

Published Monthly.

Price 25 Cents.

HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA

MAGAZINE



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

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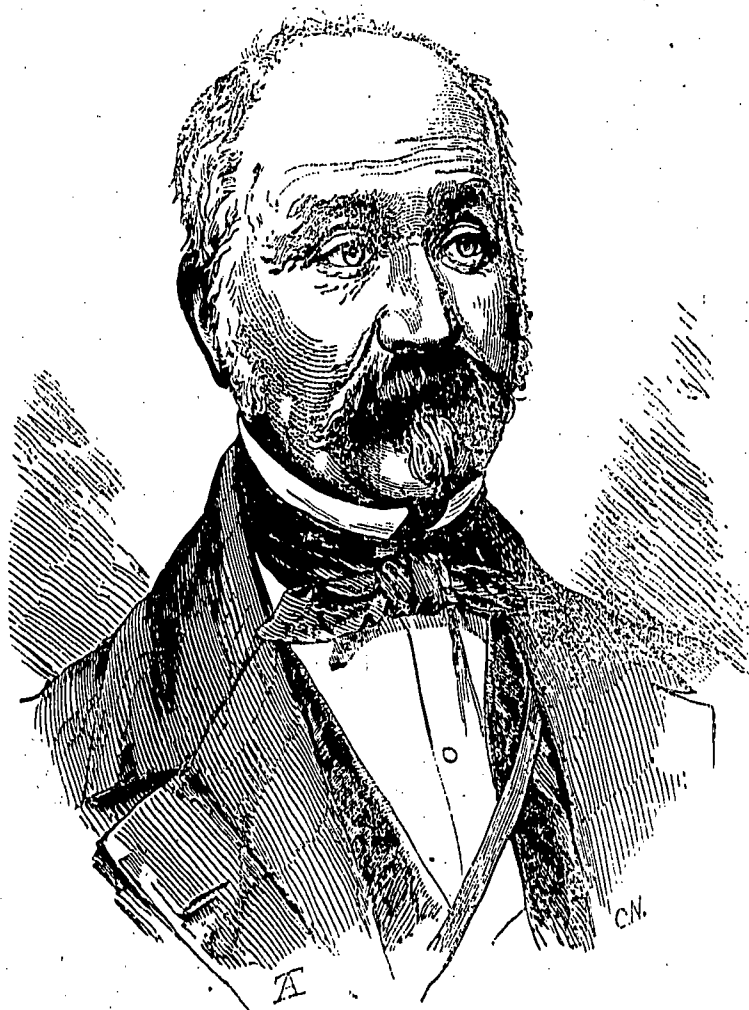
HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

Vol. II.

NOVEMBER, 1857.

No 5.

THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN CALIFORNIA.



GEN. JOHN A. SUTTER.

[From an Ambrotype by R. H. Vance.]

THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN CALIFORNIA.

Ours is the age of gold,
And ours the hallowed time.—*Mellen.*

To the lovers of history, nothing can be more welcome and valuable than the unvarnished narrative of events, from the actors themselves: therefore, we feel the greater pleasure in presenting our readers with the following statements, with which we are favored: one from the good old pioneer, Gen. John August Sutter; and the other from Mr. James W. Marshall, the favored discoverer of the gold—and who, unitedly, are the fathers of *The Age of Gold.*

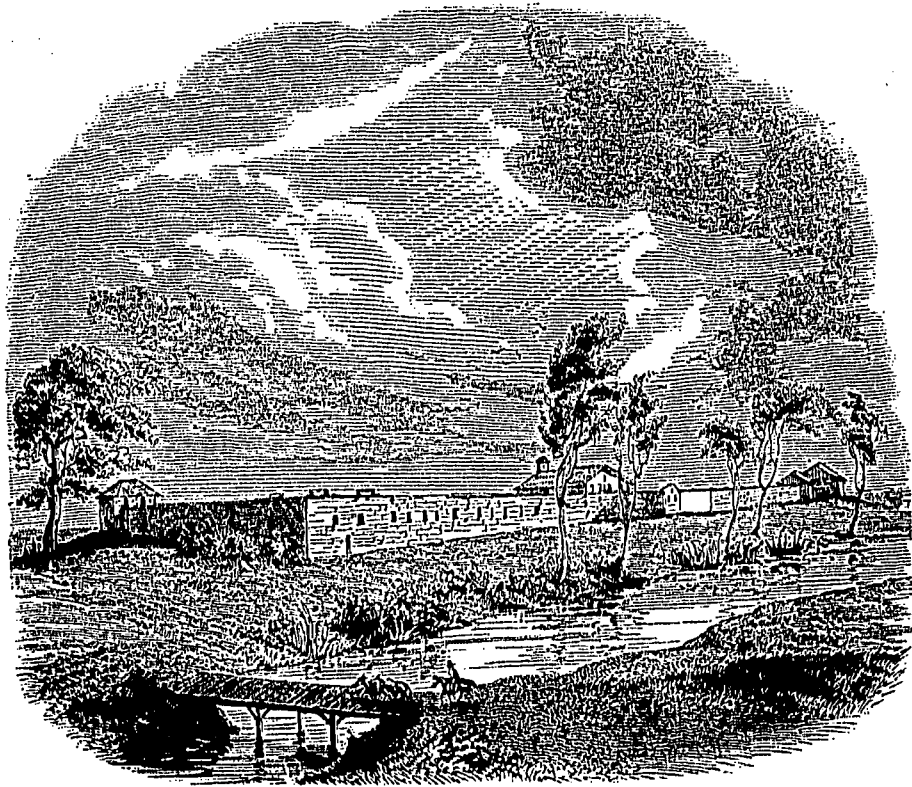
It was in the first part of January, 1848, when the gold was discovered at Coloma,* where I was then building a saw-mill. The contractor and builder of this mill was James W. Marshall, from New Jersey. In the fall of 1847, after the mill seat had been located, I sent up to this place Mr. P. L. Wimmer with his family, and a number of laborers, from the disbanded Mormon Battalion; and a little later I engaged Mr. Bennet from Oregon to assist Mr. Marshall in the mechanical labors of the mill. Mr. Wimmer had the team in charge, assisted by his young sons, to do the necessary teaming, and Mrs. Wimmer did the cooking for all hands.

I was very much in need of a saw-mill, to get lumber to finish my large flouring mill, of four run of stones, at Brighton, which was commenced at the same time, and was rapidly progressing; likewise for other buildings, fences, etc., for the small village of Yerba Buena, (now San Francisco.) In the City Hotel, (the only one) at the dinner table this enterprise was unkindly called "another folly of Sutter's," as my first settlement at the old fort near Sacramento City was called by a good many, "a folly of his," and they were about right in that, because I had the best chances to get some of the finest locations, near

* The Indian name and pronunciation is Cul-lu-mah, (beautiful vale,) now Americanized Coloma.

the settlements; and even well stocked rancho's had been offered to me on the most reasonable conditions; but I refused all these good offers, and preferred to explore the wilderness, and select a territory on the banks of the Sacramento. It was a rainy afternoon when Mr. Marshall arrived at my office in the Fort, very wet. I was somewhat surprised to see him, as he was down a few days previous; and when, I sent up to Coloma a number of teams with provisions, mill irons, etc., etc. He told me then that he had some important and interesting news which he wished to communicate secretly to me, and wished me to go with him to a place where we should not be disturbed, and where no listeners could come and hear what we had to say. I went with him to my private rooms; he requested me to lock the door; I complied, but I told him at the same time that nobody was in the house except the clerk, who was in his office in a different part of the house; after requesting of me something which he wanted, which my servants brought and then left the room, I forgot to lock the doors, and it happened that the door was opened by the clerk just at the moment when Marshall took a rag from his pocket, showing me the yellow metal: he had about two ounces of it; but how quick Mr. M. put the yellow metal in his pocket again can hardly be described. The clerk came to see me on business, and excused himself for interrupting me, and as soon as he had left I was told, "now lock the doors; didn't I tell you that we might have listeners?" I told him that he need fear nothing about that, as it was not the habit of this gentleman; but I could hardly convince him that he need not to be suspicious. Then Mr. M. began to show me this metal, which consisted of small pieces and specimens, some of them worth a few dollars; he told me that he had expressed his opinion to the laborers at the mill, that this might be gold; but some of them were laughing at him and called him a crazy man, and could not believe such a thing.

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SUTTER'S FORT IN 1848.

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After having proved the metal with aqua
 fortis, which I found in my apothecary
 shop, likewise with other experiments, and
 read the long article "gold" in the Ency-
 clopedia Americana, I declared this to be
 gold of the finest quality, of at least 23 car-
 ats. After this Mr. M. had no more rest nor
 patience, and wanted me to start with him
 immediately for Coloma; but I told him I
 could not leave, as it was late in the even-
 ing and nearly supper time, and that it
 would be better for him to remain with me
 till the next morning, and I would travel
 with him, but this would not do: he asked
 me only "will you come to-morrow morn-
 ing?" I told him yes, and off he started
 for Coloma in the heaviest rain, although
 already very wet, taking nothing to eat.
 I took this news very easy, like all other
 occurrences good or bad, but thought a
 great deal during the night about the con-
 sequences which might follow such a dis-
 covery. I gave all my necessary orders to
 my numerous laborers, and left the next
 morning at 7 o'clock, accompanied by an
 Indian soldier, and vaquero, in a heavy
 rain, for Coloma. About half way on the
 road I saw at a distance a human being
 crawling out from the brushwood. I asked
 the Indian who it was: he told me "the
 same man who was with you last evening."
 When I came nearer I found it was Mar-
 shall, very wet; I told him that he would
 have done better to remain with me at the
 fort than to pass such an ugly night here;
 but he told me that he went up to Coloma,
 (54 miles) took his other horse and came
 half way to meet me; then we rode up to
 the new Eldorado. In the afternoon the
 weather was clearing up, and we made a
 prospecting promenade. The next morn-
 ing we went to the tail-race of the mill;
 through which the water was running
 during the night, to clean out the gravel
 which had been made loose, for the purpose
 of widening the race; and after the water

was out of the race we went in to search for gold. This was done every morning: small pieces of gold could be seen remaining on the bottom of the clean washed bed rock. I went in the race and picked up several pieces of this gold, several of the laborers gave me some which they had picked up, and from Marshall I received a part. I told them that I would get a ring made of this gold as soon as it could be done in California; and I have had a heavy ring made, with my family's coat of arms engraved on the outside, and on the inside of the ring is engraved, "The first gold, discovered in January, 1848." Now if Mrs. Wimmer possesses a piece which has been found earlier than mine Mr. Marshall can tell,* as it was probably received from him. I think Mr. Marshall could have hardly known himself which was exactly the first little piece, among the whole.

The next day I went with Mr. M. on a prospecting tour in the vicinity of Coloma, and the following morning I left for Sacramento. Before my departure I had a conversation with all hands: I told them that I would consider it as a great favor if they would keep this discovery secret only for six weeks, so that I could finish my large flour mill at Brighton, (with four run of stones,) which had cost me already about from 24 to 25,000 dollars—the people up there promised to keep it secret so long. On my way home, instead of feeling happy and contented, I was very unhappy, and could not see that it would benefit me much, and I was perfectly right in thinking so; as it came just precisely as I expected. I thought at the same time that it could hardly be kept secret for six weeks; and in this I was not mistaken, for about two weeks later, after my return, I sent up several teams in charge of a white man, as the teamsters were Indian boys. This man was acquainted with all hands up there, and Mrs. Wimmer told him the whole se-

* Mrs. Wimmer's piece weighs about five dollars and twelve cents. The first piece, Mr. Marshall says, weighed about fifty cents.

cret; likewise the young sons of Mr. Wimmer told him that they had gold, and that they would let him have some too; and so he obtained a few dollars' worth of it as a present. As soon as this man arrived at the fort he went to a small store in one of my outside buildings, kept by Mr. Smith, a partner of Samuel Brannan, and asked for a bottle of brandy, for which he would pay the cash; after having the bottle he paid with these small pieces of gold. Smith was astonished and asked him if he intended to insult him; the teamster told him to go and ask me about it; Smith came in, in great haste, to see me, and I told him at once the truth—what could I do? I had to tell him all about it. He reported it to Mr. S. Brannan, who came up immediately to get all possible information, when he returned and sent up large supplies of goods, leased a larger house from me, and commenced a very large and profitable business; soon he opened a branch house of business at Mormon Island.

Mr. Brannan made a kind of claim on Mormon Island, and put a tolerably heavy tax on "The Latter Day Saints." I believe it was 30 per cent, which they paid for some time, until they got tired of it, (some of them told me that it was for the purpose of building a temple for the honor and glory of the Lord.)

So soon as the secret was out my laborers began to leave me, in small parties first, but then all left, from the clerk to the cook, and I was in great distress; only a few mechanics remained to finish some very necessary work which they had commenced, and about eight invalids, who continued slowly to work a few teams, to scrape out the mill race at Brighton. The Mormons did not like to leave my mill unfinished, but they got the gold fever like everybody else. After they had made their piles they left for the Great Salt Lake. So long as these people have been employed by me they have behaved very well, and were industrious and faithful laborers, and when settling their accounts there was not



one of them who was not satisfied.

Then the people commenced coming from San Francisco and California, in May, 1848; in large numbers only five men were left of the women and children; the men locked their doors and "ter's Fort," and from there they fled. For some time the people in the farther south would not believe of the gold discovery, and only a 'Ruse de Guerre' of S he wanted to have neighbors. From this time on many neighbors, and some among them.

What a great misfortune gold discovery for me! It ruined my hard, industrious labors, connected with life, as I had many neighbors before I became properly established.

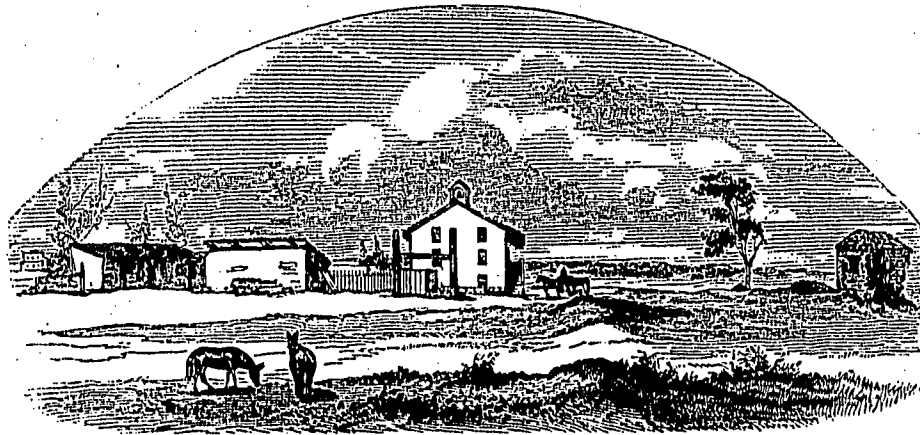
From my mill building benefit whatever, the mill had been stolen and sold.

My tannery, which was in a flourishing condition, and was profitable, was deserted, and the leather was left unfinished and a great quantity of it was valueless as they could not be bothered with it. So it was called. So it was

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SUTTER'S FORT, IN 1857.

one of them who was not contented and satisfied.

Then the people commenced rushing up from San Francisco and other parts of California, in May, 1848: in the former village only five men were left to take care of the women and children. The single men locked their doors and left for "Sutter's Fort," and from there to the Eldorado. For some time the people in Monterey and farther south would not believe the news of the gold discovery, and said that it was only a 'Ruse de Guerre' of Sutter's, because he wanted to have neighbors in his wilderness. From this time on I got only too many neighbors, and some very bad ones among them.

What a great misfortune was this sudden gold discovery for me! It has just broken up and ruined my hard, restless, and industrious labors, connected with many dangers of life, as I had many narrow escapes before I became properly established.

From my mill buildings I reaped no benefit whatever, the mill stones even have been stolen and sold.

My tannery, which was then in a flourishing condition, and was carried on very profitably, was deserted, a large quantity of leather was left unfinished in the vats; and a great quantity of raw hides became valueless as they could not be sold; nobody wanted to be bothered with such trash, as it was called. So it was in all the other

mechanical trades which I had carried on; all was abandoned, and work commenced or nearly finished was all left, to an immense loss for me. Even the Indians had no more patience to work alone, in harvesting and threshing my large wheat crop out; as the whites had all left, and other Indians had been engaged by some white men to work for them, and they commenced to have some gold for which they were buying all kinds of articles at enormous prices in the stores; which, when my Indians saw this, they wished very much to go to the mountains and dig gold. At last I consented, got a number of wagons ready, loaded them with provisions and goods of all kinds, employed a clerk, and left with about one hundred Indians, and about fifty Sandwich Islanders (Kanakas) which had joined those which I brought with me from the Islands. The first camp was about ten miles above Mormon Island, on the south fork of the American river. In a few weeks we became crowded, and it would no more pay, as my people made too many acquaintances. I broke up the camp and started on the march further south, and located my next camp on Sutter creek (now in Amador county), and thought that I should there be alone. The work was going on well for a while, until three or four traveling grog-shops surrounded me, at from one and a half to two miles distance from the camp; then, of course, the

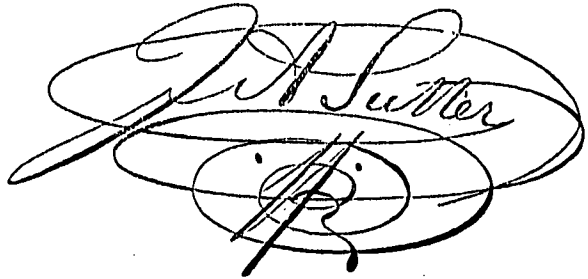
gold was taken to these places, for drinking, gambling, etc., and then the following day they were sick and unable to work, and became deeper and more indebted to me, and particularly the Kanakas. I found that it was high time to quit this kind of business, and lose no more time and money. I therefore broke up the camp and returned to the Fort, where I disbanded nearly all the people who had worked for me in the mountains digging gold. This whole expedition proved to be a heavy loss to me.

At the same time I was engaged in a mercantile firm in Coloma, which I left in January, 1849—likewise with many sacrifices. After this I would have nothing more to do with the gold affairs. At this time, the Fort was the great trading place where nearly all the business was transacted. I had no pleasure to remain there, and moved up to Hock Farm, with all my Indians, and who had been with me from the time they were children. The place was then in charge of a Major Domo.

It is very singular that the Indians never found a piece of gold and brought it to me, as they very often did other specimens found in the ravines. I requested them continually to bring me some curiosities from the mountains, for which I always recompensed them. I have received animals, birds, plants, young trees, wild fruits, pipe clay, stones, red ochre, etc., etc., but never a piece of gold. Mr. Dana, of the scientific corps of the expedition under Com. Wilkes' Exploring Squadron, told me that he had the strongest proof and signs of gold in the vicinity of Shasta Mountain, and further south. A short time afterwards, Doctor Sandels, a very scientific traveler, visited me, and explored a part of the country in a great hurry, as time would not permit him to make a longer stay.

He told me likewise that he found sure signs of gold, and was very sorry that he could not explore the Sierra Nevada. He did not encourage me to attempt to work and open mines, as it was uncertain how it would pay, and would probably be only profitable for a government. So I thought it more prudent to stick to the plow, notwithstanding I did know that the country was rich in gold, and other minerals. An old attached Mexican servant who followed me here from the United States, as soon as he knew that I was here, and who understood a great deal about working in placers, told me he found sure signs of gold in the mountains on Bear Creek, and that we would go right to work after returning from our campaign in 1845, but he became a victim to his patriotism and fell into the hands of the enemy near my encampment, with dispatches for me from Gen. Micheltorena, and he was hung as a spy, for which I was very sorry.

By this sudden discovery of the gold, all my great plans were destroyed. Had I succeeded with my mills and manufactories for a few years before the gold was discovered, I should have been the richest citizen on the Pacific shore; but it had to be different. Instead of being rich, I am ruined, and the cause of it is the long delay of the United States Land Commission, of the United States Courts, through the great influence of the squatter lawyers. Before my case will be decided in Washington, another year may elapse, but I hope that justice will be done me by the last tribunal—the Supreme Court of the United States. By the Land Commission and the District Court it has been decided in my favor. The Common Council of the city of Sacramento, composed partly of squatters, paid Alpheus Felch, (one of the late Land Commissioners, who was engaged by the squatters during his office), \$5,000, from the fund of the city, against the will of the tax-payers, for which amount he has to try to defeat my just and old claim from the Mexican government, before the Supreme Court of the United States in Washington.


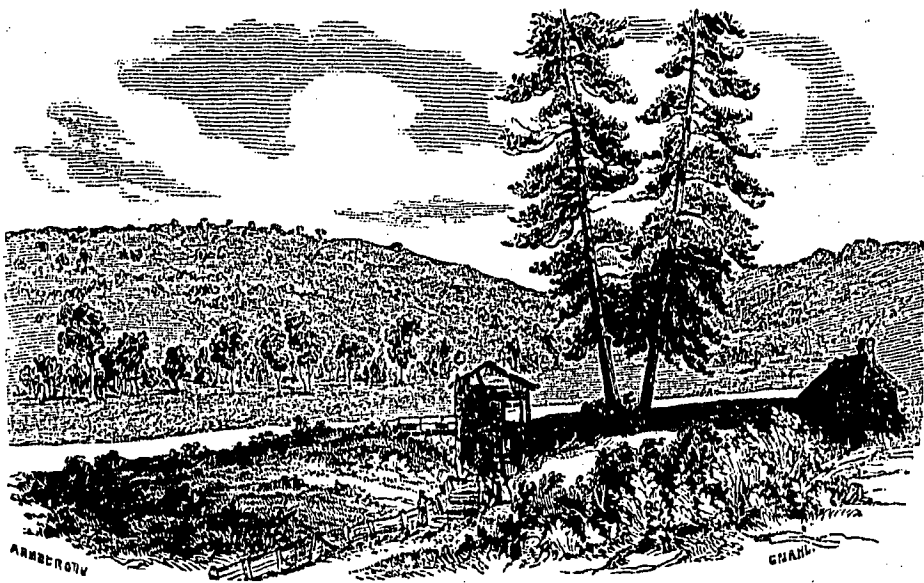



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SUTTER'S MILL, IN 1848.

Unfortunately for Gen. Sutter, he had one failing—*his heart was too large and confiding*. The men who shared most largely in his princely hospitality and confidence, were the first to take advantage of it, by stealing away his possessions. His generous nature taught him to feel that all *white men were honest*—but he did not find them so;—a mistake to which is attributable his present impoverished circumstances. Now, when he should be enjoying the fruit of his long and enterprising labors in peace, he is annoyed with contentions and lawsuits innumerable—*simply in trying to hold his own!* Even the quiet and pleasant Hock Farm—his homestead—(a spot which is ever sacred to the heart of an American)—was sold, not long since, under the hammer of the sheriff. Recently, however, it has been redeemed, at a great sacrifice. And this is the man to whom we are so much indebted for the gold discovery. May God forgive us Californians, for our shameful indifference to the Old Pioneer.

The following is Mr. Marshall's account of his discovery of the gold:—

Being a millwright by trade, as there was a ready cash sale for lumber, I con-

cluded to seek a location in the mountains and erect a mill, to supply the valley with lumber. Some time in April, 1847, I visited New Helvetia, commonly known as the "Fort," where I made my resolution known to John A. Sutter, son., and requested of him an Indian boy, to act as an interpreter to the mountain Indians in the vicinity of the American river—or Rio del los Americanos, as it was then called. At first he refused, because, he said that he had previously sent several companies, at various times, and by different routes, for that purpose, all of whom reported that it was impossible to find a route for a wagon road to any locality where pine timber could be procured, and that it was the height of folly to attempt any such thing.

Capt. Sutter at length, however, promised me the desired interpreter, provided I would stock some six or eight plows for him first, of which he was in immediate want, which I readily agreed to do. While I was employed upon this job there was much talk at the Fort concerning my contemplated trip to the mountains; and Messrs. Gingery, P. L. Wimmer and McLellan having resolved also to take a trip, with the same object in view, came where

I was working, and asked me where I expected to find a road and timber, and I promptly gave them my views and directions.

They departed, I believe in company, but finally separated, and P. L. Wimmer found pine timber and a road, on what is now known as the Sacramento and Diamond Springs road, and about the 12th of May, Gingery and Wimmer commenced work, about thirteen miles west of the (now called) Shingle Spring House.

On the 16th of May, having completed my work for Capt. Sutter, I started, with an Indian boy, — Treador, and W. A. Graves, (who is now residing in Butte county, and who had assisted me in my work, and heard the conversation between myself, Gingery, Wimmer and McLellan,) accompanied me for the purpose of seeing the mountains. On the 18th of May we entered the valley of Culluma [Coloma]; and on the 20th Gingery joined our company. We then traveled up the stream now called Weber creek—the Indian name of which is Pul-Pul-Mull—to the head of the creek; thence higher in the mountains until we arrived at the South Fork of the American river, where it divides into two branches of about equal size; from whence we returned by Sly Park and Pleasant Valley to the Fort.

On my arrival I gave Capt. Sutter an account of my trip, and what I had discovered. He thereupon proposed to me a partnership; but before we were ready to commence operations, some persons who had tried, in vain, to find Culluma, reported to Sutter that I "had made a false representation, for they could find no such place." To settle matters, Capt. Sutter furnished me with a Mission Indian, who was Alcalde of the Cosumnes tribe, as an interpreter and guide—trusting partly to the Indian's report, as to the propriety of the proposed co-partnership.

The report which I had made on my first trip having been fully confirmed by observations on the second, the co-partnership

was completed, and about the 27th of August we signed the agreement to build and run a saw-mill at Culluma. On the third day (I think) afterwards, I set out, with two wagons, and was accompanied by the following persons, employed by the firm of Sutter & Marshall, viz.: P. L. Wimmer and family, James Barger, Ira Willis, Sidney Willis, Alex. Stephens, Wm. Cunce, James Brown, and Ezekiah Persons.

On our arrival in the Valley we first built the double log cabin, afterwards known as Hastings & Co.'s store. About the last of September, as Capt. Sutter wanted a couple of capable men to construct a dam across the American river at the grist-mill—near where the Pavilion now stands—I sent the two Willis', as the most capable; (Wm. Cunce being in feeble health, left about the same time;) and I received Henry Bigler, Israel Smith, Wm. Johnston and — Evans in return; and shortly afterwards I employed Charles Bennet and Wm. Scott, both carpenters. The above named individuals, with some ten Indians, constituted my whole force.

While we were in the habit at night of turning the water through the tail race we had dug for the purpose of widening and deepening the race, I used to go down in the morning to see what had been done by the water through the night; and about half past seven o'clock on or about the 19th of January—I am not quite certain to a day, but it was between the 18th and 20th of that month—1848, I went down as usual, and after shutting off the water from the race I stepped into it, near the lower end, and there, upon the rock, about six inches beneath the surface of the water, I DISCOVERED THE GOLD. I was entirely alone at the time. I picked up one or two pieces and examined them attentively; and having some general knowledge of minerals, I could not call to mind more than two which in any way resembled this—*sulphuret of iron*, very bright and brittle; and *gold*, bright, yet malleable; I then tried it between two rocks, and found that

it could be beaten into a different shape but not broken. I then collected five pieces and went up to Mr. Scott, who was working at the carpenter's shop (making the mill wheel) with the mill, and said, "I have found gold."

"What is it?" inquired Scott.

"Gold," I answered.

"Oh! no," returned Scott, "that is not gold." I replied positively,— "I know nothing else."

Mr. Scott was the second person who saw the gold. W. J. Johnston, A. H. Bigler, and J. Brown, who were working in the mill yard, were taken up to see it. Peter L. Wimmer, Wimmer, C. Bennet, and J. Scott were at the house; the latter two of whom were sick; E. Persons and John W. Scott (son of P. L. Wimmer), were also taken up to see it. About the same morning, P. L. Wimmer went down from the house, and was surprised at the discovery, when he was shown him; and which he then showed to his wife, who, the next day, made some experiments upon it by boiling it with strong lye, and saleratus; and by my directions beat it very thin.

Four days afterwards I went down to the mill for provisions, and carried with me three ounces of the gold, which I tested with *nitric acid* and I tested with *nitric acid* in Sutter's presence by weighing silver dollars and balancing the dust in the air, then immersing it in water, and the superior weight satisfied us both of its nature.

About the 20th of February, 1848, Sutter came to Coloma, for the purpose of consummating an agreement with this tribe of Indians in the month of September previous, to wit:— to live with them in peace, on the same terms as before.

About the middle of April 1848, commenced operation, and, after cutting a thousand feet of lumber was as all hands were intent upon. In December, '48, Capt. Sutter

ns completed, and about the 27th of August we signed the agreement to build and run a saw-mill at Culluma. On the third day (I think) afterwards, I set out, with two wagons, and was accompanied by the following persons, employed by the firm of Sutter & Marshall, viz.: P. L. Wimmer and family, James Barger, Ira Willis, Sidney Willis, Alex. Stephens, Wm. Cunce, James Brown, and Ezekiah Persons.

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While we were in the habit at night of turning the water through the tail race we had dug for the purpose of widening and deepening the race, I used to go down in the morning to see what had been done by the water through the night; and about the past seven o'clock on or about the 15th of January—I am not quite certain of the day, but it was between the 18th and 20th of that month—1848, I went down as usual, and after shutting off the water from the race I stepped into it, near the lower end, and there, upon the rock, about six feet beneath the surface of the water, I discovered the gold. I was entirely alone at the time. I picked up one or two pieces and examined them attentively; having some general knowledge of minerals, I could not call to mind more than two which in any way resembled this sulphuret of iron, very bright and brittle; and gold, bright, yet malleable; I then dug between two rocks, and found that

it could be beaten into a different shape, but not broken. I then collected four or five pieces and went up to Mr. Scott (who was working at the carpenter's bench making the mill wheel) with the pieces in my hand, and said, "I have found it."

"What is it?" inquired Scott.

"Gold," I answered.

"Oh! no," returned Scott; "that can't be."

I replied positively,— "I know it to be nothing else."

Mr. Scott was the second person who saw the gold. W. J. Johnston, A. Stephens, H. Bigler, and J. Brown, who were also working in the mill yard, were then called up to see it. Peter L. Wimmer, Mrs. Jane Wimmer, C. Bennet, and J. Smith, were at the house; the latter two of whom were sick; E. Persons and John Wimmer, (a son of P. L. Wimmer), were out hunting oxen at the same time. About 10 o'clock the same morning, P. L. Wimmer came down from the house, and was very much surprised at the discovery, when the metal was shown him; and which he took home to show his wife, who, the next day, made some experiments upon it by boiling it in strong lye, and saleratus; and Mr. Bennet by my directions beat it very thin.

Four days afterwards I went to the Fort for provisions, and carried with me about three ounces of the gold, which Capt. Sutter and I tested with nitric acid. I then tried it in Sutter's presence by taking three silver dollars and balancing them by the dust in the air, then immersed both in water, and the superior weight of the gold satisfied us both of its nature and value.

About the 20th of February, 1848, Capt. Sutter came to Coloma, for the first time, to consummate an agreement we had made with this tribe of Indians in the month of September previous, to wit:—that we live with them in peace, on the same land.

About the middle of April the mill commenced operation, and, after cutting a few thousand feet of lumber was abandoned; as all hands were intent upon gold digging. In December, '48, Capt. Sutter came again

to Coloma, and some time in that month sold his interest in the mill to Messrs. Ragley & Winters, of which new firm I became a member. The mill was soon again in operation, and cut most of the lumber of which the town of Coloma was built.

The first piece of gold which I found, weighed about fifty cents. Mr. Wimmer, having bought a stock of merchandise some time about May or June, 1848; and Mrs. Wimmer being my treasurer, used four hundred and forty dollars of my money to complete the purchase; and among which was the first piece of gold which I had found. Where that went, or where it is now, I believe that nobody knows.

J. W. MARSHALL.

This is the unvarnished statement which the writer received from the lips and pen of Mr. James W. Marshall himself; and being unacquainted with him personally, I went to several gentlemen in Coloma—among whom were several old pioneers still resident there—to ascertain, if possible, whether or not Mr. M.'s statements were true and trustworthy, and the answer invariably was, in substance, "Whatever Mr. Marshall tells you, you may rely upon as correct." I moreover read the affidavits of several of the men who were present when the gold was discovered by Marshall, and which affidavits were affirmatory of the facts which are stated.

There is another fact I wish here to mention, that it may be recorded in the remembrance of the English, as well as the American public. It is this: Mr. Hargraves, the discoverer of gold in Australia, was mining in Coloma in the summer of 1849, and went to Sutter & Marshall's mill for some lumber; and as he and Marshall were leaning against a pile of lumber, conversing, Mr. H. mentioned the fact that he was from Australia. "Then why," replied Marshall, "don't you go and dig gold among your own mountains? for, what I have heard of that country, I have no doubt whatever that you would find plenty of it there."

"Do you think so, indeed?" inquired Hargraves.

"I do," was the answer.

"If I thought so I would go down there this very autumn," was Hargraves' reply. He went; and with what result, the millions of pounds sterling which have since poured into the British treasury can give the history.

Mr. Hargraves, for this discovery, received from the British Government the sum of £5,000, (or twenty-five thousand dollars,) and from the Australian government £10,000, or \$50,000, making \$75,000.

Mr. Marshall is almost denied the credit of the discovery, by some unprincipled persons, and his reward from the United States Government is, alas! what? At this very moment wronged of every dollar and every foot of land which he possessed, he would not have, but for the daily charity of comparative strangers, even a cabin in which to lay his head to rest at night—and, is this, kind readers, *gratitude?*—our gratitude? to the man by whose instrumentality a new age—THE GOLDEN AGE—has been inaugurated.

In August last, anxious to obtain an excellent portrait of Mr. Marshall, I journeyed to Coloma for that purpose; and, although Mr. M. cheerfully gave every information in a very simple and straightforward manner concerning the history of the country and of the men who figured in it around Coloma, at an early day, he could not be prevailed upon to allow his likeness to be taken. After returning to this city, a letter was penned to him, urgently asking for it, and the following answer was received, which, while it denies the request, will also show the just bitterness of his spirit at the treatment he has received:—

Coloma, Sept. 5th, 1857.

DEAR SIR:—In reply to your note received three days ago, I wish to say that I feel it a duty I owe to myself to retain my likeness, as it is in fact *all I have that I can call my own*, and I feel like any other poor wretch—I want *something* for self. The sale of it may yet keep me from starving; or, if may buy me a dose of medi-

cine in sickness; or pay for the funeral of a—dog—and such is all that I expect, judging from former kindnesses. I owe the country nothing. The enterprising energy of which the orators and editors of California's early golden days boasted so much, as belonging to Yankeedom, was not national, but individual. Of the profits derived from the enterprise, it stands thus—

Yankeedom,.....\$600,000,000
Myself Individually,.....\$100,000,000

Ask the records of the country for the reason why; they will answer—I need not. Were I an Englishman, and had made my discovery on English soil, the case would have been different. I send you this in place of the other. Excuse my rudeness in answering you thus.

I remain, most respectfully,

J. W. MARSHALL.

Is this, then, the reward befitting the dignity and gratitude of a great nation and people—like our own—for that discovery which has poured hundreds of millions of wealth into the laps of the people and the treasury of our country; and, in addition to giving us the stability consequent upon the establishment of a metallic currency, (which is the desire and envy of all nations) has spread prosperity across the broad acres of every State in the Union? while *the individual* who has been the cause of this, is allowed almost to starve of hunger and exposure in our mountains! Who, then, is there among us that does not feel his cheek glow with shame at such ungrateful neglect? Let him answer, for he needs our pity. If the Executive ear is closed against a fit reward for such an important service, let you and I, gentle reader, put our hand into our own pocket, and if we find it empty, let us deny ourselves some little luxury, if needs be, that we may yet, in some measure, wipe out the disgraceful stain from our history, by seeing that James W. Marshall, the discoverer of gold in California, has at least a fertile farm which he can call his own, and where he may spend his remaining days in comparative ease,—without the humiliation of dependence upon strangers, after the benefit he has conferred upon our country, and the world.



AN E

This picture is intended to show the Miner at home, after he has risen to cook his breakfast and sit down at his cabin threshold to eat his mid-day meal. He has sunk beyond the fire, and prepare his ury in taking a seat

TO

Ah! well do I remember
When first you met me
'Twas not in joyous
But 'neath a lamp
I caught thine eye
I saw thy matchless
With love my heart
Alas! a love too weak
A score of months
Have passed since
Yet my heart is warm
While I indite this
I have met thee in
And at the event
And when the mo

cine in sickness; or pay for the funeral of a—dog—and such is all that I expect, judging from former kindnesses. I owe the country nothing. The enterprising energy of which the orators and editors of California's early golden days boasted so much, as belonging to Yankeedom, was not national, but individual. Of the profits derived from the enterprise, it stands thus—

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AN EVENING SCENE—BOSTON FLAT, CALAVERAS COUNTY.

[From a Daguerreotype by H. M. Bacon.]

This picture is intended to represent the Miner at home, after his day's work is done. To the man who rises early, that he may cook his breakfast and be at work by sunrise; and sits down by his claim, or upon his cabin threshold to rest his body, while he eats his mid-day meal; or when the sun has sunk beyond the distant hill, hies him to his cabin to chop his wood, kindle his fire, and prepare his food; there is a luxury in taking a seat outside the door, while

his supper is cooking; and in the cool and quiet of the evening, with his favorite dog by his side, to take his flute, or violin, and play any favorite air, especially that of the civilized, in every land, "Home, Sweet Home;" and while his faithful guardian keeps watch that no "evil thing" comes nigh his master's dwelling; his thoughts turn naturally upon the theme and burden of the song which is still lingering upon his lips and in his heart.

TO A. W.

Ah! well do I remember
 When first you met my gaze —
 'Twas not in joyous sunshine,
 But 'neath a lamp's dim rays;
 I caught thine eyes soft beaming —
 I saw thy matchless form:
 With love my heart was teeming,
 Alas! a love too warm.
 A score of months, so fleeting,
 Have passed since that sweet time,
 Yet my heart is wildly beating
 While I indite this rhyme.
 I have met thee in the morning
 And at the eventide;
 And when the moon, adorning

The hills like some fair bride,
 We have wandered by the brookside —
 We have chatted by the oak, —
 We have talked all kinds of nonsense,
 But of love I never spoke.
 Now they tell me thou'rt another's
 And soon will be his bride;
 But, can I endure a rival
 For a moment by thy side?
 O! no — the thought is madness —
 It never can be true.
 Wouldst thou cause me all this sadness
 And pierce my bosom through?
 All other joys excelling
 Would be that love of thine; —
 Then turn away not coldly,
 But return this love of mine. J.

THE FIRST EGG.

How a hen exults in her maternity! When she comes off her nest with a troop of chickens about her heels, she erects her feathers and elevates her wings; she whirls in circles and semi-circles; and she clucks vigorously, just as if there was not another maternal hen on the premises. She rejoices just as much over her first egg, though the manifestation is somewhat different.

There had been a considerable time of barrenness among our hens, so that we could scarce remember the date of the last egg; but one morning the sudden excitement that was manifested among the poultry, with one clear voice that sounded above all the others, was an unmistakable indication that an egg had been laid. The hen cackled most earnestly; and immediate and rapid responses were made by every rooster in the vicinity. The younger members of the flock, not yet accustomed to this family demonstration, took immediate refuge in the poultry-house, where they stood in great consternation. Still the hen cackled, and still the roosters crowed; and the flock peered about and gazed at each other, greatly bewildered. It was a spruce, sleek little black hen that had originated all this excitement. There she stood, right over her nest, elevated above all the others, now looking down at the hens, and now upon the egg she had deposited there. It was a small egg; but, under the circumstances, this was quite excusable. She had set the example, and inaugurated the laying season.

Corpulent old speckled hen stalked about with considerable gravity, and a look that said, "I can do that." Another chubby little black hen seemed somewhat disconcerted. She moved about with her head down, as if looking for a speck of something to eat; but her efforts were without success. She did now and then pick at some little things, but she could make nothing out of them. Several others of smaller pattern held their heads erect with a very evident effort to appear calm, while they were almost stifled with anger. Theirs was a conflict with wounded pride, without sufficient self-command to conceal it. In about a quarter of an hour the excitement passed away; and, soon after, the flock were picking about as if nothing had happened—but, we had no scarcity of eggs afterwards—so much for a good example!
N. K.

THE PATTEN OF THE RAIN.

BY ANNA M. BATES.

Sweet is a fountain's silver chime,
Or the hum of a woodland bee,
Under the boughs of the honied lime,
Or the buds of a wild rose-tree;
'Neath the golden bloom of the summer morn
There's many an Elfin strain,
But dearest to me on the old roof-tree
Is the patten of the rain!

Long ago, when I was a child,
Did I listen to its tone,
Falling as now on the moss-tufts wild,
And the hyacinth blue and lone;
Stringing its pearls on the brook-side grass,
And over the orchard boughs,
Where the next bright morn the wind will pass
And scatter them over our brows.

Thus when the light of day grows dim,
From its toil and care aloof,
I love to listen the tuneful hymn
Of the rain-drops on the roof!
Not that the bright shower comes to fall
Over the leaf-voiced glade,
Or out in the forest's busy hall
Where the oriole's nest is made;

Not that it kisseth the roses red,
Or the violets blue and white,
Such a spell to my heart is wed
As I list its voice at night;
But it weeps o'er many a buried head,
Unchanged through the lonesome years;
On the bright green turf that hides the dead,
It falls like an angel's tears!

Oh, soft the light of a summer night,
When stars smile through the bush,
And sweet to wake at the young day-break,
When the early sunbeams blush;
But dearest, when I have weary grown,
And the night shuts over all,
To list in my quiet room above,
To the rain-drops as they fall.

Not that they gem the lily's heart,
Or the rose's robe of fire,
But I muse in the evening hush apart,
O'er memory's magic lyre;
And as I list, round my weary head
There gathers a vision train,
The early changed, and the early dead,
They are MINE, all MINE AGAIN!

Therefore I love the tender vnuo
That the rain spirits weave at night,
Dearer far than voice and lyre in tune,
In the perfumed, star-lit night;
For over the harp that memory plays
There wakeneth many a strain,
Bringing thoughts of my dear lost days,
That will never come again!



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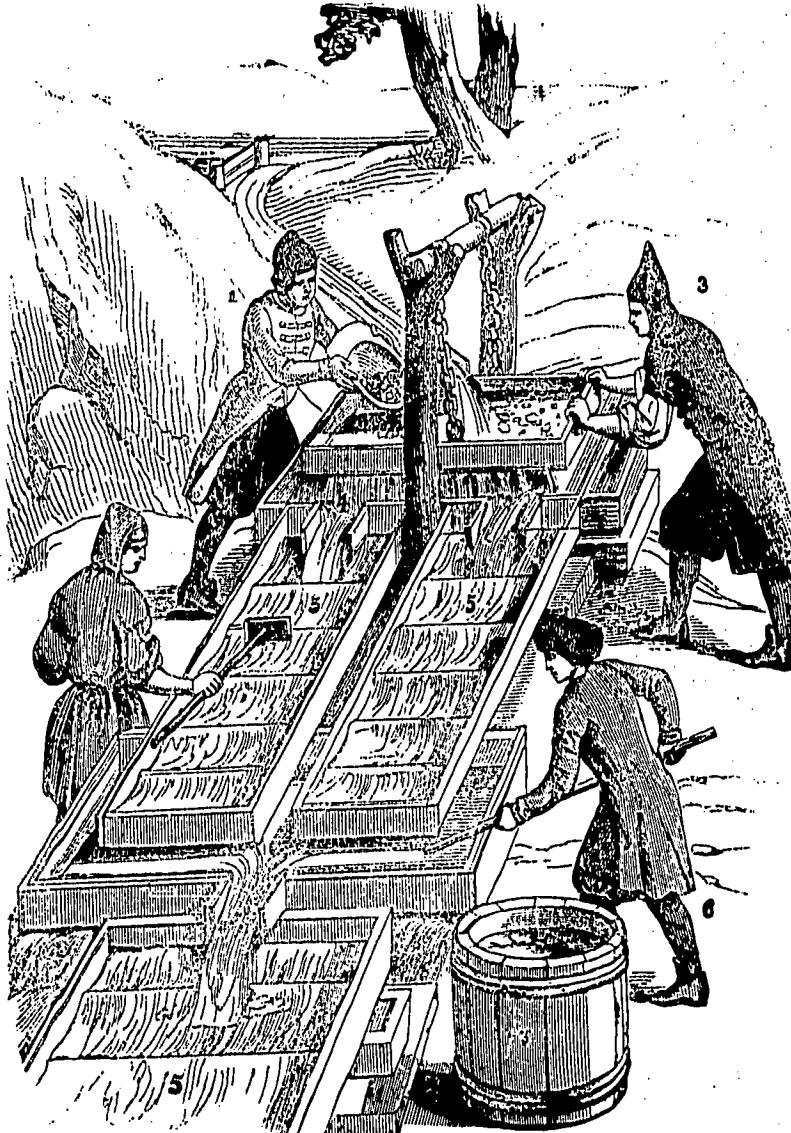
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- (1) The Miner which carries the matter to be washed in the Rattar.
- (2) The parts of the Rattar more visible than in the other sculpture.
- (3) Washer that governs the Rattar.
- (4) The upper & lower falls of the Rattar.
- (5) The plain boards (or hearth) on which they fall.
- (6) He that stirs the muddy water from both fallings.
- (7) The tub wherein that which fall-eth from the hearth is to be washed."

PLACER MINING TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO. NO. 1.

Having been favored by Mr. Capp with tracings of engravings from an old book, illustrative and descriptive of the method of mining two hundred years ago, we are enabled to give them to our readers—the following account of which appeared in the columns of the *Evening Bulletin*:

As a matter of curiosity to our readers, and as showing how few real advances have been made in the art of gold-washing, not only since the discovery of the precious metal in this State, but within the past two centuries, and notwithstanding the many "improvements" adopted, and the "new

inventions" for the purpose made in California and elsewhere, we publish the extracts given below from a very old work on the subject. By the politeness of Mr. Atwood, of Grass Valley, our traveling correspondent was allowed to copy the descriptions of the processes used in Hungary two hundred years ago, together with two roughly etched illustrations, given in the work, and exhibiting the machinery mentioned and the mode of using it. The work was published in England in 1683, and was merely a translation of five volumes on the subject of mining, written a number of years before. The title of the work is as follows:

"The Laws of Art and Nature, in Knowing, Judging, Assaying, Fining, Refining, and Enlarging the Bodies of confined Metals: In two parts. The first contains Assays of Lazarus Erkern, Chief Prover (or Assay Master General) of the Empire of Germany: In five books: Originally written by him in the Teutonic Language and now translated into English. The second contains Essays on Metallic Words, as a Dictionary to many pleasing Discourses, by Sir John Pettus, of Suffolk, Kt. of the Society for the Royal Mines, 1683."

From Book 2, page 104:—"If upon search he doth find by such proof that the wash work will recompense his labor, pains and charges, then each one, according as he is best instructed doth wash the same, and make his profit thereby, among which there are some who do wash that which doth lye in the Fields under the moist earth, and also the sand out of the flowing Rivers or Channels, and do wash it over a board in which are cut little gutters and wrinkles, here and there, into which the heavy Gold will descend and remaineth; but part of it will wash over, especially if the work be rich and hath grain Gold; but if he doth go slow, it requires more pains.

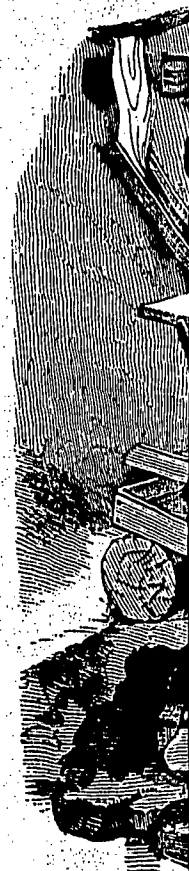
"Some years past there was found upon such Work and Sand, by the water side, a special Work by which in one day near 300 weight of rubbish have been washed away and the Gold saved: which is done thus. There must first be made of Brass Wire a Rattar or Sieve as wide or narrow as the work requireth and it is to be tyed, from above downward, with Brass Wire, and it must be stretched fast upon Iron Stays that it may not bend or rise; the bigness of the Rattar is to be seven spans long, and five wide, and in depth a good span, with a bottom that doth enter two-thirds into the Rattar, and with one-third part to be extended for carrying the matter out (which is to be done over with Tin.) The Rattar must also have, on each side,

little wooden pieces fastened to it, by which he may reach to the foremost Instruments that the gross matter that doth not go through may easily be emptied. As also the lower bottom under the Rattar must have on each side Boards fastened to it, that nothing may fall from the Rattar, for from that place the Work passeth from the Rattar, upon the flat hearth (which is to be thirty spans in length and four broad) and the channel through which the water doth run out must be wider than above, and also covered over with Tin. To this there is also Water used more or less according as the work is foul and sandy. This Wash-Work serveth only for Sandy-works, but not at all for the clean and deft; yet because this work is not common to this day, therefore I have delineated it in the following Sculpture.

"Then some of the gold-washers use upon their hearths the strong Timode black and russet woolen cloth, over which they do drive their works, because the woolen cloth is rough and hairy, so that the small and round grains of gold will remain, and not run forth (as it will from the Timode,) whereby the gold (upon the black cloth) may apparently be known, though it be small and little.

"Others use, instead of the Timode, or black woolen cloth's linsy woolsy (half linen and half woolen, wrought in the manner the Timode is,) upon which the gold doth stick better, and such cloths do last longer, because of the linen there is among the woolen, which doth strengthen it, therefore it is better for this work.

"But there is another way of washing (not much in use) which is called driving and washing through the long Rattar; but according to my mind it is not so convenient a way for small works, which have great and small gold and are both sand and clay together, yet I do not much decline from the before described Rattar work. For in this labor and washing, because of the turning in the upper and lower falls, the running gold is preserved



PLACER

better, and the gold goes common work over the which it is driven."

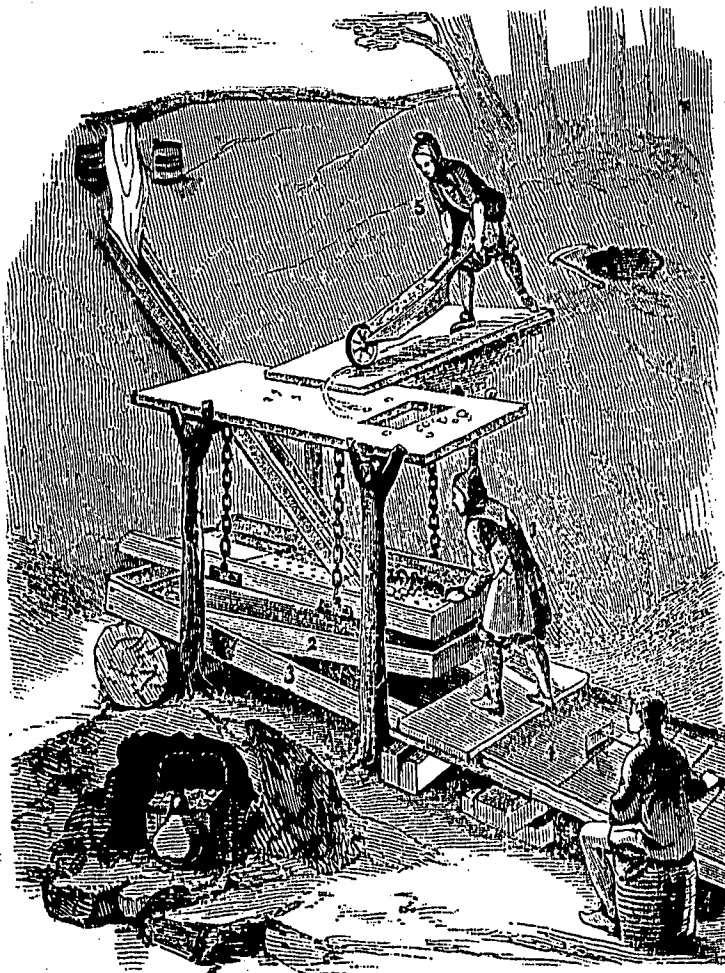
The "proff" referre washing for a "color" pect." "That which do under the moist earth," less than the "pay gray miners knew as well he ourselves. River and g diggings were the same The "board" was the bottom" or "sluice box" cut little gutters or there, in which the he scend and remaineth"— as the "riffles" and "Then, as now, they four will wash over, espec [claim or earth] be ric [or fine] gold;" and

the wooden pieces fastened to it, by which he may reach to the foremost In-
 vents that the gross matter that doth
 go through may easily be emptied. As
 the lower bottom under the Rattar
 st have on each side Boards fastened
 t, that nothing may fall from the Rat-
 for from that place the Work passeth
 n the Rattar, upon the flat hearth
 ich is to be thirty spans in length and
 broad) and the channel through which
 water doth run out must be wider than
 ve, and also covered over with Tin. To
 there is also Water used more or less
 ording as the work is foul and sandy.
 s Wash-Work serveth only for Sandy-
 ks, but not at all for the clean and deft;
 because this work is not common to
 day, therefore I have delineated it in
 following Sculpture.

Then some of the gold-washers use
 on their hearths the strong Timode
 ck and russet woolen cloth, over which
 y do drive their works, because the
 olen cloth is rough and hairy, so that
 e small and round grains of gold will re-
 ain, and not run forth (as it will from
 e Timode,) whereby the gold (upon the
 ck cloth) may apparently be known,
 ough it be small and little.

"Others use, instead of the Timode, or
 ck woolen cloth's linsy woolsy (half lin-
 and half woolen, wrought in the man-
 the Timode is,) upon which the gold
 th stick better, and such cloths do last
 ger, because of the linen there is among
 woolen, which doth strengthen it, there-
 e it is better for this work.

But there is another way of washing
 ot much in use) which is called driving
 l washing through the long Rattar; but
 ording to my mind it is not so conve-
 nt a way for small works, which have
 at and small gold and are both sand
 clay together, yet I do not much de-
 e from the before described Rattar
 k. For in this labor and washing, be-
 se of the turning in the upper and
 er falls, the running gold is preserved



PLACER MINING TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO. NO. 2.

better, and the gold goeth with the small
 common work over the plain hearth upon
 which it is driven."

The "proff" referred to is the trial
 washing for a "color" or a "good pros-
 pect." "That which doth lye in the fields
 under the moist earth," is nothing more or
 less than the "pay gravel," which the old
 miners knew as well how to search for as
 ourselves. River and gulch ["channels"]
 diggings were the same as in California.
 The "board" was the bottom of a "long
 tom" or "sluice box"—"in which were
 cut little gutters or wrinkles here and
 there, in which the heavy gold will de-
 scend and remaineth"—precisely the same
 as the "rifles" and "cleets" now used.
 Then, as now, they found that "part of it
 will wash over, especially if the work
 [claim or earth] be rich, and hath grain
 [or fine] gold;" and they also probably

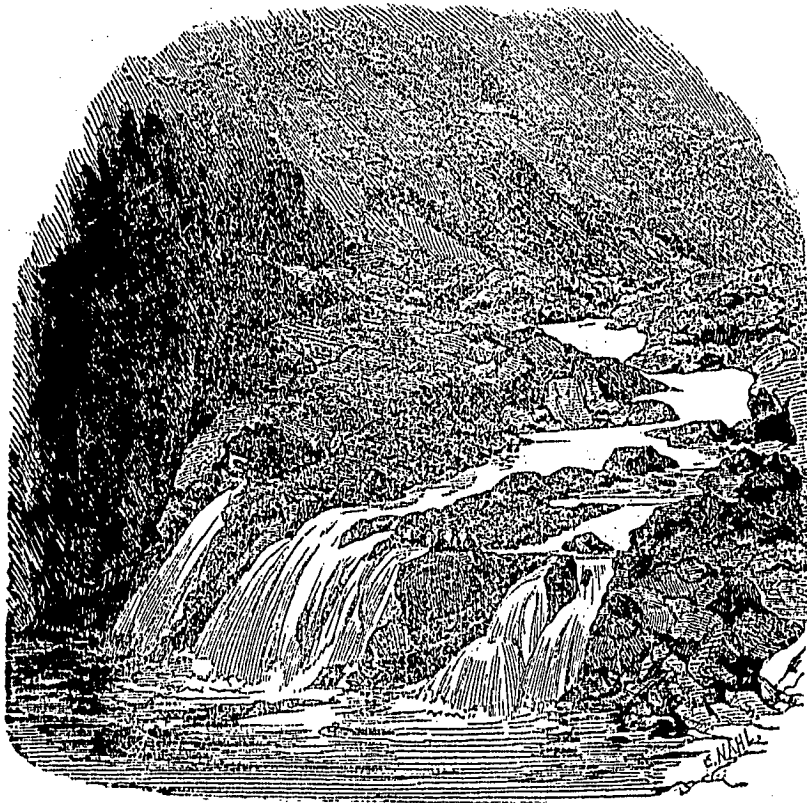
suffered this loss, because when "he [the
 miner] doth go slow it requireth much
 pains." This and the high cost of labor
 here led to the disuse of the sieve in Cali-
 fornia, and the introduction of sluices to
 wash larger quantities of dirt and more
 rapidly, and which is, in all probability,
 the same as the "driving through the long
 rattar" referred to, but to which the writer,
 who evidently understood the business, ob-
 jects where claims [works] are small, and
 "have great and small gold, and are both
 sand and clay together." By the ma-
 chinery described, the washing of three
 hundred weight of dirt could be washed in
 a day, and the gold saved, which was con-
 sidered by the writer "a big day's work."

The drawings above alluded to repre-
 sent the sieve hung up by heavy chains to
 a frame. The dirt is thrown on it from a
 wheelbarrow. A stream of water pours on
 it, and a man shakes the sieve and throws

out the large stone. The dirt and gold falls upon a board sloping backwards, precisely like the "apron" of the common rocker, and then upon a "long tom" or "sluice," some fifteen feet or more in length, with gutters or cleets in it. The "tailings" fall into a square box, where they were stirred with a hoe, and the settlements were finally washed again in a large

tub, as clay used to be "puddled" in the Southern Mines.

The old description, together with the fact that the belt-pump now used for drainage, and the common rocker, were ancient Chinese inventions, go to prove the truth of the saying, that most new discoveries are merely recoveries of things of value from the oblivion of past ages.



YOMET, OR SOUNDING ROCK, ON THE COSUMNES RIVER.

YOMET, OR SOUNDING ROCK.

This is the name of one of the wildest and most singular scenes to be witnessed upon the rivers of California. About a mile below Bowman's Bridge, the Cosumnes river near the forks, commences to pass through a steep, deep and exceedingly rough and rocky cañon; and down which it rushes in angry and foaming confusion at an angle of about thirty degrees, until it reaches a large oblong hole, worn in the solid rock through which it leaps, making a very beautiful waterfall, some three hun-

dred feet in length. On its sides stand bold and broken rocks, some of them overhanging, about four hundred feet in height; and where a sound given is echoed nine times. Hence arises the Indian name *Yomet*, or "Sounding Rock." In the eddy pool below the falls, the Indians are very fond of fishing, and consequently it is quite a place of resort during the spring and summer months. And as they stand, dressed in an endless variety of costume, they present a striking contrast to the magnificent panorama of beauty around them, which is indescrivable.

THE THE

BY

It was a beautiful scene in the year 185— on a prospecting trip of the Salmon portion of the State failed where we were determined to try our luck, and as we said about the discovery we thought our share of the "dust."

It was my first experience he shared all the tunes of a miner's and lonely day, and his lively disposition, perseverance, I saw long since, but he came out to me the bright telling me there was coming," when his fortunes and returns who were anxious. Should this little his observation scenes here possible by the mountain.

After many days over the mountain our backs, a portion snow from ten arrived at the place which I think was a late looking place California. We were post, where they were and beans; but we long, as we could not expect which we

Here let me try to show the affection between two miners thrown together. While we were at work was offered an opportunity which had just been which prospecting wanted another person company to work

tub, as clay used to be "puddled" in the Southern Mines.

The old description, together with the fact that the belt-pump now used for drainage, and the common rocker, were ancient Chinese inventions, go to prove the truth of the saying, that most new discoveries are merely recoveries of things of value from the oblivion of past ages.



ON THE COSUMNES RIVER.

red feet in length. On its sides stand old and broken rocks, some of them overhanging, about four hundred feet in height; and where a sound given is echoed nine miles. Hence arises the Indian name *Somet*, or "Sounding Rock." In the eddying pool below the falls, the Indians are very fond of fishing, and consequently it is a place of resort during the spring and summer months. And as they stand, dressed in an endless variety of costume, they present a striking contrast to the magnificent panorama of beauty around them, which is indelible.

THE THREE GRAVES.

BY W. B. S.

It was a beautiful morning in May, in the year 185-, that Jo and I started on a prospecting tour on the South Fork of the Salmon river, in the northern portion of the State; our claim having failed where we were working, and we determined to try our luck in new diggings, and as considerable had been said about the diggings on the Salmon, we thought our chances good for some of the "dust."

Jo was my first mining companion; he shared all the fortunes and misfortunes of a miner's life for many a long and lonely day, and had it not been for his lively disposition, and determined perseverance, I should have left off mining long since, but he was always pointing out to me the bright star of hope, and telling me there was a "better time coming," when we should make our fortunes and return to distant friends, who were anxiously awaiting our coming. Should this little narrative fall under his observation he will recognise the scenes here portrayed, and the graves by the mountain trail.

After many days of toilsome travel over the mountains, with our blankets on our backs, a portion of the time over snow from ten to fifty feet deep, we arrived at the place of our destination, which I think was one of the most desolate looking places I have ever seen in California. We stopped at a trading post, where they fed us on spoiled pork and beans; but we did not remain there long, as we could find nothing by prospecting which would pay us to locate.

Here let me relate a little incident, to show the affections that exist between two mining companions when thrown together in the mountains. While we were at the trading post Jo was offered an interest in a company which had just "struck" pay dirt, which prospected very rich, and they wanted another partner to complete the company to work to good advantage. I

I tried to prevail upon Jo to stop with them, as I believed they had a good thing, but I could not unless they would give me a situation, which they could not conveniently do. After considerable persuasion he reluctantly consented. Next morning, long before the sun made his appearance, I rolled up my blankets preparatory to retracing my steps across the mountains, but on a different trail. When I took Jo by the hand to bid him adieu I could see a tear lingering in the corner of his noble eyes, while a melancholy sigh escaped his manly bosom. The last salutation was given and I started alone on my long and lonesome road, for I had near twenty miles to go before I came to any house. As I was ascending the mountain, and when about three miles distant, I heard some one calling my name, and when I looked back I saw Jo coming up the mountain. I sat down and waited until he came up to me, smiling as he came, saying, "Bill, I could not stay and see you go off alone, for wherever your destination is there shall be mine, so long as you and I follow mining."

Jo and I spent many a long day together in the mines, but for the last year I have heard nothing from him, but presume he has gone to the Atlantic States.

We traveled on until dark that night before we came to a place to stop. The place where we put up was composed of two stores, and one hotel kept by a man with a family. There were about two hundred miners around there at work doing well, as far as I could learn. We remained at this place several days, prospecting, and during our stay there I became acquainted with a man whose appearance was of a melancholy character, and whom I knew was oppressed with sorrow from some cause, which I intended to find out if he did not tell me without asking. One evening after tea he asked me to take a walk with him, which I willingly consented to do. He took me up the trail about a half a mile,

where we turned off to the left, beneath a stately pine tree, and beneath its wide-spread branches were two graves, one very small and the other the common size. After we became seated I asked him if he knew whose remains these were, interred here in this lonely spot so far from the endearments of a sweet home. I noticed a shade pass over his countenance, and his eyes were turned to the ground,—and the first words he spoke were: "Would to God I did not!" and then he continued: "You are a stranger to me, but from what I have seen of you since you came here I take you to be a person who will sympathize with the disconsolate, and to such my heart beats in unison. These graves contain the remains of all that was dear to me on earth: all that gave life a charm, now are mingled with the dust, and their spirits have gone to that sweet repose around the throne of Him who gave them, and would that mine was there to dwell with them, where the sorrows of earth would cease, and we should be united in one holy band, never more to part. I was married in 1846, and lived on the banks of the Illinois river, a few miles below Peru, where I had a little farm, and was as happy as the heart could wish, for I had a wife who was kind and affectionate, on whose bright beaming countenance ever rested a sweet smile at my approach; and then the little angel Eva, who was the image of her mother, had just begun to get large enough to climb upon my lap. Julia and Eva were all the world to me; besides them the world had no charm for me, and to be with them I asked no happier boon, for I never cherished a happy thought that was not theirs, or spent a happy moment that I did not wish them to enjoy it with me. Thus passed four years of my life with the cup of pleasure overflowing, when, in '50, the California fever was running high in that portion of the country; I became one of its subjects, and, after long and earnest persuasion, I prevailed upon Julia

to start to this country with me, much against her will and that of her relatives, who were very wealthy, and offered me many inducements if I would only give up the idea of going to California; but all would not do, go I must; and, alas! how many thousand times I have regretted the hour I started, for Julia scarcely ever saw a well day after we left home."

Here he stopped to give vent to his over-charged heart by the flowing of tears, and nothing was said for several minutes, for I could not refrain from shedding tears to see the grief of the poor disconsolate fellow. The brightest hopes of a fond heart had been crushed, the last object dear to the soul had been swept away, and now the dark and mysterious future only remained, with no bright spot to which he could point, and say there is a happier time coming on earth, for his hopes were buried in those two graves.

He continued—"Julia said when we got aboard of the river steamer, and our little cottage was fast disappearing in the distance, that she felt as though she should never see that happy home again. Little did I think so then; but, alas! how true was the saying; for her remains now rest in the narrow chambers of death by the side of that of our dear little Eva, here in the wild mountains, far from their native land, where the moaning winds whisper the last requiem over their lonely graves; in those graves is buried my last hope of earth, and may I soon meet them beyond the stars, and join with them in singing the praises of Him who is the dispenser of all that is good."

We returned to the hotel, but sleep came not to my eyes until the night had far advanced, so excited had I become at the recital of his melancholy narrative.

Jo and I remained a few days more and then started on our journey, since which time I never heard a word of Theodore Worthington until a few days ago I heard that he had been dead over a year, and that he was buried, as re-

quested, by
and little Eva
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"I have a m
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We returned to the hotel, but sleep came not to my eyes until the night was far advanced, so excited had I been at the recital of his melancholy narrative.

and I remained a few days more then started on our journey, since the time I never heard a word of more Worthington until a few days ago, heard that he had been dead over a year, and that he was buried, as re-

quested, by the side of his dear Julia and little Eva. The information of his death is what gave rise to the title of my piece, "THE THREE GRAVES."

I have often thought of him during my wanderings in California, and wondered what had become of the poor fellow; but he sleeps in death with those he loved in life, and their friends in a distant land will no more gather around the domestic fireside to wait their return, for the mournful tidings have long since been borne to them on the wings of time of their sad fate.

A TALE OF MEXICO.

They led them out, 'neath the bright heavens,
So young, so fair, to die!
Paleness is on each marble brow,
Each lip compressed in silence now,
Anguish in every eye.

They stood on that old plaza bound,
Beneath the all-seeing sun—
Oh! God! what scenes of sorrow deep,
Of agony that could not weep,
Thine eye hath looked upon!

One spake—he was a noble youth,
Of lofty mein and air;
And while he spake, you might have heard
The breeze that scarce his ringlets stirred—
Such was the silence there.

"I have a mother, weak and old,
In the land beyond the sea—
Unloose the chain from off my breast,
When ye have laid this form to rest,
And bear one word for me.

Tell her I died a soldier's death,
On a far distant shore;
Tell her my heart was with her there,—
Tell her for her my dying prayer
Went up, ere all was o'er.

Tell her to bear this crushing blow,
Though feeble, old, and gray;—
Let it not kill her! Oh! my God!
Lest on my soul should come her blood,
And fearful agony!"

He ceased—and eyes unused to weep,
Shed scalding tear-drops there;
And strong men bowed themselves in pain,
Who never more might weep again,
At that brave youth's despair.

He ceased—and when they led him forth,
With that brave band to die,
Tears stood e'en on the foeman's face,
As in the ranks he took his place,
And—closed his agony. G. T. S.

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

NO. II.

The supernatural machinery of the Grecian Epic was entirely unsuitable for the spirit of the age, and besides was objectionable on the score of religion; but the Eastern stories which detailed the adventures of errant youths, who, leaving their fathers' roof had strolled into foreign places, where all manner of incidents befel them, in which magicians and genii performed a principal part, were not so discordant with popular opinion. The alchemists, who, according to common belief, could transform the baser metals into gold, were also supposed to possess other arts no less powerful and equally mysterious. The prediction from horoscopes of the future fortunes of those scions of nobility, for whom astrological observations and calculations were chiefly made, was believed in by all, and the power of the devil and his angels was universally admitted to be much more extensive than it is now supposed to be—an opinion which was fully supported and confirmed by the legends of the saints, as promulgated by the authority of the Church herself. There was a supernatural machinery belonging to themselves, which afforded to writers of fiction opportunities of becoming conspicuous with a facility which, since the days of Hume and his cotemporaries, the world had not possessed. It only wanted to be ignited by this spark of oriental origin to be taken advantage of, especially as they had in those oriental stories a good precedent for having their romances in prose. An excellent ground-work was also afforded in the Crusades, furnishing a fit cause to make the noblest of the land leave their homes, and visit countries with whom the inhabitants of Europe were entirely unacquainted; whereby any amount of wonders might be introduced, and their heroes made to meet with any sort of supernatural adventures, and perform any amount of supernatural achievements, without risk of detection. Thus the introduction of Romance, as a species of literature exactly suited for the times, followed almost as a natural consequence of the peculiar circumstances of the age.

So far Romance, by which for a time Poetry was eclipsed and confined almost exclusively to pastoral life, boldly undertook to discharge one of the principal duties of the Epic Muse, in furnishing stories equally interesting, and equally abundant

in incidents, both natural and supernatural. To make up in some measure for the apparent defect of the want of poetical numbers, the inventors of this species of writing introduced a peculiarly flowery and hyperbolic kind of style, which is more or less in favor with people of a romantic turn of mind to this day. Looked at philosophically, this species of writing seems highly ridiculous, adopting, as it frequently does, as an admitted rule, never to introduce a substantive without lugging in an adjective along with it, to give it a certificate of character—a task which chaste writers now-a-days generally leave to be discharged by verbs, if they deem it worth their while to take any notice of the gentleman at all, except to let him do his work quietly without saying a word about him. Though this species of writing, which has received the appropriate designation of "prose run mad," may now seem perfectly ridiculous, it effected an improvement on language of which even Poetry might have despaired. Writers of Romance were no less careful in finding words of proper length and sound to suit the roundings of their sentences than the poets had been; and as they wrote in prose, their writings were more suitable for common conversation. It is true their language was pompous and unwieldy, but its chief defect was that it was richer in words than in ideas, and aimed at having an excess of gorgeousness and beauty which was inconvenient and absurd. But these were defects which the increasing intelligence and common sense of mankind could not fail to curtail; and the mere fact that society was thus set to setting their words on end, and selecting those which were most suitable for display, had a wonderful effect in improving the languages of Continental Europe; and another of the advantages which Poetry confers on the world was for a time no less efficiently discharged by her new deputy.

In England, owing to various causes, native literature was not of so early growth as on the continent. Britain was the most remote of the Roman colonies, and among the first from which she withdrew her soldiers. The domination of the Romans had tamed their former warlike spirit, and on their departure, though the number of the inhabitants of England greatly exceeded that of Scotland, they found themselves unable to contend with their hardier and less reducible neighbors, and for the purpose of enabling them to resist their daring inroads, they were glad to procure the assistance of the Saxons. Like the

horse in the fable, which courted the alliance of the man to enable it to humble the offending bear, they found in their new allies associates who were no less scrupulous and more tenacious than the highland brigands whom they had helped them to expel. To the sturdier Saxons, the green fields of Britain presented too inviting a prospect of rural felicity to relinquish to the feeble natives, who, without their aid, seemed unable to preserve them; and like other moral sophists, they concluded they might as well have them as the Scots, or any other people who had no more right to them than they had. The country, which they had been invited to guard, they resolved to appropriate; and they did so. But the possessions which they had obtained by stealth, they were destined to lose by violence. The same attractions which had tempted them to violate the laws of honor and hospitality, had equal influence over the bastard of Normandy; and thus within a comparatively short time, in England four different races successively had the ascendancy—British, Roman, Saxon, and Norman.

The literature of the ancient Celts, by whom Great Britain and Ireland were originally peopled, if we may believe the glowing accounts of the remnants of the race who still retain their original language, was superior to that of their Continental neighbors. But as those who are loudest in its praise affirm that it also excelled that of modern times, we have good reason to suspect the soundness of the opinion. The specimens which they produce, even admitting Assian to be genuine, (whom the investigations of the Highland Society have left with scarcely a foot to stand on,) would warrant us in arriving at a very different conclusion. The poems exhibit a gorgeousness of display but a sameness of incident; a faint and dreamy, but also gloomy delineation of Gods seen only through the haze of mist, and whose voices could only be indistinctly heard through the louder peals of the storm. Then the Gods of the Irish Muse were merely Titans, in whom brute force supplied the place of wisdom. We may often be annoyed, in reading Homer, at the intermeddling spirit of the Grecian Gods, but they display an energy of character and intelligible action, which we look for in vain in the bulky and clouded divinities of the Western Islands. Their heralds, as was natural, partook of the character of their Gods; and in the crude compositions of those simple barbarians (of the

genuineness even the soft little to admit its unearthly much on the mine, they score.

The Saxons living in England partook of the with less of France, and peculiar about Scandinavia which we derive riding on by lovely babies in their plac but French from refined literature was

In the just preponderations, though introducing into society, was so close but little retention in England from when conglomerated to the purpose hopeless. Epic, or the ing from the glance of the ace for the a statue of any sort of material, v latter out of folks of A bly out of production trian statue But instead and grace at the fancy of let's York he sits ar ly, in pe we suppose any note have been the world, which no cealed?

The ne English have aim

the fable, which courted the alliance of the man to enable it to humble the bear, they found in their new associates who were no less scrupulous and more tenacious than the highland whom they had helped them to. To the sturdier Saxons, the green Britain presented too inviting a prospect of rural felicity to relinquish to the natives, who, without their aid, were unable to preserve them; and like moral sophists, they concluded they would have them as the Scots, or the people who had no more right than they had. The country, they had been invited to guard, they made appropriate; and they did so with possessions which they had obtained by stealth, they were destined to violence. The same attractions which tempted them to violate the honor and hospitality, had equal power over the bastard of Normandy; within a comparatively short space of time, England four different races such as had the ascendancy—British, Saxon, and Norman.

The literature of the ancient Celts, by which Britain and Ireland were distinguished, if we may believe the accounts of the remnants of the language still retain their original language superior to that of their Celtic neighbors. But as those who are its praise affirm that it also exists of modern times, we have good reason to suspect the soundness of the specimens which they produce, admitting Assian to be genuine. The investigations of the Highlanders have left with scarcely a foot of ground would warrant us in arriving at a different conclusion. The poems are of a gorgeousness of display but a simplicity of incident; a faint and dreamy delineation of Gods seen through the haze of mist, and whose voices only be indistinctly heard in the louder peals of the storm. The Gods of the Irish Muse were not in whom brute force supplanted wisdom. We may often find in reading Homer, at the inspiration of the Grecian Gods, they play an energy of character and action, which we look for in the bulky and clouded divinities of the Islands. Their heralds, who partook of the character of the simple barbarians (of the

genuineness of which there is less doubt,) even the softest heads admit that there is little to admire except the language. If its unearthly sounds only grate half as much on the ears of others as they do on mine, they had little to boast of on that score.

The Saxons were merely continentals living in England, and their literature partook of the continental character, but with less of the more refined ideas of France, and Spain, and Italy, than the peculiar absurdities of the remains of Scandinavian superstition—the source from which we derive our traditions of witches riding on broomsticks, and fairies stealing lovely babies and leaving their own brats in their place. The Normans were French, but French about the farthest removed from refinement; and consequently their literature was meagre in the same ratio.

In the jumble of races, and conflict for preponderance, the language of the Saxons, though considerably modified by being introduced into such miscellaneous society, maintained its supremacy. But it was so clouted and cobbled that it bore but little resemblance, as spoken and written in England, to the purer language from whence it sprung. It was a mere conglomerate; and to turn such a medley to the purposes of Poetry seemed perfectly hopeless. The construction of the Grecian Epic, or the Grecian Ode, was like chiseling from Parian marble, in all the elegance of Corinthian Architecture, a palace for the Gods; or with still nicer touch, a statue of the Medicean Venus. To make any sort of doggerel out of such grotesque material, was like attempting to do the latter out of granite. It is true, the good folks of Aberdeen, my native city, probably out of respect for one of their staple productions, have erected such an equestrian statue of "the last Duke of Gordon." But instead of exhibiting the exact lines and graces of his Graco's features, as seen at the festive board, where with the brilliancy of his wit and drollery, like Hamlet's Yorrick, "he kept the table in a roar," he sits a perpetual monument of their folly, in pock-pitted deformity. How could we suppose that Chaucer, the earliest of any note who undertook the task, should have been able to do more than show to the world, that he was possessed of talents which no perversity of circumstances concealed?

The next great poet who courted the English muse was Spenser, who seems to have aimed at forming a sort of minor

mythology of his own, more especially suited for Christian curiosity. His Muse is Allegory, and the virtues and vices are by him introduced more unscrupulously than were the Gods of the Greeks, by their poets. But his poem, though quaint and sometimes elegant, labors under the objection, that the character of his *dramatis personæ* being subordinate, renders it impossible to make them other than "dii minorum gentium." This prime blunder necessarily prevents the legitimate soarings of his Muse; and we regret that the inventor of that particular stanza which bears his name, which has been used with greater success by Thomson in his *Castle of Indolence*, and Beattie in his *Minstrel*, and latterly so triumphantly in *Childe Harold*, should not have turned his rare talents in a different direction.

The productions of Chaucer and Spenser perspicuously show the composition of Poetry under difficulties, rather than the subjection of those difficulties in the language (which were all but insuperable) so as to free it from its encumbrances and defects, and make it the pliant servant of so graceful a mistress. It was not to such means that the English language owed principally its escape from barbarism. If the Reformation followed fast at the heels of the invention of printing, the Reformation, in its turn, was the immediate precursor of an improvement of "the vulgar tongue," produced by ordinary means. During the earlier times of English History, the language of the people was not the written language of the learned. The Church was confined in her services to the use of Latin, which was also the language used by learned men in their compositions; and though after the Norman conquest the mongrel Saxon of the people was too securely rooted to be subdued, not only was the influence of the court used in favor of the language of the invaders, but in some instances its use was enforced by special enactment. But after the Reformation, the language of the learned and of the people became the same; and the Book of Common Prayer, which was the composition of the most learned men of the day, being used in the morning and evening service of every church in the land, was an example of pure, plain, and elegant English, such as no production which as yet had been placed before the public had attained.

In this interesting period, when the disencumbered language, in all the vigor of youth, seemed only in want of some man

of genius to turn his attention to Poetry to render its beauties perfect, Shakspeare was born and educated—than whom, by universal consent, no country ever had a greater. If we look at the extent of his capabilities we are bound to admit it; but if we take perfection in any particular play, or the depicting of any particular passion, as the rule by which we ought to try his talents, there might be found many who might have much to say in favor of other poets. The truth is, he was more the poet of Nature than of Art. He only toyed and trifled with his Muse. We feel conscious that he had strength in reserve for which he could not find employment, so rich and ready are his ideas on even the commonest subjects.

When we take a retrospective view of poetical literature before the time of those prominent pioneers of English Poetry, we find, as in the ramifications of a family chart or tree, that of one age growing out of the former. We discover members of the same family, and lineal descendants of the same Grecian parentage, mingling and marrying among themselves, and occasionally with congenial mates of other origin, but still in every instance retaining the same family features, and traceable either on the father or mother side to the original stock. But in those three, we find an almost entire isolation, and a want of the family resemblance so distinguishable among former poets. They stand as separate pyramids, each on his own basis. It is true, Spenser may have taken hints from other sources, "where more was meant than met the ear," and Shakspeare may have read the plays of Sophocles, Euripides, and Aeschylus, but he evidently never studied them. He found their system of imagery unsuitable for the English stage, and consequently went to Nature, the source from which they also derived their inspiration. But this is not the way in which either Science or Literature generally progresses. It is by the great men of one age adding something to the great men of former ages that mankind advances. The circumstances in which Shakspeare was placed rendered it almost impossible for him to do otherwise than he did; and besides, he had the irresistible impulse of such an excess of originality of thought to plead, that it ought to exclude him from ordinary obligations. Whether, if he had been a more learned man, and had sought "to climb Parnassus by dint of Greek," the world would have been a gainer, it is hard to say. What it might

have gained by his having more learning, it might have been deprived of by his having less of Nature. In Poetry, as in the doings of Deity, we may admit (where it is genuine) the dictum of Pope—"whatever is, is right." But if he was a poet out of the common order, he does not exactly belong to those to whom I intend more especially to refer, as lineal descendants of those first in favor with the Muses, and who in fact as well as figuratively dwelt around Parnassus, and drank occasionally from the real, as well as ideal fountain of Castalia. Besides his is too conspicuously an every-body's book, and his merit too generally acknowledged, to require any critical examination of his writings. AGRICOLA.

A DESULTORY POEM.

BY W. H. D.

As many Californians are not within sound of the "church-going bell," the following may answer in place of a sermon.

CANTO III.

I.

It is the morn, the bright exultant morn,
And God's own hallowed day of quiet rest;
The glorious sun has with the early dawn
Dispelled all vapours from the mountain's crest;
So may all sin and sorrow be withdrawn,
And my freed spirit be supremely blest
With that sweet peace, pure as the skies above,
Bathing the world in God's eternal love.

II.

Best day, in which our bodies rest from toil,
Blest day, in which our souls aspire to heaven;
Now let the seed be sown on goodly soil,
The seed that Christ the husbandman has given,
And watered from the fount of truth, to foil
The enemy who from the first has striven
To mingle there the noisome weeds and tares,
And choke the golden grain with passion's fearful snares.

III.

Why should our souls be filled with doubt and fear,
Or man feel anxious in his present state?
Is not the Almighty Father ever near
Each child of His, and watching o'er his fate
With an affection deeper and more dear
Than purest earthly love can o'er create?
Will He, who feeds the ravens of the air,
Not make His offspring His peculiar care?

IV.

Then let thy soul rise to the Eternal One,
And let thy heart its grateful praises pour
To Him, whose goodness bathes thee, as the sun
Bathes the aspiring eagles as they soar;
And say, "Our Father, may thy will be done
On this thy earth now and for evermore;"
Then shall thy spirit dwell in heavenly peace,
And all its cares and bitter sorrows cease.

V.

If, like the prodigal thy wandering feet
Have from thy Father's house gone far
And wasted thy high heritage, 'tis meet,
Repentant, humbled in the dust, to lay
Thy head and cry, "I've sinned and shoo
greet

'Tis as my Father; let me now, I pray,
Be as thy servant, which gives greater joy
Than sinful pleasures that my soul destroy

VI.

Then will that Father meet thee with a
Far off, rejoicing that His son is found
That once was lost—lost! ay, much more
this—

Was dead and is alive again;—around
Let all rejoice, and in the general bliss
Shall all partake; now let the feast abound
Bring forth the fatted calf, the robe, the
Such joys in heaven repentant sinners find

VII.

When from our earthly homes afar we
Where anxious loved ones wait for our
O, happy, more than happy is the day
Wherein we meet, and clasp the hearts
With pure affection's flame, can the
How sweet that bliss which fills love's
But purer joys are filling all the skies
When the repentant says, "I will arise

VIII.

It is the noon, the Sabbath's holy noon
The sun has reached the zenith of his
The golden threads of day will shortly
Adown the glowing sky, as hour by hour
Sol's chariot descends, until the moon
Rising, reflects the beauty of his power
Thus from each soul where dwells
light,
Reflected rays shall beam serenely

IX.

The day is passing like our lives away
O, who can stay the flying steps of
There's naught can claim a moment
O'er all the earth, in every varied
'Tis ever flowing, and in vain we
For a respite, our throbbing hearts
Each moment's death-knell, no'er a
'Till time is swallowed in eternity.

X.

Why should we mourn that time so
The shortest is all too long for
And if our days fit us for the skies
Through a blest eternity we
Where the mortal spirit never dies
And all our celestial then begin
In our good Father's mansions of
Where his peace shall give

XI.

There, shall the bitter tears from
There, shall the troublings of the
There, shall the no more toil, nor
There, shall the bond and free firm
From all oppression, their just God
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Poetry have gained by his having more learning, it might have been deprived of by his having less of Nature. In Poetry, as in the doings of Deity, we may admit (where it is genuine) the dictum of Pope—"what-ever is, is right." But if he was a poet out of the common order, he does not exactly belong to those to whom I intend more especially to refer, as lineal descendants of those first in favor with the Muses, and who in fact as well as figuratively dwelt around Parnassus, and drank occasionally from the real, as well as ideal fountain of Castalia. Besides his is too conspicuously an every-body's book, and his merit too generally acknowledged, to require any critical examination of his writings.

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Where anxious loved ones wait for our return,
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Wherein we meet, and clasp the hearts that burn
With pure affection's flame, can the tongue say
How sweet that bliss which fills love's sacred urn;
But purer joys are filling all the skies
When the repentant says, "I will arise."

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It is the noon, the Sabbath's holy noon,
The sun has reached the zenith of his power,
The golden threads of day will shorten soon,
Adown the glowing sky, as hour by hour
Sol's chariot descends, until the moon,
Rising, reflects the beauty of his power:
Thus from each soul where dwells God's holy
light,
Reflected rays shall beam serenely bright.

IX.

The day is passing like our lives away,
O, who can stay the flying steps of time!
There's naught can claim a moment's short delay;
O'er all the earth, in every varied clime,
'Tis ever flowing, and in vain we pray
For a respite, our throbbing hearts but chime
Each moment's death-knell, ne'er again to be,
'Till time is swallowed in eternity.

X.

Why should we mourn that time so quickly flies?
The shortest life is all too long for sin,
And if our virtues fit us for the skies,
Through death a blest eternity we win,
Where the immortal spirit never dies,
And all our joys celestial then begin,
In our good Father's mansions of the blest,
Where his sweet peace shall give the weary rest.

XI.

There, shall no bitter tears from sorrow flow,
There, shall the troublings of the wicked cease,
There, shall be no more toil, nor strife, nor woe,
There, shall the bond and free find a release
From all oppression, their just God will show
There no respect of persons, and increase

The bliss of all his suffering saints of earth,
Whose cruel wrongs could not crush out their
worth.

XII.

O, who would wish to live this life again,
To clothe our bodies, eat and toil and rest;
Alternate hopes and fears; and joy and pain,
Rise from the passions in each human breast;
Immortal longings tell us all is vain,
It is not in our nature here to rest,
Content with any thing this earth can give—
Centered in God alone the soul must live.

XIII.

Then let our highest thoughts to him aspire,
And in his love our best affections blend;
Our hearts shall find therein no vain desire,
But one on which the purest joys attend;
Trusting in God, with a seraphic fire
Our hearts shall burn and know he is the end,
And consummation of all peace and joy,
Which nothing transient ever can destroy.

XIV.

It is the Sabbath evening's quiet hour,
The pensive moon with her translucent sheen,
Shines mildly down; on every shrub and flower
Her silvery light of love rests all serene;
Fair earth, thy heritage is beauty's dawn,
Wherein the smile of God is ever seen;
Sweet nature, God's creation sure thou art,
Throbbing responsive to my loving heart.

XV.

And ye bright stars amid the azure sky,
Whose rays of beauty pierce the inmost soul,
From the infinities of space on high,
Where countless suns more countless orbs control;
How grand is your magnificence! we try
In vain to read your dread mysterious scroll,
And turn with awe, subdued, Oh, God, to Thee,
Whose presence fills this broad immensity.

XVI.

Once more, Oh, let us silently adore
The eternal Father, midst his glories bright;
He formed this universe we see, and more
Which we see not, and He reveals the light
Of all his goodness, from that boundless shore,
Unto our secret soul's deep inner sight,
Where dwell those sweet affinities which bind
Our own unto the great eternal mind.

XVII.

Great God, we seem as nothing in thy sight,
But dust, a worm, yet we aspire to Thee,
Who art enthroned in the etherial light,
Of wisdom infinite; and shall we ever see
Thy bright effulgence, and with pure delight
Adore and praise Thee through eternity?
O, blissful thought, that we are thine alone,
Formed in the image of the Eternal One.

XVIII.

We are thy children here upon this earth,
Of every nation, color, sect or creed,
No matter what our station, name or birth,
By Thee created, Thou the eternal seed
From whence we spring, and an eternal worth
Dwells in each soul; did not the Saviour bleed
And die upon the accursed cross to save
Such for an endless life beyond the grave?

XIX.

Again the day is drawing to a close,
Sweet day of peace and rest; Father, to Thee
My prayer ascends, before I seek repose;
O, wilt thou ever condescend to be
My strength and portion here; Thy wisdom knows
If aught I further need, and Thou wilt see
That all is added, if I first, with meek
And humble mind, Thy righteous kingdom seek.

XX.

Once more, dear reader, must I say adieu;
Again we part, but still I hope to greet
Thee oft again in kindness, and renew
My meditations, which I trust may meet
A kindly welcome, and if but a few
Pure kindred hearts to mine responsive beat,
And find some pleasure in my Sabbath lay,
Then not in vain I've spent this blessed day.

THREE YEARS IN CALIFORNIA.

BY J. D. BORTIWIJK.

CHAPTER V.

START FOR THE MINES—THE SACRAMENTO RIVER—AMERICAN RIVER-STEAMBOATS IN CALIFORNIA—NATURAL FACILITIES FOR INLAND NAVIGATION, AND PROMPTNESS OF THE AMERICANS IN TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THEM—SACRAMENTO CITY—APPEARANCE OF THE HOUSES—STREET NOMENCLATURE—STAGING—FOUR-AND-TWENTY FOUR-HORSE COACHES START TOGETHER—THE PLAINS—THE SCENERY—THE WEATHER—THE MOUNTAINS—MOUNTAIN ROADS AND AMERICAN DRIVERS—FIRST SIGHT OF GOLD-DIGGING—ARRIVAL AT HANGTOWN.

I remained in San Francisco till the worst of the rainy season was over, when I determined to go and try my luck in the mines; so, leaving my valuables in charge of a friend in San Francisco, I equipped myself in my worst suit of old clothes, and with my blankets slung over my shoulder, I put myself on board the steamer for Sacramento.

As we did not start till five o'clock in the afternoon, we had not an opportunity of seeing very much of the scenery on the river. As long as daylight lasted, we were among smooth grassy hills and valleys, with but little brushwood, and only here and there a few stunted trees. Some of the valleys are exceedingly fertile, and all those sufficiently watered to render them available for cultivation had already been "taken up."

We soon however, left the hilly country behind us, and came upon the vast plains which extend the whole length of California, bounded on one side by the range of mountains which run along the coast, and

on the other side by the mountains which constitute the mining districts. Through these plains flow the Sacramento river, receiving as tributaries all the rivers flowing down from the mountains on either side.

The steamer—which was a fair specimen of the usual style of New York river-bont—was crowded with passengers and merchandise. There were not berths for one-half the people on board; and so, in company with many others, I lay down and slept very comfortably on the deck of the saloon till about three o'clock in the morning, when we were awoke by the noise of letting off the steam on our arrival at Sacramento.

One of not the least striking wonders of California was the number of these magnificent river steamboats which, even at that early period of its history, had steamed round Cape Horn from New York, and now, gliding along the California rivers at the rate of twenty-two miles an hour, affording the same rapid and comfortable means of traveling, and sometimes at as cheap rates, as when they plied between New York and Albany. Every traveler in the United States has described the river steamboats; suffice it to say here, that they lost none of their characteristics in California; and, looking at these long, white, narrow, two-story houses, floating apparently on nothing, so little of the hull of the boat appears above water, and showing none of the lines which, in a ship, convey an idea of buoyancy and power of resistance, but, on the contrary, suggesting only the idea of how easy it would be to smash them to pieces—following in imagination these fragile-looking fabrics over the seventeen thousand miles of stormy ocean over which they had been brought in safety, one could not help feeling a degree of admiration and respect for the daring and skill of the men by whom such perilous undertakings had been accomplished. In preparing these steamboats for their long voyage to California, the lower story was strengthened with thick planking, and on the forward part of the deck was built a strong wedge-shaped screen, to break the force of the waves, which might otherwise wash the whole house overboard. They crept along the coast, having to touch at most of the ports on the way for fuel; and passing through the Straits of Magellan, they escaped to a certain extent the dangers of Cape Horn, although equal dangers might be encountered on any part of the voyage.

But besides the skill and individual undertaking steamers routed to hold speculation. York is about a hundred and to take them costs about thirty thousand is, of course, not think 99 per cent of this country. Some owners had to play their enterprise rewarded. Only though doubtless of which such vessels: it was an old she was rotten by York, and founder Bermudas, all hand the boats.

The profits of which arrived enormous: but, after was so keen that between San Francisco was only one dollar sum to pay for any carried in such twenty miles in sight at that time the hands on board about a hundred dollars were to sum of much less shillings are now

These low fares over; the owners understanding, fare from San Francisco was from five to alluded to the purpose of giving a which existed in boating," which and from that it tense rivalry the gaged in less in which case passed hour, the equi the means of the

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side—which was a fair specimen of the New York river—crowded with passengers and

There were not berths for people on board; and so, in many others, I lay down and comfortably on the deck of the boat three o'clock in the morning were awake by the noise of the steam on our arrival at Sac-

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from New York, and now, the California rivers at the rate of two miles an hour, afforded

rapid and comfortable means of travel, and sometimes at as cheap a rate as they could be had.

Every traveler in the country has described the river as a "floating city," and, looking at those long, narrow, two-story houses, floating on the water, so little of the hull appears above water, and showing the lines which, in a ship, confer buoyancy and power of

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But besides the question of nautical skill and individual daring, as a commercial undertaking the sending of such steamers round to California was a very bold speculation. Their value in New York is about a hundred thousand dollars, and to take them round to San Francisco costs about thirty thousand more. Insurance is, of course, out of the question (I do not think 99 per cent would insure them in this country from Dover to Calais); so the owners had to play a neck-or-nothing game. Their enterprise was in most cases duly rewarded. I only know of one instance—though doubtless others have occurred—in which such vessels did not get round in safety: it was an old Long Island Sound boat; she was rotten before she left New York, and foundered somewhere about the Bermudas, all hands on board escaping in the boats.

The profits of the first few steamers which arrived out were of course enormous; but, after a while, competition was so keen, that for some time cabin fare between San Francisco and Sacramento was only one dollar; a ridiculously small sum to pay in any part of the world, for being carried in such boats one hundred and twenty miles in six hours; but in California at that time, the wages of the common deck hands on board these same boats were about a hundred dollars a month; and ten dollars were to the generality of men, a sum of much less consequence than ten shillings are now.

These low fares did not last long, however; the owners of steamers came to an understanding, and the average rate of fare from San Francisco to Sacramento was from five to eight dollars. I have only alluded to the one-dollar fares for the purpose of giving an idea of the competition which existed in such a business as "steaming," which requires a large capital; and from that it may be imagined what intense rivalry there was among those engaged in less important lines of business, which engrossed their whole time and labour, and required the employment of all the means at their command.

Looking at the map of California, it will be seen that the "mines" occupy a long strip of mountainous country, which commences many miles to the eastward of San Francisco, and stretches northward several hundred miles. The Sacramento river running parallel with the mines, the San Joaquin joining it from the southward and eastward, and the Feather river continuing a northward course from the Sacramento

—all of them being navigable—present the natural means of communication between San Francisco and the "mines." Accordingly, the city of Sacramento—about two hundred miles north of San Francisco—sprang up as the depot for all the middle part of the mines, with roads radiating from it across the plains to the various settlements in the mountains. In like manner the city of Marysville, being at the extreme northern point of navigation of the Feather river, became the starting-place and the depot for the mining districts in the northern section of the State; and Stockton, named after Commodore Stockton, of the United States navy, who had command of the Pacific squadron during the Mexican war, being situated at the head of navigation of the San Joaquin, forms the intermediate station between San Francisco and all the "southern mines."

Seeing the facilities that California thus presented for inland navigation, it is not surprising that the Americans, so pre-occupied as they are in that branch of commercial enterprise, should so soon have taken advantage of them. But though the prospective profits were great, still the enormous risk attending the sending of steamboats round the Horn might have seemed sufficient to deter most men from entering into such a hazardous speculation. It must be remembered that many of these river steamboats were dispatched from New York, on an ocean voyage of seventeen thousand miles, to a place of which one-half the world as yet even doubted the existence, and when people were looking up their atlases to see in what part of the world California was. The risk of taking a steamboat of this kind to what was then such an out-of-the-way part of the world, did not end with her arrival in San Francisco by any means. The slightest accident to her machinery, which there was at that time no possibility of repairing in California, or even the extreme fluctuations in the price of coal, might have rendered her at any moment so much useless lumber.

In ocean navigation the same adventurous energy was manifest. Hardly had the news of the discovery of gold in California been received in New York, when numbers of steamers were dispatched, at an expense equal to one-half their value, to take their place on the Pacific in forming a line between the United States and San Francisco via Panama; so that almost from the first commencement of the existence of California as a gold-bearing coun-

try, steam-communication was established between New York and San Francisco, bringing the two places within twenty to twenty five days of each other. It is true the mail line had the advantage of a mail contract from the United States government; but other lines, without such fostering influence, ran them close in competition for public patronage.

The Americans are often accused of boasting — perhaps deservedly so; but there certainly are many things in the history of California of which we may be justly proud, having transformed her, as they did so suddenly, from a wilderness into a country in which most of the luxuries of life were procurable; and a fair instance of the bold and prompt spirit of commercial enterprise by which this was accomplished, was seen in the fact that, from the earliest days of her settlement, California had as good means of both ocean and inland steam-communication as any of the oldest countries in the world.

Sacramento City is next in size and importance to San Francisco. Many large commercial houses had there established their head-quarters, and imported direct from the Atlantic States. The river is navigable so far by vessels of six or eight hundred tons, and in the early days of California, many ships cleared directly for Sacramento from the different ports on the Atlantic; but as the course of trade by degrees found its proper channel, San Francisco became exclusively the emporium for the whole of California, and even at the time I write of, sea-going vessels were rarely seen so far in the interior of the country as Sacramento.

The plains are but very little above the average level of the river, and a "levee" had been built along the front of the city eight or ten feet high, to save it from inundation by the high waters of the rainy season. With the exception of a few blocks of brick buildings, the houses were all of wood, and had an unmistakably Yankee appearance, being all painted white turned up with green, and covered from top to bottom with enormous signs.

The streets are wide, perfectly straight, and cross each other at right angles at equal distances, like the lines of latitude and longitude on a chart. The street nomenclature is unique — very democratic, inasmuch as it does not immortalise the names of prominent individuals — and admirably adapted to such a rectangular city. The streets running parallel with the river are numbered First, Second,

Third street, and so on to infinity, and the cross streets are designated by the letters of the alphabet. J street was the great central street, and was nearly a mile long; so the reader may reckon the number of parallel streets on each side of it, and get an idea of the extent of the city. This system of lettering and numbering the streets was very convenient, as, the latitude and longitude of a house being given, it could be found at once. A stranger could navigate all over the town without ever having to ask his way, as he could take an observation for himself at the corner of every street.

My stay in Sacramento on this occasion was limited to a few hours. I went to a large hotel, which was also the great staging house; and here I snoozed till about five o'clock, when, it being still quite dark, the whole house woke up into active life. About a hundred of us breakfasted by candlelight, and, going out into the bar-room while day was just dawning, we found, turned out in front of the hotel, about four-and-twenty four-horse coaches, all bound for different places in the mines. The street was completely blocked up with them and crowds of men were taking their seats, while others were fortifying themselves for their journey at the bar.

The coaches were of various kinds. Some were light-spring-wagons — mere oblong boxes, with four or five seats placed across them; others were of the same build but better finished, and covered by an awning; and there were also numbers of regular American stage-coaches, huge high-hung things which carry nine inside upon three seats, the middle of which is between the two doors.

The place which I had intended should be the scene of my first mining exploits, was a village rejoicing in the suggestive appellation of Hangtown; designated, however, in official documents as Placerville. It received its name of Hangtown while yet in its infancy from the number of malefactors who had there expiated their crimes at the hands of Judge Lynch. I soon found the stage for that place — it happened to be one of the oblong boxes — and, pitching in my roll of blankets, I took my seat and lighted my pipe that I might the more fully enjoy the scene around me.

And a scene it was, such as few parts of the world can show, and which would have gladdened the hearts of those who mourn over the degeneracy of the present age, and sigh for the good old days of stage-coaches.

Here, every coach, these jolly old coaches, not to be found good as eye-mail. The same way, five abreast wide street, twenty yards, pawing, and passengers proper, stage wheels and over half-a-journey. C leaders' heads and the drivers or seats rattled and were so shocking, and behind the passengers, horses' heads, their mouths little private, erer about as elsewhere moment; able to sit their freedom, resigning, and charging a coach to go off, remote part.

On each the place, also bell, even among man could, one he was that the power of him on his country, allowed them, and of the standing through half-way, haustier, entreaties and go, crowd, at the utmost shouts of

third street, and so on to infinity, and the cross streets are designated by the letters of the alphabet. J street was the great central street, and was nearly a mile long; the reader may reckon the number of parallel streets on each side of it, and get an idea of the extent of the city. This system of lettering and numbering the streets is very convenient, as, the latitude and longitude of a house being given, it could be found at once. A stranger could navigate all over the town without ever having to ask his way, as he could take an observation for himself at the corner of every street.

My stay in Sacramento on this occasion was limited to a few hours. I went to a stage hotel, which was also the great stage-house; and here I snoozed till about twelve o'clock, when, it being still quite dark, the whole house woke up into active life. About a hundred of us breakfasted by candle-light, and, going out into the bar-room the day was just dawning, we found lined out in front of the hotel, about four or five hundred four-horse coaches, all bound for different places in the mines. The street was completely blocked up with them, and crowds of men were taking their seats, while others were fortifying themselves for their journey at the bar.

The coaches were of various kinds. Some were light-spring-wagons—mere oblong boxes, with four or five seats placed across them; others were of the same shape but better finished, and covered by awnings; and there were also numbers of regular American stage-coaches, huge things which carry nine inside and three seats, the middle of which is between the two doors.

The place which I had intended should be the scene of my first mining exploits, a village rejoicing in the suggestive name of Hangtown; designated, however, in official documents as Placerville. It received its name of Hangtown while in its infancy from the number of highway robbers who had there expiated their crimes at the hands of Judge Lynch. I found the stage for that place—it was to be one of the oblong boxes—pitching in my roll of blankets, I took out and lighted my pipe that I might more fully enjoy the scene around me. The scene it was, such as few parts of the world can show, and which would have broken the hearts of those who mourn the degeneracy of the present age, and long for the good old days of stage-coaches.

Here, certainly, the genuine old mail-coach, the guard with his tin horn, and the jolly old coachman with his red face, were not to be found; but the horses were as good as ever galloped with her Majesty's mail. The teams were all headed the same way, and with their stages, four or five abreast, occupied the whole of the wide street for a distance of sixty or seventy yards. The horses were restive, and pawing, and snorting, and kicking; and passengers were trying to navigate to their proper stages through the labyrinth of wheels and horses, and frequently climbing over half-a-dozen waggons to shorten their journey. Grooms were standing at the leaders' heads, trying to keep them quiet, and the drivers were sitting on their boxes, or seats rather, for they scorn a high seat, and were swearing at each other in a very shocking manner, as wheels got locked, and waggons were backed into the teams behind them, to the discomfiture of the passengers on the back seats, who found horses' heads knocking the pipes out of their mouths. In the intervals of their little private battles, the drivers were shouting to the crowds of passengers who loitered about the front of the hotel; for there, as elsewhere, people will wait till the last moment; and though it is more comfortable to sit than to stand, men like to enjoy their freedom as long as possible, before resigning all control over their motions, and charging with their precious persons a coach or a train, on full cock, and ready to go off, and shoot them out upon some remote part of creation.

On each wagon was painted the name of the place to which it ran; the drivers were also bellowing it out to the crowd, and even among such confusion of coaches, a man could have no difficulty in finding the one he wanted. One would have thought that the individual will and locomotive power of a man would be sufficient to start him on his journey; but in this go-ahead country, people who had to go were not allowed to remain inert till the spirit moved them to go; they had to be "hurried up;" and of the whole crowd of men who were standing about the hotel, or struggling through the maze of waggons, only one half were passengers, the rest were "runners" for the various stages, who were exhausting all their persuasive eloquence in entreating the passengers to take their seats and go. They were all mixed up with the crowd, and each was exerting his lungs to the utmost. "Now then, gentlemen," shouts one of them, "all aboard for Nevada

City! Who's agoin? only three seats left—the last chance to-day for Nevada City—take you there in five hours. Who's there for Nevada City?" Then catching sight of some man who betrays the very slightest appearance of helplessness, or of not knowing what he is about, he pounces upon him, saying "Nevada City, sir?—this way—just in time," and seizing him by the arm, he drags him into the crowd of stages, and almost has him bundled into that for Nevada City before the poor devil can make it understood that it is Coloma he wants to go to, and not Nevada City. His captor then calls out to some one of his brother runners who is collecting passengers for Coloma—"Oh Bill! oh Bill! where the hell are you?" "Hullo!" says Bill, from the other end of the crowd. "Here's a man for Coloma!" shouts the other, still holding on to his prize in case he should escape before Bill comes up to take charge of him.

This sort of thing was going on all the time. It was very ridiculous. Apparently, if a hundred men wanted to go anywhere, it required a hundred more to despatch them. There was certainly no danger of any one being left behind; on the contrary, the probability was, that any weak-minded man who happened to be passing by, would be shipped off to parts unknown before he could collect his ideas.

There were few opposition stages, excepting for Marysville, and one or two of the larger places; they were all crammed full—and of what use these "runners" or "tooters" were to anybody, was not very apparent, at least to the uninitiated. But they are a common institution with the Americans, who are not very likely to support such a corps of men if their services bring no return. In fact, it is merely a part of the American system of advertising, and forcing the public to avail themselves of certain opportunities, by repeatedly and pertinaciously representing to them that they have it in their power to do so. In the States, to blow your own horn, and to make as much noise as possible with it, is the fundamental principle of all business. The most eminent lawyers and doctors advertise, and the names of the first merchants appear in the newspapers every day. A man's own personal exertions are not sufficient to keep the world aware of his existence, and without advertising he would be to all intents and purposes dead. Modest merit does not wait for its reward—it is rather too smart for

that—it clamours for it, and consequently gets it all the sooner.

However, I was not thinking of this while sitting on the Hangtown stage. I had too much to look at, and some of my neighbours also took my attention. I found seated around me a varied assortment of human nature. A New-Yorker, a Yankee, and an English Jack-tar were my immediate neighbours, and a general conversation helped to beguile the time till the "runners" had succeeded in placing a passenger upon every available spot of every wagon. There was no trouble about luggage—that is an article not much known in California. Some stray individuals might have had a small carpet-bag—almost every man had his blankets—and the western men were further encumbered with their long rifles, the barrels poking into everybody's eyes, and the butts in the way of everybody's toes.

At last the solid mass of four-horse coaches began to dissolve. The drivers gathered up their reins and settled themselves down in their seats, and cracked their whips, and swore at their horses; the grooms cleared out the best way they could; the passengers shouted and hurraed; the teams in front set off at a gallop; the rest followed them as soon as they got room to start, and chevied them up the street, all in a body, for about half a mile, when, as soon as we got out of town, we spread out in all directions to every point of a semicircle, and in a few minutes I found myself one of a small isolated community, with which four splendid horses were galloping over the plains like mad. No hedges, no ditches, no houses, no road in fact—it was all a vast open plain, as smooth as a calm ocean. We might have been steering by compass, and it was like going to sea; for we emerged from the city as from a land-locked harbour, and followed our own course over the wide wide world. The transition from the confinement of the city to the vastness of space was instantaneous; and our late neighbours, rapidly diminishing around us, and getting hull down on the horizon, might have been bound for the uttermost parts of the earth, for all we could see what was to stop them.

To sit behind four horses tearing along a good road is delightful at any time, but the mere fact of such rapid locomotion formed only a small part of the pleasure of our journey.

The atmosphere was so soft and balmy that it was a positive enjoyment to feel it brushing over one's face like the finest floss

silk. The sky was clear and cloudless, the bright sunshine warming us up to a comfortable temperature; and we were travelling over such an expanse of nature that our progress, rapid as it was, seemed hardly perceptible, unless measured by the fast disappearing chimney tops of the city, or by the occasional clumps of trees we left behind us. The scene all round us was magnificent, and impressed one as much with his own insignificance as though he beheld the countries of the earth from the summit of a high mountain.

Out of sight of land at sea one experiences a certain feeling of isolation: there is nothing to connect one's ideas with the habitable globe but the ship on which one stands; but there is also nothing to carry the imagination beyond what one does see, and the view is limited to a few miles. But here, we were upon an ocean of grass-covered earth, dotted with trees, and sparkling in the sunshine with the gorgeous hues of the dense patches of wild flowers; while far beyond the horizon of the plains there rose mountains beyond mountains; all so distinctly seen as to leave no uncertainty as to the shape or the relative position of any one of them, and fading away in regular gradation till the most distinct, though clearly defined, seemed still to be the most natural and satisfactory point at which the view should terminate. It was as if the circumference of the earth had been lifted up to the utmost range of vision, and there melted into air.

Such was the view ahead of us as we travelled towards the mines, where wavy outlines of mountains appeared one above another, drawing together as they vanished, and at last indenting the sky with the snowy peaks of the Sierra Nevada. On either side of us the mountains, appearing above the horizon, were hundreds of miles distant, and the view behind us was more abruptly terminated by the coast range, which lies between the Sacramento river and the Pacific.

It was the commencement of spring, and at that season the plains are seen to advantage. But after a few weeks of dry weather the hot sun burns up every blade of vegetation, the ground presents a cracked surface of hard-baked earth, and the roads are ankle-deep in the finest and most penetrating kind of dust, which rises in clouds like clouds of smoke, saturating one's clothes, and impregnating one's whole system.

We made a straight course of it across the plains for about thirty miles, changing

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right course of it across thirty miles, changing

horses occasionally at some of the numerous wayside inns, and passing numbers of waggons drawn by teams of six or eight mules or oxen, and laden with supplies for the mines.

The ascent from the plains was very gradual, over a hilly country, well wooded with oaks and pines. Our pace here was not so killing as it had been. We had frequently long hills to climb, where all hands were obliged to get out and walk; but we made up for the delay by galloping down the descent on the other side.

The road, which, though in some places very narrow, for the most part spread out to two or three times the width of an ordinary road, was covered with stumps and large rocks; it was full of deep ruts and hollows, and roots of trees spread all over it.

To any one not used to such roads or to such driving, an upset would have seemed inevitable. If there was safety in speed, however, we were safe enough, and all sense of danger was lost in admiration of the coolness and dexterity of the driver as he circumvented every obstacle, but without going one inch farther than was necessary out of his way to save us from perdition. He went through extraordinary bodily contortions, which would have shocked an English coachman out of his propriety; but, at the same time, he performed such feats as no one would have dared to attempt who had never been used to anything worse than an English road. With his right foot he managed a break, and, clawing at the reins with both hands, he swayed his body from side to side to preserve his equilibrium, as now on the right pair of wheels, now on the left, he cut the "outside edge" round a stump or a rock; and when coming to a spot where he was going to execute a difficult manœuvre on a piece of road which slanted violently down to one side, he trimmed the waggon as one would a small boat in a squall, and made us all crowd up to the weather side to prevent a capsize.

When about ten miles from the plains, I first saw the actual reality of gold-digging. Four or five men were working in a ravine by the roadside, digging holes like so many grave diggers. I then considered myself fairly in "the mines," and experienced a disagreeable consciousness that we might be passing over huge masses of gold, only concealed from us by an inch or two of earth.

As we traveled onwards, we passed at intervals numerous parties of miners, and

the country assumed a more inhabited appearance. Log-cabins and clap-board shanties were to be seen among the trees; and occasionally we found about a dozen of such houses grouped together by the roadside, and dignified with the name of a town.

For several miles again the country would seem to have been deserted. That it had once been a busy scene was evident from the upturned earth in the ravines and hollows, and from the numbers of unoccupied cabins; but the cream of such diggings had already been taken, and they were not now sufficiently rich to suit the ambitious ideas of the miners.

After traveling about thirty miles over this mountainous region, ascending gradually all the while, we arrived at Hangtown in the afternoon, having accomplished the fifty miles from Sacramento city in about eight hours.

(Continued.)

SAN FRANCISCO.

Thou hast risen like a meteor,
On the wide Pacific's shore;
Where for ages but the Indian
Listened to its solemn roar.

Like a meteor, thou hast risen;
But unlike thou shalt not fall,
Only when a wise Creator,
Overwhelms with ruin, all.

As if by a Genii's power,
Palaces at once arise,
Vessels crowd thy glorious Harbor,
Church-spires point up to the skies.

Gold and jewels without measure,
Fruits and flowers most prized and rare,
Can be had by working for them,—
Are rewards of toil and care.

Those who idly stand and wonder,
They will meet the dreamer's fate;
See the substance flit before them,
Know and grasp when far too late.

Here the man of birth and station,
Finds successful by his side,
Those whom elsewhere he would shrink from,
Those whom he would else deride.

But he dares not—work is noble,
And to toil, is not to sin;
For the man who ranks the highest
Is the one who works to win. ANDREAS.

The young lady who "caught a cold"
has, we learn, decided to retain it for
"home consumption."

AN OMNIBUS RIDE.

Jump in—only a shilling from North Beach to Rincon Point—the whole length of the city: twelve tickets for a dollar. Gentlemen, jump in—make way for the ladies—and, bless me! do crowd closer for the babies. One, two, three, four! actually seven of these dear little humanities. Here we go, right through Stockton Street. Four years ago this was one long level of mud in the rainy season—not such a luxury as an omnibus thought of.—Tramp went the pedestrian the length and breadth thereof, thankful for side-walks. But now note the handsome private residences, the neat flower gardens, the fruit stands, the elegant stores in Virginia Block, the display in the windows both sides the way—dry goods, toys, stationery, tin ware, &c., &c.

But let us get in at the starting point. Leaving the promenade which makes Moiggs' wharf so pleasant of a summer morning, we step into one of the coaches, which are ready every eight minutes, according to the advertisement; run along Powell street a few squares, catching glimpses here and there of the greatest variety of architecture in the residences, and remarking upon the neatness of those recently erected; thence down a square into Stockton street, where the attention is distracted between the outside prospect and the protection of one's own limbs from the fearful thumping into divers holes which the ponderous vehicle encounters every few minutes.

Steady now—we have passed the worst part, and there is the State Marine Hospital,—quite a respectable amount of brick and mortar, patched at the rear with appurtenances of lumber, and which in its time has used up more "appropriations" than would comfortably have supported three times the number of sick within its walls. It is at present in the hands of the Sisters of Mercy.

There! make room for the lady in hoops! only a shilling for all that

whalebone! so now—let out the thin spare man, he fears suffocation—and the nervous gentleman too wants to alight; that baby has whooping cough, and annoys him. Poor bachelor! he cannot begin to comprehend infantile graces, and he votes the whole race a bore; while glancing satirically at the lady, he observes to his friend, the spare man, "Poor little sufferer, how it hoops."

Rows of pretty cottages on one side the street—handsome brick buildings on the other—and at the corner of Stockton and Washington, a private garden laid out with exquisite taste and neatness. A refreshing fountain sends its spray over the blossoms of the sweet roses and verbena, while the graceful malva trees stand sentinel at the gateway. Only a passing glance, however, for the turn is accomplished, and down Washington street to Montgomery is generally a pretty rapid descent.

That is a family market near the corner of Washington—quite convenient these—the nicest of vegetables, the best of meats, procurable at market prices. We up-towners could scarcely dispense with them. Past the Plaza—how well I remember that formerly as a receptacle for old clothes, cast off boots and shoes, cans, bottles, crockery ware, skeleton specimens of the feline race—dogs who had had their day—rats whose race was run, and various other abominations; but a treasure heap to the rag pickers, or bottle venders, who in those days were not. But now the Plaza has been smoothed into shape, and if the green things within its borders are perfected by sun and rain, it may yet flourish into grace and beauty.

Montgomery street—look down the long avenue. Where can be found more substantial edifices? more elegant stores? a gayer promenade? Handsomely dressed ladies—gentlemen of business—gentlemen of leisure—mechanics—laborers—children—thronging the side-walks; glitter, and show, and wealth in the windows; equipages, omnibusses, horsemen, in the streets.

Hundreds of hums repassing in an hour every nation under

The Frenchman greets you; the Spaniard the Chinese, German, the thistle, each their respective these many other regions are crowded thoroughfare of

Past the fancy stores; past the jewelry; past the dry goods, book establishments, bank buildings, law offices, are, turning into a drive down as far observe that the part of the city spect than those business. As there, and fine porches, and gro

At the corner of garden in luxuriant sight, and the of the 'bus is fine and grounds were the residence Folsom, whose Mountain Cemetery

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Another long goods, fruit reminders of less wants, and the supply of a mand. These dependences on Third looking ones.

Hundreds of human beings passing and repassing in an hour, and from almost every nation under heaven.

The Frenchman with his "bon soir" greets you; the Spaniard and Italian, the Chinese, German, Mexican. The rose, the thistle, and shamrock have each their representatives, and beside these many others born in remote regions are congregated in this great thoroughfare of cities.

Past the fancifully arranged drug stores; past the tempting exhibitions of jewelry; past the attractive displays of dry goods, book and stationery establishments, banking houses, express buildings, lawyers' offices, and here we are, turning into Second street. Whirling by the Metropolitan market, we drive down as far as Folsom street, and observe that the neat cottages in this part of the city have a more rural aspect than those in locations nearer to business. A tree is seen here and there, and vines clamber over the porches, and droop over the windows. At the corner of Second and Folsom a garden in luxurious bloom refreshes the sight, and the questioning stranger in the 'bus is informed that the house and grounds were formerly owned, and were the residence of the late Captain Folsom, whose remains now lie in Lone Mountain Cemetery.

Adjoining this, on Folsom street, is another stately private residence—another lovely garden, where luxuriant flower growths may be seen at almost any season of the year. Nearly opposite is Hawthorne street. Ah! what associations of "Seven Gabled Houses" are connected with that name. But the eye rests upon none such—only a line of pretty cottages are peeped at ere we are driven past into Third street.

Another long avenue—grocery, dry goods, fruit, market—ever-recurring reminders that humanity has numberless wants, and that, for a golden boon, the supply is always equal to the demand. There are few handsome residences on Third, but many comfortable looking ones.

South Park—a passenger stops.—There is a homelike appearance in this solitary row of uniform houses, charming to one who recalls images of long streets, whose "white marble steps" have no parallel in San Francisco. But beyond us is Rincon Point—and in view of the blue waters, the omnibus stops. Nurses and babies alight, and the inquiring passenger strolls, where? Perhaps I may tell you in my next.

H. L. N.

GET IT.

BY DR. D—N.

"My son, if you would have honor and happiness in this world, get wealth," were the last words of my father. He left nothing conveying aught of information respecting his family, country, or pursuits, any more than what the most friendless orphan ever knew of his parentage. My earliest recollections were of the school from which I was suddenly called to the bedside of his death. The people of the hotel where he died, could give me no information of him, other than that his name was Hardwood, that he had spent one day at New York for a number of years, for the purpose, as it was supposed, of receiving his rents, and that he went just as noiselessly as he came.

The notary who attended his last bedside put into my hands a document, after he had arranged the last rites that conveyed him to his ever-solemn rest, showing that I, then a mere lad, was entitled to the uncontrolled possession of \$8000 per annum. My utmost knowledge of him was concentrated in the small space of barely five minutes on those occasions at this hotel, when the usual questions he put to me were, "How much of the money I gave you last have you spent? Show it me." Which savings he invariably doubled, accompanying the act with encomiums on my self-command and forbearance, and prognostications of my becoming one day a greater man than my grandfather. But who this grandfather was, whether any descendant of Croesus the Little, or Alexander the Great, to this day I have no clue.

It may well be supposed that this, my father's manner, influenced all my thoughts, words, and actions. His first impetus of doubling my savings suggested to me to set myself up as a usurer, or money-lender to the scholars of my school. The power

this gave me amongst them—they numbered some hundred and fifty—was almost incredible. I conducted my craft so artfully as to defy the keenest vigilance and perceptive power of the teachers. Year after year brought complaint after complaint from the parents of the pupils, that their sons were always without a dime in their pockets, and were always craving money from their friends, to satisfy their supernumerary wants. The income this office—if I may so dignify it—procured me was something very considerable for a lad, and yet so wary was I, that no one suspected me of being even passably rich. I passed as a careful, economical fellow, but nothing more; and my apparent generosity in forgiving a debt when I had no prospect of receiving further instalments from it, earned me the praise of being a liberal, good fellow. My father had known nothing of these proceedings, as I feared his stern anger, he being well aware that acts of usury, borrowing or lending, were amongst the prohibitions of the institution. Three months did not elapse after I had left the college, before I was engaged in a partnership concern, for which I paid down the hard sum of \$60,000. I knew that it was a first-rate concern, and had enriched the two preceding partners in an extraordinarily short space of time. I examined the books with a keen eye, and found, to my delight, that a sure and ample fortune in a few short years lay before me. But my father's advice—"Get it"—prompted me and haunted me like a demon; and cent per cent. was no way adequate to its demand. I breathed no other atmosphere than my counting-house, and took no other pleasure than poring over my cash-book. My partner, in time, seeing my close application to business, threw off all restraints that the business imposed upon him, and became, in a short time, a confirmed voluptuary. It was then I saw my time was come to act alone; to cast him off, and engross the whole sphere of our enormous profits. Ruminating over the future, one night, alone—it was dead midnight—the thought struck me that by one act I might get rid of him, and yet secure the amount of his share of the capital. I laid my plans accordingly, as I supposed, and in due time the newspapers had to record as foul and barbarous a murder and robbery as ever disgraced the annals of crime, extensive as the pages of the lamentable catalogue may be. His aged mother, and only relative, received from my hands most thankfully an annuity of as many tens, as

his income had been tens of thousands, almost, and the world resounded with this deed of charity. So far well, thought I; and now my father's dying precept was to be realized: "If you would have honor and happiness in this world, get wealth." The honors came rushing in with full tide, but the happiness—alas! where was the smallest particle of it? Although I was too old a practitioner in deceit to be caught in any fit of abstraction of thought, yet, at night, when all the busy world around was in sweet repose, my thoughts gave me no peace; the hell within forbade my heart to cease aching, even while the demands of nature pressed heavily on my eyelids. My dreams were constant of my father: at one time he would assume the appearance of

"The shadow of a fallen angel;"

then another would cry, "Siczo on him, Furies; take him to your torments;" when my father's horrible shadow would exclaim, "Not so; he is not rich enough. Spare him. This world full of riches, and then——" I would awake and comfort myself that if there were a hereafter, on him would be my curse.

I had now become half a millionaire; the other half remained to be accomplished. As yet no human being suspected my integrity, and if I remained but true to myself, my ambition would be gratified. As time wore on, I comforted myself with the comparison that great heroes could be charged with the murder of thousands, while I was only the hero of one; and this idea led me on to one of the greatest events of my immolating life—that of destroying, by wholesale, every friend that I had.

The Pelican Life Insurance Company, which I had established, soon became the first of all such enterprises. My most intimate friends, when they saw the capital I had assigned to it with my own hands, solicited loans from me in all directions, during an unparalleled time of panic. I held their policies, and soon six of the greatest capitalists of New York joined me in the direction. On such easy terms did I grant them, that the institution became soon world-renowned, and my management was so meritorious that the rich shareholders and the needy loaners joined in one unanimous vote to give me a banquet to celebrate the occasion, and to present me with a gorgeous service of plate to perpetuate it. I took care that all whose policies I held should be present, and made arrangements beforehand to effect my purpose thoroughly.

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Some had been tens of thousands, and the world resounded with this charity. So far well, thought I; for my father's dying precept was to be rich: "If you would have honor and happiness in this world, get wealth." Honors came rushing in with all tide, and happiness—alas! where was the particle of it? Although I was a practitioner in deceit to be caught fit of abstraction of thought, yet, at when all the busy world around was at repose, my thoughts gave me no rest; the hell within forbade my heart to ache, even while the demands were pressed heavily on my eyelids. Dreams were constant of my father: the time he would assume the appear-

"The shadow of a fallen angel," he would cry, "Sieve on him, take him to your torments!" My father's horrible shadow would be on me. "Not so; he is not rich enough. This world full of riches, and I would awake and comfort myself that if there were a hereafter, on earth I should be my curse. I now become half a millionaire; the other half remained to be accomplished. No human being suspected my intention, and if I remained but true to my ambition would be gratified. As I grew on, I comforted myself with the notion that great heroes could be made with the murder of thousands, and I was only the hero of one; and this led me on to one of the greatest events in the annals of life—that of destroying, for sale, every friend that I had. The Pelican Life Insurance Company, which had established, soon became the object of all such enterprises. My most intimate friends, when they saw the capital I had gained to it with my own hands, so many millions from me in all directions, during an unparalleled time of panic, I held out policies, and soon six of the greatest capitalists of New York joined me in the enterprise. On such easy terms did I grant policies that the institution became soon owned, and my management was so successful that the rich shareholders and needy loaners joined in one unanimity to give me a banquet to celebrate the occasion, and to present me with a service of plate to perpetuate my name. I took care that all whose policies I had sold should be present, and made arrangements beforehand to effect my purpose."

The hour was come—the banquet over—the flagon, the most costly piece of service, was presented to me, filled with the treacherous wine. This was no other than the most costly Moussac, from the cellar of Messrs. * * * *, of * * * *, to which I, in common with many other wine judges and tasters, as a great compliment had free access. I had noticed months before a particular cask bearing a high price and had selected it for some such occasion. I was a whole year or more watching an opportunity, and at last succeeded, when no human eye was upon me, of pouring in a subtle poison that requires only a little time to mellow itself with the wine, and to produce its certain deadly effect.

I repeat, the flagon filled with this wine, was presented to me as the loving cup to drink of, and to invite those present to join.

Without the smallest trepidation of voice or hand, or eye, I took the cup, made an eloquent speech and raised it to my lips; and after keeping it there awhile opening and shutting my jaws, but with my lips pressed tight to the brim so that not a drop could pass into my mouth; (I had well practised this feat beforehand.) I pledged them thus heartily, and the fatal cup was passed round and drunk to the very dregs. A kind of drunken phrensy which is peculiar to the poison I had used (a preparation of aconitina with ascungo) ensued, which soon broke up the company and I retired to my bed—will the reader believe it—congratulating myself upon this grand climacteric of my art. Conscience I had none. Remorse I had but once tasted, at the death of my partner. Fear I had only for spectral phenomena. Shame—it left me with my boyhood.

I went to my office next morning at my usual time, and, as I expected, found no one there; every clerk and porter in the office had been insured, and I held their policies for amounts varying from \$1000 to \$6000. Affecting the greatest alarm and surprise, which, by sheer habit I knew so well how to assume, I roused up the authorities and soon the whole of * * * street, New York, was in consternation. The news spread like a prairie fire: every one at the grand banquet the day before had been poisoned; not one escaped: and while expressing my surprise at the circumstance before a magistrate, a friend whom illness only had detained, I thought it judicious suddenly to lose my senses, and fell down in a swoon, and was taken home to my house in a litter, and as every body thought, dead. I thought proper to recover after three days, and by

so doing, paved the way for a fortune to a young, inexperienced homœopathic doctor; and after the several examinations consequent upon a host of coroner's inquests, cleared, by this masterly stroke, sufficient to make up the sum that was to constitute me a millionaire. I now thought of retiring from the busy haunts of men, for the purpose of enjoying myself. I was respected by the poor, courted by the rich. My spectral friends melted away into thin air one after another, and conscience, even that fell tormentor which is said never to sleep, even granted me a truce.

It was on the anniversary of my father's death that I was sitting alone in the library of my splendid mansion, which had been just finished, about eight o'clock in the evening, as near as I can guess; the wind howled so long and loud that I could just distinguish a knock at the front door, of such a sound as compelled me—why I do not know—to open it myself. I never can forget the sight of the picture the doorway presented. A man, half savage half demon, put into my hands a letter containing these words:—

"Mr. Hordwod is formed that the riter is in session of a circumstance that will place a rope round your neck, but he will accept of a few thousand as hush money if paid without delay. The bearer is to be trusted with the first payment of one hundred dollars, and will give the dress of the riter were I may be found if you come alone."

This time I could hardly conceal my emotion, but observing that the demon was watching my countenance, I replied, with a smile—"Contrary to my first intention, I will see the writer, and here are the hundred dollars he demands." The fellow took up the money, let himself out of the front door, and departed without a word. I took up a dirty piece of paper over which he had placed his dirty shattered white hat when he first entered, and read, "5 o'clock at Hanger's house Tuesday inquire for Long Bob." Surely I knew somehow the hand-writing. It was really familiar with me. The day preceding this appointment, which I was resolved to keep, I was in a sea of perplexity and perturbation.

When the time came I set out, well armed. I had hastened to the appointed place ten minutes before the time, and something prompted me to enter a chapel just by. It was years since I entered any place of worship—in fact, when I was last at school. The minister was just giving out his text, which was from ———. "Be

sure your sins will find you out." I was so engrossed in the impassioned eloquence of the divine that I could not, despite the impending evil of neglecting my engagement, tear myself from him. In glowing colors he described the anguish of the once holy David, the man who in his youth God was pleased to choose as one after his own heart, but now a murderer before Nathan. Yet, said the blessed man, God forgave him all. O, what consolation was that! This shot through my heart with such force as to lead me, bound hand and foot, to the purpose of disclosing, regardless of consequences, my whole guilt to him. I introduced myself to him in the vestry, very briefly told him how his words had found their way at once to my heart, and how my crimes stood out for God's vengeance. The divine looked upon me at first as a maniac, but when I told him who I was, and assured him of my sanity, he turned to me and said—"This is too important a confession to be entrusted to one; I will introduce you to my Bishop, and you will have to abide by his decision." Judge of my amazement when I found myself, on an introduction to him, in presence of my former revered schoolmaster.

"He that sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." O, my son! are these the effects of my teaching, this the result of your boyhood's promise? O, how vain have been all my labors! Unfortunate wretch!" said the venerable old man, wringing his hands in anguish, "I can only pray for your soul's life; your body belongs to the outraged laws of your country."

It was in vain that I solicited, on my knees, his prayers, his pardon, his forgiveness. "Not till you have delivered yourself into the hands of justice, as a murderer," continued he, earnestly. "Then, and only then, my poor boy, can my poor prayers avail."

There was no hope for it—my conscience was awakened, and I thought, as there was no more peace for me in this world, 'twere better so. Then did I resign to him all—and then, only then, did I receive any relief from the stabbings of a guilty conscience.

The important hour arrived—with a calm, firm step, resigned to my fate, did I walk behind the old man, repeating, in a solemn tone, the impressive service of the burial of the dead—"I am the resurrection and the life." He gave me his last blessing, assured me of my free unconditional forgiveness of my Maker, as I had made all the reparation in my power, agreeable

to his wishes. The rope was adjusted, the ugly white cap enclosed my devoted head, and the last signal was given, to withdraw the fatal bolt, that was to separate this life from eternity. I gave a convulsive start, and I was—no more—asleep, but broad awake—standing, bolt upright, in my bed, aroused by the thunderings of my house-keeper at my door, who had awakened me at this juncture.

"Mr. Goldspin, here is old Mr. Olden at the door, and has come to request the favor of your withdrawing the attachment on his house and goods, and says, pray give him a week longer, and you shall be paid."

"Tell him directly," said I—"he shall have a year longer—I will come down to him and tell him—no—yes—tell him I have heard something that has induced me to give him as much time as he pleases."

This was my first blessed reform, and to show my gratitude to Almighty God for thus timely arousing me from the destruction of my soul, into which I was rapidly falling, that as my past endeavors have been spent in following the advice of my worldly father respecting this world's wealth—get it, honestly if you can; but get it—so shall it be my future endeavor to adopt that of my spiritual father, kindly visiting me in my dream—*honestly always to get it for my own sake, and, for the sake of my poor fellow travelers through this world, gratefully and irreproachfully always to SPEND IT.*

MY MOTHER.

What name in the whole vocabulary of words can bring back the scenes of one's happy, joyous childhood, like the mention of that magic word—mother! How hardened and callous has that heart become, when that musical sounding word will not awaken the holiest sentiment of one's nature. Lingered around the bosom of love, the very thought makes the heart flutter with delight, and my whole being thrills with feelings of ecstasy, veneration, love, and kindness.

Oh! my mother! what a debt of gratitude and boundless love I owe thee; under how many deep and lasting obligations hast thou placed thy wayward child! And who like thee, in all this hollow-hearted world, hast joyed in my pleasure and sorrowed in my woe? No tender, counseling, admonishing voice has once fallen upon my ready ear with such a sweet melody and so rich

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a cadence as thine own. Can I ever for-
 get how very often that maternal bosom
 has pillowed this aching head of mine?
 there sheltering the fragile form, the tender
 fledgeling, from the keen blasts of disap-
 pointment that have since then swept with
 fitful gusts around the pathway of thy erring
 though not ungrateful child. Peering into
 the distance, she then saw with a prophetic
 vision, the many temptations, allurements
 and ills of life that awaited her child.

Years, yes, long years, have intervened
 since I last gazed upon that care-worn and
 time-wrinkled face, yet I have not forgotten,
 through the mist of intervening years, thy
 gently chiding tone; love's guiding star is
 still in the ascendent, whose beacon-light
 burns as brightly upon the heart's altar as
 when my small lips first instinctively ar-
 ticulated that soul-thrilling, and holy word,
 mother! And now, when far away upon a
 distant shore, basking beneath California's
 glorious star-gemmed skies, among her
 sons and daughters of beauty and genius,
 the land of gold and flowers, I still re-
 member thee. And in the hush of night,
 "when slumbering chains have bound me,"
 a gentle spirit comes and whispers in the
 drowsy ear, and tells of those bright, hal-
 cyon, golden hours of my childhood; then
 of riper years of enjoyment, which have,
 alas! too quickly flown away, and are now
 numbered with the bright things of earth
 that were. And over the disc of memory
 comes floating the same tone, the same
 words, as when she knelt in reverent prayer
 beside me, pleading at the throne of grace
 that "Our Father who art in Heaven"
 would guide with a steady and unerring
 hand the tottering footsteps of her "darling
 child;" her tender offspring, that must
 soon drain the bitter chalice from the cup
 of experience. Full early she would find
 in youth's slippery by-paths the tempter,
 with his seductive wiles; ambition's hurried
 throng, the world's cold deceit, and the
 sting of falsehood. Then fame, the fickle
 goddess, would be found, whose flattering,
 brassy sound rings pleasure in the votary's
 ears. Above the din and glittering show
 of earth, dear mother! thy remembrance
 sheds a halo of love and protection around
 me, falling like copious showers, soothing
 my troubled soul with its healing balm of
 peace, and is received by me like the cool,
 fresh-gushing fountain at mid-day, when
 Old Sol drives his fiery chariot high up in
 the heavens.

How often, dear parent, how very often,
 have I bitterly wept and mourned over cold
 neglect, and friendship's forfeiture. Sati-

ated with the fulsome adulation of a false,
 pretending world, with all its tinsel, glitter,
 pomp and show; and with tear-dimmed
 eyes have I looked back to the home of my
 childhood, to that little patch of mother
 earth; a portion of God's acre that is dear
 to every mortal that has been blessed with
 a home. With more than a prodigal's
 gaze, the eye reaches far beyond the two
 dark and angry seas, and beholds that
 cyrie of love from which I have flown, to
 the wide extending valley of experience
 and unhappiness, peopled with beings so
 unlike thy guardian form—creatures of
 narrow prejudices, who keep up a weary
 tread and shuffle in the giddy ranks of
 strife and envy; and, mother, how few
 among them all, in the crowded avenues
 and walks of life, have I trusted and not
 been deceived!

So unlike my early home, that earthly
 "Aiden," that at times the very air in this
 valley of beauty and sin, shade and sun-
 shine, is heavily freighted with unhappy
 remembrances, and I turn to thy deathless
 love as an oasis in the mind's dreary
 waste. That love buoys me up amid the
 breakers that dash around the prow of my
 life-boat with maddening fury. Then blue
 breaks of sky and bright sunlight, speaking
 of beauty and love, come peering through
 the rafters of heaven, and flooding the
 whole landscape with rich, mellow gleams
 of sunlight and joy.

Anxiety may have dimmed thy eye of
 brightness, and the weight of accumulating
 years may have bent thy form, yet with all
 these changes I know thy love remains un-
 altered through the lapse and mist of time,
 and falters not with dim declining years.
 I miss thee! my mother, in all the
 chequered walks of life. Thy name is
 deeply graven upon the tablet of memory,
 which will remain faithful until the chilling
 touch of death shall have obliterated all
 things earthly. ALICE.

A very "nice young man," in company
 with several more "good fellows," started
 out the other night to have some *fun*, but
 unfortunately for them, wrenched off just
 one door-knob too many, and were nabbed,
 taken to the station-house, and locked up.
 Upon being released on the following day,
 our young man met an acquaintance, who
 said: "So you were pretty much sold, last
 night, hey?" "Yes," was the reply;
 "but there was no laugh in that *cell*!"

MR. CHARLES DICKENS.*

BY HIGHTON.

Nineteen years ago a very respectable authority stated that Mr. Charles Dickens was "the most popular writer of his day." His popularity was then based upon the success of "Sketches by Boz," the "Pickwick Papers," "Nicholas Nickleby," and "Oliver Twist"—the two last novels at that time in course of publication in monthly numbers. Nineteen years,—during which Mr. Dickens has held continuous and familiar intercourse with the public of Europe and America,—has but added to the truthfulness of the Reviewer's opinion, and in the preface to "Little Dorrit" he informs us, as on previous occasions, that he "never had so many readers." In the United States—notwithstanding a temporary prejudice, caused by some sharp hits in the "Notes on America," which for the moment wounded our national vanity—Mr. Dickens has won upon the affections of the people more than any other author, and, owing to the numerous and cheap reprints of his works, has, probably, five times as many readers as in Great Britain. In Germany, France, and other parts of continental Europe, translations of "Martin Chuzzlewit," "Bleak House," &c., are almost as common as the originals with us, and their author as thoroughly appreciated; in fact "Boz" has attained a celebrity more universal than even that of Sir Walter Scott.

Mr. Dickens is remarkable for keen perception of character, and strong good sense—joined to descriptive faculties unequalled since the days of Smollett and Fielding. He is also a humanitarian in the strictest sense of the word, and has ever before him the object of reforming existing abuses. Like Thackeray or Jerrold,† he possesses great sarcastic power, but his sarcasm is never used merely for display or as a vent for bitterness of spirit; his attacks are invariably directed against foolish or dangerous social or individual habits, or grievous wrongs which are the result of bad legislation or an illegitimate Public Opinion. Mr. Dickens always respects the poor and oppressed—the sick and afflicted—for them he has gentle words and bright hopes; he touches their hearts with the overflowing sympathy of his own,

* Little Dorrit, by Boz.

† We regret to say that Douglas Jerrold has lately paid the great debt of nature in his native country.

and penetrates the gloom which surrounds them with the sunshine of manly compassion. In his character, genial humor and a quick sense of the ridiculous are blended with touching pathos and great love of simplicity and truth. He venerates pure religion, but justly despises the snivelling cant and hypocritical assumption of some who seek to hide their corrupt hearts—nurtured in "hatred, malice and all uncharitableness"—beneath the garb of an austere and unbending Christianity. He is unsparing, but never vindictive or morose—sarcastic, but not cynical—pathetic, but never mawkishly sentimental; he ridicules, but not to wound the sensitive; he is quick to perceive evil and as prompt to attack it, yet never misanthropic; he has a disposition to exaggerate, but is natural and unaffected even in his exaggeration; he possesses the rare gift of ability to write precisely as he feels, and his feelings are always good—always benevolent. He adopts with ease the "mother-tongue"—the "slang," the "Sanskrit" of each variety of people—refined or unrefined; in his portrayals of character—from the rudest and most uncouth to the most highly cultivated—the connection between the language and the individual or class is perfect; the slightest peculiarities of idiom or expression are rendered distinctly and with wonderful accuracy. He describes character and incidents better than places, and scenes in the city more naturally than scenes in the country, though he often purifies the murky atmosphere of the work-house or the prison with the fresh scent of beautiful flowers, and lets in through the cracks and seams of the gloomy gates bright gleams of sunshine and sweet sounds of unfettered birds, to cheer the weary and the heart-sick. His descriptions of distressing incidents—such as the death of the old pauper in "Oliver Twist"—are painfully minute; not a word, not a look, not a gesture escapes him; he feels all—presents all—and, influenced by his own generous sympathy, heightens the effect of all; yet,

— "though the light
Enter not freely—the eye of God
Smiles in upon them."

Mr. Dickens does not merely paint character—he analyses it; he pictures a rough, coarse, ignorant boor, apparently without sensibility—wholly gross and brutal—and when he has presented the portrait, so that it appears to the ordinary observer complete, he pours a flood of light suddenly into the recesses of the rough man's heart,

and displays some icacy that softens nature. He has been of eccentricities, as characteristics, and in each. He strips a thief to him is a thin man of the road," he knows him thoroughly, and nant at his rascal high; he scores the and governments folect; he raises the the dust, and teaches to feel for them; if purse-proud he ten ceit, and the weak a tenderly of folds with He

"Feels for the wrong
Daily exposed, woe
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He is a genuine dem imbued with that Jefferson, of undying wrote "all men are He is not radical; tions of general e seek to pull down harmonize and pu in the most striking thus producing the bad, and the st out. He writes no crats or evants, b seeks not the pra good of the many; by units, his admin

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* The occasion referred to in the London by Mr. Dickens, for the benefit of Jerrold.

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thief to him is a thief, and not a "gentle-
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tor;" he knows him perfectly—exposes
him thoroughly, and is ever honestly indig-
nant at his rascality. His aim is always
high; he scores the rich for their foibles,
and governments for incompetency or neg-
lect; he raises the poor and lowly from
the dust, and teaches the high and wealthy
to feel for them; from the powerful and
purse-proud he tears the garment of con-
ceit, and the weak and poverty-stricken he
tenderly enfolds with the mantle of respect.
He

"Feels for the wrong to universal ken
Daily exposed, woo that unshrouded lies;
And seeks the sufferer in his darkest den."

He is a genuine democrat; his stories are
imbued with that spirit which moved
Jefferson, of undying memory, when he
wrote "all men are born free and equal."
He is no Radical; has no theoretical no-
tions of general equalization; does not
seek to pull down or to destroy, but to
harmonize and purify by presenting evil
in the most striking contrast with good, and
thus producing the greatest abhorrence of
the bad, and the strongest desire to root it
out. He writes not for monarchs, aristo-
crats or savants, but for the "public;" he
seeks not the praises of the few, but the
good of the many; his enemies are counted
by units, his admirers by millions.

The popularity of Mr. Dickens is not
ephemeral; it will be transmitted to pos-
terity with his writings and his history, for
his sound sense has ever saved him from
sacrificing a permanent good to a present
success. He has always retained his mod-
esty amidst the whirl of popular applause,
and, though fond of rational approbation,
he is without conceit: in proof of this we
are told that a short time ago, after reading
his Christmas Carol at St. Martin's Hall,*
when vociferously called for, "his counte-
nance wore the pleased expression of a
boy's"—his pleasure was caused by find-
ing the same perfect sympathy between
"Boz" and his auditors that had long ex-
isted between "Boz" and his readers;—
his gratification was as innocent and un-

*The occasion referred to was a reading given in
London by Mr. Dickens, with characteristic benev-
olence, for the benefit of the family of the late Douglas
Jerrold.

restrained as a child's—entirely without
vanity. It is this earnest simplicity, joined
to a shrewd but pure benevolence, that
forms the best guarantee for the perman-
ency of Charles Dickens' high reputation.
His spirited delineations of English char-
acter—especially in low life—more perfect
than Smollett's, without his vulgarity, and
directed by the highest motives, will never
lose their charm. Scrooge and Fagin—
Sam Weller and Mark Tapley—Little Nell
and Little Dorrit—can not perish so long
as hatred of evil, love of the humorous,
and appreciation of purity, find a resting-
place in the human heart. Whatever their
faults, they are, like their author, immor-
tal.

One of the highest claims of Mr. Dick-
ens to distinction, is the fact that he has
successfully inaugurated an original style
of composition.* He holds colloquial in-
tercourse with his readers, and writes his
stories as though he was telling them. He
is perfectly familiar, yet his familiarity
never "breeds contempt." He exposes
the lowest depths of misery and sin, in the
language and with the characteristics of
each, yet is instinct with delicacy: he not
only conveys ideas in print, but feeling and
expression. He is suggestive without be-
ing obscure; sarcastic without being bit-
ter; humorous without effort; simple with-
out being foolish; graphic and terse in
style;—in short, he is the man who, above
all others, addresses the great heart of hu-
manity in its own language.

Critically speaking, Charles Dickens has
some faults;—a few which he can easily
remedy, and with benefit to himself and
the public. Now, in 1838 a distinguished
and liberal Review advanced the proposi-
tion that great popularity is "no proof of
merit," though "presumptive evidence"
of it; but in our times, and especially in
the United States, public opinion to a great
extent overweighs criticism, and when an
author is universally praised, it is gener-
ally an ungrateful task to express any opin-
ion of his works but such as is laudatory,
and therefore acceptable to the popular
palate. This impatience of close and im-
partial scrutiny is generated of feeling;—
it is therefore natural, and, in itself, not
reprehensible: but, for the interest of lit-
erature, (which plays an important part in
promoting the advancement of civiliza-

*It may not be amiss here to call attention to the
great obligations Mr. Dickens is under to Mr. Cruik-
shank, whose graphic sketches accompanying the
"Sketches," &c, contributed much towards bringing
him into public notice at the outset of his career.

tion,) it is well, while duly appreciating the excellencies of a writer, not altogether to ignore his defects;—feeling should be subservient to reason. During the last twenty years Mr. Dickens has received a meed of praise which would have considerably inflated any one less sensible than himself: but he has never been above profiting by honest suggestions, from any source—and hence the progressive improvement of his style. He has not yet got rid of all his faults, nor is he, we believe, less ready to profit by candid criticism than he was twenty years ago. We therefore, before taking leave of him—adopting his latest production (Little Dorrit) as the basis of our observations—shall speak briefly but unreservedly of what to us appear its chief excellencies and defects.

“Little Dorrit,” the heroine of the story—“whose first draught of air was tintured with Dr. Haggage’s brandy”—was born in the “Marshalsea,”—one of the numerous gloomy dens in which, until within a few years, the enlightened British Government allowed remorseless creditors to immure delinquent debtors for life, or (in most cases about the same thing) until their debts were paid. In this “black hole” of London, then, “Little Dorrit” was born and “brought up,” and at the time the story properly begins, she has become a “little woman,” preternaturally grave and earnest, quiet, enduring, and devoted to her surviving parent, the “Father of the Marshalsea.” How she struggled and toiled in secret for her father; how she deprived herself of common necessities to contribute to his comfort; how she bore with his peevishness and irritability, and in the fullness of her love looked upon his selfish sensitiveness to any allusion to his position as merely the assertion of a natural dignity; how she watched over a flippant sister and a reckless brother;—how, when times of sunshine came she was still the same “little woman”—not like her father, brother, and sister—frenzied by prosperity—but her thoughts ever reverting to her old home, to her old friends and companions;—how, for the sake of those she loved, she tried to be high and haughty, but how her own innocent heart, which had expanded in the darkness of the Marshalsea, like a rose in the desert, rendered the effort useless;—how, in adversity and in prosperous days, she kept the secret of her love for Clennam close in her own bosom, and how she struggled against that love, and when a dark hour came, and Clennam was thrust into that same Mar-

shalsea, where he had formerly been a visiting angel to her old father;—how she left the world and its gayeties, and flew like a Nightingale to his side;—how at last the clouds cleared away and the sun shone bright and warm again, and how the “little woman” and Arthur were married “with the sun shining on them through the painted figure of our Saviour on the window,” and how they “went down into a modest life of usefulness and happiness”—all this is described in the author’s happiest style. But the character is unnatural. Such heroines, born in such prisons, and educated amidst such associations as was “Little Dorrit,” are never found in real life, and the tendency of indulging the imagination by elevating a woman into a sort of angel in low life, however beautiful and free from the idea of “angels with wings” which an extensive class of modern literature is diluted with, the picture may be, is to create a false estimate of the purity of human nature. Little Dorrit also is in some respects but a re-production of Little Nell. Arthur Clennam, though not so attractive, is a far more reasonable character. His generosity, his strong sense of principle, his abhorrence of vice, and his unselfishness, we see sometimes illustrated in common experience; but we must protest against the conceptions of Flintwich, Affery, and Mrs. Clennam—their eccentric and unaccountable behavior; the “mysterious noises in the old house,” &c.—as mar- rying the effect of the narrative by their obscurity. An old woman, sitting bolt upright in a chair for fifteen or twenty years, professing a hard and gloomy Christianity and keeping within her breast the secret of a crime, which she justifies to the last upon the score that she is a dealer-out of God’s vengeance upon earth—is too severe a criticism, even upon the most stubborn and rigid of religious fanatics. Besides, the character is a mere skeleton, surrounded with a repelling atmosphere of blackness; and that of Flintwich is still more misty, while Affery is incomprehensible. The “two clever ones” by no means add to Mr. Dickens’ reputation for cleverness.

The “Circumlocution Office” and the “Barnacle” family are an admirable satire upon the proverbial slowness of certain branches of the British Government, and the monopoly of numerous offices by influential aristocratic families. “Whatever was required to be done, the Circumlocution Office was beforehand with all the public departments in the art of perceiving—

HOW NOT TO DO IT.” * * *

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NOT TO DO IT." * * *

"Mechanicians, natural philosophers, sol-
diers, sailors, petitioners, memorialists—
people with grievances, people who want-
ed to prevent grievances, people who want-
ed to redress grievances; jobbing people,
jobbed people, people who couldn't get re-
warded for merit, and people who couldn't
get punished for demerit—were all indis-
criminately tucked up under the foolscap
paper of the Circumlocution Office." and
"numbers of people were lost in the Cir-
cumlocution Office." * * * * "The
Barnacle family had for some time helped
to administer the Circumlocution Office.
The Tite Barnacle Branch, indeed, con-
sidered themselves in a general way as
having vested rights in that direction, and
took it ill if any other family had much to
say about it." Daniel Doyce, an excellent
specimen of the intelligent, patient and
practical mechanic, was foolish enough to
"perfect an invention (involving a very
curious secret process) of great importance
to his country and his fellow-creatures."
Instead of coming to the United States, or
some other country where there is no Cir-
cumlocution Office, he added to his folly
by attempting to secure a patent in his
own country. Consequently he got into
the Circumlocution Office, and thereupon
he was referred by this Mr. Barnacle to
that Mr. Barnacle—tossed from this Com-
mittee to that Committee—subjected to
rigid examinations before powdered Bar-
nacles and Stiltstockings, who "mud-
dled the business, added the business,
tossed the business in a wet blanket,"
and finally left the business precisely
where they had found it. It was only
after years of perseverance, and then more
through good luck than any thing else,
that poor Doyce—who had grown weary
and worn, though he was always cheerful—
realized the benefit of his genius. The
whole conception is admirable, and, we
observe, has considerably ruffled the feath-
ers of the Barnacles and Stiltstockings of
Great Britain.*

Old Mr. Dorrit is an exaggerated de-
lineation, but, on the whole, a good one.
His desire to keep up his family dignity,
while in the Marshalsea for so many years
—his pompous, though childish pride when
he became wealthy; his constant fear of
any reference to the past; his return in
his delirium, just before death, to the scene
of his long imprisonment; to his old cling-
ing to his faithful Little Dorrit, and the
close of his life and that of his brother

* See a late number of the Edinburgh Review.

when they went "before their Father, far
beyond the twilight judgments of this world
—high above its mists and obscurities;—all
this is a sad and truthful illustration of the
hollowness of that vanity of vanities—that
most pernicious of evils, the pride of caste,
the conceit of earthly position. Pancks—a
puffing, snorting steam engine, is an excel-
lent type of a certain class of our own coun-
trymen—hard, dry, practical, always on the
go; a sharp collector and first-rate "gene-
ral man of business"—commonly presenting
his rough side, but kind hearted at bottom.
He is a character worth studying. Mr.
Casby is Mr. Pecksniff, in another phase,
nothing more. His daughter, Flora, is a
libel even upon the romantic and senti-
mental damsels of these days. Blandois
is a good specimen of the sardonic Machia-
vellian, Italian villain. Imagine Dr. Ric-
cabocca's idea practicalised, and you have
him exactly. Mr. Dickens need not have
attempted to defend that "extravagant con-
ception," Mr. Merdle, by any reference to
an "Irish Bank." Merdles figure quite
conspicuously in the history of San Fran-
cisco, from the time of Ward to the present.

We have thus briefly alluded to what we
consider the principal merits and demerits
of Little Dorrit. We have been compel-
led to neglect some points, well worthy of
notice, but for this, a want of space must
be an excuse. The sum of our conclusion
is, that there is a great want of connection
in the plot; that its simplicity is marred
by many useless incumbrances lugged in
among the *dramatis personæ*; that there
is much exaggeration in characters and
incident. But the hit of the Circumlocu-
tion Office is, in our judgment, among the
choicest of Mr. Dickens' sarcastic efforts,
and in minute description of delicate traits
of character—of eccentricities and pecu-
liarities, social and individual, we consider
"Little Dorrit" the best of his works. On
the whole, it is a production which will add,
if possible, to the high reputation and pop-
ularity of its author.

We cannot in justice close this notice of
Mr. Dickens, without calling attention to
the simplicity, veracity and catholic spirit
which distinguish his "Child's History of
England." It is *par excellence* the book of
English history for American children to
study. Interesting, full of accurate infor-
mation, clothed in an agreeable style, and
breathing throughout a tone of the purest
morality, it is, of all other similar works,
best calculated to leave permanent and
liberal impressions upon the youthful mind.

We hope to see it general among the homes of California.

We confess to a feeling of regret as we put aside the last volume of "Little Dorrit," and temporarily, we hope, bid its gifted author adieu. Charles Dickens has so won upon our affections, during his eminently successful and useful career, that we feel an earnest desire to hold constant intercourse with him. We cannot better express our feelings and those of the masses of the people, than by saying in his own simple and expressive language—"May we meet again."

MOUNTAIN MEDITATIONS.

How charming 'tis in pensive mood,
To roam o'er mountains wild and high,
Whose lofty peaks, sublime though rude,
Seem interlocked with cloud and sky ;—
To learn the philosophic lore
They teach—to gaze on and admire
Splendors which wake now, as of yore,
To music-praise, the poet's lyre.

How cheering 'tis, this mountain land
Is vastly rich in virgin gold,
And we, perchance, among the sand
May find and gather wealth untold ;
May thenceforth reckon "troops of friends,"
To come, aye ready at our call,
For past neglect to make amends,—
Our pleasures to enhance withal.

How sweet it is, to backward trace
The course we've trod in days ago,
And scan in thought, each fair young face
We once rejoiced to look upon ;
To think how full of hope and joy
Our hearts were in our youthful years,
Ere bliss seem'd mix'd with care's alloy,
Or smiles had given place to tears.

How sad it is, alas ! to know,
That she—my dear Louise, on whom
My first young love I did bestow,
Far hence is mouldering in the tomb !
The bright blue eye, the shining tress,
Were my delight—but now 'tis o'er ;
My heart, o'erjoyed at her caress,
Can feel no more—ah ! nevermore !

Oh, vaunt no more the worth of gold,
Nor of the landscape's beauty sing,
Though these be sources, as we're told,
Whence many valued blessings spring.
No blessing, howsoever divine,
And deemed to come from realms above,
Is treasured in this heart of mine,
Like virtuous woman's tender love.

Bidwell, Cal.

B. B.

The man who "footed his bill," is said to be a shoemaker.

THE PIONEER'S THANKSGIVING.

BY DOINGS.

Here we are again, my pen and me—but I am wrong, so far as the pen is concerned, in saying *again*, for it is the first appearance of *this* pen which will introduce itself to you through this communication, and I trust will prove an agreeable and pleasant acquaintance. My old pen, the one that has stood by me so long, and has so often transferred my thoughts to paper, and been the acting medium between myself and others, and which has so often spoke to you, my unknown friends, in silent words, performed its last duties yesterday. Although disabled and maimed, in consequence of a fall which it received some time since, it would not give up; and, in fact, from an attachment which I always entertain for an old friend, I did not wish it, and so we worked away together until yesterday, when it became subject to spasmodic kicks, and I then knew that we soon must part. I disliked even then to give it up, but as I looked upon its almost helpless condition, my compassion overcame the attachment, and I have laid it away where it shall rest in quiet undisturbed. And now, with my new pen, I propose to write of Thanksgiving, and, mayhap, a few words of home, for ere another number of the Magazine is issued this year's Thanksgiving day will have passed.

Sitting here I chanced to think that Thanksgiving day would soon come, and in my mind I was led to draw a comparison between Thanksgiving day at home and in California; and as I sat and thought, I remembered how, during the past nine years, as our annual Thanksgiving day came 'round, I had often done the same thing, and how that last year I said to myself, "Doings, we'll have a Thanksgiving dinner any how!" and how I went without lunch in order to get up a big appetite; and, about five, P. M., feeling sufficiently sharkish, I entered a restaurant, and, divesting myself of overcoat, hat and cane, dropped into a chair beside a little table, and, spreading out as large as possible, rapped for a waiter; a young man with a dirty napkin in one hand, and several unclean dishes in the other, answered the call, and stood beside me. "Turkey," said I, "and mind there's plenty of it, with all the fixins." The young man soon returned and covered my little table with dishes, one of which contained quite a quantity of

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of bones. I felt
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So saved my life by dy

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Thanksgiving! wh
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bones and a very little of—it might have
 been turkey-flesh—perhaps it was, but I
 couldn't eat, my appetite had vanished, for
 as I surveyed the dish before me I was led
 to think of famine, and of the sufferings of
 that *poor* turkey when alive, of how fati-
 gued he must have often been when
 taking his daily rounds about the barn-
 yard, and what an immense exertion it
 must have required for that small amount
 of flesh to have propelled such a proportion
 of bones. I felt really sorry for that
 turkey, and had he died a natural death I
 would liked to have written his epitaph,
 something like the following:—

I died, and here I lie—yet lying, do not lie—
 Starvation was my only ill—I really was not fit to kill,
 So saved my life by dying.

But the best and fattest turkeys in the
 world—and I am sure California can boast
 of them—do not make Thanksgiving. To
 eat a piece of turkey and call it Thanks-
 giving is a jest—a farce—a mockery—a
 slander upon that glorious institution.
 Thanksgiving! what is it? Why it is the
 re-union of friends, the annual gathering
 of families, the meeting of parents and
 children, of our best, our dearest friends—
 the old and young—generations are gath-
 ered together, and, throwing aside all cares,
 meet with smiles, with light and happy
 hearts—such is Thanksgiving in good old
 New England—and what more beautiful
 than a whole generation gathered about the
 festive board, from the aged grand-dame to
 the lisping babe—extremes almost meet-
 ing—every eye beaming with a joyful lus-
 tre, and every heart beating with a happy
 thrill of pleasure—even grandma, forgetting
 her dotage, imagines she is young again,
 and breaking forth in merry peals of laugh-
 ter, repeats the oft-told tales of her youthful
 days; and for this one day at least in all
 the year, heart beats to kindred heart, and
 playing upon the self-same string, striking
 upon the self-same chord, send forth their
 thanks in unison, which the good spirits
 hovering near take up and bear away to
 heaven. And such is Thanksgiving—not
 the turkey, but the sauce served with it; a
 rich sauce, composed of sweets gathered
 from happy smiles, seasoned with the sages
 gathered there, spiced with merry peals of
 laughter, and warmed up with glowing
 hearts. But this is only to be found at
 home, and there is but one HOME, and that
 where we were ushered into life, where
 live the associations of childhood and youth,
 where lie the green fields and meadows
 which our youthful feet so oft have pressed
 in boyhood sports, where the same old

waves ripple and whisper along the sea
 shore, as when we were wont to listen,
 where the same ocean rolls, upon whose
 surface we so oft have sailed, where the
 same laughing rivulet ripples along as
 when we played upon its banks; where
 those old church bells each Sabbath morn-
 chime out their sweet harmonious notes,
 speaking volumes full of home, and where
 in all its solemn state and silence is the old
 church yard, where lie our fathers' bones,
 and by whose side a place is marked out
 for us; here, and only here, is HOME. We
 may try in a distant land to smother the
 feelings, and cheat ourselves into the be-
 lief that we have made a *new* home, but
 the feeling is only smothered—no change,
 no place, no time, ever will, or ever can
 eradicate that deep-rooted, never dying af-
 fection which we ever must and ever will
 retain and cherish for our first, our *only*
 home. When we left that home and wan-
 dered to this far-off land, we became pion-
 eers, and as it ever has been with pioneers
 so it must be with us; we must experience
 that feeling of restlessness, that uneasy
 spirit, that void occasioned by the loss of
 home; but we are pioneers in a land where
 nature has showered her richest blessings,
 and where if we but pursue the same course
 that we would *at home*, if we are true to the
 principles instilled into our youthful minds,
 if we follow in the same paths we trod in
 early days *at home*, if we but persevere in
 endeavoring to establish a good moral tone
 to society, and to rectify the evils already
 done, we shall prosper and live happy even
 here; and as we pass from buoyant man-
 hood into ripe old age, we shall travel
 sweetly and smoothly along the valley unto
 death, with no cloud upon the horizon
 before us, no shadow on the past, feeling
 that in our lives we have done well, that
 we have not lived for naught, that we have
 made for our children a home in a land
 overflowing with "milk and honey," that
 we have planted around them associations
 for which posterity shall bless us, and that
 to hail California as a birth-place and as a
 home shall fill their hearts with pride, the
 soul with pleasure.

And may we live that such shall be our
 end—live to see our children grow up to
 honor, love and bless us; and if we cannot
 feel that this is our home, it is theirs, and
 in them we live again, and with them we
 can help to form the circle around the fes-
 tive board Thanksgiving days.

What is bigger than a whale? Why, a
 whaler, to be sure!

THE LORD'S PRAYER, IN SEVERAL LANGUAGES.

The following versions of the Lord's PRAYER, we doubt not, will afford considerable interest to our studious readers; and as the long winter evenings are coming fast, will be a source of considerable gratification to our young friends, to examine the construction of different languages; and perhaps not only tempt them to commit each of the following to memory, but induce them to usefully employ their leisure by studying one or more of the ancient or modern languages. In this age of money-hunting, the accomplishments of a progressive age, like the present, are apt to be overlooked by the young,—a mistake not easily corrected in after years.

ENGLISH.

A. D. 1158.—Fader ur in heune, haleweide beith thi neune, cumin thi kunericho, thi wille beoth idon in heune, and in erthe.—The eueryen dawe bried, gif ons thilk dawe. And vorzif ure detters as vi yorsifen ure dettours. And lene ous nought into temptation, bot delyvor ous of yvel. Amen.

A. D. 1300.—Fadir ure in hevone, Halewyd be thi name, thi kingdom come, thi wille be don as in hevone and in erthe.—Our arche dayes bred give us to daye. And foregive usoure dettes as we foregive oure dettours. And lead us nor in temptation, bote delyver us of yvil. Amen.

A. D. 1370.—Oure fadir that art in heunes hallowid be thi name, thi kingdom come to, be thi wille done in erthe as in heune, geve to us this day oure breed *oure other substance* forgene to us oure dettis as we forgauen to oure dettours, lede us not into temptation; but delyver us yvel. Amen.

A. D. 1524.—O oure father which arte in hevone, hallowed be thy name. Let thy kingdom come. Thy wyll be fulfilled as well in earth as it is in hevone. Give us this day oure dayly brede. And forgeve us oure trespasses even as we forgeve our trespassers. And lede us not into temptacioun, but delyver us from evell. For thyno is the kingdom and the power and the glorye for ever. Amen.

A. D. 1581.—Our father which art in heaun, sanctified be thy name. Let thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, as in heaun, in earth also. Give us to-day our superstantial bread. And forgive us our dettes as we forgive our detters. And lede us not into temptation. But deliver us from evil. Amen.

A. D. 1611.—Our father which art in heaun, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our dayly bread. And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. And lede us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thyno is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory forever. Amen.

A. D. 1857.—Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever and ever.—Amen.

GREEK.

Pater hemōn ho en tois ouranois, hagiotheto to onoma sou. Eltheto he Basilea sou. Genetheto to thelema sou, hōs en ouranō, kai epi tes ges. Ton arton hemōn ton epiousion dos hemin semeron. Kai aphes hemin ta opheilēmata hemōn, hōs kai hemeis aphēmen tois opheilētais hemōn. Kai me eisenongkes hēmas eis perasmon, alla rusai hēmas apo tou ponerou; hoti sou estin he Basileia, kai he dunamis kai he doxa, eis tous aiōnas. Amen.

LATIN.

Pater noster, qui es in caelis, sanctificetur nomen tuum. Adveniat regnum tuum. Fiat voluntas tua, sicut in caelo, et in terra. Panem nostrum quotidianum da nobis hodie. Et remitte nobis debita nostra, sicut et nos remittimus debitoribus nostris. Et ne nos inducas in tentationem, sed libera nos a malo. Tibi enim est regnum, et potentia, et gloria, in sempiternum. Amen.

ITALIAN.

Padre nostro, che sei ne' cieli, sia santificato il tuo nome. Il tuo regno venga. La tua volontà sia fatta in terra come in cielo. Dacci oggi il nostro pane cotidiano. E rimettici i nostri debiti, come noi ancora gli rimettiamo a' nostri debitori. E non indurci in tentazione, ma liberaci, dal maligno. Perciochè tuo è il regno, e la potenza, e la gloria, in sempiterno. Amen.

SPANISH.

Padre nuestro, que estás en los cielos, sea santificado tu nombre. Venga tu reyno; sea hecha tu voluntad, como en el cielo, así también en la tierra. Danos oy nuestro pan cotidiano. Y sueltanos nuestras deudas, como también nosotros soltamos a nuestros deudores. Y no nos metas en tentacion, mas libranos de mal. Porque tuyo es el reyno, y la potēcia, y la gloria, por todos los siglos. Amen.

FRENCH.

Notre Pere qui es aux cieux, ton nom soit

sanctificetur. Ton re-
soit faite sur la ter-
re-nous aujourd'hui
Pardonnez nous nos
pardonnois à ceu-
Et ne nous abando-
mais delivre nous
partie, et régne,
à jamais. Amen.

Unser Vater in
werde geheiligt.
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FELIXANDER TO

GENTLE EUGENE
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1611.—Our father which art in heaven, allowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

1857.—Our Father which art in heaven, allowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever.

GREEK.

hemōn ho en tois ouranois, hagiōn nomōn sou. Eltheto ho Basileia sou. Eithei thelema sou, hōs en ourano, kai en tē gē. Ton arton hemōn ton hēmerin sēmerōn. Kai aphe hoimōn ta onta hemōn, hōs kai hēmeis aphepōphēlētēs hemōn. Kai me eilēpēmas eis parason, alla rutiōn tou ponerou; hoti sou estin ho basileia. Amen.

LATIN.

oster, quies in coelis, sanctificetur nomen tuum. Adveniat regnum tuum. Fiat voluntas tua in caelo, et in terra. Panem quotidianum da nobis hodie, et non nobis debita nostra, sicut et non debitoribus nostris. Et ne nos intrent in tentationem, sed libera nos a malo. Amen.

ITALIAN.

ostro, che sei ne' cieli, sia santificata il tuo regno venga. E sia fatta in terra come in cielo il nostro pane cotidiano. E rimissioni nostri debiti. E non indurci in tentazione, ma libera noi dal maligno. Amen.

SPANISH.

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FRENCH.

qui es aux cieux, ton nom soit

sanctific. Ton règne vienne; ta volonté soit faite sur la terre, comme au ciel. Donne-nous aujourd'hui notre pain quotidien. Pardonne-nous nos péchés, comme aussi nous pardonnons à ceux qui nous ont offensés. Et ne nous abandonne point à la tentation, mais délivre nous du malin. Car à toi appartient le règne, la puissance, et la gloire, à jamais. Amen.

GERMAN.

Unser Vater in dem Himmel, dein Name werde geheiligt. Dein Reich komme. Dein Wille geschehe auf Erden wie im Himmel. Unser tägliches Brod gib uns heute. Und vergieb uns unsere Schulden, wie wir unsern Schuldigern vergaben. Und führe uns nicht

in Versuchung, sondern erlöse uns von dem Uebel. Denn dein ist das Reich, und die Kraft, und die Herrlichkeit, in Ewigkeit. Amen.

DUTCH.

Onze Vader, die in de Hemelen zijt, uw naam worde geheiligd. Uw Koninkrijk komme. Uw wil gescheide, Gelijk in den hemel. Zoo ook op de aarde. Geef ons heden ons dagelijksch brood. En vergeef ons onze schulden, Gelijk ook wij vergeven onzen schuldenaren. En leid ons niet in verzoeking, Maar verlos ons van den booze. Want Uw is het koninkrijk, En de kracht, en de heerlijkheid. In de eeuwigheid. Amen.

Our Social Chair.

FELIXANDER DOINGS REPLYETH TO EUGENIA.

GENTLE EUGENIA: I have not the smallest fragment of a doubt but "you wish you'd have been there," and I can readily imagine how you felt when perusing that "sympathy seeking" detail of my adventure. Memory doubtless wafted you back to those blissful days, long ago, when you were young and attended parties; and I am confident that those "cherry lips" (what strange fancies some people have) of yours, trembled with envy toward those young ladies who so deliciously regaled themselves at my expense. I certainly did not expect that any one could be so heartless as to rejoice over my sufferings upon that occasion, and I fondly trust that you are not serious. But since you have thought proper to become indignant, and cast reflections upon the bachelor fraternity, allow me to speak for one—and, Eugenia, pray be calm while I pour into your attentive ear a portion of my reasons for believing that marriage does not beget happiness!

It is possible that even I might, at this time, have been an affectionate and dutiful husband—perhaps a parient—but for the unfortunate examples continually before me. My dearest and best friends have been sacrificed, and it would be more than folly for me, with the benefits of their experience, and with their melancholy and heart-crushing fate ever in view, to entertain ideas other than I do. I always feel sad when I think of the once brilliant Joe Johnson, who was one of my most intimate friends; for years we had walked, talked,

smoked, roomed and boarded together, sympathized with each other in sunshine and in sorrow—but Joe had a weakness, and Lucy Larkin discovering it, forthwith brought all her batteries to bear upon that one spot. Joe was tickled—the hallucination pleased him. Night after night did he roll and tumble about the bed, talking in his sleep of "dear Lucy"—"small sized cottages"—"devoted lover"—"distraction"—"happiness"—"share our sorrows"—"joy and perfect bliss"—and finally wound up by frantically embracing the pillow and smothering it with kisses. Well, Joe was married, and for the first three weeks I think he was the happiest fellow I ever knew—I almost envied him. The fourth week he went by without coming in; the fifth week he passed by on the other side of the street, and appeared melancholy; the sixth week, as he was coming down town one day, I went out purposely to meet him. "Joe," said I, "you are doing very wrong to throw off old friends; come to my room, I want to talk with you." "No, 'Fe,' excuse me, I must go home, it's past eight." "Past eight, fudge! come on, we'll have a good smoke, one of the old kind." "No, 'Fe,' I—I'd rather not—I—I—ah—don't smoke now, it's said to be injurious." Here he pulled out his handkerchief and in a very vehement manner blew his nose. "Bran new discovery," said I; "it's rather singular that after smoking ten years you have only now learned it; but I see it all, Joe, you are not happy." He grasped my hand and leaned his head upon my shoulder, as he sobbed. "You are right, I am not happy. Oh, 'Fe,' I'm miserable." Then straight-

ening himself he spoke with a voice more than earthly, 'twas inspiration!—"As you value happiness beware of females!"

Tom Brooks, one of the liveliest and best hearted fellows that ever lived, he was married about a year since, and yesterday I saw Mrs. Brooks sailing majestically along, and poor Tom followed dragging a basket carriage. He looked like a man going to his own funeral. I nodded to him, and he returned it with a sickly smile—poor fellow.

John Roberts, another of our fellows, was married three years ago, and has now two children, who, together with wife, are, and always have been, sick. Since his marriage I have rarely seen him on the street, but he was either going to the apothecary shop or for the doctor—he enjoys (?) "the comforts of a home"—a sick wife and squalling babies.

Charles Hartwell is now my "chum;" he lost his wife some six months since, and for the space of two weeks was inconsolable; he repeated to me, until I felt like kicking him, her many rare virtues, and the very many excellent points in her character which he had just discovered. A month ago he told me that he was happier than he ever had been in his life; and last week, when I joked him about Mary Ann, (over the way) he placed his right hand upon my shoulder, and looking me straight in the eye, said, with voice and manner so impressive that I shall never forget it: "*Felix, never again joke with me upon the subject of matrimony. I have been there—'tis no joke!*" Sam Coffin, too, lost his wife. She ran away with his partner, and left Sam with a little girl of five years, and an infant aged six months. Who would not be a bachelor? free, careless, and happy! I would not say there are no happy marriages: on the contrary, with some, married life is a pleasant day—perpetual sunshine. The occasional clouds which flit across their pathway, are but the coloring to the picture. But with the majority—aye, nine out of every ten! but eke out a miserable existence. With them, life is ever clouded, dark, and dreary; and if perchance a playful sunbeam pierces the gloom, it flickers for a moment, then dies out, and the darkness seems blacker yet. I consider that I have been particularly fortunate, and that, by a special dispensation of providence! I have been permitted to avoid the many snares which have been laid to entrap me. I do not object to being called a BACHELOR, but I do object to being called *old*. I trust that I am too

much of a gentleman to retaliate, and for the kind(!) wishes you so profusely shower upon me in the closing of your epistle, I forgive and pity you. You have probably lived so long under the shadow of maidenhood, that your natural disposition has become acrid, and your nerves are easily excited. Go into the country, Eugenia; breathe for a while pure air; commune with nature; drink milk, and read a few chapters of the New Testament every day. "I will calm your mind; and a mind at rest will produce a better complexion than all the cosmetics ever made. Plain features may become animated, and even interesting; and when you succeed in alluring some young man into the harbor of matrimony, use him kindly, and prove, by constant practice, that there are charms about the fireside, and that a sick bed may be even pleasant; that arm-chairs, slippers, and clean linen with the buttons on, are not altogether imaginary. As for myself, I am content and happy as a bachelor; subscribing myself

Yours, good-naturedly,

FELIXANDER DOINGS.

Doingsville, Sept. 5, 1857.

NOVEL LULLABY FOR SLEEP.—A friend of ours who has been an invalid for several months, and who has been accustomed to the bustle and noise of city life, now resides a short distance in the country where everything around is remarkably quiet—too quiet, she affirms, to allow her to fall asleep o' nights. Recently, however, she has hit upon a plan, somewhat novel, we admit, as a remedy; as, when the wakeful hours forbid to

"Let her thoughts fold up like flowers
In the twilight of the mind,"

she prevails upon her other half to commence the unpoetical but (to her) musical employment of grinding coffee! until she falls asleep. As this invention might be the means of making some lucky and enterprising fellow a rich man, we with pleasure impart the information that no patent will be applied for, by the inventor!

WONT HAVE IT.—John K. Lovejoy was the very model of an independent editor, says the ever witty and excellent editor of the *Sierra Citizen*, while he presided over the *Old Mountaineer*, from which he has recently retired. His name having been announced

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Yours, good-naturedly,
 FELIXANDER DOUGLASS.
 Willsville, Sept. 5, 1857.

NOVEL LULLABY FOR SLEEP. — A friend of mine who has been an invalid for several months, and who has been accustomed to the bustle and noise of city life, now resides at a short distance in the country where everything around is remarkably quiet—too quiet, she affirms, to allow her to fall asleep. Recently, however, she has hit upon a plan, somewhat novel, we admit, is a remedy; as, when the wakeful hours for-

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ST HAVE IR. — John K. Lovejoy was every model of an independent editor, the ever witty and excellent editor of the *Warra Citizen*, while he presided over the *Mountaineer*, from which he has recently departed. His name having been announced

in that same paper, a short time ago, as an independent candidate for the Legislature, he meets the announcement of the gratuitous nomination in one of the most caustic articles (published as a card) that it has ever been our pleasure to read. It has the wholesome smack of truth which is always to be relished. We give the following extract as a specimen:—

"Saul! Saul! why persecutest thou me!" What dirty trick have we been guilty of, that our old friends should wish us to sacrifice our eternal peace of mind, and what reputation we have, by going to a California Legislature, is more than we know! Shades of Clay and Webster forgive them! We feel, however, grateful for their supposed kind intentions, and their confidence in us, but beg leave to decline the most distinguished honor they so kindly would bestow upon us, and at the same time, in justice to ourselves and them, will give a few reasons, and pray they may prove satisfactory; should they not, we are sorry.

Were we thoroughly qualified, the people of our county are so completely joined to their idols, in the shape of party drill, that were the veriest ass in the world to receive a nomination at the hands of a "stuffed" convention, he would be elected over us, and that would wound our pride.

We have told too many truths, during our editorial career, to be popular among party leaders of any party whatever, and the masses will follow their leaders;—"my sheep know my voice, and they do follow," says the Bible, consequently we do not feel like expending the time and money we might accidentally have, in so fool-hardy an enterprise; besides this, we don't feel inclined to sacrifice our personal independence, in trotting over the county, lick-spitting for votes.

Our old friend Lovejoy has been elected, notwithstanding his card, and we have no doubt but he will do his best to keep the "lick-spitting" politicians straight.

We are daily gladdened by the bright thoughts contained in our spirited exchange *The Sacramento Age*, and cannot resist the temptation to give to the readers of the "Social Chair" the following beautiful and truthful sentiments from its columns:—

"Let us go to the West," said the young emigrant, forty years ago, when, with his young wife, he left the homestead, to try his fortune in the "back woods," which extended from the Ohio to the Pacific Ocean. The oxen were yoked at the gate, and all his worldly effects were stowed away in the wagon box. When the Alleghenies were

passed, and he looked back and saw them stretching away like a thread across the horizon, he felt that he was alone in the world, and that with a strong arm and a sharp ax he was to hew out a fortune in the wilderness.

"Father, we are going West," said his son, twenty years after, when the yellow corn was ready for the sickle, and the school children were hastening down the lane; and then there was another parting, and the emigrant train disappeared in the woods.

A dozen years afterward the restless emigrant stopped his plow in the furrow, to think of the vast plains stretching away toward the West; his cattle were grazing on the prairie; his log cabin, nicely white-washed, appeared through the trees which he had planted as a shelter from the sun when he grew old. His little son was playing in the furrow, and when the father looked over the farm he knew that were but a scant inheritance for his poor children. Again he thought of the wide, uninhabited plains, sloping down to the sea, beyond the Rocky Mountains, and when the sun went down he returned to his log cabin silent and dejected, and troubled in mind. Discontent had invaded his home, and there was no more rest for him there.

Again the emigrant went West; and thus have the plains of Oregon and California been peopled with many hardy pioneers, who keep in advance of the great tide of emigration that is rolling westward; but as the restless adventurer moves farther into the wilderness, there are others to occupy his half finished cabin.

When the emigrant ships unload their freight of squalid poverty at the quays on the Atlantic, the lumbering of engines and the whirring of machinery admonish them that there is nothing to do there; and they too exclaim, "We are going West." And here, almost in hearing of the great western ocean's surges, the immigrants still pass us, "going West." "Tell us, American, where is your West?"

"It is away in the Polynesia, among the palm trees. Following along the tropic, or through the frozen regions of the Arctic circle, we will look for the West in the *terra incognita* of ocean, beyond the icy promontories of Allaska. Wherever there is land enough to build an altar on, or free air enough to wave our country's flag, there, for a while, may be our West. But when we hear footsteps on our trail, we will go on nearer to the sepulchre of day, until our nation's track shall have been left on every island, and until our ships, with the moss of the world's waters on their keels, shall rise again from the Atlantic with the sun, and moor themselves at their points of departure."

Every body knows that Leigh Hunt wrote many very sweet and very pretty pieces, and but few more delicious than the following:—

Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief, you love to get
Sweets in your list—put that in!
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say health and wealth have missed me,
Say I'm growing old, but add—
Jenny kissed me!

While upon the subject of kissing, we give from our friend Felixander Doings—

THE FIRST KISS.

One hand stole gently 'round her waist,
The other held her own;
My lips were parting for a taste
Of nectar from the throne,
I drew her closer, closer still,
I held her to my breast;
Her eyes met mine—ye gods! the thrill
That o'er my body pressed.
My heart, my very soul took fire—
Reason no more held sway,
'Twas burned in passion's fierce desire,
Then hurled from me away.
My breath came hot, and thick and fast—
Our lips together drew—
They met—'twas bliss too rich to last—
O, joy! 'twas only then I knew
How soul met soul upon the lip,
And melting into one,
Poured raptures, such as angels sip,
Through every pore, and run
Its liquid fire from heart to heart,
Inspiring every vein.
What cared I then for wealth or rank,
Or reputation's name?
What cared I then for death or life,
Could I but pillow there,
Sheltered secure from all earth's strife
And free from every care?
To hang upon those lips forever,
And suck the nectar given,
'Tis all I'd ask—and never
Wish for more of Heaven.

There is so much point and expressiveness

in the following, that we know our readers will admire it, although it is

AN OLD SAW.

I once had money, and a friend
By whom I set great store;
I lent my money to my friend
And took his word therefor:
I asked my money of my friend,
But naught but words I got.
I got no money from my friend,
For sue him I would not;
Last came both money and my friend,
Which pleased me wondrous well;
I got my money, but my friend
A way quite from me full.
If I had money and a friend
As I had once before,
I'd keep my money and my friend
And play the fool no more.

It will no doubt amuse some of our eastern friends to know the way some juries decide matters in our mining towns. A correspondent from Camptonville favors us with an account of a "good un." A few days ago a little fighting spree (as the boys call it) "came off" in Pike City, under the following circumstances: Mr. A. hired Mr. R. to work for him, and after six or eight months' labor Mr. R. thought that he should like to obtain his money therefor. This, however, Mr. A. refused to pay, and continued to refuse, until R. was tempted to pounce upon A. and give him a good flogging. This led A. to seek redress from the Justice of the Peace; and, after a "full and impartial trial, before a jury of his countrymen," the following verdict was given: "Mr. R. is cleared from the charge against him by Mr. A.; and, moreover, the privilege is granted Mr. R. of whipping Mr. A. again! providing he does it a little better the next time." *Pike.*

Editor's Table.

HOME-LAND.—We like occasionally to turn a thought to the present, and probable future, of our Pacific home-land. We like to compare the progress of California in her various phases, with other portions of the civilized world, because we are never

annoyed by the result of such comparisons. Isolated as is California from the great body of the Union, it is not surprising that in addition to the great interests she possesses as a part of that Union, she should also possess interests peculiar to her location,—the

variety and value of her comparisons; we envy of other our own lanifornia, will are courted State in, the possess the climate of Ca removed fro show a mor California.

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went on a little fighting spree (as the boys
say) "came off" in Pike City, under the
following circumstances: Mr. A. hired Mr.
R. to work for him, and after six or eight
days' labor Mr. R. thought that he would
obtain his money therefor. This, how-
ever, Mr. A. refused to pay, and contin-
ued to refuse, until R. was tempted to pounce
on him, and give him a good flogging. This
he did, and to seek redress from the Justice of
the Peace; and, after a "full and impar-
tial" hearing before a jury of his countrymen, the
following verdict was given: "Mr. R. is
acquitted from the charge against him by Mr.
A., moreover, the privilege is granted
to Mr. R. of whipping Mr. A. again! providing
it is a little better the next time." Pike.

by the result of such comparisons.
As is California from the great
the Union, it is not surprising that in
the great interests she possesses
of that Union, she should also possess
interests peculiar to her location,—to

variety and truly anomalous properties and
value of her great staple products.

We would not make any invidious com-
parisons; we have no desire to excite the
envy of other lands, or other portions of
our own land; but simply to show that Cal-
ifornia, with all her faults, has charms that
are courted world wide. There is not a
State in the Union that would not like to
possess the sunny skies and the salubrious
climate of California. No other land so little
removed from the foibles of its infancy, can
show a more rapid or noble progress than
California.

The inventive genius and skill of her art-
ists and mechanics, as exhibited at the late
Fair of the Mechanics' Institute in this city;
and her progress in agriculture, as shown
from year to year in our State Agricultural
Fairs—the two interests constituting the
great basis of her prosperity—are already
her proudest boast.

But still there is another interest, of which
we may well be proud, for the world covets
it. For when, as by an electric shock, the
great East is vibrating with a panic that is
shaking the moneyed and "merchant
princes" from their propriety, and the mass-
es are writhing under the great pressure, it
can not but be gratifying to our pride to
see with what earnest solicitude they turn
their eyes upon the younger sister of the
Republic, as though she held the purse-
strings of the nation. And twice every
month does she unlock her magic safe, and
pour into the laps of her anxious sisters her
millions of golden treasure.

California, too, not only exclaims "Eure-
ka!" to the Pacific, but, from her position,
must ever hold the keys of our vast and
rapidly-increasing commerce. Do not Chi-
na, India, and the vast archipelago of the
Pacific, lie at our very gates? When the
peaceful employments of older States shall
content our people, and the love of gold
become secondary to that of a pleasant
home, as an incentive to the emigrant, we
can then make the Pacific alive with our
fleet of ships, bearing manufactures, home
manufactures, and civilization to the num-
berless islands of Oceania, and the conti-
nent of Asia.

The "signs of the times," as indicated by
the political tremblings of the nations of
the great Asiatic coasts, clearly point to a
dissolving of present dynasties and ancient
governmental forms, giving place to new
and enlarged systems, adequate to the wants
and exigencies of an advancing civilization.
That California, from her position, if not
acting an important part in the great drama
of barbaric dissolution, will reap an im-
mense benefit from this convulsion of Asi-
atic institutions, needs not the voice of
prophecy to affirm, or the lapse of time to
demonstrate.

When her nearly four millions a month,
the surplus of her industry and earnings of
her people, shall be retained within her own
borders, for the development of her vast re-
sources; when her people, from the multi-
plicity of their ships, shall command as their
own, the whale and other fisheries, and the
general commerce of the Pacific seas; when
her agriculture shall have passed from un-
certain experiment to a positive system;
when her countless unoccupied acres, teem-
ing with fertility, shall be brought under
cultivation; when her mineral wealth shall
have been fairly "prospected"; then, and
not till then, can we begin to realize what
is to be the future of our HOME-LAND.

IMMIGRATION.—The present season has
been characterized by a larger over-land
emigration to California, than any previous
one since 1852. The main incentive to em-
igration by this route has ever been, and
ever will be, the facilities it presents to fam-
ilies for reaching here, at the least possible
cost; while they bring with them their flocks
and their herds, which can be done by no
other route, and which are so much needed
by them on their arrival, and which add so
greatly to the real wealth of the State.

The time occupied in making the trip, is
from thirty to fifty days more than by steam-
ship; but this difference in time is more
than made up by the advantages it possesses.

There is not a doubt but that the deter-
mination of government to open a wagon-
road along, or in the vicinity of, the great
emigrant trail, has had its influence in pro-
moting to some extent the increase of this

year's emigration, over that of late years, from the supposition that it would doubtless tend to insure the safety of emigrants from molestation by the Indians; the greatest obstacle to overland transit. And yet it never has been so much the actual annoyance as the fear of it; and this fear has, without doubt, kept back a large emigration.

There are thousands of families at this moment, that would come to California overland—but who never will by any other route—if they could but be freed from the fear of attack from the Indians of the plains. The sacrifices necessarily made in the disposal of animals and farming equipments, to enable them to make the journey by steamship, they will never submit to, attended as it must invariably be, with great cost, in procuring a restment on arrival.

It becomes, therefore, a matter of the

greatest moment, to the prosperity of California, that government annually exhibit along the line of the great wagon-road, a force at least sufficient to command the respect of the few Indians that at times infest it.

There is not a doubt but that the increase of business throughout the middle and northern portions of the State, the effects of which have been felt by every large city in it during the last two months, can be attributed mainly to the sudden arrival among us of nearly, if not quite, forty thousand immigrants by way of the plains.

The immigration by this route, this season, has mainly consisted of families, and their presence can not but be felt for the good of our social relations. It is the kind of immigration that should be fostered, by every reasonable effort in the power of the people of our State to make.

Monthly Chat,

WITH CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

T. T. B.—To your question, "Can't you afford to give something for contributions of poetry equal to the piece I send you herewith?" we answer, Yes, we can give you for every such piece four that we have received from other sources, either of which shall possess more merit than yours; but we don't do such things.

G.—We think it doubtful that you could make such a tale interesting. It is not your *forte*.

Harry R.—Thank you; we don't smoke. If, however, it is grown on your own farm, we will see that its quality be well determined by some "connoisseur in the art."

A.—Are you "sure it's original?"

C.—Next month we shall find it a place. We hope kind friends who favor us will not fail to cultivate the virtue of patience.

George A.—Your pieces must all be written in some tunnel or dungeon, for they always make us "feel blue" to read them. Do give us something lively, as from the large heart of a true man. Prot-

fulness, peevishness, and melancholy arise from a diseased or childish nature; and are as contemptible in a man, as affectation or vanity in a woman.

Life Pictures, and *Sister May's Letter*, are reluctantly laid aside, for next month.

Franco.—Your lines are not quite good enough for a corner; but, keep trying.

E. J. J.—We don't light our Havanas with anything so well written.

Mercy E.—The name is good enough—but the piece—"there's the rub." Try again.

T. M., Orleans Flat.—Wit is not to be found in yours—nothing but "trifles, light as air." Declined.

C. C.—When?

Agricola.—It was with much chagrin that we discovered your signature had been omitted when it was too late to correct the oversight.

RECEIVED—Many favors too late to notice this month.

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