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Think well on it. Try again.
Hutchings’ California Magazine.

No. II.—August, 1856.—Vol. I.

The Farallone Islands.

This is the name of a small group of rocky islands, lying in the Pacific Ocean, about twenty-seven miles west of the Golden Gate, and thirty-five miles from San Francisco. These islands have become of some importance, and of considerable interest, on account of the vast quantity of eggs that are there annually gathered, for the California market; those eggs having become an almost indispensable article of spring and summer consumption, to many persons. By the courtesy of the Farallone Egg Company, through their President, Captain Richardson, the schooner Louise, Captain Harlow, was placed at our service, for the purpose of visiting them; and, in company with a small party of friends, we were soon upon the deep green brine, plowing our way to these “Isles of the Ocean.”

To the dwellers of an inland city, there is music in the over restless waves, as they murmur and break upon the shore; but, to sail upon the broad heaving bosom of the ocean, given an impression of profoundness and majesty that, by contrast, becomes a source of peaceful pleasure; as change be-
comes rest to the weary. There is a vastness, around, above, beneath you, as waves after waves, and swell after swell, lift your tiny vessel upon its soothing surface, as though it were a feather—a floating atom upon the boundless expanse of water. Then, to look into its shadowy depth, and feel the sublime language of the Psalmist: "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast Thou made them all; the earth is full of thy riches. So is this great, and wide sea, wherein are things creeping immeasurable, both small and great beasts. There go the ships. There is that isles known, whom Thou hast made to play therein. These wait all upon Thee; that Thou mayest give them their meat in due season. Thou openest thy hand, they are filled with good. Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled." "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For he commanded, and raised the stormy wind, which lifted up the waves thereof." "They mount up to the heavens; they go down again to the depths. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still." 

"Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, for his wonderful works to the children of men!" Bright and beautiful sleepeth the morning, as a light breeze, blowing gently from the mountains, filled our sails, and sped us on our way. Object after object became distant and lost, as we left them far, far behind us.

"Yonder bloweth a whale!" cries one.

"Where?"

"Just off our larboard bow."

"Oh! I see it—"""

"But! what's the matter?"

"Oh! I feel so sick."

"Well, never mind that; look up, and don't think about it."

"Oh—I can't—I must—"

Reader, were you ever sick? If your experience enables you to answer in the affirmative, you will sympathize somewhat with the poor subject of it. Yonder may be this beauty, and that wonder, but a
A deep sleep the morning, sea, blowing gently from the side our sails, and spell us on; after object became distant, we left them far, far below a whale! cries one.

"Don't care," is written upon the face, as you beseechingly seem to say: "Pray don't trouble me—my hands are full." Whales, sea gulls, porpoises, and all the white, foamy spray, that is curling over Dutcherry Reef, are alike unheeded.

"How are you now?" kindly asked our good-natured Captain, of the one and the other.

"Ah! thank you; I am better.

"Here, take a cup of nice hot coffee.

"No; I thank you.

The mere mention of anything to eat or to drink is only the signal for a renewal of the sickness.

"Thank goodness! I feel better," says one, after a long spell of sickness and quiet.

"So do I," says another; and, just as the "Farallones" are in sight, fortunately all are better.

Now the air is literally filled with birds—birds floating above us, and birds all around us, like bees that are swarming;—we thought the whole group of islands must have been deserted, and that they had poured down in myriads, on purpose to intercept our landing, or "bluff us off;" but, as the dark weather benten. forrows, and the waves washed clean, and the wind swept masses of rock, rose more defined and distinct before us, as we approached, we concluded that they must have abandoned the undertaking—for upon every peak sat a bird, and in every hollow a thousand; but, looking around us again, the number, apparently, had increased, rather than diminished; and, the more there seemed to be upon the islands, the greater the increase round about us—so that we concluded our fears to be entirely unfounded.

The anchor is dropped in a mass of floating foam, on the southeast, and sheltered side of the islands, and, in a small boat, we reach the shore; thankful, after this short voyage to feel our feet standing firmly on terra firma.
Looking at the wonders on every side, we were astonished that we had heard so little about them; and, that a group of islands like these, should lie within a few hours sail of San Francisco, yet not be the resort of nearly every seeker of pleasure, and every lover of the wonderful.

It is like one vast menagerie. Upon the rocks adjacent to the sea, repose in easy indolence, thousands—yes, thousands—of sea lions (one species of the seal,) that weigh from two to five thousand pounds each. As these made the loudest noise, and to us were the most unendurable, we paid them the first visit. When we were within a few yards of them, the majority took to the water, while two or three of the oldest and largest remained upon the rock, "standing guard" over the young calves, that were either at play with each other, or asleep at their sides. As we advanced, these masses of "blubber" moved slowly and clumsily towards us, with their mouths open, and showing two large tokens, that were standing out from their lower jaw, by which they gave us to understand that we had better not disturb the repose of the juvenile "lions," nor approach too near; or, we might receive more harm than we intended, or wished. But the moment we threw at them a stone, they would scurry off and leave the young lions to the mercy of their enemies. We advanced and took hold of one, to try if the sight of their young being taken away would tempt them to come to the rescue; but, although they roared, and kept swimming close to the rock, they evidently thought their own safety of the most importance. One old warrior, whose head and front were scars of many a hard fought battle—for they fight fearfully, among themselves—could not be driven from the field; and neither rocks nor shouts moved him in the least, except to meet the men who Doubles considered us.

All of these animals are very jealous of their particular rock, where, in the sun, they take their siestas; and, although we remained upon some of these spots for a considerable length of time, while their usual tenants were swimming in the sea, and perhaps had become somewhat uneasy, they were not allowed to land on the territory of another.
Most of these young seals are of a dark mouse color, but the old ones are of a light and brightish brown about the head, and gradually become darker towards the extremities, and which are about the same color as the young calves. Most of the male and the young female seals leave these islands during the months of October or November—and generally all go at once—returning in April or May, the following spring; while the older females remain here nearly alone, throughout the winter—a rather ungalant proceeding on the part of the males.

There are several different kinds of seal that pay a short visit here, at different seasons of the year.

The Russians formerly visited these islands, for the purpose of obtaining oil, skin, and several places can be yet seen where the skins were stretched and dried.

The Murres formerly visited these islands for the purpose of obtaining oil, and skins, and several places can be yet seen where the skins were stretched and dried.

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Murres or Puffins Guinetes.

The birds, which are by far the most numerous, and on account of their eggs, the most important, are the Murres, or Puffins Guinetes, which are found here in myriads, surmounting every rocky peak, and occupying every small and partially level spot upon the islands. Here is lays its egg upon the bare rock, and never leaves it, unless driven off, until it is hatched; the male taking its turn, at incubation, with the female—although the latter is most assiduous. One reason why this may be the case, perhaps, is from the fact that the Gull is watching every opportunity to steal its egg, and eat it. The "egg eaters" say that when they are on their way to any part of the island, the Gulls call to each other, and hover around until the Murro is disturbed by them, and, before they can pick up the egg, the Gull sweeps down upon it, and carries it off.

When the young are old enough to emigrate, the Murros take them away in the night, lest the Gulls should eat them; and, as soon as the young reach the water, they swim at once. Some idea may be formed of the number of these birds, by the famous Egg Company having, since 1850, brought to the San Francisco market between three and four millions of eggs.

On this coast these birds are numerous, in certain localities, from Panama to the Russian Possessions. On the Atlantic, they are found from Boston to the coast of Labrador; differing but very little in color, shape or size.

It is a clumsy bird, almost helpless on land, but is at home on the sea, and is an excellent swimmer and diver, and is very strong in the wings. Their eggs are unaccountably large, for the size of the bird, and afford excellent food, being highly nutritious and palatable—whether boiled, roasted, pickled, or in omelettes. No two eggs are in color alike.

The bird of most varied and beautiful plumage, on the islands, is the Murres circatus, or Tufted Puffin; and, although they are rather numerous on this coast, they are very scarce elsewhere.

In addition to the Murros, Puffin and Gull, already mentioned, there are Pigeons, Hawks, Skag, Coats, etc., which visit here.
This is a wild and sharp pointed rock against the sky, and sea lions. A heavy thundering hoarse notes break upon it the low blooming sea while the white eye with a hinting splint then returns again while, swimming in the foam and rocks, water, are the head. Let us watch them come one noble rises from the water slowly and clumsily which lie high and or are engaged forlorn with their hind legs very near these correct, and innocent the old gentlemen, a position before, but doubtless taught.
This is a wild and beautiful scene. The sharp jagged rocks are standing boldly out against the sky, and covered with birds and sea lions. A heavy surf is rolling in, with thundering locomotives, and as the wild waters break upon the shore, they resemble the howling sound of distant thunder. While the white spray crashes over, and falls with a hissing splash upon the rocks, and then returns again to its native brine; while, swimming in the boiling sea, amid the foam and rocks, just peering above the water, are the heads of scores of sea lions. Let us watch them for a moment. Here comes one noble looking old fellow, who rises from the water, and works his way slowly and clumsily, towards the young which lie high and dry, sleeping in the sun, or are engaged busily scratching themselves with their hind claws; and, although we are very near them, they lie quite uncaring, and innocent of danger. Not so the old gentlemen, who has just taken his position before us, as sentry. Experience has doubtless taught him that such looking animals as we are behave no better than we should do, and he knows it.

There are water-washed caves, and deep fissures, between the rocks, just at our right; and, in the distance, is a large arch, not less than sixty feet in height, its top and sides completely covered with birds. Through the arch you can see a ship which is just passing.

Now let us go to the "Big Hunkery," lying on the northwest side of the island. This locality derives its name from the island here, forming a hollow, well protected from the winds and being less abrupt than other places, is on that account a favorite resort of myriads of sea lions. Thus, it is the place of abode and where vast numbers of young are raised. If you walk amongst them, thousands immediately rise, and for a few moments darken the air; though a heavy closed lid just closed and closed the sun light upon your path. That few persons who have not seen them can realize the vast numbers that make this their home, and which are here, there...
and everywhere, flying, sitting and even swimming upon the boiling and white-topped surge among the seals.

Here, as elsewhere, there are thousands of seals, some are mending their cuts, some are lazily sleeping in the sun, others are fishing, some are quarreling, others are disputing possession, and yonder, just before us, two large and fierce old fellows are engaged in direful combat with each other—now the long tusks of the one are moving upwards to try to make an entrance beneath the jaw of the other—now they are below—now there is a scattering among the swimming group that have merely been looking on to see the sport, for the largest has just come up amongst them, and they are afraid of him. Now appears his antagonist, his eyes rolling with maniacal frenzy, they again meet,—now under, now over—fierce wages the war, head goes the battle, but at last the owner of the head, already covered with seals, has conquered, and his discomfited enemy makes his way to the nearest rock, and there lies panting and bleeding, but he may not rest here, for the owner of that claim is at home and has possession, and without any sympathy for his suffering and unfortunate brother, he sends him off, although "only a squatter," and he again takes to the sea in search of other quarters.

From this point we got an excellent view of the lighthouse, and the residence of the keepers. Everywhere there is beauty, wildness, sublimity. Let us not linger here, although weeks could be profitably spent in looking at the wonders around us, but let us take a hasty glance at the view from the North Landing.

Here there is a fine estuary, where, with a little improvement, small schooners can enter at any season of the year; and where the oil and other supplies are landed, for the lighthouse. Like the other views, it is singular and wild—each eminence covered with birds, each sea-washed rock occupied by seals, and the air almost darkened by the sea gulls. And here, like everywhere else, they are apparently different.

From this point we got an excellent view of the estuary and the dwellings of those tall peaks, swelling wave-shaped peaks, and bold rugged; and this view has its "eggers."

Upon these fifty acres, there to relieve the change to the land. A few weeds are the only weeds; and where is seen upon them must be made to adjust their trouble.

Some Italian cooks have always been aboard and made

...
there lies panting and
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is at home" and has
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supplies are landed, for
each residence covered
rock occupied
almost darkened by
the sea gulls, skimming backward and for-
ward, like swallows, and by the rapid and
apparently difficult flight of the murres.

From this point we can get an excellent
view of the North Farallon, that, in the
dim and shadowy distance, are looming up
their dull peaks just above the restless and
swelling waves. From the sugar loaf
shaped peak, and the singularly high arch,
and bold rugged outlines of the other rocks,
this view has become a favorite one with the
"eggors."

Upon these islands, of three hundred and
fifty acres, there is not a single tree or shrub
to relieve the eye,—by contrast, or give
change to the barrenness of the landscape.
A few weeds and sprigs of wild mustard
are the only signs of vegetable life to be
seen upon them. To those who reside here
it must be monotonous and dull; but, to
those who visit it, there is a variety of
wild wonders, that amply repays them for
their trouble.

Some Italian fishermen having supplied
our cook with excellent fish, let us hasten
aboard and make sail for home.

Before saying "good bye" to our kind
entertainers, and again leaving them to the
solitary loneliness of a "life near the sea,"
we will congratulate them upon their use-
tful employment, and ask them to remember
the comforting joy they must give to the
tempest-tossed mariner, who sees, in the
"light afar," the welcome sentinel, ever
standing near the gate of entrance to the
long wished and hoped for port, where, for
a time, in enjoyment and rest, he can re-
cover from the hardships, and forget the
perils, of the sea.

On our left, and but a few yards from shore,
is an isle, called Seal Rock, and where the
sea lions have possession, and are waving
their bulky bodies to and fro, upon its
very summit; and from whence the echoes
of their low howling moans are heard across
the sea, long after distance has hidden them
from our sight.

After a pleasant run of five hours, with-
out any soundness, we were again walking
the streets of San Francisco, abundantly
satisfied that our trip was exceedingly pleasant
and instructive.
SEASON.
BY MONADnock.

"Like a thing of life
In joyous stride,
Our ship bounds light and free—
As a sea-gull springs
With snowy wings
In her course o'er the trackless sea.

Some love to dwell
In the quiet dell,
But the scene that delights my view
Is a vessel proud,
With her canvas spread,
As she sweeps the billows blue.

Some love to go
Where rivers flow
Through valleys green and fair;—

I love the brown
When night comes down
Mill the lightning's lurid glare.

Some love a sky
Like a raven's eye
When it beams in the starlight hour:
I love the waves
When the storms roar high
And the white seas rise in power.

A home for me
On the trackless sea
In a vessel swift and free,
Where the whistling gale
In the swelling sail
Is raising its ocean gleam.

San Francisco, July 29, 1856.

THE BORNEO TOAD, FULL SIZE.

This singular little member of the Haanel species is certainly a native Californian. Upon nearly every dry hill, or sandy plain, it is often found; and, although in some districts of this State, it has become somewhat rare, it is yet still common. There are several varieties and sizes of it, and all perfectly harmless. It lives chiefly on flies and small insects.

The writer had a pair of these picked up in front of his cabin for over three months; and, one morning, the male toad committed suicide by biting himself over a small twig, and the same day the female followed the example of the male. Upon a "post mortem examination," fifteen eggs were discovered, in shape and size like those in the engraving below.
A VOICE FROM THE STOMACH

"Yes, a voice from the stomach. Why should I not have a voice? Heaven knows that I need a voice, as loud as a fire-bell, to speak of abuses to which I am called to submit—and even then it is a question if it should be heard. But I will speak; for the way I am treated would make the devil to speak, and that's myself. If you suppose I am going to stand it any longer you are mistaken; and you'll find you are—..."

"I have gently hinted that this don't suit me, and that don't please me; that it comes too late, and too soon, that you give me too little of this, and too much of that; and, rather than complain without cause, I have worked off loud after loud time after time, until I can bear it no longer—and I won't. I hate to complain as much as you hate to hear me; but if you take me to be a strange mill, and able to chew up anything—from a rat to a sea lion; or, from sleek iron beef steak to inedible rubber choose—I say, again, that you are mistaken.

"Now, I want to unburden my mind—and I am going to do it—and you needn't snigger and cough, at the idea of me—a stomach—having a mind, any more than at a senator, or a politician, not having any bowels—you needn't. And what is more, I shall prove to you, before I have done with you, that I have at least as much mind as you have of conscience—judging from the way you have treated me, as any rate.

"Now, I want to ask you, in all candor, what you take me to be? A stomach—yes, verily, a stomach—to digest food—to make whatever you choose to give me into good, healthy blood, so that you may have the materials for building up a vigorous and healthy body, and which my neighbor, the heart, can receive, and circulate to every part of it, for that purpose.

"Now, let me ask why you—knowing me to be a stomach, and a stomach only—will impose upon me the duties of the teeth?

"Would you like to do another's work, when it is quite as much as you want—and perhaps a little more—to do your own? No; I know you would not. Then why do you seek to compel me? Do you not compel me? But I know you do; at least, you leave me but one alternative—to digest whatever you like to give me, in whatever shape it comes, or pass it to my neighbor for him to work off; and, rather than do that, I have many times cut up my accounts, and thrown up the contract; and I want you to understand that, if we are your servants, we are not your slaves—or, at least, we ought not to be—and, as we are fellow-creatures, we do not wish to be so mean as to shirk one part of the labor—to put it on the shoulders of the next beneath us—and it is your fault that the teeth do it, and they are not to blame.

"You haven't time? Shame on you! Have you time to live? Time to suffer all the pains that we necessarily inflict upon you? You find time to boil about; time to pick your teeth; time to smoke cigars, or chew tobacco; in short, you find time to do nothing, yet everything you shouldn't.

"Then, again, do you suppose that I can make good blood out of anything? or everything? or nothing? You don't suppose it? One would think that you did suppose it, by the vast varieties of evils and ends you give me, but which, often, your dog would not eat! Do you think, for instance, that I need such hot and indisputable things as mustard, peppers, spices, pickles, and fifty other things, of the same kind? No, indeed; not if I am in a healthy condition—and, if I am not in a healthy condition, then so much the worse. It is true, when you have been misusing me, and abusing me, by making me a distillery of the 'brandy puncher's' gin, 'alleged' rum toddy, 'egg noggs,' 'dirty cobblers,' 'whisky punchers,' and all that sort of thing, besides vast quantities of the 'raw material,' that, although I have often thrown it in
your teeth, I have sometimes tried to bear
it, and work it off; and the consequence has
been, the next morning I hav'n't felt like
work, and then you tried to coax me into
it, by giving me all such vile trash as I have
mentioned.

"Now, I want to be a reasonable kind of
stomach, and a good servant, and it may be
possible, that, if you are willing to do what
is right by me, I may do my best to serve
you; and, as I do not want to be all the
while grumbling, and giving you headaches,
chills, dyspepsia, and, in short, nearly ev-
ery disease; to which men are subject, but
wish to lead a peaceable life, with you, as
well as with my neighbors, let us have a
good understanding together, and do what
is mutually right, and for each other's wel-
fare and prosperity.

"Very good?"

"We will premise, then, before going
further, that I am a good, healthy member
of the body politic, and that you wish to
keep me so. Is that right?"

"Very well."

"Let us, then, commence with the day.
Of course you rise early."

"Not very."

"Well, then, you ought to do so; and as
soon as you are out of bed give me a glass
of good water."

"In about half an hour after that I sup-
pose you'll want your breakfast, and some
work to do, as I don't believe in working
with an empty stomach any more than you
do, when I am well. You sit down then to
breakfast, and give me something tender
and nutritious as meet, and something light
and wholesome as bread; and I suppose
you would like a cup of coffee; but I don't
need anything of that sort. Be sure to be
very moderate. Do not, as the head of the
firm, keep importing cargo, because there
happens to be plenty, nor keep stowing it
down as though the warehouse was made
of India rubber; because if you do, I have
no alternative but to put it in some place
that does not belong to me, or unship it by
the way it came; neither of which is very
pleasant either to yourself or to me."

"At dinner, also, be very moderate.
Soup, if good, is not amiss, as I prefer this
cold water, for the reason that cold of
any kind lowers my temperature, so that I
cannot work willingly until I am warmed
up again."

"Then, after soup, take something that
I can do something with. Don't load me
with all sorts of messes and mixtures, from all
parts of the world, merely because you would
appear of importance to those who may be
on a visit to you. I am, in such a case, and
at such a time, of much more importance
to you than can possibly be your guest,
and I wish you to remember that; and the
moment I begin to be fat, let nothing tempt
you to give me more, for I have then as much as I know well what to
do with.

"At supper—be most careful, for as the
day draws to a close, I, as well as other
members of the firm, am weary with my
day's labor, and do not like to be taxed
with additional work when I should be at
rest; therefore, give me something very
light to do, and something that does not
want steam employed for its transit, that I
can not torment you with horrid dreams,
lost sleep, and unrefreshing sleep. What I
have suffered from this same no one can
fully tell, for, when you believe it, even late
at night, I have been obliged to bear piles
of heavy and indigestible cake, that I could
not dispose of in a morning, without fu-
tigating me with more labor than I ought
to be called upon to perform all day. But
that was not all: hard pork steaks are
stuffed down, that will take, upon the best
of healthy stomachs, at least five hours to
digest, and, if weakly, will not digest at all.

And then my next door neighbor says the
blame at my door. If all sorts of diseases
arise, as they do, from my being abused; do
you not think the "time" and attention well
employed that is bestowed upon you?"

"Yes, verily it is; and when you arise
next morning with a violent headache, and
A VOICE FROM THE STOMACH.

Try it came! neither of which is very
just to yourself or to me.

But, on the contrary, I am to shape
water, for the reason that cold of
and lowers my temperature, so that I
work willingly until I am warmed

if you will overhaul and overtask, and abuse
me in all sorts of ways, by all kinds of
themselves, then remember that sooner or later
I shall serve you out—perhaps in some way
you don't expect me.

"Then, again, when you—as my professed
master—are doing comparatively nothing,
do you suppose that I need just as much to
supply me, and those who receive their sup-
plies from me, as though you were a hard
working man!"

"Certainly not."

"Yet you have acquired the habit of
eating much, when, perhaps, you worked at
the hardest kind of labor—such as mining,
for instance—and follow the one habit—
that of eating—after you have abolished
the other habit—that of working. Now I
say that you ought to be more constant—
you had. I must say, too, that I am al-
ways better, healthier and stronger with a
working man than I am with a man that
don't work. The worker always has good,
plain, wholesome food, (excepting some
very heavy bread sometimes,) and as soon
as he has finished his meal, he don't keep
eating all sorts of foolish and indigestible
messes, as some do. And, moreover, with
him I am always at home, for
his labor very much assist mite.

BUT NOW A WORD WITH THE LADIES.

"Of course, everybody wishes to be a
favorite with the ladies, and I do not differ
from others. But, I must be plain with
the ladies, as well as with the gentlemen.
They cannot do without me, and one would
suppose that they would prefer a fine, bright
and clear complexion, (without the use of
pearl powder,) to a sickly and mallow one.
Yet the truth is, they abuse me almost
beyond belief. Shakespeare says: 'He that
has no stomach to this fight, let him depart,' and often have I wished to Heaven
that I could depart—I know it is con-
sidered unchristian, to wish to fly the com-
pany of the fair; but I could wish it, as
the conflict is more than I—a stomach—
can bear.

"First, I am squeezed up—I say nothing
of other tenants—by backroom and whal-
borne, and hooded into a shape that no more
fits my contour than my lady's hoops
dress fits her cap or bonnet box. How
the medical fraternity can conspire at this
meastrosity, and—hypoctically go on pre-
scribing internal medicines, for external
mismanagement, I am at a loss to conjec-
ture. Then, how ladies can make such a
wide mistake, I cannot divine; for, it is a
fact that everybody knows—and I chal-
lenge all the gallipots in the world to con-
tradict it—that the natural development of
my functions is more in accordance with
the graceful curve of beauty, the less sud-
don it may be.

"Look at the lovely ' Venus de Medicis,'
and notice the exquisite pair of harmoniz-
ing lines that bind the sphere of my exis-
tence. And, I tell you, that Paris, a
master in his art, and who was an hand-
some a fellow as anyauburn haired Adonis,
and a judge of female beauty, declared that
he would as soon marry an animated skel-
toon, as one of these would-be beauties.

"Then a man cannot help supposing it pos-
sible that the wispairy figure, with which
he may be waltzing, might, from some
unlucky step, become two parts, and while
he may be gracefully twirling the one half
about the room, the other may be rolling
on the floor!"

"These foolish ladies, who look upon
their Chinese sisters with compassion, at
the unnatural practice of torturing their
feet, in attempting to make them small,
and by which they are condemned to ' tod-
dle' all their lives, yet practice the same
tortures upon the waist, by which they be-
come unhealthy; and perpetuate the same
to future generations.

"Now, this follows from abusing me, and
expecting me to work, without allowing me

A M A G A Z I N E .

a mouth uncomfortable, with heaviness
and languor having possession of your whole
body, don't you put the blains on me, for
you are to blame, and you only. For, if

But not all the hard pork steaks are
enjoyed, that will take, upon the least
stomaches, at least five hours to
so, if weakly, will not digest at all.

if all sorts of diseases
my way, from my being abused, do
the time, I and attention well
be comforted upon me; for
rightly it is; and when, you arise
with a violent headache, and
my natural room to work in. Shame—shame!

"Then, again, only suppose a beautiful creature sitting down to dinner—do you not choose the most unwholesome of all viands, as if it were on purpose to annoy me? Instead of dining off only two courses, soup and flesh, the bill of fare must include soup, fish, flesh, fowl, pies, puddings, stews, nuts, and other fruits—and, to cap the climax, you must make a dish of ice cream—and, sometimes, the majority of these are crowded upon me at night—late at night. Now, what can I, a simple stomach, do, under such a load?"

"This is not all my sorrow. To these, are often added pickles, of the most acrid kind; and these, often, soda water; champagne, or other wines; and frequently, reasoning that that which is good for the gander ought to be good for the goose, they give me brandy—yes, and sometimes whisky or other liquors. With such treatment, who can prosper?"

"I know that I cannot but.—I have done!"

ADVENTURES OF A BACHELOR OF ARTS IN THE DIGGINGS.

—Started from Oxford University, tired of Greek hexameters, and the everlasting o'clock bell for prayers.

—Made arrangements for packing up. Cross the whole of the Bodleian Library to chase the blue devils, in case they should run up agin. Aye; said Bodleian, consisting of 150 volumes and upwards.

—Reconsidered with hosts of presents from aunt's useless forget-me-nots, while learned ephemerides, fit only to be used once on the court of crowned heads, and any quantity of fanfas. At London an empty trunk took its leg out to part from its bottom, leaving me in the middle of a street to gather up the fragments, after affording footballs to the passers-by.

—Slept a whole fortnight without interruption, and without once dreaming of the Bodleian or any thing else, and should have slept most probably till unshipped as dead as at St. Philib's, had not a fat and drunken old sea-captain, one night, broke through the laths of his crib, and flattened me into a human pancake. Saw no charm, though wide awake, in the poetic description given by somebody upon something about the wide and pausing ocean, believing that he had never made such an excursion as fell to my lot.

—Just about to land at Philadelphia: the sun celebrating our entrance with all the force at his command, shot into my warm bosom on our devoted head, till what little brains were left from the inanimate influence of the luxury of the life before the-bald. Remember: kicking our five and twenty shilling Greenglass into the sea, determining never to adopt the above phrase again.—Think the Americans the most eminently practical people in the world.

—Got shaved, having been scared out of our wits at the inhuman monster bear-like shape of ourselves in a reflex of the side-mirror of a Jeweller's store, made to show an endless duplicate of articles.

—Remember having been tripped up in a lamb, dumb before the shoemaker, and making a slight mistake, under the influence of a fast essay of "cock-tails," of placing our head where our heels ought to be.

—Put up at the Giraud House—no available accommodation—house being more than full. Remember being more than overcome, why? Take a fancy to lie on the door, coming every late comer to tumble over us all, by way of diversion on entrance.

—Love suddenly for New-York, know but little about its whereabouts or wonders, being obviously unconscious all the time; place, and circumstance. Remember splitting our skull half a dozen times by running, in our hurry for dinner, against a huge revolving cylinder somewhere in the neighborhood of the engine. Unable to distinguish soup from tea, or tea from soup; breakfast from dinner or dinner from breakfast. Our brains being in a constant whirl of confusion from internal and external mismanagement of ourselves.

—Sonnorous influences again prevailed, dream of college examinations, Indian skirmishes, brandy cock-tails, cold bishops, scotch oysters, hot lobster stew, gong and town, bowie knife, pricker bonnetting, Vauxhall balloons, sea serpent, whaling, crystal palace, ice berg meeting, St. Louis, basin, the whole pile in the sky.

—At length, after an interminable sea, we arrive at the Holy City, where we lay a year and a half, sleeping and walking quite out of the place, and at last, taking the city for the whole Library—rids.

—Other work out.

—An amazed at classmans education.

ADVENTURES OF classification as if put in the bric-a-brac, and stared round.

—About again to return monotonous, being some-what dull. Our mouths—might as well as sail out. Endeavour to remember on board. If so, how un-erudite their whereabouts, when safe, and what the bonfire.

—Has a faint idea of where named after some Remember skipping in to ever-little anything to such fact, or Nelson or liver cake, liver-cook, to no wif, no anything.

—With scarcely clasped, which appears ve with her only on an exten-ning airs, giv-ing, etc. Expect to see Harleum and hear the "Walk with gentleness, now you fin strolled with straw fifty feet high." The fire was just as fast at Dwar (not goes thro' squaring or filing, pul-ling, or.

—Ably recollect motor period of our tum-ble, round of which Bodleian Library; not the dream. On the next day, it seemed to stretch some way.

—Go to my lodgings containing half the cards there, or be a mystery for all time. I went to sleep on and waking up going quite out of the same again, some-thing.

—To other work out.

—An amazed at classmans education.
A MAGAZINE.

The halls of his crib, and flattened, on a human pancake. Saw no stars, a wide awake, in the poetic description, by somebody, upon something. The wide, and pulsating ocean, where at last he had never made such an expense fall to my lot.

But about to land at Philadelphia, celebrating our entrance with all the merriment about, showing his war upon our devoted head, till what little were left from the enormous body, of the lovely sea were high like little-baked. Remember kicking our two already clipping Grigolino into entertaining never to adopt the "same again."—Think the Americans the most practical people in the world. But shoveling, having been secured out of the infernal monster beneath us of ourselves in a reflex of the side moreewer, more, much to show an antecedent of articles.

Remember having been tripped asleep, a dude before the shower, and made into mistake, under the influence of a key of "cock-tails," of placing our where our heads ought to be.

Put up at the Grand House—no very accommodation—house being now a full. Remember being more than smote, cite why I take a fancy of being there before the door, causing every last one to tumble over ourselves, by way of elevation on entrance.

Leave suddenly for New York, how little about its whereabouts or weary, obliviously unconscious all the time; class of time, place, and circumstances; member splitting our skull half an inch by raising, in our hurry hur, against a huge revolving cylinder, nowhere in the neighborhood of the earth. Unable to distinguish soup from tea, rice from soup; breakfast from dinner at mer from breakfast. Our brains being in constant whirl of confusion from internal and external mismanagement of ourselves.

-Somnolent influences again presented at a number of college examinations. Italian biscuits, cold oysters, lobster salads, goose and tomatoes, boiled oysters, lobster salads, goose and tomatoes, baked oysters, lobster salads, goose and tomatoes, baked oysters, lobster salads, goose and tomatoes, baked oysters, lobster salads, goose and tomatoes, baked oysters, lobster salads, goose and tomatoes, baked oysters, lobster salads, goose and tomatoes, baked oysters, lobster salads, goose and tomatoes, baked oysters, lobster salads, goose and tomatoes, baked oysters, lobster salads, goose and tomatoes, baked oysters, lobster salads, goose and tomatoes, baked oysters, lobster salads, goose and tomatoes, baked oysters, lobster salads, goose and tomatoes, baked oysters, lobster salads, goose and tomatoes, baked oysters, lobster salads, goose and tomatoes, baked oysters, lobster salads, goose and tomatoes, baked oysters, lobster salads, goose and tomatoes, baked oysters, lobster salads, goose and tomatoes, baked oysters, lobster salads, goose and tomatoes, baked oysters, lobster salads, goose and tomatoes, baked oysters, lobster salads, goose and tomatoes, baked oysters, lobster salads, goose and tomatoes, baked oysters, lobster salads, goose and tomatoes, baked oysters, lobster salads, goose and tomatoes, baked oysters, lobster salads, goose and tomatoes, baked oysters, lobster salads, goose and tomatoes, baked oysters, lobster salads, goose and tomatoes, baked oysters, lobster salads, goose and tomatoes, baked oysters, lobster salads, goose and tomatoes, baked oysters, lobster salads, goose and tomatoes, baked oysters, lobster salads, goose and tomatoes, baked oysters, lobster salads, goose and tomatoes, baked oysters, lobster salads, goose and tomatoes, baked oysters, lobster salads, goose and tomatoes, baked oysters, lobster salads, goose and tomatoes, baked oysters, lobster salads, goose and tomatoes, baked oysters, lobster salads, goose and tomatoes, baked oysters, lobster salads, goose and tomatoes, baked oysters, lobster salads, goose and tomatoes, baked oysters, lobster salads, goose and tomatoes, baked oysters, lobster salads, goose and tomatoes, baked oysters, lobster salads, goose and tomatoes, baked oysters, lobster salads, goose and tomatoes, baked oysters, lobster salads, goose and tomatoes, baked oysters, lobster salads, goose and tomatoes, baked oysters, lobster salads, goose and tomatoes, baked oysters, lobster salads, goose and tomatoes, baked oysters, lobster salads, goose and tomatoes, baked oysters, lobster salads, goose and tomatoes, baked oysters, lobster salads, goose and tomatoes, baked oysters, lobster salads, goose and tomatoes, baked oysters, lavender Gardens five works and a host of other incoherent subjects, with a host.

ADVENTURES OF A BACHELOR OF ARTS IN THE DIGGINGS. 63

Find that Latin dialects and Greek hexameters not worth their salt; that the public turn no more for Xenophon and Cicero than a pig for aesthetics.

—Begin to think we have driven our pigs to a pretty market, and wish that the Pi- nes might open, that we like a Citius, might be selected to signally and celebrate ourselves, and end our sorrows at once and the same time at all events; it being a fine opening for a young man under such circum-

stances.

—First ourselves at the Southern mines. Waking up for the first time on Sunday morning, expecting to hear the Chapel bell, and find nothing but fiddling, betting, horse-racing and drinking to be the order of the day.

—Make our first dinner from a steak cooked on a shovel—putting our first pulling into a pot, and with it, our trust in Providence, for what it might turn out.

—Stuck rather dis-colored—pulling fair—so want of the hatchet to dismember it. So good, as to offer great encouragement to the culinary art. Begin to doubt, that we have all along mistaken our genius, and calling; and wondering, why we had not snaped our talents in this department, being assured, that a fortune would have long ago rewarded our ability.

—At work eighteen months at mining; began with two dollars on the Cr. side of the ledger, and finish with a balance of Dr. By Board, E.

—Finding capital and stock in hand, sufficient to justify the proceeding on our own account, commence, resolve, according to a more independent tone than usual, and instead of soliciting the patronage of the public, determine that ourselves shall patronize the public without solicitation.

—After eight and forty hours' experience find that our circle of acquaintances is too limited to ensure success, and arrive at the conclusion that there are arts and mysteries in some professions, imperviously sealed to all but those not worth their salt; that the public care not more for Xenophon and Cicero than a pig for aesthetics.

—Another week brings a steal sweep...
without a meal without making a fuss, and teaching you are going to die; whereas, the followers of this profession are sometimes whole weeks without a skin full." "Grant-
ed." "You are not gentlemanly enough," "Hang it! that won't do it!" "I must do, sir. Half the ladies here are gentlemen." "Well, be it so. Granted. Any other argu-
ments?" "A thousand—Inconvertible
bills, there be a vote principally
issued against you for your future well do-
ing.

—Humble upon the editor of the New
Philadelphia Enlightener, in search of a co-
adjutor, who engages our services, upon $250 per week, paid in advance, unti-
til such time as the merits of ourself, upon
trial, and the durability of said Fifty
may promise.

—Have doubts whether a certain article may
meet with the favor of a generous pub-
lic and enlightened republic, and request
the editor to permit, who declines. In-
struct that he shall give an opinion on it.

—After some double shaving—(through some
delusion, perhaps, in his own light)—and
out the extraordinary fact that he has ne-
ever been able to read—only to write—and
that the latter accomplishment is confined
to only two words—his name.

Cut the Fifty Light, after a few cuts with a
knife, having been mistaken for its, learned
projector, he having, without the
consent of his partner, (cursing) accused
his partner of committing an impos-
sibility—that of robbing him of that which
he never had, or in all probability never
will have—the worth of a dozen numbers
of the F. E., for which he charged $3.00.

—Commence cigar merchant—whole
stock confided to one box of the very best
capacity; of the very best brand, of the very
best flavor. Rent own warehouse, wipe
down our own counter, light one of our own
very best cigars, take our seat, and wait to
wait upon our customers.

—Find our consumption out of all propor-
tion to our customers. Suspect the head
of the firm of being too lavish of his favors
upon his best friend. Resolved to remon-
strate upon his folly.

—Smoked out like a rat, out of our own
premises. Arrive at the conclusion that
the head of the firm has no head for busi-
ness transactions, and that he sooner
relinquish the premises, or the premises
relinquish him, the letter.

—Fall in with a company prospeeting,
and agree to be one of their Co. They are
Scottishman, Irishman and Welshman
whom we will designate by their well known
ethnography: Sawney, Faddly and Tuffy:
which, with selfs consider as his representa-
tives of the talent, virtue, wealth and
name of the United Kingdom of Great Brit-
ain and Ireland.

—Think over the time in back's way,
and no mistake—making an extraire
agreeable acquaintance with the Long Tom,
who appears not a bad fellow after all, if
a good locality is selected for him to exer-
cise his talents in.

—Half woke up with a stifling sensation
of heat. Dream of being principal stoker
in engine of wonderfully marvelous power,
in a certain place remarkable for heat, un-
der a most forbidding looking propritor,
dressed in black, with a remarkable length
of tail behind him, and of ears of remarka-
ble length, on either side of his remarkably
frightful head. Rounded up by cry of
Fire! Time! Time!

—Disposed to make many philosophical
remarks upon the subject of fire, during the
hour hourly it occasioned—being never more
cooled in our life—accompanied with Greek
quotations from some of the most learned—
no matter—

—Alarmed at the sudden non est inventus
of one of our Co., Paddy the Honoweed. Find
him, after a long search, at the back of our
shanty, some hundred yards off, fast asleep,
he having made a feather bed in a sand
hole, and covered himself over with the
door of said shanty, by way of blankets, to
avoid the mosquitoes.

—Extraordinary and astounding discov-
eries! The like never heard of—in the skies
above, on the earth beneath, or in the wa-
ters under the earth. But what that was
we will disclose, or not, in our next issue;
if our readers will express their pleasure
that it shall be known, by means of ad-
ressing some hundreds of letters to our of-
cine, soliciting the favor at our hands—ow-
therwise, it will be forever lost to the world,
and—\(1\). A.

A man meeting a very homely man, thus
addressed him:

"My dear friend, you ought to take suf-
fiering from.

"For what?" inquired the latter.

"To keep the ugliness out, for it it ever
strikes in it will surely kill you."

VENUE.—To get up a charge of stonk-
ing, and its refusal to go off.

OUR FLAG

It has been asserted, the
flag of the stars and stripes
proudly from the dome of
the United States; thus
our brave heroes to battle
the enemies of our city
ever since that float over
our public adenums, and
triumphant in every party gait,
when the war of 1812 is man大海
broken by the foreign land
which it is several
portions from Europe.

BEWARE.

Andars upon the fine
On mimic glory shine
So words of kindness
Reflection the source
Can be kind, when
That breaks out not,
And shall brighten
even unpen the

Importance of Pun
Two still a half minutes, all
taken in the human system
nearly three gallons, trave-
red surface. Every one, the
air, the atmosphere, the
tube, all every particle of
upon the vitalizing air,
has become one vital, all
parents, virtues, or of a
thus far the longer and
the more impure does its
blood becomes

Instead of pills, or put
up a large spurt to
vastly to purify the
thoroughly. Pure air, pure
food, will ever keep the

—Water Cure Journal

M. D., the physical
Eagles, received one dollar,
his fee for attention
on his

A.
A SIGN.

It has been asserted, that our glorious flag of the stars and stripes that waves so proudly from the dome of the Capitol of the United States; that looks on and cheers our brave heroes to battle; that flies at the mast-heads of our clipper ships, upon every sea; that floats over the places of our public amusements, and is borne by politicians in every party gathering, and procession; is manufactured from materials brought from a foreign land—and even the thread by which it is sewed together is imported from Europe.

KINDNESS.

As stars upon the tranquil sea
In mimic glory shine,
So words of kindness in the heart
Reflect the source divine:
O then be kind, who e'er thou art,
That bearest mortal breath,
And it shall brighten all thy life,
And sweeten even death.

IMPORTANCE OF PURE AIR.—In about two and a half minutes, all the blood contained in the human system, amounting nearly to three gallons, traverses the respiratory surface. Every one, then, who breathes an impure atmosphere, two and a half minutes, has every particle of his blood acted upon by the vitiating air. Every particle has become less vital, less capable of retaining its own properties; and the longer such air is respired, the more impure does it become, and the blood necessarily becomes more corrupt.

Instead of pills, or patent medical slops, put up in large quart bottles, pure air is vastly better to purify the blood than anything else. Pure air, pure water, and pure food, will ever keep the system in working order.—Water Cure Journal.

M. Demoss, the physician to the Empress Eugenie, received one hundred thousand dollars as his fee for attending her Majesty on her confinement.

A SIGN.

During the summer of 1852, some new mining ground was discovered in Nevada County, when an enterprising individual became desirous of supplying his fellow miners with clothing for the outer, and food for the inner man, and to accomplish this great undertaking, he imported from below a few history shirts, two or three bags of potatoes, a box or two of crackers, a large stock of tobacco and sugars, and a plentiful stock of bad whiskey; all these were carefully stowed away in a shanty of clapboards, piled up rather than built, and in dimensions about eight feet by twelve. Now to let all the world and his wife know for what purpose it was intended, he determined to hang out his sign, and being an amateur artist, he wished to save a dollar and "try his hand" upon it himself. A sign, four feet in width and the entire length of the 'building'—painted apparently with a stick; was the result of his artistic labors, in the following characters:

GROCERY STORE
BY J. HAFF CAFF
AND SEE

Which being translated, would read:

GROCERY STORE, BY J. HAFF—CALL AND SEE.

The closing hours of each day should bear upon them some record, as they merge into eternity, the evidence of some kind word spoken, or some good action performed by every mortal.

"My good woman," said the evangelist, as he offered her a tract, "have you got the gospel here?"

"No, sir, we haven't, replied the old crook, but they've got it awfully down to New Orleans."
CHAPTER III

MAKE A DISCOVERY.

"The property, Mr. Dickleberry."—

"Dickleberry, if you please."—

I beg pardon—the property Mr. Dickleberry, consists of six houses in Broadway, New York, yielding on an average, the rental of £6,000 or about £2,000 British, with an unencumbered plantation in which the late Mr. Dickleberry."—

"Dickleberry, if you please, sir!"

"Hick—Dickleberry. Thank you—I shall get it right in time—cultivated in the cotton-line himself, and about which we have as yet no positive information, as to its worth or annual produce, together with a large tract of land, he lately purchased in the county of Mariposa, California, about two hundred miles from San Francisco. This property, I would strongly advise some responsible agent to go out and look after, as it strikes me, it will produce a mine of wealth to you. Indeed, if it were mine, I would not hesitate to take the voyage out and look after it myself. It is in the neighborhood of one of the richest gold mining districts; and our corresponding agent in New York, writes us, that he is receiving applications from San Francisco, almost every mail, for the sale of some parts of the property, and whose anxiety leads to the suspicion of the discovery of gold already upon it."

"I should say, Mr. Dickleberry, that your rent-roll, under the management of our legal firm, ought to bring you in at least, eight or ten thousand pounds per annum."

"God bless my soul, you don't see so Mr. Suit? Why," said Dickleberry, clasped, "What do you think of that?"

"What shall we do with it all, Mr. Dickleberry?" responded the wife.

"Why that matter, my dear madam, I think I will require the least of our consideration. Of course the handling over to you and your heirs, this great property, will be attended with some cost. We have already expended I may say, some hundreds in finding out, and tracing the right owner."
management of the guilty, and the mismanagement of the innocent."

"Why Mr. Huckleberry you are already coming out as a sort of, I declare."

"Yes indeed, chimed in Mr. Hich, you should a heard Mr. E. on the adiology of

food, at St. Martin's Hall, didn't he exag-

erate the matter, I don't think. If you re-

member my dear, I wore my turbot and

fish on that occasion, and got it

striping wet a comic home.—I remember

we had for supper perle chops and--"

"Why, yes, he's just woke up. I speak we've

at Croydon now, or thereabouts?"

"Bless your heart, so marm, not a quar-

ter o' that yet."

"What a fateful time."

No compliment to me thought Dickery.

"That's not the case with me marm, I

never enjoyed myself so much in all my life; thanks to your very pleasant company.

"I'm obliged by the compliment, sir."

"Where are we now?" said also, addressing

one of the officers. —

"Stop here five minutes to breakfast,"

answered the funcionary, unlocking the

doors of the cells of the locomotive prisoners.

"Do you get up early? I say sir?"

"No.—I have taken breakfast at

Folkestone," replied Huckleberry.

"May I trouble you then sir, to hold my

hobby a few minutes, while I take a cup of

tan?"

"With all the pleasure in life, marm.

What a fine little town, upon my word!"

The child opened its eyes upon Poor

Huckleberry and smiled.

"Now, sir, if you please—This is up.

Where are you goin' you old spooney, with

that urchin? Do you want the train to

leave without you? Get in. " We're all

a waiting " said an officer, whistle in hand.

"I'm looking for the ocean that owns

this here bulby. The 'ooman in the sky

kibosh."

"I wish you were in the skies blog," said

the officer, shutting with a bang the cur-

riages door upon Huckleberry.

"Well, this here's a pretty go," said he

to himself. I'm blessed. Why I shall be taken

up for kidnapping, I don't want no more

kids, I've got quite enough, to answer for.

Here guard, officer, Please—some one

on ye. Here's a distinct elevation for a specta-

tacular man to be in. What'll my wife think

what'll Master Hickey think? what'll Mis-

ter Sim? what'll the world think? Here young'un, call out, mother for your

life, square, squall, say something, will ye?

Here officer! officer! I says..."
What he did say, or would say, a twenty
mile speed would have chopped off, leaving
the words and whilst, to echo or not as
So ephemeral might please.

"Croydon—Croydon—Croydon" resounded
through the long line of carriages, as
the officers unlocked the doors. Hichel-
berry taking advantage of the opportunity
sought to be relieved of his charge.

"Mr. Superintendent," said he address-
am war distinguished by the collar of his
cont embossed in silver. "Here's a row
customer you didn't calculate on, more
than I, as a fellow passenger. This here
poor little critter, was put into my hands
before its mother, in a sky-blue bon-
net, got out to take a cup of tea. What on
air I do with it?"

The officer, with a smile on his coun-
tenance, replied—

"We are up to all these dodges old fel-
low, before to-day. Where did the woman
got down, and what do you know about her?"

"I'm bless'd if I rightly know. I was
half asleep and half awake at the time. I
knocked twice about London; she had on
a sky-blue bonnet—a stout and hardy-looking
woman."

"Well, friend, from your description, I can
take no steps to relieve you from your bur-
dom. You must go on to town, ask for the
Superintendent there, and he will take you
to the proper authorities, and if your story
be true—"

"Be it known! Do you doubt my word, sir?
Give me the list, sir? Do you know who I
am, sir?"

"No," "But I should judge you likely
to be the father of the child, and from your
name you confirm my suspicion. So get in if you please, or the train will leave
you and your child behind."

"I tell you man it is not my child, and
sooner than be burdened with a charge that
doesn't belong to me, I'll descend in this
here basket, and leave you to post it in your
own current expenses, so take your charge out
cold, sir."

"At your peril, sir," said the other, wax-
ing wrath. Here, the slamming of the doors
gave warning for another start, when a
huge goliath of a follow, seeing at a glance
what was the matter, suddenly jerked
Hichelberry in, and before he had time to
open his mouth by way of remonstrance,
the basket with its live load was handed
behind him, the door locked, the whistle
sounded, and the train moved on at a speaking
pace towards London.

Poor Hichelberry found himself boxed
up in the presence of four young city sno-
s, a species of worldlingenuity, who made it a practice to be out of sight of their
property, but always wore all they were
worth on their persons, which were usually
adorned with a profusion of gold chains,
charred pаст-diamond rings, massive hol-
low brooches and Tommy-Cox-Savory
matchlocks, jewels and jewels in fifty holes,
waranteed to keep Greenwich well as well
as Bromsgrove time. Hichelberry's appear-
ance amongst them was a great relief, and
looking the basest with so unusual a loud
handed in, one began singing—

"Young lads to sell, young lads to sell,"

"I had no such sorrow as I would tell,"

"I never would cry, young lads to sell."

Hichelberry heard this, yet wax'd not
wrath. The second began—

"I say Montagne Villiers, (each wore a
travelling name of sounding title,) "Did
you ever see a man as was averse in your life?
Strike me funny, if that old gentleman
won't be one of the end of his journey, if
he has but the crummy luck of masses in
general!"

Hichelberry yet turned a deaf ear to their
impertinence; he was dumb-founded with
the cares of his new responsibilities, and
was conjuring up in his mind the jealous
wrath of his wife; the bitter jokes of his
friends, and the danger of his good charac-
tor, should he not be able to rid him of the
change ere he reached home. One thing
he had resolved upon—never again to speak,
or hold converse, or even be civil to any
fat woman on a journey with a babby in her
arms, especially if she happened to wear a
sky-blue bonnet.

Here our party whispered some coarse
and low vulgarity, loud enough for Hichel-
berry's ear. His disdain, it was evident to
see was rising, yet he said nothing. As
with a vague, as with impudence, great if you
could it, I'll keep the basket with its
here, the silent, the speaker's great cost."

"I tell you what I'll oblige you with,
young fellows; if you don't know how to
behave yourselves; that is with a good punch
of the head each, and no mistake."

"No mistake," replied the first, with
"Strike me vertical, I think you would
find it very great mistake. Paterfamilias."

"Sooner mild than done, old boy—join-
el in the third."

"Don't count your chickens before they're hatched young man, ah! you may

be a good human content of you. No
time the called one's a last' sudden
blood, because the game, from
reasoned: and the
cania for the half

cup of slighthed
with his cup
up, dealt
with fhe me
of solitude a
placation of the
prices."

In an
gardener's
apparently
his flower
bending
pulling
least of
all, one

of great
think that

be a
good
human
content of
you.
be a good hand at battering, judging by the contents of your trunk," said the first.

No sooner was the last word uttered, than Huckleberry planted with all his force what, in the popular phraseology, is called a "smasher," on the nose of the last speaker. The copious discharge of blood from that insignificant feature of the face, became the signal for an interminable game, internal current of fists, &c.; the blows resounded thick and strong, many being wasted on the rearends of the four sides of the car, although there was plenty of room for the bifurcators, they being the only occupants of the car. In the cowardly onslaught of the three against one, the bastick with its contents upset, and the infant set up a yell which, blending harmoniously with the substantial voice, produced a chaos of sounds to be compared only to a certain place on a small scale—a miniature copy of the original.

In the meantime the three puppies were getting the worst of it; for Huckleberry, it appeared, had not all his life been immersed in candlesticks for nothing. In fact, his blows were so scientifically administered, in the neighborhood of their vitalities, that be of the wet nurse profession, pulling down the window, had nothing to do for it but shout "For shame! For shame!" as loud as his lungs would admit of. But the train, advancing at the rate of thirty miles an hour, gave no opportunity of any one regarding attendance on their gentilities. Nothing was seen but the tall trees crossing by, in smoke, as it were, of their distress.

"Now, gents," said Huckleberry, seating himself and taking up the poor baby, that had been nearly cramped to death in the altercation, "you've received a lesson in the art of politeness that'll last you all your lives, and a few days after, and no mistake." "Montague," said the owner of the dissipated nose, "won't this be a fine case for our governor? I shall lay the damages on his head, and you'll get my friend Th'seng to conduct it." "Here the nose blod pro

Huckleberry being in a great quick, seeing the basket with so unusual a load handed in, one began singing—

"Young hands to sell, young hands to sell," said the first. "I'll sell as much money as I can, young hands to sell.

Huckleberry heard this, yet wad on, with his "..."

Mr. Dickery Huckleberry, said the first, "will double you up my strength, and make you show heavy damages, and will again if I am so insulted." "Swell-mob! Put that down in your tablets, Montague."

"Let me alone, Cunningham! I know how to make up a case before to-day." 

And the third, "will polish him off, when you've done with him, to the tune of assault and battery with malice preparo, with six months at Brixton, as a rogue and vagabond." "Say that again," said Huckleberry, "and I'll enm to your teeth down your throat."

"We shall have it all one way, Mert

Men. Delineator was not a word wasn't in the dictionary, and each of us has an old 

Two. We'll let him know how to commit gentleman of our position in the commercial world."

"Gentlemen?" said Huckleberry, "such a comical world—perhaps swell mob, for anything I knows to the contrary. Assault and battery, palaw, palaw! Salt and pepper—you are too much used to pandering to complain on it. Bring your action, gents, I have had mine, and made you show heavy damages, and will again if I am so insulted."

"Swell-mob! Put that down in your tablets, Montague."

"Let me alone, Cunningham! I know how to make up a case before to-day."

"Yes, swell mob; I say it again, and here a breach of the peace, Mr. Dickery, adding hold of the flashy chain of the tablet writer, and jerking out a placard to which it was appended, before that gentleman in the commercial world was aware of the proceeding.

Whether Huckleberry was any evidence of this insidious substitute for a time piece in the souths, or whether it was dictated by mere suspicion, the effect of the movement was very observable, valued by the commonest goons, and his companions looked all sorts of utterlyable things, as though it furnished every evidence of their assuming characters to which they were not entitled.

By this timely circumstance, the trio were reduced to dead silence, and at the same time they, upon mature consideration, taking into account the cold, unpromising day, and the hot, comfortable appearance of the liquid at the window of the carriage, thought proper to accept it as a condition of peace. Indeed, such an extraordinary change came over their vision that they treated..."
the whole as dreams, and Dickery as their
good old friend; and even went so far, after
the glasses had been replenished, accompanied
by a large plate of sandwiches—the
brandy and water operating congenially—
as to accept an invitation to Dickery's fest
that he intended to give to celebrate
his good fortune.

What a pity it is that all differences can
not be compromised in like manner. Why
cannot the judge in justice find the
offending party in a series of good dinners,
and by a happy gradation in the scale down
to the lowest minor officer, in a glass of good
sherry, oblige both parties to be present.
The probability is that if the enactments of
that law were sound and practical, and strict
ly and stringently carried out, the parties
would disport friends for life, instead of as
piring with still more beneficially associ-
ated feelings toward each other than before.

CHAPTER IV.

EXTENDS OUR ACQUAINTANCE.

We must now introduce our readers to
Elmore Hall, the seat of Earl Elmore. Everyth
connected with this domain was in a
princely scale of magnificence. Its
towering towers, its heavy headed oaks,
had stood unshaken the penalties of fire
and sword, the eulogy of time and the axe
of the innovator, from the period of the con-
quista down to the present time. The pro-
nounced owner was celebrating at this timethe
anniversary of the birth of his grands
son, the heir presumptive of the estate. Ex-
tensive preparations had been made for the
festivity, to which the neighboring nobility
and gentry were invited, and open house
was given to the householders of all the sur-
rounding villages and properties on the es-
tate. This was an occasion of more than
ordinary congratulation, for Earl Elmore's
son, who had married almost without ask-
ing his family's sanction, to the daughter
of an impoverished noble house, which by
a strange fatality had been hostile for many
generations, had been loudly reconciled to his
stern parent, who, forgetting the divorce
point and chagrin such marriage had
cost him, had suddenly turned round and
received the renegades with open arms, and
proudly advertised to the public the little one
of a year old, for his heir.

Happy day for the parents—so thought
all, excepting themselves. Some children seem
to prey upon their spirits, too poi

ADVENTURES OF MR. DICKORY HICKLEBIRDY.

CHAPTER V.

CAME A GLOOMIER LOOK.

"Father's dead, Sir; you've come too late," said the child mentioned in our second chapter.

"Are you the same person who called at our place about your father's illness?" inquired one of the miners, for both had set out on this errand, and were now accompanied by a doctor, who was to follow as soon as he could get a horse to carry him there.

"Yes, Sir."

"How is it, then, that you are in boy's clothes? I thought you were of the other sex."

"I did it to oblige my father. I call him so, but what he said while he was dying shows that he is not my father. I fear he has been a very bad man, for he said when he was dying that he was entrust with me, to get rid of me, as I stood in the way of somebody—I forget the name now—but that he could not find it in his heart to do so, because I had been so obedient and kind to him, always."

"This is a queer story, Tom; what do you think of it?" said the other miner.

"I think it is the truth. Was it his wish that you should assume the dress of a girl?"

"Yes. I have suffered very much on this account, and often told him how much I disliked appearing in a false character. He told me that he could only be secure of his life by my adopting this disguise, and so I yielded to his wishes in the matter."

"Where did you get these clothes? These were never made in New York, nor England."

"He had kept them always packed up in his chest. He kept pointing to it for something he wanted before he died, but I could not make out what he wanted, for he was speechless."

"Is it locked?"

"Yes. I tried the lid, but not knowing where the key was kept, I could not unlock it to satisfy him."

"Where did he usually keep the key?"

"I never saw it, nor do I ever recollect seeing the chest open."

"Would you like that we should open it?"

"If you please. I see no harm in doing so. Indeed, I should like to see it opened; for I may find something that may tell me who I am, and who he is."---

"The boy, as we must now call him, soon brought in a miner's pikeaxe, and after several fruitless attempts, the lid was so..."

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HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

I knew this by a mere chance, as the man called upon me in his absence, and compared my locket with that of the one in the locket, and said it was very much like me, and that I was very much like him, that I was

"Is that man in the neighborhood of our place?"

"I do not know. He said he would call again, and have some chat with Mr. Wiley about it, and said he would keep it for my sake, and never part with it."

"For your sake?"

"Yes; on account, I suppose, of the illness."

"We will find him out and get him to part with it. It is strange that there is a letter, or scrap of paper, to tell who or what he is, or anything about him."

"May I ask where you came from, and what brought you here?"

"Nowin is dead I will keep it no longer a secret. The earliest remembrance I have of him was a workhouse. I remember that soon after he left that he kept a sort of school, in a retired place, called 11 High, Derby. He never came out by day, and would never trust me out of his sight. He had but three pupils, as he was a man of nearly much education, and read and wrote very imperfectly."

"You appear to have a decent education."

"The youth smiled, and then for a moment changed countenance. "My poor mother, that is, his wife, perhaps not my mother, taught me all I know. She was a woman who could read and write beautifully, which is a different sort of being to him. However, he was very kind to me, although he was very cruel to his wife sometimes. He would always mind me, when I begged him not to."

"Have you examined the chest, Tom? Sound the sides, bottom and top. It appears to me to be of more than ordinary thickness, don't it to you?

"No," said the other, knocking it as he desired; "there's a hollow here—all substantial wood."

"Try the bottom; take out the things and try the bottom."

They did so, and the sound gave evidence that it was not composed of solid wood. After a few raps here and there, the axe alightened on a concealed spring, and the false bottom flew open and displayed before their wondering eyes the following articles:

A bundle of letters, a polynard, tattered, especially the blade of it, by some liquid stain, an embroidered handkerchief, spoiled and stained with stale blood, a complete suit of baby dress, yellow with age and neglect, a shoe, with a small yellow bundle attached to it, on which was engraved a crest; a long rope at the end of which was a slip noose, the remains of a bottle of liquid, on which was written poison, and a revolver, loaded in four barrels. They were so disposed that when the false bottom was in its place none of the articles could be shaken, so as to betray any signs of their concealment whatever.

(To be Continued.)

FRIENDSHIP.

Oh! 'tis not when the fairy breezes fan the green ocean,
The safety and strength of the barge can be shown;
And 'tis not in prosperity's home—the devotion,
The fervor and truth of a friend can be known.

No! the barge must be proved when the tempest is howling,
When dangers and mountain-waves close round her press—
The warden's when the sky of adversity's scowling—
For the tastings of friendship's the hour of distress.

When prosperity's deep-star beams pure and unclouded,
Ten thousand will mingle their slumber round the throne;
But oh! let its light bit one moment be shrunk,
And the smiles of the faithful like shadows are gone.

S. B.
A FLOATING CITY.

The "Mistress of the Seas," as the London papers name the monster steamship, now building of iron, near London, is in the shape of a palace, securely riveted together. Her dimensions, etc., are thus described:—She has a double side fore and aft, all the way up to within a few feet of the tunnel. She has also double decks. By this means great buoyancy and strength are imparted to the vessel, as the space between the decks and sides is filled with air. She is built in eight compartments, all air and water tight. Her registered tonnage is 29,000 tons, with capacity for coal in addition of from 12,000 to 14,000 tons. Her draft of water when loaded will be 28 feet, and when unloaded 18 feet. Her average speed is computed at 23 knots or miles per hour. She will be propelled by a gigantic screw, 20 feet in diameter, four paddles, and by sails. Her number of masts will be seven, three of which will be crossed with yards, and square-rigged, as in a line-of-battle ship, and the other masts will have fore and aft sails. Her number of boilers will be ten, five on each side, and each having ten furnaces. She will carry, in addition to a sufficient complement of small boats, no less than eight small screw-steamer, each 110 feet in length, placed four on each side of the vessel. These steamers, will land and embark both passengers and cargo. The passengers' berths are placed on both sides the entire length of the ship. The number of decks is four, and the height of the principal saloons, which are in the centre, is 15 feet. The number of passengers she will be able to carry is 600 first class, 1800 second class, and 10,000 troops with field equipments. Her length is 680 feet, her breadth of beam, 80 feet, depth, from deck to keel, 60 feet, aggregate length of saloon, 400 feet. Her commander will be Captain Harrison, with a crew in all, including seamen, engineers, stokers, etc., of from 850 to 1000 men, consequently, with all on board, she will comprise within herself a population of a large town, or even city, say 13,000 persons. Nearly 1000 men are employed in her construction. The contract price for her building is £320,000. There are then the expenses of her engines and the fittings, victualing, etc. The mere expense of launching her into the water, when completed, will be no less than £40,000, as hydraulic power will have to be used for the purpose, and the machinery employed of a peculiar construction. She will enter the water broadside on. Her deck is to be flush, except for cabin entrances and similar purposes, so that a promenade more than twice the length of the Great Britain's deck will be available for the passengers. The floor of the ship is perfectly flat, the keel being turned inward and riveted to the inner ship's keel. These several skins are joined to each other by longitudinal webs or girders, formed of plate and angle iron. There are 17 of these webs on each side of the ship, which run the entire length, and are placed at such distances as to extend upward, at intervals of about three feet from the keel to the main deck, and again close up in length varying from 20 to 60 feet. The main deck is treated in the same manner for 20 feet on each side, and iron girders bind one side to the other, so that the entire vessel may be denominated a web of woven iron, the rivets forming the fastenings, and the webbed or honey-comb cells becoming an indissoluble structure. The compartments between the outer and inner skins will hold 3000 tons of water ballast. The web plates are of inch iron, and the outer and inner skins are of three-quarter inch iron. The vessel will have 20 ports on the lower deck, each five feet square, to receive railway wagons. She has also 60 ports on each side for ventilation, and an abundance of dead lights. The lower ports are 10 feet above the water when the ship is loaded.—Halifax News.

How great a luxury comes back to the giver of every kind word; and which altho' priceless to the one, costs nothing to the other. We may make a friend for life by one kind word.
THE MAN WHO FOLLOWED HIS OWN FUNERAL.

For obvious reasons, I am not going to publish who I am, where it was, and where it happened; but confine myself only to the part of the narration, how it happened.

I was returning early one morning, from a liquor house in S * * * *, endeavoring, as I supposed, by the little light of consciousness within me, to wound my way towards my little easy apartments in the we will say—Nineteenth. After endeavoring by slyly attempts, to maintain my per-pendicular, and finding, as I imagined, the attempt about as futile, as to make a pair of compass stand upon a steel plate, I gave up the attempt, and measured my length upon what appeared to me to be a sack of saw-dust, gripped round the waist, as I supposed, for the convenience of marriage. I had some idea of warmth derived from the same sack, and endeavored to adjust it so as to derive the greatest possible comfort by way of pillow. I have a glimmering of a remembrance that it became entangled, which, in no way surprised me, inasmuch as I had experienced before that the very lump-posts in the street had entered into a conspiracy against me, to obstruct my passage, however or wherever I went. I have some other idea of an animated fight, occurring between me and that identical sack, that it rose up and assailed me of something or other. I remember, or think I do, of having my usual extremity elongated to a most inordinate degree, by that animated sack of saw-dust or saw-dust, that I, in return, thrust my hand, with something in it, shaving right and left, between a convulsive wailing and a heavy sleeping, at that huge body, which danced around me uttering the strangest sounds that I ever heard; I remembered—blood, or some other liquid that looked like it, flowed all around me, but whether discharged from my unnatural and prostrated, or from any part of the sack in question, I was too much occupied in my brain to conjecture.

After a time, I remember distinctly enough that another sack, with a hat on, pommelled me most unnecessarily; which I could not stand, although lying down at it. I remember that the thing I studied, convulsively in my hand, did something, that soon silenced both those sacks; which afterwards fell upon me, so heavily, as to make them pass into a happy state in my mind's satisfaction into paving-stone rummagers. I was the more confirmed in this view of the case, because they fell to the earth, making the—"hur! hur!"—which pavilions are known to make, when they, by the heavy descent, of their paving-runner, jerk the brood out of their body. After this, all was—chaos—confusion—oral collection—shreds and ratches—daylight—midnight and lamp-light, all, as it were, stirred round with a stick—borrowed from Macbeth's witches, or with the broom on which Motif Goose rode.

Where am I—what's the meaning of all this—what business have I here—how am I, who am I, what am I, where am I—were the copious questions I incessantly poured out upon my phrenological functions, but the mystery did not remain long unexplained.

You are brought here, said my jailer, for committing two of the most heinous and most bloodstained murders on record; two indestructive, harrowing old criminals, who would not have been punished by you in cold blood.


"Come and that's a good 'un, to go for to think, to pretend, to pose, you don't know nothing about it. Your a nice article you are for a huskman dodger. But you've got the right sort o' jailer to deal with this time. He's a sitter now to make a case, and then you'll be on the hooks. There, don't look so innocent—hubby-like, you old husky-headed villain."

"Heavily—heavily—what had my fine Ross's head of hair, turned like that of a certain noble lady's gray in one night?"
"There get in with you; the sheriff's a-cornin' to you, and I'm only here to see you bound strong enough, so as to make it impossible for you to 'cheep' through the hole."

So saying, the brute turned the mass of key in the lock, and left me more dumb-founded than ever, in almost total darkness. In sitting down on the stone-bench, I found my hands very heavy, as if tied and시스 to gummy, as of dry clotted blood. The thought flashed across my brain, like lightning, that I was in for murder. Now I shall know more surely, the key is turning in the lock, the door weighs by its weight upon the same brutal personage, with an elderly gentleman, with a compassionate countenance, the sight of which I caught just once, as he crossed the only shutting narrow sunbeam, that lighted up this miserable abode.

"Leave me," said the gentleman, "lock me in, and stay without till I call aloud for you." The fellow bowed and retired."

"If you do know me?"

"I have not this pleasure, sir, says I.""Do you remember you saved me from drowning once, while crossing the ""river, on the plains?"

"Oh! I remember it well, you are T ** * of S ** * ?"

"Just so, you know of course what you are here for?"

"I have not the most remote idea, beyond what the turn-key let fall in his short stay.

"It is for murdering an old woman and her husband; you were taken gambing, like a frantic fowl, with a huge knife in your hand. You have also wounded several others, one an officer; a favorite in this city very dangerously, and he is not expected to live, and will leave behind him a wife and a large family."

"God of heaven how could I do all this, and be unconscious of one atom of an item in the transaction."

"It is so, and the proofs are so clear, that there's no escaping."

"What?"

"Hang, but now, I come to pay a debt of gratitude, you saved my life at the hand of your own, I will save yours at the risk of mine, upon that I am determined: come what may."

"Dear T ** *, you have taken a load off my hand, and a pressure off my poor brain of a ton weight."

"But the how," continued the Sheriff violently agitated.

"The jail is so closely guarded, above, below, around, and beyond, night and day, without interruption that I see no chance of escape whatever, and if you did escape the lives of two of my best friends—my own is pledged to you, and of no consequence—would be forfeited, which I much regret. How could you, in the name of everything that's wonderful; you, above all others, not at least, when I know you, for habitual temperance, so far shake off your own nature, and thus implicate yourself."

"My dear T ** *, I know no more than you, all I remember is, that on last night, I indulged nor, I suppose I must have, too freely in drink, it must have been the liquid fire of hell itself to cause me to do such deeds."

"Well—I have a project suggested me by my friend, the Surgeon, that I think may save you. But hang my dear fellow you must bow."

"Hanged any you hanged. Why that's an old way of saving one's life."

"Listen, my friend has been taking some lessons of a French artist, engaged in the hospital, for the purpose of imitations, with ease, the progress of certain skin diseases. He says he will procure you a collar, that shall be so adjusted as to allow of free respiration, while you are suspended by the neck. This will be covered over with a composition, so true to nature as not to be discerned by the naked eye, from the natural skin."

"But the weight, my dear Sir, the weight T ** * will strangle me as sure as fate, and
I shall only have the pain of a double death to undergo.

"Not at all, be patient and hear me out." W * * * and I will visit you, in the middle of this very night; I will have a halter tied to the bar of that grate, and my friend W * * * has given me his word of honor, that he will hang one hour for your satisfaction and mine, or even longer, until our doubts as to its efficacy are removed."

"I trembled again, and the cold drops of sweat centering in one stream on my face, fell in big streams down my neck. While T * * * was explaining the matter, I felt all the sensations of estrangement, and only till he spoke of the Surgeon's offer, did I feel relieved."

"O that man! that Surgeon! that concentration of all science!!! I could have worshipped the very dust from off his feet."

"Wonderful! wonderful! why W * * * you have been hanging, I declare, upwards of one hour and a quarter. Do you feel no sensation of pressure on the brain, no straining of the muscles of the neck, no dizziness of—?"

"None whatever, you saw I took a glass of water with the greatest ease."

"Yes," and tailored before and after it as usual. "Now extraordinary.

"Do you try Sheriff, the secrets worth knowing?"

"I will in two minutes."

The artful springs and two connecting tramps which I observed, passed under the arms were instantly released from the Surgeon's neck, and the Shiriff duly invested with the order of the halter, in less time than I can narrate it. The tramps required to be placed first, and the collar when adjusted fell into the sockets left for them. Notwithstanding the proof of its safety which I had experienced, I really trembled for the man, and feared that his enthusiasm devotion in saving my life, might be the means of his losing his own, but before I could reconstitute, the Shiriff was tucked up and swung round and round, actually singing by way of bravado—

"I said, now dear friends let me try. In a few moments I was swinging in mid-air, enjoying in well-tried security the effect of this marvellous invention—but to recall my long story short, the trial came. I pleaded the old meaningless "not guilty." Witnesses came and went, and, although the circumstances were but few to examine, yet it occupied nearly a whole week. In the meantime, the newspapers observed the culprit into and drank, and appeared in unconsolable about the awful position in which he stood, as if he had been the misriest spectactor in court. Only did the wretch, they observed, shed tears when the counsel drew the picture of the old man's life, thus oblonging by the hand of an assassin, but they were glad to record that the prisoner's family, overwhelmed with affliction, had provided for the family of the bereaved one."

"Well, I—suffered the—aw—I was just about to add—full penalty of the law, but owing to my never to be forgotten friends, I can—sloops on the right syllable. I suffered the—burden to amuse themselves at my expense for upwards of an hour. I had previously imitated (after having taken lessons from the good Surgeon on spasmodic affection) sundry dying shrieks, contortions, heavings of the chest, twitchings of the legs, &c., &c., to perfection, and then—suffered the—measures—am used—myself for my reception with all the secrecy of a known. Nothing, only the Shiriff's wife was—priest—my existence. O what gratitude could equal mine, when all was over, to them, and the giver of all good for this marvellous deliverance. But there was one circumstance not a little amusing me, while I was suspended, a dirty little vendor of children's lollipops kept intently crying out, "A bit an' an' bloody, lolly's really felt the passed—under—" touching his—shoulder, had satisfied—"

What in this very day I may, I was frequently—

It was raised a half-crown the —they—two—first—door—is—

and he had—

prematurely—pleased, but—relative, with—occasion of adding— it to be but—

Before the—night—the—my own—glass—my—

shall—take—no—

—prestige—

as—me—that—

I was not—usual with—

I never—

whisked—it—usual—squeamish—

he—

The proscenium—
I said, "now dear friends let me say, in the moments I was swaying in self-deifying exertions the secret of amusing invention—but to make long story short, the trial came. I pleaded the meaningless 'not guilty.' We went west and south, and although the circumstances were few but to examine, it would nearly a whole week. In the meantime the newspapers charged the culprit and drank, and appeared as uncorrupted by the awful position in which he was, as he had been the merriest spectacles on earth. Only did the whack, they did, shed tears when the counsel drew pictures of the old man's life, the blood by the hand of an assassin, at the scenes. It to record that the prisoner's famished with affliction, and appeared for the family of the bereaved ones."

"Tell, I--told—the law—I was just to add—only by the law, but to my never to be forgotten friends, add—there is the right syllable. Of the audience to amuse themselves in tears for upwardsof an hour. I previously initiated (after having taken a from the good Sergeant on assassination) sundry dying shrugs, contortions, of the chest, twitches of the legs, etc., etc., to perfection, and then put down, bad in my collars, covered my arms and screwed down in the presence of the Sheriff and hangman. And when I had dispersed, only released from my semen, and conveyed to the good Sheriff, where an apartment in a back was provided for my reception at the mercy of a Know it all fellow, the Sheriff's wife was privy to my escape. O what gratitude could equal when all was over, to them, and the of all good for this marvellous deliverance?

But there was one circumstance not to amuse me, while I was surprised, by little number of children's lollipops kept interrupting my meditation, by crying out, "Burke your lollipops, a bit an ounce, a bit an ounce—lollipops, by an up—by an up." I really felt inclined to kick the fellow, as he passed under the drop, my shoes almost touching his head as he passed me, but this would have spoiled all. Now for the dramatic point.

What in the world possessed me—this very day—I know not, but came what may, I was resolved to follow my own inclination. For my friends, although the Sheriff had turned a deal one to his current entreaties, wished to have the corpse dressed in their own fashion, but he would not let them even see it. And many an epitaph did they heap upon him for his unaccountable heartlessness, it was adding misery to pain. It was a shocking wound, it was a hallowed human being—it was striking the coward's blow on those who were prostrate; nevertheless he was as deaf as a door-nail. The law knew no distinctions, and he knew no law why it should, he was preposterous, they might follow it if they pleased, but to lay hands upon it—the first relative who cared, should have the mortification of knowing that he was the means of adding ignominy to disgrace, by causing it to be buried without ceremony.

Before dawn I arose, I had no sleep all night—I extracted one with the merit of my intention—I looked at myself in the glass—my black whiskers and mustache shall take their departure—the white dye—oh here it is—not for a change—height—presto—there's the last stroke of the razor. I am another man—I know not myself—as for any living creature recognizing me—that's impossible. Now the cap—I usually wore a hat—now the muddy black—never wore black, no one had ever seen me in black, and even my own brother at my dear father's funeral, was obliged to squeeze me into a farming man's coat that he borrowed.

The disguise—complete—unique—unapproachable—imitable. I may with perfect safety sail any forth, the crowd collected, I open my little two-pane square, let myself down by a rope, sligth in the middle of a pigsty surrounded by four high sides—make my way east. Go up the little alley out into the street—fall in the ranks, recognize all my brother's household walking in deep affliction, saying to receive, "This is my brother; and to consolation, By ye far from me." I select a stranger, who hold up his head and appeared in the walking portion of the procession, pro forma. After a time I broke the ice of silence—"How's Mr.——!?"

"I haven't heard this morning, he and the family was bad enough last night. Mrs. * * * has never been out of bed since her disappointment of not seeing the body."

Save me from my friends thought I. "Ogilv of the Sheriff wasn't 1st some he has charged with murder and deserves pulin' up for it. It's a good job he's out of the way. He was always a cuss to his family I'm told."

The decease he was thought I. "Why I always thought he was of good character."

"Then you thought wrong, I can tell you. There was never any woman ugly enough for him to let alone." H ____ thought I again, you'll know your own character if you live long enough."

"Why has a woman to do in this affair?"

"Don't you know, didn't you see it stated in the papers that jealousy was the cause of the murder?"

"O, my stars!" what next thought I. "What sort of a woman was this that he was so jealous of?"

"Why I'll tell you how it was. The one woman was murdered was an old man, and he married a wife young enough to be his own daughter. This here fellow, won't we a fellow allow, wanting to marry his own absence like, and he know men at all about her being a married woman. Then the old one comes home and finds 'em both drunk together, he begins to lose this here one, and..."
he drew his bowyer upon him, and so that's
how it all happened." "O I did you know him?"
"Don't you?"
"The man we're following?"
"Know'd him—aye—brought him up al
most from a child."
"I had never seen the man before to my
knowledge."
"He was the gallantest young scamp as
ever was. He used to stick pins by the
hour in his younger sister on purpose to
bear her ery."
"I never had a sister."
"And when his brother used to ask him,
he would stick upon him like a tiger, and
bite what part of him came first."
"I had got my hat up ready to strike the
accused—but no—I forgot—I was—fol
lowing—his—my—no—his—no my own—no
the Sheriff's substitute of gorge, for
my own funeral."

But what a void was in my heart, as
with the mourners returning, I began to
ponder upon the deed of blood, and the
arrowing convictions, that I was cowardly
seeking to avoid its penalty as a murderer;
what should I do; where should I go?
I had escaped the gallow—no but now a har
ner task was before me, how should I escape
myself—the torturing ambition of con
science was pursuing me, how shut my
ear to the wailing of the bereaved, and the
ery of the poor orphan my murderous hand
had made desolate.

A kindly hand shook me, and a gentle
voice whispered in my ear—"Breakfast is
ready." Thank God! Oh how much, I
cannot tell, for I had slept an hour longer
than usual, and found, to my great joy, that
it was—only a dream!

A KNOW NOTHING.

Travelling last summer through the
Southern mines, and coming as I supposed
near Sonora, just as the shades of evening
were fast closing in upon me, I felt anxious
to know what distance I had to go to reach
my destination. I walked to the open door
of a small house by the road-side, and ex
quired of a lady sitting in the room, if she
could tell me how far it was to Sonora,
very partly answered, I don't know. I
asked her if she thought it was more than
four miles, she replied, I don't know. I
then asked her if she had a little water she
would give me, she again said, I don't know.
I suggested that I thought, the weather
very warm, and the roads very dusty, she
said again, I don't know. Just as this mo
ment in came her husband, and having heard
the conversation from the outside, he de
sired her not to reply in that manner; but
she still persisted that she did not know,
saying, I don't know nothing, I don't mean
to know nothing, for I am a Know Noth
ing and Know Nothing never should
know nothing!

A TRIP TO THE MINES AND
THE BIG TREES.

By Bessey.

Rest—Recreation—Welcome change,
from the arduous duties of school room life,
and the turmoil of the city, with its gay
occupants and resounding streets. "God
made the country, men made the town; and
it needs no for-fetched theology, or wide
stretch of the fancy to define the superiority
of the sea over the other. I was not two
minutes in determining whether I would
walk with a gay party to San Francisco and
Napa, or accept the invitation of my kind
friend at Columbia to spend the two weeks'
vacation with them.

Those who have never visited the moun
tains have little or no idea of their beauty
and grandeur, or the amount of travelling
and business, of various kinds, done in them.
Villages of considerable growth are sprin
kled along the steep green hills, with a back
ground of lofty and rugged mountain peaks;
and sometimes resting quietly at the foot
of a range of lofty hills, half concealed in a
grove of immemorial trees, are clusters of
more' cottages and cabins, surrounded by
round and glistening appearance,
cult for the imagination to
more rough, and pleasant,
yet more beautiful than
Sacramento can.

It combines the wilds, the
highlands, the beauty of
the scene, the grandeur of
the scene, and the grandeur
ture of the scene, which put
them forth! Here are
depth to depth, length to
breadth, ambition at a
stilt, but we are favored with a

Columbia is by no means
important in the scale of the
world, but a place of a vast aggrega
tion of men, as it is the
centre of intellectual men, and is
and a constant theme of veneration
ness of the sea.

But a great change has
...
An adventure with a grizzly Wou!d: have been the height, depth, length and breadth of my ambition—at a suitable distance, but none favored us with a call.

Columbia is by no means the little, unimportant and secluded mining town I had supposed it to be, but a "smart place"—if a vast aggregation of brick and mortar, dust and sand, a crowded population, intellectual men, and beautiful women, and a constant tide of vehicular and human movement are necessary to make one. It is a city of two years' growth, for within that period it has been nearly destroyed by fire. It now contains a goodly number of fine fireproof buildings, two or three theaters, public and private schools, two printing offices and many handsome private residences—and, by the way, the miners are making friends into the business part of the town, and working underneath the buildings. The people will soon have to adopt the custom at Placerville—of setting their houses on stilts, and whenever they want a pan of gold I descend to the cellar and bring it up! Here I met old friends from home, who just pelted me the whole time I was with them. Never shall I forget their hospitality, their kindly greetings, and the pains they took to make the stay a pleasant one appreciated. I was surprised at the "bill of fare" which mine host of "Bird's Hotel" laid before me, with which the most fastidious could not but be pleased. I feel much indebted to him and his amiable lady for their kind attentions during my stay at their pleasant and well-kept house; and for the acquaintance of some whose friendship I shall ever esteem as among the choicest and most delightful of earth's blessings.

I had a very great anxiety to visit the mines, having never seen much of mining operations, and my friend, Miss H., having invited me to a morning stroll, we found our way to the "diggings" of a friend, who kindly assisted us in shaking out a small fortune and, now I have got it, there arises a great query in my mind what I shall do with it. Whether I shall invest it in bank or railroad stock, town lots at Grafton, water lots on the levee, or get it made up into spoons or jewelry? I was quite as successful in one of my morning rambles at last spring. I had a perfect passion for mining, and thought if I could but get the hundredth part of a grain, to send home to my friends, telling them that I dug it myself, I should be satisfied. Accordingly, I prevailed upon some young ladies to accompany me—assuring them if I struck a lead I would divide. We had the good fortune of failing in with a company of Etruscans and Chinese, of whom we envied the use of their pans. They politely offered them, together with their assistance; which latter we declined—saying it was only for the pleasure of getting a few grains ourselves that we came. Having divested myself of bonnet, shawl and gloves, and rolled up my sleeves, I bend over my task with aburning in prospect. Fifteen minutes of shaking and scraping, and twirling and tipping, and visions of future magnificence dancing through my head, I pour off the water, and what do you think I find?—not the first "color!" I am encouraged by my companions, who have taken possession of the rocker, and are enlarging their talk as happily as two young chatterboxes can, by building "air castles," and furnishing them
Hutchings's California Magazine.

with the products of their cradles! I insist this time on filling my own pan, and, in passing around the "long tom," where the miners were at work, I step upon what I suppose to be "turn firma," but before I have time to think, I find myself two feet deep in a bed of quicksand, with a dozen voices shouting "don't go there!" and their many owners springing to extricate me. Nothing discontented, (for I am assured it will all rub off when it gets dry,) I tug up another forty panns of mud, and labor with the same success. A third—and lo! two bright specks, the size of a pin head, appear at the bottom of the pan.

I shout! roccers are deserted; picks and shovels are dropped, and a general "illari- fication" succeeds. With much the same success I spend a couple of hours, when I am made painfully sensible of a distance in the head, and a weariness of the body generally, and I conclude that my fortune is to be made in some other way than mining. My companions' share, when they came to divide, far exceeded mine; but I have such an inherent antipathy to "rocking the cradle," that I could not be prevailed upon to try it, although they produced much the largest lump.

A number of agreeable surprises, following each other in quick succession, made me feel quite as much at home among the good people of Columbia, as though I had been acquainted for years. Nothing could exceed their generous thoughtfulness in adding every comfort, or in the getting up of little excursions to places of interest and amusement. I shall not soon forget the pleasant drives, and delicious luncheons eaten under the green trees, and that por- lous ascent on horseback, where, three thousand feet above our starting point, we could count no less than six villages, abounding in lovely and picturesque beauty at our feet; while far away to the eastward rose the snow-covered mountains of the Sierra Nevada, looming up with strange and mag- nificent grandeur!

Immortal beauty invests these mountains, surprising the soul with sublime thoughts, unrecognized before; and it is just as impossible for me to forget how they look, in their pure robes of green and white, as not to think of them with awe and adoration.

Our return was by too circumstances and less rapid descent. About sundown we entered a little sylvan retreat, and town, situated in a grateful and mountain-bound valley, known as Stinca, where I actually fell in love. Yes—in love at last!" I exclaimed, as we rode leisurely through its clean wide streets, and looked with delight upon its neat and tasteful appearance. We were there again on the Fourth of July, and witnessed a great array of clean shirts and cotton umbrellas—for it was raining like a second doluge. The streets are crowded with the hodge-podge of soaked humanity, for the most part convened under the insufficient shelter of dripping awnings and umbrellas, with here and there a noisy exception, who, extremely wet externally, but awfully dry within, goes cruising round, glorious as lord, perfectly indifferent to the drenching torrents over head. The "Star Spangled Banner" flaps and shad- ers, and dashes off little jets of wet into the faces of the passers by, as though it would snap its fingers at the actors in the stage, accordingly. Here come the citizen soldiers! right down Main street—trump, tramp, rub-a-dub, with their gallant command- ers, who look as if they would prefer a dry suit and less glory! And here, too, come the firemen—I beg their pardon—I should have said watermen; for, in their present plight, they are strongly suggestive of the latter element. The Masonic fraternity, Odd Fellows and Sons of Temperance too, might, without a very extensive flight of imagination, be styled the "Cold Water Guards." But all parties seem determined upon a display, so the drumming and filing and marching goes on bravely, all seeming indifferent to the drenching torrents which are disgorgeing themselves over their fine uniforms! They are afterwards refreshed

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Among many which I visited, none more than a small, world-famous inn called the "Cold Water Guards." But all parties seem determined upon a display, so the drumming and filing and marching goes on bravely, all seeming indifferent to the drenching torrents which are disgorgeing themselves over their fine uniforms! They are afterwards refreshed

"Let us go with our friends O., and see the starlight on the hills, and the starlight on the hills, and the starlight on the hills, and the starlight on the hills, and the starlight on the hills, and the starlight on the hills, and the starlight on the hills, and the starlight on the hills."

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A TRIP TO THE MINES.

A lonely path led through the great redwood forest, its branches forming a dense canopy that filtered the sunlight. The air was cool and moist, a perfect respite from the heat of the day. As we walked deeper into the forest, the silence was broken only by the rustling of leaves and the occasional call of a bird.

The redwood trees towered over us, their trunks as thick as the trunks of the mighty sequoias in the Sierra Nevada. The forest was a cathedral, and we walked in awe and respect, vowing to protect this precious treasure for future generations.

As the sun began to set, we emerged from the forest and stood at the edge of the meadow, gazing out over the valley. The sky was painted with hues of orange and pink, and the distant mountains were silhouetted against the burning sky. We knew that this was a place of wonder and beauty, and we felt grateful to have been able to witness it.

We sat down to rest and reflect on what we had seen. The forest, the mountains, the river—everything was a testament to the power and majesty of nature. We knew that we had been blessed to experience this place, and we vowed to come back again, to share this wonder with others.

I looked up at the sky and saw the stars beginning to twinkle, a sign of the end of a perfect day. We packed up our gear and started our journey back to the world, our hearts full of gratitude and awe.
counts seemed laborious, until confirmed by actual measurement. The Father of the Forest is one hundred and twelve feet in circumference, and its estimated height, when standing, four hundred and fifty feet. The Mother of the Forest is ninety feet in circumference and three hundred and twenty-seven feet high—the bark was taken off this tree, to send to the World’s Fair, one hundred and twenty feet. The Three Graces, growing in beautiful proportions, the exact counterpart of each other, are three hundred feet high—circumference ninety feet. The Pioneer’s Cabin is hollow at the stump, in which a small family might keep house comfortably, provided they were good natured, and were not disposed to room-in-at-much. I am quite amazed at their beauty, symmetry and grandeur, and walk round and round, scanning them from every point. I had heard the fame thereof, read of it in newspapers, and listened to glowing oral pictures, but how widely different are my feelings, now that faith has turned to sight. To describe them would be like an attempt to paint a strain of awe-inspiring music, or to mimic the echo of a tiny silver bell!

My companions returned to the house and left me to dream awhile, under their dark and shadowy green branches—the rich mellow tints of departing day, and the soft twilight falling among the trembling leaves, makes the scene one of solemn beauty. It seems a very prototype of green and God-like Eden!

Next morning, before sunrise, I am again in the forest—curiosity and excitement keep me in motion, and I wander on, unmindful of distance, far into its gloomy depths. The ground is covered with a luxuriant growth of underbrush, among which are wild gooseberries, currants, strawberries, and thousands of little berries—what we at home called Scotch-eaps—a kind of raspberry. Here I found several new varieties of flowers, not seen in the valleys; one a bright orange color, in shape something like a fanca, only not so large; another of a pale blue, about the size of a half dimes—

the prettiest of any I have seen in California. Two days later, before we are aware of their speedy flight, and we reluctantly quit the enchanted grounds. We pay our respects to our kind host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Davis, and are winding our way home.

Four days after, found me quietly pursuing my daily routine of duty, but my waking-day-dreams have found me revisiting those lovely scenes—which will ever remain daguerreotyped upon my mind, as the most sublime of Nature’s astonishing wonders.

A TRAGIC CATASTROPHE.

The night was dark and dreary,
The rain fell drizzling fast;
The watch-dog lay and weary,
How’d I dirge notes to the blast.

The winds bore sounds of wailing,
The current-bell midnight tolled,
As deep shrieks of one crying,
On gloomy darkness rolled.

Thicker and more near,
Oh! bow’s tis at the door—
But good with never more,
This some born stranger poor.

"Alas! in such a night,
Of horrors, who can bear—
To picture such a sight,
As stranger wailing sound."

"That wall—tis from a hale—
The infant shrieks its woe;
Perhaps some murderer’s knife,
Is doing Deeds of Blood—

"Again, tis at the door,
Who be so not so afraid?
Send me my pistol sir,
Tell me you trusty blade."

Now terror seizes their minds,
Their hearts go pite-pat,
The door opens to the winder—
In stalks a—huge tom cat.
AN EARLY REMINISCENCE OF SAN FRANCISCO.

In '49 and '50 the streets of this city were entirely devoid of planks, and were not subjected to the scientific process of macadamization, so that pedestrians were taxed to the utmost of their ingenuity to navigate from one part of the city to another, by any nothing of the sand, into which you sank ankle deep at every step, in many parts of the city. The annoyance was so much the worse, by the navigator having to take soundings of mud and water, with an ordinary pair of boots, and then finding no bottom until the tops of the aforementioned boots had disappeared a long way beneath the mud. Sometimes the pebbly extremities of some eminently individual would become so firmly embossed in the sticky clay, that when he had the good fortune to reach the bottom, the exertion required to extricate himself was so great as utterly to destroy his equanimity, when down would come his full length to his entire dissatisfaction, and while the sufferer would give utterance to imprecations of wrath, and call down visitations of the dirty state of the streets, the bystanders would often indulge in hearty laughter at his expense. This would sometimes have the effect of riling his temper so much that the sufferer would commence a series of assaults of the soft material upon the cushioners, who, making hearty exchanges in turn, would almost in another hour before he could relieve himself.

The writer remembers such a circumstance, that happened during the month of January '50, near the Post Office, then located on the corner of Clay and Pine streets, a path had been made across Clay street, and through one or two vacant lots above the St. Francis Hotel, towards the Post Office, bounded on either side by a deep mud hole, where any person failing to stop anywhere but the precise place, would never fail to find himself pretty well mud

The mail steamer had just arrived, and several hundred persons were waiting anxiously and slowly marching in single file toward the seven inch square window of delivery, many expecting, and all hoping to get letters from different parts of the world. Towards evening, a colored gentleman (slightly intoxicated) made his appearance, bearing on his back the carcass of a slaughtered deer, all skinned and nicely dressed, and was, perhaps, making for some hotel to sell it. In crossing on the narrow path, he made a false step, and in he went, just at the edge of the pool, and finding himself sinking deeper and deeper, he made several attempts to get out, but on lifting his foot he found that his boot, not fitting very tight, had stuck fast below, and his foot getting about half way out, the arrangement of foot and boot, so much upset his perpendicularity, that he came near falling full length. However, nothing daunted, he tried and tried again, but found the other boot following the example of the first, he very comically for a time, the force of gravitation have its own way. Meanwhile the shouts and laughter of the crowd at the Post Office, much the air round about until some philanthropic individual (a white man, and soon said he was "right," but that must have been a malicious invention) commented with the crowd, and told them they had better help the poor man out of his misfortunes than to laugh at them. A voice from the crowd then asked him why he did not help him out himself. This had the desired effect, so he proceeded to the deer, lays hold of the collar of his coat giving him a jerk. This did not have the effect intended, as the force of the pull did not move the deer on foot, but caused him to overbalance himself and he came, muttering, looking, deer and himself in one almost indistinguishable chaos. After wallowing and floundering about often from bad to worse, by some good fortune they were all extricated. Still the laugh did not end here, for the deer, deer and benefactor, after gaining "terra firma" looked more like animated walking mud pots, than any
thing else; the man of color for ones assuming an appearance of no color, and the man of no color looking like his brother of color, and the deer looking like the dog curius of a man of all colors.

MEN, AS WE FIND THEM IN CALIFORNIA.

Many wise and good men have doubted whether the discovery of gold in California would prove a substantial benefit to our country. It may differ widely from the anticipated results, in the commercial world, the rate calculations of old, keen and shrewd financiers. In a moral and religious view, it may be very far from what all good men wish; this, however, will depend entirely upon the working out of the great problem now in the course of solution.

That California is destined to exercise a commanding influence over the commercial, financial, and religious interests of our country, and the world, few will pretend to deny. Her position, her vast resources, her immense capabilities, all, render it morally certain that she is surely destined to act a principal part in the great drama of the world's history. The laws that have governed other nations, and that have been potent in shaping the destinies of men, will prove more powerful in their operation here, than many suppose.

If we regard California in her isolated position, one of the great central points of trade, commerce, and the mechanic arts, the mind cannot realize the accumulation of the vast interests and influences gathering around it. The utmost fabulous riches of her mines, the variety of her agricultural resources, and the concentration of so much intelligence and talent, from all lands; and the certainty that that talent may at any and all times be combined and brought into action, renders still more an object of solicitude, the destiny of tile, the youngest in the glorious sisterhood of States.

California has within her domain, citizenship of nearly every land, as well as outlaws from all the nations of the earth. It is the gathering of the various races in our midst, and the almost inevitable collision between their respective creeds, that may cause the upheavals of the very foundations of all true faith in the hallowed institutions of religion. To the working out of this great problem we would call the serious attention of our readers. The commingling of so many creeds, the decided preferences to so many rites, and the attachment to so many and such diverse forms of worship, all indicate that man is a religious being.

The powerful influence of Christianity should be brought directly to bear upon the solution of this subject. By far the largest portion of our present population have been religiously educated, and have come to our shores with aspirations after wealth and distinctions, as well as moral excellence. In many cases, it is greatly to be feared that the all-absorbing thirst for gold has partially extinguished many early convictions, or thrown them to the winds; and religious employments have been declared as simply foolish, and moral excellence ridiculed as worthy only of the weak and vulgar.

From the judicious precepts, from the virtuous examples, from the hallowed influences and from interests and hopes clustering around the family altar, many, very many have departed. Arriving in our sunny land, they seem to have swung loose from all former habits, from home memories, and from the vigorous principles and high toned sentiments of morality by early teachings planted in their hearts, and which threw a broad shield around their life and character, as their distant dwelling place. Presently they have plunged into the whirling tide, sweeping before and around them, and are borne onward amidst the scattered fragments floating from the wrecks of human happiness, that close around them on their downward way.

Men coming from so many lands, identified with so many interests, the centre of so
come a model State, that would attract the school-houses and churches, in nearly every ad
\administration of the world. Most men, whatever their theory or practice may now be, have moments of serious reflection. At such times, quicker than thought can blaze along the electric wires, does memory rush back to the scenes of youth, to childhood's home, and linger along the green spots, the sparkling and gushing waters, that are so refreshing in life's wide and arid wastes. The vacant chair still reserved for the soul at the commencement of life's journey, the soothing tones of a mother's voice, lulled them to quiet and peaceful slumbers—the aged parents leaning under the weight of years, their locks whitened by the storms and cares of many winters, with calm and holy resignation awaiting the hour of their departure; but waiting in hope of seeing the dear absent one once more at their side before they go hence—the brothers and sisters, with tearful eyes and swelling hearts, wondering where the distant wanderer now resides;—if alive—or where his precious remains repose. It is a very prevalent idea among our clergy, that the great mass of our citizens are among the most intelligent people in the world. In this they are right: probably no population on earth, can show so many well educated men, in proportion to their numbers, as California. They may not frequent the sanctuary; the Sabbath may be spent in the fields, in the cottage, or in the cabin, to them, there may be reasons perfectly satisfactory, why they should not go to the church. Even in the fields they may think and commune with beloved friends at home, and with their own hearts, for rather would they go forth alone, beneath the lofty dome of earth's wide temple, and there, amidst the gorgeous drapery of the universe, in imagination hover around scenes and persons, far, far away, and which are to the soul, like the soothing sounds of distant music—the bright links of memories chain, that binds them to the past—and the scenes, the day, and the affections, speak to man's better nature, and he goes forth a better man on the morrow, after these communings and aspirations. Now we fully believe that by far the larger portion of our whole population is of this kind. It is the proper duty of the minister to speak to the hearts of the people who thus feel; and make them prove the power, of religion a delightful charm, and the sanctuary, the footstool of the King of Kings, to his spirit. It is more than probable that the great want of success in the labors of the clergy,
is, that they do not address the man through his home feelings and sympathies. If they wish to interest men, they must bring up the memories that will carry them back to early days and the scenes of childhood and home, and this would be the strongest inducement for him to attend the sanctuary. How soothing, how sacred, how august and solemn are such hours to the exile from his food and distant home.

Our clergy who can, and do interest the hearts of men, draw large crowds around them, which proves that we are not yet a God forsaken people—and that the thirst for gold, does not swallow up all other interests, or crowd out all other obligations. Let this religious element be brought out, and California will be as rich in the records of her moral triumphs, in the brilliant examples of her high-toned piety, as in her golden placers, her agricultural resources—and her moral beauty.

There is no shutting our eyes to the fact that the main reason why men do not enter the sacred precincts of the church, on the day of the Christian’s Sabbath, is because, as a whole, he is not interested. The dry theology of the eastern cities finds but few admirers in California. Many men who were students at the East, and loved the luxury of a good historical work, here have but little pleasure in such books.—why? The mind is filled with exciting business thoughts—money made, or money lost—a perpetual whirl of business cares, by day and by night, without the invigorating influence of a pleasant social circle, or a cheerful home. They work all day—but, when evening comes, with its lengthening shadows, and men leave their business, how few have the enchanter’s of home, and refining intellectual pleasures to chase away their business thoughts and refresh the mind by peaceful and soothing influences, ready for the morrow. We do not, therefore, wonder that more than ordinary interest and talent is required to make men forget their business cares, and, on a Sabbath morning, when all is peaceful, to wend their way to the sanctuary and there receive from the minister’s hands, the bread of eternal life.

We would suggest to some of our ministers, that to study human nature, and how they can attract and please men, would be a double good comfort, and a double advantage gained; and, whatever tends to make men interested, gives a power for good or evil to make them better, or to make them worse, and if the ministrations of the sanctuary are not interesting and inviting, men will generally go elsewhere.

We have these thoughts with the thoughtful, and hope that our own California will yet be found among the most useful, and in pots the most of any of our sister States.

B.

A GENTLEMAN on board a steamer with his family, was asked by his children, “What makes the boat go on?” He gave them a very minute description of the machinery and its principles, in the following words: “You see, my dear, this thing up here goes down through that hole, and fastens on the jigger, and that connects with the crinkum-crankum; and then that man—he’s the engineer, you know—kind o’ stirs up the what-d’yo-call-it, with his long poker; and they all shove along, and the boat goes ahead!”

A BOLD EXPERIMENT.—The editor of the _Pomosocket Patriot_ makes merry over the mistake of an old Shanghai hen of his, that has been “sitting” for five weeks upon two round stones and a decoy of brick. “Her anxiety,” says he, “is no greater than ours to know what she will hatch. If it proves a brick-yard, that hen is not for sale.”

Bertie Jorning, I congratulate you—Providence has really smiled upon you lately; as I see you married off three of your daughters the other day, smiled Brander Sumpkins! Smiled did you say? Why so pleased right out.
SINGING BIRDS.

BY MONADNOC.

By the river, by the lake,
Where the silver ripples break;
In the crowded haunts of men,
In the woods from footsteps free,
In the garden apple tree,—
Wherever shadows fit around,
Little singing birds abound.

In the Northern land of storm,
'Mid the iceberg's awful form,
Under burning tropic skies,
Where the verdure never dies;
Where Siberian exiles roam,
In the cold and cheerless home;
In the garden apple tree,—
Little singing birds abide.

On Atlantic's rock-bound shore,
Where the rolling waves roar;
Where Pacific's calmer strand,
Leaves the gorgeous golden land;
In the lonely mountain glen,—
Homes of hasty mining men,
Where the breast of love is found.

In the valleys still and lowly,
Where the swelling brooks move slowly;
In the pastures spreading green,
Where the sportive lambs are seen.

In the lonely mountain glen,—
Homes of hasty mining men,
Whose work is toil, and love is found.

San Francisco, July 25th, 1856.

MUSINGS IN A MADHOUSE.

Some whose the various disappointments
Of the world have sored, and who are continuously sneezing the "Maled me sine," who are bereft of all hope, and to whom the ministering angel of comfort whispers in vain "try again," should accompany me in the

* * * Maison de Sante. The means—yes, it is a woman whose nerves are strong enough to meet and encounter every phase of development in the physical dissipation of that mysterious agency, the brain.

It is a woman, a weak woman, who presides over this humane establishment. O, ye on whom fortune has smiled, and blessed with a superfluity—whose every wish can be gratified, regardless of the cost, and who daily cherish, it may be, large sums upon mere nothingness, producing so fruit, nor contributing one mite to the common weal—come hither, I beseech you, and ponder, and see how your pity

"So twice blessed,"
It blesteth him that giveth and him that taketh;
"To Righteous is the righteousness thereof;"

"Who is that interesting creature at her need, in the holiest corner of the room?" inspired a visitor.

"Her name is Susan Mayday. Her history is as interesting as herself—a story of disappointed love—"

"I thought so."
Here the poor creature broke out into the well known strains:

"All in the dawn the first lay momail—"
When kind and Susan rose on board—Oh whom shall I say true love had?"

While uttering these strains, in a voice somewhat cultivated, the heart must have been hard indeed that did not sympathise with her sorrow.

"She was formerly in service, in some respectable family, in England, and had saved up from her wages $200. Her sweetheart borrowed this sum to come over here and try his fortune in the mines. They corresponded, it seems, for a whole year, when his letters suddenly broke off, and after another year's silence, Susan was determined to brave the perils of the wide waves and storms, and seek out her lover. The watch met her by chance, and gave her an invitation to see his wife. She reproached him with but two words: 'Oh, George!'

And her reason took its flight forever. That letter she has just taken out of her bosom is the last letter the villain sent. I have read it, and it paints, in the most joyous terms, what would be his happiness in two
I turned from her and inquired who that grave old man, with a white beard, of some seventy winters, might be.

"Seventy," replied the matron, "he is barely forty years of age. He came out with a wife and three hearty children, and his wife's sister, a young woman of great promise, I am told, and he saw all of them thrown in the water, dead, with starvation." 

"What have not the owners of some of these ill-managed transports to misrecognize for," thought I, "at the great day of judgment?"

"The great king of Madagascar!" cried, or rather shouted out a tall stout man, respectably dressed in black.

"Who is that gentlemanly looking man that has just uttered that exclamation?"

"He is a Mr. Bond—as we call him, to please him; but his real name is—. He came out here in very needy circumstances, and, through the most extraordinary success at the mines, became suddenly very rich. His ambition appears to be to purchase the Island of Madagascar, and he amuses himself in writing laws and regulations, by which he intends to govern his kingdom. His brother has placed him here, and has forwarded the most of his property to his family, in the States. Some of them are coming out to take him with them, but I question whether he will like the change; for he has the idea that he is in a ship, on its way to the island, and all of us are engaged to manage the colony and kingdom for him. It is quite amusing to hear what a grand personage I am to be when we arrive there. Well, Mr. Bond, busy at your affairs, I see."

"Yes, Mrs. ****. It is no work of a day, I assure you. Have you seen the captain this morning?"

"No; but will in the course of the day."

"Are his writings at all coherent, or consistent?" inquired I.

"No," said the matron; "there is here, and there a same idea, but the rest are the vueltast and silliest of absurdities. However, poor fellow! he is so happy while thus engaged."

"Who is this blind child?"

"Poor little Emma—Emma Sterling. Well, Emma, how are you this morning, my dear?"

"Very well, I thank you, Mrs.****. Shall I see my mother to-day, do you think?"

"I can’t say, my love. Poor child!"

"He is a Mr. Bond—as we call him, to please him; but his real name is—. He came out here in very needy circumstances, and, through the most extraordinary success at the mines, became suddenly very rich. His ambition appears to be to pur-

chase the Island of Madagascar, and he amuses himself in writing laws and regulations, by which he intends to govern his kingdom. His brother has placed him here, and has forwarded the most of his property to his family, in the States. Some of them are coming out to take him with them, but I question whether he will like the change; for he has the idea that he is in a ship, on its way to the island, and all of us are engaged to manage the colony and kingdom for him. It is quite amusing to hear what a grand personage I am to be when we arrive there. Well, Mr. Bond, busy at your affairs, I see."

"Yes, Mrs. ****. It is no work of a
"But two. One a young man, and anoth-er a very old one. The other, I think, must have been a very bad man, as he is most violent at night, when alone. His ravings are fearful. I have heard that he has killed, in duels and other quarrels, a dozen men. He has made fifty attempts upon his own life. We leave a man to look after him; but no one can stand it long. As many as twenty, I think, in a year, have come and gone—and all say if they had to stay longer, to hear and see his ravings, they should go mad themselves. They say that he was a man naturally of a heavy and impetuous temper; that he used to boast that he had never entered any place of worship but twice—once to be christened, and once to be married. His temper broke his poor wife's heart, and almost all his friends appear to have left him."

"But what caused his madness?" I asked.

"Why, one evening, not being more than just fresh, as his only friend told me, he rushed in, with a pipe in his mouth, to the Rev. **** a place of worship, and, instead of finding food for his quizzical vein, the house truths he heard there of a retributive hereafter, so wrought upon his imagination, that he became at once an altered man and whether his sins were so great, or the reverend gentleman's preaching so effective, he had no spirit to do anything. He was a cooper by trade, and was earning a great deal of money, but he was at last obliged to give it up. The idea that he was a doomed man for eternity terrified him incessantly, till it resulted in his being sent here, to be looked after as a maniac."

"Has he any sane intervals?" I asked.

"No, I think not; indeed, his madness becomes worse than ever everyday."

"I should like to see him," said I; "not from any idle motive of curiosity, but with a desire of being able to do him some good. I am accustomed to visit such unfortunate, so you need not fear my seeing him."

"As you please, Sir," said the matron; "here, Jones," (turning to one of the attendants), "show this gentleman to ward No. 24."

"No. 24," replied the man, "is one of our worst cases, Mr. Jones; the gentleman's nervous system must be a little strong to stand such a visit."

"O, never mind my nervous system, Mr. Jones," I said; "I am proof against surprise of all kinds, almost."

"Just so, Sir," said Mr. Jones, leading the way, and shortly conducted me to his apartment. Unbending the door slightly, I entered, and never did such sounds from human shape assail any one's ear as I then witnessed.

"Take me from them for the love of— I take him from them! see, they are pointing to me from hell's torture, as the wretch, who sent them unprepared out of this world, with all their guilt upon their heads. See! they are all together, and promise me so many bells of torment! They are bearing my side with red hot pincers! They are pouring molten lead on my brain! See!" said he, making a convulsive motion with his arms, "they have torn out my heart, and yet I am bid to live! I feel— I feel the red hot, scalding blood, chasing though my veins into a new heart! It isn't mine, it's a wretch's heart! I'm not a murderer! 'T was all fair play. Take it from me! I pluck it out! Murder! murder! murder!!' screamed he.

"Poor wretch!" I said, turning to his keeper; "would it not be advisable to give him some sedative in these paroxysms?"

"Why, Sir, as long as the phlegm works he is exceded enough, but when its influence is over his rage returns with double force, and his strength is more than a man's. He bursts under the strongest jacket, almost. The other night he bit clean through a pewter cup, and I was as much as three of us could do to hold him down while we gave him his food."

"My lord! my lord!" shouted he; "bullets, bullets are rolling in it! I come! I come! I come! I came! O spare my torments!" uttered he, in a griefing, subdued tone;
"Son!" said he, in a hoarse voice, "look—look—they are beating now the children, to plunge me in! Tell them I cannot suffer more. Rooff—off—you damned spirits! Look—look at their eye-balls—eat in fire—they grin, grin at me! O! in pity's smile, blow out my brains—stifle me—don't pray let them take me! Ah!" screamed he, "they've got me—children bless—bless." Here he was writhing in anguish, and exhibiting all the appearances of the most acute bodily suffering. This came a long, wild shriek, indicative of his mental and bodily suffering, in the boiling cauldron. Here tears, frequent and fast, chased down the furrows of his woebegone cheeks, and we waited, in breathless silence, the ebb of the outburst. But it was not to end here.

"O!" ejaculated he, in tones of the wilderest despair; "would it were permitted me to undo the wrong I have done! to be once more a child, with this experience—what a holy life would I lead! I would never wrong a creature—no, not a single creature!"

"Poor soul!" said I to him, in soothing tones; "you are yet alive on earth."

"Who is that who talks to me of life on earth? I am not on earth! I am in hell—hell—hell before me—hell behind me!—hell everywhere!"

"Is it so unmeaning anything to him, Sir, the Rev. Mr. ** has been here several times, and can make nothing of him."

"I do not know, friend Jones, but that you are quite right," thought I, as I went on my way, musing, with, I hope, a grateful heart for the many blessings left to me; above all that of a sane mind—the possession of which we are too apt to undervalue.

A Young Houseman—"Have you ground all the tools right, as I told you this morning, when I went away?" asked a carpenter of a rather good lad, whom he had taken for an apprentice.

"All but the hand-saw, sir," replied the lad, promptly. "I couldn't get quite all the guts out of that."

Dr. Dottidown's Notes.

(continued.)

I found the following in my oint-book, which may not be uninteresting to your readers; but you must not imagine that I have left Ireland,—no, I find descriptions and scenes there, immemorial, crowding my pages, each of which would fill a volume, and satisfy a month's craving for the wild and wonderful.

I remember, on that memorable day, the anniversary of your birth, my dear old friend Properties, some half a century ago, I was traveling on my way to get a written deed executed by an inhabitant of that venerable old salt-water place, Gasport. The roads were then executable, and the accommodation of the inn worse, if possible. It snowed all the way during a hard gallop of my poor hack of a horse, of some five hours, I was as much fatigued as my poor brute, who, nevertheless, despite of all discourage-ment, showed a pluck that deserves an immortality of fame. In many places, I had to work my way through barriers of snow and drifted snow, some seven feet high, and trample down and over, for though I knew, the humble habitations of many a villager, I remember once coming to a dead stand; my horse having exhaustedly plunged on before I was aware of any danger. What the impediment was, whether a brick wall or a high bank, I had no means of judging, I remember I was well in for it, and desired to be as well out of it. So giving my poor beast a touch of the spur, and shutting my eyes to the consequences, the noble creature bore me up and down, and finally, after the space of five minutes, landed me high—but not very dry—on a plain of snow, where nothing but snow above, snow below, snow on the right hand, and snow on the left, snow everywhere, reflected on the darkness of the night. Not a star was to be seen through the thick falling flakes, and I had nothing to rely upon but the judgment and sagacity of my noble beast. Whether he marked anything out of such a chaos of
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Editor's Table.

In feelings, as well as words, we thank the many kind contributors who have placed such a variety of intellectual food upon our table, for the present month's consumption. We hope that the devout epistles of literature will find something with which he will be pleased; and, that those who prefer plain fare—as being the most wholesome—may "eat and be satisfied."

"The best the market affords" we have placed before our reader; and we hope, as the number of contributors increases, to present, not only a greater variety, but, if possible, an improved quality of mental aliment. We think that no country contains more material, and certainly none more intelligence, than California, in proportion to its size and population; and, by degrees, we hope to see it cherished and cultivated.

Let every friend of literature send in something characteristic of our great State—some generous and consoling thought; some golden specimen of progress; some gem from the sea of mind; some gentle child of his own imagination; some life-like and artistic pictures of men and scenes around us—whether of facts or figures.

Two lady well-wishers have sent us their views upon women, for which we with pleasure find room in our "Table," and allow them to speak for themselves:

Dear Sir—Emanations from a woman's pen may be lightly read, ridiculed, and condemned to death by criticism. It is not fashionable for women to be interested in anything beyond the last new opera, or the last "fashion plate."

Fashion does not permit us to use a style of dress that would be at once cleanly, comfortable and becoming; but we must wear our dresses an inconvenient length, and wipe all the pools of tobacco spittle which gentlemen have cast upon paths frequented by us. Should we commit such an unpardonable indiscretion as shorten our dresses but a few inches, we would be set down as advocates for "woman's rights."

Fashion does not permit us to wear bonnets to protect our faces or screen our eyes, but they must be worn uselessly, on the back of the head.

The new fashioned caps in another instrument of torture, designed to keep the head thrown unutterably back, and the neck in a strained and unnatural position.

I will not mention the torture which fashion inflicts upon us by the tightening of certain cords about the waist, or the suffering which we undergo by the great weight of clothing upon the hips. I will say nothing of permanent injury inflicted upon the constitution by these, I had almost said, errors in dress; but, I will say, that our patient suffering in the cause of fashion, and our great devotion to it, are worthy of a better cause. I may be considered a timorous and unshakable one, but I cannot help it. I believe that a woman's mind would be better employed in studying the winning ways of love—how she can make her home most happy—and the anatomy and physiology of a healthy body, than the last fashion plate. There is a higher sphere for women than merely keeping up a fashionable style of living, and of doll-like dressing. Many condemn our "fashionable folies," as they are called. The Press throws scorn and contempt upon our fashionable skirts, and other absurdities in dress, but it is equally fast to discourage and condemn a reformatory movement. Has not one of our own sex, seeing the evil, and despising it, resolved to emancipate herself from this "fashionable" slavery, and by her example, her writings, and her labors, nothing to save her sisters to a sense of their great evil, but has had the anathemas of the press hurled against her, and the appellation of a "woman's rights" woman? I am no advocate for women's rights, as that term is understood at the present day. I ask no public place for woman. "Home is her empire, and her holy influence go forth from hence unseen, but not unblot. I am an advocate for sufficient independence of character to enable us to wear such a style of dress as shall be healthy and agreeable to our own persons, without any regard whatever to the remarks of the press, or of the world about us. There is a work to be done, and we must attend to it. If we look to the right hand or to the left, for aid, we shall meet with discouragement; but, if we begin the work with earnest determination, we shall have the approval of a good conscience—and the luxury of a com-
not be worn uselessly, on that of the head.

A new fashioned cape is another instance
of torturing, designed to keep the head
unattractively large and the neck in a
sagittal and ministerial position.

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Prose loves scorn and contempt
fashionable skirts, and other ab-
dress in dress, but it is usually too fast
true and condemns a reformatory
sent. Has one of our sea, and
right, and dislocating it, resolved to
part from them in a way, to
woman of the press, to
end to try to pull off on us a Magazine
without the fashions in it. There is any dor-
ter Husby, Gudge Swindlem, wife, as she
looked the book all through, and then, and she,
put it to my head thought to put in some fashion plates, fo-
sted of them only pictures of the Q how
mitty falls,” and “mesty silk wnrns.” Now
I’ve always been a literary woman, and
get a great interest in literary people,
and my darter takes art me. She was
a nregile prescriber for Gudge lady book
ever since she married Gudge Swindlem.
and, though I say it, who should say it,
she was an orful smart girl. When I
come to this country, a white, I left her a
teeny baby, in Squire Stimson’s family.
Their eyes and she was a rule smart girl, and
when I come to this country, a white, I left her a
baby, in Squire Stimson’s family.

The Lord be merciful to us women, as I
have said, and the holy influences go forth
ever since she married Gudge Swindlem,
and, though I say it, who should say it,
she was an orful smart girl. When I
come to this country, a white, I left her a
teeny baby, in Squire Stimson’s family.

They always and she was a rule smart girl, and
when I come to this country, a white, I left her a
baby, in Squire Stimson’s family.

Why should she be
and you, when you get to
and you get to hear her when she got
worn of them dresses on, and her new
.Once

The following letter expresses the oppo-
site side of the question:

SAN FRANCISCO, July 21, 1850.

Mrs. G Hedge—Dear Sir:—I’ve seen
your New Californy Magazine, and I want to
know how on earth you spot to please
the people of this country, with a maga-
zine that hasn’t got no fashion plate in it.
The ladies in Caliphory are just as fashionable
as they be anywhere else; and you needn’t
try to pull off on us a Magazine
without the fashions in it. There is any dor-
ter Husby, Gudge Swindlem, wife, as she
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baby, in Squire Stimson’s family.

Why should she be
and you, when you get to
and you get to hear her when she got
worn of them dresses on, and her new
.Once

P. S. My darter has written a beautiful
note to her baby, and if your book gets to
be fashionable and popular, (as it will if you
write the fashion in it,) she will let you have
it, to bless your pages with.

Mrs. Mary Metwith.
Some idea may be formed of the prolific productiveness of the fruit trees of California from the following:—We saw the branch of a young pear tree from San Jose, measuring only three feet nine inches in length, and which had one hundred and seventy-three pears upon it, of good size and growth.

A gentleman who was an eye-witness has sent us the following characteristic memoir.

During the inauguration of Gen. Taylor, at Washington, D. C., March 4th, 1849, the police regulations, as usual, required that after the speech of the new President had commenced, the gates of the Capitol grounds should be closed, and no carriage of any kind allowed to pass, until the speech was finished, to prevent confusion.

The Ministers of all the Russias, M. Bolsico was very late, and, after the speech had begun drove up to the gate in great haste, the horses covered with foam,—when the coachman shouted to the guard—"open the gates in your pleee"—the guard shook his head and stood still; the footman next called out—"will you open the gates for the Russian Minister?" the guard again shook his head, without answering a word; next, the grand Minister put his head out of the carriage window, and called to the guard, "will you open the gates to the Grand Minister of all the Russias, Minister Plenipotentiary, M. Bolsico, I am the Minister." There was a great crowd around the gates within and without, and all this fuss created quite a stir. The guard drew himself up, and in a firm and pleasant manner replied, "If you were a free-born American Citizen, of these United States of America, you could not pass these gates now, is a carriage.

The crowd came very near giving three cheers for the guard, but better manners prevailed; and M. Bolsico, stepping out of his elegant equipage, and entered the side gate, with the sovereign people; his carriage remaining outside until all the ceremonies were over.

ANSWERS TO CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Vigilantes.—Is thanked for his communication, but we cannot enter into the local matter, about which he writes.

Agnes.—We must decline your communication, as it is not sufficiently condensed. We are persuaded you can do much better by some of the beautiful thoughts you doubtless have expressed.

Old Tom.—Is too much like a liquor known by that name, to be acceptable.

A Mother's Smile.—Is a theme that calls forth some of the sweetness of reminiscences, and the holiest of thoughts, and we should be sorry to see so good a subject sacrificed to such poor poetry—we have seen meaner definitions of boots and shoes. Dulladad.

And Skirt.—Yours is a strange letter, and somewhat like your signature. But why you should suppose that "store clothes" or "store pickups" make any difference in the "plan," we don't know. We should be as silly as you seem to be, if it made any difference with us—besides, how could we know what the condition or quality of your clothes is, if we were not told us? We've worked in middy mining claims ourselves, and don't entertain any such foolish notion. We think too that, however stiff your hand may be by grasping the pick, if you do not write with the tool mentioned, we could manage to read it.

Emigrant.—Shall be attended to.

W. W.—Will take months of cultivated study before he can expect to bring anecdotes if those he has sent are any sample, much less "nailing" poetry.

C. —Your "Brevioes under a Pine Log" are not exactly suitable for our pages. Yet they contain many beautiful sentences, which, if illustrated, any point would be very acceptable to us. "Don't you give it up so, Mr. C," but try again.

Q in a Corner.—Must produce something a little better before we can find him one.

The Three Tailors are declined.

Skillet.—Your article reminded us of a story we heard about ten days ago, of a young gentleman who commenced earning his living by picking up a yellow of a skillet. Your piece was nearly as hard to read, and would be much harder to practice.
**Literary Notices.**


That which Washington was, as a patriot, Washington Irving is, as an author. To attempt to catch the excellence of this work, or to point out the chief objects of interest in it, within the small space allotted to us this month, would be as fatiguing and ridiculous as to endeavor to cram an elephant into a cigar box... It is impossible to survey even a single page of this eventful history... Whether Washington be regarded as a son, a brother, a citizen, a soldier, a President, or a Man, one cannot but be charmed with the manly and noble qualities of his nature, and the clear-sighted brilliancy of his genius. We would say, let every one who can spare the means add these volumes to his library, and step by step, for himself, the progress of the man whose every action, thought and hope, were for his country, and that alone. What a wholesome and bitter reproof is this whole life, to the disingenuous and selfish motives of the politician of to-day—who to drop dollars into his purse, would sell himself to whole-sale peculation—considering the "stealings of office" as lawful plunder... So did not our noble Washington. Go then, politician, and sit in sackcloth and ashes, mourning over thy losses of soul... Let authors and publishers take a lesson from the "Father of his Country" to visit and teach thee to love, honor and serve thy country—in preference to thyself.


Mr. Wilson has embodied his three years' experience in one of the most interesting countries in the world, in a comprehensive and descriptive volume, of 400 pages. His views are clear and unprejudiced, his style is good and natural, and one becomes interested so gradually that to rise from its perusal, without reading to the end, is something like leaving a well-laden table before your dinner is half finished... This book contains a vast amount of very useful information, concerning its history, curiosities and wonders, and of the manners and customs of its singular people... We can recommend it cordially to our readers.

*Walker's Expedition to Nicaragua,* by Stringer & Townsend.

This is a hurriedly written book, of a hurriedly possessed country; giving a highly colored description of the mode of operation of its possession, by William Walker and his command, and containing the official correspondence with the United States Government, &c. &c. This book is very partial, and is doubtless intended to expose the errors of the Fillmister President. It will repay perusal.

**Juvenile Department.**

THINK WELL ON IT.

"Mamma, mamma, my kitty is dead, quite dead," sobbed a little child of about eight summers. "She did not seem sick this morning when I went to school, but now she is dead. Her eyes are all shut up, and her teeth are bit clear through her tongue. Oh! mamma was she hungry? If..."
she would only get alive again a little while—I would never, never, forget to feed her again."

"Did you forget to feed your kitty?" kindly inquired the mother. "Oh, mamma I did. Amy called for me to go to school, and I ran off in a hurry, without thinking of poor kitty. I left her to starve, and now she is dead, quite dead. Nurse says she is not better off like little brother—but all dead. Oh mamma, mamma."

Gently the loving mother lifted the little one upon her lap, wiped away the falling tears, and smoothed back the damp flaxen ringlets from her face. Then in low soothing tones she said—"Do not cry my child that will not bring back, but listen to me, and I will tell you of the time when I was a little girl like you, I had a mother, a dear good mother, but she was always sick so that she could not come to the nursery to see us, but nurse used to take and my little brother, to pay her visits every day, that she was well enough to see us. She always told us to be very quiet—so I used to go on tiptoe to the bedside to get the kiss from her pale lips. Nurse always talked in whispers to us there— and even little brother tried to "whisper" as he called it."

One day, when nurse took us to see mamma, the room was a little darker than usual, and mamma was too weak to talk to us. So nurse only let us kiss her, and said we might play with each other in the room a little while, if we would be very quiet. For a few moments I amazed myself by cutting paper; then little brother wanted the scissors, and I would not give them to him, which caused him to cry; so nurse was obliged to send me from the room. Well do I remember, as I crested the room, the sorry look of my poor mother, and how her mild blue eyes followed me to the door; but I did not go near her for the usual good-bye kiss. I was angry, and as I shut the door, I slammed it hard. I knew I was naughty all the time, but I would not be good. The next morning the house was dark and still—all over it. Papa walked the hall in his dressing-gown and slippers. Everybody stopped softly, and spoke in whispers. I tried to play as usual, but I was not happy. I longed for nurse to come, and take us to see mamma, that I might tell her I would never be a naughty girl again, and call her to kiss me.

Pretty soon papa came and said he would take us to see mamma. He lifted little brother in his arms, while I walked softly beside him; but, oh, how dark and changed was mamma's room! She was longer lay in the bed where we had so often seen her. The bed had been taken away, and my dear mother lay on a board—a very hard board—with a white cloth over it. She did not open her eyes, nor speak to us. There she lay with her thin white hands folded across her bosom, she had a large white dress on, but her cheek was as white as the dress. I laid my hand on hers; it was as cold as ice. Neither was...dead! The last time I saw her alive I passed by her in anger, and slammed the door. Now she was dead; she could not hear me tell her that I was sorry for being so naughty. Her lips were cold, and closed in death. She could not give me the kiss which yesterday I refused.

So it always is, my child; a duty neglected, or a wrong committed, may cause us pain for a whole lifetime. So we should be very careful to treat everybody and everything with kindness. Then if death takes them from us, we shall not have to suffer the pain of remorse for negligence and meanness, as well as the pain of separation from those we so much love. So think well on it."

I wish to all others, and to the young friends this month, that are good enough for a corner—but we hope they will not be discouraged. I try, try again." He determined to write some good little pieces, and, if you are puzzled at first, you will find the pleasant task become easier and plainer, as you persevere.
walked the hall in his slippers. Everybody spoke in whispers. I had not been happy, come, and take me to sight. tell her I would go again, and ask her

arms, and said his mamma. He lifted arms, while I walked out, oh, how dark and a room I. She no long
sure we had so often had been taken away, by a board—a very white cloth over it.

eyes, nor speak to us. She had a long

back was as white

by love, it

Mother was dead

ever I passed by

the door. Now

not, hear me tell

lying so

and closed in death.

as the kiss which pas

any child a duty

omitted, may cause

So we should

Annoy everybody

Then if death

shall not have to

serve for

as the pain of

so much love. So

Canan D.

and any contrivances

this month, that are

or a corner—but we

are discouraged. "Try,

written to write some

If you are pained at

in the pleasant task become

you persevere.

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