the soft pillow under her head, and kissing her pale lips, while the tears continued to fall

thick and heavy on her mother's bosom. By the tender attention of Kate, she was soon soothed to sleep. Stooping over her mother's face once more, she was surprised at her short breathing, and feeling her pulse, she became frightened, and immediately summoned Dinah, and told her to call her father. The Colonel hastened to the bed of his wife. She looked up with a smile, and said—"I am going home dear husband; we will soon meet again," and taking his hand and that of Kate, she pressed them to her heart. A cold sweat stood in drops on her pale forehead, she breathed a short prayer for Charles, then closed her eyes for ever on all worldly objects.

A few days, and another funeral was at the old mansion; everything seemed solemn in the house where two of its most lovable inmates had so recently departed. Time wore on. Three weeks after the funeral of the loved wife and mother, and they had heard nothing of Charles.

"What can be the reason of Charles' not coming home?" said the Col. to his afflicted daughter, "I fear he is sick. I have been thinking of going to try to induce him to come home. I think that a trip will do me good, will you accompany me dear Kate?"

"My dear father nothing would give me greater pleasure, but you know Charles would not be glad to see me. Go, my dear father, and I will pray for you and my dear unhappy Charles."

"And God will answer your prayers my daughter," and embracing her, he soon made preparation and started on his journey to Mississippi.

A few weeks of fearful anxiety and Kate had heard nothing of her father or of Charles. She had made many friends, and many were the calls to offer her the consolation she so much needed. She did not return any calls, as she felt it better to be alone with her God, and much of her time was spent in prayer for her dear father and husband; remembering her promises to her dying mother. She was aroused from this one afternoon by Dinah. "A gentleman in the parlor Missus, wishes to see you."

"Tell him I will wait upon him in a few minutes. A letter from father or a message; how glad I shall be; why how it excites me, even to think of Charles; Oh! I hope I shall hear good news," and descending to the parlor she was surprised to see Mr. Bently. He arose and offered his hand to her, which she coldly refused, and seating herself, from weakness, was about to ask him his business, when he

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stood up before her and told her that Charles had sued for a divorce in Mississippi which was the reason of his not writing to her; he had been told so by Adaline, who had corresponded with him and received letters weekly from him. "You suffer yourself to be imposed upon by this unfeeling wretch. My dear Kate, for whom I would sacrifice every thing that I possess, will you still refuse me, my heart's idol? Oh! If you have the least feeling for me"—

"Say no more, I will forgive you for what has passed, but say no more; know now, too, that I despise your advances,—I consider them dishonorable; had you the feelings of a man, you would not offer me the insults you have offered me in my deep grief," and turning she was leaving the room, when Bently, forcing himself between her and the door, and falling on his knees, pleaded his love with deep despair depicted on his countenance. She started for another door and made her escape.

A few hours after this interview, she received a note signed by Mrs. Milford, saying that she would send a carriage for her in the evening, as she was alone and would very much prize an evening spent in her company.

Without a thought that the note could be other than genuine, Kate dressed and awaited the carriage. She soon heard the rolling of wheels, and leaving the keys with Dinah, she took her seat in the carriage. A few moments and it stopped, and Kate did not notice her whereabouts, as it was dark and her mind was pre-occupied. She was shown up to a splendid room and a lady met her, saying: "I was left by Mrs. Milford to receive you, as she is unexpectedly called away; but will soon return. Let me take your bonnet and shawl, my dear madam."

And Adaline removed her bonnet. "My stratagem has worked well," thought she; "Bently will soon be here, and then I will entice her up stairs to look at some music, and slip out, and then he can accomplish her ruin. How nicely everything turns out, she will be a nice wife for Charles after this night."

While these things were passing in the heart of Adaline, Kate turned and looking her full in the face said, "If it will not be too much trouble I will go home now and come some other time, as it is getting late."

"Well, my dear Mrs. McClure," replied Adaline, "will you not come up stairs and look at some music that Mrs. Milford wished you to see, as she would like your

opinion, for she thinks your taste superior to any one of her acquaintances, and by-the-by they are new compositions."

Leading the way she ran up two flights of stairs and entered a room where there was a pile of music lying on a table.

"There are two, and now I remember one is in Julia's room, I will go and fetch it while you look at these."

So saying Adaline left her and went into another room where Bently was waiting for her signal.

"Well, Bently, I have succeeded on my part, now for yours; accomplish your purposes, but I hope force will not be needed."

Bently soon found his way to the room where Kate was, and stealing in unobserved he closed the door and in locking it Kate looked around and was horrified at seeing Bently. The truth flashed upon her that she had been betrayed. Bently stood before her looking at her; she sank back on a chair and life seemed flickering. He drew near her, bathed her temples in cold water and she breathed again. Bently's heart smote him, he could not bear her earnest look of despair.

"Oh! Bently why have you deceived me, and brought me here?"

"Because I cannot live without you, my love; do you recant the cruel words you said this afternoon?"

"No, never; they were uttered in truth."

"Do you still refuse me? Know this then, Kate, I will either have you, or your ruin, this very evening. If you will get a divorce I will marry you, if you refuse"—and he attempted to take her in his arms. Weak from suffering she swooned, he looked upon her, her bosom heaved, her sobs were low and distressing. Stooping over her he put his lips to hers and pressed her to his bosom.

"Innocent girl I love you too much; you have conquered me. I cannot injure you. No, idol of my soul, I will try to merit your good esteem. Yes, to know that she even esteems me will be a reward, for I am unworthy. Kate, my love, look upon me, open your eyes once more, and forgive me. Kate, you need not fear now; I cannot injure one that I love so tenderly. Say that you forgive me, and I will defend your innocence with my life. Say that you will regard me as a friend; pity me, Kate, and forgive me, and I will see you safe back to your unhappy home."

"Oh, take me home, and I forgive you all, only take me home," sobbed Kate, so weak that she was only able to articulate.

"Oh! say that you will forgive me, that

you will love me as a brother, and you shall never regret your condescension."

"I forgive you, Bently, and if it is possible I will try to love you as a brother, if you merit my regard, by treating me with becoming respect."

"Give me a pledge, Kate, that you will not betray my duplicity, and I will see you safely home."

"You have my hand, and if that will not do, here is the *fatal handkerchief*, that I redeemed—the price of my poor Charles' happiness."

"It will do better than any other you could give me, and I shall keep it near my heart, and when I am tempted to do wrong, it shall redeem me from doing anything that your pure mind would not sanction in a brother. Take my arm now, Kate, and let us leave this unholy place where Adaline Gray has contemplated the ruin of more than one being."

"Adaline Gray did you say?"

"Yes, Adaline Gray, for it was her who planned it all, and I was to be an actor in the drama."

"Can it be possible? is she the idol of Charles' heart—a woman that would stoop so low. I do not wish to see her."

[Concluded next month.]

BE KIND TO ALL.—Kindness costs little, but is worth much to the sorrowful and the desponding. Kind words to the disheartened and forsaken are like cool and refreshing water in a far and thirsty land—they cheer and strengthen the one who receives them—and are a source of happiness to him who offers them.

THE GOLD-MINER.

BY W. H. D.

How happy is the miner's lot,
If he but thinks it so;
In many a sweet sequestered spot,
His life in peace may flow.

When birds are singing on the hills,
And skies are bright above,
A joy intense his bosom thrills,
If nature's scenes he loves.

With shovel, pick and barrow too,
He labors all the day;
Then evening's quiet hours renew,
Fond thoughts of those away.

With hands engaged in honest toil,
And mind still soaring free,
He digs bright treasures from the soil,
And grasps eternity.

Should disappointments close around,
Yet let him not repine;
The richest ore is often found,
Deep in the darkest mine.

If Fortune frowns upon his life,
Hope still should cheer him on,
To struggle ever in the strife,
Till her bright smiles are won.

The labor hard, the patient thought,
Are not endured in vain;
The soul more energy has caught,
More vigor fills the frame.

O, happy is the miner's lot,
For he can make it so.
And many a quiet lovely spot,
His peaceful joys must know.

Coon Hollow, Cal., July, 1857.

Our Social Chair.

We are gratified to know that "Our Social Chair" meets with the approval of our readers. "We thought it would"—as some good people often say, with (if we may be allowed to manufacture a word) *after-prophetic* self-complacency—inasmuch as everybody (a rather numerous family, no doubt) seems to enjoy a quiet drawing upwards of the corners of the mouth, and a merry wrinkling of the

eye-lids, and twinkling of the eyes—when they can.

Diet is often, and very justly considered to be the best kind of medicine for the body (and often for the mind), and yet people find it to be something like advice, very hard to take, and much harder to practice. Now laughter, although excellent for both body and mind, cannot be said to have that objection, inas-

much as most folks find it pleasant to take. It is eligible to the honor of the reader, of physics to consider his case and constitution, that, however unimportant it might seem, we should know that which is not of the usual men, viz., to take care of ourselves which are the tions.

We feel confident that the *Shasta Courier* is "deep," while the pen-

THUNDER SHOWERS.—On several afternoons we have had indications would therefore caution us to be on our guard against the danger of lightning. It attracts lightning. The easiest thing in the world is to be encircled in hoops of thunder storm, to be fitted. During the thunder observed a young woman on rather intimate terms with this peculiar metallic element to be marveled at. We our lady readers should our knowledge of the electric fluid.

To which may be added of a gentleman in Sav-

While walking
A dog I chanced
To see with a hood
His dress was
And I dragged
It a scoop.

There wasn't
Who then had
It to let
From the side
Who there
That was

Thin's I, now
Why do they
I'd like
Why ladies do
I ask.

The following simple
a friend in Kirtsville

SALLI

In years long past
The past of you
With laughing eye
As radiant as the
For Nature's
Was lovely so

THE GOLD-MINER.

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...ough excellent for both body and mind,
...ot be said to have that objection, inas-

much as most folks feel it to be very easy and pleasant to take. Were we to be considered eligible to the honorable post of family physician to the reader, and laughter was the kind of physic we considered to be best adapted to his case and constitution, we can assure him that, how very unlike and unprofessional it might seem, we should not object to doing that which is not often practiced among medical men, viz., to take the same kind of medicine ourselves which we prescribe for our patients.

We feel confident that our friend D—, of the *Shasta Courier* laughed "quietly but deep," while he penned the following,—

THUNDER SHOWER AND STEEL HOOPS.—
On several afternoons of the past fortnight we have had indications of thunder showers. We would therefore caution our lady friends relative to the danger which those wearing steel hoops at such times necessarily incur. *Steel attracts lightning.* Thus, you see, it is the easiest thing in the world for a young woman, encircled in hoops of that metal during a thunder storm, to be knocked into particular fits. During the thunder shower last week we observed a young woman, with whom we are on rather intimate terms, unburthen herself of this peculiar metallic enlargement, with a speed to be marveled at. We then determined that our lady readers should have the benefit of our knowledge of the phenomena and laws of the electric fluid.

To which may be appended the "query" of a gentleman in Savannah.

While walking down the street,
A belle I chanced to meet,
With a hoop;
Her dress was flounced around,
And it dragged upon the ground,
As a scoop.

There wasn't room for me;
What then had I to do,
But to leap
From the sidewalk to the road,
Where there ran a fearful flood
That was deep.

Thinks I, now here's "a sell;"
Why do they hoop a belle
Like a cask?
I'd really like to know
Why ladies do do so—
So I ask.

The following simple but feeling lines, from a friend in Marysville, tell their own tale.

SALLIE M—.

In years long past I knew a girl,
The path of youth adorning,
With laughing eye and bounding step,—
As radiant as the morning;
For Nature's brightest gem
Was lovely Sallie M—.

Our spirits were united then,
We loved each other truly;
The love of older hearts was ours—
You will not blame us surely:
I love her now as then,
My lovely Sallie M—.

In all our dreams we wandered far
Beyond our age or station—
Myself in fancy oft became
A lord of the creation—
My only diadem
Was lovely Sallie M—.

At length there came a chieftain rude,
With icy fingers freezing;
He snatched the jewel from my side,
Her form to earth bequeathing:
Then wept I to reclaim
My lovely Sallie M—.

This chieftain clothed her in the robes
Which to the blessed are given,
While hosts of angels welcomed her
To all the joys of heaven:
An angel there with them
Now dwells my Sallie M—.

When'er this chieftain calls for me,
I hope that he may find me
All ready, waiting without fear,
To leave the earth behind me:
Death's current dark to stem,
To lovely Sallie M—.

T. E. F.

As illustrative of some of the "trials" of the editorial fraternity we subjoin the following, and the accompanying note, verbatim—with the exception of the name. If we receive any more such, we will publish the name of the would-be literary thief.

NO SURRENDER.

Ever constant, ever true,
Let the word be, no surrender;
Boldly dare and greatly do!
This shall bring us bravely through.
No surrender, No surrender;
And though Fortune's smiles be few,
Hope is always springing now,
Still inspiring me and you
With a magic—No surrender!

Nail the colors to the mast,
Shouting gladly, No surrender!
Troubles near are all but past—
Serve them as you did the last,
No surrender, No surrender!
Though the skies be overcast
And upon the sleety blast
Disappointments gather fast,
Beat them off with No surrender!

Constant and courageous still,
Mind, the word is No surrender

Battle, tho' it be uphill,
Stagger not at seeming ill,
No surrender, No surrender!
Hope,—and thus your hope fulfill,—
There's a way where there's a will,
And the way all cares to kill
Is to give them—No surrender!

If you think it gut you macy Publish the
abus in your California Magazine.

Yours, C. D.

Yea—verily. Now we should like to give you "jessie" and "no surrender" until at least, you had learned sufficient honesty (as well as English) to make you a better man. There is but little hope, we fear, however, for so *small* and mean a *pigmy*. If, however, you have never read the fable of "The Ass in the Lion's skin," we adjure you "to give not sleep to thine eyes, nor slumber to thine eye-lids," before you buy a copy and commit it well to memory, that, "peradventure thou mayest" at least learn common sense.

We have gathered several of the choicest morecaus of the California Press, which we rather reluctantly lay aside for the present to give place to the Valedictory of our esteemed friend Lovejoy, whose quaint sayings we are to read no more, it appears, for a time, and which we very much regret. We hope, however, that he will be tempted to perpetrate an occasional article for the California Magazine—just to keep him out of mischief, and our readers in good humor.

VALEDICTORY.

WE, J. K. LOVEJOY, editor and proprietor of the *Old Mountaineer*, beg leave to make our lowest *congee*, to our numerous patrons, and state that we have sold out our entire interest in said office, to E. F. McELWAIN, and by these presents do resign our chair editorial and beg of our old friends, in behalf and for the new proprietor, a continuance of their kindness.

We are sorry,—yea, even to the expense of hiring two boys to shed tears for us,—to part with our old patrons, who have stood by us through storm and sunshine, through evil as well as good report, scolding us when we deserved it, and defending us when unjustly attacked by the enemies of our soul. There is a chain of kindly feeling created between the editor and his patrons, that, when ruptured, makes him feel as though he had twenty hundred and a sack of salt piled on him; as though he had broken off ties that he "had 'nt orter," and in parting with the *Old Mountaineer* chair editorial, a deep feeling pervades our entire corporeal system, like unto that of

Rachel weeping for her children. That we have been at times harsh in reproving wrong, we acknowledge, but the sore required the knife; that we have endeavored at times to be silly, in our remarks, there is no mistake, but this was occasioned by the natural necessities and wants of those who read our paper, without paying for it; that we have told a good many lies in our time, is also probable, but this was owing to the fact that subscribers would complain of our not putting sufficiency of labor on the paper,—as it's easy to tell the truth—and then truth is so scarce, that we couldn't fill up, and make the thing go off lively, and to their satisfaction, without an occasional stretch of the blanket of our imagination.—That we have puffed a good many fellows that deserved a good kicking, and caused them to think themselves "some pumpkins," there is no doubt, but then that was done on the business principle of "you tickle me and I'll tickle you." That we have made enemies by showing up their dirty tricks, there is no doubt, but then we'll forgive 'em, as we're too good natured to hold malice. That we have toiled a long time, and got nothing as yet for it, we know confounded well, through a lack of the *jingle* in our pockets, and that we are determined to have that which is justly due us, is a strong proof, that we are a sensible sort of a fellow, and the fact will be rendered apparent to those indebted to us, as soon as we can slosh around among 'em. That we have published a good many communications that should have been stuck in the stove, we can't deny, but then we knew that it never would possibly do, to crush genius in embryo,—to be sure it was so far in embryo, that it would require one hundred and fifty years to develop it, but perseverance is a great virtue, and ought to be encouraged by the Press. That we have reproved the people for their sins, and the rulers for their iniquities, any one can learn by sitting down and reading the back files of the *Old Mountaineer*, for the last eighteen months, advertisements and all; that the tone of society has very much improved under our teaching, is also apparent, in the fact, that not hardly a criminal has been punished in the time, and that we have no courts, nor won't have, until next summer, unless it be one-horse courts, and those we thought we'd "let rip," so that the Justices and Constables, could pay their liquor bills, and for the blanks they bought of us.

And although we eschew politics and personalities, we cannot refrain from giving "the last will and testament," knowing that our readers will forgive us this once "if we never do so no more."

To our editorial brethren we have a word to say. We are grateful for the many kind notices we have received in times past, and beg leave to make over to them our editorial prop-

erty, viz: To Mr. [unclear] beneath the general "North," to Lew. [unclear] will and bequeath brief "of Republic Administration; to [unclear] we will a peck of of his editorial labor. But's Record, we will Lantern of Ki Eye clear shirt, that he editorial courtesy, ties; to CHARLEY Californian, we will lon, for the use of the in case of fire; to Sierra Citizen, we will our gray hairs, so the and learn better than when we're as good of the State Journal, wooden guide board, of his head, that he the wako of K— I bidding,—and to all feeling, for their pros that they will be ab in this terrestrial sp you take an oyster su with a few bottles of romov all causes of have arisen during o that we all may be ha To the new editor, will and bequeath our Bowie Knives, a slun Dupont's best powder pistol balls, and we ho vince people by argu the above named logic At every body is neighbor's business, an edly, asked of us, "wI dew," we will state tion, that we either v State, or keep taver scrip in a credit, selli stock for cash,) of g turn out the present place, build a saw mi and seal stock from the keep a race horse; we the State Prison and from the criminal ge the act of California may be qualified to ce vention and be placed offic, if we don't go creations, we poss also.

With the kindest fe
truly yours,

JC

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of the above valedict

weeping for her children. That we at times harsh in reproving, wrong, we acknowledge, but the sore required that we have endeavored at times to make our remarks, there is no mistake, was occasioned by the natural necessities of those who read our paper, paying for it; that we have told a lie in our time, is also probable, was owing to the fact that subscribers complain of our not putting sufficient on the paper,—as it's easy to tell the truth and then truth is so scarce; that we fill up, and make the things go off and to their satisfaction, without an usual stretch of the blanket of our imagination.—That we have pulled a good fellow that deserved a good kicking, used them to think themselves "some things," there is no doubt, but when that we are on the business principle, if "you and I'll tickle you." That we have enemies by showing up their dirty tricks, is no doubt, but then we'll give 'em, if too good natured to hold malice. We have toiled a long time, and got as yet for it, we know, confounded through a lack of the *ginger* in our articles, and that we are determined to have which is justly due us, is a strong proof, we are a sensible sort of a fellow, and the will be rendered apparent to those inclined to us, as soon as we can sleigh around 'em. That we have published a good communications that should have been in the stove, we can't deny, but then knew that it never would possibly do, to a genius in embryo,—to be sure, it was so in embryo, that it would require one hundred and fifty years to develop, but perseverance is a great virtue, and ought to be encouraged by the Press. That we have covered the people for their sins, and the sins for their iniquities, any one can learn sitting down and reading the lack files of *Old Mountaineer*, for the last eighteen months, advertisements and all; that the tone of our society has very much improved under our editing, is also apparent, in the fact, that not only a criminal has been punished in the State, and that we have no courts, nor won't we, until next summer, unless it be one or two courts, and those we thought we'd "let 'em go," so that the Justices and Constables, could pay their liquor bills, and for the blanks they bought of us.

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erty, viz: To MANTZ of the *Inquirer*, we bequeath the general interests of the "Great North;" to LEW. LULL, of the *Herald*, we will and bequeath, as he "frowed do fust brick" of Republicanism, office in Fremont's Administration; to Col. RUST, of the *Express*, we will a peck of onions, to strengthen him in his editorial labors; to CROSETTE, of the *Butte Record*, we will and bequeath the "Dark Lantern of Ki Eye and Hindooism," and a clean shirt, that he may place them beside his editorial courtesy, in his cabinet of curiosities; to CHARLEY LINCOLN, of the *North Californian*, we will and bequeath a water-melon, for the use of the Oroville fire department, in case of fire; to NED CAMPBELL, of the *Sierra Citizen*, we will and bequeath one of our gray hairs, so that he may respect old age and learn better than to call us "old man," when we're as good as now; to J— W— of the *State Journal*, we will and bequeath a wooden guide board, to be nailed on the side of his head, that he may be able to follow in the wake of K— D— B—, and do his bidding,—and to all, we bequeath a kindly feeling, for their prosperity and happiness, so that they will be able to say, when we meet in this terrestrial sphere,—LOVEJOY, won't you take an oyster supper, and wash it down with a few bottles of champagne, and thus remove all causes of unfriendliness, that may have arisen during our editorial career, so that we all may be happy when we grow old.

To the new editor of the *Mountaineer*, we will and bequeath our Colt's Revolver, two Bowie Knives, a slung-shot, five canisters of Dupont's best powder, and thirty pounds of pistol balls, and we hope that if he can't convince people by argument, he will do it with the above named logical deductions.

As every body is anxious to know their neighbor's business, and the question is repeatedly asked of us, "what do you propose 'tew dew,'" we will state for the public information, that we either will go to the Atlantic States, or keep tavern here, buying county scrip on a credit, selling a first rate and cheap stock (for cash,) of groceries and dry goods, turn out the present post master and take his place, build a saw mill, go out on the Plains and steal stock from the alkalied immigrants or keep a race horse; we have an idea of visiting the State Prison and remaining until we learn from the criminal gentleman confined there, the art of California Legislation, so that we may be qualified to come before a caucus Convention and be placed in nomination for some office; if we don't go into any of the above occupations, we possibly may do something else.

With the kindest feelings for all, we remain truly yours,

JOHN K. LOVEJOY.

We are reminded by the closing paragraphs of the above valedictory, of being present on

the banks of the Mississippi, when the following conversation took place between the master and an old negro.

"David, has this man been hard at work the whole of this afternoon?" "Dunno massa," replied the old negro respectfully, "I tink it take um smart man jis to mind him own business—ya, yah!" "That's a fact, David," said his master, kindly, as he laughed and commenced walking away.

We have many times pondered over David's words, and have sometimes wondered if they applied to California politicians—among others.

We welcome the following gentle-hearted and affectionate letter from a miner, because we recognize the generous feeling of sympathy, and bond of brotherhood that is desired should exist between children of one great family; for as the earth is large enough for all, why should we not all dwell together as brethren, in peace and love; ever seeking to make each other happier and better for our union and communion—not between brother and sister only, but between man and man as between brethren.

RESPONSES FROM THE MINES.
NO. 1.

IN THE MINES, July 8, 1857.
DEAR SISTER MAY:—Thanks! many thanks for your kind letter of June 7th., sweet sister May; gratefully we receive the expressions of sympathy and interest from your kind heart, overflowing with goodness and love.

My heart warmed towards you on reading the two first words of your letter, "Dear Brothers," for it assured me that at least one sincere heart felt an interest in the Miner, and knew his hard hands, weather-beaten face and rough exterior, were no true indications of the soul within; refreshing it is to know that a few choice spirits, living amid the refinements of city life, can throw aside its ceremonial forms and conventionalities and let their high aspirations and best affections flow forth in the natural and sincere language of friendly interest or sisterly love.

I hope with you, that brother "Joe," will favor us with more of his "conceptions," for those which have been published, afforded me exquisite pleasure; he sketches his characters with the pen of a true artist, and the tender pathos, and refined sensibilities with which he invests them, while it deeply interests us, must also tend to elevate and purify the heart and improve the mind.

You say, "it is Sunday, brothers, and as I sit writing to you, the church-bells are chiming musically, and fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters and strangers, are wending their way to the temple of God;" "fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters;" what sacred memories, what hallowed associations, these lovely and holy names awaken, and how happy we would all be if we recognized no other names on earth; are we not children of one Heavenly Father, and why should not our sympathies and affections extend to all that he enfolds in His boundless and eternal love. O let us do what we can to bring about the re-union of the members of this now widely separated and often estranged family, and then no stranger will be seen wending his lonely way to the temple of our Father and our God.

You wished you could peep in our cabin door or window and see what we were about. Ah! so do I wish you could peep into mine this evening; pleasant indeed would be the bright glances of your tender and sympathizing eyes, and they would surely brighten up the old cabin with their radiant light, but you would only see a lonely individual, sitting by a single candle writing this response, and anxiously wishing that it might afford you as much pleasure as your letter has given him, and with this wish I will bid you adieu.

Sincerely and affectionately yours,
BROTHER FRANK.

A SERENADE.

I.

Tell me, darling, if you love me,
Tell me, if your heart is mine,
Oh! my Star, my Pearl, my Jewel,
Tell me, for my heart is thine.

II.

See, the moonbeams in the air, love,
Each gleam glows with lambent light,
So, my thoughts, when of my own one,
Each illuminates my night.

III.

Hark, the whisper of the wind, love,
Softly echoing back my sighs,
May it kiss thy lips and wake thee,
May it gently open thine eyes.

IV.

For I'm waiting all alone, love,
And this world of beauty flies,
And the darkness soon will cover
Up the splendor of the skies.

V.

Then, Oh! look upon me darling,
That thy love may give me light,
For the silvery moon is leaving
Me alone, amid the night.

ANDREAS.

FIREMAN'S ADDRESS.

Written by Judge Conrad of Philadelphia, and spoken by Mrs. Julia Dean Uayne on the occasion of the Benefit of the St. Francis Hook and Ladder Company No. 1. San Francisco.

The City slumbers—o'er its silent walls,
Night's dusky mantle, soft and silent falls;
Sleep o'er the world, slow waves its wand of lead,
And ready torpor, wraps each sinking head—
Still'd is the stir of Labor, and of Life—
Hush'd is the hum, and tranquilized the strife,
Man is at rest, with all his hopes and fears—
The Young forget their sports—the Old their cares—
The grave or careless—those who joy or weep,
All rest contented on the Arm of Sleep—
Sweet is the rest of Beauty now,
And Slumber smiles upon her tranquil brow;
Bright are her dreams—yes bright as Heaven's own
blue—

Pure as its joys, and gentle as its dew,
They lead her forth, along the moon-lit tide,
Her heart's own partner, wandering by her side;
Her summer's eve—the soft gales scarcely rouse
The low-voiced ripple, and the rustling boughs;
While faint and far, some melting minstrel's tone
Breathes to her heart, a music like its own—
When, hark! oh horror! What a crash was there?
What shriek was that—which rends the midnight air?
'Tis Fire! 'tis Fire! she wakes to dream no more.
The hot blast rushes through the blazing door,
The room is dimmed with smoke, and hark that cry!
Help! help! will no one come? I die! I die!
She seeks the casement, shuddering at its height,
She turns again,—the fierce flames mock her flight.
Along the crashing stairs they wildly play,
And war exulting, as they seize their prey.
Help! help! will no one come? she can no more—
But breathless—fainting—sinks upon the floor.
Will no one save thee? Yes there yet is one remains,
To save, when Hope itself is gone—when all have
fled—

When all but he would fly—
The Fireman comes to rescue or to die!
He mounts the stair! It wavers 'neath his tread—
He seeks the room,—flames flashing round his head—
He bursts the door—he lifts her prostrate frame,
And turns again to brave the raging flame,
The fire-blasts smite him, with their stifling breath,
The falling timbers, menace him with death,
The sinking floor his hurried steps betray,
While ruin crashes round his desperate way.
Hot smoke obscures—ten thousand cinders rise,
Yet still, he staggers forward, with his prize;
He leaps from burning stair, to stair—on! courage!
on!

One effort more and all is won,
The stair is passed,—the blazing hall is brav'd,
Still on! yet on! once more—thank Heaven she's
saved!

The hardy Seaman parts, the storm to brave,
For beckoning Fortune, lures from wave to wave;
The Soldier battles 'neath the smoky cloud,
For glory's bow is painted on the shroud—
The Firemen also, dare each shape of death—
Yet not for fortune's gold, or glory's wreath—
No selfish throb, within their breast is known,
No hope of praise or profit cheers them on,
They ask no fame—no praise, and only seek
To shield the suffering, and protect the weak—
For this, the howling midnight storm they woo—
For this, the raging flames, rush fearless through,
Mount the frail rafter—tread the shaky hall,
And toil unshrinking, 'neath the tottering wall—
Nobler than those, who with fraternal blood,
Dye the dread field, and tinge the shuddering flood,
O'er their firm ranks, no crimson banners wave,
They dare—they suffer, not to slay, but save.
At such a sight Hope smiles more heavenly bright,
Pale, pensive Pity, trembles with delight,
And soft-eyed Mercy, stooping from above—
Drops a bright tear—a tear of joy and love.

OUTSIDE IMPRESSIONS.

Among the superficial thinkers, not be unexpectable impression California, inasmuch as stabbing affrays and ballot-box and dishonesty; and a subsequent upon the peccant character which set to war California, in her condition of so many easy living, but any expense and respect, though high-minded people—have been press of California their way semi- and judging, first caution and on might suppose the articles read; social, education and mechanical cursorily peruse. Now such an unreading, has wo our Eastern friends selves—first, by pression of our causing an un for our safety besides influence coming to cast would be to the tage for them to object to the 1851 and 1852 and social condition in 1857. presence of wo a great mens (although over but one woman ponding correction, has been be the effect an

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OUTSIDE IMPRESSIONS OF CALIFORNIA.—Among the superficial readers, and more superficial thinkers of the Eastern States, it may not be unexpected that a somewhat unfavorable impression should exist concerning California, inasmuch as records of shooting and stabbing affrays; of low, political log-rolling and ballot-box stuffings; of official incapacity and dishonesty; of political and private corruption; and a hundred other practices—consequent upon the indiscriminate and over-expectant character of the tide of emigration which set towards the golden shores of California, in her earlier days; and the predisposition of so many persons to make, not only an easy living, but a large and rapid fortune, at any expense and sacrifice of character or self-respect, though never so much at variance with high-minded morality and honorable principle—have been reported and exposed by the press of California. These reports have found their way semi-monthly to the Atlantic reader; and, judging from the tone of the epistles of caution and entreaty written in return, we might suppose that such reports were the only articles read; while those relating to our social, educational, commercial, agricultural and mechanical progress, have been either cursorily perused, or skipped altogether. Now such an unfair and one-sided manner of reading, has worked a double disadvantage to our Eastern friends—and indirectly to ourselves—first, by giving them an erroneous impression of our true condition—and next, by causing an unnecessary measure of anxiety for our safety and progressive prosperity; besides influencing the good and timid, against coming to cast their lot among us; when it would be to their own and the State's advantage for them to do so. We moreover must object to the moral and social condition of 1851 and 1852, being received as the moral and social condition of the people of California in 1857. The absence of the civilizing presence of woman here, at that time, is in a great measure corrected, at the present, (although even now, in proportion, there is but one woman to five men) and a corresponding correction in morals and social comfort, has been the result. What then, would be the effect among us, of a generous influx

of the loving and true-hearted of the gentler sex? We answer without hesitation, that California would be, almost, a paradise of contentment; and, as the idea of making haste to be rich would then be abandoned, men would be content with a reasonable reward for their labor, and would be well satisfied to make for themselves a comfortable home, in the richest country, with the healthiest climate, in the world.

TELEGRAPHIC AND POSTAL.—One of the most important and feasible propositions we have yet seen for placing California in speedy and safe overland communication with the Atlantic States, is that of H. O'Reilly, the Telegraph Pioneer. He proposes to establish telegraphic and light postal communication, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in the following manner: A line of telegraph is to be constructed, at his own cost, which shall be under the military protection of the Government; who shall construct a number of stockades or other suitable fortifications and posts, from twenty to thirty miles apart; at each of which a number of dragoons are to be stationed, whose duty it shall be to carry a light mail—daily or otherwise—at great speed, from one post to the other; and protect the telegraph and wagon road.

This proposition merits the serious consideration of the people as well as the Government, inasmuch as it not only opens up, protects, and facilitates speedy communication between the two sides of the continent, and gives an encouraging impetus to emigration; but each post becomes the germ of a new settlement, around which, in suitable locations, will spring up a population that shall be the connecting links between the East and the West; and introductory to profitable railway transportation upon the whole line of the Pacific Railroad. Besides, when the telegraph is constructed, posts established, and settlements formed, it will be comparatively but a pleasure trip, to journey from one side of the continent to the other; and the now painful idea of distance between friends, become almost annihilated.

MORE WATER WANTED.—It is a fact that although there are upwards of four thousand

five hundred miles of canals in this State for supplying the mining districts with water; at a cost of over fourteen millions of dollars; at the present moment the precious element is becoming so scarce in many of those districts as to necessitate men to leave their mountain homes, in search of places where they can find sufficient water to enable them to work. Now we ask any business man if this is good policy, when there is a chain of lakes lying near the very summits, and along the whole line of the Nevadas, which contain water sufficient to supply every mining camp within the State with water for the entire summer's use, if it were judiciously introduced for that purpose?

THE FIRST CALIFORNIA INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.—*Progress* is the watchword of Californians. Everybody knows that on the seventh day of September next, the first Industrial Fair ever held in this State, will be opened, under the direction of the Mechanics' Institute of the city of San Francisco; and will continue open for at least ten days. The Committee of Arrangements have sent circulars of invitation to all parts of the State soliciting for exhibition, the products of every department of industry; works of art of every variety; choice specimens of ingenuity and skill; rare and valuable productions, natural or artificial; the delicate and beautiful handiwork of woman; useful labor-saving machines; implements of mining and husbandry; new models of machinery; the products of the quarry and the mine, the hot-house, the orchard, the vineyard, the garden and the field,—in short, whatever nature and art can contribute, curiosity discover, or ingenuity devise.

Steam-power will be provided, that Machinery of all kinds may be seen in actual operation; and every facility possible, will be given to exhibit all working machinery to the best advantage.

Now we believe that there is not a man or woman, from the Signal to the Siskiyou mountains, and from the Golden Gate to Utah, (not excluding our interesting, though less powerful neighbor—Oregon,) who is not interested in such an exhibition. Our glorious young State will be the good or ill, the great or small, the powerful or weak, the envied or the despised; dear reader, which you or I, as individuals, may make her.

It is a disgrace to us that several millions of dollars should be sent out each month, for articles which can be produced here, as low as they can be imported. We supply the world with a metallic currency, for such articles; and after all we are maligned, suspected, and reproached for our folly,—and it serves us right.

THE STATE AGRICULTURAL FAIR.—This excellent Cattle Show, and Industrial Exhibition, will be holden this year at Stockton during the last two days of September and the first two of October, and will exhibit the various and wonderful products of the soil, and specimens of artistic taste and skill in every department of Home Industry.—Our adopted home, our individual progress, the welfare of our children, and the State's advantages tell us that the time has fully come to usher in a new era to our unparalleled California. What, reader, can you produce?

ABOUT GOING TO CHURCH.—We do not presume to be more religiously inclined, nor any better, than our neighbors; and yet we must confess that the exercises in a church on a Sunday are very grateful to our feelings. There is something so calm and soothing in its appearance and general effect, as we enter; such a neatness and tidiness in the dress of the worshippers—especially the ladies; and such a care-forgetting expressiveness of countenance to all (even the mourning and the bereaved look submissive and comforted) that we instinctively shudder at the idea of "what a god-forsaken earth this would be if there were no churches, no sabbath, and no-go-to-meeting-people." Then the music that we hear there; with all its tear-starting memories of other days and other times; when, with those we love 'we took sweet council,' or 'walked to the house of God in company,' or side by side we sing the songs of praise, together; how *that* music renews the remembrance? And as with slow steps we thoughtfully wend our way from the doors of the sanctuary, we think of those who are far away; to wonder if they are sorrowful, or happy; if they are thinking of the absent ones; if they love us yet; if they miss us when they see us not in our accustomed place, on sabbath-day. All of these thoughts seem to remind us that the hour at church was well spent, and that "it was good to be there" even though we heard not a word of the sermon.

P.—Yours w

J. L. H.—Y

G. H. R.,

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Monthly Chat,

WITH CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

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P.—Yours will be good for next month.
 J. L. H.—Your name and address.
 G. H. R., *Secret Diggings*.—We shall ever
 welcome such contributions from your pen.
 Lines to V. B.—Will be found a place in turn
 if we receive the name and address of the
 writer—not otherwise. For we will not in-
 sert any anonymous communication. No
 respectable and well meaning person can
 for a moment object, when they must know
 that their name is kept sacredly private
 with us. Anonymous writers, we regret to
 say, are too often dishonorably inclined—
 by wishing to *shine* in another's thoughts.
 Besides, changes are often necessary, and
 good pieces are often thrown aside, because
 we cannot write to the author to suggest
 the changes we desire.
 Wanderer.—Your very interesting account
 came safely, and would have been found
 a place this month, but it was a little too
 late. Could you send us a few spirited
 sketches with your next? Many thanks
 old friend, for your kind wishes—they are
 jewels we gratefully accept and treasure in
 our heart of hearts.
 C. D., *Springfield*.—See social chair. Those
 beautiful lines we saw many years ago;—
 and now you want to pass them off as
 original: you who cannot even write the
 simplest words in the English language
 correctly;—for instance *gut* for good—*meay*
 for may—*abif* for above. If we could give
 utterance to what we feel you would hear
 some hot and hard words buzzing about
 your ears—you would.
 H. S.—We wish that you would send us as
 good an article on the snakes of California;
 as, believe us, it would be very accept-
 able.
 Sarah L. T.—If you do not wish your articles
 to be buried in the Dead Letter office at
 Washington, be sure to write our address
 (and your communications) a little plainer.
 Recollections—are received. Whether articles
 come to us from the hard-handed miner, or
 the soft-handed gentleman (so that the ad-

jective applied to the hand does not include
 the head) is a matter of perfect indifference
 to us. We have no airs to put on to either:
 we feel that whatever the occupations may
 be "a man's a man for a that," and it is *the*
man with whom we like to do, all that we
 ask therefore is, that the articles sent be *good*
 and—Californian.
 Exeter, *Upper Placerville*.—We have no less
 than seven *grave* subjects on hand and as
 we are not in the Undertaking business,
 and certainly have no desire to run on any
 ticket for Coroner, we will ask the favor of
 hearing from your able pen on some subject
 of *living* interest believing that our good-
 humoured readers would prefer such, and
 ourselves, ditto!
 A., *Downieville*.—Shall we run your poetry
 into prose?
 M.—If you are offended we cannot help it.
 If we have given you *cause* for offence we
 are truly sorry—but we cannot, and we will
 not, publish such a slovenly article as that
 of yours—whether we offend or please you.
 If your displeasure should cause us the loss
 of your subscription we cannot help it. We
 were able to earn a living—and an honest
 one at that—before we knew you; and we
 are in hopes that a living-making "lead"
 will not "run out" just yet; if your sub-
 scription and "your influence" should.
 Let her "slide."
 T. R.—You little thought when you wrote
 your lines that our vest would be rent from
 the top to the bottom, with reading them.
 You would make an excellent "digger" to
 some California "Hamlet." Send some
 more like them, and we'll foot the tailor's
 "bill of repairs," for the vest, if it should
 again rend in the same way, from involun-
 tary laughter.
 Unca!, *Camptonville*.—Our engraver says that
 he intends bribing his dog to bite you above
 the top of your boot, when you visit this
 city! If you want half a dozen of Lang-
 ton's best pack mules "loaded down" with
 "original poetry" such as we have, just
 send them along.

ADVENTURES OF A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

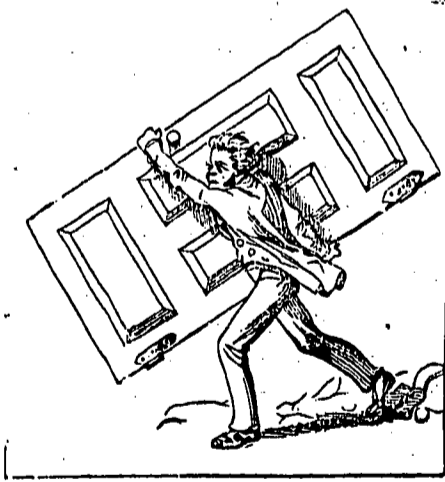
Mr. Joshua Flimpkins, from Western Missouri, came to California overland. Is miner, O. K., &c., &c.—starts on a trip to San Francisco; has never seen a city; is determined to see one.

Takes the stage, or the stage him, and arrives in Sacramento, where he stays over one day; and puts up at a first class hotel.



BELIEVES SOMETHING HIT HIM.

During the night our hero is awakened by an alarm of fire; hastily dressing, he makes for the street; but on his way through a dark and strange passage, is suddenly brought up standing; thinks somebody hit him; commences "sloshing around;" seizes his assailant—which proves



HE CONQUERS AND CAPTURES HIS ASSAILANT.

to be a door—and rushes into the street with it; all he asks is plenty of room and fair play.

Not being in the vicinity of the fire, he is arrested for burglary and larceny, and locked up in the Station House for the remainder of the night; as a city institution he don't like it; is discharged next day after a full explanation and payment of damages.

Thus far, is not favorably impressed with city life, and resolves, in case of another fire, the city may all burn up before he will do anything to save it; and that ever after this, he will act with full composure and presence of mind, in every emergency.

Inquires the route and distance to Sacramento river, as he wishes to go to San Francisco on a steamboat.

The levee is pointed out to him; he makes his way there, and for the first time sees a steamboat; is amazed at its size and build; calls for the Captain; won't talk to any body else; is introduced, but finding him a man without regimentals or uniform, won't recognize him as the Captain; but desires the gentleman introduced, to inquire of the Captain—if he knows him—whether he really thinks the boiler will burst this trip; for if so, he for one will lay over a day.

On being assured there is no danger, he goes on board.

Boat gets underway, while he is below looking at the machinery; is asked what he thinks of it; says he thinks it works well, considering how hot a place it has to do it in; wonders when the boat will start; comes on deck and looks ashore; don't understand what possesses the river banks to be running up stream as such a rate.

Thinks if the boat, when under way, will run as fast down stream even, as the river banks are now running up, that she is decidedly a fast arrangement, and would do no mean getting around even on land, if there was only any way to get her out.

Boat approaches the Hog's-back; Mr. Flimpkins has heard of the hog's back in the river; but don't believe a word of it; boat rubs and comes to a dead stop.

Is now convinced upon reflection and observation that the boat, and not the river banks, has been moving; attributes his mistake in the matter heretofore, to a hallucination of the brain, caused by an incident of last night's fire; he still thinks something hit him.

Discovers two men at the wheel; goes to them, just as the boat gets underway again; becomes interested in the movement

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door—and rushes into the street; all he asks is plenty of room and light. Being in the vicinity of the fire, he is arrested for burglary and larceny, and locked up in the Station House for the remainder of the night; as a city institution he is discharged next day after explanation and payment of damages.

So far, is not favorably impressed with the city, and resolves, in case of another fire, to save it; and that, ever after, the city will act with full composure and presence of mind, in every emergency.

He inquires the route and distance to Sacramento river, as he wishes to go to San Francisco on a steamboat.

A levee is pointed out to him; he makes his way there, and for the first time sees a steamboat; is amazed at its size and build; asks the Captain; won't talk to any one else; is introduced, but finding him without regimentals or uniform, won't recognize him as the Captain; but desires the gentleman introduced, to inquire of the Captain—if he knows him—whether he thinks the boiler will burst this trip; so, he for one will lay over the day. Being assured there is no danger, he goes on board.

The boat gets underway, while he is below deck, at the machinery; is asked what he thinks of it; says he thinks it works well, considering how hot a place it has to be in; wonders when the boat will start; goes on deck and looks ashore; don't understand what possesses the river banks running up stream as such a rate.

He asks if the boat, when underway, will run fast down stream even, as the river is now running up, that he is desirous of a fast arrangement, and would do so in getting around even on land, if there was only any way to get her out.

As the boat approaches the Hog's-back; Mr. Flimpkins has heard of the hog's back in the river; but don't believe a word of it; rubs and comes to a dead stop.

Now convinced upon reflection and observation that the boat, and not the river, has been moving; attributes his mistake in the matter heretofore, to a hallucination of the brain, caused by the incident of the night's fire; he still thinks something is wrong.

He discovers two men at the wheel; goes to them, just as the boat gets underway; becomes interested in the movement

given to the wheel; studies upon it, and its use; thinks he has it; introduces himself with, "screwed her off, did you?" The Pilot nods assent, and asks him to take a seat; is pleased at the courtesy shown him; opens conversation by asking the Pilot what he really supposes the hog's back to be.

Is told, that it is doubtless a shoal; but that no one has really ever seen it, since the days of muddy water.

Mr. Flimpkins reflects upon the subject, and asks if boats rub it, going up as well as down the river; is told that they do; thinks further upon the subject; has now an opinion of his own, and will express it, with the gentlemen's permission; they assent. The hog's back, he thinks, is, as one of the gentlemen has just remarked, "doubtless a shoal," an amphibious species of the invisible order of animals; has read of such; and the reason why he allows boats to rub him both ways, is, because his bristles stand straight up.

The Pilot observes that his elucidation of the subject, is as clear as river water. Mr. Flimpkins is inclined to be indignant, and makes his exit.

Arrives at San Francisco ten o'clock, P. M., all safe. Is asked if he will have a cab? never saw a cab; don't exactly understand what is meant; thinks it may be an abridgment of cabbage; hits it just right, he thinks, by answering, "no! I had supper on the boat."

Bargains with a hackman to carry him to "any part of the city for a dollar"; gets in; rides twenty yards, hack stops, and he is astonished by the appearance, at the hack window, of a highwayman, who demands his money; he will take a half a dollar, at least; Mr. Flimpkins desires the driver to explain; can't do it, any further than to say he is attacked by a wharfinger, a species of city institution.

Resolves not to stand it; lays off his coat and steps out, prepared for anything, or anybody; hackman cracks his whip and leaves our hero "sorter sloshing round"; but sees so many he don't know who to hit first. Coat, hack, and dollar gone, determines to proceed to the city on foot and alone; so turns and takes a less frequented thoroughfare, in hopes of avoiding everything like a city institution; but on going ten rods meets with one; falls through a man-trap, but luckily a fortunate spike and a projecting fragment of plank, at the expense of a portion of his pantaloons, saves him; and yet, Mr. Flimpkins is not entirely pleased with his situation.

Is rescued by a boatman near at hand, who by his readiness seems to have anticipated the accident as about to happen to some one—all but the suspension.



IS TAKEN IN BY A CITY INSTITUTION.

The boatman charges five dollars for services; Mr. Flimpkins thinks it "rather steep," but on being told that it was much less than the City Coroner would have charged, if he had got hold of him, concludes to pay and charge it to the account of city institutions.

By the merest chance he escapes all other dangers and accidents; arrives and puts up at, "LODGINGS TWENTY-FIVE CENTS." Thinks he will make up by economy in his really necessary expenses, what he seems destined to lose by his acquaintance with, and knowledge gained, of city institutions.

Near midnight Mr. Flimpkins is again aroused by the cry of fire! but feels perfectly composed; knows he is; will let the city burn this time; will take things easy, though he is certain the story above him is in flames, and water from what he considers a dubious fountain, is already trickling upon him, for he never had seen a fire engine throwing water up hill, and into windows, or the picture of one, but believes he might have seen one in Sacramento, if he hadn't been arrested for burglary.

Upon further reflection however, and finding his window smashed in, he thinks it may be his solemn duty to get up and save what he can. With great presence of mind, he rushes into an adjoining parlor, seizes a two hundred dollar mantle clock, and throws it out of the window, to save it, and is kicked out of the room by a fireman.



BY GREAT PRESENCE OF MIND HE SAVES A TIME-PIECE.

Concludes to turn his attention to things nearer his own bed-side; goes to work with an increasing presence of mind; throws out of the window the mirror chairs, wash-stand, and a small chest of drawers, to their destruction, as well as great annoyance to the firemen in the street; seizes a wash-bowl and pitcher, rushes down stairs and escapes at the door, as the flames and cinders are just reaching his head.



FORGETS HIS CLOTHES AND FEELS BUT SAVES SOMETHING.

A shout from the firemen as he makes his appearance, dressed in a shirt and one sock, clearly shows that in their minds, the wonderful presence of mind possessed by Mr. Flimpkins, under difficulties, is fully established; having saved the bowl and pitcher of his land lord, but left an entire new suit—except his coat, which he had lost with his dollar hack ride—and a purse of dust and coin, of almost a hundred dollars more—under the back part of his twenty-five-cent-a-night-bed, as a precautionary measure against night thieves and other city institutions.

But as "misfortunes never come ringle," so Mr. Flimpkins finds it, for by the merest accident, of course, a jet of water from a hose-pipe, completely drenches him, reduces his hair from the perpendicular to the opposite direction, cools his ardor, re-establishes his presence of mind, and while reflecting upon his adventures thus far, wonders if all country gentlemen visiting the cities, are

subject to the same alarming vicissitudes; wonders he has never read of it in the papers; could write a volume upon the subject himself, and thinks he will whenever his circumstances will admit of it.

At present has another matter to attend to of greater importance; is almost without clothing, and nothing to get new ones with; is fearful he has but few friends outside the mines; almost wishes himself back there again; would go at once, if he had the means, and was in proper condition; is at a loss to know which way to turn for a helping hand.

Almost in despair, Mr. Flimpkins surveys the prospect; but, as he has often remarked, he "never prospected yet in California, without finding the color," so even now, although in the city, the rule holds good, for the color shows, and is the means of temporarily supplying him with a garment, that to all outward appearance can be spared, without being much missed.

Mr. Flimpkins, as a matter of expediency in the present emergency, accepts the crino-



IS DISCOURAGED BY THE PROSPECT, BUT THE COLOR APPEARING, HIS SPIRITS REVIVE.

line as part of a city institution. Again resolves that hereafter he will leave the entire cares and duties of a fireman, to the fire department.

Mr. Flimpkins is still in the city, in excellent health; resolves to stay it out and make a note of what he sees; in doing which, he will again appear to the readers of the California Magazine in an entire new dress.