

Published Monthly.

Price 25 Cents.

HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA

MAGAZINE



N^o. 16...OCTOBER, 1857.



PUBLISHED BY HUTCHINGS & ROSENFELD,
146 MONTGOMERY STREET, second door north of Clay, ... SAN FRANCISCO.
Postage pre-paid, ONE CENT to any part of the United States.

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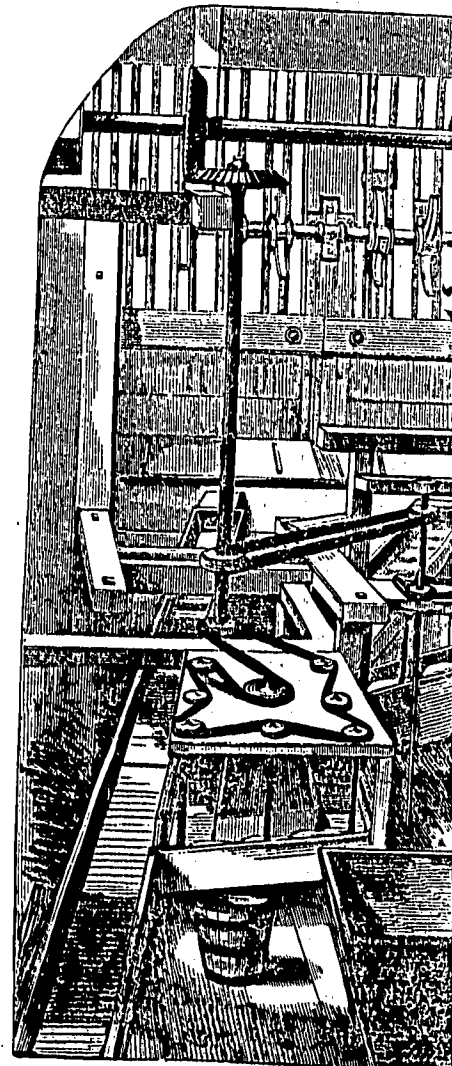
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FRANKLIN PRINTING OFFICE, WASHINGTON ST., OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE.

HUTCHINGS
CALIFORNIA

Vol. II. OCTOBER
 QUARTZ MINING



INSIDE OF A QUARTZ MILL AT
 [From an Ambrotype]

OCTOBER, 1857.

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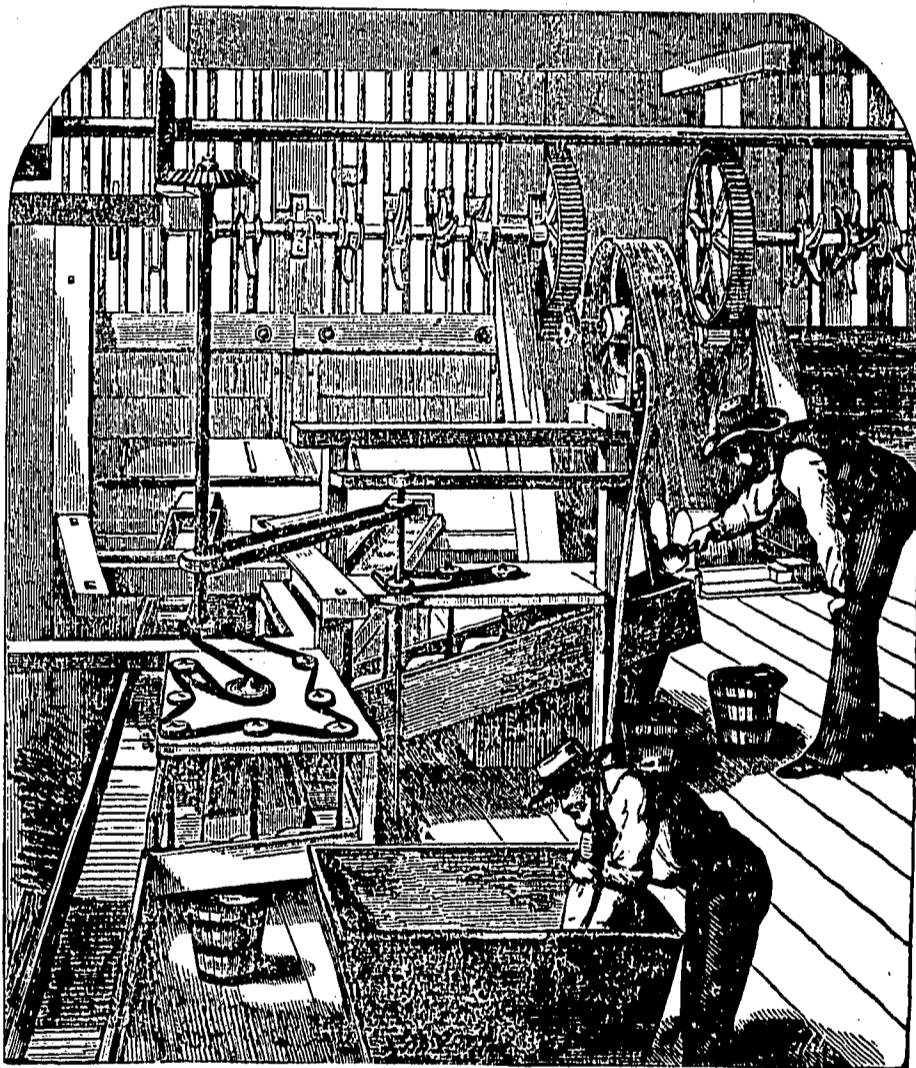
CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

Vol. II.

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No 4

QUARTZ MINING IN CALIFORNIA.



INSIDE OF A QUARTZ MILL AT GRASS VALLEY, NEVADA COUNTY.
[From an Ambrotype by Woods & Michaels.]

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OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE.

Quartz mining having ceased as a speculation, to become a business of profit and permanency, is again enlisting the attention and confidence of all classes to its importance. The losses and disappointments of its pioneers in the years 1851, '52, and '53, — originating, in most cases, from the excitement of its discoverers, and the inexperience of its principal owners and directors, — caused a temporary lull in the faith and enthusiasm of the public, to the great neglect of this exhaustless golden treasury: but as many of the quartz leads, then opened, proved very rich in the precious metal, they enabled their owners to make many experiments for working the quartz to advantage, by the invention and perfection of machinery for crushing the rock, and saving the gold; and thus, while securing a personal advantage to themselves, they have been instrumental in rescuing the quartz interest in this State from the oblivion into which, doubtless, it would have sunk, for a season, had all the first attempts to make its working profitable failed.

The dearly-bought experience of the past in this branch of our State's wealth, now enables the practical worker in quartz generally to determine the quality of the rock placed before him, at a glance, and with the same accuracy and certainty as an experienced purchaser of gold-dust can decide the quality and mint value of the parcel of dust he is about to buy — or, as a merchant, by examination, knows the quality of the article offered him, and what is its market value — or, as a tailor knows the exact quality of a piece of cloth; or a lady the materials of her dress. This becomes to the inexperienced quartz miner somewhat like the knowledge of an efficient pilot at sea, it enables him to steer his vessel clear of those rocks upon which others have gone to pieces. It may be well that this should be remembered, inasmuch as "seeing the gold" is not always a sure sign that the lead can be wrought with advantage and profit. In many of the rich-

est kinds of rock it has been almost impossible to see gold; while in some known as pocket-lead-rock, considerable has been visible; and yet a sufficient amount has not been taken therefrom to pay the cost of getting and crushing it.

In the best kind of leads there is often a large amount of rock which is utterly worthless; and which has to be taken from the vein, when known to be unproductive, that workmen may be enabled to reach the paying rock, and work to advantage. It often occurs, too, that even good paying leads are not scientifically and economically worked; and, as a consequence, do not insure a generous return to the owners, for their time and trouble.

Then again, as some good rock is soft, and other hard, it is not to be supposed that the hard can be either quarried or crushed as easily as the soft. Therefore, the amount per ton being the same, the cost of extraction is different, and the profits arising therefrom, as a matter of course, will differ in proportion.

Some persons having crushed rock that was exceedingly rich, with more pride (or self-interest) than truthfulness, reported such to be the average yield; when, perhaps a tenth part of that amount would be nearer the net product of their mine. By these exaggerations a few years ago much disastrous speculation was fostered and encouraged; and which, doubtless, materially retarded the development of this branch of mining. As quartz is now becoming a steady and profitable business, no respectable company attempts to exaggerate the product of their lead; but rather, like all other good business men, seek to keep their business to themselves, preferring to under than over state the yield.

As the position of a quartz lead in the mountain is generally at an angle of from twenty to fifty degrees, the most common method of working it is to sink a perpendicular shaft at a sufficient distance from the line where the vein is seen to "crop out" on the surface, and strike the angle



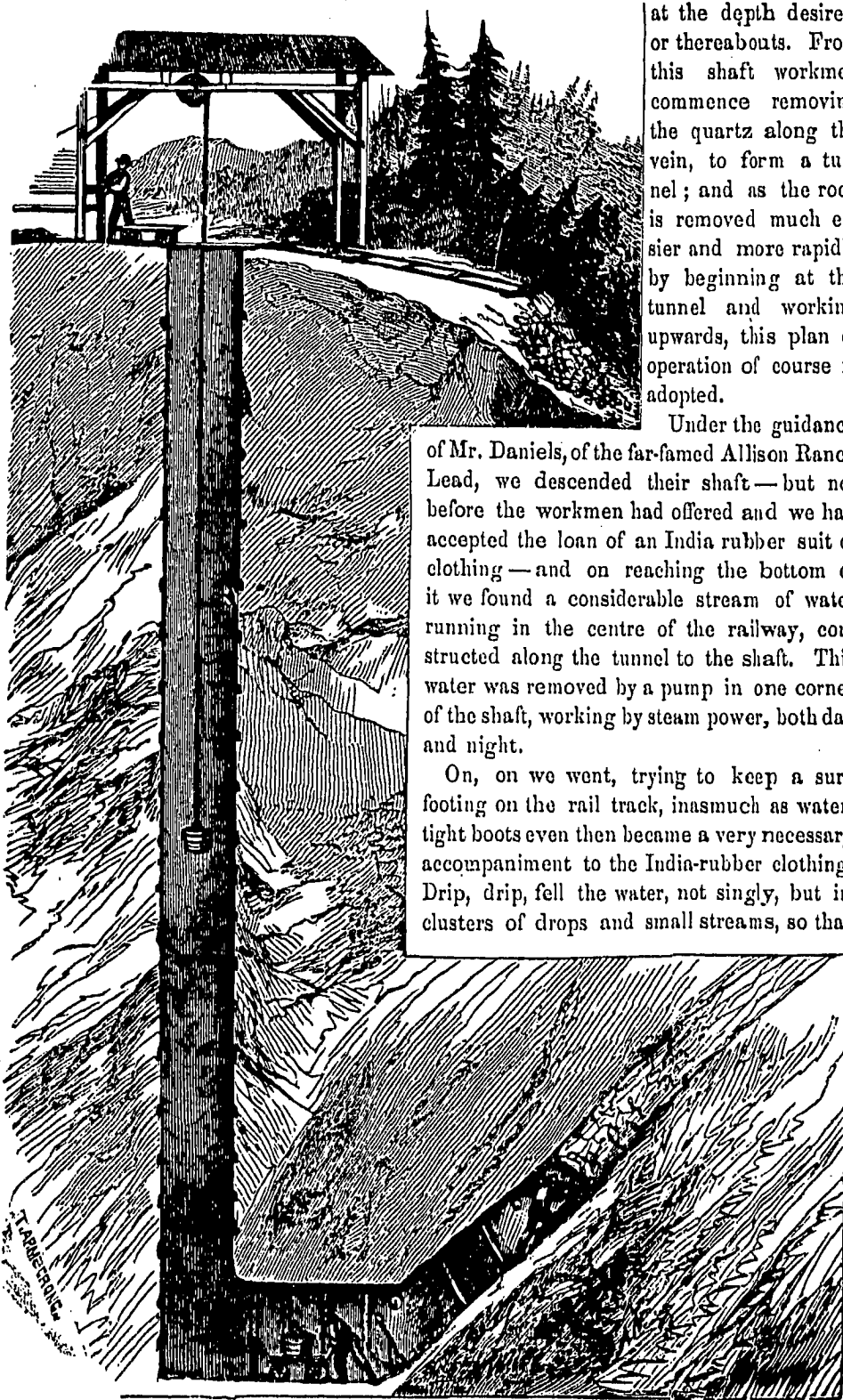
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at the depth desired,
or thereabouts. From
this shaft workmen
commence removing
the quartz along the
vein, to form a tun-
nel; and as the rock
is removed much ea-
sier and more rapidly
by beginning at the
tunnel and working
upwards, this plan of
operation of course is
adopted.

Under the guidance
of Mr. Daniels, of the far-famed Allison Ranch
Lead, we descended their shaft—but not
before the workmen had offered and we had
accepted the loan of an India rubber suit of
clothing—and on reaching the bottom of
it we found a considerable stream of water
running in the centre of the railway, con-
structed along the tunnel to the shaft. This
water was removed by a pump in one corner
of the shaft, working by steam power, both day
and night.

On, on we went, trying to keep a sure
footing on the rail track, inasmuch as water-
tight boots even then became a very necessary
accompaniment to the India-rubber clothing.
Drip, drip, fell the water, not singly, but in
clusters of drops and small streams, so that

QUARRYING QUARTZ AT THE VEIN.

when we arrived at the drift where the men were at work, we had a sufficient supply of water for drinking purposes (1) in the pockets of our coat. The miners who were removing the quartz from the ledge, looked more like half-drowned sea-lions, than men. We did not make ourselves inquisitive enough to ask the amount of wages they received, but we came to the conclusion that they must certainly earn whatever they obtained. Stooping, or rather half lying down upon the wet rock, among fragments of quartz and props of wood, and streams of water; with pick in hand, and by a dim but waterproof lantern, giving out a very dim and watery light, just about bright enough, or rather dim enough, and watery enough, as Milton expresses it, "to make darkness visible," a man was at work, picking down the rock—the gold-bearing rock—and which, although very rich, was very rotten, and consequently not only paid well, but was easily quarried, and easily crushed; and although this rock was paying not less than three hundred and fifty dollars per ton, we could not see the first speck of gold in it, after a diligent search for that purpose.

At the bottom of the drift another man was employed to shovel the quartz into a tub standing on a railway car, and push it to the shaft, where it was drawn up and taken to the mill.

It has been a matter of much anxiety and discussion to know if the gold-bearing quartz would extend below the decomposed rock; and, if so, whether or not the rock would not become too hard and too difficult to quarry, and remove to the mill with profit. We know of but two companies in Nevada county who have mined through the decomposed rock into the *volcanic*, and these are the *Sebastopol* and *Osborne Hill*, about a couple of miles east of Grass Valley, Nevada county; both of these companies being at work in the greenstone.

We had the satisfaction of descending the Osborne Hill lead, under the guidance of Mr. Crossett, and, after bumping the

head against the rocky roof above, and holding on by our feet to the wet and slippery roof of rock below, on which we were descending, at an angle of forty-two degrees; now clinging to the timbers at the side; (to prevent the lubricity of our footing from taking advantage of the back part of our head, and making us to "see stars in a dark passage," from the tripping up of our heels) now winding among props, and over cast-iron pump tubes; now making our way from one side of the inclined shaft to the other, to enable us to travel as easy as possible. On, on; down, down we go, until we hear the sound of muffled voices issuing from somewhere deep down amid the darkness, and uttering something very indistinct and hard to be understood; when we again cross over to, and enter a side drift; where, in the distance, we see lights glimmering, in shadow and smoke, and hear the voices become more and more distinct, until my guide asks the question, "How does she look now, boys?" "All right—better, sir."

"Ah! that's right—there goes the supper bell, boys." Now tools are dropped and a general move was on foot for working in the bread and meat mine, as hard and as earnestly as they had worked in the quartz mine.

"Have we reached the bottom now?" we inquired. "Ah! no, we are only about one hundred and sixty feet below the surface, yet, we shall soon reach the greenstone."

Presently we reach the top of the greenstone; but, down, farther and deeper, we pass on, as before, until we reach a long tunnel, into which we enter and can stand erect.

"Is *this* the bottom?" we inquired.

"Well, nearly," was the answer; "we are now one hundred and thirty feet down in the greenstone, and three hundred feet from the out-crop of the quartz vein."

"Well, sir," we interrogated, "does the quartz rock pay you thus far down in the greenstone?"

"Yes," was the reply, "it is even better than it was above. The deeper we get, the richer the quartz becomes. We are very well satisfied with the prospect."

"Do you think that it will prove so, generally?"

"I do," was the firm and emphatic answer.

This, therefore, becomes an important fact; inasmuch as should the paying quartz end after the bottom of the decomposed rock is reached the permanency of quartz operations would be at best but very doubtful.

Now, reader, let us rest for a moment, and look around us a little—as we hope, (in imagination at least,) you have thus far accompanied us. Except from the lights in our hands all is dark, and as still almost as the tomb, with the exception of the distant creaking of a pump, and the steady dripping of some water at our elbow. Rock here, there, and everywhere. For several years men have been picking and drilling and blasting through solid rock; by day and night; in winter and in summer; led forward by the talismanic power of gold—or at least by the hope to obtain it. Hard rock, hard work, and often very hard prospects; although combined with difficulty and danger, have



MEXICANS BREAK

against the rocky roof above, and
 ing on by our feet to the wet and slip-
 roof of rock below, on which we were
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 often very hard prospects; although com-
 bined with difficulty and danger, have

never for a moment daunted or dismayed
 them. Above ground or under; by day-
 light or candle light—onward—ever on-
 ward—has been their unswerving resolve—
 and the guiding star of hope has ever
 shone with cheering light upon their la-
 bors. May the reward be near.

"As it is getting rather chilly, suppose
 we ascend."

"All right; shall we ascend by the lad-
 der, or by the same way that we came?"
 inquired our excellent guide.

"Oh, by the ladder, by all means," was
 the response.

Lights were then fastened on our hats;
 as, "in ascending we shall have need of
 both hands perhaps!" suggested our guide.

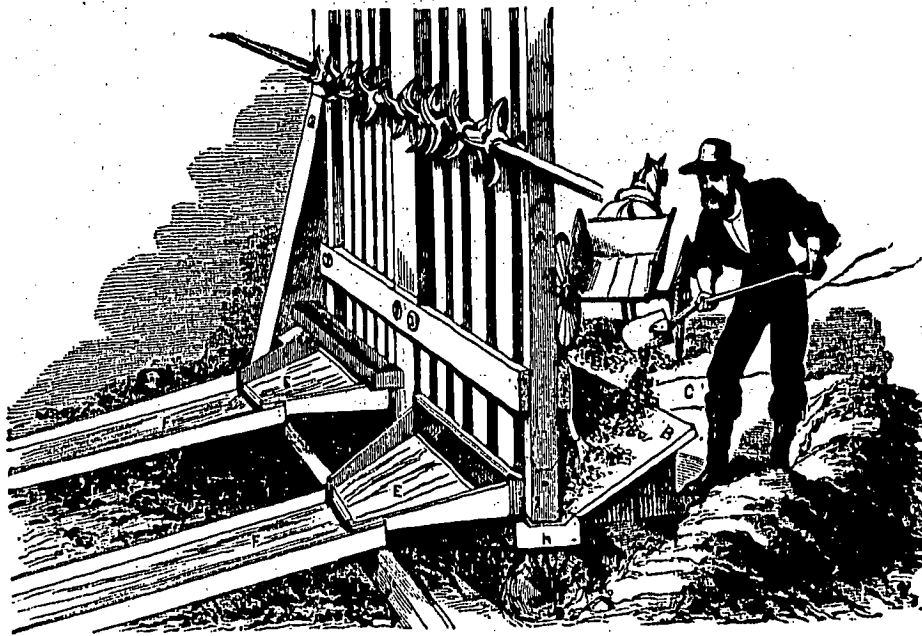
"What pleasure there is in seeing day-
 light after one has been for some time in
 darkness; and inhaling the cool fresh
 air above ground after some time spent
 underneath," we remarked, as we wiped
 the sweat from our brow, when we had
 reached the top.

While we cool ourselves, as we see the
 carts are busy in removing the gold-bear-
 ing quartz which has been taken from be-
 low, let us follow them to the mill and
 there see the *modus operandi* of crushing
 the rock and extracting the gold.



MEXICANS BREAKING THE QUARTZ.

After the quartz is emptied from the cart into the yard, the large pieces are broken by hand to about the size of a man's fist or a little smaller; they are then shoveled, with the dust and finer portions of rock, upon an inclined table or "hopper" at B, on which a small stream of water is conveyed through a pipe from



FEEDING THE MILL.

above, and by which the quartz is washed down the hopper to a solid cast-iron bed-plate at H, and beneath the stampers.

The stampers at A and I being elevated by convex arms attached to a revolving shaft at K, when at the required height, fall suddenly down upon the quartz; and being shod with heavy cast-iron, which, added to the stampers, make the whole weight of a single one from six hundred to a thousand pounds, crushes the rock to powder upon which it falls.

In front of the stampers at D is a very fine sieve, or screen, against and through which the water, gold and pulverised quartz are constantly being splashed by the falling of the stampers; and should the rock not be pulverised sufficiently fine to pass through these discharge-screens it again falls back upon the bed-plate to receive another crushing from the stampers. If, however, it is reduced fine enough to pass through, it falls upon an apron at E, or

into an "amalgamating box" containing quicksilver, and into which a dash-board is inserted that all the water, gold, and tailings may pass *through* the quicksilver contained in the amalgamating box, to an inclined plane or blanket-table below. Across and above the apron, or amalgamating box, a small trough is fixed at O, with holes in the bottom, for the purpose of distributing clean water equally on the apron, or into the amalgamating box, and by which the pulverised rock, and gold not saved above, is washed down to the blanket-tables at F.

These tables simply consist of a flat sluice, generally about two feet in width by six inches in depth, and upon which a coarse blanket is spread for the purpose, principally, of saving the auriferous sulphurets, and which will not amalgamate with the quicksilver. Some companies, however, depend chiefly upon the apron and blankets for saving the whole

of their gold, and do not use quicksilver above the blanket-tables.

The blankets are allowed to remain upon the tables from ten to thirty minutes, according to the quality of the rock being crushed; that which is rich requiring the change about every ten or fifteen minutes, and that which is poor every twenty or thirty minutes. When a change is desirable the blankets are carefully rolled up and placed in a bucket, or small tub, and carried to the "vat"—not, however, before another is spread upon the table—where they are carefully washed. In order to test the quality of the rock being crushed, the contents of the blanket are frequently washed into a *batea*, or broad Mexican bowl, and prospected.

The materials contained in the blanket vats are saved in a box made for that purpose, or thrown into a heap, or taken at once to some kind of amalgamating machine—and there is scarcely a couple



THE MEXICAN

with the dust and finer portions on an inclined table or "hop," on which a small stream of water is conveyed through a pipe from

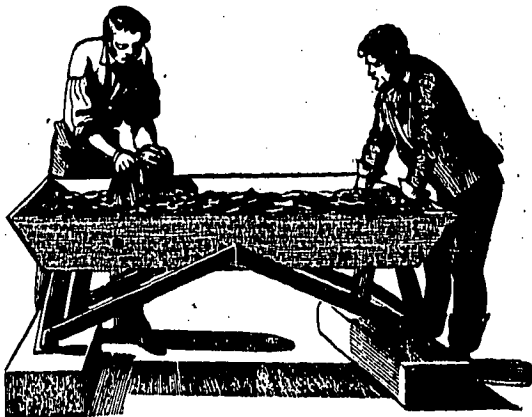


"amalgamating box" containing quicksilver, and into which a dash-board is fixed so that all the water, gold, and silver may pass through the quicksilver into the amalgamating box, to an inclined plane or blanket-table below. Above the apron, or amalgamating box, a small trough is fixed at the top, for the purpose of distributing clean water equally on the surface of the blanket-table, and into the amalgamating box, and the pulverised rock, and gold not amalgamated, is washed down to the blanket-table at F.

The tables simply consist of a flat board, generally about two feet in width and six inches in depth, and upon which a blanket is spread for the purpose, chiefly, of saving the auriferous sulphides which will not amalgamate with quicksilver. Some companies, however, depend chiefly upon the use of blankets for saving the whole

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WASHING THE BLANKETS.

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The materials contained in the blanket vats are saved in a box made for that purpose, or thrown into a heap, or taken at once to some kind of amalgamating machine—and there is scarcely a couple

of mills in the State where the same process exactly is used; as each superintendent of a mill supposes that he has made some improvements in his mill entirely unknown or unpracticed by others; at all events he flatters himself that he saves more gold than his neighbor.

The processes most commonly in use are the *Rastra* and Chili mill. These we shall describe, reserving for some other numbers

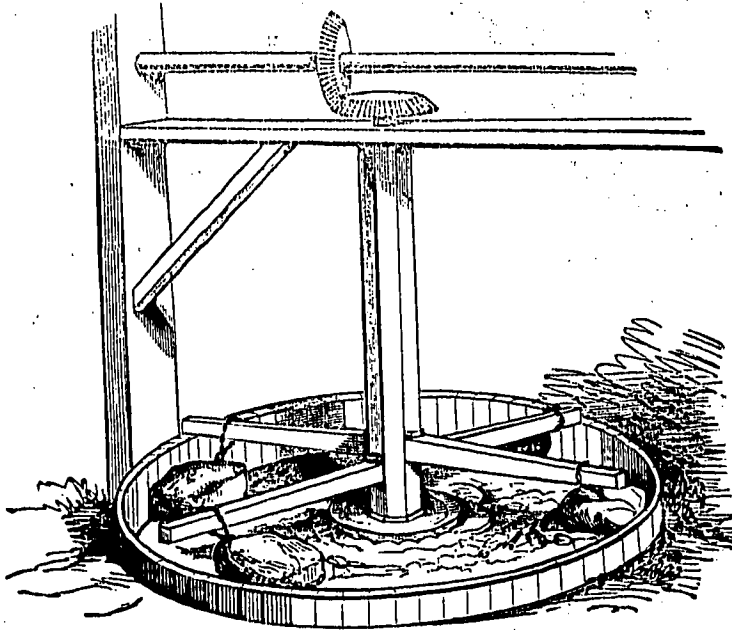


THE MEXICAN RASTRA.

the various plans or improvements for saving the gold, by different persons, at different mills; inasmuch as the saving of gold is of too much importance to be lightly passed over.

One of the first used, as well as one of the most useful and most important, is the Mexican Rastra. Though rude in its construction and simple in its working, it is one of the most effectual methods of saving the gold which has yet been discovered. The Mexican method of constructing these is to lay a circular track of stone tolerably

level with a low wall around the outside of the track; and in the centre a post made of a tree cut off at the required height, and generally just above a crotch or arm; another small tree is then cut in the shape required, for making a horri-zontal shaft; to this is attached one or more large stones; and these being drawn around by donkey or mule power, grind the quartz to powder. Of course, as gold is the heaviest it naturally seeks the lowest places, and as quicksilver is always put in with the quartz the gold becomes amalgamated with it.



THE IMPROVED MEXICAN RASTRA:

The Mexican rastra has been improved some little in its construction and adaptation to our wants; and in many cases mule-power has been superseded by steam; but the principle remains about the same.

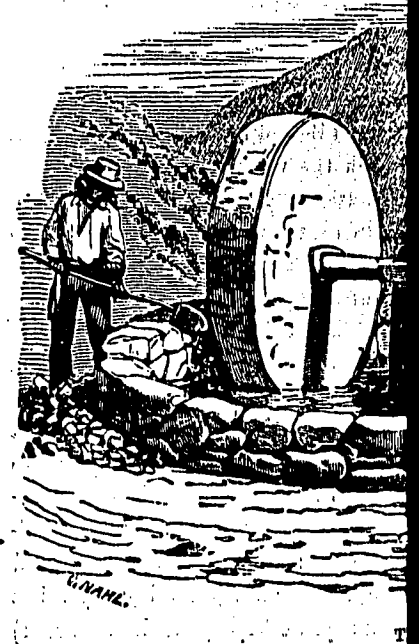
When the rastra is properly prepared, a "batch" of about five hundred pounds is generally emptied into one about ten feet in diameter; but the quantity is always regulated by the size of the machine. It is then ground very fine by means of the drag-stones attached to arms fixed in the perpendicular shaft, and which are gene-

rally given about eight revolutions per minute. At this rate it will require from three to four hours to grind a batch sufficiently; but this is somewhat regulated by the grit and weight of the drag-stones. About three quarters of an hour before the whole is thoroughly ground, a sufficient quantity of quicksilver is added; but the amount is regulated by the richness of the quartz in process of grinding. If, for instance, the five hundred pounds of tailings placed in the arastra is supposed to contain about three quarters of an ounce of gold, about

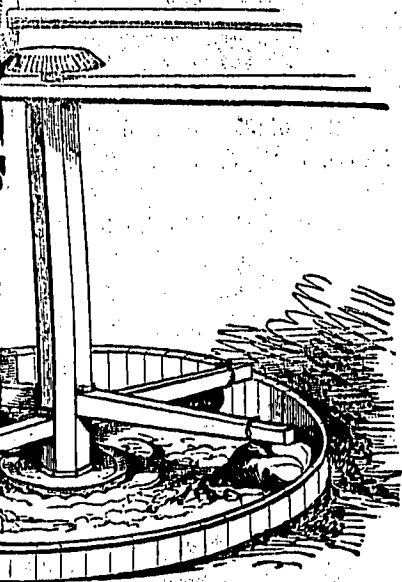
one ounce of quicksilver is generally — or about twenty-five per cent. more of the latter than the former. Some judgment is required in this — too much quicksilver being a disadvantage, inasmuch as the amalgam should be kept hard to make it effectual in saving the gold. Quick-silver should also be kept very free from grease, as it cannot be too clean; and should invariably be well retorted before the time it is used.

About ten minutes before the grinding is finished, about sixteen buckets of water are poured into the rastra, to the quantity named, and the same motion continued until the whole appearing like muddy water. This is then baled out, or run off quickly. Five hundred pounds more of the tailings are then added, and the process repeated, adding the same portion of quicksilver to every batch.

This is kept on for one, two, three, or even four weeks, according to the richness of the quartz, or the taste and wants of the owner. The larger the amount of quicksilver contained in the rastra, the more gold is there saved, in proportion, to the quantity of quartz. The amalgam is then taken out of



level with a low wall around the outside of the track; and in the centre a post made of a tree cut off at the required height, and generally just above a crotch or arm; another small tree is then cut in the shape required, for making a horizontal shaft; to this is attached one or more large stones; and these being drawn around by donkey or mule power, grind the quartz to powder. Of course, as gold is the heaviest it naturally seeks the lowest places, and as quicksilver is always put in with the quartz the gold becomes amalgamated with it.



MEXICAN RASTRA.

rally given about eight revolutions per minute. At this rate it will require from three to four hours to grind a batch sufficiently; but this is somewhat regulated by the grit and weight of the drag-stones. About three quarters of an hour before the whole is thoroughly ground, a sufficient quantity of quicksilver is added; but the amount is regulated by the richness of the quartz in process of grinding. If, for instance, the five hundred pounds of tailings placed in the arastra is supposed to contain about three quarters of an ounce of gold, about

one ounce of quicksilver is generally used — or about twenty-five per cent. more of the latter than the former. Some judgment is required in this — too much quicksilver being a disadvantage, inasmuch as the amalgam should be kept hard to make it effectual in saving the gold. Quicksilver should also be kept very free from grease, as it cannot be too clean; and should invariably be well retorted every time it is used.

About ten minutes before the grinding is finished, about sixteen buckets of water are poured into the rastra, to the quantity named, and the same motion continued, the whole appearing like muddy water. This is then baled out, or run off quickly. Five hundred pounds more of the quartz are then added, and the process repeated, adding the same portion of quicksilver to every batch.

This is kept on for one, two, three, or even four weeks, according to the richness of the quartz, or the taste and wants of the owner. The larger the amount of amalgam contained in the rastra, the more gold is there saved, in proportion, to the ton.

The amalgam is then taken out of the

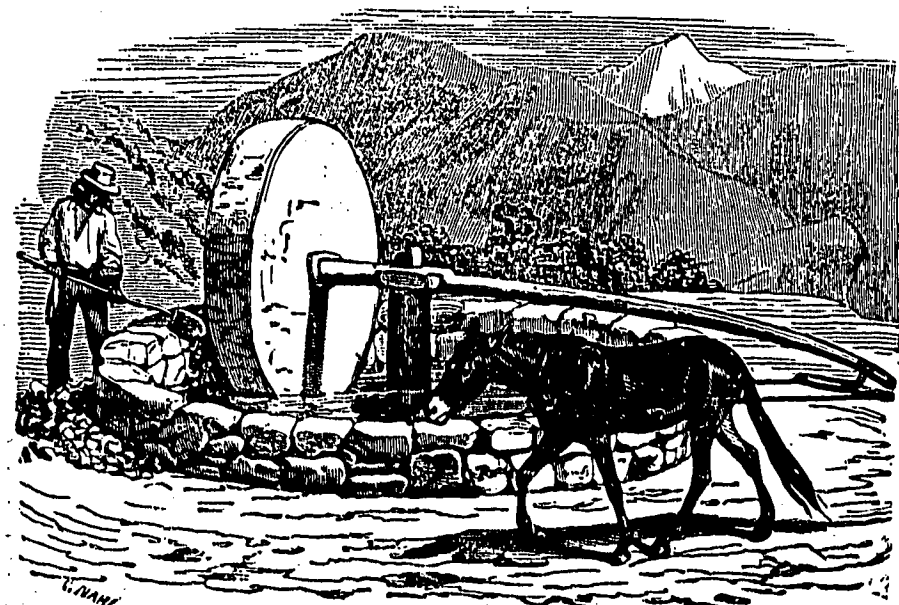
crevices in the bottom of the rastra, and carefully panned out, and as carefully retorted. After this, most business men melt the gold into bars or ingots, before sending it to the mint to be coined.

Before commencing to grind again, the crevices between the stones covering the floor of the rastra, about one and a half inches wide, are tightly packed and filled with clay, level with the stone.

In El Dorado County, rastras sixteen feet in diameter are used to great advantage, as more than double the amount of quartz is ground by them than by the smaller ones; but of course they require a proportionate increase in power to work them.

It should also be remembered that not less than two fifths more quartz is ground in the same rastra when worked by steam or water-power than when worked by animals, inasmuch as the speed and regularity is increased.

It should also be well remembered by every operator in quartz, that warm water is of great assistance in every thing connected with amalgam, as it will be the means of saving from ten to fifteen per

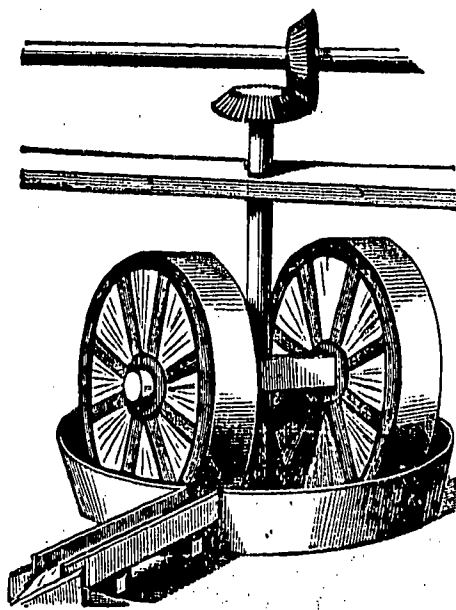


THE CHILE MILL.

cent. more gold than when it is worked with cold water—a very important kind of economy.

This mill, as used in Chili, and from whence its origin and name are derived, is nearly as simple in its construction as the rastra. It consists of a circular inclosure somewhat resembling the rastra, with the walls a little higher, and more regular; and, instead of the "drag-stones," a large stone wheel, attached to the horizontal shaft, is used for grinding the rock. Into this mill a small stream of water is constantly running, a portion of which is forced out at each revolution of the wheel. The gold is saved by means of quicksilver on the bottom of the mill, in the same manner as in the rastra.

To make this principle more subservient to the purposes of quartz mining, and better adapted to the requirements of a faster age and people, the "improved Chili



THE IMPROVED CHILI MILL.

Mill" was invented. This consists of two heavy cast-iron wheels, from three to five feet in diameter, and from ten to fifteen inches in thickness: these, revolve on an axle, moving steadily round in a cir-

cular iron basin about a foot in depth, into which the tailings from the blanket tables are conveyed, and ground to powder.

As these improved mills are generally worked by steam, the speed attained, and the work accomplished, of course very far exceeds the old process.

On the first page of the present number of the Magazine, in the foreground of the picture, will be found several small amalgamators in use at Mr. Chavanne's mill.

The methods of saving the gold which passes over the blankets in the tailings, are almost as numerous as are the mills where the quartz is crushed. The principle, however, is to allow the tailings to run down a series of inclined tables, or sluices, at the end of each of which is often placed a wood trough, or iron pan, containing quicksilver, into which they flow, when the gold falls into the quicksilver on the bottom, and is there retained; while the lighter material floats over the edge of the trough or pan into another sluice, at the end of which is another pan, where the same process is repeated. The sluices, or inclined tables, are generally fitted up with "patent rifles" across the bottom, filled with quicksilver. After the tailings have passed through the whole series of sluices they are sometimes worked through the improved Chili Mill, or other machine; but are oftener allowed to run into a large vat, from which the water flows off while the tailings settle at the bottom. These are then thrown into a heap and allowed to "rust," preparatory to other processes at some future time.

As California is one vast network of quartz leads, a thousandth part of which have never even been prospected; and as the bottom of a single lead has not yet been found, it is not an uncertain venture to say that this department alone is capable of giving employment to several millions of people: and, when people hazard the opinion that mining in this State is but in its infancy, we hope (with their consent)

TH
that they may live fifty or years (!) as we are assured the piration of that time they will er certainty than now, be will the same confession.

GRUMBLING IN A RAILROAD

Vanity of vanities,
Climax of vexation,
Waiting for the cars
At a railroad station
Little Yankee clock,
Wagging very slow,
Worries off an hour
In a small depot!

Sultry summer day,
Hot Sahara weather,
Crowds of melting people
Huddled up together
Ladies flutter fans,
Men all take to smoke
Cool as salamanders,
Really, 'tis provokin

Tall, uneasy Yankee
Bobbing up his head
Wonders if the cars
"Couldn't go ahead.
Good old maiden lady
Says the train is late,
But we all must learn
Patiently to wait.

Corpulent old fellow,
Looking very wise,
With a yawn quite lazy,
Closes up his eyes.
Waiting for the cars,
It is no wise odd,
That he took a train
To the land of Nod!

Every one impatient,
Every body grumbling
Cars at length come in
With tremendous rum
General stampede
Made for every door,
Half a dozen children
Sprawling on the floor.

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that they may live fifty or a hundred years (!) as we are assured that at the expiration of that time they will, with greater certainty than now, be willing to make the same confession.

GRUMBLING IN A RAILROAD DEPOT.

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Climax of vexation,
Waiting for the cars
At a railroad station.
Little Yankee clock,
Wagging very slow,
Worries off an hour
In a small depot!

Sultry summer day,
Hot Sahara weather,
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Ladies flutter fans,
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It is no wise odd,
That he took a train
To the land of *Nod*!

Every one impatient,
Every body grumbling;
Cars at length come in
With tremendous rumbling.
General stampede
Made for every door,
Half a dozen children
Sprawling on the floor.

Worst of little miseries
Which in life beset us,
Worst of traveling troubles
That forever fret us,
Worrying out the hours —
Hours of idle woe —
Dusty, cross, and crusty,
In a hot depot. S****

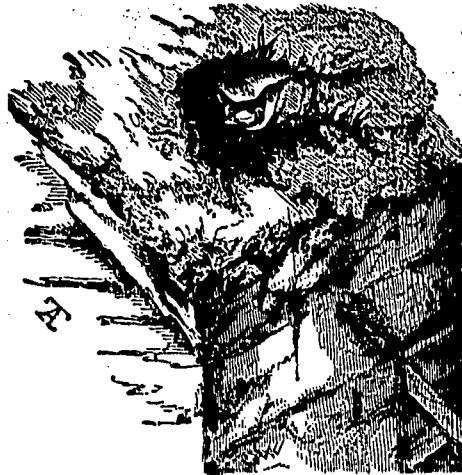
In a "Way Station."

THE EAGLE AND THE WREN.

A LEGEND.

BY MRS. C. W. WEBBER.

A young wren lay cozily in its soft nest, almost hidden in the moss of the cottage-roof where her parents had made a resting-place long before little Jenny was born.



She was the youngest of the third and last brood of the season — a dark-eyed elf with shining plumage and slender figure, and now as she lay so snugly in that wee-bit cradle, her sturdier sisters and brothers were down by the spring, playing hide-and-seek with the locusts. Now and then, as a shrill, screaming rattle, rattle, arose from one or the other of them, Jenny would raise herself on tiptoe to see what the matter could be; and she more than once joined her sweet voice to their tumult when she discovered the cause of the excitement: — a white-winged locust, just emerged from its hard shell, still clinging with empty claws to the rough bark of a tree, while the ghostly pre-occupant slowly climbed onward and upward to the strengthening sunshine.



But Jenny had other thoughts than of breakfasts of young bugs, and games at the spring. Before her rose a proud hill, whose brow was bathed in misty shadows, whose feet the tall trees caressed with their wildest embraces; and the flowers that robed its side, clustered like lakes of gold, and studded its tresses of matted vines, with here and there white, starry diadems, until to Jenny's fancy, the hill became a Princess, and above her, in the form of a stern craig, on which was set for a crown an eagle's nest, towered a King, the frowning father of the Princess! And the little wren, Jenny, with eyes oft glancing upward, marveled if an angel guarded that crown, that showed so seldom and so weirdly amidst the mists that seemed to her like wings, now lifting a little, now falling, then swerving and swaying back and forth, around and far below, but never sweeping themselves away from between the soft, dark, wondering eyes of Jenny and the mystery above.

Jenny began to mope, when day after day the same tantalizing mist-wreaths tortured her expectant vision; and dim-formed yearnings to shape themselves in her heart, to penetrate the wonder, and know if indeed she had seen the wings of a guardian angel, and if the intense shimmer which sometimes made her hide her head beneath her wing, was the shining of the crown jewels, or the dazzling eyes of the Angel.

Jenny was a weak little wren; not half so strong as her sisters were. They would have made little of a flight such as she now began to contemplate, but, for her, it was

a long journey, and questionable if she could ever endure all the hardships of it.

But her soul was growing, as you could have seen by looking at the wide eyes of the little wren, and she was soon ready to dare the dangers, and one morning she arose from her soft nest, and spread her tiny brown wings for flight from it. One glance at the smiling Princess, and upward she rose towards the outstretched arms of the nearest tree at the foot of the hill, where she reposed her panting form. After she had taken breath, she looked up. How her heart sank! It grew cold and heavy in her breast. Above her she saw no longer the mist-draped hill-tops, but only a wilderness of green foliage. Could she ever find her way through it? Her hopes gave no response. An earthy spirit had caught her in its embrace. Her dear Princess, the King, the Angel, were shut out forever! Should she return to the nest? She could at least view them from afar! She looked down, around — all, all was one unbroken, vast wilderness of leaves. Her head sank upon her shoulder. She felt only the deepest despair.

Suddenly her eyes brighten! She hears a strange, grand swoop of wings! Her little form shrank and shivered with wonder and terror and worship! Surely this was the coming Angel of the crown! That majesty of flight could only be his. Those mighty wings were only made to up-bear the Guardian of the Mysterious. And the sunlight he bore with him into the shadowed wilderness, did it fall from his wings, or did he bear two diamonds to illumine the darkness of the gloom?

Poor Jenny shut her eyes in despair. When she opened them, she said gently: "Why do you weep, my little wren? Your aspiring wings have raised you above the earth, and the light of the Angel-Wonder is upon you. She did, but with her wings, which makes the night as bright as fire-light, she dared to stretch her wings, and shielded from the cold and closer, venturing her chilly heart against which she ceased to tremble, and nestled, and developed in the sterner Wonder's embrace."

Ah, little Jenny, do not grieve. She no longer should ever reach the rest so sheltered from the dreary earth.

The broad wings of the Wonder rustle widens into a sea of calm in the air, and now they roar. Tempests, and rain, and swoops, now sinking into valleys, now rising into clouds, ever moving as if the elements were now up! up! up! the Wonder bears the wren gazes out from the Princess! O Jenny's heart till she can see!

And, ah! grand King lifts his misty wings, and Jenny almost dies in the swoops among the wreaths, and she, the mystery.

Her Angel has taken his throne. The crown is on his side his heart; and he ways with him, to the clouds. His eagle-eyes dispel the glooms of the mountain-tops will, and the earth will be a hundred-fold to her, in the warmth of his glory.

Happy Jenny will see the Angel live for ever, shine, if they live in the glen? Ask the stars, if spears are sped for



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Poor Jenny shut her eyes in very bewilderment. When lo! the Angel-Wonder said gently: "Whither, little Jenny, do your aspiring winglets tend?" She raised her timid head, and her eyes met a blaze of light that poured in floods from the brow of the Angel-Wonder. She knew not what she did, but with an impulse like that which makes the moth seek the devouring fire-light, she darted forward. An outstretched wing received her trembling form, and shielded from the blaze, she nestled close and closer, while the warmth penetrated her chilly frame, from the great heart against which she leaned. Soon she ceased to tremble, yet faster clung and closer nestled, and now she lay securely enveloped in the strong, soft folds of the Wonder's embrace.

Ah, little Jenny had indeed found a paradise. She no longer doubted that she should ever reach those proud mysteries; and ah, happy little one if she could always rest so sheltered from the cold glooms of the dreary earth.

The broad wings slowly expand; the rustle widens into a sound like storm-winds seeking calm in the bosom of sea-waves — and now they roar like the very Demon of Tempests, and rise and fall in gigantic swoops, now sinking deep into the shadowy valleys, now rising majestically above the clouds, ever moving with a mighty pride, as if the elements were its minions. And now up! up! up! with slow, grand ascent, the Wonder bears its tiny burthen. The wren gazes out from its protection, and lo! the Princess! Once more she gladdens Jenny's heart till it flutters at her fair aspect!

And, ah! grand sight! The stern Craig-King lifts his mighty crowned head, and Jenny almost dies with joy as the Wonder swoops among the embosoming mist-wreaths, and she, the little wren, discovers the mystery.

Her Angel has borne her upward to the throne. The crown is her resting-place beside his heart; and the jewels he bears always with him, to illumine all earth's shadows. His eagle-eyes shall henceforth dispel the glooms of wildernesses; the mists of mountain-tops will melt before the gleam, and the earth will bear beauties an hundred-fold to her, upspringing from the warmth of his glances.

Happy Jenny wren! And did the Eagle-Angel live for her? Ask the stars that shine, if they live for the rivulet in yonder glen? Ask the northern blast if its icy spears are sped for the wind-flower on the

plains? Yet he, the Wonder, grew gentler, aye, far less stern, when he felt the tender pressing of the little wren's heart against his grand breast.

Rest, then, Jenny! No more outward glances! Thy path to God and Love are one! What! art ambitious? Not yet at peace? Would'st win the throne? Presumptuous one! See the mild glances of those orb-jeweled, marvellous eyes; feel thou the strong beat of that mighty heart; listen to the subdued anthem that voice chants for thee, and turn thy rebellious restlessness to quiet and joy again.

Ah! that I should have it to relate! That wren so loved, so honored, the companion in many grand flights, the only love of that magnificent Eagle-Soul, madly thrust keen, needle-pointed daggers at his heart, till one gloomy day, when the earth was shut in by rain-clouds, the Angel-Wonder gently severed the unworthy wren from his side, gazed lovingly and pityingly at her, then shook his noble plumes, and vanished "in lofty cloud," leaving her upon his couch of state—the airy crown of King Craig.

And there the stunned birdling sat, stunned with grief at her own wickedness. Will the Angel ever come again? asks her agonized heart. Or, — and she gazed down the steeps up which he bore her — shall she descend to the obscure nest from which she took her first, short, faltering flight?

Useless the sobbing sighs — worse than useless all thy struggles — only his invisible presence may help thee; but thy soul is weak, thy strength but tiny. He pities thee, poor wren — the magnanimous One — whom thy presumptuous petulance has driven from thee! He still sends down to thee, from the clouds, rays from his eyes to lighten the gloom of storms that cling rudely about thy little form. Even yet thy earnest struggles may upbear thee, and ye may in the Coming Time rest again, in penitent, humbled loving, upon his breast! Keep, then, thine eyes uplifted! Watch and work faithfully for this reward!

Poor Jenny! her bowed head very slowly lifts itself above the shadows her own heart has nurtured, but as her languid eyes open in shrinking, they suddenly flare joyously, wide and bright! She springs to the edge of the crown-nest, and her voice rings in mellow, heart-stirring song. Her slender, fairy figure vibrates to the melody her soul outpours; and the black, threatening storm-clouds away, and sink, sink, as the hymn fills the atmosphere, until a silvery haze

veils craig, and hill, and flowers and trees; and the sudden dash of vewalets in the valley-spring, startles the family of wrens, who set up with opposing voices, shrill, rattling headlong pipings, that made the very wild-flowers toss their dainty heads in dancing measure to the chorus.

And Jenny — what had roused the despairing one? Above her, in the clear space beyond the clouds, a distant sound of sweeping wings, and a wondrous Voice chanting prophecies, and a broad path of light, as from Heaven, that penetrated the sorrowful gloom! and she knew, then, that her Wonder-lover, with watchful, never-dimming, eagle-eyes, guarded still his crown-nest, and the New Gem which should henceforth beam mildly in its border!

This is the true story of Happy Jenny Wren; and now that the Angel has forgiven her, we may any day hear her singing in wild, melodious strains; her little head uplifted, her bright eyes steadily gazing toward the sky — and though we cannot discern the Mystery she views so joyously, no matter how much we try, yet ask the children of Germany, and they will tell you that this is a true legend, and that the wren is the betrothed of the eagle; and I dare say they could, almost any of them, point out to you the very mountain whereon all these strange things happened!

At all events I believe it to be true, and since Jenny Wren has grown stronger and wiser from her sad experiences, she has taken a long flight from the valley of her birth, and may now be seen, even at this moment, sitting in our garden, and despite what a correspondent of the *California Magazine* says, she sings better, to my ears, than all the canaries in the world! She is not alone in this great country. Besides bringing in her train all her family, she has been followed by many a song-bird beside — all of whom have strange histories, if one could only understand their language, and would listen at sunrise, when they all meet to gossip of old memories, be-



fore the yawning flower-buds have wasted their sweet breath in kisses to the welcome day.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE LATE EXHIBITION OF THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

In 1742, James Watt, a poor boy, in whose creative mind had just dawned a brilliant idea, the application of which was to effect a peaceful revolution, which should extend over the whole civilized world, and penetrate and finally destroy the barbarism of ages, when, engaged in his dreamy way in experimenting on the condensation of steam by holding a spoon or cup over the spout of a tea-kettle, was sharply rebuked by his matter-of-fact aunt for what she termed his "idleness." "Take a book," said she, "or do something useful. You have done nothing for the last hour but take off the lid of that kettle and put it on again; are you not ashamed of spending your time in this way?" A century later the glorious idea of that quiet, thoughtful boy had been fructified, and man, from his cradle to his grave, alike for his swaddling-clothes and his shroud, was indebted to the power of steam. About this time, the world of thought realized the fact that the exercise of bone and sinew is not incompatible with the possession of mind; and that the

dignity of labor had been looked. It was conceded that a worker in any department of science or art, might be possessed of a mind that he might quicken the dullness of the masses and derive information by his own observation, and that the exercise of mental ability and acquired knowledge would give him the control of practical experience in applications of his discoveries and inventions, of more benefit to civilization than could be derived from the chaotic thoughts and platitudes of those who are content to dwell in the theoretical intricacies of logic or from the glowing fancies of the theorists, who listlessly roam through the grant and many-tinted flower-fields of the world, which have been harrowed and sown by the mind and less classic monuments of the results of this important spread out before us from the poles; the effect upon philosophy, education, politics, religion, when calmly and objectively viewed and even partially taxes the full powers of the standing; it seems as though the world had been suddenly awakened from its dreamless sleep, during which it had been prepared for a complete metamorphosis.

But vast though the subject is limited, and we must hasten to our reflections. It is for us — at this critical period of our history — as an organized community, the discovery of mineral wealth has been the cause of the Anglo-Saxon reason; the manufacture of iron and the many branches of mechanical industry yet in embryo are gradually forming a connection with the mines, the interests of the country; which producers are beginning to drive the market, and the laws of supply and demand stand and applied; when soc-



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by Anglo-Saxon reason; when agriculture,
manufactures, and the many and various
branches of mechanical industry, though
yet in embryo, are gradually becoming, in
connection with the mines, the substantial
interests of the country; when home pro-
ducers are beginning to drive foreign im-
porters from the market, and the well-set-
tled laws of supply and demand are under-
stood and applied; when society is assum-

ing a permanent organization; it is for us
now, above all other periods, to acquire,
as near as may be, a perfect conception of
the progress of past events, with their train
of important results, and by the aid of
these direct the present with a view to the
most perfect development in the future.
The utility of the late Mechanics' Fair in
San Francisco will consist in its effect.
Mere admiration of the articles exhibited,
of the mechanical genius or scientific abil-
ity of the contributors, will amount to noth-
ing unless coupled with the determination,
by material assistance and individual ex-
ertion, to aid in the proper and successful
application of the talent and ingenuity
which the exhibition proved to be so plen-
tiful in the State. Those beautiful and
improved models of steam engines—so ex-
quisite in their proportions, so perfect in
construction—must create patronage, not
alone directly, but through the medium of
intelligent conversation and writing, for
their designers and constructors, and so on
through the entire catalogue of contribu-
tions. The philosophy of these displays is
not in the momentary feeling of gratified
vanity excited by them, but in the practi-
cal lesson taught, and onward impetus
given to each person who witnesses or reads
of them, and to the community in the ag-
gregate. We look to grand results in the
Future, growing out of the results of the
Past, and justified by the prospects of the
Present.

HOW I PAINTED JOHN SMITH'S PICTURE.

The people of California are accustomed
to send little mementoes to their friends in
the States, which indicate the attachment
that neither time nor distance are able to
sever. These tokens are of every con-
ceivable variety; and often, as in the case
I am about to relate, they represent one's
home or place of labor in the mines.

One day as I was sitting by my easel
with brushes in hand, and a pallet on which

were arranged sundry bits of paint, my friend John Smith came in. He admired the colors as he saw them distributed over the canvass, and declared I must paint a picture for him.

"What shall it be?" said I.

"My house. I want my house painted."

Poor fellow! he did not mean to make me a house painter in the common acceptation of the term; he meant that he wanted a picture of his house. Now John had a dwelling-house which he rented; and, as it was all the real estate he had, he esteemed it highly. The house was small, one story, with the side to the street, and a small addition on the end. The side and one end were painted white. The windows were small, even, for so small a house. There was a capacious yard in front inclosed by a fence in an extreme state of dilapidation. These were the premises I was desired to portray, and it will appear how near I came to it.

"Well" said I, "I will make a picture of your house; but you need a new fence."

"Oh! I am going to have a good one. Make one in the picture; and I want you to make a porch along the front side of the house, for I am going to have one there."

"Very well; but in that case, you ought to have larger windows."

"Oh! yes, I am going to have French windows, put in French windows. — And I am going to paint it again."

"Then John, since you are going to have a nice place, I would paint it some color rather than white."

"All right; I tell you I am going to make a fine house of it. I want you to fix it up right."

"In such a capacious yard you should have shade and ornamental trees, and some shrubbery, and a fountain."

To this he assented, and I went to work and completed a painting representing a colored house with porch, French windows, a yard full of flourishing trees, and shrub-

bery, and besides, a tempestuous little fountain — not resembling his place in a single particular save in the relative size of house and lot. I showed it to him and he exclaimed, —

"Oh! that is first rate! I will send it home by the next steamer."

This was a *denouement*. I had supposed that it was to hang in his house, and that, since it was not like his place, he would make his place like it; but away to the States went the picture, and the place remains as it was to this day, excepting some improvement in the fencing. Words may tell stories, appearances deceive, type tell lies, and little pictures fib, grossly fib — grossly, because they have the endorsement of a seemingly disinterested hand.

N. K.

LECTURE UPON "MINNIE"-RALOGY—*By Eagle Wing.* Mineralogy is generally supposed to be the science of stones, rocks, ledges, pebbles, etc., etc., but strictly defined, it embraces every object in the visible world excepting vegetables and animal matter; hence the air we breathe is a mineral, and we ourselves are mostly made up of rocks and minerals, because the same chemical substances that go to make up minerals constitute the larger portion of our bodies. I do not know that I am scientifically correct, but of late it seems to me that every thing is "Minnie"-ral! and O, how I do love to study and gaze upon the subject! I have determined to give a lifetime of devotion to it. A "Minnie"-ral has become my hobby; the "cabin"-et where it is found is a sacred spot to me. I study and gaze upon the features it presents. Other mineralogists have found and described "faults" among the rocks and minerals, but after the severest scrutiny I am unable to find any fault whatever in mine; and when I touch my lips to it, to determine by the taste the class to which it belongs, it adheres to them with a tenacity altogether unexplainable, while it acts as a magnet of such power, that no sooner are they separated than they as naturally seek to renew the touch and taste. How singular! Who, then, would not like the delightful study of "Minnie"-ralogy?

MY CHILD FRIEND.

Manifold are the pictures of beauty,
Sky, mountain and water and wood;
He is best, who best sees it his duty
To love all as "all very good."
Who scorneth this kindest duty
Knows nothing of love as one should.

Tho' nothing on earth I have hated,
But on the bright universe smiled,
I know I love nothing created
So well, as a pure little child.
'Tis a joy that has never abated,
Which in my young bosom burst wild.

I once had a friend—little Moses—
Four summers had shone on his head;
His cheeks, like the orient roses
That bloom by the Hiddakel's bed,
(Alas! in what silence reposes
The boy in the realm of the dead.)

It was in the hilarious season
Of snow-wreaths and boreal air,
That we met—and for many a reason
Than that he was wondrously fair,
I loved him; he's ready for treason
Who in a child's love cannot share.

So presently we were united
In friendship the purest on earth;
How oft has my spirit been lighted
By visions transcendent whose birth
I've traced to such love;—This was blighted
'Too early for me of such worth.

Every morn he would come to my study,
Some mystic dream to relate;
His countenance growing more ruddy,
The wilder the things he would state.
Holding up—his face beaming and ruddy—
An angel, portrayed on his slate.

And when too, the winter days ended,
And twilight grew deep on the plain,
When the evening dampness descended
Like silent invisible rain;
And curious devils were blended
In frost-work on every pane,
He would stand at the window commanding
A view of the desolate street,
And little brown school house outstanding
Alone to the winds and the sleet;
His beautiful eyes expanding
My long-waiting presence to greet.

For upon his lips hangs a story—
A story indeed he must tell;
And his eye kindled up with glory
Of marvelous visions that dwell
In his soul—Oh! his cherubim glory
Alone on a child's broodeth well.

Then beside me his fancy commences
A "thousand and one" little flights
Into dream-land, until the tired senses

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2

Decline with the flickering light
 On the hearth. In my breast joy condenses
 In such sweet "Arabian Nights."

But there came to this home of affection,
 One morn at the breaking of day,
 The angel who maketh selection
 Of flowers, too pellucid to sway
 In life's tempests; and, sad recollection!—
 My cherub was taken away.

Never more in its crystaline beauty,
 Will melody flow from that tongue;
 Never more will I go to my duty
 Delighted with harmonies slung
 From those lips; for their roseate beauty
 Is blanch'd, and the lute is unstrung.

And now I can only remember,
 The vision that passed like a breath
 In that season, that blessed December!
 For a voice, breathing plaintively, saith:
 He sleeps in the quietest chamber—
 The uttermost darkness of death.

But only the *dust*, that was mortal,
 Reclines in that dreamless repose;
 Its beautiful angel immortal,
 From out its cold prison arose,
 And has passed through the sanctified portal
 That borders this valley of woes.

LEWELLYN.

GINGERLY & CO.

BY DOINGS.

Well, as I said, we started, and in
 company with a wagon loaded with pro-
 visions, drawn by three yoke of oxen.
 Besides ourselves and the driver, was
 the driver's son, a hopeful youth of
 some sixteen, who, with his ready wit
 and pleasant laugh beguiled the weary
 hours of travel, and made our 'voyage'
 almost a pleasure trip. I, being some-
 what of an invalid, was allowed to ride,
 which I found very pleasant until the
 dust commenced to arise in clouds so
 dense, that I was unable to say whether
 I was upon a loaded wagon, or beneath
 a very large sized pepper-box. Then
 I preferred to walk, which I did for the
 balance of the trip.

The old woman had told the Col.
 that the old man had told her, that
 Foster's Bar was upon the route, and
 that in case they left that place before
 we reached it, she would leave such di-
 rections there as would enable us to

and besides, a tempestuous little
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follow without difficulty—and now we were en route for Foster's Bar. The summit of the hill leading to the Bar was gained,—here the two lead yoke of oxen were unhitched, a tree felled, and tied to the tail end of the wagon; and the passengers requested to 'trim ship,' by standing on the wheels in dangerous places; and we commenced the descent. By the aid of a great deal of "Whoa-hawing," "Gee-Bucking," and any given quantity of shouting and profanity on the part of the driver, we 'weathered' the hill, and landed safely on the Bar.

It being near night when we arrived, and feeling very tired, we determined to at once pitch our tent and turn in, which we did. Early the following morning we unloaded the wagon; and, bidding the driver and his boy "good bye," commenced a fruitless search for old Gingerly, and which we persevered in for two days. There had been no team there, we were told, excepting those bringing freight, and which after unloading, returned to Marysville. Even the name of the illustrious Gingerly was unknown, and his fame had never reached that place. The fact of our having so lately seen a woman, and being then in search of one, rendered us very conspicuous personages—but "Madam Rumor," as she often does, mixed the story up until it was generally understood that we had a woman with us, and our little tent the second day was surrounded with men and boys, who were clamorous for a peep at her. In vain were our attempts at explanation; in vain did we deny the charge, and endeavor to refute the base insinuation: ocular demonstration was demanded, and we pulled down our tent and trampled over its fallen folds. The crowd began to disperse, satisfied, but disappointed, when one very tall and slender young man with a very pale face, long, light colored hair, and ditto colored eyes, approached, and taking me by the arm walked me a short distance from the scene of the late besiegement, and with a very weak

voice commenced the following conversation:—"O, sir, the woman, how did she look?" "Look!" said I, looking at him with strong doubts in my mind as to his sanity, "well enough—in excellent health I should judge." "No, I don't mean that—you don't understand me—what did she look like?" "Look like—why a woman, to be sure—what did you suppose she'd look like!" "Oh, I wish that I could see one—do you think she'll come this way? I haven't seen one for eighteen months." Here the young man fell into a series of hysterical sobs, and proceeded with spasmodic efforts to jerk out the following:—"Not since I left my mo—(sob)—mo—(sob)—mother—(sob)—Mary Ann (sob) Summers (sob) promised to write (sob) but she (sob) ha—(sob)—ha—(hysterically)—hasn't." "Poor fellow," tho't I, as he with eyes dripping wet with tears, and bosom almost bursting, walked away and disappeared behind a pile of rocks. "When you are older, and have had experience, and become better acquainted with the ways of the sex you now so much adore, you will look back to those eighteen months as the oasis of your life, and then will know what a simpleton and fool you are making of yourself now."

The third day we voted ourselves *sold*, concluding that the old man had "played it very low down," and that we must commence to prospect for ourselves. In accordance with this view we took pick, pan and shovel, and strolled along down the bars of the Yuba, and had not gone far when we overtook a fine looking, hard-fisted miner, and, after entering into conversation with him, we walked along together, and soon sat down to rest. After a general conversation, our new acquaintance asked us where we were going. To this we could give no definite reply, and merely answered by saying, "that we were looking around, in hopes of finding something." "Well," said he, "I like the appearance of you fellows, and I think I can put you in the way

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of getting a good claim. I have diggings some distance from here, and I think they are rich; no one knows of them besides my company, and one other man, who discovered them in company with us; he is an old mountaineer." "What! old mountaineer, did you say—tall man—long hair—tushers—chews tobacco—Gingerly! is that his name?" "That's the very man," rejoined the stranger. "Good gracious! is it possible!" said we, and all made a grasp for his hand, "'tis the very man we are after." "Three cheers for old Gingerly," shouted the Col. "The old woman you mean," suggested our little Captain. The Col. blushed but did not cheer. Then we entered into explanations, and told our new friend—whose name, as he informed us, was Underwood—the whole story, and agreed to be ready to go with him that night—"to leave in the night," he said, "was necessary, to prevent being tracked." He also told us that had we kept along the ridge instead of coming down the hill, we would have overtaken old Gingerly—"but never mind," said he, "you are only a day or two behind, and 'twill end just as well."

Upon our return to the Bar we were fortunate enough to find a pack-train, which had just come in from the "Forks," and which we at once engaged to transfer our "traps" to the place of our destination, wherever that might be. Night had drawn down her thickest mantle, and the denizens of Foster's Bar were slumbering—dreaming perhaps of golden nuggets and two ounce diggings—perchance of home—but little did they dream of an expedition starting out for *secret diggings* while they slumbered. We made our exit from the Bar at a point nearly opposite to that of our *entree*. There was no beaten path, not even a trail, to guide us up the hill, but "Underwood" acted as pilot, and, taking the bearings of two or three stars, he led off while we followed.

It has always been my impression that I tumbled up that hill. I know

that I was stumbling most of the time, and once or twice came very near going back to the Bar, by an entirely new route—rapid but not safe. Having surmounted the hill we went on quite rapidly 'till near day, and then camped. About noon of the second day after leaving the Bar we struck snow, and soon found ourselves traveling over what appeared to be a vast prairie covered with snow, and very hard traveling it was, as the snow was soft, and every step plunged us to the knee; we became thirsty, and eating snow only increased our thirst—the perspiration rolled from us in big drops, and, as for myself, it seemed as if every step would be my last; but night was coming on, and we were anxious to reach a growth of timber a few miles distant.

A column of smoke rising above the trees inspired us with fresh courage, and we plodded on. Upon entering the grove the cheerful blaze of a camp-fire, glimmering on ahead, was just discernible; with light hearts we hurried towards it. There was a wagon, and beside the fire a man, and—yes! by all that's good—a woman! 'Tis needless to say that we had found them. The old lady welcomed us warmly, but her partner looked very savage, and masticated tobacco at a fearful rate, nor would he grant us even a nod of recognition. We flattered ourselves that he would be in better humor by morning, and go on with us, but morning brought no change; he then swore "he would not budge an inch 'till after we had gone," and so we went without him. After traveling some eight miles further we came to a spot upon the mountain free from snow, and here "Underwood" told us we had better stop and make this peak our head-quarters, for it was as near to the creek as we could get with mules.

This place we named "Pine Peak," and it was our home for two months. We took up a claim upon the creek; but the water was too high for us to be able to do anything, and so we lived upon the Peak; making out from that

he made his appearance, very much exhausted, and but little disposed to answer our inquiries regarding Nelson Creek—he laconically replied “*humbug*.”

“Then we had better move down to our claim on Slate Creek, and commence the dam?”

“Yes.”

Down upon the claim we went, where a great deal of time and hard labor was uselessly expended. For several weeks previous to the completion of our dam, people were continually coming down the hill, crossing the creek just above us, and ascending on the other side. At this we were much surprised, and upon inquiring learned that they came from the “Forks of the Yuba,” and were bound for Nelson Creek. Wishing to be of some service to our fellowmen, we stopped all that we could, and advised them to return to the “Forks,” telling them that we had been to Nelson’s, and it was a “*humbug*,” but not a single man could we induce to turn back, and we were yet more surprised to find that none came back.

Having finished our dam, turned the creek, and made the unhappy discovery that the “bed-rock” was “destitute of gravel,” and that the “crevices pitched down stream,” we shouldered our blankets, and started out for Nelson’s, via Grass Valley. The Col. desiring to go no further than the Valley, we left him there and proceeded on. At the Creek we found every inch of ground claimed, and every claim paying handsomely.

Here we learned that old Gingerly, when at Marysville, had been offered fourteen thousand dollars to find a route by which the emigration, by way of Noble’s Pass, could come into that place; and we also learned that the old man having offered the Col. half to assist him, they, instead of prospecting Nelson’s Creek, crossed it and prospected the mountains above for a wagon road.

We returned to the Valley, had a quarrel with the Colonel, hired mules,

went to Slate Creek, packed our provisions and household goods over to the Valley, sold them, and disbanded the company.

The Colonel started a little grocery in the Valley, my other partners returned to Marysville, and I, joining another company, went further into the mountains, was fortunate enough to have a “streak of luck” and “strike a good thing.”

Later in the fall I passed again through Grass Valley, on my way to San Francisco. This time, I found that Gingerly had erected a log house, and that Mrs. Gingerly “furnished meals to strangers.” The old man amused himself by acting as guide to such as desired his services. The following, I learned, was a common practice with that gentleman: He had in his possession several very fine specimens of pure gold—the same, probably, that were used to entice Mrs. G. from Marysville. These he represented to new comers as from secret diggings of his own, and would stipulate, providing they would make up a party of eight or ten, to guide them to the place for the sum of fifty dollars each. The party made up, and the cash paid down; they would start out; but, their guide entertaining an aversion to highways and beaten paths, would lead them through immense fields of chapparrel, up and down the roughest and most abrupt mountains, and by altering his course each day, would, in less than a month’s time, manage to lose them; and, leaving them lost amid the mountain wilds, return to the valley. When these unfortunate men, exhausted, nearly famished, and almost destitute of clothing, came straggling in, he would be out with another party, and thus far managed to elude for the time that punishment he so justly deserved, and surely would have received, could those men have met him.

The spring following, I met my old partner, the Colonel, in San Francisco, and from him I learned that Old Gingerly, with his blankets upon his back,

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A DESUITO

BY V.

CALIF.

I.

Again I'm with you, ne
I mean, inclined to re
Dear public, let me tel
And independent think
My own opinions as ye
And I will back them u
I don't mean with a
I'm neither duelist,

But in a war of words
Boldly to prove the tr
I like a mind well g
On all the questions
To make a rhyme I'
But Ned, he's called the
Of all the villains out
Some people think he is

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started out one morning alone, intending to go to some place over the mountain. He was never seen or heard of afterwards. He probably perished on the mountain—how, when, or where, was never known. He probably lost himself as he lost others, and famished; he may have fallen a victim to the carnivorous appetites of wild beasts; or, perhaps some of those whom he had so cruelly deceived and led astray, may have satiated a wish for revenge, by taking the old man's life: but very certain it is, he has never yet "turned up."

Mrs. Gingerly remained in Grass Valley some two months after his last departure, and having such good cause to believe herself again a widow, sold out her establishment, closed up the business of Gingerly & Co., and repaired to San Francisco: and being thoroughly disgusted with life in California, engaged passage on the first steamer bound out, and in due time was landed safely in New York. And in some portion of that State she now resides, living contentedly among old friends, and frequently, during the long winter evenings, onlivons the fireside by the recital of her adventures and the doings of Gingerly & Co. in the mountains of California.

A DESULTORY POEM.

BY W. H. D.

CANTO II.

I.

Again I'm with you, are you not with me?
I mean, inclined to read what I may write;
Dear public, let me tell you, I'm a free,
And independent thinker, and indite
My own opinions as you here may see,
And I will back them up in a free fight;
I don't mean with a pistol, sword or fist,—
I'm neither duelist or pugilist.

II.

But in a war of words I'm ever ready,
Boldly to prove the truth of what I say.
I like a mind well grounded, firm and steady,
On all the questions that convulse the day;—
To make a rhyme I'll introduce one Neddy,
But Ned, he's called the returned runaway;
Of all the villains out of the supernal,
Some people think he is the most infernal.

III.

At least so thought those honored vigilants,
Who governed San Francisco for a time.
They made some very hardened scoundrels ante-
Date their deaths to expiate their crime;
Justice was swift and more severe than Dante,
With his stern face; his acts quite as sublime
As are the writings of that master mind,
An intellectual giant of mankind.

IV.

The vigilance committed so much frightened
This Ned, or Nedly, that he ran away;
I've heard it said his famous moustache whitened
Through fear that round his neck a noose might
play
A desperate game, by being too much tightened;
How true it is I don't pretend to say;—
The game he liked the best, no doubt, was poker,
But turned his back upon a game of choker.

V.

Some say his face and moustache both were
blackened,
And in disguise he took his sudden flight,
As if the dence was after him, nor slackened
His pace till he got in a woful plight;
He was so cunning that they never trackened
His footsteps after he got out of sight;
The tale of all his sufferings I discard,—
Surely, "The way of the transgressor's hard."

VI.

He left in haste and he returned at leisure;
To leave was not according to his taste,
But he returned because it was his pleasure,
And since, his presence our fair State has graced,
Or rather disgraced it beyond all measure,
Because he chose no longer then to waste
His sweetness on the dreary desert, where
Naught could be plundered but the earth and air.

VII.

Others the said committee had to banish;
It would have been much better to have strung
Them all up by their necks, for they but vanish
From this vicinity to go unhung,
In other cities for fresh crimes, like Spanish
Robbers the desolate wild hills among,
Who daily rob and ever go scot free,
Because the laws cannot enforced be.

VIII.

I'll change my subject—for this epic poem,
Or, "not an epic," which I meant to say;
I have no hero chosen, in my poem,
I should have told you, that for every day,
I'd have a new one, and I yet will show 'em
All up in time, in my disjointed way;
I certainly was lame in the omission,
Nor can I now correct it by transition.

IX.

These daily heroes though are only *supes*,
And I'm the chief of all the mongrel band,
At times they'll come up singly, then in groups,
Some good, some bad, just as I may command,
Gentle as lambs, or fierce as the wild *loupes*,
When famished tearing every thing at hand;
Myself shall often occupy these rhymes,
To swell the cadence and give deeper chimes.

X.

I think in the next stanza I'll begin
To tell you about what I like myself;
I'll make the effort, and I hope to win
Your strict attention; it is not for self,
Alone, I very lonely sit and spin
The threads of thought from off the secret shelf
Of my poor brain: I sometimes sigh for fame,
And hope to win at least an honored name.

XI.

I love to see the first faint streaks of dawn,
While fair Aurora ushers in the day;
I love to see her golden chariot drawn
Among the glowing purple clouds that lay
Enraptured on the roseate breast of morn;
I love to see the glorious sun display
His beams transcendent o'er the earth and skies,
While nature's joyous orisons arise.

XII.

I love the splendor of the dewey grass,
And more, I love the glory of the flowers;
I love to see a placid lake, like glass,
Reflecting all its margin's shady bowers;
I love to watch the transient rain-bow pass
From off the skies, after refreshing showers;
Like youth's bright hopes it vanishes away,
On time's fleet footsteps, which brook no delay.

XIII.

I like the budding beauties of sweet spring,
I like the river as it flows along,
I like to hear the birds so sweetly sing,
And all the music of the brooklet's song;
Sweet is the fragrance which the flowers fling
Upon the air, the breezes waft along;
I love each feature of fair nature's face,
For there the Almighty's power and love I trace.

XIV.

I love the radiance of the sun at noon,
The stars that gem the ebon vault of night;
I love to gaze upon the gentle moon,
While earth is sleeping in her silvery light;
'Tis then I love an old familiar tune,
Giving the heart a pensive, dear delight;
I love to gaze into the heavens above,
All radiant with our God's eternal love.

XV.

I love to see the mountain rise sublime,
Whose snows eternal glow against the sky,
Unchanged by all the fierce assaults of time,
Where beauty's spirit sits enthroned on high;
I love far up those lofty heights to climb,
And feel the soul's eternity draw nigh,
Soaring above the things of time and sense,
Amidst that eloquent magnificence.

XVI.

I love to sail upon the boundless sea,
And view its ever restless billows roll;
'Tis earth's best emblem of eternity,
And a fit type of every human soul,
Which sinks and swells, striving in vain to free
Itself from earth's strong fetters which control,
'Till the freed spirit on the eternal shore
Finds a sweet rest where storms shall come no
more.

XVII.

I love the human form and face divine,
Filled with a beauty that shall not depart—
Where virtue, purity and love combine;
These can the sweetest, dearest joys impart.
O, could I find one pure and holy shrine
Like this, what rapture to my lonely heart
'Twould bring, to call it mine and only mine,—
That joy is not for me, such hopes I must resign.

XVIII.

O, friendship, love, and purity and truth,
In our best moments how we worship these;
They are the aspirations of our youth,
Our bliss on earth and in the eternities;
We yearn, and strive and pray, and yet forsooth,
How few attain to these blest destinies,
Where all is joy without and peace within,
And God our refuge in this world of sin.

XIX.

What follies lead our wavering hearts astray,
What passions tempt our feet to step aside
From Virtue's and Contentment's peaceful way;
How oft and the thoughtless throng we slide
From duty's path and find that they betray,
And lead us up the rugged mountain side,
Where storms and fearful tempests ever rage,
To agonize our souls thro' life's dark pilgrimage.

XX.

'Tis past the midnight's quiet solemn hour,
The weary world once more is hushed to rest;
The dews are gently falling on each flower,
But naught can still the sorrows in my breast;
Oblivion come with thy mysterious power,
And in forgetfulness let me be blest;
I find no balm to give my spirit peace,
Bring Lethe's cup and bid the tumult cease.

XXI.

My song is hushed, and on the air of night
I'll kindly whisper in thine ear, farewell!
Dear friend, I hope you here find some delight,
Some peaceful thoughts may in your memory
dwell,
From these my midnight musings; it is right
That I should cease from this exciting spell:
Good night! good night! now dies my pensive
strain,
Good night! good night! till we shall meet again.
(Continued.)

A GOOD RULE FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS.—Never ask anything of a child at any time that is the least unreasonable—but always demand, and without hesitation, that what you do ask shall be promptly attended to.

"Editing a newspaper or magazine is a good deal like making a fire. Everybody supposes he can do it a little better than anybody else." We have seen people doubt their fitness for apple-peddling, driving oxen, counting lath, and hoeing turnips, but, in all our experience, we never yet met with that individual who did not think he could "double the circulation" of any paper or periodical in two months."

THREE YEARS

BY J. D.

DIA

SCARCITY OF LABOR
WANT OF SOCIAL
VALRY IN ALL
HOPES—DRUNKEN
LUNCHEONS—VARI
—THE CHINESE—C
ERMEN—THE TREE
MASQUERADES—S
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JOSE—NATIVE CAY

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THREE YEARS IN CALIFORNIA.

BY J. D. BORTHWICK.

CHAPTER IV.

SCARCITY OF LABORING MEN—HIGH WAGES—
WANT OF SOCIAL RESTRAINT—INTENSE RIVALRY IN ALL PURSUITS—DISAPPOINTED HOPES—DRUNKENNESS—THE BARS—FREE LUNCHEONS—VARIETY OF NATIONAL HOUSES—THE CHINESE—CHINESE STORES AND WASH-BIRMEN—THEATRES AND GAMBLING-ROOMS—MASQUERADES—"NO WEAPONS ADMITTED"—MAGNIFICENT SLOPS—POST-OFFICE—FIRE—FIRE-COMPANIES—MISSION DOLORES—SAN JOSE—NATIVE CALIFORNIANS.

A most useful quality for a California emigrant was one which the Americans possess in a pre-eminent degree—a natural versatility of disposition, and adaptability to every description of pursuit or occupation.

The numbers of the different classes forming the community were not in the proportion requisite to preserve its equilibrium. Transplanting one's self to California from any part of the world, involved an outlay beyond the means of the bulk of the labouring classes; and to those who did come to the country, the mines were of course the great point of attraction; so that in San Francisco the numbers of the labouring and of the working classes generally, were not nearly equal to the demand. The consequence was that labourers' and mechanics' wages were ridiculously high; and, as a general thing, the lower the description of the labour, or of service, required, the more extravagant in proportion were the wages paid. Sailors' wages were two and three hundred dollars per month, and there were hundreds of ships lying idle in the bay for the want of crews to man them even at these rates. Every ship on her arrival, was immediately deserted by all hands; for, of all people, sailors were the most unrestrainable in their determination to go to the diggings; and it was there a common saying, of the truth of which I saw myself many examples, that sailors, niggers, and Dutchmen, were the luckiest men in the mines: a very drunken old salt was always particularly lucky.

There was a great overplus of young men of education, who had never dreamed of manual labour, and who found that their services in their wonted capacities were not required in such a rough-and-ready, every-man-for-himself sort of a place. Hard work, however, was generally better paid than head work, and men employed

themselves in any way, quite regardless of preconceived ideas of their own dignity. It was one intense scramble for dollars—the man who got most, was the best man—how he got them had nothing to do with it. No occupation was considered at all derogatory, and, in fact, every one was too much occupied with his own affairs to trouble himself in the smallest degree about his neighbour.

A man's actions and conduct were totally unrestrained by the ordinary conventionalities of civilized life, and, so long as he did not interfere with the rights of others he could follow his own course, for good or for evil, with the utmost freedom.

Among so many temptations to err, thrust prominently in one's way, without any social restraint to counteract them, it was not surprising that many men were too weak for such a trial, and, to use an expressive, though not very elegant phrase, went to the devil. The community was composed of isolated individuals, each quite regardless of the good opinion of his neighbors.

There were, however, bright examples of the contrary. If there was a lavish expenditure in ministering to vice, there was also munificence in the bestowing of charity. Though there were gorgeous temples for the worship of mammon, there was a sufficiency of schools and churches for every denomination; while, under the influence of the constantly-increasing numbers of virtuous women, the standard of morals was steadily improving, and society, as it assumed a shape and form, began to assert its claims to respect.

Although employment, of one sort or another, and good pay, were to be had by all who were able and willing to work, there was nevertheless a vast amount of misery and destitution. Many men had come to the country with their expectations raised to an unwarrantable pitch, imagining that the mere fact of emigration to California would insure them a rapid fortune; but when they came to experience the severe competition in every branch of trade, their hopes were gradually destroyed by the difficulties of the reality.

Every kind of business, custom, and employment, was solicited with an importunity little known in old countries, where the course of all such things is in so well-worn a channel, that it is not easily diverted. But here the field was open, and every one was striving for what seemed to be within the reach of all—a foremost rank in his own sphere. To keep one's

place in the crowd required an unremitting exercise of the same vigour and energy which were necessary to obtain it; and many a man, though possessed of qualities which would have enabled him to distinguish himself in the quiet routine life of old countries, was crowded out of his place by the multitude of competitors, whose deficiency of merit in other respects was more than counterbalanced by an excess of unscrupulous boldness and physical energy. A polished education was of little service unless accompanied by an unwonted amount of democratic feeling; for the extreme sensitiveness which it is otherwise apt to produce, unfitted a man for taking part in such a hand-to-hand struggle with his fellow-man.

Drinking was the great consolation for those who had not moral strength to bear up under their disappointments. Some men gradually obscured their intellects by increased habits of drinking, and, equally gradually, reached the lowest stage of misery and want; while others went at it with more force, and drank themselves into *delirium tremens* before they knew where they were. There is something in the climate which superinduces it with less provocation than in other countries.

But, though drunkenness was common enough, the number of drunken men one saw was small, considering the enormous consumption of liquor.

In San Francisco, where the ordinary rate of existence was even faster than in the Atlantic States, men required an extra amount of stimulant to keep it up, and this fashion of drinking was carried to excess. The saloons were crowded from early morning till late at night; and in each, two or three bar-keepers were kept unceasingly at work, mixing drinks for expectant groups of customers. They had no time even to sell segars, which were most frequently dispensed at a miniature tobacconist's shop in another part of the saloon.

Among the proprietors of saloons, or bars, the competition was so great, that, from having, as is usual, merely a plate of crackers and cheese on the counter, they got the length of laying out, for several hours in the forenoon, and again in the evening, a table covered with a most sumptuous lunch of soups, cold meats, fish, and so on, — with two or three waiters to attend to it. This was all free — there was nothing to pay for it: it was only expected that no one would partake of the good things without taking a "drink" afterwards.

This sort of thing is common enough in

New Orleans; but in a place like San Francisco, where the plainest dinner any man could eat cost a dollar, it did seem strange that such goodly fare should be provided gratuitously for all and sundry. It showed, however, what immense profits were made at the bars to allow of such an outlay, and gave an idea of the rivalry which existed even in that line of business.

The immigration of Frenchmen had been so large that some parts of the city were completely French in appearance; the shops, restaurants, and estaminets, being painted according to French taste, and exhibiting French signs, the very letters of which had a French look about them. The names of some of the restaurants were rather ambitious — as the *Trois Frères*, the *Café de Paris*, and suchlike; but these were second and third-rate places; those which courted the patronage of the upper classes of all nations, assumed names more calculated to tickle the American ear, — such as the Jackson House and the Lafayette. They were presided over by elegantly dressed *dames du comptoir*, and all the arrangements were in Parisian style.

The principal American houses were equally good; and there were also an abundance of places where those who delighted in corn-bread, buckwheat cakes, pickles, grease, molasses, apple-sauce, and pumpkin pie, could gratify their taste to the fullest extent.

There was nothing particularly English about any of the eating houses; but there were numbers of second-rate English drinking-shops, where John Bull could smoke his pipe and swig his ale coolly and calmly, without having to gulp it down and move off to make way for others, as at the bar of the American saloons.

The Germans too had their *lager bier* cellars, but the noise and smoke which came up from them was enough to deter any but a German from venturing in.

There was also a Mexican quarter of the town where there were greasy-looking Mexican *fondas*, and crowds of lazy Mexicans lying about, wrapt up in their blankets, smoking cigaritas.

In another quarter, the Chinese most did congregate. Here the majority of the houses were of Chinese importation, and were stores, stocked with hams, tea, dried fish, dried ducks, and other very nasty-looking Chinese eatables, besides copper-pots and kettles, fans, shawls, chessmen, and all sorts of curiosities. Suspended over the doors were brilliantly-colored boards,

about the size and shape of a grave, covered with letters, and with several yards streaming from them; which were thronged with long-tailed chattering vociferously as they passed from store to store, or standing by the Chinese bills in the shop windows, which may be seen in the bills, — for there was a Chinese or perhaps advertisements public where the best rat-p had. A peculiarly nasty this locality, and it was generally that rats were not so numerous elsewhere.

Owing to the great scarcity of women, Chinese energy had to display itself in the washing business. Throughout the city could be seen occasionally over a house a large American sheet that Ching Sing, Wong Chi did washing and ironing a dozen. Inside these places or three Chinese ironing flat-bottomed copper pots charcoal, and buried in clothes, half-a-dozen more drinking tea.

The Chinese tried to keep the rest of the world. They had and their gambling rooms, small dirty places, badly lit, Chinese paper lamps. They liar game. The dealer played several handfuls of small with square holes in the made by placing the stake divisions, marked in the table, and the dealer, drawn away from the heap, found bets were decided according to one, two, three, or four last. They are great gamblers their last dollar is gone, thing they possess: numbers, rings, and such articles, which in pawn on the table.

The Chinese theatre a goda-looking edifice, built for theatrical purposes, side and in an extra. The performances went on without permission, and especially of juggling and fire. The most exciting part was when the man, and of some little nerve, made of himself, and stood up while half-a-dozen others

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There was also a Mexican quarter of the town where there were greasy-looking Mexican *vaqueros* and crowds of lazy Mexicans who were wrapped up in their blankets, smoking *chichas*.

In another quarter the Chinese most did their business. There the majority of the houses were of Chinese importation, and were very much decorated with brass tea, dried fish, and other very costly-looking articles. Besides copper-pots and chessmen, and suspended over the doors were brightly-colored boards,

about the size and shape of a head-board over a grave, covered with Chinese characters, and with several yards of red ribbon streaming from them; while the streets were thronged with long-tailed Celestials, chattering vociferously as they rushed about from store to store, or standing in groups studying the Chinese bills posted up in the shop windows, which may have been play-bills, — for there was a Chinese theatre, — or perhaps advertisements informing the public where the best rat-pies were to be had. A peculiarly nasty smell pervaded this locality, and it was generally believed that rats were not so numerous here as elsewhere.

Owing to the great scarcity of washer-women, Chinese energy had ample room to display itself in the washing and ironing business. Throughout the town might be seen occasionally over some small house a large American sign, intimating that Ching Sing, Wong Choo, or Ki-Cheng did washing and ironing at five dollars a-dozen. Inside these places one found two or three Chinamen ironing shirts with large flat-bottomed copper pots full of burning charcoal, and buried in heaps of dirty clothes, half-a-dozen more, smoking, and drinking tea.

The Chinese tried to keep pace with the rest of the world. They had their theatre and their gambling rooms, the latter being small dirty places, badly lighted with Chinese paper lamps. They played a peculiar game. The dealer placed on the table several handfuls of small copper coins, with square holes in them. Bets were made by placing the stake on one of four divisions, marked in the middle of the table, and the dealer, drawing the coins away from the heap, four at a time; the bets were decided according to whether one, two, three, or four remained at the last. They are great gamblers, and, when their last dollar is gone, will stake anything they possess: numbers of watches, rings, and such articles, were always lying in pawn on the table.

The Chinese theatre was a curious pagoda-looking edifice, built by them expressly for theatrical purposes, and painted, outside and in, in an extraordinary manner. The performances went on day and night, without intermission, and consisted principally of juggling and feats of dexterity. The most exciting part of the exhibition was when one man, and decidedly a man of some little nerve, made a spread eagle of himself and stood up against a door, while half-a-dozen others, at a distance of

fifteen or twenty feet, pelted the door with sharp-pointed bowie-knives, putting a knife into every square inch of the door, but never touching the man. It is very pleasant to see, from the unflinching way in which the fellow stood it out, the confidence he placed in the infallibility of his brethren. They had also short dramatic performances, which were quite unintelligible to outside barbarians. The only point of interest about them was the extraordinary gorgeous dresses of the actors; but the incessant noise they made with gongs and kettle-drums was so discordant and deafening that a few minutes at a time was as long as any one could stay in the place.

There were several very good American theatres, a French theatre, and an Italian opera, besides concerts, masquerades, a circus, and other public amusements. The most curious were certainly the masquerades. They were generally given in one of the large gambling saloons, and in the placards announcing that they were to come off, appeared conspicuously also the intimation of "No weapons admitted;" "A strong police will be in attendance." The company was just such as might be seen in any gambling-room; and, beyond the presence of half-a-dozen masks in female attire, there was nothing to carry out the idea of a ball or a masquerade at all; but it was worth while to go, if only to watch the company arrive; and to see the practical enforcement of the weapon clause in the announcements. Several doorkeepers were in attendance, to whom each man as he entered delivered up his knife or his pistol, receiving a check for it, just as one does for his cane or umbrella at the door of a picture-gallery. Most men draw a pistol from behind their back, and very often a knife along with it; some carried their bowie-knife down the back of their neck, or in their breast; demure, pious-looking men, in white neckcloths, lifted up the bottom of their waistcoat, and revealed the butt of a revolver; others, after having already disgorged a pistol, pulled up the leg of their trousers, and abstracted a huge bowie-knife from their boot; and there were men, terrible fellows, no doubt, but who were more likely to frighten themselves than any one else, who produced a revolver from each trouser-pocket, and a bowie-knife from their belt. If any man declared that he had no weapon, the statement was so incredible that he had to submit to be searched; an operation which was performed by the doorkeepers, who, I observed, were occasionally rewarded for

their diligence by the discovery of a pistol secreted in some unusual part of the dress.

Some of the shops were very magnificently got up. The watchmakers' and jewellers' shops especially were very numerous, and made a great display of immense gold watches, enormous gold rings and chains, with gold-headed canes, and diamond pins and brooches of a most formidable size. With numbers of men, who found themselves possessed of an amount of money which they had never before dreamed of, and which they had no idea what to do with, the purchase of gold watches and diamond pins was a very favorite mode of getting rid of their spare cash. Laboring men fastened their coarse dirty shirts with a cluster of diamonds the size of a shilling, wore colossal gold rings on their fingers, and displayed a massive gold chain and seals from their watch-pocket; while hardly a man of any consequence returned to the Atlantic States, without receiving from some one of his friends a huge gold-headed cane, with all his virtues and good qualities engraved upon it.

A large business was also done in Chinese shawls, and various Chinese curiosities. It was greatly the fashion for men, returning home, to take with them a quantity of such articles, as presents for their friends. In fact a gorgeous Chinese shawl seemed to be as necessary for the returning Californian, as a revolver and bowie-knife for the California emigrant.

On the arrival of the fortnightly steamer from Panama with the mails from the Atlantic States and from Europe, the distribution of letters at the post-office occasioned a very singular scene. In San Francisco no such thing existed as a post-man; every one had to call at the post-office for his letters. The mail usually consisted of several wagon-loads of letter-bags; and on its being received, notice was given at the post-office, at what hour the delivery would commence, a whole day being frequently required to sort the letters, which were then delivered from a row of half-a-dozen windows, lettered A to E, F to K, and so on through the alphabet. Independently of the immense mercantile correspondence, of course every man in the city was anxiously expecting letters from home; and for hours before the appointed time for opening the windows, a dense crowd of people collected, almost blocking up the two streets which gave access to the post-office, and having the appearance at a distance of being a mob;

but on coming up to it, one would find that, though closely packed together, the people were all in six strings, twisted, up and down in all directions, the commencement of them being the lucky individuals who had been first on the ground, and taken up their position at their respective windows, while each new-comer had to fall in behind those already waiting. Notwithstanding the value of time, and the impatience felt by every individual, the most perfect order prevailed: there was no such thing as a man attempting to push himself ahead of those already waiting, nor was there the slightest respect of persons; every new-comer quietly took his position, and had to make the best of it, with the prospect of waiting for hours before he could hope to reach the window. Smoking and chewing tobacco were great aids in passing the time, and many came provided with books and newspapers, which they could read in perfect tranquility, as there was no unnecessary crowding or jostling. The principle of "first come first served" was strictly adhered to, and any attempt to infringe the established rule would have been promptly put down by the omnipotent majority.

A man's place in the line was his individual property, more or less valuable according to his distance from the window, and, like any other piece of property, it was bought and sold, and converted into cash. Those who had plenty of dollars to spare, but could not afford much time, could buy out some one who had already spent several hours in keeping his place. Ten or fifteen dollars were frequently paid for a good position, and some men went there early, and waited patiently, without any expectation of getting letters, but for the chance of turning their acquired advantage into cash.

The post-office clerks got through their work briskly enough when once they commenced the delivery, the alphabetical system of arrangement enabling them to produce the letters immediately on the name being given. One was not kept long in suspense, and many a poor fellow's face lengthened out into a doleful expression of disbelief and disappointment, as, scarcely had he uttered his name, when he was promptly told there was nothing for him. This was a sentence from which there was no appeal, however incredulous one might be; and every man was incredulous; for during the hour or two he had been waiting, he had become firmly convinced in his own mind that there must be a letter

for him; and to see the crowd of thousands of a dozen or more would like to search all the things wrong with the caseion deep in the oracle, and the application of the force was not

There was a sively to the a polyglot in a useful her of Babel; a European nation with Ch and all the from unknown

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for him; and it was no satisfaction at all to see the clerk, surrounded as he was by thousands of letters, take only a packet of a dozen or so in which to look for it: one would like to have had the post-office searched all over, and if without success, would still have thought there was something wrong. I was myself upon one occasion deeply impressed with this spirit of unbelief in the infallibility of the post-office oracle, and tried the effect of another application the next day, when my perseverance was crowned with success.

There was one window devoted exclusively to the use of foreigners; and here a polyglot individual, who would have been a useful member of society in the Tower of Babel, answered the demands of all European nations, and held communication with Chinamen, Sandwich Islanders, and all the stray specimens of humanity from unknown parts of the earth.

One reason why men went to little trouble or expense in making themselves comfortable in their homes, if homes they could be called, was the constant danger of fire.

The city was a mass of wooden and canvass buildings, the very look of which suggested the idea of a conflagration. A room was a mere partitioned-off place, the walls of which were sometimes only of canvass, though generally of boards, loosely put together, and covered with any sort of material which happened to be most convenient—cotton cloth, printed calico, or drugget, frequently papered, as if to render it more inflammable. Floors and walls were by no means so exclusive as one is accustomed to think them; they were not transparent certainly, but otherwise they insured little privacy: a general conversation could be very easily carried on by all the dwellers in a house, while, at the same time, each of them was enjoying the seclusion, such as it was, of his own apartment. A young lady, who was boarding at one of the hotels, very feelingly remarked, that it was a most disagreeable place to live in, because if any gentleman was to pop the question to her, the report would be audible in every part of the house, and all the other inmates would be waiting to hear the answer.

The cry of fire is dreadful enough anywhere, but to any one who lived in San Francisco in those days, it must ever be more exciting and more suggestive of disaster and destruction of property, than it can be to those who have been all their lives surrounded by brick and stone, and insurance companies.

In other countries, when a fire occurs, and a large amount of property is destroyed, the loss falls on a company—a body without a soul, having no individual identity, and for which no one, save perhaps a few of the share-holders, has the slightest sympathy. The loss, being sustained by an unknown quantity, as it were, is not appreciated; but in San Francisco no such institution as insurance against fire as yet existed. To insure a house there, would have been as great a risk as to insure a New York steamer two or three weeks overdue. By degrees, brick buildings were superseding those of wood and pasteboard; but still, for the whole city, destruction by fire, sooner or later, was the dreaded and fully-expected doom. When such a combustible town once ignited in any one spot, the flames, of course, spread so rapidly that every part, however distant, stood nearly an equal chance of being consumed. The alarm of fire acted like the touch of a magician's wand. The vitality of the whole city was in an instant arrested, and turned from its course. Theatres, saloons, and all public places, were emptied as quickly as if the buildings themselves were on fire; the business of the moment, whatever it was, was at once abandoned, and the streets became filled with people rushing frantically in every direction—not all towards the fire by any means; few thought it worth while to ask even where it was. To know there was a fire somewhere was quite sufficient, and they made at once for their house or their store, or wherever they had any property that might be saved; while, as soon as the alarm was given, the engines were heard thundering along the streets, amid the ringing of the fire-bells and the shouts of the excited crowd.

Their *esprit de corps* is very strong, and connected with the different engine-houses are reading-rooms, saloons, and so on, for the use of the members of the company, many of these places being in the same style of luxurious magnificence as the most fashionable hotels. On holidays, and on every possible occasion which offers an excuse for so doing, the whole fire brigade parade the streets in full dress, each company dragging their engine after them, docked out in flags and flowers, which are presented to them by their lady-admirers, in return for the balls given by the firemen for their entertainment. They also have field days, when they all turn out, and in some open part of the city have a trial of strength, seeing which can throw a stream of water to the greatest height, or which

can flood the other, by pumping water into each other's engines.

As firemen they are most prompt and efficient, performing their perilous duties with the greatest zeal and intrepidity—as might, indeed, be expected of men who undertake such a service for no hope of reward but for their own love of the danger and excitement attending upon it, actuated, at the same time, by a chivalrous desire to save either life or property, in trying to accomplish which they gallantly risk, and frequently lose, their own lives. This feeling is kept alive by the readiness with which the public pay honor to any individual who conspicuously distinguishes himself—generally by presenting him with a gold or silver speaking trumpet, while any fireman who is killed in discharge of his duties is buried with all pomp and ceremony by the whole fire-brigade.

Three miles above San Francisco, on the shore of the bay, is the Mission of Dolores, one of those which were established in different parts of the country by the Spaniards. It was a very small village of a few adobe houses and a church, adjoining which stood a large building, the abode of the priests. The land in the neighborhood is flat and fertile, and was being rapidly converted into market-gardens; but the village itself was as yet but little changed. It had a look of antiquity and completeness, as if it had been finished long ago, and as if nothing more was ever likely to be done to it. As is the case with all Spanish American towns, the very style of the architecture communicated an oppressive feeling of stillness, and its gloomy solitude was only relieved by a few listless unoccupied-looking Mexicans and native Californians.

The contrast to San Francisco was so great, that on coming out here one could almost think that the noisy city he had left but half an hour before had existence only in his imagination; for San Francisco presented a picture of universal human nature boiling over, while here was nothing but human stagnation—a more violent extreme than would have been the wilderness as yet untrodden by man. Being but a slightly reduced counterpart of what San Francisco was a year or two before, it offered a good point of view from which to contemplate the miraculous growth of that city, still not only increasing in extent, but improving in beauty and in excellence in all its parts, and progressing so rapidly that, almost from day to day, one could mark its steady advancement in everything

which denotes the presence of a wealthy and prosperous community.

The "Mission," however, was not suffered to remain long in a state of torpor. A plank road was built to it from San Francisco. Numbers of villas sprang up around it,—and good hotels, a race-course, and other attractions soon made it the favorite resort for all who sought an hour's relief from the excitement of the city.

At the very head of the bay, some fifty miles from San Francisco, is the town of San Jose, situated in an extensive and most fertile valley, which was all being brought under cultivation, and where some farmers had already made large fortunes by their onions and potatoes, for the growth of which the soil is peculiarly adapted. San Jose was the head-quarters of the native Californians, many of whom were wealthy men, at least in so far as they owned immense estates and thousands of wild cattle. They did not "hold their own," however, with the more enterprising people who were now effecting such a complete revolution in the country. Their property became a thousand-fold more valuable, and they had every chance to benefit by the new order of things; but men who had passed their lives in that sparsely populated and secluded part of the world, directing a few half-savage Indians in herding wild cattle, were not exactly calculated to foresee, or to speculate upon, the effects of an overwhelming influx of men so different in all respects from themselves; and even when occasions of enriching themselves were forced upon them, they were ignorant of their own advantages, and were inferior in smartness to the men with whom they had to deal. Still, although too slow to keep up with the pace at which the country was now going ahead, many of them were, nevertheless, men of considerable sagacity, and appeared to no disadvantage as members of the legislature, to which they were returned from parts of the State remote from the mines, and where as yet there were few American settlers.

San Jose was quite out of the way of gold-hunters, and there was consequently about the place a good deal of the California of other days. It was at that time, however, the seat of government; and, consequently, a large number of Americans were here assembled, and gave some life to the town, which had also been improved by the addition of several new streets of more modern-looking houses than the old

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THE EVENING

Fireside evening
Within my child
Oh! the eye-pleas
That round thee
The clean swept hear
The mantle with
While in the corner
That struck the
There sat my kind
Her knitting in l
While her work lay
On the old house
Her mild, sweet face
The gentle voice
Oh! I could roam
To hear that sou

There sat my aged
With scattered lo
Bowed down with u
And many a hard
Wondering, we list
And many a gen
Lay treasure'd in th
Of the glorious

There lay the old g
Beside my father
And pass up in the
So warm and cos
The pillow's good l
With sweet pressed
And sweet apples l
Their generous so

Fireside evening
Within my child
Oh! how I love to
Where'er I rest o
And gladly would
Where wealth an
To sit down by the
Among my friend

denotes the presence of a wealthy prosperous community.

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mud and tile concerns of the native Californians.

Small steamers plied to Alviso, within about ten miles of the town, from San Francisco, and there were also four-horse coaches which did the fifty miles in about five hours. The drive down the valley of the San José is in some parts very beautiful. The country is smooth and open—not so flat as to appear monotonous—and is sufficiently wooded with fine oaks; towards San Francisco it becomes more hilly and bleak. The soil is sandy; indeed, excepting a few spots here and there, it is nothing but sand, and there is hardly a tree ten feet high within as many miles of the city.

(Continued.)

THE EVENING FIRESIDE.

Fireside! evening fireside!
Within my childhood's home;
Oh! the ever-pleasant memories
That round thee clustering come!
The clean-swept hearth, the cheerful grate,
The mantel with its flowers;
While in the corner stood the clock,
That struck the evening hours.

There sat my kind, old mother,
Her knitting in her hand;
While her work lay down beside her,
On the old household stand.
Her mild, meek face, her loving eye,
The gentle voice of yore—
Oh! I could roam this weary world,
To hear that sound once more.

There sat my aged father,
With scattered locks and gray,
Bowed down with many a well-spent year,
And many a hard-toiled day.
Wondering, we listened while he read,
And many a gem of gold,
Lay treasured in the ancient page,
Of the glorious minds of old.

There lay the old gray house-dog
Beside my father's knee;
And pass upon the hearth-rug slept,
So warm and cosily,
The pitcher stood before the fire,
With well-pressed cider filled,
And russet apples by its side,
Their generous scent distilled.

Fireside! evening fireside!
Within my childhood's home;
Oh! how I love to think of thee,
Where'er I rest or roam!
And gladly would I leave the halls
Where wealth and pleasure reign,
To sit down by that cheerful fire,
Among my friends again.

G. T. S.

THE REDEEMED HANDKERCHIEF.

BY CLOE.

CHAPTER IV.

Things remained in this situation for two or three weeks; they were polite and considerate of each others' feelings; they were strangers to each other in every respect; they were man and wife only by law; not in heart. These were the terms upon which Charles consented to have her come to his home. They both thought much of this, neither wishing to break the bounds first. Charles had been to the city and did not return home until late in the evening; and having seen Adaline, he again heard many reports derogative to his wife's virtue. He thought that his conduct perhaps was the cause of Kate's falling in love with Bently; but said to himself, if I find Bently interfering in this affair, I will call him to account for trying to bring disgrace on my house. I can bear anything better than disgrace, by my wife.

While these thoughts were passing in his mind, he neared the old mansion, when he saw the door open and a man pass out, while he held the hand of a female; he gazed in astonishment; could that be Kate, whom he thought pure in heart, even if he did not love her? He thought her his honorable wife, and as his wife he would not see her dishonored in any way. For the first time in his life, he felt the annoying pangs of jealousy corroding a heart naturally unsuspecting. Keeping his eye on the figure of the man who had just left the house, he soon came up with him, and eyeing him closely, was almost sure it was Bently, but was not certain. On going near the house, he heard Kate singing and playing a favorite piece of his, in a sweet and plaintive voice; he stood transfixed to the spot until the voice ceased, and he thought he heard low sobs. He knocked, and Dinah opened the door to admit her young master. Charles' eyes immediately sought Kate, and one look was sufficient to tell him that she had been weeping. His heart smote him for his unkind suspicions and cold, unsocial conduct towards her.

"Are you not sitting up quite late, Mrs. McClure?" he enquired.

"Yes, rather late," said Kate; and immediately rising from her chair, she bid him good night, and retired: glad to be alone, where she could weep unobserved by any one.

"What could that old sailor mean by his singular caution to me relative to my enemies? It was very kind of him to come and see me before he leaves for California; and to promise to call on my mother, and tell her my unpleasant situation. Poor Jack, he is honest, or the tears would not have flowed down his cheeks when he bid me good by, just before Charles came in. I wonder who my enemies are, about whom Jack has told me so often, and with such evident concern. I will do what is right, and then I need not fear;" and, committing all to God, she retired to rest.

For several days Charles watched Kate with feverish impatience to find out her every thought, as he had begun to feel a peculiar interest in Kate.

Things were in this state, when Charles received a note from Mrs. Milford, requesting the pleasure of his and his wife's company at her house at nine in the evening. Charles handed it to Kate, and asked her if she would like to attend.

"I feel very much honored by the invitation," answered Kate; "but unless you very much wish me to go, I would prefer remaining at home."

"You are at liberty to decide for yourself," Charles replied, evidently much disappointed at her not accepting the invitation.

In the evening he attended the party, and delivered his wife's excuse to Mrs. Milford, who expressed her regret, as she was in hopes of seeing her, not having had that pleasure for some time, and had given the party almost on her account. Charles could scarcely conceal his participation in her disappointment. The evening had few enjoyments for Charles, and he excused himself as soon as possible; and, accompanied by an old friend, they concluded to spend an hour or two in a fashionable ice cream saloon. Calling for ice cream and some nice fruit, they were enjoying themselves, when a door leading to another room was discovered to be partly open; there sat Bently by a table well filled with luxuries, and with his arm around a lady in a familiar manner. Charles was afraid to scrutinize the lady, lest his suspicions should be realized; as he strongly suspected it to be Kate. He was not long in this state of mind, for the couple arose and left; and Charles, seeing a white handkerchief lying on the floor, entered the room and picked it up; and, turning it over in his hand, he read the name of "Kate Hayes." Completely overcome, he sank upon a chair and looked at it again and

again. Yes, it was Kate's, he knew it! It was the redeemed, the fatal handkerchief. Oh! how much unhappiness it had cost him. It had blasted him twice. It had opened his eyes in one short moment, like Mother Eve's apple, to a full analyzation of his feelings for Kate!

"Yes," said he, "it is love that I feel for this erring wife of mine: why have I not discovered it before? Oh! were she innocent, and loved me, I should be the happiest man in the world!"

Charles excused himself from his old friend, and made his way home; and, on reaching there, he determined to reveal to her his discovery, and tell her of her perfidy.

"Where is your mistress, Dinah?" said Charles; "I wish to speak to her."

"Why, lor massa Charles, she gone out this evenin' with a gentleman to see sick woman. I think she stays a long time: she was not well when she went out; I knowed she was not, for she was as white as a sheet, and was crying all the evening. Why, what is the matter, massa Charles, are you sick?"

"Oh! no, Dinah, you may go to bed, and I will wait for your mistress."

"Oh no, massa, you go to bed."

"Don't stand there talking, you old negro, but go to bed immediately."

Dinah obeyed in a fright, not being accustomed to such treatment. Charles waited for two long hours before he heard a carriage stop in front of the mansion, and heard a gentle tap at the door. He arose and admitted Kate; and her companion drove off without being recognized by him.

"Where is Dinah?" said Kate.

"I sent her to bed, as I preferred to wait for you myself, as I have much to say to you," was the answer.

This evening, Kate, for the first time, noticed his pale and haggard looks. She threw off her bonnet and shawl; and taking a chair, awaited his speech.

Charles strode across the room, and looked at Kate; she did not look criminal, but as pure as fallen snow.

"I supposed you were unable to be out this evening, Mrs. McClure," he began, "as you stated in your excuse to Mrs. Milford; and yet I find you out quite late; will you explain yourself, as I believe I have a right to demand an explanation?"

"You have, Charles," Kate quietly replied; "and it will give me pleasure to have the privilege of explaining all to you. Do you remember that Methodist preacher, Mr. Allen, who married us?"

"Yes, and wh

"Why," said a child that was a young lady in a young lady denie port; and the w destitute, and in of your sainted r ed on her for aic was dead; but I empty. This mo and the doctor to live through the him to come for n that little helples died a few momen engaged the wou child until I co matter."

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"Yes, and what of him?"

"Why," said Kate, "his sister adopted a child that was illegitimate, belonging to a young lady in Charleston, and now the young lady denies the child, and its support; and the woman has become sick and destitute, and in her extremity she thought of your sainted mother's charity, and called on her for aid, not knowing that she was dead; but I did not send her away empty. This morning she became worse, and the doctor told her that she would not live through the night; and she begged him to come for me, as she wished to leave that little helpless babe to my charity. She died a few moments before I left, and I engaged the woman to take care of the child until I could consult you in the matter."

"You have relieved my heart of a heavy load, indeed; but there is still a mystery that I shall wish cleared up."

"A mystery! what is it?" enquired Kate. "I do not comprehend you."

Charles pulled the handkerchief from his pocket which he found in the saloon, and told her where and how he found it, and all the particulars of his suspicions; "and," added he, "they were unwelcome suspicions to my heart."

The big tears gathered in Kate's eyes; and rising, she attempted to go to him; but falling back in her chair, she said:

"Charles, I am innocent of the heinous crime you would impute to me. That handkerchief is mine, and I will—I must tell you how it left my possession."

She then related to him all that had passed between her and Bently, and the stratagem that Adaline had planned for her destruction; her escape from and her pledge to Bently; and of her forgiveness for the part he had taken towards her; and that she believed Bently was truly sorry for his blind passion, as he had treated her like a brother from that moment; and that she believed his error was more of the head than of the heart.

"Mrs. McClure, I believe that you have not deceived me; to-morrow afternoon we will talk this matter over again, as it is now getting late, and we had better retire."

He approached her, and taking her hand in his, he pressed it to his lips, and said: "If I have wronged you, will you forgive me?"

"You have indeed my forgiveness; I am sorry that I have been the cause of so much uneasiness to you."

Withdrawing her hand, she retired, and Charles threw himself on the sofa, and ere

he was aware he was sound asleep: nor did he awake until morning, on hearing some one near him. He saw that it was Kate. She thought him asleep, and softly approached the sofa. Charles did not move, as he felt very anxious to see what she would do or say: so he affected to be asleep. She approached him nearer and nearer, and at length stooped over him and the large tears dropped on his face as she almost inaudibly whispered—"How beautiful, and yet how pale and troubled he looks: Oh! did he but know how I love him, he would at least not believe me guilty of any attachment to Bently."

Charles moved a little, and Kate immediately darted into the other room. He arose quite refreshed, and breakfast being ready, he took his seat beside his wife, with a better appetite than he had known for some time.

After breakfast he sought Bently, and at once demanded explanation and satisfaction for his conduct towards his wife.

"I have in no way injured you, Mr. McClure," said Bently, warmly. "The fact that I love your wife, is known to many, and I frankly own that it is true; I feel for her what I never felt for any other woman, and being informed by Adaline of the manner of your marriage, and that Kate was not loved by you, gave me to feel that there was hope for me; but I was refused, and I pleaded my love in vain. Adaline Gray tried to secure me your wife by stratagem, but I could not force one that was beloved by me; she has forgiven me, and I have become a better man. The lady you saw was no other than Adaline Gray; we met by appointment; in fact, she has disclosed to me her real character. Since she knew that she could not deceive me, I told her plainly that I would not marry her; and she knows also that I will not expose her. She is going to be married in a few days to a rich merchant of Philadelphia; and furthermore, my friend, I think you have reason to thank your lucky stars that you redeemed that handkerchief, for it was a better bargain than the one you contracted for: and I heartily wish you much joy. As I can not obtain the prize, give me back my pledge, that precious handkerchief."

"No, Bently," said Charles, "I have the best right to it; but I will give you a pledge better befitting you: here is my hand, and I assure you, that you will ever be a welcome guest at our house, so good by, for the present."

Charles returned home, and found that

Kate was already in the drawing-room awaiting his return, to hear what he had to say. He thought he never saw a being so lovely in his life. Seating himself by her side, he addressed her thus:

"Kate, are you willing to be my wife, my bosom wife? Can you forgive me for my indifference to you during these long months of affliction? Believe me, my dear wife, that none is more fondly loved than you are; and I truly feel that I never knew what it was to love before."

"Can it be possible that you love me, Charles? Then you make me the happiest of women. The prayers of your mother indeed are answered."

He pressed her long and fervently to his bosom. Their lips met for the first time, and Charles felt it the happiest moment of his life.

* * * * *

A few months, and we see in a rich parlor at the old mansion, Charles is sitting with a young and beautiful lady; they look upon each other with the fondest affection.

"I hope, my dear wife, that your sister will come soon, as your anxiety seems to pale your cheeks; how glad I shall be to see her."

"It has been long since I saw my dear sister, and just at this time it will be doubly pleasant; don't you think so, my dear Charles?"

"Yes; but there is some one ringing; go, Dinah, and see who is there."

"Bless me, missus, it is Mr. Bently and a young lady."

"Show them up here, Dinah."

Mr. Bently hastened to ascend and prepare Mrs. McClure for the pleasant news of her sister's arrival.

"Where have you been, Bently, these three months?"

"To California, to rid myself of loving Mrs. McClure; and I found that I could love your sister a great deal better. So you see that she was better hearted towards me than yourself, and has become my wife."

This was pleasant news indeed and a happy meeting. Bently soon had a little name-sake—as they called their first-born Bently McClure—a beautiful child.

The old mansion was again the site of pleasure; as happiness filled the hearts of its inmates to overflowing. There was one little inmate there that Kate felt all the love of a mother for; it was the cast-off child of Adaline. She was a beautiful little girl, and Kate never let her know that she was not her own child.

Charles often with pride, related the story of redeeming the handkerchief; and it was kept as a sacred relic.

Jack was ever a favorite at the mansion for the interest he manifested towards its inmates. Old Dinah lived to nurse several of her young master's children: she was loved and treated more like a mother than a servant.

Adaline was leading a fashionable life, as Mrs. Williams: dissipation and intrigue marked her course. She knew that Kate had returned good for evil, and had taken the child that she had cast off, to hide from the world, her shame; and now she dare not own it. She still lived a lie to herself and others.

When years had passed and the children of McClure and Bently and Milford had grown up to know and revere each other, the old people would often collect in the mansion and talk over their early trials and early friendships, and discuss the future prospects and bright hopes of their happy-hearted children.

EXTRACTS FROM A MINER'S JOURNAL.

NO. II.

A LETTER FROM CHARLEY.

Lilac Cottage, July 13th.

DEAR JOE,—Knowing, among your peculiarities, your liking for long letters, I have resolved to commence a whole week before hand and write a page each day of such trifling things as I can find, in order to gratify your taste for lengthy epistles.

I described in my last letter the sensation I felt as I approached my long wandered-from home, and saw the familiar line which marked the boundary of the sky, stretch out before me—and hills and dales that had been trodden so oft by my boyish feet, disclose themselves to view; and at last, when I had gained the little hill that overlooked the vale of my birth, and saw Lilac Cottage lie before me, the same beautiful sunny place that I had known it during all my childhood, how I pressed my heart to quiet its wild beating. The meeting, the welcoming, the renewal

of the family circle in my hastily written

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As I mentioned in my last letter, the scene felt as I approached my long home from home, and saw the face which marked the boundary, stretch out before me—and the dales that had been trodden by my boyish feet, disclose themselves; and at last, when I had reached the little hill that overlooked the place of my birth, and saw Lilac Cottage before me, the same beautiful place that I had known it all my childhood, how pressed to quiet its wild beating. The welcome, the renewal

of the family circle, were all described in my hastily written letter.

It was another strange sensation when I began to meet again my old companions and acquaintances, to mark the change which time had wrought upon them. Those who had ever dwelt in my mind as the same boys and girls, who had been my companions in youthful years, were changed to sober men and staid maidens; while their places were occupied by those whom I had only known as playful children.

But I have yet a queerer sensation than all to describe to you. Yes, Joe, I tell you in the frankness of our mutual confidence, that *I'm in love!* You'll laugh, I know, when you read that—I can hardly keep from laughing myself as I write it, but my mirthful propensities are borne down by a feeling of commiseration for the audaciousness of you miners, who, secure in distance from bewitching eyes and voices that act like an enchanting power, dare, in the boastfulness of your hearts, to call yourselves the "invincibles," as arranged against Cupid's might. Be assured, that if you ever come again into civilization and have these subjugating influences brought to bear upon you, you will exclaim like me, "how are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!"

The simple truth is, that among my old companions was Nettie Allen, whose parents were the nearest neighbors of the Cottage. Nettie's sparkling eye and graceful form had half won my boyish heart of old, but my absence at school and in California had effaced the youthful impression, and even Nettie herself had begun to be mingled in the indistinctness which surrounded all the objects of my early home. When I saw her again, on my return, the magic hand of time had changed the fair girl to the beautiful woman. The same vivacity and joyousness that had charmed my boyhood, still remained; but they were subdued by a maidenly grace and thoughtfulness, which, while certainly they added materially

to her charms, seemed half assumed and coquetish, and from the hour I saw these I date the "decline and fall" of my sole sway over my own heart.

Tuesday, the 14th.

It was a beautiful morning, and with a kind of restlessness which I believe is characteristic of returned Californians, I could not possibly sit cooped up in the house, and so I took my fowling-piece and strolled out over the fields in search of game. But by some strange chance, I found myself, as not unfrequently I do, in the vicinity of Doctor Allen's mansion, and sauntered up the lawn with all the familiarity of a neighbor. The Doctor was sitting on the porch enjoying himself in the cool morning air with a book; he welcomed me warmly, and we were soon engaged in a very interesting conversation. Miss Allen shortly after joined us, looking as ever, remarkably beautiful, and took a lively part in the conversation. I might enter into unbounded eulogies of the sweetness of her voice and the refined thought and feeling she evinced in all her observations, but I will simply say she expressed her opinion on every subject with uncommon good sense and taste.

The Doctor's professional business called him away, and with a kind wish that I might find my visit interesting, he left us to ourselves.

But strange to say, the situation, which you would think of all others I would deem most desirable—conversing with Miss Allen alone—soon became embarrassing.

Young persons when left to their own inclinations, are so prone to talk on abstract subjects—and the most abstract of all subjects are the passions and sentiments, and consequently they generally form the theme of discussion; and on this occasion, the conversation had such a manifest tendency to turn to one particular passion, that we both, as it were by tacit agreement, stammered and hesitated when we should have been most fluent. I know not in

what scene of confusion it might have ended, had not Miss Allen relieved us from the embarrassing topic by taking me to the conservatory to see her plants.

She entered into a long and eloquent discussion of the comparative beauty of roses, geraniums, fuschias, and more other hard names than I could ever remember, displaying, I should judge, a very extensive knowledge of her subject, and certainly treating it with much taste and originality. Of course, I expressed myself passionately fond of flowers, and especially of the rose, not more for its matchless beauty, than its emblematical significance,—and suiting the action to the word, I selected, thoughtlessly as it might seem, a beautiful budding one, and begged her to accept it, as my favorite. She took it and twirled it with such provoking innocence as she continued her remarks, that I should have doubted her comprehending my meaning, but for the rich color that suffused her face, as she received it from my hand.

But although I seemed to listen with the most profound attention, and *did* listen with the most profound pleasure, I assure you I did not heed one half that she said. I heard the musical tones of her voice, and saw the beautiful, ever-varying expression that played over her intelligent features—that was all.

Flowers are very pretty, in their place, and find but few more enthusiastic admirers than myself; but their hues appear sombre when placed in contrast to a flower of such surpassing loveliness. Stars are charmingly bright when seen alone, but they fade into insignificance when the Queen of Night comes forth in all her beauty—as Captain Bunsby says, "The bearing of this observation lays in the application on it."

Wednesday, the 15th.

There is an unusual sense of sadness on me as I sit down to write;—a feeling that with all my happiness, there is a void somewhere—a desire for something I know not how to gratify—a

restlessness,—a wish to be somewhere,—anywhere, the vain longing for which fills my breast with a vague pain, almost like the agony of suspense.

I sat at my window and watched the sun go down in all his gorgeous beauty,—he never looks so glorious as when he sets,—and I thought as I followed in fancy, his course to the far west, that he reserved all his splendor for your own favored California. And when he had set, and the rich hues were fading from the twilight sky, my heart wandered away, where it wanders so often—to the old cabin, there, among the mountains.

I thought I came up the trail to the cabin, my heart beating high with suppressed emotion, and met your greeting, frank and hearty as ever; the meeting was such as is only seen when true friends meet; and yet when our delight should have leaped so high, it was subdued and saddened by the thought we both felt, though we expressed it not, of one to whom we had given our last greeting, and who would have shared this with so much pleasure. And then, as some sound recalled my reverie, I heard a deep sigh, such as a dreamer might breathe when awakened from some beautiful vision. Ah! Joe, there is some charm about the freedom of that miner's life—the pleasure of association, without its restraining conventionalities, that is never found elsewhere;—and often, very often, my mind turns from all that surrounds me, to keep you company in your lonely home, and I'll not do you the injustice to think, although you have not to regret your absence from scenes endeared by beloved associations, that you never turn to dwell in your thoughts upon one who will ever remember you as the best of friends and brothers.

Friday, the 17th.

We had a gentle shower this eve,
But that's not all I'm going to say;
At last the lowering heavens cleared;
And when the storm had passed away,
A few last sprinkles lingering yet,
Like drying tears in beauty's eye,

The sun shone
A rainbow
But the sun
And as I gazed
That spun
I thought up
Of treasure
And said "Where
Where I had
Than where
It hovers
Where I well
Far more than
And then a
Led me away
Where I mid
She stood
Her breast
And longings
We gazed in
The pressing
The sun to
The flowers
And then our
And like the
My tongue
Words which
"Dearest thy
The humble
This sun—this
Are emblem
Which but
With endless
Oh! how you
The token
Henceforth
The witness
She spoke not
Disturbed
And then a
And glisten
Then like
Two for
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To speak
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EVENTS

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But that's not all I'm going to say;
At last the lowering heavens cleared;
And when the storm had passed away,
A few last sprinkles lingering yet,
Like drying tears in beauty's eye,

The sun shot in a brilliant ray—
A rainbow sprang across the sky:
But *that's* not all I'm going to say.

And as I gazed upon the arch,
That spanned the darkened eastern sky,
I thought upon the child's belief
Of treasures that beneath it lie;
And said, "There's not on earth a place
Where I had rather see it rest,
Than where, like harbinger of peace,
It hovers o'er yon vale most blest,
Where dwells a gem this heart esteems
Far more than all that Childhood dreams."

And then a spirit in my feet
Led me away unto *her* bower,
Where, 'mid the mass of drooping bloom
She stood the fairest flower,—
Her breast with gentle sadness filled,
And longings which the hour instilled.

We gazed in silence on the scene:—
The passing storm, the glorious bow,
The sun so brilliant e'er he set, [low—
The flowers that drooped with moisture,
And then our gaze a moment met,
And like the flowers, drooped lower yet.

My tongue grew eloquent,—I spoke
Words which our feelings heeded not:
"Dearest, thy gentle smile can make
The humblest fate the happiest lot:—
This sun—this storm—this changeful scene,
Are emblems of a checkered life,
Which but a word of time makes rise
With endless joys and peace serene;—
Oh! let you bow which bends above,
The token of a pledge divine,
Henceforward be a deeper sign,—
The witness of our plighted love!"

She spoke not, but a gentle sigh
Disturbed and heaved her bosom fair;
And then a tear stole in her eye
And glistened like a diamond there;
Then, like the storm now far away,
'Twas followed by a smiling ray,
And deep within that liquid sky,
A rainbow seemed to play:
And if the tongue may dare attempt
To speak the thoughts our features prove,
The words had been, "Behold these signs,
The tokens of my endless love."

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

NO. I.

INTRODUCTION—PROGRESS OF POETRY.

It is said that the lady of a certain blacking maker, to convince one of her female friends to whom she was explaining the magnitude of her husband's establishment, as a climax to her argument, and to put the truth of her assertion beyond a doubt, announced as incontestible proof—"we

keeps a poet." If we may judge from the number of aspirants to poetical fame at the present time, when every family is not only supposed to be able to manufacture enough for its own use, but also to supply the poet's corner of half the news-papers of the State, if the authors' fame extend as far, we may have our doubts whether it was proof at all. The boys and girls of the present age seem bent on poetry. It makes the petty scribblers be looked upon as little prodigies; whilst they and their friends feel perfectly independent of the bulky productions of other times and places; as they can furnish "orient pearls" with half the trouble it takes to collect the diseased concretions of dirty muscles from the muddy creeks of New Jersey, and string them with neatness and precision, for public or for private exhibition, with a facility which the most fastidious critic ought not to have the cruelty to find fault with.

But it is not for the purpose of tearing from these helpless innocents the thin covering with which the deformity of their limbs and pithless sinews is enveloped, that I introduce them on the present occasion. God help them, let them scribble on. Bavius and Mævius had their admirers of old, why should not they have theirs now? But before those little luminaries, those farthing rushlights of the literary world, in their kindness and courtesy, thought fit to shine forth in such profusion, if not of brilliancy at least of numbers, for the purpose of enlightening our "Cimmerian desert,"

"Lest total darkness should by night regain
Her old dominion,"

by all accounts there were several poets who attained some eminence in their time, and whose names are not yet forgotten. My object is to hunt up those gentlemen who made themselves so conspicuous, and ascertain, if possible, why it should happen that some people will insist that their poetical productions are entitled to more credit than those of our every-day writers; which, as they embrace those great prerequisites by which the good aunt of Waverly adjudged poetry in general, and more particularly the youthful effusions of the heir of Waverly-Honor—a capital letter at the commencement of every line, and the lines ending in rhymes—ought apparently to be just as good poetry as theirs; and if such is not poetry what is? To answer this question I am not going to quote either Johnson or Webster, (all honor to those gifted authors;) let the reader

take my own definition, short and sweet—
"words suitable for singing."

On the ground that poetry means words suitable for singing, it must have been co-equal with the human race. One can scarcely suppose the nightingale,

"In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,"

and the nodding mocking-bird not yet asleep, aroused by her earliest mates, attempting in vain to imitate her, without believing that Eve in her innocence would also try whether she could not imitate her better, and after having practiced the art of singing for some time in gamut form for a primary lesson, as she got a little more perfect, aspiring next to have words for her music, and weaving some rudely-constructed ditty in praise of Adam's manly beauty, or telling what she thought of her own softer features as she saw them mirrored in the fountain. But my purpose is not to write a romance based on probabilities. Let us inquire into the history of Poetry after its wings were fully sledged, its claims recognized, and the uses to which it might be put well known to those who were adepts in the art. Let us pass over what it may have been among the Egyptians and Phœnicians, and what it was among the Hebrews. Their Poetry has had little influence over the English Muse. Poetry comes to us as it came to the Romans, from Greece; where the Muses held their court on Parnassus, and the poets, who were equally their priests and those of Nature, first learned or reintroduced the harmonies of Nature, adapted and "married to immortal verse" which remains to this day.

Let not the philosophical reader imagine that Poetry is an idle art unattended with great results. When the poet attempts to weave into verse the deeds of some great man, or the praises of some youthful Hebe, "the cynosure of neighboring eyes," to make the picture true to nature, or rather to make nature excel herself, he has to address the passions and feelings skilfully, so as to impress his hearers in the most successful manner. None of the ancients were so perfect in this respect as the Greeks, or at half so much pains in cultivating the art. The choice of words for their sound, and the adaptation of measures suitable for different subjects, as well as the studied succession of long and short syllables, were by them carried to perfection. But in every nation where Poetry is understood, and written with elegance, the greatest care is taken to select only such words, as having a proper intonation and

length, may also convey the idea intended with the greatest impression. From this cause, a language at first uncouth and harsh gradually becomes harmonious, those words which are discordant and not generally admissible in poetical compositions being dropped, and exactly in proportion as poetry and rhetorical compositions are cherished. Among the Greeks poetry exercised a much greater influence. The heroes of whom the poets sung, through the magnifying power of their omnipotent art, became the future gods of the country. But the aid of the muse was donated to the country's service. Mankind then was young—the arts in their infancy. Whoever became conspicuous among them as a great improver or inventor was deified by the poets. The village blacksmith, on his becoming, when necessity required it, an armorer, also became a god. The man who, first abandoning the pastoral life, set to cultivating his fields and teaching his countrymen the practice of agriculture, was raised by the poets to be chief of all the gods; and his brother, who probably extended his original calling of a fisherman to transporting the productions of one little island to another within sight of it, and for such purpose constructed vessels of a superior sort to those generally used in catching fish, became the god of the seas. Thus, the poets held out to the deserving, not only an immortality of fame on earth, but of power in heaven. Mahomed lays it down as a proof of the divine origin of the Alkoran, that the language in which it is written is beyond the reach of human art. The enthusiastic Greeks, whether their poets told them so of their effusions or not, seem to have yielded to such an impression. Their songs were irresistible; their romance was admitted as reality; and these very men with whom their own grandfathers had been on terms of intimacy, within a century after their deaths, by common consent were regularly installed as gods.

Once admitted to the rank of Gods, every little incident in their former lives became of new importance, and was woven into new stories; in which, through a similar magnifying and mollifying process, (though many of their deeds have nothing to recommend them, and only admit of palliation on the ground that those who did them were only in a semi-barbarous condition) they were so altered and beautified as to be in harmony, as the poets thought, with their new character.

Thus Poetry among the Greeks implied

two principal objects, which were not only achieved, but also, by the construction of the language, from the occurrences of the finished story; and the nicety of perfect versification required for exciting the passions of the poet, and the poet of suiting and so moniously by the —by which means necessarily improve the purposes of Poetry, and the commission and command as the manners of their ideas exalt.

The Romans, for the purpose of peopling their divinities. They were not only typified in their own minds, but they were their Poetry also, they looked upon them. But they were a keener sense of the power of Poetry, we find in Horace of composition of wit than of them satire being the power of Poetry and beautifying the moral aspect, was distorting it into to make it applicable to Poetry and rendered it a refined society, with greater propensities for little pompous friends by well-timed vulgar practices for the sake of it.

On the down of Poetry for some fossil state; and serving of the nature of such composition. But on the establishment of the system, at least the monks, who had a monopoly of the language, who had not much to seek out copies of the Latin Poetry, they whiled away. They were minor additions, a new genre, till then she had invented rhyme, the ends of lines.

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Thus, the poets held out to the people not only an immortality of fame, but of power in heaven. Malabar lays it down as a proof of the origin of the Alkoran, that the language in which it is written is beyond the human art. The enthusiastic whether their poets told them so or not, seem to have been so much impressed with such an impression. Their poetry was irresistible; their romances were as reality; and these very men, in their own grandfathers' terms of intimacy, within a century of their deaths, by common consent were admitted to the rank of Gods; even incident in their former lives, of new importance, and was woven into their stories; in which, through a simplifying and mollifying process, many of their deeds have nothing to commend them, and only admitted on the ground that those who were only in a semi-barbarous state, they were so altered and beautified to be in harmony, as the poets with their new character.

Poetry among the Greeks implied

two principal objects, which they triumphantly achieved. It taught the art of constructing from scanty materials, and the occurrences of every-day life, a highly-finished story; and also, with the minutest nicety of perfection, the different kinds of versification requisite for the purpose of exciting the passions, so as to enchain them at the poet's will; embracing the art of suiting and shaping his sentences harmoniously by the selection of proper words,—by which means the language was necessarily improved, not only for the purposes of Poetry, but also for prose composition and common conversation; as well as the manners of the people refined, and their ideas exalted by the story itself.

The Romans never used Poetry for the purpose of peopling heaven with new divinities. Those of Greece they stereotyped in their catalogue, as they found them. They were content with modeling their Poetry also after the Greeks, whom they looked upon as masters of the art. But they were a wittier people. They had a keener sense of the ridiculous. Hence we find in Horace and others a refinement of composition courting more the alliance of wit than of lofty conception. With them satire became conspicuous, in which the power of Poetry, instead of magnifying and beautifying an object beyond its natural aspect, was used for the purpose of distorting it into so grotesque a shape as to make it appear ridiculous. Such an addition to Poetry was a great acquisition, and rendered it far more acceptable to refined society, who invariably discover a greater propensity and pleasure in checking little pomposities on the part of their friends by well-timed repartee, than in the vulgar practice of playing "high jinks" for the sake of their dignity.

On the downfall of the Roman power, Poetry for some time only existed in a fossil state; and for centuries nothing deserving of the name of Poetry remains, if such compositions were at all indulged in. But on the establishment of the monkish system, at least after it had taken root, the monks, who had an almost exclusive monopoly of the learning of christendom, and who had not much to do, were at pains to seek out copies of the classics, especially of the Latin Poets, with whom no doubt they whiled away many a weary hour. They were minor poets themselves, and added a new grace to Poetry with which till then she had not been adorned. They invented rhyme, or the practice of making the ends of lines harmonize in sound, of

which that well-known hymn commencing "Dies iræ, dies illa" is a notable example.

This new acquisition to the art was not long in being used for a different purpose than that of religion. The middle ages were roused in their tenebrous quietude by the rantings of a half-crazy priest known as Peter the Hermit, whom a heated imagination prompted to advocate through Continental Europe the disgrace of christian monarchs remaining supinely at their ease, or engaging in indecorous quarrels with each other, while circumcised pagans held possession of the Holy Sepulchre of Jesus Christ, and all those interesting places on which his sacred feet had trodden. His doctrine took. Its influence, in the words of the old ballad, was "like a fire to heather set." Far and wide it prevailed among all classes; and contributions of men and money were raised to furnish armies for such a holy purpose. As Poetry is coeval with the human race, so also is its spirit immortal. It may remain in a state of torpor for a time, but it only wants such events as strongly effect the feelings to revive it. It was not, however, by the instrumentality of Poetry that this warlike enthusiasm had been produced, so it was only in detailing their heroic deeds, and the constancy of their wives and sweethearts during their absence, that it shone forth on this occasion. The troubadours and trouveres of France were foremost in this new era of Poetry; to which the additional charm of rhyme added new beauty, especially for those soft and serenading ditties which were in greatest favor. They effected in the feelings of the improving age a perfect revolution, so great was the influence of their songs and music, particularly on the excitable temperament of the French, and the chivalrous Spaniards. Now was the age of chivalry, and it was by such means that it was produced.

The Epic was the grand achievement of Grecian Muse, being a highly wrought historical romance wherein, as I have mentioned, the gods were introduced as freely as the other performers—a license which Horace wittily proposed to his countrymen to curtail. It was a perfect poem, in metrical construction—poetry much resembling English blank verse; and thus the composition of an epic poem involved two principal objects, a highly-fancied story, and poetical skill partly of a mechanical character. But the Crusaders in their wars in the East had met with a literature of a different kind. The oriental epics or ro-

mancers were still more wonderful, and had a supernatural machinery much more intricate and exciting, and though less sublime than the productions of the Grecian Muse, showed a no less inventive if a wilder genius; but they were in prose.

Their influence, joined to the chivalrous feelings of the age, eventually overpowered the reviving literature of Europe, and for a time supplanted Poetry—at least literature was turned almost entirely into another channel.

Our Social Chair.

California is a wonderful country—says the American Phrenological Journal—every arrival of the steamer conveys us a new edition of its multitudinous marvels. To say nothing of its golden plains, its quartz mountains, and its silver creeks, it boasts of the largest trees, the biggest fruit, and last but not least, the most remarkable dogs. The following article, which we take from the *California Magazine*, gives an account of a native Nevadan whose rare genius places him high in the list of noble dogs. Our readers will not only be amused but instructed by reading his biography; and whether they do or do not come to the conclusion that dogs have souls, they will certainly agree that "Jerry" has a heart to be admired, and a head which many a biped of the genus *homo* might reasonably envy.

Then follows the portrait and biography of our canine friend "Jerry" given to our readers in page 485, in the I. Vol. of the *California Magazine*. We have given the above for two reasons: reason number one is to let our friends see that the good folks "East" think enough of our articles not only to copy them, but expressly to make new engravings to accompany them—and reason number two being to say that California not only has all the great and good things for which the American Phrenological Journal gives her credit, but to assure them that the inventive skill of our people is fully equal, if not superior, to the far famed land of wooden nutmegs; which is saying much. Lest the contributors to the interesting Industrial Exhibition of the Mechanic's Institute might begin to think that we alluded to some of their handiwork, and thereby do our enterprising individual unintentional injustice, we shall at once introduce the subject by saying that any one acquainted with the *Shasta Courier* is tolerably well aware that the "editor-man" will, if he cannot find "suthin" funny for his readers, be sure to invent "suthin." This time, however, a cor-

respondent relieves him of the task by sending the following account of

HAYING.—We have quite an enterprising farmer up this way. He has discovered a new way of gathering hay, which is much cheaper than the old way; besides, he gets a much greater quantity off the same amount of ground. He sowed a piece of ground with oats, intending to cut it for hay. The ground was so dry that it did not grow more than ten or fifteen inches high, and would not pay for cutting. It occurred to him that he could get the Indians to pull it; so he went to see 'Captain' Ned, who took the contract for a quarter of beef and a half dozen sacks of flour. The Indians—about 80—went to work the next morning—old gray heads, squaws, little ones and all—taking a swath some sixty yards wide across the field. In two days they finished the job, and by this means my friend has put some eight tons of good hay in his barn. The ground was very dry when the hay was pulled, and the dirt was therefore all easily knocked off the roots. A horse will eat the roots in preference to the top. The farmers elsewhere will profit by this.

Who could have thought that the quiet little man who presides over the editorial columns of the *San Jose Tribune*, would have been guilty of circulating the report, and taking pleasure therein, however true, of the division and back-sliding of any church; and yet he has had the unchristian! recklessness of printing and publishing the following:—

SPLIT IN THE METHODIST CHURCH.—There has been a very serious division in the Methodist Church North in San Jose; about one half of the church having seceded. We perceive, however, that there is a prospect of a speedy healing of the breach. The separation was owing to a number of carpenters, who sawed the house in two from top to bottom, and caused the latter end to back-slide about fifteen feet.

We hope that the christian denomination who worship there, may have grace sufficient

given them to forgive—never!

This reminds us of at the point of death friends to receive of a christian minister. When the bed-side he took the as he made the in-

"My friend, you soon cross the door you feel at the pro-

"Middling," was

"Do you forgive

"No; I cannot answer.

"It is very wrong to have continued the good man such unholy feelings just before.—

"Well, I cannot my enemies through life."

"But we are even to love our minister.

"I can't do it

"Have you a name and chara-

"None whatever

"Well, then, t

I may yet assist

mind."

"I don't like

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"Oh! why not

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"If you pro-

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 — never!

This reminds us of a carpenter, who, being
 at the point of death, was desired by his
 friends to receive the counsel and prayers
 of a christian minister; to which he con-
 sented. When the minister arrived at his
 bed-side he took the sick man by the hand
 as he made the inquiry—

"My friend, you are very sick; you must
 soon cross the dark valley; now, how do
 you feel at the prospect?"

"Middling," was the reply.

"Do you forgive all?"

"No; I cannot say that I do," was the
 answer.

"It is very wrong, and very sinful," con-
 tinued the good man, "for you to encourage
 such unholy feelings at such a solemn time;
 just before—"

"Well, I cannot help it, as they have been
 my enemies through a long and industrious
 life."

"But we are commanded to forgive, nay
 even to love our enemies," suggested the
 minister.

"I can't do it; no, never, never."

"Have you any objection to naming the
 name and character of your enemies?"

"None whatever."

"Well, then, tell me all, and peradventure
 I may yet assist you to a better state of
 mind."

"I don't like to do it, after all," persisted
 the sick man.

"Oh! why not, my friend? it shall never
 escape my lips—not to—"

"If you promise me that, then I—I w—
 I will," gasped the dying man. "You
 know my trade; I—I am a carpenter."

"Yes."

"I have been a hard working man all my
 life."

"Yes."

"Well, shortly after I was apprenticed I
 was required to keep my tools in order. I
 tried to do so; but, on one particular day—
 the date I cannot exactly now remember—
 I had but just filed my saw—a new saw,
 presented me by my uncle,—when I had
 cut about seven inches down the plank—it
 was, I remember, an old plank—I—" here

the dying man made a pause, and gnashed
 his teeth as though in great mental agony.

"I—I cannot go on."

"Oh! yes, proceed my friend," returned
 the good man, encouragingly.

"Well, then, as I was saying, I had cut
 about seven inches down the plank, when
 suddenly, and just after I had drawn the
 saw up through the plank nearly to the
 point, I gave one stroke down and—*scrash*
 went the saw, and instead of the plank—I
 had sawed a nail! Now, I ask you as a man
 possessed of human feelings, if, under such
 circumstances, you would ever forgive such
 enemies? Your smile assures me that you
 would answer—*n-e-v-e-r!*"

The following, from an exchange, we think
 worthy of a place in our Social Chair,
 although of little comparative utility in
 California at present, but

"There's a better time coming, boys."

THE LAW OF THE FINGER-RING.—If a gen-
 tleman wants a wife, he wears a ring on the
 left hand; if he is engaged, he wears it on
 the second finger; if married, on the third;
 and on the fourth if he never intends to get
 married. When a lady is not engaged, she
 wears a diamond ring on her first finger—if
 engaged, on the second; if married, on the
 third; and on the fourth, if she intends to
 be a maid. When a gentleman presents a
 fan, a flower, or trinket, to a lady with the
 left hand, this, on his part, is an overture
 of regard; should she receive it with the
 left hand, it is considered as an acceptance
 of his esteem, but if with the right hand, it
 is a refusal of the offer. Thus, by a few
 simple tokens explained by rule, the passion
 of love is expressed."

FEMALE MUTABILITY.

I gave her a rose—and I gave her a ring,
 And I asked her to marry me then;
 But she sent them all back—the insensible thing,
 And said she'd no notion of men.
 I told her I'd oceans of money and goods,
 And tried her to fright with a growl,
 But she answer'd she wasn't brou't up in the woods
 To be scared by the screech of an owl.
 I called her a baggage and every thing bad—
 I slighted her features and form,
 Till at length I succeeded in getting her mad,
 And she raged like a sea in a storm;
 And then in a moment I turned and I smiled,
 And called her my angel and all,
 And she fell in my arms like a wearisome child,
 And exclaimed: "we will marry next fall."

As the ensuing lines are very old, they
 will now be comparatively new, (speaking

paradoxically,) but as they are to the point, and on an interesting point, they will not be pointless in—

KISSING BY POST.

Thanks to thee my dearest friend—
A kiss you in your letter send;
But, ah! the thrilling charm is lost
In kisses that arrive by post;
That fruit can only tasteful be,
When gather'd, melting, from the tree!

"Don't stay long husband!" said a young wife, tenderly, in my presence one evening, as her husband was preparing to go out. The words themselves were insignificant, but the look of melting fondness with which they were accompanied spoke volumes. It told all the whole vast depths of a woman's love—of her grief when the light of his smile, the source of all her joy, beamed not brightly upon her.

"Don't stay long, husband!" and I fancied I saw the loving, gentle wife sitting alone, anxiously counting the moments of her husband's absence, every few moments running to the door to see if he was in sight and finding that he was not, I thought I could hear her exclaiming, in disappointed tones, "Not yet."

"Don't stay long, husband!" and I again thought I could see the young wife rocking nervously in the great arm-chair, and weeping as though her heart would break, as her thoughtless "lord and master" prolonged his stay to a wearisome length of time,

Oh! you that have wives to say, "Don't stay long!" when you go forth, think of them kindly when you are mingling in the busy hive of life, and try, just a little, to make their homes and hearts happy, for they are gems seldom replaced. You cannot find amidst the pleasures of the world the peace and joy that a quiet home blessed with such a woman's presence will afford.

"Don't stay long, husband!" and the young wife's look seemed to say— for here in your own sweet home is a loving heart, whose music is hushed when you are absent— here is a soft breast for you to lay your head upon, and here are pure lips unsoiled by sin, that will pay you with kisses for coming back soon.

And wife, young wife, if you would have your husband stay when he comes, and love to come when he must be away, give him those lips to kiss, and that breast to rest his weary head upon. Because you are cold and indifferent to his caresses, and often wish that he would leave you, he turns away and seeks his pleasures in other scenes. Young wife, you have him in your keeping. Keep him, and he will be kept.

A medical gentleman defines winking to be "an affection of the eye!"

RESPONSES FROM THE MINES.

NO. II.

IN THE MINES, Sept. 3, 1857.

DEAR SISTER MAY: Your Letter No. II. is before me; it was a pleasure to reply to your former letter, but it is a greater pleasure to respond to this, for now, we are not entirely unknown to each other. We have exchanged the kindly greetings, and our sympathies have mingled together; there is much that is congenial in our tastes and feelings, and it is a joy to let the fountains of the heart flow out in streams of tenderness, when we know that they will be appreciated, and that they will make flowers of beauty and fragrance bud and blossom in the garden of other hearts.

I see that you have an eye for the beauties of Nature, and that the loveliness and magnificent grandeur of the scenery which lies spread out before your pleasant home is not an unmeaning picture of material things—it is a picture of life and light which brings joy and beauty to your soul. Truly has the poet said, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

You wish some of us were there to go to church with you; it would be a happiness indeed for many a lonely miner, to have such a home to visit occasionally, and we should then love our adopted sister more tenderly, because her love and goodness would awaken memories of kind and loving sisters far away. You take it as a matter of course that we are all good, but I must frankly confess that it is not so; some of us are very bad, and none as good as we should be, and therefore we are grateful to you who have taken an interest in us and are trying to make us better. You say that we are pretty, too, perhaps; now, as the lawyers say, I take exceptions to the term; it might be properly applied to some of your San Francisco *exquisites*—the thorough-bred dandies—they are pretty, and pretty good-for-nothing, too. I trust we miners are manly in our appearance, and some of us good-looking, but I don't think we are pretty.

And now for a few remarks about that *slantendikilar* look at the pretty young ladies. I hope they are not pretty in the same sense the dandies are; I certainly will not be so ungallant as to think it. "Young ladies in church," they do indeed set me to thinking; I don't, myself, take a *slantendikilar* look at them, I gaze directly at them with the most ardent admiration; I think of their maiden innocence and purity, and feel how lovely, how beautiful and how sacred they are; I think of their kind and tender hearts, filled with all the Christian charities and graces—of their immortal spirits loving the Savior and seeking after his perfections, and aspiring up unto their Father

and their God, and angels of the earth, that heaven itself is heaven of purity, of

And now, dear Sister, of your letter direct me: your first letter its mission, not from penses, only, but by back to these pages, imaginings of his mings of his heart, which, if they are truth and reality as round us, in real life shine and Shadows, either to brighten pensive repose in the

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and their God, and then I imagine they are angels of the earth, as indeed they are, and that heaven itself is about them, a sacred heaven of purity, of holiness and of love.

And now, dear Sister, I come to the part of your letter directed more especially to me: your first letter did indeed accomplish its mission, not from calling forth these responses, only, but by bringing Brother Joe back to these pages, to give us the pleasing imaginings of his mind and the tender feelings of his heart, portrayed in characters which, if they are fictitious, are as full of truth and reality as any of those which surround us in real life; long may his "Sunshine and Shadows" rest upon these pages, either to brighten our path or give us a pensive repose in the shade.

You say that your letter contained but the spontaneous outbursts of girlish thought; and that, dear Sister, was why I liked it; a letter should be the artless and natural expression of what we feel within; the moment we begin to strain after effect, to say or write something beyond our capacity, or to indulge in what may be termed fine writing or grandiloquence, that moment a letter loses its charm; better always is it to let the natural feelings of the heart and the spontaneous ideas of the mind flow smoothly on the pages in the simplest words of truth.

What a beautiful scene you have pictured in the passing away of that dear cousin from earth to heaven. When the icy arms of death enclose the forms we love, when the last sad rites are performed, when "dust to dust and ashes to ashes" is pronounced, and the grave opens and the coffin is lowered, and the dull cold earth falls upon it with a sound whose vibrations reach the inmost recesses of our hearts, and when our eyes are filled with the tears of bitter anguish, oh! how blessed it is if we can then with the eye of faith look up to heaven and see our loved ones there, and feel that it is our father who gives his beloved the sleep of death.

You say that you would not only peep into my cabin, but that you would enter, if I would let you. Now, as you seem to have doubts on that point, I will add an invitation to the end of this letter which I trust will dispel them all; you also say that you sometimes imagine yourself a fairy; now, I really believe you are one, for in your proposed visit you seem to know precisely what would give me most pleasure, and you certainly could not have *guessed* all; and first of all, those girls. I have already told you what I sometimes think of them, and will only add, in the words of a poet:—

"My very heart within me dies,
In yearning for the girls."

And then to have the old cabin decorated with evergreens and flowers; oh, I am passionately fond of flowers; their delicious fra-

grance, their delicate forms, their varied and beautiful colors, all combine with a sweet influence to reach the heart and tell us God is love.

And now as to that *Toffee*—I think it would be altogether a work of supererogation, a superfluity, a superabundance, too much of a good thing; it would be like "piling Pelian upon Ossa," or "gilding refined gold," or "painting the lily," or "adding a perfume to the violet;"—I should be bathing in a fountain of honey, I should be overwhelmed in an ocean of saccharine syrup, I should die of an excess of sweetness; surely the sweet angels of earth and their sweet kisses, (sisterly of course,) and sweet music and sweet flowers, and all the other sweet influences, would be quite and more than sufficient; so when you come, pray don't mention that *Toffee*.

But I should like that game of blind-man's buff; nothing pleases me more than to play the child at times; I like to get into a room with about a dozen children and join with a hearty spirit in their plays, and be as wild, uproarious and noisy as any of them; it is good for us sometimes to become as little children, and it is always a delight to me to add to their pleasure and fun, and when I can't find small children I like to play with those of a larger growth; and then, dear May, how I should like to hear the music of your voice, falling on my ear like echoes from the skies, in the melody of the songs you have mentioned, which are dear and hallowed by so many associations; my heart then I know would seem to rise in my throat and the silent tears would fall, while my thoughts would be dwelling in sacred memories of the past.

And now, sister May, while you seemed to know so well what would give me pleasure, you altogether miss the mark when you propose to annoy me. You might upset my chair—I have but one and that would be easily picked up—and if you upset the water bucket why there are plenty of cracks through the floor, and I dash the water on it every day to keep the cabin cool; our porter-house steak dish happens to be a tin basin, so you could not break that; tea or coffee I have not used for months, so you could not salt them; as for giving me vinegar for wine it is just the thing I drink; a cup of water, well sweetened with sugar, and a little vinegar in it, is my wine; and then the Havanas! why, I don't use the filthy weed in any shape; and as to sewing up my pockets, why then I could not pocket the affront, and that would simply be annoying yourself. When you intimated that I would start off courting Sunday morning, leaving you and the bright-eyed girls you are to bring, to amuse yourselves, I think you were trying to throw out an idea supremely ridiculous, one that would involve the

height and length and breadth and depth of an absurdity in all possible directions, and I must say, May, that you have succeeded very well in the attempt. You know that the chances to court in the mines are like angels' visits, and if I were courting ever so ardently, you well know I would refrain under such circumstances.

You wish to know whether I would stay angry long; no, May, it is not in my heart to stay angry long with any body, and I don't think it would be possible for me to be angry with a sister so good as you seem to be. But this is a letter unreasonably long, and when I have added my invitation to it, I am afraid it will tire your patience, and that of all who may read it.

BROTHER FRANK'S INVITATION TO SISTER MAY.

Come to my cabin so lonely,
Come to my mountain home,
One heart awaits thee only,
Come my sweet sister, come.

Come, for the time is fleeing,
Swiftly forever away,
Come, thou angelic being,
Come, my sweet sister May.

Come, with thy fun and laughter,
And we most joyous will be,
Come, and forever after
I'll fondly think of thee.

Come, with thy heart o'erladen
With mirth and love and glee,
Come and create an Aiden
In my cabin home for me.

Come, for alone I grow stupid,
Come, with those bright-eyed girls,
But before you come, let Cupid
Hide slyly away in their curls

Come, while the birds are singing,
Sweetly on every tree,
Come, with thy goodness bringing
A heaven on earth to me.

Come, and my heart shall never
Have a desire to rove,
Come, and with thee forever,
I'll live in a sister's love.

Come to my cabin so lonely,
Come to my mountain home,
One heart awaits thee only,
Come, my sweet sister, come.

Sincerely and affectionately yours,

BROTHER FRANK.

From *Putnam's Monthly*—a Magazine fully equal, if not superior to Harper's—and this month much more beautifully and extensively illustrated than the latter—we select the following expressive stanzas:—

LOVE.

Take back your gold, and give me love—
The earnest smile,
The heart-voice that can conquer pain,
And care beguile.

Take back your silver, whence it came—
It leads to strife;
A woman's nature feeds on love—
Love is its life.

Take back your silver and your gold—
Their gain is loss;
But bring me love—for love is heaven—
And they are dross.

Old Block has written a play—a California play—time, 1850. One thing is self-evident, that if it is put upon the stage half as well as it is written, it will be the most successful minor drama that has yet been introduced to a California audience. We are tempted to steal the following, with the hope that the author will not sue us for an "invasion of copyright!"

Enter CASH and DICE, L.

Cash. How much did you pluck that goose?

Dice. A cool five thousand.

Cash. Five thousand! you are in capital luck. How did you come it over the greenhorn so nicely?

Dice. Why, the moment he came in I had my eye on him. I saw he was a green 'un, just from the mines, and therefore proper game. I carelessly began talking with him, and found out that he was on his way home; told me a long yarn about his father and mother; old man was crippled, and the old woman supported the family by washing, and all that nonsense; and how he should surprise them when he got home, and that they should not work any more, and all that sort of thing; let out that he had dug a pile by hard labor, and had the money in his belt. Well of course I rejoiced with him, commended him as a dutiful son, and to show him my appreciation of so much virtue, I insisted on his drinking with me.

Cash. Ah! ha! ha! You're a perfect philanthropist—well:

Dice. At first he rather backed water, but I would take no denial, and I finally succeeded in getting the first dose down him. A little while after, not to be mean, he offered to treat me.

Cash. Of course you was dry.

Dice. Dry as a contribution box. I winked at Tim, so he made Sluice Fork's smash good and strong, and somehow forgot to put any liquor in mine.

Cash. What monstrous partiality!

Dice. Directly he began to feel the second dose, and he grew friendly and confidential. Well, I offered to show him around

among the girls, in the sights in town, and mentioned him against favor for he might be sw stranger.

Cash. Good father

Dice. Yes, and he he insisted on my dr

Cash. Ah! that he

Dice. I told him thing

Cash. Only when s'pose?

Dice. As he would hem!

reluctantly to Tim, who favored phine, and mine,

water.

Cash. You're a p California temperat

Dice. It wasn't richest man in Calif

sight the smartest. invited him up to a

play. He asked me told him I seldom st

I did I was sure to on the red.

Cash. And won.

Dice. Of course that he should try

but I told him a d lost I would share

a dollar slip on th

Cash. And won

Dice. To be su he's about. Sluic

priser, when two c to him. He then

went on winning Fortune by the v

lucky, changed, an became excited.

that settled the not gave the

money back. So succeed him out

POLITICAL.—I

Sanitation that

affairs is for the

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they are duties

to perform, wh

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REPUTATION

ing, note-of t

data on" has l

LOVE.

back your gold, and give me love—
e earnest smile,
heart-voice that can conquer pain,
I care beguile.

back your silver, whence it came—
leads to strife;
man's nature feeds on love—
ve is its life.

back your silver and your gold—
air gain is loss;
ring me love—for love is heaven—
l they are dross.

Block has written a play—California
—time, 1850. One thing is self-
that if it is put upon the stage half
as it is written, it will be the most
ful minor drama that has yet been
ced to a California audience. We
pted to steal the following, with the
at the author will not sue us for an
of copyright!"

Enter CASH and DICE, L.

How much did you pick that
A cool five thousand.

Five thousand! you are a capital
How did you come it over the green-
nicely?

Why, the moment he came in I had
on him. I saw he was a green 'un,
in the mines, and therefore proper
I carelessly began talking with him,
nd out that he was on his way home;
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; old man was crippled, and the old
supported the family by washing,
that nonsense; and how he should
them when he got home, and that
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Well, of course I rejoiced with him,
ded him as a dutiful son, and to
my appreciation of so much vir-
isted on his drinking with me.

Ah! ha! ha! You're a perfect phil-
ist—well:

At first he rather backed water,
ould take no denial, and finally
ed in getting the first dose down
a little while after, not to be mean,
ed to treat me.

Of course you was dry.
Dry as a contribution box. I
at Tim, so he made Sluice Box's
ood and strong, and somehow forgot
ly liquor in mine.

What monstrous partiality!
Directly he began to feel the sec-
and he grew friendly and confi-
Well, I offered to show him around

among the girls, in the evening, with all the
sights in town, and at the same time cau-
tioned him against falling into bad hands,
for he might be swindled or robbed by
strangers.

Cash. Good fatherly adviser, ha! ha! ha!

Dice. Yes, and he grew grateful fast, for
he insisted on my drinking with him.

Cash. Ah! that hurt your feelings.

Dice. I told him I seldom drank any-
thing—

Cash. Only when you could get it, I
s'pose?

Dice. As he would take no denial I—
hem!—reluctantly consented, and nodded
to Tim, who favored his glass with mor-
phine, and mine, particularly, with cold
water.

Cash. You're a practical illustration of a
California temperance society.

Dice. It wasn't long before he was the
richest man in California, and a d—d
sight the smartest. Of course he was, so I
invited him up to the table to see the boys
play. He asked me if I ever played. I
told him I seldom staked anything, but what
I did I was sure to win, so I threw a dollar
on the red.

Cash. And won, of course.

Dice. Of course. And then I proposed
that he should try it. He demurred some,
but I told him a dollar was nothing—if he
lost I would share the loss—so he finally let
a dollar slip on the red.

Cash. And won, of course.

Dice. To be sure; our Jake knows what
he's about. Sluice Box was absolutely sur-
prised when two dollars were pushed back
to him. He then doubled his stakes, and
went on winning till he thought he had
Fortune by the wings, when suddenly his
luck changed, and he began to lose, and
became excited. It was my treat now, and
that settled the matter, for he swore he
not leave the table till he had won the
money back. So he staked his pile, and we
sleeced him out of every dime, and a hap-

pier man than Sluice Box is at this moment:
does not exist.

Cash. How, at being robbed?

Dice. Not that exactly; but, by the time
his money was gone, he was so beastly drunk
that Tim kicked him out of the round tent
into the gutter, where he now lays fast
asleep, getting ready for another trip to the
Mines, instead of helping his mother wash
at home, and plastering up his father's sore
shins.

Cash. Ha! ha! ha! the fools are not all
dead. We'll go it while we're young.—
[Sings.] "O, California, that's the land for
me."

The moral is excellent—as every one
might expect, who knows "Old Block."
Success to the author and the play. So
mote it be.

Then again there is a very neatly printed
and pleasantly named and well written little
Odd Fellows' monthly called THE COVENANT,
which we are happy to see has found its
way to our table. We sincerely hope that
it may long live to be the messenger of
"friendship, love, and truth" to many
hearts; and, as it pours the healing balm
of help and sympathy into the wounded
spirit, we trust that its able and warm sup-
porters may feel the reaction of its generous
breathings, and, as expressed in its rare
pages, prove that "A word of kindness is
never spoken in vain. It is a seed which,
even when dropped by chance, springs up a
golden-petaled flower."

The young lady who deliberately "cut
an acquaintance" and was afterwards "filled
with remorse," has, we are happy to say,
been "bailed out."

Editor's Table.

POLITICAL.—It is a matter of some con-
gratulation that the excitement in political
affairs is for the time being ended, and we
are certainly glad of it. The election over,
there are duties for the citizen-patriot yet
to perform, which incite his constant watch-
fulness, support, and sympathy.

REPUDIATION.—By a vote—an overwhelm-
ing vote—of the people, the idea of "repu-
diation" has been indignantly repudiated.

A vast majority of the people have written
the fact for future history, that they have
no sympathy with dishonesty, even though
the money used which created the debt was
but little better than stolen. Let not future
legislators attempt to repeat the experi-
ment. We hope they are honest, but it is
barely possible that they will bear watching!
THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION OF 1857.—
This exposition of the multitudinous kinds

and variety of articles produced by the taste, skill, and industry of our young State, is alike creditable to the institution which brought it into being, and to the people who so cordially and unanimously fostered and supported it. It is a gladdening triumph as a beginning; and the question now arises, what is it to be in time to come? The gratifying success of this experiment imposes additional responsibility upon the directory, suggestive of large and comprehensive ideas of their duty and mission in the future. Self-reliance now for the development of our resources and the encouragement of home manufactures, requires only a leader. Will the Mechanics' Institute become that leader? We would suggest immediate preparation for an active and self-reliant future, and an onward course. No hesitancy, no delay. Let them take immediate steps to secure a suitable site for the erection of a permanent exhibition hall, where at all times the genius of the young and enterprising may find sympathy and encouragement—and where, too, the curiosities and wonders of the State may form a permanent museum. A place of public resort of this character, for instruction and amusement, where either citizen or stranger could spend a leisure hour, would, at the same time, become a constant monitor to the visitor for the production of something useful or ornamental. Perhaps, too, there could be an advantageous union of the Academy of Natural Sciences with

the Mechanics' Institute, for such purposes.

THE STATE AGRICULTURAL FAIR.—It should not be forgotten that for several years past the Committee of the State Agricultural Fair have been earnestly engaged in developing the wonderful resources of the soil, and in encouraging every department of industry,—and at a time, too, when they stood almost alone in the enterprise. To their indefatigable exertions very much of California's present prosperity is attributable. It is therefore our earnest hope that the great interest manifested in the Industrial Exhibition of San Francisco will in no wise detract from the progress and prosperity of the State Agricultural Fair now being held in Stockton.

THE FIRST OVERLAND MAIL.—From San Antonio, Texas, to San Diego, California, the first overland mail has arrived in thirty-four days, traveling time. This, no doubt, will be a very expensive way of finding out something concerning one of the suitable routes for the great Pacific Railroad; but for encouraging and protecting immigration and opening up settlements upon the great highway of travel, every one knows it to be utterly useless. It is true that the public wish to be better informed concerning the vast territory lying between the Gulf of Mexico, the Mississippi River, and our Pacific possessions; but the question very naturally arises, is this the most suitable method of obtaining it? We think not.

Monthly Chat,

WITH CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

T. E.—We never stoop to such; but, did we do so, we can assure our correspondent that we are fully equal to the task of doing our own "fibbing" (!) Declined.

A.—This month it was necessarily omitted, but will appear next.

H., Oroville.—Send 'em along.

Doings.—Your spirited reply to Eugenie is unintentionally crowded out this month.

L. J., Georgetown.—Is received. We thank you—all kinds of information is at all times acceptable.

H. F. T., Petaluma.—For heavens—no, for our—no, for the people's sake—don't send for any more legal gentlemen. In our opinion, nineteen at least from every twenty could now be spared, to an immense advantage to the State. If people would do right, and be satisfied with a

just and common-
neighbors would and
a host of lawyers.

Annie B.—If you do
and spicy Magazine
occupy a corner, pl
it, to write with gr
we shall be happy.

G. S.—Mrs. Thomas C
white lady who ven

J. V. H., Webber Creek.
say to you; and do
any one! In your p

"If you reject the
cut me up as you do
pondents." Now, M

attempt such a thing
body, however poo
may be, promising

have a beginning;
very important (!) pe
erty of "putting on

double responsibility
to teach him that

man of nature ev
any one; and, see
takes the trouble to

on us, he certainly
"waking up the v
that's all.

Mountaineer.—The Am
a distinct animal fro
ger; and both mate

prototypes of the ca
American Jaguar, c
erly so called by the

—is much smaller
Asiatic Tiger, thou
in other respects are

most voracious and
North America. Th
Lion (*Felis discolor*)

the Jaguar, but n
preys upon much su

T. S., Suisun.—Be a n
right, write right, a
"let her vent." Ke

self-respect, and y
mouldy potato for th
treat them as McCa
"sovrin contimpt."

Mechanics' Institute, for such pur-
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 mense advantage to the State. If people
 would do right, and be satisfied with a

just and common-sense decision, a few
 neighbors would answer much better than
 a host of lawyers.
Annie B.—If you do "love" our "spirited
 and spicy Magazine;" and would like to
 occupy a corner, please, as you "love"
 it, to write with greater care; and then
 we shall be happy to find you one.
G. S.—Mrs. Thomas O. Larkin was the first
 white lady who ventured to California.
J. V. H., Webber Creek.—We have a word to
 say to you; and don't you mention it to
 any one! In your postscript you remark,
 "If you reject these lines, pray do not
 cut me up as you do some of your corre-
 spondents." Now, Mr. J. V. H., we never
 attempt such a thing as to "cut up" any-
 body, however poor their contributions
 may be, premising that all things must
 have a beginning; but, whenever any
 very important (!) personage takes the lib-
 erty of "putting on airs," we feel that a
 double responsibility falls upon us: first,
 to teach him that no true-hearted noble-
 man of nature ever "puts on airs" to
 any one; and, secondly, that when he
 takes the trouble to try how they will fit
 on us, he certainly makes a mistake in
 "waking up the wrong passenger,"—
 that's all.

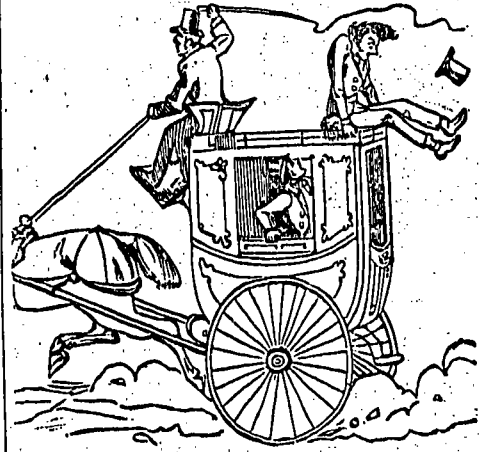
Mountaineer.—The American Lion is entirely
 a distinct animal from the American Tig-
 er; and both materially differ from their
 prototypes of the eastern continent. The
 American Jaguar, or "Tigre"—improp-
 erly so called by the Mexicans and natives
 —is much smaller than the African or
 Asiatic Tiger, though its characteristics
 in other respects are identical, and is the
 most voracious and destructive animal in
 North America. The Puma, or American
 Lion (*Felis discolor*) is much larger than
 the Jaguar, but not as ferocious, and
 preys upon much smaller animals.

T. S., Suisun.—Be a man in all things, think
 right, write right, and act right, and then
 "let her went." Keep sacredly your own
 self-respect, and you need not care a
 mouldy potato for the balance. We should
 treat them as McCarthy did his cold—with
 "sovrin contimpt."

A. T., Salmon Falls.—We are persuaded that
 you have not done yourself or subject
 justice. Give us some of those earnest
 gushings of the soul, that will either make
 us laugh or weep, and we don't care
 which. But oh! save us from any thing
 flat or insipid.
A Subscriber, Roach's Hill.—Thank you. We
 shall bear it in mind.
 RECEIVED—Several articles too late to be
 examined this month.

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF MR.
 JOSHUA FLIMPKINS.

We last saw Mr. Flimpkins with his friend
 Mr. Simples on their way to the boat; but
 they arrive just three minutes too late, the
 consequence of their call at the "Free Lunch
 Institute."
 Mr. Flimpkins again resolves to cut the
 acquaintance of all city institutions.
 Mr. Simples takes it upon himself to show
 Mr. Flimpkins something more of the city.
 Hires a cab to take them to the Pavilion of
 the Industrial Exhibition.
 Mr. Flimpkins prefers an outside seat, as
 he wishes to see what is going on. Mr. Sim-
 ples prefers the inside; but from the extra-
 ordinary speed made, and an outside cry of
 "Stop her! stop her!" he, too, is desirous
 of seeing what is going on.
 Mr. Flimpkins sees enough of what is
 going on, is perfectly sure he will go in, the
 next time he rides a cab.

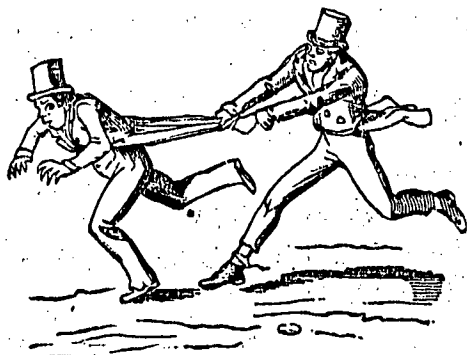


HE PREFERS AN OUTSIDE SEAT.

They reach the Pavilion; but the Fair
 not yet opened, and they not being con-
 tributors, are not allowed admission; are
 told that in ten days arrangements will be
 completed and visitors admitted.
 Mr. Flimpkins resolves to stay; but being

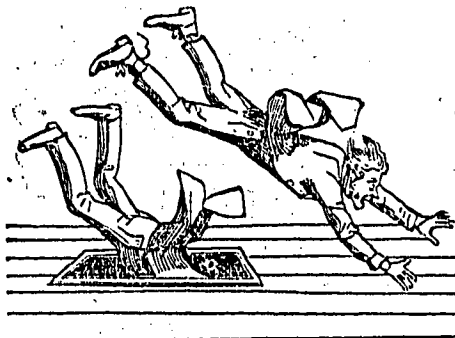
rather short of funds, suggests the expediency of quartering himself upon the hospitality of his friend Mr. Simples.

Mr. Simples acquiesces; but is horrified at the idea, and determines to cut his acquaintance the first opportunity. Seizes a favorable moment, he thinks; but Mr. Flimpkins *thinks* differently.



ENDEAVORS TO CUT HIS ACQUAINTANCE.

And thus they go it, Simp. and Flimp., through Montgomery and up Washington, Flimp. holding good his distance behind, and Simp. about the same distance ahead; but Simp. becomes desperate; desperate emergencies require like efforts, or remedies; must shake him off at all hazards; sees the cover off from a half-filled street reservoir; must get rid of him, so plunges in with the cry of Murder! Police! and rises head above water, just in time to hear Flimp. arrested — after an accidental somerset — and started off for the station-house.



URNS A SOMERSET.

-No one appearing against him, he is discharged. Makes inquiry for his friend Simp. Hasn't been heard from; begins to fear the hole he went in at has some connection with city institutions; therefore will hear of Simp. being "dead and drowned," before he'll go near it to look after him.

He now arranges with his landlord till he again receives funds from his friends in the country. The coin arrives, all right, and Flimp. is now Mr. Flimpkins again. He visits North Beach; here he concludes to take an omnibus ride—his first—as far as

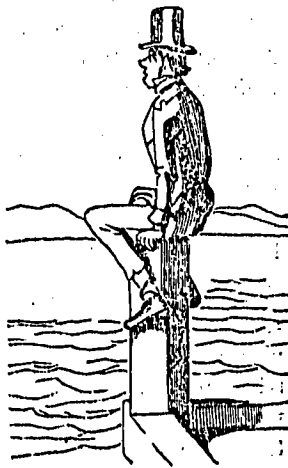
the Pavilion of the exhibition; gets in; congratulates himself on having the "bus" all to himself; thinks differently before he reaches the Pavilion; arrives all safe, and so do six other men, nine women, eleven children, six poodle dogs, and about the same number of market baskets.

Goes in on a fifty-cent ticket, is a single man, never married, not he; is so well pleased with the exhibition that he resolves to stay a few days; expresses a willingness to purchase a season ticket; hopes some gentleman will be kind enough to introduce him to some lady; he is introduced; from the appearance of the lady, he judges her to be *some*, and proves himself to be rather more than *some*, on an introduction.



IS SOME ON AN INTRODUCTION.

Mr. Flimpkins is horrified, and the ladies terrified, at the accident he has occasioned. Takes advantage of the confusion of the moment, escapes unobserved from the Pavilion and rushes for the boat, which, however, had left just one hour before; resolves never to leave the dock till he does it on a steamboat; is perfectly disgusted with city life and institutions; and to get as far from all of them as possible, under the circumstances, attains to his present elevated position, where he remains twenty-four hours, less one, and is safely on board, and off for Sacramento.



TO THE PEOPLE

HENRY NEUSTADT

Battery Street, corner of Sacramento

OFFERS FOR SALE EXHIBIT

Sam Hart's and L. J. Cohen's PLAYING CARDS

Harpes & Wostenholm's POCKET CUTLERY

I. X. L. Bowie Knives, Also, Woolens, Merino

Socks and Stockings, Silk, Woolen, Cotton

shirts and Drawers, Kid, Silk, Cotton, W

Gloves, Ladies' and Gents' Gauntlets, Cr

Porto Monnates, Combs, Brushes, &c., &c.

Also, GOLD SCALES, Gold Dust, Purse,

Leather Belts,

Perfumery, and a variety of other Fancy

Notions.

HASS & GROSEN

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS

ALOPHET

Fancy Dry Hosiery, Yankee

No. 86 CALIFORNIA ST

Between Sansome and Battery, Sa

GREENHOOD & NEW

DEALERS IN

SEGARS AND TO

02 CALIFORNIA ST

L. & E. WERTHE

No. 2 Franklin Build

Corner Sacramento and Bat

SAN FRANCISCO,

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS

SEGARS AND TO

Pipes, Matches, S

E. B. & D. H. HE

DAGUERREAN

HUNTOON STREET, OR

Beautiful and life-like Ambroty

weather, in the highest styl

Views of Claims, &c

BOOK

CHEAP

Having transferred my entire

BOOK AN

And beg leave to call

LAW, MEDICAL

AND THE C

Comprising

THE BOOK B

GRAPHIC Departments, co

States, and all orders will be

Having every advanta

inducements to purchasers,

fill orders with the utmost p

SAN FRANCISCO, 1857.

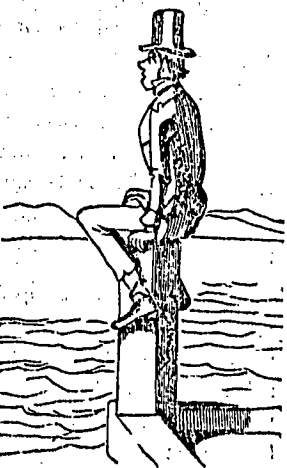
million of the exhibition; gets in; relates himself on having the "bus" himself; thinks differently before he reaches the Pavilion; arrives all safe, and with six other men, nine women, eleven poodles, six poodle dogs, and about the number of market baskets. In on a fifty-cent ticket, is a single never married, not he; is so well with the exhibition that he resolves a few days; expresses a willingness to use a season ticket; hopes some gentleman will be kind enough to introduce some lady; he is introduced; from the appearance of the lady, he judges her to be a lady and proves himself to be rather an introduction.



IS SOME ON AN INTRODUCTION.

Mr. Hopkins is horrified, and the ladies at the accident he has occasioned. In the advantage of the confusion of the crowd he escapes unobserved from the Pavilion and rushes for the boat, which, however, he left just one hour before; resolves to

leave till he can get on a boat; is disappointed in the city institution to get all of possible, the circumstances, presented before he can get on a boat safely and



TO THE PEOPLE.

HENRY NEUSTADER,

Battery Street, corner of Sacramento,

OFFERS FOR SALE, EX-LATE ARRIVALS,

Sam Hart's and J. I. Cohen's PLAYING CARDS.
Barnes & Westenhofen's POCKET CUTLERY.
1 X L. Bowie Knives. Also, Woolens, Merino and Cotton Socks and Stockings. Silk, Woolen, Merino and Cotton Under-shirts and Drawers. Kid, Silk, Cotton, Woolen and Buck Gloves. Ladies' and Gents' Gauntlets; Cravats and Hdk's. Porto Monnaies; Combs; Brushes, &c., &c.
Also, GOLD SCALES. Gold Dust Purses, India Rubber and Leather Belts.
Perfumery, and a variety of other Fancy Goods and Yankee Notions.

HASS & ROSENFELD,

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

CLOTHING,

Fancy Dry Hostory, Yankee Notions, etc.

No. 86 CALIFORNIA STREET,

Between Sansome and Battery, San Francisco.

GREENHOOD & NEWBAUR,

DEALERS IN

SEGARS AND TOBACCO,

92 CALIFORNIA STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

L. & E. WERTHEIMER,

No. 2 Franklin Building,

Corner Sacramento and Battery Streets,

SAN FRANCISCO,

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

SEGARS AND TOBACCO,

Pipes, Matches, Snuff, etc.

E. B. & D. H. HENDEE,

DAGUERREAN ARTISTS,

HUNTOON STREET, OROVILLE.

Beautiful and life-like Ambrotypes taken in all weathers, in the highest style of the art.

Views of Claims, &c., &c.



A. KOHLER

178 Washington St. (& 276 Stockton St.)

SAN FRANCISCO

DIRECT IMPORTER

(of)

Musical Instruments

Genuine

ITALIAN & ROMAN

STRINGS

SHEET MUSIC - MUSIC BOOKS

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Orders for the above, by the case or otherwise, filled promptly and at the lowest prices.

BOOKS, STATIONERY,

— AND —

CHEAP PUBLICATIONS.

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

BOOK AND STATIONERY BUSINESS,

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

LAW, MEDICAL, AND MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS,

Stationery and Cheap Publications,

AND THE CURRENT LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Comprising EVERY VARIETY in the different Departments.

THE BOOK BINDING, BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURING AND LITHOGRAPHIC Departments connected with the establishment, are as complete as any in the United States, and all orders will be executed with neatness and dispatch.

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

JOSIAH J. LE COUNT.

SAN FRANCISCO, 1857.



FIRST PREMIUM AGAIN.

R. H. VANCE,

Corner of Sacramento and Montgomery Streets,

Has, by the superiority of his DAGUERREOTYPES and AMBROTYPES, again received

THE FIRST PREMIUM

Awarded by the STATE FAIR in 1856, being the THIRD TIME received against all competitors.

TO THOSE WHO WISH SOMETHING NEW AND BEAUTIFUL,

We have purchased the PATENT RIGHT of CUTTING'S AMBROTYPES FOR THIS STATE; and are now prepared to take them in a style

UNEQUALLED IN THE UNITED STATES,

of any size—from the smallest Miniature to life size. I would say to all who have been deceived and swindled with bogus pictures, not to condemn this new and beautiful invention until they have seen the

GENUINE AMBROTYPES.

They are said to be the most durable Pictures known, as neither acids, water, or dampness of any kind can affect them. Those having Daguerreotypes which they wish to preserve forever, would do well to have them copied in Ambrotypes.

Having secured the assistance of another of the best Artists in the State, together with all new improvements direct from New York, we are now fully prepared to execute PHOTOGRAPHS by thousands, at greatly reduced prices. We are also prepared to go to any part of the City or State to execute views of Buildings, Landscapes, Machinery, Mining Claims, or anything of the kind, on reasonable terms and at the shortest notice.

Groups of from two to twenty persons are taken perfect. Also, persons in Regalia, and Military Dress, are taken without reversing insignias or letters. Children taken by this new process in less than one second.

We still continue to execute our splendid PREMIUM DAGUERREOTYPES as usual. Having made great and extensive additions to our Gallery, for the purpose of making and exhibiting our Ambrotypo Pictures, we would be pleased to have our work examined.

OUR GALLERY IS FREE TO ALL.