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A Little Story for Little Folks. My Dead Mother.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by James M. Harkness, in the Clerk's Office of the United States District Court, for the Northern District of California.

ERRATUM.—At the bottom of page 185, for sons read maidens.
COINING MONEY,
AT THE SAN FRANCISCO BRANCH MINT.

On the north side of Commercial street, between Montgomery and Kearny, there stands a dark, heavy looking building, with heavy iron bars, and heavy iron shutters, to windows and doors; and high above, standing on, and just peering over a heavy cornice, there is a large American eagle, looking down into the building, as if he meant to see, and take notes, of all that is going on within, "and print 'em too." At his back there is a small forest of chimney stacks, from which various kinds of smoke, and different colored fumes, are issuing. This building is the Branch Mint of San Francisco.

On the pavement, in front, stands a number of odd looking, square boxes, containing bottles with glass necks rising above the top, and in which are
the various kinds of acid used in the manufacture of gold and silver coin within.

In the street can be seen drays and wagons with men unloading supplies of various kinds for the Mint; express wagons with packages of the precious metal from all parts of the mines; men going up with empty sacks hanging heavily on their hand, all desires of having their gold dust converted into coin.

At the entrance of the Mint and you present yourself for admission; and, if it is tolerably clear to him that you have no intention of obtaining a handful of gold without a proper certificate; and more, that you have business dealings with Uncle Sam, he at least, wishes to see how gold and silver is made into coin; why, it is probable that you may be allowed to pass.

By the kindness of Mr. Lott, the Superintendent of the Mint, and the courtesy of the officers of the different departments, every facility was afforded me for obtaining sketches, and all the necessary information concerning the \textit{modus operandi} of coining, cheerfully given in all its branches.

To make the subject as plain as possible, we will suppose that the reader has just placed a bag of gold at the Treasurer's counter, for the purpose of having it coined. Here the Receiving Clerk takes it, and after accurately weighing it, hands to the deposit a certificate for the gross weight of gold dust received, before melting. It is then sent to the \textit{Melting Room}, where it is put into a black-lead crucible, melted, (each deposit is melted by itself,) and run into a "bar." A "chip," weighing about a tenth of an ounce, is then taken from each end of the bar, at opposite corners—one from the top, the other from the bottom side. These chips are then taken to the Assay Room where they are carefully analyzed, by chemical process, and the exact amount of gold, silver, and other metals contained in each chip, accurately ascertained. The Assayer then reports to the Treasurer the exact proportion of gold, silver, and other metals, found in the chips. The standard fineness of the whole bar is then determined, and the value of the deposit ascertained; it then awaits, in the Treasurer's Office, the orders of the depositor. When it is withdrawn, the depositor presents his certificate to the Superintendent, who issues a warrant upon the Treasurer for the nett value of the deposit; and, upon the payment of this warrant, in coins, or bar, the Treasurer delivers the Mint memorandum, which contains the weight of the deposit before and after melting, fineness, net value, &c. &c.

To facilitate business and prevent delay, a large amount of coins is always kept on hand, so that depositors are not required to wait until the gold dust taken in, is coined; but the moment the value is ascertainable from the Assay, the value is promptly paid the depositor: this is a great public convenience.

Now with the reader's permission let us see the gold bars accurately weighed in the Treasurer's Office; and let us carefully watch the many and interlocking processes through which they must pass while being converted into coin.

On leaving the Treasurer's house, they are first sent to the \textit{Melting Room}, where, as California gold contains from three to twelve per cent. of silver,
in the Mint, he presents his certificate to the Superintendent's Clerk, who issues a warrant upon the Treasurer for the nett value of the deposit, and, upon the payment of this warrant, in coin, or bar, the Treasurer delivers the Mint memorandum, which contains the weight of the deposit before and after melting, fineness, net value, &c. &c.

To facilitate business and prevent delay, a large amount of coin is always kept on hand, so that depositors are not bereft of necessity in order to extract it, to alloy the gold with about twice its weight of silver; and thereby destroy the affinity of the gold for the silver, this enables the acid to act upon the silver. For this purpose, the gold and silver are melted together; and, while in a hot and fluid state, is poured gradually into cold water, where it forms into small thin pieces somewhat resembling the common pop-corn in appearance; and these are called "granulations." The granulations are then conveyed from the Melting Room to the Refining Room; where they are placed in porcelain pots, that are standing in vats lined with lead. Nitric Acid is then poured in upon the granulations, in about the proportion of two and a half pounds of acid, to one of gold; and, after the porcelain pots are thus filled sufficiently, the shutters, by which they are surrounded, are fixed closely down, and the granulations and acids boiled by steam for six hours, by which process the silver and all the base metals are dissolved, while the gold lies upon the bottom untouched. The bright orange colored vapor that we see issuing from the top of one of the chimneys of the Mint is generated from this process. After boiling, the solution is drawn out of the pots by means of a gold syphon, (worth over two thousand dollars) into small tubs: it is then carried and emptied into a large tub or vat, twelve feet in diameter and six feet in depth—where a stream of salt water is poured upon it, which precipitates the nitrate of silver contained in solution, and it becomes chlorido of silver. The chlorido is then run off of the vat into large filters, where it is washed until the water ev-

is withdrawn, the depositor presents his certificate to the Superintendent's Clerk, who issues a warrant upon the Treasurer for the nett value of the deposit, and, upon the payment of this warrant, in coin, or bar, the Treasurer delivers the Mint memorandum, which contains the weight of the deposit before and after melting, fineness, net value, &c. &c.

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The taping from the filter is perfectly free from the acid. The chloride of silver is then taken out of the filter and placed in a "reducing vat" where it is mixed with ground down zinc and water. Oil of vitriol is then poured upon it, where by the action of the oil of vitriol upon the zinc and the water, hydrogen gas is generated; which, combining with the chlorine of the chloride of silver forms auric acid, and leaves pure metallic silver in fine powder, at the bottom of the reducing vat.

The silver is then taken out, and again washed carefully for the purpose of removing the acid, and the chloride of zinc that has been formed by the action of zinc upon the chloride of silver while in the reducing vat.

After the silver is thus thoroughly washed, it is placed in a hydraulic press, and subjected to the enormous pressure of twelve thousand pounds to the square inch, and the water nearly all forced out of it, leaving a compact, circular cake of silver, about ten inches in width, by three in thickness. These cakes are then placed on a drying-pan, and the remaining moisture dried out. The silver is now ready for melting, and making into coin; or, for use in the granulating process.

Now, if you please, let us return to the porcelain pots, and notice what becomes of the gold left in them. This is now subjected to another boiling process of six hours, in fresh nitric acid in about the same proportion as before, during which time it is frequently stirred, to enable the acid to permeate the whole of the gold in the pot.

After this second boiling the acid is held out (and saved for the first boiling process) and the contents of the porcelain pots emptied into a filter, where it is well washed with hot water, prepared expressly for this purpose, and the remaining nitrate of silver is entirely washed out, leaving nothing but pure gold. The water is now pressed out in the same manner as it was from the silver, and the cakes

**Locked up in a about three hours out and are ready.**

Let us now go. There we find among "shoe-mouth" colomel, and the furnace, and cover, and the on the eyes; we can see the receive the precious then put and its of copper to no 1000 to 16, fit off into what a
COINING MONEY.

locked up in a drying furnace for about three hours, when they are taken out and are ready for melting.

Let us now go to the MELTING ROOM. There we find men moving about among "crucibles," "shoe" and "ingot-moulds," and what not, in front of the furnace, and as they lift back the cover, and the bright light breaks upon the eyes; down in the white heat we can see the crucible, ready to receive the precious metal. The gold is then put into it, with a sufficient amount of copper to reduce the standard of 1000 to 903. The gold is then run off into what are technically called whether it is now of the fineness required.

These ingots of standard gold, each weighing about sixty ounces, of which there are from thirty-six to forty in one "melt" are then "pickled," which, being interpreted, means, to heat them red-hot and immerse them in sulphuric acid water, which cleans and partially anneals them. They are then delivered by the Melter and Refiner to the Treasurer, who weighs them accurately and then delivers them to the Assayer.

The ingots thus delivered, for twenty-dollar pieces, are about 12 inches in length, about 1 inch and 7/16ths in width, and about 1 1/2 an inch in thickness; yet for every different sized coin the width varies to suit.

They are now removed to the Rolling Room, where the ingots pass thirteen consecutive times through the rollers, and at each time decrease in thickness, and increase in length, until they are about three feet six inches long; they are then taken to the annealing
Room, enclosed in long copper tubes and securely sealed to prevent oxidation or loss of the metal. They are now placed in the annealing furnace where, after remaining for about forty-five minutes in sealed tubes, they are taken out and cooled in clear water. The "strips" of gold are now ready for rolling to the finished thickness and are re-taken to the Rolling Room for that purpose; and are afterwards returned to the Annealing Room and subjected again to a red hot heat for forty-five minutes, and again cooled as before.

These "strips" are now carried to the Drawing and Cutting Room, where they are first pointed; then heated, by steam; then "greased," with wax and tallow; and are then ready for the draw-bench. The point of the strip is then inserted in the "draw-jaw" and the whole strip is drawn through the "jaw" which reduces it exactly to the required thickness for coining. The strips thus gauged are then taken to the "cutting press," where, from the end of each strip a "proof-piece" is punched and accurately weighed; and, if found correct, is punched into "blanks" or "planches" at the rate of about one hundred and eighty per minute. Should any of the strips be found too heavy, they are re-drawn through the "draw-jaw." If too light, they are laid aside to be regulated, by what is technically termed the "doctor"—a process by which the strip is made concave, before the planches are cut out, and which gives them the required weight. This is an improvement only in use in the San Francisco Branch Mint and is, we believe, the invention of Mr. Eckfeld, the Coiner; and by which some thirteen thousand dollars in light strips are saved from re-melting every day. Simple as the fact appears, it prevents the melting of about four millions of dollars per annum, and is, notwithstanding, a great saving to the public.

After the blanks or planches are cut out, the strips are sealed and sent to the Coining preparation counter for the planchet, and amount received, and the Treasurer.

They are a the Treasurer, weight and if and *Committee to go.*

*The planches, the cutting press* where they are
COINING MONEY.

The "cutting press," where, from the end of each strip a "proof-piece" is punched, and accurately weighed; and, if found correct, is punched into "blanks" or "planchetts" at the rate of about one hundred and eighty per minute. Should any of the strips be found too heavy, they are redrawn through the "draw-jaw." If too light, they are laid aside to be regulated, by what is technically termed the "doctor"—a process by which the strip is made concave before the planchetts are cut out, and which gives them the required weight. This is an improvement only in use in the San Francisco Branch Mint, and is, we believe, the invention of Mr. Eckfeldt, the Coiner, and by which some thirteen thousand dollars in light strips are saved from re-melting every day. Simple as the fact appears, it prevents the melting of about four millions of dollars per annum, and is doubtless a great saving to the public.

After the blanks or planchetts are cut out, the strips are bent in a convenient shape for re-melting, and are sent to the Coiner's Office to be weighed, preparatory to making up his account for the day, and which, with the planchetts, must make up the gross amount received in the morning from the Treasurer.

They are afterwards delivered to the Treasurer, by whom they are again weighed and then sent to the Moulder and Refiner to be again cast into ingots.

The planchetts are then carried from the cutting-press to the Cleaning Room, where they are boiled in very strong soap-suds, from which they are taken and dried in a pan, heated by steam, and then conveyed to the Coiner's Office to be weighed. After which, they are sent to the Adjusting Room where each piece is separately weighed, and those found too light, are condemned belonging to the "milling machine," and by means of a revolving circular steel plate, with a groove in the edge, and a corresponding groove in a segment of a circle, the planchetts are home rapidly round, horizontally, by which process the edges are thickened.

The work of "adjusting" is performed by females of whom from ten to fifteen are employed, according to the amount of labor to be accomplished.

From the adjusting room the planchetts are taken to the Milling Room, where they are dropped into a tube.
and the diameter of the planchet, accurately adjusted to fit the collar of the

"coining press." After "willing" they are returned to the Coiner's office and again weighed, to ascertain if the weight is correct.

They are then sent to the Annoyed Room, where they are put into square cast-iron boxes, with double covers, carefully cemented with fire-clay, and placed in the annealing furnace, where they are subjected to a red heat for about an hour, when they are taken out and poured into a "pickle" containing diluted sulphuric acid. By this process they are softened and cleansed; and after they are rinsed with hot water they are well dried in sawdust heated by steam, taken out and returned to the Coiner's office, where they are again weighed, and afterwards carried to the Coining Room, to be "stamped." This process is performed by dropping the planchets into the tube in front of the machine, from whence they are carried by "feeders" to the "collar," into which they are dropped upon the lower die: the head die then descends, and by its immense power displaces every particle of gold in the planchet, and gives the impression upon both sides of the coin and the fluting on the edge, at the same moment. At every motion, the "feeders" not only take a planchet to the collar, but at the same time push the coin, previously struck, and now perfect, from the lower die, which rises and falls for the purpose of each revolution of the wheel, from whence the coin slides into a box underneath.

From the Coining Room they are again taken to the Coiner's office where they are weighed, counted and delivered to the Treasurer for payment to depositors.

There is one piece always taken out of about every sixty thousand dollars, coined into double-angles, and a similar amount from smaller coins, which is

ment day," as it is presumptuously called annually, at Philadelphia, and sent to the subscriber for payment to depositors.

We are surprised amount of coin is time, in such a venture, to find that every man who others have, and may be, we think, able to carry, the with a delay.

The following message, as the large amount of parts, are you can see,

|-----------|---------------|--------------|-----------|-------|---------|--------|-------------|
but they are carried by "feather" or "collar," into which they are bed on the lower die; the head descends, and by its immense pressure displaces every particle of gold or platinum, and gives the impression both sides of the coin and cutting on the edge, at the same time. At every motion, the "feather" only take a punchet to the die, but at the same time push the pressure, and now press the lower die, which rises for the purpose of each stroke of the wheel, from whence the dies into a box underneath.

The Coining Room they are taken to the Collier's office where are weighed, counted and delivered to the Treasurer for payment to the officers.

Here is one piece always taken out every sixty thousand dollars, two into double-eagles, and a similar amount from smaller coins, which are

The following statement, kindly furnished us by the officers, will show the large amount of

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<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Gold Coinage</th>
<th>Silver Coinage</th>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Total</td>
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<td>Dollars</td>
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COINING MONEY.
There is no information, more satisfactory, to form materials of judgment, than satisfactory evidence. Yet this, like all other human aids, is subject to error, where the mind becomes too much by nature; as to shut out rational probability.

Judges, knowing this, are careful, in their charges to juries to draw clearly the line of demarcation that distinguishes certainty from doubt; yet, notwithstanding all their care, remarkable instances have occurred where human life has been forfeited to its fulness and long imprisonment, to its natural dictates.

Some remarkable instances of this kind of presumptive evidence, are quoted in the second volume of that admirable work, Chamber's Miscellany, where life ever is destroyed, well worthy of the reader's perusal. Indeed, it is the duty of every thinking person, who may be called upon in the course of his life to serve upon a jury, to bear such instances in mind. Of the latter description—where life has been only spared, I will relate an instance never before published.

My grandfather, a wealthy yeoman, residing at a place called Henham, had occasion to attend a cattle market, held in the county town of Maidstone, in Kent, England. As the distance was somewhat considerable, he left every thing home to take, except his gold watch and appendages, which, at the time I am speaking, some hundred and fifty years ago, was of sufficient value to be of great consequence. Jogging along on "his ambling palfrey" he came up with a fellow horseman; and without ceremony, as was his wont, soon fell into conversation with him. He found him, I suppose, a man of much information, and travel, and when they had arrived at the end of their day's journey, where the coach started for the metropolis—London; my grandfather invited his fellow traveller to take dinner with him; but, he having pressing business, as he said, on the way, was obliged to refuse the civility; but the old gentleman would insist upon his sightly to take one parting glass at least. At dinner, my grandfather, who always retired early to bed, especially while travelling, put his hand to his fob, to draw out his watch, to observe the time; but to his astonishment, discovered that it was gone. At a considerable expense to the old gentleman, the hue and cry was soon raised, and no expense being spared, the country round was searched in all directions; but no sign of the watch or its pursuer appeared for nearly a year after. In due time an advertisement having appeared in all the London papers, a watch, answering in every particular to the description given, was traced to have been pawned three days after it was missed, at a house in Sheffield; and in a short time afterwards, the person, who had pawned it, was discovered, and lodged in confinement, to await his trial on suspicion of the theft.

The pawn-broker was unable to produce the article pledged, for his house had been burnt to the ground some months previously; but the transaction was so vivid in his mind, and the watch and appendages so well described in one of the books saved from the wreck of his property, that the judge, and the jury, on the face of that circumstance, as the person alleged by the watch being unable to offer such evidence, called the judgment on the face of the jury, commendable to the law's part.

The man, after convivial to the sentence of transportation, as he was supposed to be sure of death, for his obstinacy in offering one witness to his character. Some twelve years rolled on, and the affair was forgotten; when the lad, supposed to be the watch, made his way to the town in its direction, on horsefell to his master's house. It was London again, who made light of the retail taking the old dilapidated to make room for the instrument; an old sybile was hanging to the wall near most still; and, on taking a cup, some of the watch, chain, &c, were discovered attached to it. The lad, not sensibly, was sent to prison for production of the thing. Fortunately, the country was commuted the subject, and the prisoner in the trial, (Mr. John G. if I right
CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE. 155

was addressed by my father's attorney, and the innocent convict, after the King's pardon was obtained, which took nearly three months in preparation, was set at liberty. I remember well my father describing the seal, and the good King George the Third's signature. I too, remember asking of my father, when he related the story, what compensation the poor man had for his long, long years of penal servitude, in a strange land, cut off from his family, his friends, his country, his associations, his all that life holds dear; and received the answer—'His Majesty's Most Gracious Pardon, for a crime he never committed, and some ounces of red sealing-wax attached to a nail man's scrawl.'

It appeared upon the discovery of the watch, that the saddle was never used after the loss of the watch, that it was an old one, kept expressly for my grandfather's use, who, perhaps, may not have been fond of equestrian exercise, he being described as a stout man of heavy weight. He, pro bably being advanced in years, never made so long a journey afterwards, fearing the safety of the road.

The man upon trial, refused to offer any witness to his character, fearing his occupation, that of a smuggler, might be elicited in cross-examination.

Another, almost as remarkable an instance occurred, of a man who was convicted of murdering his fellow traveler, who had parted from the same bed, in a small village inn, the night before the usual market-day; in a locality, of which, I now forget the name. In this instance, the suspected one, his bed-fellow, was pursued and taken; and the purse of the dead one, found in his pocket.
This man's life was saved, from the
fingers of the law, by a miracle. After
condemnation, (there was a recommenda-
tion for mercy enacted in it in the
shape of a recommendation to transportation
for life) a child, who lived next door
to the inn, happened to mention, one
day at dinner, to her mother, that she
saw the supposed murdered man, by
the light of the moon, on the night in
question, sharpening a knife upon a
grindstone; at the back of the inn
yard; which yard, her window over-
looked. That the noise awoke her,
and that she saw him pick his purse
from off the ground where it had fal-
len, and put it into the pocket of the
pants he then wore. That the pants
were light ones,—the victims, own were
black.

The young man, his bed-fellow, on
awakening the next morning; it appear-
ed, seeing his bed-fellow lying beside
him with his throat cut, and his own
shirt, wet with his blood, on the spur
of the moment, thoughtlessly fled. He
denied all knowledge of the possession
of the purse that was found upon him
when taken, and this denial, furnished
the jury with an argument in proof of
his guilt. The blood was traced from
the grindstone, up to the bed-room,
into the bed whereon he must have
fallen dead; while his companion was
in a dead sleep; so that he must have
worn his friend's pants, burst his own
vest in the frenzy of the moment, to
proceed down stairs with.

The confidence of the little girl as
to this man's identity and her know-
ledge of him, confirmed by his having
given her, the day before, a few pence
to fetch some articles from the village
apothecary, which turned out afterwards
to be poison; and which fact, strange to
say, was not known on his trial. Her
recognition of his height, color of his
hair, &c., differing entirely from that
of the accused, became conclusive evi-
dence, afterward, in favor of his inno-
cence, and he then received a reversion
of his sentence, which, but for this ob-
servation of the child, would never
have been taken place; but his life would
have doubtless been forfeited, to the
requirements of a legal conviction,
based upon circumstantial or presumptu-
evidence.

THE SNOW-FALL.
The snow had been falling lightly
From the heavens all the day,
But the evening stars shone brightly,
And speckled the white earth's face.
The white-robed gentle mountains,
Seemed awed with sloth of snowy snow,
And the muffled voice of the fountains
Was mumbling far below.
Yet my soul was not with grieving,
And the snow-fall from the cloud
Seemed slowly and silently weeping
My heart in a funeral shroud.
And the trembling tear is starting
From eyes numbed to tears,
As I think of our last sol parting,
The winter of youthful years.
Alice, thy step was lighter
Than fall of the white-dusted snow;
And the blush of thy cheek was brighter
Than the Northern Light's red glow.
Soft was the snow's gentle pressing
The mountain lake's pure breast;
But softer thy soft caressing,
And the kiss which thy lips impressed.
The stars shone forth in splendor,
From depths of the midnight skies;
But brighter the glowing tender,
Of thy loving and soul-lit eyes.
My restless steps have wandered,
And mid the where the gold streams flow;
And oft with my heart bath pained,
The snow-fall of long ago.
To thy lips has been pressed the challenge
Of many a bitter woe,
But memories of thee, Alice,
Full softly as feathery snow.
San Francisco, Sept. 21, 1856.
This oak, so called, has scarcely any characteristic in common with any of the species of *Quercus*; of which there are no fewer than one hundred and fifty. The larger genera, of which this is not one, are difficult of distinction while the smaller are not properly defined. Oaks, like roses, are scarcely known in a wild state in the Southern hemisphere. They reach their most southern limits as far as Java; passing upwards, beyond the Equinoctial, along the eastern parts of Asia. They spread to the western along the Himalayas, and, reaching Europe, only stop at the Atlantic. They find also, from their Asiatic origin, to this line of eastern demarcation, then overspread North America, in abundant varieties; from Canada to California, and through Mexico, down to the Estuaries of Panama; below which, no trace of any, in a wild state, are seen.

Oaks are generally divided into three classes, *Robora*, *Piets*, and the *Cieces*. The first are the lords of the forest, with a large, long elliptic leaf, and producing long acorns with capsular capules. The second, is an evergreen, with smaller acorns; some species having small leaves, like the prickly holly, and producing diminutive acorns with almost globular seeds. This species abounds on the hills and vales throughout California, and is familiar to every one; it however, makes a poor tree in a forest compared with the former, and entirely exhausts, in time, the surface above its roots, so that little or no vegetation is seen under them.

The latter—*Cieces*, are very common all over the southeast of Europe, with exceedingly large leaves; some species, have a thick down upon them, and their seed-caps also are downy, furry or prickly. New species are being periodically added to, by botanist-travellers, and seem to be almost inexhaustible. To none of these species, however, does the *Quercus nigra* or poison oak bear any resemblance; except in its lower leaves. It is somewhat of a creeping plant, although it is devoid of tendrils, it rises stems bear a clear resemblance to the dogwood shrubs, with leaves like those of the maple; its flower is scarcely perceptible to the naked eye, and its fruit consists of clusters of small, round, pea-like berries, of hard consistence, approaching very closely to the *ahania*; its pericarp being formed of a hard, dry, indurated skin. It rarely attains the height of eight feet, and is not generally very bushy, when it has attained to this size. If it were not of so poisonous a nature, it probably would be noticed only by botanists; but its unceasing celebrity, on this account, forces itself on the attention of every one within its neighborhood. The manner in which it affects different persons is somewhat remarkable. People of a sanguinolent and lymphatic temperament, are greatly affected by its contact. The first symptoms are observable in a dull itching sensation, increasing more and more as the parts affected are irritated; until at the surface, first touched, becomes full of prickling sensations. Quick swellings then immediately ensue, until the whole extremity, whether of head, hand, or leg becomes infected; the appearance then assumes that of incen-
It is much to be desired that some reliable method of cure should be well known. Hibberto, its treatment has been confined to simple washes of solution of common salt in cold water, and nitrate of silver; the latter is not recommended by the writer from personal experience but any chemical almost of experience may be treated with its cure, as appears only to be the work of time, and no instance of a fatal result, is recorded of its virulence.

We hope to refer again to the subject, and shall be glad of any fresh information upon it, especially that relating to its cure, as it is becoming of considerable importance, especially to miners, who often suffer much from its poisonous contact.

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STORY OF A LIFE.

I saw two children, dancing in their glee,
Is the gay spring time, when the flowers were young,
Chasing the butterfly and humming bee;
And winking the gay birds that round them sung.

I saw two lovers, whispering as they sat,
In an old orchard, by a mossy well;
With eyes that with their light put out the stars,
Speaking strange language, that only eyes can tell.

I saw two graves upon the village green,
With pale spring flowers and violets overgrown;
Who are the sleepers underneath the stone?
Sept. 15, 1856. O. Y. B.

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Subjests of Discussion.

Is climate a moral influence?
Is the ruin of families works commendable?
Is it necessary that females should receive thorough literary education?
Or females to take part in politics?
Do dress constitute the moral part of woman?
Well, here I am, with my pen poised above this huge sheet of foolscap, ensnared in a descriptive dilemma. In taking a survey of the past with its innumerable wanderings, I cannot refrain from penning a crude thought or two to while away an hour of loneliness. I shall give my opinion regarding words, persons, dates, and times, connected with those sketches, even at the risk of being charged with egotism.

Precious ore in 1848, caused a golden epidemic to prevail. Its fearful ravages reached my northern home like the beautiful Ohio. We, like many others, had the golden fever; but slightly recovering, remained in a convalescent state until 1849, when we took a relapse, as the shout rang out on every hand, "Who'll go there?" Many, many times, we sat at nightfall in our cozy cottage home, talking of that far-off golden sunset land, and often would the husky red apple be eaten that lay upon the tray mellowing in the firelight; the cup of sparkling cider quaffed to the dregs, as the fire burned down to a few wasting embers, ere we quitted our castle buildings—be realized some bright day, far away in the dreamy and shadowy future. Many were the cricket chirpings we heard before we hid our heads upon the downy pillow. It was finally decided we should go to the gold regions. Then followed in quick succession all the annoying preparations appurtenant to such a hazardous adventure. Home, with its thousand and one endearments, in the vine-clad cottage, was in due time sacrificed for the vague uncertainties of a shadowy future. A year or two would not be long—and then, oh! how brightly the fire burned upon the heartstone, as we talked of the hair-breadth escapes we should encounter while gaining our (sure to be) millions.

The homestead was mortgaged for a few hundreds to defray our necessary expenditure, till we arrived where large pieces of ore were (supposed to be) lying around loosely. All was rancid, and ere the narrow's sun was up, we were to bid adieu to all we had loved from childhood, and which were engraved upon the heart by the magical hand of affection. The last night I remained under the roof that had sheltered me from infancy, was one ever to be remembered. The evening, till bedtime, was consumed in packing away many little articles for the pilgrim's comfort, which none but the watchful eye of a mother could have provided. With a nervous hand she placed in my hands a little gilt-edged bible, a parting gift, with an admonishing verse written upon the fly-leaf, which I still preserve as a holy momento of the absent. I sought my pillow at a late season, to waste the hours of darkness in musings of sadness, half regretting I had consented to make the unbroken efforts of the sea of an untied future. Should I ever be permitted to return to the old roof tree—and make the unbroken circle again complete—a group of glad and happy hearts, or should I fill a nameless grave on a foreign shore, where the happy birds, or the evening zephyrs would come to chant the end-quest above my lonely pillow. A
bright morning, however, vanished all
my repining; for, when I seated myself
at the breakfast table, perhaps for the last
time; slightly tremulous was my moth-
er’s hand when she passed me the last
cup of coffee I drank. I ate without
tasting; father, mother, sister and
brother all sat in silence, around the
table; each eye was moist with tears;
drops at the elbow of so long a separa-
tion; and the home was now real,
where smiles and merry laughter made
the old farm house oft times ring with
shouts of mirth and gaiety.

Every favored old haunt was visited;
The passionate embrace, the loving kiss,
and the last good bye were taken, and I
was gone. The iron horse, with a loud
smothered sob, bore me away from the vil-
ge of L——, that place dear to
memory. I closed my eyes—pressed my
hand before them to shut out the pain-
ful scene. I had just left a father
whose head was silvered over with age;
a mother, upon whose bosom I so oft
had pillowed this aching head of mine.
Oh, what name is half so love-
ly, or replete with so many thoughts of
childhood and helpless infancy, as
mother? What words in the whole
vocabulary are fraught with half the
meaning? I had also left with the
words, “God bless you” still ringing
in the ear; from those who had mingled
their ringlets with mine, as we crossed
to the schoolhouse together. I still held in
my hand a little booklet, containing an
auburn lock, lately severed from the
head of her, my only sister, whom I
love with an affection akin to mad-
ess.

“All! all! ye gone, I had
firmly set myself against crying at
parting; but still my heart clung to
home with such fond tenacity that I
could not restrain my emotion, and my
tears flowed thick and fast.

The gray dawn of another morning, found
us in the bustling, crowded streets of
Cincinnati, the queen city of the
west, where the boat Lady Dike lay
moored to bear us away. On the 12th
of March, the boat left the landing,
where the land struck up “Home! sweet
home!” As we stood upon the
deck the crowd gave three cheers as a
parting benediction. I never before or
since felt such a feeling of utter loneli-
iness—a feeling of abandonment and
desolation—as then had taken pos-
session of my soul, and when I saw the
last handkerchief waving an adieu in
distance, I felt this to be the last
visible link that bound me to my na-
tive country, and I wept freely, over-
powered as I was, with mingled feel-
ings of regret and pain. I will here
draw the curtain, to hide from the busy
world these scenes of frequent parting,
to tell you in No. 2, how the Califor-
nians prospered.

A wily correspondent sends us the
following notice of a brief street collo-
quy held between a maiden lady of a
little beyond a certain age, and a new-
ly married femine:—

“So you are going to keep house, are
you?” said the elderly maiden.

“Yes,” was the reply.

“Going to have a girl, I suppose,”
was then queried.

The newly married lady, and
to her quickly responded that—

“She really didn’t know whether it
would be a boy or girl?”
DREAMS—A REVERIE.

By Col. Jemsa Pipes, of Pikeville.

How singular, and at the same time how beautiful it is, that when we dream of the dear departed—of those whom we have loved in life, and with whom the happiest hours of our existence have been passed, how strange it is, that they appear to us in all the truthfulness of reality, and the scenes of our youth are present with us once again, and the voice, the glance, the pressure of the hand, and the warm kiss of those dear ones who reared us in our helplessness and infancy, are as distinct as when we were blessed with their presence on earth.

Last night I "dreamed a dream," that made me for a time forget that I was growing old—made me forget that I was thousands of miles away from those who love me—that made me forget that I was the last of our family circle, (for out of twenty-two, but five remain, and I am the youngest,) that made me oblivious to everything—every trouble, anxiety and annoyance, and careless of the future; for I was once again at home—and the table was "set" for dinner—and such a dinner too! for it was Christmas Day, and there too, as I entered the room, (for I had just arrived from San Francisco, but I was yet a boy, and how I had got there I didn’t know, and didn’t care,) I was greeted with the love and kisses of father, mother, sisters and brothers; everything looked so cozy and inviting—nothing changed; and I thought it funny it was, that they all looked just the same as when I left, seventeen years ago! still I was a boy you know, mind that—for the most unaccountable and anomalous occurrences take place in dreams, and then to feel as I did, once again in life the warm embrace of a mother and a sister that I loved so well—to look into the eye of one whose love for me (however perverse or wayward I may have been) knew no variableness, and was in its depth unbounded—and to whom I could turn in the hour of distress or trial, with the full conviction that love only dictated her counsellings—to feel as I then felt, her dear hand in mine again, and hear her pleasant voice greeting me once more! Oh! I cannot tell you, or describe the joy that then possessed me, for all the time I fancied I had been for a long series of years absent, and that I had that day arrived from a long and tedious voyage—that I had come direct to the "London Docks," and I wondered how the ship could get in there from California!—and our old servant (who had been dead for 20 years) stood right on the gangway to look after my baggage—and he seemed so rejoiced to see me that it made me cry; and he said I looked "better than ever"—as though I hadn’t been away from home at all—and then, as we rolled along the street, I noticed that the shops were closed, and I asked him if it were Sunday? and when he told me it was "Christmas," I shouted for joy! the idea of a Christmas at home once more, after an absence of so many, many years!—then the snow was so deep upon the ground that the carts and coaches made no noise, and I thought it strange that there were no sleighs or bells; and then he said they’d been expecting me, and we were all on the look-out, and that
there'd be such rejoicing—such fun—and to think that he'd lived to see a "live Californian" that he'd heard master talk on so often—and would I take him back with me just to get a "thimble full of gold"? And then we reach the well remembered street, and we are at the door of the old homestead. There's the plate, the bell, the knocker with the lion's head that scared me so when I was a youngster. I rush up stairs and go into the nursery where "Ann," dear old Ann, who has been in our family more than 25 years, wishes me to come and be dressed for dinner, as it being Christmas day, I am, as a great favor, to dine with the family! I can't exactly "get the hang" of this, yet it seems all correct and natural. And then the door is softly opened, the thick red curtains closely drawn, the bright coal fire, blazing, spluttering, crackling, singing, hissing and curling round the bars, and ascending the chimney in one broad flame, that dazzled the eye and tingled the cheeks of us all. I had never seen such a fire I thought, except in San Francisco in May, '50! and yet I also thought I'd just come home from school for the Christmas holidays, and I asked if I might "read my piece"—yes, before dinner!—and when I told that in the evening when the games and romps commenced, it would be better, and more in order, I thought that a pretty way to treat one who has been absent so long a time in a foreign land, and I began to smile, but by the time the turkey was exposed to view, and the savory smell went up from numerous joints and dishes, the slight was forgotten, and with a clean place, shiny face, and very red hands, I was eating with wonderful aversity, everything within my reach; and then they'd ask me what I thought of California, and whether Oregon was anywhere near the North Pole? and what kept them alive; and if Australia (for I was going to sail thence the next day) would be as profitable to me as California had been—(for I was surprised, though an infant, to be very rich) And then, and then, the lights grew fainter, the room seemed filled with a sort of mist—I fell from a great height—I rubbed my eyes—turned over in my little cot—awake, and, alas! I found—it was but a dream!

I THINK OF THEM.

BY MRS. BUSTON.

When the antelope are roaming
Along the cim—cim—cimaled road,
Where past the icy stream is foaming
Beneath its tiny curvette—
When I wish thin was sent to walk—
Thou shafft upon the days gone by,
And leave a sigh!

When sols the moon above the mountains,
And clodous skies are puretly blue,
And sparkle in the light the furnaces,
And darker forms the lonely yew—
Then be thon melancholoeley too,
When musie on the beams I prove'!—
With thee beloved!

When wakes the dawn upon the dwelling,
And lingering shadowess disappear,
And soft the woodland songs are swelling
A choral anthem on the air—
Think—for that hour to thought is clear—
And then her flight remembrance brings
To by-past things.

To me, through every season, dance,
In every scene—by day, by night—
Thus present to my mind appears
A spintless star, for ever bright:
My solimentary delight!
A rose—so fair—so narrow—so rare—
I think of thee! —

"Sonny, what are wages?"
"Don't know."
"What does your father get on Saturday night?"
"Tight as a brick,—shame on him!"
A more thorough knowledge of the geography of the American continent was attained by the masses in the United States, in 1849, than could have been disseminated in twenty years, by all the common schools from Maine to Texas. The all-absorbing topic of conversation and subject of geographical research, were the nearest and most expeditious routes to the newly discovered El Dorado. The dreary passage around Cape Horn, seemed interminable to the impatient Hotspurs who were eager to delve into California's golden mountains at once. The route through Mexico seemed hazardous to a people passing it on a peaceful expedition, who had just returned from that country as victorious soldiers. The routes through Texas and New Mexico had been but little explored and were consequently but little known. To cross the plains through our own territories required patience, as no trains would start until the opening of spring, and with the yellow fever raging in our brain, three months' delay was equal to a century in ordinary times. The Isthmus of Darien seemed to offer the greatest inducements to the California-bound adventurer, and in common with thousands of others, I determined to embark for Chagres.

The steamerGalveston sailed from New Orleans for that port on the 15th of February, 1849, with as cheerful a lot of passengers as ever trod a deck. We bade good-bye to our friends on the levee, and steamed down the river, with light hearts and bright hopes. A
into a company for that purpose. Sixteen hours sailing up the island-studded Bay of Honduras, brought us to the last-built city of Omoa.

The only object of interest which we found here was a dilapidated fortress, built about a century and a half ago by the Spaniards. For want of proper care, it is fast going to ruin. Its loopholed parapets are crumbling into dust, and its time-worn bastions are cracked and tottering. Damp and dismal muleteers to convey our baggage to the town serve as hurdles for the starvelings called soldiers. One leaves this place with a feeling of regret that the people who once possessed the energy to erect such a monument of their enterprise as this, should have degenerated into the apathetic race which now eks out a scanty existence among the nations of the earth.

We chartered a train of mules and muleteers to convey our baggage to Puerto-In-Union, a town situated on the Pacific slope, in the State of San Salvador, at the head of the Bay of Fonseca, and proceeded on our journey. To the admirer of the grand and beautiful in nature, our route afforded ample opportunity of gratification. Here, the trail winds its sinuous way around a mountain, "High as huge Olympus," and anon ascends to its very summit. On either side, shading the curly gourd vault from view, the majestic mahogany tree rises high above our heads, and joins its branches in an arch embrace; pending beneath its dense leaves we see the oval nut containing its reproductive seed. All around we find ourselves enclosed by the luxurious vegetation of the country. Several species of the cactus, the mezcal, the wild plantain, and the mango bush, grow so densely that but here and there you can see an aperture, through which beams a slant ray of the tropical sunlight. Quadrupeds, disturbed by our approach, dart wildly into the foliage, and disappear from view. The very atmosphere is musical with concordant warblings of nature's feathered musians. Suddenly we emerge from this picturesque scene, and find ourselves on the brink of an abrupt mountain. The altitude is so great, that we experience the frigid chill of a northern atmosphere. Far, far beneath, winds the serpentine road, until, at length, it so diminishes to our sight, as to resemble a cord laid carelessly along the ground. Uninterrupted by any obstructions, our view encompasses an immense valley, intersected here and there with sparkling rivulets, "meandering onward to the deep." Its green carpet is studded with unpretending, tiny habitations. One among the number, locums high above the rest: It is God's house. Think! the wind brings to our listening ears, the dying tones of a church bell! Our muleteers prostrate themselves, for it is tolling the hour at which the faithful repeat the "Angelus Domini."

We turn to the north and west, and in the far distance we discover the lofty tops of the Cordillera; to the east, we see the turbulent bosom of the ocean, "lashing itself into fury;" to the south, and as our gaze is fixed on the magnificent scene before us, we are lost in admiration and amazement—we ponder, and we adore God.
The exquisite view we had from Mount Beautiful (so we destined the delightful spot I have described) had such an effect upon us, that we found ourselves but little impressed, comparatively, with the picturesque magnificence afterwards witnessed, although we frequently passed through scenes of grandeur and beauty that would challenge the admiration of the tourist.

In about six days after our departure from Omol, our stock of provisions was exhausted, and we were obliged to habituate our stomachs to the cuisine of the natives. We camped for the night at a small town called Santiago, near the river Layapa, (locally famed for its wealth in silver mines,) and, after our customary precautions in placing a guard over the baggage, and making our camp fires, several of us started into town on a foraging expedition. We had not proceeded far along the main street before our ears were saluted in the true vernacular: "Tare and 'ouns) ef that phiz' hasn't the looks of Erin stamped on it!" Being somewhat astonished to hear anything approaching to the King's English in that region, we naturally turned to view the speaker. Standing in the door of a more than ordinary looking casa, we saw as fair a specimen of an Irishman as you would meet in a day's walk, smiling and making all sorts of bowings. We approached him, made the usual conventional inquiries, and asked what fortunate degree of Providence had located him there.

"Och, false! it's a long story. Come inside gentlemen and accommodate yourselves to a seat."

We entered the door, and seated ourselves on a rude bench of home manufacture. Our new acquaintance retired to the back part of the house, but soon returned with a calabash and a couple of gourds.

"Sure, it's a good wind blowed ye this way. Och, it's an awful relate to the eyes to see the undomesticated, home-made boys. Here, gentlemen, take a drop of this an' it'll do ye a power of good," said he, handing us the calabash and gourds. "If it's not as good as the male poten, sure it's the best they have in these parts. Whist!" said he, turning to me, "you needn't be delicate about taking it: it's a poor cow that was dilly on the first milks considered it, when cooked, na morceau recherché;
but our stomachs were not, as yet, suf-

ficiently accustomed to relish what we

looked upon as a "lizard fricassée." "Well, as I was saying, Mr. Ryan," con-

tinued our host, "Drymelougan and

a broken head are all one in the dic-

tionary. Bad cess to the Fair Day or

St. Patrick's ever passed without the

whole town making the doctor. Good

luck, or bad luck, it's one of them

manges I may thank for being now scru-

piled in this out-of-the-way place."

"Indeed," said Ryan, "I would like

to hear that adventure. It must be in-

triguing.

"Well, if it's amiable to you, I'll

tell you the long and short of it."

We all repeated the request that we

would relate the story. After a bum-

mer of agitated Blennis commenced:

"Ye must know, thin, to commence

at the beginning, that in the Old cou-
thny, on Fair Days, the boys and girls

gather into the town from all parts,

to drink and enjoy themselves. One

Bridge O'Connor, whom I had some

retirements to, was there, among the

rest. I met her in the morning, and

av course made my salutations to her.

"'Top o' the morning to you,' says

she. 'How do you find yourself this

fine morning?'

"'Very well,' says she, just as could as

you please, and turned around to Tim

Donovan, and commenced talking very

purlly to him."

"'Well, new ! thinks I, what's the

meaning of this... Surely I thought it

was amusing. I was. But no; there

she was—Bridget O'Connor—and she

smiling and laughing with Tim Dono-
von and turning her back on Miss

O'Connor. The blood of the O'Blen-
nises was up, and I had made up my

mind to make Tim Donovan pay the

affront Biddy had given me."

"'To thine own self be true,' says I:

and she turned her head from me.

"I was in a terrible rage, and the

drink I had in didn't at all find to

cool me. I turned to Bridget, and

commenced talking in a loud voice;

says I:"

"'Biddy O'Connor, ye think yerself

above decent people since your uncle

died, and left you a ten-acre farm bar-

rilne, wid a hundred cow and a litter

of pigs, and a mud house. I've seen the
time I wouldn't flip a happenney to be

the Lord Leftenant; but thin I didn't

put on the airs that the likes of ye do.

Have ye any idea of what I should come
to my father's to beg oatmeal and pru-
ties, to give yer old crazy mother when

she had the small pox so bad none of

the neighbors wouldn go near your house?

And Tim Donovan! What's he? Sup-

pose he has a few hundred pounds

(which the Lord knows whether he

came by honestly,) does that make him

anything but an impudent uppish

coward?"

"And so I knew I was quarrelling

with a bogey and I pitched into an

oven. The oven was soon cleared of

the men, and then we were left in two

parties—one for Tim and me, and the

other for Bridget and me."

"I was sore in a minute, and

a wicked vendetta I was to make.

The Sheriff was in town, and

arrived at the house of the Queen at

a quarter past two o'clock. Poor Jim

Donovan was hanged for his life, and

Tim Donovan was sentenced to death

for ten years. But Tim Donovan was

hanged, and Bridget was sent to prison.

She was made a wife, and blinded for

the whole transaction."

It was a terrible day.
CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

AN INCIDENT IN THE INTERIOR OF HONDURAS.

I, suft at we,,

And so I went on, till the first thing I knew I saw Tim squaring himself for me. I picked up a bog-shiack that was handy, and in I pitched into Donovan. The room was soon cleared of the women, and the men were divided into two parties—some for Tim, and some for myself. Tim and me had it right and left, until I saw an opportunity, and gave him a blow over the head with my stickish that laid him stiff on the ground. Barney O'Keefe came up to me, and said:

"For the Lord's sake, Pat, run; you've left Tim Donovan, and we'll all be hanged." I was sobered in a minute, and saw the awkward position I was in; but it was too late. The Sheriff, who was in town came in and arrested me in the name of the Queen, and the next day I was taken to Bunty. At the next sessions I was tried for manslaughter (for, rest his soul! poor Tim died), and I was sentenced to transportation for fourteen years. Biddy, poor thing! came to the jail and saw me before I was shipped. She was in a terrible state of mind, and blamed herself for the whole transaction.

"I didn't remain long in the employ of the government at Hobart-Town; for shortly after I arrived, an American whaling ship came into port, and amongst her crew was one Jim Delany, I had known in Jiantary in former times. Jim arranged a plan to show me away on the vessel when she was ready to sail, which succeeded. After a long cruise in the South seas we came this side of the line. Our vessel, unfortunately, springing a leak during a heavy gale, and we were obliged to take to the boats. Poor Jim got into the one with the first unfit, and must have either perished from hunger or drowned, as I never heard of them or the boat since. We, after much suffering, reached Puerto-In-Union, and were sent across the continent by the American agent at that port; but while I got as far as this place I was capti

vated by a dark-eyed señorita, and came to the conclusion to cast anchor in Santiago. So, you perceive, Mr. Rynn, how the Dymondling skrimmages brought me here." We were all greatly interested with O'Blennis's story, which, from the quaint manner in which he told it, ever since has been as fresh in my mind as though it were told but yesterday.

We passed the rest of the evening in social converse, alternating our jokes, stories, and songs with hampers of aguardiente, and the "wro hours ayant the twel" had crowded upon us before we bid good night to the jovial and generous O'Blennis.

At daylight we were stirring and preparing for our departure. I must confess that I awoke with a very uncomfortable headache. My scalp felt as if it had been tightened to its utmost tension; or as Edward suggested, "my head had swollen too large for my scalp.

We were soon ready for the road, and as we passed O'Blennis's door, we saw him hurrying out. He beckoned us to the house, and Rynn and myself went over to him.

"Come in boys," said he, taking us by the arm, "come in and dry a thrup afore ye love." I told him I had a severe headache, and was nainf to drink my more.

"Whiss," said he, "I have a bottle of the best medicine for that ye ever tasted—some pure cayou. Thre and fours, I only had one bottle, and I was ashamed to bring it out last night, knowing that it wudn't go round." The inducement was great, and in we stepped. O'Blennis went in a shelf and took down a bottle on which he lavished the most extravagant praises. We filled and drank each other's health, and then turned her head from me. I turned to Bridget, who commenced talking in a low voice.

"Biddy O'Connor, ye thin, ye above decent person since part died, and left you a ten-cent piece, whic' you rint' nine, wild a brindle cow and a sheen of pigs, and a mud house. I was green, and the neighbours will go near you; and Tim Donovan! Who! he pose has a few hundred (which the Lord knows who ate monetary) does that make anything but an impudent upstart!

"And so I went on, till the first thing I knew I saw Tim squaring himself for me. I picked up a bog-shiack that was handy, and in I pitched into Donovan. The room was soon cleared of the women, and the men were divided into two parties—some for Tim, and some for myself. Tim and me had it right and left, until I saw an opportunity, and gave him a blow over the head with my stickish that laid him stiff on the ground. Barney O'Keefe came up to me, and said:

"For the Lord's sake, Pat, run; you've left Tim Donovan, and we'll all be hanged." I was sobered in a minute, and saw the awkward position I was in; but it was too late. The Sheriff, who was in town came in and arrested me in the name of the Queen, and the next day I was taken to Bunty. At the next sessions I was tried for manslaughter (for, rest his soul! poor Tim died), and I was sentenced to transportation for fourteen years. Biddy, poor thing! came to the jail and saw me before I was shipped. She was in a terrible state of mind, and blamed herself for the whole transaction.

"I didn't remain long in the employ of the government at Hobart-Town; for shortly after I arrived, an American whaling ship came into port, and amongst her crew was one Jim Delany, I had known in Jiantary in former times. Jim arranged a plan to show me away on the vessel when she was ready to sail, which succeeded. After a long cruise in the South seas we came this side of the line. Our vessel, unfortunately, springing a leak during a heavy gale, and we were obliged to take to the boats. Poor Jim got into the one with the first unfit, and must have either perished from hunger or drowned, as I never heard of them or the boat since. We, after much suffering, reached Puerto-In-Union, and were sent across the continent by the American agent at that port; but while I got as far as this place I was capti

vated by a dark-eyed señorita, and came to the conclusion to cast anchor in Santiago. So, you perceive, Mr. Rynn, how the Dymondling skrimmages brought me here." We were all greatly interested with O'Blennis's story, which, from the quaint manner in which he told it, ever since has been as fresh in my mind as though it were told but yesterday.

We passed the rest of the evening in social converse, alternating our jokes, stories, and songs with hampers of aguardiente, and the "wro hours ayant the twel" had crowded upon us before we bid good night to the jovial and generous O'Blennis.

At daylight we were stirring and preparing for our departure. I must confess that I awoke with a very uncomfortable headache. My scalp felt as if it had been tightened to its utmost tension; or as Edward suggested, "my head had swollen too large for my scalp.

We were soon ready for the road, and as we passed O'Blennis's door, we saw him hurrying out. He beckoned us to the house, and Rynn and myself went over to him.

"Come in boys," said he, taking us by the arm, "come in and dry a thrup afore ye love." I told him I had a severe headache, and was nainf to drink my more.

"Whiss," said he, "I have a bottle of the best medicine for that ye ever tasted—some pure cayou. Thre and fours, I only had one bottle, and I was ashamed to bring it out last night, knowing that it wudn't go round." The inducement was great, and in we stepped. O'Blennis went in a shelf and took down a bottle on which he lavished the most extravagant praises. We filled and drank each other's health, and then
shook us cordially by the hand, wishing
us "God speed," and as he turned to
leave us a flood of tears rolled down
his manly cheeks. Ryan and myself
walked on our road a long distance,
without exchanging a word. He had
his handkerchief out most of the time,
and feigned to need it about his nasal
organ; but I noticed, that he always
closed it by using a corner of it at his
eyes, and, reader, is it necessary to
mention it, regret at leaving caused me
to imitate him?

The rest of our route across the con-
tinent was void of incidents of interest.
We passed through the city of Comay-
agua (the capital of Honduras) the day
after a battle between two aspirants for
the Presidency. We were told those
contentions were of common occur-
rence, and, from their frequency lost
the nature of remarkable events.

On the twenty-second day after leav-
ing Onoee, we arrived in Puerto-la
Union, on the Pacific—a town totally
barren of everything that would interest
the tourist. There was no vessel in port we could charter to bring us to
California, and it was impossible to
form any idea when there would be an
arrival that would afford us a passage.

The indomitable spirit of energy
that characterizes the American, there
is "no such word as fail," and under
any circumstances, as we had staked
for California, it was proposed that, in-
stead of leading an indolent life await-
ing a problematical opportunity of sail-
ing to San Francisco, we should build
a vessel capable of taking us there.

The proposition, at first seemed utterly
impracticable, as, with the exception of
timber, but little material could be pro-
cured for building a vessel. To those
who have courage and perseverance
however nothing in reason is impossi-
ble. All the old pieces of iron and
rope that could be scraped together in the
country were brought into requisition.

We laid the keel of our vessel on the 17th of March, and on the 17th
day of May, we sailed from Puerto-la-
Union, on board the José Céspedes, a
fifteen ton vessel, named after the
Commandante de la Port, who had
extended us every facility in his power
to procure the necessary material.

I will not fatigue the reader by re-
naming the many and wounding experi-
ences of the voyage. Let it suffice to
mention that we put into nearly every
port upon the coast between the Gulf
of Concepcion and the port of San Fran-
cisco, and as our vessel was too small to
carry a sufficiency of water and provis-
ions, we were nearly the whole time on
short allowance.

After one hundred and forty-five
days, (on the tenth day of October, 1849,) we
entered the bay of San Francisco, our
hearts overflowing with an excess of
joy, that at last after so much priva-
tion and suffering, we could look upon
the golden hills of California, and feel
that the goal of our hopes was reached,
and that our long, long journey was at
an end.

Women endure pain, poverty, and
the severest misfortune with more for-
thitude than men, but melt at the first
harsh words from those they love.
With her own heart open before her,
no true mother can speak harshly to
her child—the tone would rend the lit-
tle tendrils of affection that are cling-
ting to her, and, like vines in spring
 ruthlessly cut, they might bleed with a
fateful hindrance to health.
Oh! the vine that grew by my father's door,
With a dark and lonely shade;
How the sunbeams wandered there of yore,
And maid the leaflets played.
And the summer wind that wandered by,
Had no music sound before
It wakened delicate melody
In the vine by my father's door.

The bee and the bird sang:
They gathered sweets from the bells of bloom,
Till they tumbled o'er and o'er,
And the harvest moon hung bright again,
O'er the cornfields and the rye:
As the reaper gathered in the sheaves
From the fertile fields once more,
Brightly the first king tinted the leaves
Of the vine by my father's door.

When autumn came with its ripened grain,
And its garb of rainbow dye,
And the harvest moon hung bright again,
O'er the cornfields and the rye:
As the reaper gathered in the sheaves
From the fertile fields once more,
White was the cottage and low was the roof
Brightly the frost tinged the boughs
Of the vine by my father's door.

Oh! the home is desolate now,
And echoes no mortal tread,
Tall, rank woods, in the garden grow,
'Mid the pinks of white and red:
Gone is the mirth and cheerful sounds,
That were 'neath that roof of yore,
But still the wind goes wandering round
The vine by my father's door.

Greenly it hangs o'er the time worn sill,
And the rooftree old and gray,
But the fresh and bounding hearts in
That under it used to play:
But the leaves lay therein emerald crowns,
Till the zephyrs brushed them down:
Bright pearls of dew in prismatic hue,
O'er the vine by my father's door.

When spring was rich in her wealth
And her flowers of gold and flame,
To the glassy leaves in the misty dawn,
Oh! the voice of the past is loud the leaves,
That sigh as they did of yore,
And I weep o'er love's dismantled sheaves
'Neath the vine by the father's door.

 anecdote of charles xii.—
The mad king of Sweden, as he was called by some of his contemporaries, was a pledged man, if not a member of a teetotal society. Charles, as every body knows, in the commencement of his career drank to great excess. In one of his drunken bouts, so far overstepped the limits of propriety as to treat the Queen, his mother, with great disrespect. The next day, on being informed of his rudeness, he took a glass of wine in his hand, and repaired to the Queen's room. "Madam," said he to her, "I have been informed that yesterday, in my cups, I forgot myself towards you. I came to ask your pardon, and to prevent a recurrence of such a fault I drink this glass to your health, it shall be the last during my life." He kept his word, and from that day never tasted wine. In his subsequent life, no king was ever known to have undergone greater hardships, and no man to have enjoyed better health than this cold water monarch.

Splendid qualities break forth in dark times like lightning from a thunder cloud.

An old Vermont lad was asked by a young clergyman to what denomination she belonged.

"'I don't know," said she, "and don't care anything about denominations; for my part, I hold on to the good old meetin' house."
OLD FORTY-NINE.

NO. 2.

"Like the glooms of night retiring, When in splendor beams the day, Hope again my heart inspiring, Doubt and fear shall chose away."

Fill up your glass again, old friend: come, light another of those prime Junipurs—and, as the influence of the old wine sends a glow to our hearts, and the aroma of the halmy herb steals over our senses with its dreamy influence, I will try and tell you some reminiscences of old '49—a year, fraught with the reality of romance, of danger met, of difficulties overcome, of joy and sorrow, of hope and despair, of dreams, wild as Eastern fables, realized—of dreams, bright and enchanting, which vanished in the night of tears—ayo, bitter, bitter tears, which, in their weeping agony, struck down many a noble, manly heart, never to rise again, and silvered the raven locks of youth, long before the time. Still, there is a fascination in the memories of that time, when those of us who mingled in its whirl and excitement, call back with delight and intense longing for such days again. Aye, even here, old comrade, amidst this quiet, this comfort, this happiness which I now realize, I feel a pang, almost amounting to pain, at the thought that I shall never see their like again. It is almost ever thus. The traveller, from the burning tropics, treading the soil of his native land; the ship-wrecked mariner, rescued from the roof, and arrived safely in the haven of rest; thesoldier, home from the battle field, dreaming, perchance, of the very flowers of life, and the peaceful pleasures of his own fireside, the excitement and dangers of the camp, often feels stealing over his heart a yearning to mingle again in the "sea of elements;" to hear the low booming sound of the cannon, the whistle of the shot, the cry of agony, and the shout of victory. So with the untimely soul, who, wandering over this broad earth in search of fortune and adventure, is oftentimes the subject of an ever restless feeling which mocks the stillness and quietude of his earthly haven, after it is gained by much privation, exposure, and often at the risk of life itself; eager for the days of adventure back again. Back again! how my blood tingles at the thought boiling up as it does with the old lore of my youth. Ah! I can call them here—the spirits of departed hours, old friends, true friends, with strong hands and great hearts, who were my comrades beneath the giant pines, and told the scenes of the camp and watch-fires high up in the eternal Sierras, and which are before me now with their light flashing in the rudely joyous faces that sat around. But I wander from our night of hope.

Our's was a rare old ship—the Sally Ann, with a square, broad bow, and a square, broad stern, which for eight months bamped the huge waves like a great levitator. What were the knots got out of her in a gale of wind I know not now, but I well recollect our Captain in a state of ecstacy when, for a few hours on a evenful day, she bamped out six knots per hour, right dead before the wind. Then, in anticipation, we were mining in the great hills of the terra incognita of our hopes. She creaked in the fashion of a "fine old craft, all of the olden times;" and tricked and love to, and then carried
away a studding-sail-boom, by way of
variety. Sailing on the Atlantic, in the
course of the hot months we crossed the
line, doubled Cape Horn, and soon were gliding along the Pacific,
in an Indian climate dreaming away the
weary hours, and right glad were we to
be off the coast of California, and stand-
ing in for the heads towards San Fran-
sisco.

It was gloomy when we neared the
land; heavy fog had gathered all
around us, but by and by when it lifted
up a little, right ahead of us towered
the high mountains of the northern
coast, hiding their lofty heads in the
curtain of the mist. We were close
upon it, and could see the white waves
rolling and breaking upon the sandy
shore, and the trees and herbage grow-
ing upon the hills.

Land ahead! oh, it is a glorious cry
giving birth to an ecstasy of feeling
known only to the wanderer on the
deep. Oh, mother Earth! how we
loved thee then! How we longed to
spring with fleet bounds from our tardy
sailing prison and climb thy glorious
hills; to run, and gambol in thy green
glades; to feel the firm earth beneath
our feet, and to pluck, in our wild de-
light, the wild flowers of thy love and
flow them aloft in our jubilee. This,
in reality, is a sensation, which almost
repays by its delight for the weary
dreaming of a long and dreamy voyage.

Dear about? "Aye, aye, sir!" was the word, and the dear old ship
was round with a jaunty quickness
that made our Captain boast that there
was some life in the old craft yet. As
we made for the Golden Gate the
bright stars shone down in beauty
from the deep blue vault of heaven,
sending a radiance and a glory on the
peaks of the hills and the islands off
the shore. Far out to sea, a heavy fog
hung like a pall around the lake of
dancing light, but it soon lifted up and
rolled away, showing lights around us
on every side, like rival stars to those
above us, as they rose and fall with the
rolling of the sea. Ships from all
parts of the world are our companions
for the night, and their lights sent a
glow of pleasure to our hearts as they
glanced across the waters to our ship.

They were also steering for the land
of gold. Our pulses beat quick, and our
hearts were brave that night, as we
gathered in knots here and there upon
the deck, and spoke in tones of glad
ness of our fortunes in the Unknown
land, and the friendly clasp was given,
in upon the hills.

"Ready
about!" "Aye,
a y, sir!" was the word, and the dear old
ship was round with a jaunty quickness
that made our Captain boast that there
was some life in the old craft yet. As
we made for the Golden Gate the
bright stars shone down in beauty
from the deep blue vault of heaven,
Strange magic spell, over which space
influence stirred up memories of time,
looking out into the light, and up into
They told me, one by one, and I was
out to the Father in Heaven, but we bowed
our prayers that night went not up to
The gold-seekers came. The gold-seekers
The gold-seekers came. The gold-seekers
The gold-seekers came. The gold-seekers
They were pious, and after much
agreed that as neither of them
stood the modus operandi of
would be better.
they knew what
they were seek to get an interest in a
came to us a small
The same afternoon they
satisfactory arrangement of
sent companies, although in
joining, and with a willing
immediately to
work. In
and to the
neither the burning sun of
the chilling rain of
any loss of time to
unheed. They
remained
and waiting
them anxious and
otted to
the one
remarkably well;
not pay anything;
yet,
commenced working, the
both were equally
Months rolled
neighbor was
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WHEN IS OUR GEORGE COMING HOME.

Two neighbors, owning adjoining farms, and between whom a strong and pleasant friendship existed, made up their minds to journey together to California. In the season they arrived safely in San Francisco, and without loss of time made the best of their way to the mines. They were pleased with appearances, and after sundry inquiries agreed that neither of them understood the modus operandi of mining; it would be better, either to hire out until they knew what they were about, or seek to get an interest in a claim with a company who did understand it.

The same afternoon they both made satisfactory arrangements to join different companies, although in claims anxious, and with a willing hand went immediately to work. In earnestness and sweat, early and late they toiled; neither the burning sun of summer, nor the chilling mist of winter, caused any loss of time to them, and were alike unheeded. The remembrance of the dear and waiting ones at home made them anxious and diligent here. But it so happened that the one claim paid remarkably well, while the other did not pay anything; yet, when they commenced working, the prospects of both were equally encouraging.

Months rolled away, and while one neighbor was rapidly amassing a fortune, the other had not even made his current expenses. Yet both had worked equally hard, and both were alike provident in their expenditures. One morning, as they sat at breakfast, for they "cabinied" together, the successful one said to the other, "George, I've half a mind to sell out my claim and go home. I believe I would if I could get what it is worth."

"What will you take?" said one of his companions.

"Two thousand dollars. For that amount you shall have my interest in the claim, tools, cabin and provisions."

"I'll give it," was the immediate rejoinder.

The bill of sale was made out, the money paid down; and in one hour from that time, the lucky neighbor was ready to start upon his journey home.

Now let us for a moment contrast the two men. The one with his heart swelling with joy and pride, thinking of those his presence will soon make glad: the other, that when his companion and friend is gone, a feeling of loneliness will be added to that of disappointment, and long will he miss the cheerful converse and companionship of his kind-hearted and fortunate neighbor—even while he rejoices in his prosperity.

The thought that crowded most oppressively upon his heart was this; he could not even hope that his turn to visit the dear ones that were waiting to greet him at the old homestead would be likely to come very soon—oh, no. It is true that before the last blow was given that very day "they might strike the lead," and then—yes, then he too would have the prospect of going home, and in the dream of what might come to pass he forgets his disappointments, and as ever toils earnestly on. It is this thought that keeps hope always alive within the breast, and enables the miner to do prodigies of labor, suffer hardships almost incredible, endure privations and brave dangers that would almost appal the comfort loving souls of home.
Now, however, he cheerfully takes the labor-hardened hand of his neighbor, and although the tear of sorrowful regret rises to his eye, from the depths of a noble and earnest heart, he wishes him "Good bye, my boy, and may God bless you?" He would have added, and tell them at home the reasons why I do not come. However, I know you will do that for me, and I kind too, won't you? but he knew his friend and trusted him.

After all his old acquaintances had wished him "good bye," as they stood watching his departure, each one almost simultaneously remarked "Well, after all, he's a lucky fellow—isn't he?" "He feels all right!"—"He's got his pile," "I wish it was my turn!" as they walked away to their homes to seek, if possible, mental relief in bodily labor: and each one sighed and thought still more earnestly of his distant home.

Light-hearted and glad, the other sped on his homeward way, and soon welcomed with greetings and kisses from the dear ones who loved him. Neighbors and acquaintances heard of his return, and gathered around him, to ask all sorts of questions. Among the many inquirers, one of the most anxious was the wife of the unfortunate neighbor, who, with quivering lips and agitated twitches of the countenance, asked, "When is our George coming home? my George?" The thrilling earnestness of her look told the disappointment of her heart, when she heard of his discouraging misfortunes, and she again exclaimed, "Oh when, oh when is our George coming home?"

"Why, Thomas," interrogates a neighbor, "how is it that George has not come home with you—he went out with you, didn't he?"

"Yes, but he has not done very well, or otherwise he would have been too glad to have come home with me."

"Why," queried the neighbor, "has he not worked well in California?"

"Yes: no man harder."

"What has he fooled away his money, then?"

"No: no man is more careful."

"Well—that's strange. I thought everybody got rich that went to California and worked hard."

"There, neighbor, you, like many others, make a very great mistake. That I have done well, I owe to my very good fortune, and a favoring Providence, but I might have worked just as hard—"as many do for years—and made nothing: and this you will discover, if you ever go there."

It is truly astonishing how few men, up to this very hour, ever dream of the months and years of unremitting and unrequited toil, by the miners in California, without even saving one dollar. And yet, their hopes are only surpassed by their efforts to make a fortune, or live rather than return home without it. And what is the most heart-sickening of all is that friends at home should for one moment suppose their labors are not incessant, their efforts not constant, their exertions not unceasing; or that they are improvident, and, wantonly forgetting the claims of home, squander their hard earnings in frivolities.

Did friends but know how much is borne without complaining, how much is accomplished without reward, they would, rather than censure even in thought, write encouragingly and con-fidingly to the absent ones, and aid them in their struggle to be self-supporting.

It is the most certain kind that sooner or later, the California miner, with his reward, that one to renewed efforts, and than give it all, might sooner cease to be that he should come to the land and return without the reward, any moment fortune might mun him, and, in a few brief moments sufficient to make a man comfortable.

An elderly woman, with a purse and a variety of bundles and trunk, and an umbrella, inquired of a neighbor, "which is a steamer for San Francisco?" We told her there was no particular steamer. "But," she reasoned, "I am going to be blamed if I don't see one of them boats; for they explore sometimes, and it's 'ud be awful if you didn't know it to be blown in, and if you'll just show me one of what isn't got in yet, I shall be greatly obliged—whether you know, or don't."

We thought we were very probably grieved our inability to give her the information:

"The steamer does not always leave on time, and a friend or relative heart, they have the appearance of for instance, and what time... on the matter?"

"After such a storm, one never knows what Peter should do it."

"But his tears were as often as his grave and his tears as often as his grave; he's lying there for fear of
not come home with you—he went out with you, didn’t he?

“Yes, but he has not done very well, or otherwise he would have been a lot too good to have come home with me.”

“What,” queried the neighbor, “has he not worked well in California?

“Yes: no man harder.”

“What has he fooled away his money, then?”

“No: no man is more careful.”

“Well—that’s strange. I thought everybody got rich that went to California and worked hard.”

“There, neighbor, you, like many others, make a very great mistake. That I have done well, I owe to my very good fortune, and a favoring Providence, but I might have worked yes more hard—as many do for years—and made nothing: and this you will discover, if you ever go there.”

It is truly astonishing how few men, up to this very hour, are aware of the months and years of unremitting and unrequited toil, by the miners in California, without even saving one dollar. And yet, their hopes are only surmounted by their efforts to make a fortune, or the rather than return home without it. And what is the most heart-sickening of all is that friends at home should for one moment suppose their labors are not incessant, their efforts not constant, their exertions not unwearied, or that they are improvident, and wantonly forgetting the claims of home, squander their hard earnings in frivolities.

Did friends but know how much is borne without complaining, how much is accomplished without reward, they would, rather than censure even in thought, write encouragingly and comforting to the absent ones, and cheer them on in their struggle to gain the prize.

It is the almost certain knowledge that sooner or later, the Californian will meet with his reward, that encourages him to renewed efforts, and, rather than give it up, his noble heart feels that it would sooner cease to beat, than that he should come to the kind of gold, and return without the reward, when at any moment fortune might smile upon him, and, in a few brief months give him sufficient to make a whole life comfortable.

An elderly female with a heavy figure and a superfluity of bloomers and trunks, and an umbrella, anxiously inquired of us “which is the best steamboat for being safe to go in to Sacramento city.” We thought for safety there was no particular choice.

“But,” she reasoned, “I am afraid of them boats, for they explode you know, sometimes, and it’d be so sorry unpleasant you know to be blown up by ‘em, and if you’ll just show me one of them are steamboats what ain’t no billet in ’em, I shall be greatly obliged to you—for them, you know, can’t blow up?”

We thought it very probable, and regretted our inability to give her the comforting information.

Tears do not always flow from a sad and grief-stricken heart, even when they have the appearance of doing so; for instance, read what Tom Hood says on the matter:

“After such years of dissipation and strife,
Some wonder that Peter should weep for his wife;
But his tears on her grave are nothing surprising.
He’s laying her that for fear of it rising.”

THE IRON HORSE.

EDMUND BURKE, the learned blacksmith, thus eloquently discourses upon the iron horse:

“I love to see one of those huge creatures, with sinews of brass and muscles of iron, strut forth from his smoky stable, and saluting the long train of cars with a dozen sequacious milk from his iron nostrils, full gently back into his harness. There he stands, chomping and dashing upon the iron track, his great heart a furnace of glowing coals; his lymphatic blood is boiling in his veins; the strength of a thousand horses is serving his shoes—his pant is to go. He would not suffer St. Peter across the Desert of Sahara if he could be fairly lashed to it; but there is a little, sober-eyed tocsin-clowing man in the saddle, who holds him in with one finger, and can take away his breath in a moment, should he grow restive and vicious. I am always deeply interested in this man, for begimmed as he may be with cold silted in oil and steam, I regard him as the genius of the whole machinery—as the physical mind of that huge steam horse.”

Now for ourselves we want to see this “iron horse” snorting and puffing through one of the many passes of the Sierra Nevada mountains, and as it makes on, on, beneath the shadows of our densely timbered forests, or darts across or down our beautiful and fertile valleys; we don’t care if all the Indians in creation lift up their hands in wonder at it, or fly with fear from before it. We want a Railroad.

What care we if this or that political party make it a hobby, jump astride it, and seek to ride into power upon it; all we say is—give us the Railroad, give it to us somebody—give it to us anybody—give it to us everybody. It is the RAILROAD that we want; and
we will not quarrel about the source from whence it comes. We don't care who gives it, who pays for it, or whether it pays for itself—to us that is of lesser importance, altogether. Give us the Railroad, gentlemen senators and congressmen, and give it to us at once. No shirking, no shuffling, no log-rolling delays, no quibbling, no subterfuges, nor substitutes. We want the Railroad. Yes, we, the people want it; and must have it. And please not forget that we want it without delay! Progress prays for it—Commerce waits for it—Peace or War demands it. Then why not give it? Besides we want a visit from the old folks at home; and as we can't afford to go one way, we want to go the other, and there are many more just like us—too many. You who live in comfort and luxury at home must not forget the "red shirts" and workers here. Certainly not. Then there are a few of our acquaintances east of the Rocky Mountains, yet; and they wish to have a little pleasure trip to see us—drop in to breakfast early some morning, and after "passing out" a little gold—just enough for a finger-ring, to say good bye, and return by way of Salt Lake City, to see the "Saints" and elders, and their wives, as well as take a peep at the little saints, just to see you, know, if they are like other little people; and what is of more importance, find out if the saints of the masculine gender are simply men, or giants, that they can manage more than one wife.

Then, again, we want to send our friends a basket or two of our ripe luscious peaches, and a box of our "five pound bunches" of tempting, mouth-watering grapes, and a car-load or two of our forty-five pound watermelons, and a thousand other good things that we have, for dinner.

Besides there are one or two articles we wish to import in quantities—and the first to be mentioned is muslin, with a pretty, good-tempered, loving, kind-hearted, intellectual, and contented, lily-love, within it; or, if you will give us the latter we will grow all that we want of the former. Now if that one consideration is not enough to tempt you to give us the Railroad, we will talk to you about China and the East Indies, and—well, all the places and things that must come and go upon this great highway towards the setting sun, and the rising of empires on the broad and beautiful Pacific, &c., &c., &c., until you go to sleep; and, on awakening, find yourself a day behind the age. The "Iron Horse" gentlemen, the Iron Horse, THE IRON HORSE—give it to us at once, and our consequent prosperity shall tell you how much we appreciate the gift.

"MAMAM—How is it that you are always so early at church? Because it is one part of my religion, not to interfere with the religious worship of others."

[We hope that the gentlemen who wear chocking boots, and always enter church about the middle of the service, will, to oblige us, read the above twice over, and in future if he will come late, take his boots off before walking down the aisle to the farther end of the church; and when he departs, carry his boot-lick under his arm, in the same way he used to do his Bible.]

REMEMBER IT.—The natives upon the Isthmus of Panama have a saying concerning fruit, that it is gold in the morning, silver at noon, and lead at night.
Howard Whittingham, after closing the store for the night, seated himself in his little back room, and counted his gold. It was a small pile, and he looked dissatisfied. "It is five long years," said he to himself, "since I left my wife, my little ones and my dear old home in Baltimore—for what? Gold! yes! gold! and I have made but this paltry sum, after all my toil, privation, suffering, and hair-braintht escapades, I have only five thousand dollars in ready money. To be sure, I leave my store filled with goods, all paid for; and a pretty cottage, too. With this sum I might furnish it comfortably, and send for my wife. There's no use in waiting to get rich. I would as soon die as once as lead this hermit's life. But will she come, when I tell her she will have to live in a cottage, and dispense with the luxuries to which she has been accustomed all her life? Of course she will prefer her husband's society to all the luxuries the world affords, without him. At least, she ought. I will write at once, and ask her to come out."

The letter (extolling our mild, delightful climate and beautiful country; and, above all, the cottage home, waiting only its tenant to make it the most lovely and romantic place imaginable,) was written, sealed and sent.

Howard Whittingham was the only son of a wealthy planter in Maryland. He lost his mother in infancy, and was early sent north and placed under the care of a maiden aunt, where he remained at school until he completed his education, paying occasionally, in vacation, a short visit to his paternal home. At the age of twenty-two he married Annie Walton, a young lady of Baltimore, whose beauty won his admiration. Her features were regular, her complexion fair as the lily, with soft blue eyes and flaxen ringlets. A sort of wax doll beauty, and born to be but a pet or a plaything.

Four years after Howard Whittingham's marriage, his father died, leaving his son sole heir to his estate.

He entered largely, and less cautiously, into the speculations in which his father was engaged, at the time of his death, that, in imagination, yielded a large profit, but resulted, in reality, in failure, and, ere two years had expired, instead of a millionaire, as he expected, he became a bankrupt.

Annie, now the mother of three children, with less beauty and more brains than herself, was quite disheartened at the idea of giving up their princely residence, carriage and servants. Although Whittingham had been for some time in trouble, and often spoke of it to Annie, she paid little attention—impatiently replying, "Don't bother me with your business affairs. It is something I never trouble myself about."

At such times, Howard thought and wished that his wife would pay less attention to dress and more to his comforts. He still loved Annie dearly, and could not bear to see her deprived of her luxuries; yet, it was impossible to keep up their present style of living.

He collected what he could of his scattered wealth, placed his family in less expensive quarters, allowing Annie to still retain the carriage, though he could ill afford it, and handed the remainder, which was but a small sum, to a friend named Benton, to be paid her in monthly installments, reserving just enough to pay his passage to California.

He arrived in San Francisco at the close of the year 1849, and soon secured a situation in a mercantile house then just established. He remained clerk but a few months, for his employer became so well pleased with him, that he admitted him a partner in the concern. Now, thought he, I will soon return home, a millionaire indeed.

But fortune frowned again. Fire, that devouring element, in one short hour reduced their store, with its valuable stock of merchandise, to ashes.

All that was saved was a few thousand dollars with which to commence busi-
ness again. Nothing daunted, the firm with which Whitingson still continued, started anew, and was fairly launched in business again, when they were a second time harassed. The elements seemed to war against them. Yet they were not the only sufferers by the tremendous conflagrations of 1850. Many firms, like theirs, went down to rise no more. Disheartened, Howard Whitingson, after this last misfortune, started for the mines; but, unused to toil, he soon gave up mining, and opened a small store. Having no acquaintances in San Francisco, through them he procured goods, and was making money slowly, but steadily, as we find him at the commencement of our story. He had now been five years in California. Three years of that time he had passed in G——.

His wife, who had, through all his reverses, lived in good style on his hard earnings, did not relish the idea of following her husband to California, to live in the country, in a cottage. But a good opportunity offering, and having no plausible reason for declining, she, with her family, set sail. Benton, who had long wished to visit California, accompanied her. The voyage was a long one to him, for Mrs. Whitingson was, if possible, more inanimate than ever: the nurse was seasick a great part of the way, and the cares of the younger Whitingshaws devolved on him. It was with no little pleasure, therefore, that he first beheld San Francisco. Mrs. Whitingshaw exerted herself to go up on deck.

"Oh, my!" said she, "is that San Francisco? It looks like a desert, with shingles scattered over it. I think it is dreadful."

"Oh, how would be welcome tome," said Benton, "anything to get out of this!"

Howard Whitingshaw was among the first to jump on board. His wife looked about the same as when he left her. His possessions — a suitcase, trunk, and ten, had grown entirely out of his knowledge. He could scarcely realize that they were the same prattling children that he left behind him.

"How do you, look, Papa," said Eleanor, the oldest, "your hair is quite gray. I think Mr. Benton was mistaken, in saying you were about his age.

"I have been care and trouble, my child. You cannot realize all that I have gone through. But let us away to more comfortable quarters."

Benton followed, leading the little girls, and muttering to himself, that if he had such a wife he would sit her in the China closet.

Whitingham stopped a week in San Francisco, that his family might recover from the fatigues of the voyage, and then took them to his home in G——.

Benton and the little misses enjoyed the sail up the Sacramento river, and were delighted with the new and ever changing scenery. Arriving at the city of Sacramento, they stayed but a short time, and then proceeded to their house in the mountains.

The stage was crowded with miners. Some returning to their homes; others going to the country in search of employment. Their coarse and seditious clothing attracted the attention of Mrs. Whitingshaw, and she drew her shawl more closely around her, and crowded herself further back into the corner, that she might not come in contact with them, and was astonished to hear her husband make himself familiar with such rough and uncouth fellows.

It was quite dark when they arrived in G——; so Mrs. Whitingshaw lost the fine view of the little village, of which her husband had given her such a glowing description. Assisted up the steps, she entered the cottage and took a hasty survey of the interior. The parlor, dining-room, kitchen, with closets, and sleeping-rooms, were duly inspected, and Mrs. Whitingshaw sat down quite exhausted.

"My dear, you make no comment," said her husband, as he assisted her to

unite her bonnet. "Pray be seated, as a matter of course, and if it be what you expected?"

"I cannot say that I have been with what I have seen," replied his wife, "the most present, is perhaps the look better than the morning. Benton, who was much generally useful, bringing gage, and setting things in order to himself, as he heard her reply: "If anybody asks you who you are, she came with the fixed idea of not to like anything in California is the first time I have ever seen anything of character."

The little girls did not their new home, and were ping from one room to another, peeping into the closets and to the great annoyance of the maid of all work, who was about the place.

Mr. Whitingshaw looked seated himself at the table, disappointed that his wife's something was different in the mode. But when he looked three rosy, merry children eagerly rendering the catechism, over his companion. Soon after supper, Mrs. Whitingshaw said, "Benton and the children retire, afraid," said Whitingshaw when they were left to "that Annie is going to retire.

"I think," said Benton, "Ann is (as many other hall's before her,) prepared to sit in everything."

"She was always delicate, not yet recovered from the journey, Benton. In few days, things will be better."

"Perhaps," replied Benton, "all events, the children are birds unengaged, and that is the thing."

Benton stepped but a few the Whitingshaws. Annie
very real that they were practical children, and he
him.
old you look, Papa," said he cheerily, "your hair is quite
Benton, Mrs. Whittingham-saying you were absent his
a seen care and trouble, my
on cannot realize all that I through. But he, away comfortable quarters.
followed, leading the little
unto him himself firmly, with
was astonished to lie her.
right not come in contact with
ly around her, and decided
in the morning.
Benton, who was making himself
generally useful, bringing in the bag-
give, and setting things to rights, muted
themselves, as he heard Mrs. W's reply: "I only anybody to suit her.
She came with the fixed determination
not to like anything in California. It
is the first time I have ever seen her
show any decision of character at all.

The little girls were delighted with their
new home, and were gaily skipping
from one room to another, and
pooping into the closets and cupboards,
to the great annoyance of Maggie, the
maid of all work, who was trying to
arrange the tea-table.

Mr. Whittingham looked sad as he
seated himself at the table. He was
delighted that his wife did not find
something to commend in their new
home. But when he looked at his
three rosy, merry children, who were
eagerly devouring the eatables, a smile
passed over his countenance.

Soon after supper, Mrs. Whitting-
ham and the children retired. "I am
afraid," said Whittingham to Benton,
when they were left to themselves,
"that Annie is not going to like Cali-
ifornia. What do you think?"

"I think," said Benton, "that she
came (as many other ladies have done
before her) prepared to find fault with
everything."

"She was always delicate, and has
not yet recovered from the effects of
the journey, Benton. Perhaps, in a
few days, things will look better to
her."

"Perhaps so," replied Benton. "At
all events, the children are happy as
birds unchained, and that is worth some-
ting."

Benton stopped but a few days with
the Whittinghams. Annie's discontent
rather-increased than diminished, when
she was introduced to their neighbors,
two of whom turned out to be the very-
table men of the town whose rough
dress had so disgusted her.

"Must I associate with these people?" said she to her husband, one
day, after some callers had departed.
The butcher's, the baker's, and the
millman's families through called to any,
made themselves provokingly familiar,
and insisted on sending the children
over to spend the day, and holiday early myself. This is a little too
much. I hope, Howard, you do not
expect me to mix with or associate
with this rough set.

"You can do as you like, Annie.
But let me assure you, rough and un-
conform as they appear now, they have,
most of them, seen the time when they
have moved in as good society as either
you or I. Our butcher is a man of
talent and learning; was for several
years Judge of A county, Ohio.
Mistress came upon him, as it has
me; he left his country to better his
condition, and, as he found no practice
here, was obliged to do something to
keep his wife and little ones from
starving. Our house carpenter, too,
is a lawyer, from Maine, and finding
that driving nails paid better than lying
idle he went to work, and is now
quite wealthy. He owns one-fourth
of the houses in this place, nearly all
of which he has built himself. Do not
attempt, after this, my dear, to judge of
a person's abilities by his employment
here. In California, and all over the
world, every honest employment ought
to be considered honorable."

"Well," said Annie, "you cannot
deny but that they are rough."

"Certainly, they are, Annie; but
you must realize that most of them
have been a long time away from
home and the refining society of ladies.
I do not say you shall associate
with them, but these that have call to
day are among my best friends and customers,
and I am, in a measure, dependent on
them. I cannot say what effect your
refusing to call will have on my business."

"Very well. I do not wish to ruin your trade, and I cannot bring my mind to associate with those people. So I will go back to San Francisco, and stay through the winter."

"How foolish that would be, Annie. I could not possibly leave my business for any length of time."

"Stay here, then, if you prefer it."

"If I prefer, Annie? On this little start I depend, for all the comforts we are to have through the winter. Will you not stay with me? Speak out plainly, and it shall be as you wish."

And though the expense will be great, and it should be as you wish: you not with me? Speak out to have you through the winter."

Whittingham, who has a state of mind could hardly ask the friend of Esmond, whom she should be, some time, though he had no fear of divorce, or a divorce; still, after what Benton had said, he almost regretted having allowed her to go to the city, and after thinking the matter over for a time, wrote to her, expressing a wish that she would return.

After a long delay her answer came, saying, that she was having a delightful time, and could not think of returning to the dull country at present; and ended by saying, that she was very sorry he found it lonely without her. If she wished, she would send the children back, for they were some trouble to him; for Maggie had taken it as a delight to attend the theatre with a young friend of hers, by the name of Esmond, whom she should be, most happy to introduce to him. "Ye gods! Is the woman mad?" said Whittingham, crumpling the letter in his hand, and pacing rapidly up and down the apartment.

Benton, who was always by when not wanted, muttered to himself, "not mad; a lack of brains is the great trouble."

Whittingham passed a sleepless night, and early the next morning started for San Francisco. Owing to an accident in the machinery, it was eleven o'clock, one hour later than usual, when the boat reached the wharf. It was a bright and beautiful evening; the moon was shining softly down on the smooth waters, and rocky islands of the bay; but Whittingham, who had no mind to enjoy the novelty of things, where his family had rapidly thronged his wife's queer face, and was in his eldest daughter's arms from sleep in the door.

"Oh! pap! dear, she, sighing into his glad you have some that have a been so lonely. But Whittingham, who has a state of mind, could hardly ask the friend of Esmond, whom she should be, some time, though he had no fear of divorce, or a divorce; still, after what Benton had said, he almost regretted having allowed her to go to the city, and after thinking the matter over for a time, wrote to her, expressing a wish that she would return.

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of the boy; but Whittingham was in no mood to enjoy the scene. Immediately on landing, he hurried to the hotel where his family was staying, and passed rapidly through the hall that led to his wife's apartments. He rapped twice, and was at last admitted by his oldest daughter Eleanor, who was aroused from sleep by the loud knocking at the door.

"Oh, papa, dearest papa!" said she, springing into his arms, "I am so glad you have come. Ada and Clara have cried for you every night, and we have all been so lonely."

"But where is your mother?" asked Whittingham, who had worked himself into such a state of excitement that he could hardly ask the question.

"Oh! mother has gone out somewhere to ride, I've forgotten the place now. She promised to stay at home this evening, for we were dreadfully frightened last night. Some gentleman quarrelled and tried to shoot each other, while mamma was gone to the theatre, and she said she would not leave us any more; but a fine looking gentleman came, and urged her so hard to take a ride, that she went."

"Did any one else go with her?"

"Oh, yes. Mr. and Mrs. Winston, and one other gentleman and lady."

Howard did not wish to excite his daughter's curiosity by questioning her further, or by asking the reason of the gentleman who was so intimate to her mother. He doubted not, it was Esmond. How he burned to take the rascal by the collar and chastise him: and it grieved him to think of Annie's imprudence, thoughtless ways, to leave those beautiful children unattended, and hazard her own reputation for the sake of a moonlight ride. That moment, he heard voices on the stairs, one of which he recognized. It was Annie, bidding her cavalier good night. Howard could hardly restrain his rage as Annie entered the room. She looked rather disappointed than pleased, when she saw her husband, and holding out her hand to him, asked what brought him to the city?

"I wish you to return to O___ to-morrow, for I am not satisfied that you should remain longer," and he gave his reasons.

"To-morrow," said Annie, "is past midnight now, and I cannot pack my things; Maggie is gone and I have no one to assist me, so it will be impossible for me to be ready before the day after."

They retired, but neither slept. It was the first time she had ever been found fault with. She thought her husband excelling; and spent the remainder of the night in weeping, partly because she thought herself abused, and harshly treated; and partly, because she must leave the city before the grand masquerade ball came off, that had been so long talked of, and which she had promised to attend with Esmond, whom she believed to be a perfect gentleman, despite her husband's assertions to the contrary.

The next morning, her friend, a Mrs. Southwell, who boarded at the hotel, noticing her red and swollen eyes and sad expression, drew her aside and asked the cause of her unhappiness.

Annie after a little hesitation, related to her the arrival of her husband, his anger, and determination to remove her specifically from the city.

Mrs. Southwell advised her not to honor his whins too readily; at all events take the excursion on horseback, she had that morning promised.

Annie replied "that it was impossible" for her husband had forbidden her leaving the children alone, and would be very angry if she went out again, either walking, or riding with Esmond.

"I will take care of your children, and your husband need not know that you are out of the house, if you don't wish it. Though if I were in your place I would be independent about it, and show that I had a will, as well as myself."

While they were yet talking, Esmond joined them with whip in hand.
equipped for the ride, promising Annie to return in an hour if she would accompany him. After some persuasion she concluded to go.

They had just started when Mr. Whittinghain returned, surprised to find a stranger in the room, amusing the children; he asked for his wife, and was informed by Mrs. Southwell that she was out riding. She did not say with whom nor did Whittinghain ask, though he turned pale with anger. He placed himself by the door, at the main entrance of the hotel, that he might observe without being observed, but he was not the only one that was watching. Esmond's friends had observed Whittinghain's movements, and were watching anxiously the approach of the equerrians, and the grand finale.

At last, after an absence of two hours, they rode up to the door. Esmond saw only his friends in the doorway, for Whittinghain was out of sight. Springing from the saddle he assisted Annie to alight, then whispering a few words in her ear he raised her small gloved hand to his lips.

"Villain take that," said Whittinghain aiming a low shot with his heavy six-gun. Esmond saw only his friends in the doorway, but he was not the only one that was watching. Annie, placing her hand in his lips, promised he would break; for they knew that something dreadful had happened, though neither of them were old enough to realize the great misfortune that thus early overshadowed their young lives.

"Cease your railing, Annie," said Whittinghain. You are already forgiven, pray dry your tears and listen, for I will speak of these dear children who will in a few hours be fatherless. A double duty devolves on you."

"Oh! Annie, my wife I promise me to discharge that duty faithfully, watch over these precious treasures as I have watched over you, teach them as I would have done, to be wise, and useful, and good. As soon as possible after I am gone, return with them to Baltimore. Promise me that or I cannot die in peace?"

Annie, placing her hand in his, promised to fulfill his wishes.

Whittinghain, faint from the loss of blood paused a few moments, then calling Nelly, the eldest daughter to him, kissed, and exhorted her to be kind and dutiful to her mother, to assist as far as possible in the care of her two younger sisters, and employ every leisure moment in study; for, added he, you will soon have to depend upon your own exertions for support. Nelly, taken by surprise, and deeply shaken brought Ann and Clar to him: he rallied, raised himself for a moment in bed and imprisoned the last fond kiss on their soft cheeks, then sunk back overcome by the exertion. His lips moved for a few moments in prayer, then, with a struggle, his spirit took its flight.

When Benton arrived in San Francisco, two days after the death of Edward Whittinghain, he found Annie a desolate widow, still watching by the corpse of her husband, but so changed in a few short days that he scarcely recognized her. She was pale as the corpse beside her, and haggard with grief. Care for the first time left its mark on her brow, a mark never to be effaced.

After following the remains of his friend to Yorba Buena, Benton made every exertion to find the whereabouts of Esmond, and have him a

Dr. DC

But he clched them, and took picture privately for Australia he lived well for a few months. One night won a large amount gaming table, attempting to re- his lodging, with his ill-gotten he was robbed and assassinated street.

Benton attended services, to his hope of finding a woman, he was not the only one that was watching. Whittinghain, saw her on board a steamer bent for home, to a returned a sufferer, but—o w melts.
MF 

of Esmond, and have him arrested. But he cheated them, and took his departure pretentiously for Australia where he lived but a few months. Having one night won a large amount at the gaming table, attempting to return to his lodgings with his ill-gotten gains, he was robbed and assassinated in the street.

Benton settled the affair of his deceased friend as quickly and quietly as possible, and placing the few thousands that remained in her hands of Mrs. Whittinghana, saw her on board of the steamer bound for home, to which she returned a sadder, but--a wiser woman.

A PROVERB.--How can a man who has no wings be "winged" in art all its graces, because in lighting a duel he makes a goose of himself.

MY MOTHER.

My Mother! Oh, what sacred tender feelings, Thro' my heart when thy dear name is heard;

Mother—my innocence's most sweet revealings,

Clustered around that heavenly cherished soul.

In vain I strive to fathom thy affection, Unknosw its depths and boundless as the sea;

In hours of joy, in sorrow's deep desolation, Ever the same in its fond love for me.

There's taught on earth flows onward as unchanging,

As that pure tone of feeling deep and strong;

The polar needle has its varied ranging,

No varying current bears thy heart along.

Thy life dwells mostly in thy love maternal;

Thy death a willing sacrifice might be

To bless thy child; such love is life eternal,

Shall it e'er perish? no, it cannot be.

When death shall doom us for a time to sever,

Father, give strength to say "Thy will be done."

Till I shall meet thee, where no more forever,

We part through all the eternal years to come.

W. H. D.

OAKLAND, CAL., Sept. 234, 1856.

DR. DOT IT DOWN'S NOTES.

A GHOST STORY.

In my ride through the north-eastern part of King's County, Ireland, in the year of grace, 1800, I had occasion to visit some of the most extensive bog districts of this part of the world; among the chief was that of the great Bog Allen. The bog has been the scene of many a fortune. It is twelve miles long by as many broad. It is only exceeded, I believe, by that of the greater Eastern Tullamore district, which spreads over a waste of nearly twelve thousand acres. Here the eye wanders in vain over the dull heath for some little relief, but no scenic or tree graces it—all is barren from Dan toide Bceernrlebn. Fifty miles journeying on this homogeneous wild, on a dark night, brought me and my tired horse to the door of a shanty of the poorest materials. To my mortification, the uncivilized landlord, in no courteous terms, soon made it known that he had no accommodations, although a broken board, in as broken English, proclaimed the intelligence: "Good accommodation, whether you are a man or a beast" which no doubt some mischievous wag palmed upon the untitled landlord as a sign of attraction.

"Why cannot I be accommodated? I can pay for what I have," I expostulated.

"Faith, you can pay for what you can't have; if you please; but I tell you you must promise to the next hotel; there you'll have more than you'll be wanting; but here you'll be wanting more than y'd'll have."

"Is there no house at hand, at a nearer distance than twelve miles? I shall be sure to be knocked up if I don't get knocked down, before I reach it. What is that building on the top of the hill there yonder?" said I.

"That's even the base ruin of the seven Holy Churches. Ye may take up yer bed there, an ye please; ye'll have the holy dead fathers' spectres to
I was too tired to examine it further, and sought the only habitable room, by the directions given me, and made want preparation I could to pass the night. It was a large vaulted room, filled with dilapidated statues, in various attitudes leaning and reposing on tombs which my torchlight rendered most gloomy through the darkness. A sensation of horror crept over me, as I discovered, in a corner, half-uncovered by a broken stone that had fallen on one side, the upper half of a skeleton, with a flabby niche on his head. I withdrew as speedily as I could, determined, however, to pass the night there, as the rain began to pour in torrents, and now and then relieved by fitful flashes of lightning, followed by loud bursts of thunder.

Drawing my blanket from under my horse's saddle, I made him lie down, and resting my body at his side, with my splint for a pillow, I made my rest. On a sudden, I heard a loud sound. Oh! there was nothing but the wind, howling through some old crevice. Then followed another. This I could not stand. So, snatching up my torch from the ground, where I had stuck it; in haste to discover the cause, I stumbled over my horse, who appeared dead with fatigue, and went out of the light. At that instant, one of heaven's awful glances of lightning lighted up the whole room, and a loud sound, like some immense gong, pealed through the vaults of the place, and reached the room in which I was standing. Turning my eyes to the direction whence the sound proceeded, I saw, from the window nearest me, one of the most alarming sights that the human imagination can depict. An old monk, with ugly cowl over his head, to which I had not accustom myself at first, and I did not trouble you more.
I was riveted to the spot with terror, and my reason deserted its abode to make way for unrestrained fear. Can it be real? Am I asleep? Is it a dream? No, I am wide awake. I hold on to the arm of a marble knight, who, in full armor, but minus a nose, seemed to enjoy my terror. Now came a pitchy darkness, with furious winds that seemed to shake the very earth from its foundation. Another flash there they stood, yet invisible, with their two skinny hands pointing to one spot. Another flash—they have vanished! the wind is hushed; the elements are at peace, and a dead silence reigns. I gave a kick to my horse, and made him raise himself, and with trembling hands adjusted the saddle, mounted upon his back, rode him over the tomb-stones, as the hazard of my neck; cleared the stone fence and rode like a fugitive escaping from the devil, who, I made sure, was following close behind; say, I could hear him laugh; I could smell the very brimstone of his breath. My horse partook of my terror, and ran I don't know how many miles without stopping. After some time I took courage to look behind me, and saw—nothing. The dawn was breaking, and I discovered the next hotel in sight. The girl had just taken down the only shutter of its only furnished room, and was feeding her fowls at the door. I lighted and went to bed, without saying a word, but with the determination of finding out the mystery; for a mystery there was. I had seen two ghosts, and I could not bring my mind to believe it in one. But some how or other my curiosity subsided with my breakfast, and I proceeded on my way, without closing up the matter.

Just six months after this, I had to retrace my steps over this self-same road, and on coming to the same inn, where I had been accommodated with a bed, after my fright, I found an unusual excitement at the door. A whole posse of police (constables, they were called them,) were escorting three men and a woman, handcuffed, on their road to the county jail of King's county. They were convicted of keeping a illicit whisky still, and had managed their illicit eremitic craftily so as to escape all detection. But an excise officer, hearing of some strange rumors of ghosts in the neighborhood of the celebrated Seven Churches, suspected some cause for their appearance, and had detected the landlord and his wife in the act of the performance which had so unnerved me; but they had not counted the cost of frightening a man of law. Their devilry could not "run away with the exciseman," for at the time when he was witnessing their performance, some of his men were witnessing another of a different kind—that of removing some illicit whisky, in the neighborhood of the holy Seven Churches; and had promised upon them and secured the whole party. They had traced an underground distillery, extending far beneath the foundation of the holy St. Kieron's abbeyle, making advantageous use of its subterraneous vaults to deposit their animated and life-stirring spirits among the dead.

How could I have been such a craven as to be defrayed by such a clumsy performance of Messrs. Deane and Co., the proprietors of the first hotel in the neighborhood, and who refused me shelter, I am only to account for, by the sensations of that lonely time and place, the frightful storm, and my wearied and exhausted body. There they were, sure enough, with two wagon-loads of grain captured, with the detestable gang I had heard. I had lanted a ghost ever since. This was used by them to give warning of danger to the gang of illicit whisky makers.

I have never had patience since to hear a serious ghost story; but have always had an inkling to repair my character by valiantly breaking the head of the ghostly story-teller, be he fogy or twaddler.

London covers 121 acres of ground.
"Where is the lad?" inquired Tom of his partner.

"He has just stepped out to get some wood. I have been thinking over the circumstances of old Wiley's death, and that of his wife. Depend upon it, there's some dark plot against somebody. This lad is born of very respectable parents. There is no doubt of it. I am almost sure the case upon that buckle is that of a noble family which my old master, that I was apprenticed to, worked for. I have often, it strikes me, when a boy, seen it on the spoons and forks in the butler's room, when I went to fetch the boots and shoes for repairing."

"What family was that?"

"Earl Elmores'. He must be some how or another connected with that family. How can we proceed to find that out?"

"That's not likely, said Tom. Such a fellow as old Wiley can have nothing to do with such a family. You are always romancing, friend, I can't believe you could live long without a mystery. Have you found the man with the buckle yet? There may be something in that. Doesn't one of the letters say something about the buckle?"

"Yes—if anything happens to you, send the buckle and the束cate, with the handshake, to C. B. —Wapping, under cover."

"Here is a clue then. Don't you know of some friend in England as fond of mystery as yourself, who wouldn't mind neglecting a good business and spending a fortune to see what morsels may turn out, eh?"

This is one of the many private conversations the two miners daily engaged in. The letters had been read over and over again, but were so framed, in secret phrases, with private slugs, that this was the only phrase that appeared intelligible to them. Who C. B.—Wapping was, they had no more means of discovering, than they had of the chief potentiates of the moon, if it were inhabited.

The lad had taken up his aloes with them and had endeared himself to them and all their friends. They would not allow him to do any violent work, his delicate frame evidently being unqualified for it. In return, he amused their long dark evenings by relating to them what he knew of books that he had read. Wiley had taught him to play on the guitar, and he was not only a good performer on the instrument, but displayed an aptitude at self-application in this and other studies as plainly foretold that it would one day become no ordinary character, be his future walk in life whatever it might be.

Their mining operations were attended by encouraging success, which enabled them to indulge the lad in any pursuit his mind sought after. They always found him cheerful and thankful. Their cabin, through his means, put on an appearance of comfort, neatness, and coziness as are seldom known in mining life. He was carpenter, doctor, and secretary to the whole establishment. Unlike most boys of his age, he seemed never tired of doing something, and his modest merits were appreciated by them accordingly.

"Come my lad," said Tom, as he entered, "throw down the wool, reach your guitar, and let's have a song. Today is the glorious fourth of July, and we will enjoy ourselves in commemoration of the event. What say you, brother Bull, will you accept Brother Jonathan's invitation."

"With all my heart, as this is my birth-day, I believe," said the boy.

"Ah, who told you so? Are you sure of such an honor?"

"Wiley always celebrated it."

"He did, he? The old men had one egg, then, in his rascality, to hang a violin on. Come, my boy, you look sad. Give us a song—something touching."

...
The boy doing as he was bid, strung his guitar, and to the exquisite air of Blockley’s Hurts and Homes—the author, of which, had he never written another melody, would have immortalized himself—sung the following:

Homeless as some pointless wanderer,
Of all that life holds dear, bereft;
On fish clerk mysteries a wonderer;
In the world the orphan’s left.

He never heard a father’s blessing;
A mother’s kiss he never felt;
He never knew a friend’s consoling,
And never sat an alter Lect.

Yet all a mother’s kindness showing,
With all a father’s noble pride:
A guardian angel ever caring;
They know there’s one who can provide.

There is a thing—and that He’ll send him,
Closer shining than a brother;
One through life that will befriended him:
With such a friend, he needs no other.

"Boy," said Tom, "these words are yours. You are not lost upon us.
Here, before the God whom you have invoked, my mate and I swear, (gripping the right hand of his friend, and breaking the clay pipe he held in his mother’s bony, his hand).

"Anon," said his mate, slaking his hand in his turn, and joining the other to the lad’s who was nothing enough to break his heart. "Cheer up, my poor boy, there’s comfort yet in store for you. It cannot be that a heart like yours is destined for ever to be sad. Come, get me another pipe. My thoughts were running like yours, in too dreary a channel. It ill becomes us thus to commemorate this proud day."

Tom had turned his back to give utterance to his feelings, which from the frequent motions of hand to head, appeared no less acute than the child’s.

"Cone," said Tom, wiping his eyes with his coat-sleeve, "I tell you what, mate, with another such season as we have been blessed with, we’ll go to the Old Country, and take our young friend with us, and find out his what ye says—call-em-Glumce, and if no other good will come of it, we shall have the satisfaction of having done our best to clear up the mystery.

"Be it so dear Tom, but hang it, I am sighing like a fish out of water, and hardly know what about so let us change the theme, and have a song or a toast in remembrance of the day."

With all my heart, fill up your glass and I will give you one. Now—Here’s to our forefathers who “struck the lead” of Liberty—may each of us in union, help to work it, and die to a man, before we ever see it “jumpe’d!” Hurrah! Hurrah!” Now you give us your favorite song of Tine P since.

Let Donna Fortune show her wealth and her power,
On those who life’s charms in them see;
In cot, or in love, give me but an hour
With my pipe, for “his dear life unto me.”

Come friend and come foe, come weal and come woe,
Any fare, here’s black it may be,
Through life quick or slow, I care not how I go
With my pipe—his dear life unto me.

Sweet mother of pain, 0 how great is the gain,
To the man who clings thus unto thee
Whatever my sorrows, all bright are my sorrows,
With my pipe—the dear life unto me.

If short be my stride, or I am a long life
But one joy remains unto me;
This should be my drift, I’d bless God for the gift
Of the pipe—the dear life unto me.

Thus, with toasts and songs, they spent the day.
Turn we now to a less hilarious event.

ALIKE BUT DIFFERENT.

Good wives to smelt should be a-din,
Always their houses keep within;
But not to carry (fashion’s looks)!
All they have upon their backs.

Good wives like echoes still
Speak only when they’re spoken to;
Fish out like echoes (most absurd!)
To have forever the last word.

Good wives like city clocks should rhyme,
Be regular and keep in time;
Not like city clocks should rev
He heard by all the vulgar crowd.
Montgomery street, San Francisco, who although an excellent surgeon doubtless, has employed his leisure time in making a highly-
finished, double-bored, revolving rifle, entirely his own workmanship and design, and a tool necessary to his occupation.
The barrels, and a revolving cylinder, containing seven chambers, are made of the finest quality of cast steel. The locks, plates, trun-
nings, &c., are forged from horse-shoe nails, exalted into steel. The tube-chamber, powder-bed, bands, thumb-piece, &c., are all made of gold, to prevent corrosion; and the whole are so beautifully and compactly fitted that, with a spring here and another there, pierce ruder and screens somewhere else, it operates with the ease and precision of clock-work. The cap-house, containing fifty-four caps, is fitted in the cylinder, and made to revolve as will, and entirely independent; yet, at each movement, a cap is thrown upon the tube by means of a concealed spring, and at each cocking of the hammer the cap is taken off and the tube left clear. The cham-
bers are loaded from the muzzle, by means of an extension rod which is mostly fitted be-
tween the two barrels, and is then securely held with a spring, and can be taken out and replaced easily and speedily. The lock is

so arranged that it can work with or without a hair-trigger. This

calibered a ball through a seasoned piece of redwood, sixteen inches in thickness, and afterwards struck an object at the distance of half-mile. Both barrels can be fired at the same time, if desired.

We should like to see the grizzly bear whose skull would turn a ball from this rifle. If the Doctor should take out a specimen, we understand he has no thought of doing—we believe such a rifle would become a great fa-
Vorous with hunters, and would bring him a pecuniary reward for his mechanical genius.

It is with great pleasure that we notice the progress of the mechanical arts in Califor-
nia, and the development of that mechanical skil which is a source of prosperity as well as pride to any State, and especially a new one like ours. One of the most beautifully

perfect specimens of mechanical skill that we have seen upon this coast we saw a few days ago at the office of Dr. E. K. Jenner, for

The encouraging favors extended to our Magazine, from contributors and friendly well-
wishers, leave us imbued in many grateful reminiscences of their kindness; and we trust our acknowledgments will be shown in

the progressive improvement of each department of our work, as experience teaches us our wants, and kindly solicitude adds to our

list of contributors and subscribers.

We can assure our friends that we are anxious to have a magazine that will reflect the thoughts and aspirations of Californians, and

make a lovely laer pass off pleasantly: something, that when the miner is tired with his hard day's labor, he can pursue with pleasure;
yet, something that the merchant or professional man can take up and find that his thoughts are drawn away from the business of
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Vorous with hunters, and would bring him a pecuniary reward for his mechanical genius.
We are glad to see that we have such men among us, and we shall ever be pleased to notice the progress of anything appertaining to California, and especially so perfect and beautiful a piece of workmanship as that shown to us.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 29, 1856.

Mr. Editor,—My Dear Sir,—I did not die to you, but much more I never do anything in a passion. I know you are better when I see that are better. I now, you are as much taken down as it is. What will my friends think of me when they see it? I tell you what it is. Mr. Editor, you have bruised my confidence. You shot to sell your book by exhibiting it as one of your distributors. You shot to make my name and my literary reputation secure prescribers for Hitchings California magazine without fashion plates—I know you did. Then another thing, you and you must consult your Artist about fashion plates. You are not there to say it. No I will warrant you haven’t. Now I can’t see no reason on earth why you should be so different to your own good, unless you are an old bookseller and then I don’t wonder at it. A man may know how necessary fashions are to fashions and women and that book without fashions is as much better than a ship that’s lost her rudder, and can go nowhere made. I know such a thing. Yes, the more I think of it the more I’m sure of it that your Magazine shan’t suited to the literary character of our fellow people nor never will be. Until you put the fashions in it, and of your own put on we shall take your books; and, if I should like to know how men is going to get along without fashions, we peevishly believe. You’ve got my temper up, for a month to that other letter of mine and now you may put this un if you like. I mean too, to find out weather you are a bookseller or no—if you are, you can no more make a sailor than you can anything else. I don’t want to speak too dignifying, because I want to see a California magazine, and as I am a little anxious about its doing well I may try if I can get safe sail. A man may want you and then you and the magazine will do fast into, and I’ll be bound she’ll be that you’ll be her fashions.

Mrs. Mary Newcomb.

Mrs. Newcomb, how do you suppose we feel after that lecture? Don’t you believe that at this moment we are prospecting for the smallest kind of a knout-hole, that we may creep through and be no more seen forever; but really “to leave this world and climb a tree?” Did you intend that “ahme should burn our evidence to ashes?” “What then is man?” The smallest part of nothing.” And you are not, for we will try with Shakespeare,

“"He was not born to shame:" Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit.”

And we will also add, that although

“"To man’s pride, His highest, worthiest, noblest boast To stand fearless in the presence of our lordly people nor none will the post-office, nor anything about birds, and claff; and I don’t know what. We are, however, sorry that we have "traded your confidence;" but if you had instructed us not to publish your letter, why we should never have dreamed of such a thing. Now, is that explanation enough? because we must obey the lady about that post-office business!

ANSWERS TO CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

K.—We felt about seven years younger, after perusing your article. All right, old boy, "Travel’s a good time coming;" yet.
thoughts that we cannot find. It is thus
thoughts are not there.

Alice J).~Your

"Dreams Of Solitude" require
much more care than you have bestowed
upon them.

"Judge," nowardaY if a
man looks into a court-room he is dubbed
"Judge."--"Oapius," "Doctors," &e.
&e., are almost as common as mosquitoes.
We belong to the "Sill privates," and we
are content. If, however, we are
a judge, your piece is criminally negligent in its
composition. Is that O. (.?
We have not examined your's yet.
Be patient.

Pedestrian...is received from a nameless
author but was too late for this month.
We known that the talent is here, and that
subjects of the most thrilling interest are
here, and, by degrees, we shall be favored
with good articles, and you need not fear but that we shall find
room for them.

June A.--Forwarded to you by T. M.
Y. C.--Your stanzas are unfortunately mis-
placed.

J. A., Queen Creek.--We know it: and not
only through the months of September and
October, but in many camps, as early as
the latter end of June there is no water to
work with; and this state of things lasts
until December.--Well, we suppose when
the owners of property have had their sleep
out, and their houses and lots are at the
dogs, they will wake up a little to the sub-
ject; although it is very hard for the willing
worker, God knows.

Alison M.--When a shadow can be caught
and clothed, we may be able to "fix up"
That's right, sit as close as you please, the closer the better, lay your heads in my lap, listen upon it, for I love little children better than anything else in the world. Why don't you know little ones, that you contribute more towards making this bright beautiful world what it is, than all else in it? We could possibly dispense with the trees, the birds, and the flowers, and reception by the public. Mr. Massett is the author of several beautiful and favorite pieces; among others, “When the moon on the lake is beamsing,” “The love knot,” &c. &c. Moreover, Mr. Massett is entitled the honor of giving the first musical entertainment in California. At that time we were dwelling among rocks, in the deep caños of the mountains, and remember only the over welcome visits of the “Pioneer Times” and “California True Delta,” each of which, frequently contained some literary gem from the fin-de-siècle and song-giving pen of Mr. M. under the euphonious appellation of “Jone Pipes.” The cheerful and pleasing influence of these pieces upon us, at such a time, will ever be tenderly cherished, and we accord him, always, our kind remembrance, and the very best of good wishes.

We see that Mr. M. is about to visit Australia and the East Indies; we bespeak for him a cordial welcome, and we hope it may be as pleasant as it must be pleasant. Good luck attend him—Always.

A LITTLE STORY FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Come draw your chairs close up to mine, and I will tell you a story that I think will please you. It is a true story, and I know by your bright intelligent little faces that you like true stories better than false ones; though “fairy tales” are all very interesting, and generally convey some good moral. That's right, all as close as you please, the closer the better, lay your little heads in my lap, listen upon it, for I love little children better than anything else in the world. Why don't you know little ones, that you contribute more towards making this bright beautiful world what it is, than all else in it? We could possibly dispense with the trees, the birds, and the flowers, and perhaps make a very comfortable world without them; but little children, you are more beautiful to look upon than all the flowers that ever bloomed upon the earth. Now I'll begin my story.

One morning not long ago, as I entered my school-room I held in my hand a large and very beautiful bouquet; indeed I never remember to have seen one with so many delicately beautiful flowers, and arranged with such exquisite taste. All my scholars gathered around me, hushing their praises upon it, and it seemed to me as if each bud and petal reflected back additional beauty, from the dozens of little starry eyes that looked so brightly upon it. Not that a bunch of flowers was such a rarity with us, for there is scarcely a day during the long, pleasant summer,
that they are not brought in and arranged upon the desks and tables—but this was such a beauty! After calling the school to order, I said:

"This beautiful bouquet, shall, to-night be given to the best scholar: the one that is perfect in all his lessons, and transgresses none of the rules of school. Now who will try to get it?"

Every hand was raised, and every eye gave assurance that they would be the winner of the beautiful prize. All went noiselessly to their tasks, and by noon I thought that I should have to buy twenty bouquets to keep my promise good. But in an unguarded moment, one whispered, another bade his seat, a third laughed, or made somecbody else laugh, and others made mistakes in their recitations, until I quite feared no little heart would be made happier for becoming its possessor. Two o'clock came, and, lifting the bouquet from the vase I asked:

"To whom shall I give the prize?"

A dozen hands were raised, but, upon being questioned one after another dropped, until but one remained up. Little Frank though but nine years old, had outstripped all his competitors—the hard lessons had been learned without mistake, and his conduct appeared to me very good. I received it with many thanks, and without a murmur of disapprobation from the rest.

The following morning the bouquet was returned to me with these words: Mrs. W—, I have brought back this bouquet, I could not keep it, for after I left school I remembered that I whispered once.

Never in my life, did a tear spring so instantaneously to my eye. He saw it and asked—"Did I not mean to deceive you, I quite forgot it when I took the bouquet, but I thought of it when I went home."

"It is not a tear of grief, but one of joy, to think you possess so noble a heart—keep it my dear little fellow for your honesty."

How do you like the story? It is only a little circumstance; but it is these little every-day transactions, that form the mind and character of the man and the woman. Life is made up in these little things, and all that is good, and true, and beautiful in the world is made of little parts. Washington, you know, never told an untuth. "I cannot tell a lie, Pa-pa, I did cut it with my little hatchet," said he, when he had ruined his father's favorite cherry tree. And now you have heard of little Frank's truth and honesty, you will say that that story is not without a parallel, and may all my young friends act nobly and as good as little Frank.

Your dear friend, Bessie.

MY DEAD MOTHER.

How long have I sat here in my little room and thought of the happy days long ago that I spent by my fond mother's side, and received the kiss of appreciation from those lips that are for ever closed in death? There is now no one on earth to whom I can apply the tender title of Mother. Four times have the flowers bloomed and withered over her grave, and the grass grown green and fresh from the sols that we placed over her grave. Though dead, she is near to me, near to me to-day, when living. Her form and countenance are impressed on my memory, never to be removed. Yes, the memory of that Mother is a thing ever cherished and very dear to me. Well remember when my father led me into the room, and between his broken sobs, told me that my mother was dead! I was then but a small child, yet I can distinctly remember the dreadful stillness that reigned in that chamber of death. And when the cloth was removed, revealing her cold, pale brow to my gaze—how long and earnestly I looked upon the calm sweet face—it was the last time that I ever looked upon it. Yet I can remember the many little acts of kindness that she bestowed upon her child.

Since her death, I have come, with my father, to the shores of the great Pacific. I have seen many strange faces, and watched them in the pursuit of pleasure, but amid the gay and happy throng, one word often rises to my lips to which no one answers: it is the dear, fond word—Mother! Francis B.

[If you are improving.]

They who put on no airs in times of prosperity, meet with respect and sympathy in seasons of adversity.
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