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

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PACKING, IN THE MOUNTAINS OF CALIFORNIA.

Miners in search of the precious metal, have penetrated the vast forests, explored the deep canyons, climbed the rocky steeps, and, eventually, many of them have made themselves a dwelling place among the rugged and almost inaccessible mountains of California. Thus shut out from the cities of the plain, packing, to them, has become an indispensable necessity; and is not only the means of obtaining their supplies, but, like the ever welcome expressman, a kind of connecting link between the valleys and the mountains.
In some of the more isolated mining localities, the arrival of a pack train, is an event of some importance, and men gather around it with as much apparent interest, as though they expected to see some dear old friend stowed away somewhere among the packs.

This necessity, has created an extensive packing business with the cities of Stockton, Marysville, Shasta, and Crescent City, but very little with Sacramento, at the present time.

We are indebted to a friend in Stockton for the following interesting information concerning the packing trade of that city.

The quantity of freight packed on mules in the counties of Calaveras, Tuolumne, Mariposa, and Tuars, from Stockton, is about two hundred tons weekly, or one fifth of the entire amount of goods weekly transported.

There are generally from forty to fifty mules in a train, mostly Mexican, each of which will carry from three hundred to three hundred and fifty pounds, and with which they will travel from twenty-five to thirty-five miles per day, without becoming weary.

If there is plenty of grass they seldom get anything else to eat. When fed on barley, which is generally about three months of the year—November, December, and January—it is only given once a day, and in the proportion of from seven to eight pounds per mule. They seldom drink more than once a day, in the warmest of weather. The average life of a mule is about sixteen years. The Mexican mules are tougher and stronger than American mules; for, while the latter seldom can carry more than from two hundred to two hundred and fifty pounds, the former can carry three hundred and fifty pounds, with greater ease. This fact may arise from the mules in Mexico being accustomed to packing only, and over a mountainous country; while the American mules are used only for draught. The Mexican mule, too, can carry a person forty miles per day, for ten or twelve days successively, over a mountainous trail; while it is very difficult for an American mule to accomplish over twenty-five or thirty miles per day.

The Mexican mule can travel farther and endure more without food than any other quadruped; and with him, apparently, it makes but little difference whether fed regularly or not; still, like animals of the biped species, he has no objection to the best of good living. They can, however, always be kept fat with but little care, and it is but very little that is required; while the American mule, to do only half the amount of work, requires good food, regularly given, besides being well cared for otherwise. The Mexican mule is very extensive. Downieville, Eureka, Morrison's Diggins, Stockton, Pine Grove, Poker Flat, Nelson's Point, Plumas, and the intermediate places in the county of Plumas, giving employment two thousand five hundred between three and four thousand mules employed in the various towns and north of Shasta, was one hundred and seventy-six in the winter of 1854-55, not including the animal.
PACKING, IN THE MOUNTAINS OF CALIFORNIA.

otherwise. The Mexicans consider them altogether too delicate for their use. Then again, from the steady regularity of their steps, the Mexican mule is much the easiest, generally, under the saddle, and a person will not often become as much fatigued from riding one a week, as he would be in riding an American mule for only three days.

The packing trade of Marysville is very extensive with Downsville, Eureka North, Morrison's Diggins, St. Louis, Pine Grove, Poker Flat, Gillanville, Nelson's Point, American Valley, Indian Valley, and all the intermediate and surrounding places in the counties of Sierra and Plumas, giving employment to about two thousand five hundred mules, and between three and four hundred men. From the town of Shasta, during the winter of 1854-55, the number of males employed in the packing trade to the various towns and mining localities north of Shasta, was one thousand eight hundred and seventy six. This does not include the animals used by individual miners; and, according to the Shasta Courier, of Nov. 11th, 1854, it would be safe to estimate the number at two thousand.

The Mexican mule, too, can carry forty miles per day, for five days consecutively, over a poor trail; while it is very difficult for an American mule to go over twenty five or thirty miles. The Mexican can travel farther without food than any drooped; and with him, apparently makes but little difference whether it is regularly or not; still, like the bighorn species, he has no use for the best of good living; however, always be kept fat, little care, and it is but very rarely required, while the American does only half the amount of good food, regularly does being well cared for

With this data a very fair estimate of the amount of freight packed from Shasta may be formed. Each mule load will average two hundred pounds. A trip to the most remote point to which goods are taken will never occupy more than two weeks—in many instances three or four days less. It is a very moderate calculation, then, to average the trips of the entire two thousand mules at two weeks each.

This will give a result of one hundred tons per week, as the aggregate amount of freight packed from Shasta—which, at the very low figure of five cents per pound, would yield the sum of twenty thousand dollars per trip, to the packers.

The principal places to which freight is thus transported from Shasta, are Weaverville, (as it is now called), Yreka, and the settlements around, and
The "bed-piece," hundred and ninety
which, with the apparent four hundred
pounds, was the whole pack placed upon a
On descending the
third splendid animal
when the pack over
threw him down he
him instantly,
May a mule, in
breathed his last in a
crash had tossed him
deep or coyotes.
Our mule was pass-
of a mountain, in Tri-
a long rock come out
and struck one of the
frightening others off

ACCIDENTS SOMETIMES HAPPEN
between those points. One is aston-
ished to see the singular goods that
are often packed across the Trinity and

Scott mountains, to those places; such
as buggies, windows, boxes, barrels,
bars of iron, chairs, tables, plows, &c.

In the fall of 1858, there was an
iron safe, nearly three feet square, and
weighing 352 pounds, transported on
a very large mule, from Shasta to
Weaverville, a distance of thirty-eight
miles, over a rough and mountainous
trail, without an accident; but, after
the load was taken off, the mule lay
down, and died in a few hours after-
wards.

All kinds of goods, at all times, are
not alike safely packed. A friend of
ours, who resides in Yreka, sent, among
other things, a rocking chair and
looking-glass, "and when I reached
there," said he, "I found that the
chair back was broken, the rockers off,
and one arm in two pieces; and the
looking-glass was as much like a crate
of broken crockery as anything I ever

A gentleman has also informed us
that in the summer of 1855, two sets of
millstones were packed from Shasta to
Weaverville, the largest weighing six
hundred pounds. Being looked upon
as an impossibility for one mule to car-
ry, it was first tried to be "shung" be-
tween two mules, but that being imprac-
ticable, it was abandoned and packed on
one. The following fact will give some
idea of the expense often occasioned,
as well as the immense weight some-
times packed, over a rough and moun-
tainous country:

When the Yreka Herald was about
to be published, a press was purchased
in San Francisco, at a cost of about
six hundred dollars, upon which the
freight alone amounted to nine hundred
dollars, making the entire cost $1,000.
A MAGAZINE.

PACKING, IN THE MOUNTAINS OF CALIFORNIA.

In the fall of 1853, there was a safe, nearly three feet square, and weighing 353 pounds, transported on very large mules, from Shasta to Arrowville, a distance of thirty-eights, over a rough and mountainous road, without an accident; but, after load was taken off, the mule lay down, and died in a few hours after.

All kinds of goods, at all times, are alike safely packed. A friend of mine, who resides in Yreka, sent, among other things, a rocking chair and jug-glass, "and when I reached I said he, "I found that the pack was broken, the rockers off, the jug in two pieces; and the jug-glass was as much like a canteen of crockery as anything I ever saw." A gentleman has also informed me that in the summer of 1855, two sets of mules were packed from Shasta to Arrowville, the largest weighing six hundred pounds. Being looked upon as impossible for one mule to carry, was first tried to be "slung" between two mules, but that being impracticable, it was abandoned and packed on the following fact will give some idea of the expense often occasioned by the immense weight sometimes encountered.

In the Yreka Herald was about 1855, a press was purchased at a cost of about one hundred dollars, upon which the owner amounted to nine hundred and ninety-seven pounds, making the entire cost $1,000.

During the severe winter of 1852, and '53, there was a pack train snowed in, between Grass Valley and Onion Valley, and out of forty-five animals, but three were taken out alive. It is almost incredible, the amount of danger and privation, to which men who follow this business, are sometimes, exposed.

One mule, in California, has breathed his last in a ravine where an avalanche had tossed him—to be the food of wolves or coyotes.

One train was passing the steep side of a mountain, in Trinity county, when a large rock came rolling from above, and struck one of the mules in the side, frightening others off the track; and killing one man and three mules. This can be appreciated by a glance at the engraving on the opposite page.

The "bed-piece," weighing three hundred and ninety-seven pounds, which, with the "quarries," ropes, &c., exceeded four hundred and thirty pounds, was the weight of the entire pack, placed upon a very large mule.

On descending the Scott mountain, this splendid animal slipped a little, when the pack over-balanced and threw him down the steep bank, killing him instantly.

Many a mule, in California, has breathed his last in a ravine where an avalanche had tossed him—to be the food of wolves or coyotes.

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It is truly astonishing to see with what ease and care these useful animals pack their heavy loads over deep snow, and to notice how very cautiously they cross holes where the melting snow reveals some ditch, or tree beneath; and whereas some careless animal has "put his foot in it," and, as a consequence,
has sunk with his load into trouble. We have often watched them descending a snow bank when heavily packed, and have seen that as they could not step safely, they have fixed their feet and braced their limbs, and unhesitatingly slide down with perfect security, over the worst places.

There is something very pleasing and picturesque in the sight of a large pack train of mules quietly descending a hill, as each one intelligently examines the trail, and moves carefully, step by step, on the steep and dangerous declivity, as though he suspected danger to himself, or injury to the pack committed to his care.

The packing trade from Crescent City, a seaport town about three hundred miles north of San Francisco, is one of growing importance. From thence most of the goods required in Klamath, and some portions of Shasta and Trinity counties, are transported. There is already an extensive trade with Jacksonville, (Rogue River valley,) Illinois Valley, Sutter's Diggins, New Orleans bar, (on the Klamath river,) and county seat of Klamath, Scott's river, Applegate creek, and several other prosperous localities in that section.

There are about one thousand five hundred mules in the packing trade at these points. It is an uncommon circumstance, to meet between twenty and thirty trains, with from twenty to seventy-five animals in each train, and all heavily laden, on your way from Jacksonville to Crescent City. The loud "hippah," "mooah," of the Mexican muleteers, sounds strangely to the ear in the deep, and almost unbroken stillness of the forest.

It seems to us, that the Mexican sings no song, hums no tune, to break in upon the monotonous duties of his calling; but, is apparently indifferent to every kind of cheerfulness, until the labors of the day are done, and then but seldom.

A large portion of the trail lies through an immense forest of redwood trees, and which, from their large growth and number, are much more imposing in appearance than the mammoth tree grove of Calaveras.

The soil must be exceedingly fertile, as the leaves of the common fern grow to the height of from twelve to fifteen feet.

On the trail from Trinidad to Salmon river there is a hollow tree, measuring thirty three feet in diameter, which is the usual camping place of trains, holding all the packs for the largest, besides affording shelter and sleeping room to the packers.

The distance from Crescent City to Jacksonville is 120 miles, and generally takes packers about ten days to go through.

There is now a considerable packing trade carried on between Union—Humboldt Bay—and the mining settlements on Salmon, Eel, and Trinity rivers; also, with the town and vicinity of Weaverville.

All of these trails across the coast range of mountains, are very rough, and almost impassable during the winter, from snow in some places and mud in others.

We are indebted to Mr. Dressel, of the firm of Knechtel & Dressel, of this city, who has just returned from a sketching tour in the north, for interesting particulars concerning the above trail.
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We are indebted to Mr. Dressel, of the firm of Kuechel & Dressel, of this city, who has just returned from a sketching tour in the north, for interesting particulars concerning the above trail.

"During the Rogue River Indian War of 1853, while Capt. Limerick's command was stationed at Bates', on Grave Creek, to keep the trail clear, and guard the pack trains against the Indians, an incident occurred, which is too good to be lost, altogether, and for which we are indebted to a source nearly as good as an eye witness; especially as the night was extremely dark. As usual, a strong guard was placed around the house, for protecting the provisions, groceries, liquors, and other valuables, that were stacked in the rear. A Mr. D. was not very comfortably situated to sleep, from the fact that the night was very cold, and he had only one blanket "to go to bed to." In this dilemma he remembered that among the other good things piled up, was some good old rum, and the thought struck him that if he could only secure a bitful, he could raise sufficient spiritual help, to make up rub." He knew the risk that he should run if he were caught at it; or, if the guard, in the dark, mistook him for an Indian; but, after debating in his own mind all the advantages and disadvantages, he concluded that the advantages were in favor of taking his chances, and having the rum. Steadily he went his feet, and cautious were his movements, and as lucky would have it, he succeeded not only in finding the right keg, and tapping it, but of transferring a portion of its contents to a large blank bottle, with which he had a "armed and equipped" himself before starting on his dangerous but stimulating mission. Grabbing and guarding the treasure with his arm, he groped his way with cautious movements, towards his solitary blanket; but, as fate would have it, the guard was awake! and moreover, to increase his trepidation and his danger, he shouted in a stentorian voice, "Who goes there?"

"A friend," replied D.
"Advance, friend, and give the countersign," cried the guard in a fierce and firm tone. At this critical juncture of affairs, D's presence of mind forsook him, and he hesitated in his reply.

"Advance, friend, and give the countersign," again cried the guard, in a trembling and confused tone of voice, as he raised his rifle to a "present arms," “fire.”

D. immediately, but cautiously, advanced towards the guard, and said in full, round, English:

“I've got a good bottle of rum.”

"Then pass on, friend," said the guard, "but be sure and pass this way, and give that countersign, as he lowered his musket, and shared the plunder.

The business of packing is often attended with considerable danger, as well as exposure, which the following incident will illustrate.

In the summer of 1854, Mr. Robert Woods, (of the firm of Tomlinson & Woods, boss packers, of Yreka,) was crossing the Scott mountain, when a shot was fired from behind a rock, which took effect in the neck of the mule he was riding; it fell instantly, scarcely giving him time to recover his feet—when, with great presence of mind, he deliberately aimed his revolver at the robber who had fired at him, and shot him; when he leaped up, exclaiming, "I am a dead man!" Two other men then made their appearance, with their rifles; but, while they were seeking a secure place, behind a rock, from whence to shoot, Mr. Woods made his escape, leaving his saddle-mule, saddle-bags, and money, (about $1,400), behind.

Packers on the Sacramento river-trail to Yreka, have been plundered of their whole train and cargoes, by the Indians, and their owners murdered. For two years this route was abandoned, chiefly from this cause.

The Mexicans invariably blindfold each mule, before attempting to pack him, after which he stands quietly, until the bandage is removed. A man generally rides in front of every train, for the purpose of stopping the train when anything goes wrong, and acting as a guide to the others; although in every train, there is always a leader, known generally as "the bell mule;" most of the mules prefer a white one, which they unhesitatingly follow, so that when he starts it is the signal for the others immediately to follow.

They seldom start before nine o'clock in the morning, after which they travel until sunset without stopping, except when something goes wrong.

When about to camp, the almost invariable custom of packers, after removing the goods, (by which they always sleep, in all interior houses, or in a blanket, which is rolled up to the top of the mule, and generally weighs about one hundred and twenty pounds,) they generally weight...
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ation of packers, after re-
goods, (by which they

always sleep, in all kinds of weather,
is, for the mules to stand side by side,
in a line, or in a hollow square, with
their heads in one direction, before
taking off the aparajoes; and then,
in the morning, when the train of
loose mules is driven up to camp to
receive their packs, each one walks
carefully up to his own aparajoe and
blanket; which he evidently knows as
well as does the packer.

An aparajoe is a kind of packaddle,
or pad, the covering of which is made
of leather and stuffed with hair, and
generally weighs from twenty-five to
forty pounds. These are always used
by Mexican muleteers, and are much
easier for the mule than a common
packsaddle.

When the toils of the day are over
and the mules are peacefully feeding,
comes the time of relaxation to the
men, who while they are enjoying the
aroma of their fine flavored cigars,
spend the evening hours telling tales
of some far off, but fair narratives,
or make up their bed by the packs
and as soon as they have finished
their supper, and lie down to sleep for
the night.

PACKING, IN THE MOUNTAINS OF CALIFORNIA.
CALIFORNIA MUSHROOMS, VERSUS THEIR FUNGAL

The Mushrooms and Fungi are
classed by botanists under one name,
Agaricus, which is the generic name
given to all the species. This
comprehends the whole of the tribe that bear
an umbrella shape, having gills, or
flabby plates disposed as radii, proceeding
immediately from the center of the
part attached to the stalk. The upper
part of the pileus, or cap, contains
the spores, or seeds, by which the
class are supposed to be generated.
There are upwards of a thousand speci-
escs of the Fungi, properly so called,
growing on meadows and heath, under
rocks and decayed habitations, and at
the trunk of almost all trees, wherever
there is any decaying vegetable matter.
The greater part of these growths are
of the most poisonous nature, only a
very few are edible, and many remain
yet to be examined, to ascertain their
properties, or action, upon the human
or beastial constitution. As there
exists no botanical means of distinguis-
ishing the wholesome from the poisonous
kind, a few words dictated by a long
experience, to discriminate between
the classes, or species, the edible and
the poisonous, may not be unsuitab-
able to the readers of the California
Magazine. At the same time, we are
open to correction from practical cul-
tivators, if our experience have deceived
us; for, as the two species are often
very much alike in shape, color, growth,
and odor, too much caution cannot be
used, even by the experienced, to form
any judgment, to serve as a guide; in-
deed, this guide may be said to be a
matter of life and death, and, therefore,
we approach the subject with all the
caution and circumspection so grave
an inquiry demands.

It is not a little singular that the
same plant, to all appearance, wholly
some in one climate, has the reputation
of being poisonous in another. Many
that bear this character, in the south
of Europe, are, in Russia, eagerly
sought after, and their rank odor in
one place, becomes notably and attractively
transformed by their fragrance
in another. The Agarius Muscarus
of Knoutchka, is an instance. The
properties of this growth of the agari-
cus appear to depend more upon cli-
mate, situation, and soil, then upon any
specific peculiarity indigenous to them.

Of the thousand, and upwards to speci-
escs already observed by botanists, the
following characteristics may serve to
detect the poisonous kind.

1. All those that have their caps, or
tops, very thin in proportion to their
gills, or radii.

2. All those that grow on one side of their stalks.

3. All those that have exact equal
length of gill.

4. All those which express a milky
juice, or dark, watery fluid.

5. All those which have the collar
surrounding their stalk, threadly, or
filaments, or like a caterpillar’s web.

6. All those which are very light in
weight, and do not admit readily, of
the cap being skinned.

7. And lastly, all those which emit
a rank hemlock odor, when their caps
are detached from their stalks.

The few following observations may
serve as a safe guide in collecting those
that are edible.

1. The Fairy Ring mushroom, (the
Agarius Protensis of Botanists)
Their fragrance is remarkable, resembling, when freshly plucked, the perfume of the cabbage rose.

2. The common and lesser mushroom, (the Agaricus Campestris,) sold in our markets, wild or cultivated. These, also, are similar to the former, except that when in their larger growth, their cap separates from the stalk, enlarges itself, and becomes somewhat conical, with liver, or chocolate colored gills, with a thick, fleshy, pulpy, white cap, soon soiled by the sun, but its exterior never fades into a black appearance similar to the toadstool fungi. At a more advanced age, the cap becomes concave, the color of the top grayish, the gills only, quite black. This, also, emits a delicious odor when fresh, and is of agreeable flavor when eaten raw.

3. The common larger mushroom, (the Agaricus Geotr), is much like the former, but inferior in odor and flavor, and much heavier; some have been found to weigh as much as sixteen pounds. This kind is the most serviceable in making catsup.

Of all the numerous species, these are the only few to be relied on as fit for food. In general the nose and the taste should always be consulted, in order to discriminate between them. The smallest portion of the stalk of the poisonous kind, (and some of them have a very deceptive appearance,) when put into the mouth, leaves a burning sensation at the root of the tongue, and is almost always accompanied by nausea, more or less. The wholesome kind will not grow near trees; but prefers the shade and neighborhood of small shrubs. Sheep pastures are more favorable to their growth than other plains.

The edible kind are also slower of growth, than the poisonous—are not so often found in clusters; if so, do not show so much stalk, but keep their heads near the ground, enlarging them before they elevate themselves; very unlike the Bongos Anthropus with which, in the present day, our society is inflicted.

WOMAN'S AFFECTION.

Is not woman's fond heart a fathomless mine, Affection's sanctuary, her holiest shrine? There it blooms in its beauty, luxuriant and free, As a flavor of fragrance, though lowly it be. The bloom may be black, and bitter the storm Of adversity's wind sweeping over its form; It can never be destroy'd, lost its beauty and fade, If smitten or neglected it ever be laid.

If the hopes that have nursed it should wither and die, The stream that refreshed it prove shallow and dry, Warm sighs will oft fill, and tears will below The cherished exotic, in hope to renew The fragrance, and beauty, the heart-thrilling glow That o'erspread every sense when it opened to blow:

Then the thorns were unseen, unlooked for the blight, Though the chill of unkindness should rob it of bloom,

For the doting of hope hid the future from sight; Though the chill of unkindness should rob it of bloom, Or the frailty of life lay it low in the tomb; Then the part that is human will moulder and die, But the brightest and best will ascend to the sky;

For even woman's affection would be robbed of its worth. Were its joys and its fears alone centered on earth, It must rest upon God—then will all be secure,

And the love of His creatures be constant and pure.

To the Homeward Bound.—Something to Remember.—Before going East be sure to subscribe for Hutchings' California Magazine.
THE HONEY BEE IN CALIFORNIA.

In the very early settlement of this State, there were vague rumors of several unsuccessful attempts to introduce the honey bee—of large premiums offered for the first hive of living bees—of the flowers and plants being entirely unproductive of gums and sweets and honey daw—of the winters being too warm, and the summers too hot—of the atmosphere being altogether too dry—and numberless other reasons that would make the culture and management of the honey bee an useless and unprofitable enterprise. We are happy to find that the "prophets" are in the wrong, as we have received from Mrs. Weaver, of the Washington Market, a sample of the finest flavored honey that we have ever tasted in our country, (we do not say "as fine as any")—but of the finest we have seen, and this was produced at the apiary of Messrs. Appleton & Beek, near San Jose; and who, we are informed, have sold this year over five hundred pounds of honey, at from $1.50 to $2.50 per pound, and thirty hives of bees at $100 per hive, and have a large number yet remaining. From the San Jose Tribune, we take the following very interesting description of these valuable little workers.

The Honey Bee.—A visit to the Apiary of Messrs. F. G. Appleton and Wm. Beek, on the Almaden, will richly repay any one at all interested in the management of bees. These gentlemen have now one hundred and four hives, and have been remarkably successful from the commencement of their operations with them, having lost, as they believe, only one swarm from among them all. They first obtained one hive in the fall of 1854, and from this, two more were sent out the following year; and in the spring of the present year, they had six from the original stock. Twenty-five hives were brought from Orange county, N. Y. Hence will be seen the rapidity of their increase! In the Eastern States two swarms in one year are considered a fair increase; here three are a common average; and in some cases as many as eight, and in one instance even nine swarms were sent out from one hive in a single year! The bees work more or less all winter, finding material from one source and another, with which to construct their delicate cells.

In early Spring they resort to the thickets of willows upon the first appearance of the leaves; from some plants they obtain gums, and gather honey dew here and there, so that their work is hardly ever suspended. But from the first of April to the first of July, is their busiest time, when the whole country—hill, plain and woodland, is one immense garden of flowers. During that season, "from early morn till dewy eve" the bees are most active.

And their labors are productive and profitable. A hive of average size produces 40 lbs. of honey per year; which is, at present, worth from $1.50 to $2.50 per lb. Any one can see how remunerative the rearing of the honey bee may be made. The only outlay of consequence is a stock from which to propagate; and after this, the management is easy and inexpensive.

Messrs. A. & B. have this year sold several swarms which uniformly have done well. They have sent them to different parts of the State and to Oregon; and at the Fair they received a special premium for exhibit of bees, and also one for a fine specimen of honey.

When we take into account the comparative ease with which the honey bee may be managed in this country—requiring no care through a long and cold winter, we are induced to be hopeful of its success in California.
live that a branch of rural economy so agreeable and productive will not be neglected.

How much might be added to the true wealth and comfort of our homes! The bee belongs to the country home—st场地. It is connected with the dreams of youth, and with the dog-eared classic page. Virgil sung of the bee, and taught the management of the hive two thousand years ago; and in every age and clime where civilization has extended, the bee has been the home companion of man.

We hope to see a hive or two in front of the cabin of almost every miner, as well as near the comfortable looking house of the valley resident, before many years have passed away. Besides, as they speak volumes of the environment within, we would suggest, that when the boys are making arrangements for that first and best of all kinds of cabin furniture—a nice wife,—that they forget not the bees, and the flower seeds, that looked so cheery and familiar at their dear old home; for next to smiling and loving-hearted wife, comes the next looking cottage and garden.

There is no fear of knowing too much, though there may be of practicing too little.

The whole coinage of the United States since 1792, is $498,860,507; of which amount there has been received from California, since 1848, $311,304, 502.

If you wish to cure a scolding wife, wait patiently until she ceases—then kiss her.

In a preceding chapter, I left a group of "bale fellows well met," on the deck of the "Lady Elke," bound for the gold mines, far away in the Oregon. On a peaceful Sabbath morning, our steamer glided proudly down the beautiful stream, and not a sound disturbed the quietude of the hour, save the frequent splash of the side-wheels, as they dipped their broad buckets in the transparent river. A minister being on board, was prevailed upon to give the crowd a short, home-spun, sermon; who, after throwing his hands above his head, directed his discourse exclusively to Californians, and which for the most part formed his audience. The worthy divine was suddenly cut short in his high-flown expostulations, by a high born of the Emerald Isle, who declared himself to be a Catholic; and he informed the preacher, that before going any further, his sentiments must come to a focus! This interlude, immediately caused the minister to the great annoyance of the minister, who sought his state-room in despair; while the Irishman, thinking himself the victorious party, strutted about the cabin and deck of the steamer, as though he were the owner, and meant that we should know it.

That night we were enveloped in a dense fog; yet, although the sun went down in misty vapor, about midnight the moon arose gloriously bright, and I left my state-room to look upon the loveliness of the scene around. Often in my California home, when evening comes on with its Italian sky, and the
stars shine out so clear and beautiful, do they remind me of that time, and I sigh as I think of days that are passed.

How often is the monotony of a voyage broken, on river or sea, by some event, it was so with us; for while we were "wooding up," a man slipped from the plank into the eddying stream, while going ashore, and the log being excessively dense, poor fellow, he was seen no more, although much search was made for him; a splash and a cry was all that was heard or known of him.

Soon we found that the transparent waters of the Ohio, mingled with the sluggish and turbulent waters of the Mississippi, and soon we reached the city of St. Louis, in a fearful thunder shower.

From thence we took the "Highland Mary," for Keokuk, Iowa, where we arrived in safety, and where too, we had arranged to get our outfit for the toilsome and fatiguing journey of the Plains.

Keokuk, at the time this journal was penned, was a handsome, dingy looking place, with a few log and framin houses scattered along the banks of the river. At the present time it is one of the most thriving and beautiful, among the marvellous young cities of the West. Before taking another step in my narrative, I might as well give a short historical account of this locality.

Its name was taken from the old Chief Keokuk, who fought so brave and valiantly with the world renowned Black Hawk, whose deeds of warfare have made him a savage of considerable notoriety and distinction. His name is now a bug-bear to frighten unruly children to quick obedience.

This city lies at the foot of the lower rapids of the Mississippi, two hundred and five miles above St. Louis, and one hundred and twenty-five miles south of Iowa city, and from its local advantages, it has been termed, and not inappropriately, the "Gate City" of Iowa. It is situated in the south-east corner of the State, and the only town in it that has uninterrupted communication with the tributaries of the Mississippi.

While at this, in no way, agreeable stopping place for travellers, on entering the little log parlor, there sat a woman just in from California. She was a tall, gaunt specimen of humanity, and had a cracked, squeaking voice, which she raised to the highest key while relating the many "har" breath escapes and experiences, while so far away in the land of gold, and her two unmarried daughters sat listening to her harangue, and smiled a look of approbation at whatever she might say.

These two presented a very imposing, and taken altogether, very singular appearance as they thus sat. Each had a pair of very ponderous ear rings, made of natural specimens of Californian gold, hanging in large holes made in their ears, (punched, one would suppose, with a chisel and mallet); with these most singular ornaments, and a silk dress, or iowa, which they had in possession, they stood upon the carpet, fit subjects for matrimonio, looking like swamp angels, or fresh water lilies?

The story was cut short by the entrance of three semi-barbarians, for so they looked, desperately tugging in a rough trunk; and at their sides, a loaded revolver, they sat heavily down,
Patriarchal children to quick obedience. The city lies at the foot of The levees of the Mississippi, two hundred and five miles above St. Louis, and one hundred and twenty-five miles of Iowa city, and from its head waters, it has been termed, and inappropriately, the Gate City of— It is situated in the southeast of the State, and the only port that has uninterrupted communication with the tributaries of the Mississippi. While at this, in no way, agreeable stopping place for travelers, on entering the little log parlor, there sat a man just in from California. Sir, a tall, gaunt specimen of mankind, had a cracked, squeaking voice, such as he raised to the highest key relating the many "bar" adventures and experiences, while he sat in the land of gold, and his two married daughters sat listening to his yarns, and smiled a look of approval at whatever he might say, the two presented a very imposing figure taken together, very singular earnestness as they thus sat. Each had a pair of very ponderous ear rings, to indicate natural specimens of Califorielog, hanging in large holes made in their ears, (puncheon, one would say, with a chisel and mallet); with the most singular ornaments, and dress, or two, which they had in session, they stood upon the carpet, subjects for admiration, looking like nymphs, or fresh water lilies! The story was cut short by the entrance of three semi-barbarians, for they looked, desparately tugging at a trunk; and at their sides, a loaded revolver; they sat heavily down, with an air of importance, as much as to say (come if you dare), I'm a Cali-for-nian, desperate as a tiger, with much "ore." I must confess I was overawed, at this singular and ferocious looking group, and wondered if all people that became gold hunters, looked so desparately respectable, and monstrosity enchanting. Then I felt an inward conviction, that gold, and the eagerness to obtain it, made the heart callous and hardened, perhaps, and that it might transform an angel into a fiend incarnate.

That you may have a correct idea of the father at the head of those scolding, verdant-looking responsibilities, I will sketch him for you, reader. He was about fifty-five or sixty years of age, tall, well built, and might for what I know, in a time long ago, have been remarkably handsome, save from a certain indescribable expression of the eyes, which though delicately blue, and almost beautiful, led you at once to feel that you were in the presence of one, over whose heart a thick, impene tra-tible veil had drawn a darkness, no mortal eye could pierce. His nose once might have been well shaped, but it had now a piece taken from the side, extending to the eye, which greatly marred the savage beauty of his countenance, as it turned. His hair, which had been a deep beautiful chestnut, had commenced to show here and there a silver thread, and his white, high forehead was marked by three deep furrows, which told in truthful accents, that he was sliding down the declivity of life, rapidly.

The dinner bell sounding alarm of an attack upon edibles, the old man made rush for the dining room, followed by his two amazon looking daughters, and their mans, who entered with a toss of the head, and an air of hauteur, bespecking a very distinguished personage, and all seated themselves, near the old man, who stood erect, eating without a knife or fork, looking as wise and venerable as a Hottentot philosopher.

Here we hired a Dutch wagon, the only mode of conveyance, to take us to Fairfield, an inland town lying distant, some forty miles. I left the Californians, wondering how they ever lived to tell the tale.

POPULAR CUSTOMS AND ANCIENT SUPERSTITIONS.

The question has often been put, by some of our nirth-loving friends,—
"What is the origin of St. Valentine's day?"—and other old observances that appear made for all time, regardless of the wholesale change in other matters of the community at large.

This custom of exchanging good wishes, and letters, on this ever memorable day, we believe, arose from good old Saint Valentine's reading from his clan, and taking unto himself a wife, still adhering to the monastic stole and hood, despite the thundering excommunications of the Vatican. His birth-day was on the fourteenth day of February, and the sensible part of mankind thus do him perpetual honor, by this old custom. Peace to his ashes, say we; if the whole patriarchy were to follow his example. We would keep, to the end of our existence, a St. Valentine's day, if possible, six days of every week.

April Fool's Day—(the first of April)—arose from the fact of our
blessed Lord being mocked with the crown of thorns and the sceptre-cane. His enemies crowning their malice by thus befouling him with their mock reverence.

St. Nicholas' Day in Germany, but St. Sylvester's day in France, the 1st of June, are sacred to the affection and delight of children. On this day, parents deposit in sly holes and corners, little presents for the young folk, who have to thank the good Saints—patrons of children—for one day of joy and gladness, in the same way as comes Santa Claus on Christmas day in the United States.

The custom of Spilling Silt, is said to be derived from the custom of the Arabs, who, by this means, declare deadly enmity against a foe as eating salt with a stranger, denotes great confidence.

The custom of Crossing Knives, from the Roman custom of crossing swords of gladiators, who thus commenced contest to the death; when the strife was not required to be urgent, this custom was avoided.

Meeting on the Stairs may have had its origin from the well known aversion of the wife-killing Henry the Eighth; who never failed to express his anger, when thus met, or saluted—no doubt suspecting secret assassination.

The well known rhyme,

"Would ye wish to live and thrive,

Let a spider run alive,"

can be traced to have been in use at the time of the great plague of London, in Charles the Second's reign. It was the popular belief that 'the flies with which some close habitations were infested, intoxicated persons with the viris of the disease.' These pests were remarkably large at that time; indeed, the whole atmosphere, in the commencement of this calamity, seemed pregnant with them.

With respect to superstitions numbers, the origin of the number three, arose doubtless from the trine person of the Godhead. The unlucky number five, from the five foolish virgins, British, and other sailors, feel repugnance to sail on Friday, the day of our Lord's crucifixion. Black Monday, probably arose from the circumstance of prisoners being called up for punishment in Bridewell, and from the 'black mark' list of the week.

"Barbers' poles, from the circumstance of their formerly uniting the practice of phlebotomy, with the tonirial art. The pole was held in the hand, to cause the necessary rigidity of muscle for the issue of the blood, and the red tape wound round it, new represented in colors, was tied to tie the bandage after the operation.

The Shakespearian notion, 'as good wine needs no bush, so a good play needs no prologue,' alludes to the practice of formerly hinging out a holly bush in summer, a mistletoe in winter, to show where wine could be had. This custom is now in use in many nooks and corners of 'ryghe marrye Engelande.' The word bush is a corruption from the French word bousche.

Kissing under the mistletoe bough, probably had its rise from the practice of the ancient Druids, performing the right of marriage under this bough. The mistletoe was an emblem of the woman's being grazied on the man, as the oak was symbol of the man's strength.
A FEW MORE WORDS ABOUT THE
POISON OAK—ITS CURE.

Since the publication, in our last number, of an article on the Poison Oak of California, we have been favored with some additional information concerning it, which we now place before our readers. A correspondent under the name de plane of "Gold Spring," gives the following:

"I was pleased to see, in the October number, a short notice of the Poison Oak, or La Yedra, as the Mexicans call it, and I am anxious to obtain information about it, and also to learn a preventive of its evil effects. I believe that I am as subject to its influence as any person can be, and I perceive that I am infinitely more liable to be affected by it now, than when I first commenced to mine, in 1850. At that time, it was necessary that I should come into actual contact with, and even scratched by it, in order to be attacked severely; but now, if I work within a few feet of it, and perspire, as one is apt to do in a California summer, I am certain, although exceedingly careful not to touch it, to be badly poisoned."

"The effects, however, are not precisely the same, on me, as on many others. Its first appearance is in the form of small red pimples on my arms or legs, and these soon become watery pustules, which speedily spread over all the tender parts of my body, as inside my elbows and knees; and, in fact, in every place where the skin, by forming a vesicle, appears to detain the perspiration. Sometimes it breaks out across my stomach, and then it produces a very unpleasant, sickly feeling gradually. The parts, however, never swell, which I have attributed to the case with which it appears to break through the skin. These pustules are exceedingly irritating, and, when scratched, which it is almost impossible to avoid doing, become very painful. The eruption, if left to itself, usually continues for about a week, when it gradually subsides—sometimes, however, leaving a moment of its passage in the shape of boil, which break out here and there over the affected parts. I forgot to say that the pustules are sometimes so thick as to produce the appearance of a severe, blistered scald, and the discharge of aqueous matter so great that I have had a pocket handkerchief which I tied round my arm, wet through several fields by it."

"As for its cure, almost every one has a different specific, although the most favored appears to be salt and water. I have tried almost every thing I could hear of—salt, gunpowder, carbonate of soda, sugar of lead, and many others, with various success, but have never been able to cure it under three or four days; and then, when I resumed work, found myself just as subject to it as ever. I have also tried decoctions of various plants, in order to find an immediate remedy, but without avail. I am rather opposed to the use of any such violent specifics as those above named, as I think they are very apt to produce internal sickness. I am inclined to the opinion that, where convenient, frequent bathtubs with water, as hot as can be borne, is about the best treatment. Some light aspirient may be taken at the same time. A solution of nitrate of lead, with some drops of laudanum in it, is, however, tolerably
effect. I think, however, that it is with this, as with other ailments; that, as it affects differently constituted persons variously, so it is differently cured. I have known some people who have used salt and water with great effect, although it produced none on me. By the way, I have observed that persons of a light complexion are much more easily affected by it than dark ones. Is this also the result of your experience?

"I should be very much pleased if some of your readers would throw a little more light on the subject of curing or preventing the evil effects of La Fera, for I am so annoyed by it when mining as to have christened it ‘mine enemy,’ believing it to be the only one I have in the country."

Gold Spring's letter is one of the many instances of the good effect of disseminating information of local interest. We quote his favor, and hope that it will be an example to our readers, of communicating any intelligence that may tend to benefit our community. We are glad to see that he recommends caution in the use of external applications, as we are yet unacquainted with the whole of its symptoms.

Some have suggested constant rubbing with ice, or bathing in ice-water; but we would by no means recommend it; applications similar to those in use for other poisons of like appearance are safer.

Since our last, we have submitted its leaf to a powerful microscope, but can discover none of the fibres known of the ring-nettle. We observed that its leaf is much charged with succulence, of less consistency than that of the oak, to which it bears some resemblance. We have seen a person who declares that he has frequently swallowed some of its juice, after mastication, with impunity, but are inclined to attach little importance to this knowledge, as, from the time of old Homer, who, in the fourth book of his Iliad, records of Maecenas, the son of Asclepius—

"Then, when he saw the wound, where the poison’d arrow fell, Having sucked out the blood, applied with art that remedy."

The prudent Chiron gave to his beloved father;"

and of Eleanor, the wife of the English king, Edward I, who sucked the virus from the wound made by a poisoned arrow, and so saved her husband's life at the hazard of her own, it has been well known that many poisons may be imbibed harmless, which would cause death if externally applied, and vice versa of others.

From the effects of this poison, a gentleman with whom we are very well acquainted, was entirely blind for six weeks, his head having swollen to an enormous size; and, in addition to his distressingly painful condition, was much afraid that it would become fatal in its consequences. Many of the usual remedies, superintended by a skilful physician, were useless and unavailing, until a friend, while visiting him, suggested the use of the soap root, so common throughout California. This was tried with eminent success; for in three days after its application he was able to resume his business. As nearly every one throughout California is familiar with this root, we need only add that it was used in the same manner as common soap.

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A correspondent of the San Francisco Evening Bulletin, of Nov. 24th, makes the following observations:

THE QUERIES VIZ., OR POISON OAK OF CALIFORNIA, AND ITS ANTIDOTE.

EDITOR BULLETIN—Referring to the article in Hutchings' Magazine on the above plant, an extract from which appeared in Saturday's Bulletin, I beg to offer a few remarks.

The effects of this climbing (not creeping) shrub acts as a poisonous agent on some constitutions is not, as therein stated, confined to temperament. [This is an error, as no such statement was made.—BE.] The virus acts on the cuticle, and produces a rapidly increas-

ection of the vascular system. In certain states of the body the action is more rapid than at other periods. The remedies I would suggest are as follows:

Wash the part affected with a strong solution of bichromate of soda; then apply, by means of a linen cloth, kept well saturated, a lotion composed of chloroform, one part; eau de cologne, two parts; water, three parts. After a very short period, the patient will generally not experience any further annoyance.

This shrub varies in size. I have seen several eight, ten, and twelve feet high—in some instances discovering that whence in its early growth it derived support, and forming an independent shrub of considerable size and extent. Some persons can handle the leaves and stems, and even rub the juice or sap which it exudes on any part of the body, with impunity. m.s.

A gentlewoman writing to the Marysville Herald, when alluding to the same article, says that he recently came across, in a dark ravine, in Butte county, a specimen of it which was twenty-five feet in height, and that there were growing in the vicinity other specimens of nearly the same height.

We are happy to have our belief confirmed, that this pestilence has not in any instance proved fatal. In the meantime, it would be a charity—nay, even a duty, to make known, as public-
ly as possible, any specific remedy that any fortunate discoverer may aight upon, and we shall gladly lend our aid in publishing it.

ON HEARING AN OXALIC HARP IN A PUBLIC THOROUGHFARE.

Sweet, plaintive unison—just heard above the city throng
That crowed the streets—and yet an scarcely born
Before thy feeble breath is agent and gone—
Tell me wherein consist then,
With such wooring notes and gentle gait,
That take our raptured senses by surprise!
Tell me, sweet spirit of the other sphere,
Why touch those trembling strings and linger here
Awhile the storm!

Methinks thou'dst haunt the lake,
The mead, the dell, and sylvan scene,
Or linger round the moon's pale beam,
At home there. ~ ~ ~
And yet
Our greedy sense, delighted, hears
The murmuring music of the spheres;
Then stay and tune the voiceless throng,
And stir the soul's sweet depths again.

A GENTLEMAN'S DIARY OF HIS WIFE'S TEMPEST.—Monday—A thick fog; no seeing through it. Tuesday—Gloomy and very chilly, unseasonable weather. Wednesday—Frosty; at times sharp. Thursday—bitter cold in the morning; red sunset, with flying clouds, portending hard weather. Friday—Storm in the morning, with peals of thunder; air clear afterwards. Saturday—Glooms of sunshine, with par-
tial thaw; frost again at night. Sunday—A light southwest in the morning; calm and pleasant at dinner-time; hurricane and earthquake at night.

A LUNATIC once informed his physician, who was classifying cases of insanity, that he had lost his senses by watching a politician, whose course was so crooked that it turned his brain.
THE CHRISTIAN OASIS.

We take the following simple and touching description of the social and spiritual blessedness of Sunday from Rev. Dr. Scott's discourse at the dedication of Zion's Chapel, the church built by the people of color, on Pacific street, in this city, a few weeks ago, and published in the Mirror of the Times, the new organ of the colored people:

I am not sure, my Christian friends and brethren, whether any of you ever crossed the Philipines in coming to this country, or not. But I suppose every one of you has read or heard of the dangers and hardships of a journey across the great deserts of Asia and of Africa, from which some of your forefathers were brought to this country. In those deserts, the sun pours forth its burning rays upon the panting traveler, while the sand glows like a furnace. The skin on his face blisters, his lips crack, and even his feet are swelled through his boots or shoes, if of the ordinary black leather. Day after day the weary march is made. Scarcely a human being is ever seen, save those in your own company. On every side a dreary waste stretches away and disappears beneath the glare of a cloudless sky. The noon of the sun over the sands and along the rocky ridges and gorges, is like one's fancy of the wailings of lost spirits. But the water-skins begin to grow light. The camels are beginning to complain; their tongues swell. The whole caravan becomes noisy and sinks into silence. Every one begins to wish the journey, or life itself, were at an end. But now, why this capital gain? Why are the camels moving with uplifted heads and distended nostrils? It is because the fireproof one of the train has caught sight of an oasis, and, like an electric flash, the news passes to the last one of the caravan. Now hope with shouts of joy fills the crowd with renewed vigor, and, in a little while all are sheltered by the palm trees, and are filled with cool water gushing from the fountain. The dangers and toils of the desert are forgotten; rest and refreshment gained in the oasis prepare them for new journeys. And is not the Sabbath sancotary an oasis to us in the journey of life? The night does not wholly relieve us; sometimes our day of labor has twenty-four hours, and our weeks consist of seven days. But even when we have the night for rest, we are sometimes oppressed with the cares of the day that is past, and we live, it over again in feverish dreams, or spend it in anxious thoughts for the morrow. But when "six days' work is done," what a blessing is that then the blessed Sabbath comes, consecrated to heaven and holy thoughts, to domestic repose, and intellectual improvement. Oh, what would become of our race, especially the laboring poor, but for the rest of the Sabbath! The two great gifts of God to man, which he brought with him out of Paradise, are the Sabbath and marriage. How lovely are our youthful recollections of the Sabbath! How many tender thoughts and holy associations are connected with its return! How much do we owe to our weekly reunions in the house of God! Weary and worn, excited and exhausted, you drag through the week; but at last the office is closed; business resumes. You are refreshed with the influences of the Sabbath morning. Nature is cheerful. Your thoughts soar upward in your aspirations, and for a time you forget the world and its cares. Blessed is the day of rest!

It is good to go with the tribes of Israel to Zion's gates! This is one oasis ever fresh and green, amid the waste and burning desert. Here are springs that never dry. Here are trees ever green. Their leaves never wither; and their fruits never lose their sweetness. And even if there were no mutual benefits derived from the Sabbath, it is a priceless boon to telling humanity.
The observance of the Sabbath strengthens the ties of home and enhances the happiness of social intercourse. Without the Sabbath many families would not know the joys of their own fireplaces. Bânhished from home, as most business men are all the week, catching only a glimpse of their little ones morning and evening, it is a great comfort that there is one day out of seven, when they may be free from the toils of business. As it is a day of rest, so it restores man's exhausted energy. It lengthens out his life, and affords him an opportunity to improve his mind and his heart, and prepare for a better world.

This comparison of the Sabbath sanctuary has been suggested to me by what I saw in one of your Sabbath-school papers, and by my recollections of travels in the Deserts of Arabia; and to my mind it is not more beautiful than it is appropriate to you. Let us all thank God, take courage, and set out to-day from this place afresh for the heavenly Canaan.

Next Door Neighbor But One.

Is a store-keeper—or, rather, a seller of stores; for he only takes the money, and leaves you to take the goods. For two years that I have known him, I have never seen him without his pipe in his mouth and his left hand in the pocket of his pants. I do verily believe, if we were all to be blown up one of these days, (we live next door to a high pressure flour-mill,) his head would be found with a pipe in its mouth, and the body with a hand in its pocket.

"How's dry stuff?" I asked, one day, by way of curiosity, to see whether the pipe would quit its office.

"Sticks shan't," said he, moving every muscle in his face to give plain utterance, rather than move the ever-lasting pipe. But whether per quart, per gallon, per bushel, per sack, or per pound, the said pipe prohibited to be exploited. I sometimes have thought, if I were not so solicitous a body, I would raise a cry of fire, to see whether the head would appear without the pipe in it, to inquire what was the matter.

Oh, here is a horse at the door; his store is shut up; he is going to make holiday. If he ride that horse, surely he cannot do it with his hand in his pocket and pipe in his mouth. Here he comes. He mounts; he tosses his head. There is the meerschaum, sure enough; and, I declare, his left hand is in its usual situation; the right one does all the work. Away he goes.

"Bibbity bob—bibbity bob"—and the meerschamn; and no mare-sham of a pipe is it, I assure you, but one capable of raising a smoke sufficient to set going all the fire-balls in San Francisco. Now the beast is restive; he kicks. Surely the left hand comes to the rescue. Not a bit of it; but the meerschamn describes its gyrations round the region of his nose, irrespective of all consequences to its neighborhood; and such a nose, too, as friend Bardolph might apostrophize. Surely that meerschamn must be nicely Browmed by his time—(his name is Brown; it is, indeed.) I'd give the world for that pipe, for he and it are always in a brown study. With his legs on the counter, his head against the wall, and his gaze where the stove-pipe used to be, what untold lamentations pass which the world knows nothing about. He is a philosopher, I fear.
The monkey is described by naturalists as a class amongst the Simiades, which possess a tail, as distinguished from those of the ape kind, which are without this appendage. Of the two, the ape appears more grave, less peevish and mischievous than the monkey. They are susceptible of more intelligence, and become more gentle and affectionate. The few tricks which the monkeys in our streets occasionally exhibit, are the result of much training and perseverance, seldom performed without the jeer of the chain or the eye of the master; whereas those of the ape often show an intelligence not much inferior to that of civilized men.

Lieutenant Matthews, who travelled over a great part of Sierra Leone, Guinna, Congo, and Loango, states that the Chimpanzees, the tribe most like man in their structure, generally take up their abode near some deserted town or village, where the papou tree grows abundantly, the fruit of which serves them as food in abundance. They build huts nearly like the houses of the natives, covering them with leaves, for their females and young, guarding the entrances, day and night, with all the care of the fondest parent. If one of them is shot, the rest of the community pursue, with the utmost speed, the destroyer, and the only means they have of avenging their vengeance is to part with the gun, which they instantly seize and batter to pieces, giving over the pursuit when they have thus vented their rage. They travel in large bodies, arming themselves with clubs, and frequently compel the elephants to abandon its locality. Mons. de la Brosse states that they sometimes watch for months together, to steal young negroes, whom they carry to the woods and force to live with them, feeding them plentifully, but otherwise doing them no injury, as if to enjoy merely their society. Oftentimes of this kind among the natives, of a negroes who lived in Loango, and who had lived upwards of three years amongst them, in the utmost harmony, before she was able to make her escape.

The apes or baboons which frequent the rock of Gibraltar sprung from a pair that were brought thither by an officer who had travelled through the interior of Africa. These are described as perfect nuisances to the place. The only method the inhabitants have of ridding themselves of them is by catching and shaving them. This method; but no other can be had recourse to, on account of the use of firearms being prohibited.

A friend of mine, an officer in the Sappers and Miners, at a place called Brompton in Kent, possessed one of remarkable cunning. He had brought it from this celebrated fort. It had an extraordinary antipathy for women, boys, dogs and pigs. We remember well seeing some youths playing at marbles on the pavement of the cannon embrasures, and watching its tricks. He would wait patiently until they were all intent upon their game, and then slyly thrust his head over the parapet, and hurl a brickbat upon them, stealing his head down immediately afterwards to hide himself. On one occasion, on a repetition of these tricks, a boy, who had a Newfoundland dog with him, discovered the offender and gave chase to him through the streets of the neighboring village, Brompton. The creature, jumping up to the first knocker of a door he came to, thundered away at it without intermission, with one hand, while he rang the bell violently with the other. An old holy
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ly with the other. An old lady
of portly dimensions came to the
door, and the transition of the emotions
of her face, from a good sedate expres-
sion to one of starting alarm, as the
brute jumped upon her ample shoulders
for protection, is not to be soon forgot-
ton.
On another occasion this baboon car-
ried off a large basket of cherries,
weights, scales, and all, which had been
left by an old woman, for a few
moments, in the passage at the bottom of
the stairs, in the barroom, during
her temporary absence to get change
for a coin. The creature was seen
the next moment, from an upper window,
slaloming cherries, weights, scales,
ladder and all, upon the regimentals
as they were marching out for the morn-
ing's parade. I remember well, old
Col. P.—y holding down his head
in avoid a 2lb weight, which despite
his courage, struck his nose, causing the
shuddering of blood most ingloriously
and profusely. After this adventure,
the mischievous customer was taken to
the Chatham Dock Yard, in the neigh-
borhood. Here its exploits were as
mischievous; for one day the turret
clock of the yard having stopped, its
cause was discovered to be the filling
up the said turret with the tools of
the workmen, who had been for a long
time previously, suspecting all sorts of
thefts of each other.

The story of the monkey shaving
the cat must have originated from this
creature, who was one day discovered
with the blacking brush lathering away
most vigorously upon poor pass, on the
brill of its mistress's chamber window,
his best bonnet and cap. The
poor beast at last met with a de-
sert's punishment, for it grew such a
mischievous, and so frequently broke from
its chains, that its master condemned it
to be shot.

The smaller monkeys, properly so
called, are deficient in sociability to many
of this species; often and often have
we watched at the celebrated Regent's
Park Zoological Gardens, London, their
attempts to crack a marble toy given
them among some nuts. Again and
again, would each try to crack it, put-
ing the paw over the right, now to
the left, unavailing, and not leaving it
still one and all apparently denounced
it as an imposition. These Gardens
have the greatest variety of the mon-
key tribe of any in the world. Many
young poodles, we were told, have
been taken to England, but none have
survived the change of climate. Some
of this tribe are so eager, that Duvascel
says, he has often seen them in confor-
table spaces of sixteen feet with the
greatest ease, and that for an hour
together, without intermission. Many
birds stand no chance with them. Once
he let a grey king hen, and ob-
erved that it only for a moment
marked its flight, then leaped to a
barren branch, caught the bird with one
hand, in passing, and seized the branch
with the other hand, as if that alone
had been its aim. This kind when
taken young, are very playful and af-
fected, and exhibit much intelli-
gence. A thrilling story is told of one
which we will relate. An old bache-
lor in Scotland, a banker, kept one of
these animals, and treated it as a pet
child. One day a famished high-
lander, after banking hours, observing
the doors not closed, made his appear-
ces, and drew from his pocket his
leather bag, and emptying his gold from
it on the counter, and spreading his
bank notes, waited for the banker to
take due account of his savings. To
his great surprise, he saw the old gen-
leman aforesaid, take a flying leap,
with much gravity, from the chair on
to the counter, roll up his bank notes
and put them in his mouth, and at the
same time, taking up the gold sover-
igns, pull him with him down.
The highlander observing the sudden
unsteadiness of this, to him, chief clerk
of the establishment, made him at that
moment, as with a kick to the seat of
his breeches, jump upon him, seized his
hat and wig, and made a spring of
some dozen feet from the counter, on
to a shelf at the further part of the
room, where he sat grimming, chattering, and showing his white teeth, to the terror and amazement of the man, and it was noted until the attendant, who had scarcely left the premises five minutes, explained matters to the disconsolate highminded, that he could be brought to think that it was a trick of an ape, who had made use of his master’s old coat, hat, and wig, for this purpose, in their absence.

LOSS OF A WIFE—No man but one who has been called upon to mourn the loss of a beloved companion can appreciate the beauty and truthfulness of the following article which we copy from an exchange:

In comparison with the loss of a wife all other bereavements are trivial. The wife, who fills so large a space in the domestic heaven, she who busied herself so unceasingly for the precious ones around her; bitter, bitter is the tear that falls upon her cold clay! You stand beside her coffin and think of the past. It seems an amber colored pathway where the sun shone on beautiful flowers and the stars hung glittering overhead. Pain would the soul linger there—no thorns are remembered, save those your hands may unwillingly have planted; her noble, tender heart lies open to your inmost sight. You think of her now as all gentleness, all beauty, all purity. But she is dead! The dear hand that has lain upon your bosom rests in the still darkness upon a pillow of clay. The hands that have ministered so unceasingly, are folded white and cold beneath the gloomy portals of the grave. The heart, whose every beat measured an eternity of love, lies under sorrows. The flowers she bent over in smiles, bend now above her in tears, shedding the dew from their petals, that the verdure around her may be green and beautiful for ever, as a momento of her unwavering love.

HUMILITY is a flower that prospers most when planted on the rich soil of a noble and great mind.

TO MY SISTER—

My sister dear, though far from thee I dwell, And varied climes between us intervene, No space or time can from my heart dispel The memory of thy love; no distant scene Of mountains grand, or valleys ever green, Can e’er so far as those I’ve seen with thee. Where Hudson’s crystal waters flow between Its lovely shores, in beauty, to the sea— Bright emblem of thy heart’s pure tide of love for me. Then hast rejoiced in all my hours of bliss, And dost glories in my youth’s success— Meeting me ever with the gentle kiss, Pure as thy love, and purest fact to bliss, With cherished memories of thy tenderness; In sorrow, thou wast an angel near, To soothe me with thy sympathy’s nurses, Painting stowe to Faith and Hope, to cleave My shields of all that made my life most sad and drear.

Through all this changing life’s most curious way, My heart, with unceasing joy, turn to thee; If other hearts, once loved, have gone astray From all their vows of faith and constancy, And severed their links upon life’s troubled waves, Whose storms may bear them on to wealth or fame; No more with such is linked my destiny; I ever pay the prizes they may claim; I turn from all to bless thy dearly cherished name. I bless thee, sister, for thy love so true; I bless thee for thy sympathy so sweet, That fall upon my heart as falls the dew From heaven on flowers beneath our feet, Reviving all their glorious hue, to greet The coming day, and call their fragrant breath; I’ll bless thee ever; and, until we meet, May God’s best blessings recompense thy worth, And give thee all the peace and joy of heaven and earth.

Sacramento, Nov., 1866.

HOME—

Home!—what blest cluster around that word ever in our memories, a loved, yet varied as the phases of our varied kind reader, reverted to aspirations of home. We cast the period of helplessness, our very weakness was, and we rejoiced in, in a power once supreme, our tears of anguish now to every heart. Remember! but, period of infancy, our first conscious lapse we find ourselves lyin’ bosom—enfolded in her with her tender and while her sad soul was to rest with hymns of every sound of sweet our after lives, shall us from that time. So, dreamy impositions a time, and these shall lassories till time shall be. But not only with of home shall our flower; because their childhood in its joyly tracted all hearts by and there endured a, which, though transient and as bitter to our hearts, as those of there, we played with our sisters; and then the hollowed memory of mother’s love: then father’s kind advice there, we climbed in sorrow to some tables or glory in the country ever oppre-
TO MY SISTER.

My dear sister, though far from thee I dwell,
And varied climate between us intervenes,
Yet I invoke with constant hope of success
The memory of thy love; no distant sea
Of mountains grand, or valleys ever green,
Shall e'er so far as those I've seen with thee.

Where Hudson's crystal waters flow between
In level soft, in beauty, to the sea—
Bright echo of thy heart's pure tie of love for me.

Then hast rejoiced in all my hours of bliss,
And thus hast glanced in youth's serenity
Meet with me ever with the greeting kiss,
Pure as thy love, and partial but to thee,
With cherished memories of thy tenderness;
In sorrow, those were as an angel's voice.
To soothe me with thy sympathies excess.
Pointing advance to Faith and Hope, to clear
My skies of all that made my life most sad
And drear.

Through all this changing life's most devices way,
My heart, with parents' joy, can turn to thee;
If other hearts, once loved, have gone away
From all their rows of beauty and constancy,
And stored their hearts upon life's treasured sea.

Whose storms may bear them on to wealth or fame;
No more with such is linked my destiny;
I can not, if the priests they may claim
I turn from all to bless thy dearly cherished name.

I bless thee, my dear, for thy love so true;
I bless thee for thy sympathy so sweet;
That fell upon my heart as falls the dew.
From heaven on flowers beneath our feet,
Reviving all their glorious lines, to grace
The coming day, and call their fragrance forth.

I'll bless thee ever; and, until we meet,
May God's best blessings recompense thy worth,
And give thee all the peace and joy of heaven and earth.

Sacramento, Nov. 1, 1856. W. H. D.

HOME.

BY W. H. D.

Home! what blessed associations cluster around that word, dwelling forever in our memories, sacred and hallowed, yet varied as the ever-changing phases of our inartifical life. Let us, kind reader, revert to our first impressions of home. We cannot go back to the period of helpless infancy, when our very weakness was our strength, and we reigned in the household with a power more supreme than that of a ruler of some mighty kingdom. Then all hearts bowed down in submission to the silent charm of innocence and purity, while our slightest smiles of recognition gave inexpressible joy, and our cries of anguish sent a pang of sorrow to every heart. This we cannot remember; but, perhaps, between the periods of infancy and childhood, in our first conscious movements, we found ourselves lying upon a mother's bosom—bathed in her arms—bathed with her tender and undying love, and while her subdied voice is soothing us with her tender and undying love, through all our after lives, shall seem like echoes from that time. Such are our first impressions on the shores of life, and those shall linger in our memories till time shall be no more.

But not only with our first impressions of home shall our memories dwell; because there we passed our childhood in its joyful glee, and cherished all hearts by our winning ways, and cemented the bonds of friendship; there, we rejoiced in the purity and tenderness of a sister's love; and there, we felt the generous embraces of a brother's kindly heart; there, we formed our first friendships with our youthful playmates, with whom we enjoyed so much frolic and fun; there, we exchanged the first, sweet recognition of love; there, at noon and in the light of a joyous life, or sorrowed in the fear of a coming death; there, we revelled in the heights of earthly bliss; and there, it may be, we have seen and loved some of the dearer friends in the ear of our dearest friend.

But let us turn from the home of our early years, to the latter home of our hearts; to that spot where we have gathered all that is most sacred and dear to us on earth; for there, is one to whom we have vowed to be ever faithful and true—one to whom we seem to be united with more than earthly ties; there, our fondest hopes
center; there, our purest and sweetest affections dwell; there, to our children, come the home experiences of our early years; and, through our affections for them, do we first truly estimate the tenderness and depth of our parents' attachments to us; there, in all our toils, our anxieties, our conflicts with the world, do we find a compensating joy, a bliss that nothing else earthily can bestow; and, if we are for a time separated from such a home, how anxious is the expected messenger looked for that shall tell us, "all is well!" in it will be found the renewed vows of our affections; the heartfelt wish; the fervent prayer that God's blessing may rest on the absent one; and His ever-consoling care guard and guide him to the home of his affections: the over-peopled haven of his rest.

The thoughts of Home! they cheer the lonely traveler in his weary pilgrimage; they encourage the sailor in his duties until the howling of the storm; they bring tears to the eyes of the stranger as he wanders in a distant land; they startle the reckless youth in his career of ruin; and, until his midnight revels present before him the visions of dear but sorrowful faces with tearful eyes, enthralling him once more to return to the paths of virtue, to the home of his early years. The criminal on the gallows, hardened by many crimes, and which have at last brought him to a fearful doom, dwells not on the scenes around him; his last dying thoughts are with his home; and where, perhaps, still lives an aged mother, grieving for the presence of her long absent son; he thinks of her undying affection; he remembers all her tenderness and care, and he knows, also, too well, that the tidings of his fate will break her heart; for himself, he fears not death, but the thoughts of home and dear ones there, embitter the last moments of his existence; they wring his heart with the agony of remorse, as he dies in the wildness of despair.

O, let us thank the good Father, with heartfelt gratitude, for all the associations, for all the influences, for all the blessings of home; and for an ever-blessed memory that makes it always present; who can tell of its mighty power? who can reveal its silent and manifold workings for good? Blessed are the homes of earth, but how much more blessed shall we find the homes of heaven, in our Father's many mansions, where sorrows and partings are unknown, and where we shall ever be with those we love—at home.

**UNWRITTEN MUSIC.**

**BY MEANNOCK.**

When in the boundless realms of space
The deep, deep silence first was broken,
And, from the dark and formless void,
Into existence worlds were spoken,—

As clouds of darkness rolled away,
The heavenly vaults with music rang,
And shining angels passed unseen.
While morning stars in glories sang.

Music is round us every where—
It breathes in wild unwritten notes,
Harmonious as the evening air.
That through Julian harpings floats.

'Tis heard at midnight's watching hour—
In the still watchings of the night—
Is borne on the morning breeze,
Is breaking with the morning light.

There's music in the raging storm—
In the deep thunder's solemn roar—
In the brave voice of ocean's surge,
Rolling in upon the rock-bound shore.

There's music in the farthest wise,
When on the ocean falls their breath,
They fill the requiem of man,
And fill him with the spirit of death.

A vast deal of genial humor, says
Mrs. Stowe, is conscientiously strung
in people, which might illuminate
and warm the way of life. Wit and
gaiety answer the same purpose
that a fire does in a dank house, dispersing
chills, and drying up moisture, and making
all wholesome and cheerful.

**FOOLISH.**—Two young ladies liking
each other, on account of a gentleman,
who does not care a fig for either of them.
ADVENTURES OF MR. DICKORY HICKLEBERRY.

IT IS HARD TO DIE!

"It is hard to die!" said a little child, As the gay birds sang, and the green earth smiled, And perfumes floated on summer air,— She loved the fields and would linger there.

"It is hard to die!" to the terror-kings, Said a lonely maiden, in youth's warm spring, As the hercules eye and the hoarim glow, Revealed the trace of a lurking foe.

"It is hard to die!" said a mother mild, As she softly gazed on her first-born child, For she felt while yielding her latest breath, That she was dying a two-fold death.

"It is hard to die!" said a poor, fired With zeal to fulfill his dreams inspired, As he grasped with a workman's curious eye, On the bright green fields and the deep blue sky.

"It is hard to die!" said a warrior grim, Surmounted by mustached crown and limbs, As his comrades' shout at the set of sun, Proclaimed the hard fought battle-field won.

"It is hard to die!" said a stalwart form, Amid the rage of my ocean storm, As the staunch ship struggled with wind and wave, To save her form from an ocean grave.

"It is hard to die!" was a felon's groan, As his soul was chilled, by the wails of stone, For whet his life and his soul were cold.

"It is hard to die!" with a muttered curse, Said a gleaning miser who clutched his purse, And with bony fingers raked up his gold, For which his life and his soul were sold.

"It is hard to die!" with a fearful yell, Shrieked a murderer haunted by visions of hell, As a spectral form with its bloody hand, Lay down by his side, in his hard death bed.

"It is hard to die!" said an aged man, Whose life was lengthened beyond life's span; He had lost the friends of his early years, Yet would linger still in this vale of tears.

Though the spirit of mortal exchanges earth, For a brighter home and a heavenly tomb, From youth to age comes the bitter sigh, "It is hard to die!" "It is hard to die!"

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 1856.

THE ADVENTURES OF MR. DICKORY HICKLEBERRY.

CHAPTER XI.

WHEN MRS. HICKLEBERRY WHAT SHE SHALL DO FOR CUES ON THE VOYAGE.

When Mr. and Mrs. Huckleberry were comfortably seated in a first-class carriage, with Merry, alias Flory, and the young Adam, they began fairly to consider themselves on their way to the land of gold. There were no other inmates in the vehicle, but a gentleman stranger-foreigner with bushy mustachios, (as Mrs. Huckleberry was wont to call them,) and a smart looking lad of about thirteen years of age. They had not proceeded far, when little Adam began to be troublesome; when he was standing up he wanted to sit down, and when he was down he wanted to get up, and when he was in he wanted to get out, and vice versa. He was also very troublesome enough towards the gentleman-foreigner’s massive gold watch chain, which the nimble traveler begged the little fellow might be indulged with; Mrs. H. thought she never saw so nice a gent in all her life, while Hlick congratulated himself that no woman who wore a sky-blue bonnet was a passenger by the same train. Mrs. H. enjoyed the notion very much, and “wondered at the strange fancies of some queer folk who would prefer a rumble-tumble crazy old coach, to the easy motion of the rail. They might roll it as long as they liked, but, for her part, give her the rail all the world over. The air, too, was as fragrant
as if coming from so many garblings. It was delightful, it was." To which, and other like sentiments Mr. H. and the kind "furriness" good-naturedly responded; indeed, the latter gentleman was "the most accommodating man she ever knew." He became quite chatty, and, wonderful to relate, he was born in the very same village that had the honor of giving Mrs. H. birth; and, still more wonderful, upon comparing notes, actually discovered that they were first cousins on the grandmother's side,—which Mr. H. also, thought a remarkable circumstance, to pick up in a rail road carriage. His conversation elicited that he was a gentleman "traveling on his own account,—knew all about California, where he had lived twenty years—and crossed the Atlantic and Pacific nearly twenty times, and was thus on his way to Jamaica, on a rum speculation; also, having been for years engaged in a scientific discovery to convert cocoanut nuts into fresh butter; that object also embraced part of his attention. He had several agents in California, to whom he would be happy to give them letters of introduction; they would find," he said, "the kind of gold a mighty wonderful place. Gold was so plentiful, and iron so scarce, he declared he frequently sold an old, worthless iron pot for its weight in gold. He remembered, once," he said, "after a day's prospecting, seeing the sand that got in his shoes, for ten times the worth of a gross of them in the old country. He remembered once going into a blacksmith's shop, up in the mines, accompanied by his servant Wheelock-a-woa, a native Indian, where every shoe in the place was forged from gold; nay, the very nails that fastened them to the horses' hoofs were gold; even the very anvil and hammer of the blacksmith, nay, even the very nose of the bellows, were made of gold. He said iron was so wonderfully scarce at that time." Huckleberry thought this very wonderful, and gently inspired if the gent were romancing; "cos he knew a little about metals, and he ques-
tioned whether a gold nail wouldn't be too soft to hold on to the shoe. He had to be excused from taking in all that amount; he was not yet quite soft enough for that. He knew," he said, "twas very hard to get it in some places; but, hang it, he couldn't swallow all that travellers told." "You forget to take into account, my dear sir, he influence of the climate, particularly that of California, where the days are so hot as to melt lead in the very streets, and on the tops of the houses; and the nights are so cold that butter, in the morning, couldn't be chopped, scarcely, with a hatchet. Do you doubt that?" said the traveller. "Now, if butter could melt and condense, in the same ratio, why couldn't gold, particularly if one took into account that California gold, there was no question about it, was known to melt faster in a warm poocket, near a warm heart," he slyly added, "than in any other country."

"It might be true," said H. Hick, "and might be a joke; twas no matter; all he knew about its hardness, anywhere that he heard on, 'twas precious hard to get."

This animated conversation was kept up to a late hour, until sleep, after another, influenced the whole party, from which, they were only at intervals, partially aroused, by the guards shouting the names of the various places, at which, from time to time, they arrived, until at last smoky, murky Liverpool burst upon them. Here the foreign gentleman, who seemed to speak the whole of the foreign languages, and some others (self-invented ones, beside) known only to the police district, was met by another foreigner, to whom Mr. and Mrs. H. were formally introduced.

"How strange it was," said Mrs. H., "that they were going to the same hotel—the Victoria—kept by a former old servant of a friend of his, where they should have every accommodation, and then—how kind—so and his friend would call in the morning, to
ADVENTURES OF MR. DICKORY HICKLEBERRY.

“Mean? why what I say, woman! That furrier has run off with all our trunks, and not the ghost of one has he left behind, even for modesty's sake; he has left us nothing but a heap of brickbats wrapped up in straw, to console us for the loss of them.”

“Why, that's impossible, Hickory, for I sent them all wrenched into the lumbering room, my very self, while you were a sipping your glass of brandy and water with the two strangers, in the bar room, I'll take my oath on it.”

“Oh, you'll have to take something else, Mrs. H., when you have seen no more of "em than I have.”

“Have you been to the purloin station people about it?” inquired Mrs. Hickleberry.

“No, nor to the moon's station-people either, and I think there's as much use in 'plying to the one, as to the 'other.”

“Well, then—go then—my good man—for there's all my cups, and goblets, and flankins, and heaven knows what in 'em.”

“I thought what his fine stories of California would come to; somehow or other, I had my misgivings. When he spoke of the goht—mind o' goht, I'd give all the stutt's in California, if I had it, for the pleasure of just punching his precious old head for half an hour with my best tin hammer; and if I didn't leave every part thereof hotter than any frying pan in this establishment, I'd consent to be kick'd to death by spiders.”

Here the landlord, as much astonished as himself, brought them a letter, which was left on the table in the bar-room, addressed to D. Hickleberry, Esq.

Hick opened it, and with the help of the landlord, spell out the following:

“Dear Friend,—Being suddenly called upon to take charge of some valuable goods consigned to the respectable firm of Nebras, James Nolles and Thomas Giles & Co., I cannot depart without giving you the recommendations I promised to some friends in California. One will suffice for all; it is that of James
Green, Esq., 999th street, Triangular Square, bowmen’s County, California. You will find him, when you see him, a very pleasant old gentleman, as much like yourself as possible. Please give my best love to my cousin, Mrs. Huckleberry for whom I shall ever entertain the warmest friendship, for the charge she has intrusted to me, and wish that I shall endeavor to keep as a keepsake, for her sake and my own.

“Secondly,” cried Huckleberry, he deserves to be roasted alive, and skinned afterwards.”

“Tis adding insult to injury,” said the host.

“Tis was than borrowing one’s best cap, and spoilin’ on it, and spoilin’ than another St. day, first of a sea of duk, by means of villainy, as ancient or modern.

was ever depicted by any history, an exhibit of the curtain of our drama, to exhibit the reader, as pretty a scene of dark forensic villainy, as was ever depicted by any history, ancient or modern.

Messrs. Smit & Nabb had scarcely congratulated themselves with having successfully wrested from her. Mrs. Gracious Majesty’s fund, a hitherto unclaimed estate, now, nominally the property of Dibby Huckleberry, Esq., but actually, of Messrs. Smit & Nabb, than another stray fish, by the most

change in the world, unexpectedly fell into the clutches of their net. This was no other than one of the world’s mentioned in chapter six. The Huckleberrys, Unable to withstand the temptation of the reward of four thousand pounds, to which the government had added two more, for any information that might lead to the discovery of that unfortunate nobleman, Lord Lovett, whose mysteries and sudden disappearance had raised the curiosity of all England, and afforded the column of newspapers an everlasting fund of inexhaustible themes, to their great comfort; this individual, finding the problem of secure reward and safety of self, too difficult for him to solve, had resolved to apply to the before-mentioned gentlemen for their aid and assistance. It was a scene worthy of the great painter Le Bruin, to mark the passions of the trio, as they were seated opposite each other, in the back reception room of one of the dwellings in that great law pyramid—Pamm’s Inn, London. Smit & Nabb, two of the smartest practitioners of their profession and day, had to deal with one, if possible, smarter than themselves; a fellow, a match for the very fittest of diviners.

“You say that you are in possession of a direct clue of the whereabouts of Lord Lovett’s?” It was in this guise that Smit opened the campaign.

“I say no such thing,” replied the Haberdasher; “I say I know those fellows too well to shake off improper manners and habits, with whom I am too long, associated to entertain my friends will find me one to be at all times. You have a need to professional eminence you in a certain walk in the world acquainted with, but as for other us, you are quite unknown.”

“All right, sir, I am ready to prove it.”

“Is that consideration, in the opinion of Mr. Nabb, consulting me who is the partnership in such business.”

“I think I am a fair offer,” replied that gentleman.

“I have another proposal to make: I possess sufficient information to contest the reputed heirs’ right to Earl Rimorda’s estate; this I cannot do without efficient legal assistance; and for

chapter XII.

OFFERS TO THE HERO A PEACE BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

We are now about to raise one corner of the curtain of our drama, to exhibit to the reader, as pretty a scene of dark forensic villainy, as was ever depicted by any history, ancient or modern.

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ADVENTURES OF MR. DICKORY HICKLEBERRY.

I have already had occasion to state that gentlemen of the bar, unless they possess sufficient information respecting the reputed heirs’ right to the estate of Elmore’s ancestors, that estate, amounting to about three thousand dollars in the shape of income, and consisting of an interest in certain shares in the China trade, leave out efficient legal assistance unless considered, signed, sealed, and delivered. I am ready to prove the truth of what I assert.

"What is that consideration, may I ask?" inquired Nabb, concealing his surprise.

"No less than a partnership in your well-established business."

"Aye, indeed!" rejoined Suit, "your proposition is, to say as little as possible about it, simply ridiculous."

"Why so?" replied the haberdasher, "If I can be the means of introducing you to the solicitorship to the extensive possessions of their lordship’s estates, so as probably to double your income, I do not think upon examination, and proper consideration, you will find my proposition so ridiculous as you at first sight imagine."

"Pray who are you? may I inquire," respond both simultaneously.

"That at present, I cannot divulge, I can only state that I have been brought up to your profession, and know the details of a great many parts of it; and to assure you of this fact, I am prepared to undergo any examination in common law you may be inclined to submit me to. Circumstances, not birth, have placed me in my present position; and I seek to shake off improvident association, and make a better fortune for myself, and to enable me to shake off improper associations, and habits, with which I have been too long associated. If you feel inclined to entertain my proposal, you will find me one to be relied upon at all times. You have raised yourself to professional eminence and alliances, in a certain walk in the law that I am ready acquainted with, and I shall be enabled to double your business, almost without an effort of yours, by means of your responsibility."

"You really surprise us. May I ask what that walk of the law is, to which you allude?"

"Certainly. It is that of investigations of unclaimed bank dividends, heirless estates, unattached foreign claims, &c. &c."

"That will do, that is quite sufficient," stammered out the amiable Mr. Nabb, dreading the laying bare other supposed secrets of their craft.

"That suit of Budge versus Rudge, of yours, gentlemen, was a cheat at source of legal sleight of hand. I was abroad at the time, and I cannot tell you with what anxiety I watched the issue of that memorable trial."

"But Messrs. Suit and McNabb, winked again, while the Haberdasher continued."

"One of your best witnesses,—O'Toolde,—received his instructions from me; but I had none of the reward that the counsel received from your hands. What would you have done gentlemen, without this black and white swearer? This was the pivot on which the weighty bulk of the whole ponderous matter turned; the key-stone of the mighty arch, which your abilities had erected, and which, if wanting, or not judiciously framed, would have tumbled your mighty fabric of five long years of toil into the dust. Then again your suit of—"

"We wish to hear no more, sir, of these matters; but beg you to confine yourself to your first proposition of introducing us to the solicitorship you mention. If you can produce satisfactory proofs of your ability to effect this, we make no doubt we shall need to your wishes of a partnership in our business. You mentioned that you have resided abroad, do you speak any of the foreign languages?"

"I am well acquainted with, and speak fluently, the German, French, Italian, and Hindustanee."

"Indeed! then you will be quite an acquisition to us. Really you must favor us with some name."

"Let it be Smith, Mr. Smith, there are plenty on the Law List, and one more or less is sure to be overlooked."

"And escape detection, you would say," rejoined McNabb, grinning with a ghastly smile of mortification.

"Where are you to be found Mr. Smith—that is—ah—what may be your place of residence?"

"Here this extraordinary Mr. Smith
place most unprofessionally, the most useful digit of his right hand in a right line with the most prominent feature of his face, exclaiming: "That examination does not come on to-day, gentlemen."

The two lawyers regarded each other for a moment in suspense, at last Mr. Smith said, "Deal sincerely with me, gentlemen, and you will find me a trump. Deal treacherously and you will find me a tartar."

Here Mr. Smith, catching up a blank folio, scribbled two words, and presented it in a most formal manner to the two lawyers. What those enigmatic words were, we cannot tell, perhaps time may reveal them; but whatever they were, they produced such an effect on the two men of the law, that no galvanic battery could have given a more stunning blow to their perceptive faculties. It had the power of making them immediately come to terms, and presentable. It had the power of making them immediately come to terms, and presentable. It had the power of making them immediately come to terms, and presentable. It had the power of making them immediately come to terms, and presentable. It had the power of making them immediately come to terms, and presentable.

THINK OF ME.

BY W. H. D.

Think of me when the early day is dawning, And the bright east seems like a golden sea, While fair Aurora weaves in the morning; I'll think of thee.

Think of me when the god of day is smiling, As mortals honor, his radiance far and free, O'er hill and plain his blessings wide extending; I'll think of thee.

Think of me when the day is gently closing, And stars are twinkling through each lady tree— When all is hushed, and man reposing; I'll think of thee.

Think of me when your daily cares are ending, As round the fire you close in social glee, Parents' with children's cheerful voices blending; I'll think of thee.

Think of me when the twilight dears are falling, And flowers shed fragrance o'er the falling snow— While Memory from the silent past is calling; I'll think of thee.

Pray for me when, at night, before repose— You meet together on the bended knee— Each day with prayer and sacred duties closing; I'll pray for thee.

Pray for me when after my way I'm wrestling, Upon the deep and ever restless sea— While every thought of mine is homeward tending; I'll pray for thee.

Pray for me when in distant lands I'm dwelling; Oh, them I know you'll often pray for me; Where such emotion of my heart is telling, My prayers for thee.

OAKLAND, Nov. 20, 1856.

A SINGLE female house-fly, it is said, will produce, in one season, twenty millions.
I'll think of thee, when the twilight dewy hours shed fragrance o'er the morn;

I'll think of thee, when the day is gently shed through each early blossomed, nature and man repeat;

I'll think of thee, when your daffy cares are o'er, and children's cheerful voices banter;

I'll think of thee, when, at night, before repose, together on the bended knees—prayer and sacred dacest—

I'll pray for thee, when after my way I'm wandering deep and ever restless sea—no thought of mine is housed by;

I'll pray for thee, when in distant lands I'm dwelling,

And undeniably that face, like summer's count;

Its hue is rosy and its cheek, as often,
Shimmers a whirlwind of the heart's emotions;

Love, hatred, pride, hope, sorrow—all, save fair.

The room which we entered was brilliantly lighted by a large silver chandelier, placed in the center of a long table of unplumed mahogany; here and there on it were groups of bottles of wine from different lands. The pale vintage of the Rhine, the warm, red, glowing nectar of the Douro. Brandies from the Charente, and the fiery Schnapps of the sturdy Hollanders.

Crystal vases of dried fruits, and drinking cups and goblets of different forms and manufacture.

Some fifteen men were seated on benches placed on each side of the table, carousing with no stint of jollity.

Behind them, on each side of the room, were rows of bunks, two tiers deep, like a ship's forecastle, in which were fur robes and blankets, and rich coverlets of damask and silk. At the head of each of these bunks hung a revolver in a holster, and a pair of silver hilted daggers, which flashed back the light from their burnished mountings. At the end of the room were curtains and sails, and pilae of cordage, boat ladders, ropes, and marine tackle of different kinds.

The men were evidently sailors, and had their devil-may-care, yet generous look.

All wore the beard and moustache, and had the bronzed complexion of a long sea life. There were some fine faces among them; but, the majority,

I would have made no bad addition to a pirate, or a slaver's crew.

My strange friend seated himself at the far end of the table, at a distance from the others, placed me beside him, called out to a negro who was acting as waiter, and we soon had goblets and wine before us.

"And now," said he, turning to me, with all the bland courtesy of a highly polished gentleman, "allow me to welcome you to my sea-side lodge, pray what wine shall I have the pleasure of pledging you in? Here is some old Madeira, which has crossed the line twice, and is as old as Warren Hastings' grandfather; or here is some rare old Port, you can see the bee's wing in it; or perhaps a goblet of sparkling Burgundy, clear and bright, as the light of love in a maiden's eye."

"I will drink of the Burgundy," I answered, and my goblet was filled, and we pledged each other in wine of the purest nativity.

I now looked keenly at my host, but I knew him not; still, there was a look in his eye which haunted me, as having been seen in some other place, in some other land; but, I could not bring my memory to an anchor, as to when, and where.

He was a splendid model of a man, and seemed to have weathered some twenty-five years of life, a towering form; gigantic strength; beautiful curling hair; beard and moustache, of a dark brown shade; clear eye; high forehead; small, firm mouth; a winning expression of countenance, and insinuating address, made up my friend, as a most delightful companion.

But, at times, there was a light in his
eye, a kind of tiger glare, which made
you feel you were not certain, when a
fiery burst of temper might mar all the
pleasing qualities he then displayed.

"Malcom," said he, addressing one
who seemed an officer, and who sat
nearest to us, "when will the tide serve
for you to-night? I believe all your
cargo is on board; and there are your
despatches for my friend Don Fran-
cisco, and other papers for the captain
of the Galtshut,[16]" and he handed
him a sealed packet of papers, and con-
tinued, "have you any thing more to
say to me?"

"Nothing, Captain Harold, but to
bid you good by. Let us drink success
to the trip. Up boys to your feet;
drink—here's a good run to the Galt-
shut." In an instant, they were all
standing, and the cups were drained.

"Now tumble down," exclaimed Mr.
Malcolm, "tumble down and get the
boats out, there is some heavy pulling
to-night."

For a few minutes all was bustle, as
each went to his bed and buckled on
his arms, and coming up to Capt. Har-
old bid him good by. Mr. Malcolm
shook hands, and he, with all but some
three of the men, departed, and we
were, as it were, left alone, after the
noise and bustle which had been with
us before.

It was strange to me the quick ob-
dience of the men, and their sobriety,
with so much good wine before them—
even in the lavish prodigality, there
were evidences of discipline and sys-
tem; and high pay to restrain them in
due bounds, amid so much apparent
license.

"Now come, I wish to know you,
and where and when we met before;
I have a dim, uncertain feeling, con-
cerning my former acquaintance with
you which I would like to dissipate, by
knowing exactly our former position
with each other."

"Well, I cannot but say, that in a
more civilized state of society than
this, the question would be reasonable.
Suffice it," he continued, "that I wish
to be unknown, but, as Mr. Harold, a
merchant of this Pueblo of San Fran-
cisco, and if further endorsement is
required, apply to my friend, Don
Spinosa Cartagena, who is a Don
magnate, and owns some seventy-five
square miles of land; some 20,000
head of horses; and as many horses
as would mount the light and heavy
cavalry of the Duke of Parma. Here
let us drink to the Neckar, and to the
two hearts of other days."

We pledged the toast, and he con-
tinued, "my good friend Markham, we
have not met often before in old Heidel-
berg, and we attended the same col-
lege—and, in old, dear old Virginia, I
met you often, and once at your own
father's house, but we were never inti-
mate; it was always among a crowd
we met, so you see our knowledge of
each other was never very great. I am
engaged in an undertaking which
needs much writing and copying, and
I need a clerk in whom I can put the
most perfect confidence; I will pay
you a thousand dollars a month:—will
you accept the offer? Do not judge
me by the mad frolics of to-night, you
met me in the hour of relaxation—in
business I could stand the test of the
Rutile."

For a little time I considered, there-
was a mystery about the man; our
manner of introduction, and his prince-
ly offer, which on entering into a lets
looked at him, and named to read the
words, you will get the strong fascination
of the adventure, suddenly I ex-
said, "I will give you
"He wrote
upon his
friends were
not in need of
A friend
to our future
sonship, he
cherokees; our
Manillas
the real Mani-
you can find."

"If they have
this," I answered,
smoke through
the 'alone
wheat,' I must
your taste; and
quiet hour; to
turn me your opinion
future."

"It is written
and arising."

"California, in
marked, as the
GREAT PACIFIC
reach from Still
Terra del Fuego,
plank of States,
I looked at him; and his keen black eye seemed to read my very heart; emotion whispered warnings, he may be your evil genius; but there was a strong fascination in the man, and in the adventure, which drew me on, and suddenly I exclaimed, "I am at your service, Mr. Harold, and if you wish I will give you writing to that effect."

"Ha! writing," he answered, with a sneer upon his fine lip, "deeds and bonds were made for knaves, and there is no need of writing between you and I; your word will be enough, and as for mine, your salary will be paid in advance; and now, that we have settled this question of business, let us turn to the good wine and pleasure."

"Friend Markham, fill up a bumper to our future hopes. And here, you sleek apothecary, bring me a box of the old cheroots; come, take one of these prime Manillas; do you know I prefer the real Manilla to the best Havanna you can find."

"If they have age and are like this," I answered, "asses the perfumed smoke through my nostrils, and realizing the aroma of a most delightful weed, I must admit the correctness of your taste; and now, as we have a quiet hour together, I wish you to tell me your opinion of California, and its future."

"It is written in the words progress and destiny."

"California, in the book of Time, is marked, as the leading State of the Great Pacific Republic, which will reach from St. Frank on the North, to Terra del Pueyo, on the South. A galaxy of States, of which Eureka, will be the first and most brilliant star. Giving light, and tone, and strength, to the others; sending out her radiant beams to them all, and making the long range of oceana, alive with the battle the vitality, the life of Commerce."

"Here, on this beach, where now we sit, in a canvas covered building, will be proud and great streets, with magnificent edifices. I can hear, now, in imagination, the hum of its thousands, the ring of the anvil, and the whistle of the Iron Horse, dashing proudly, nobly, to his journey's end, and bringing a million letters to the men of trade, who will rush to receive them, and in the night they will ponder over great adventures, and which will quicken the old world with a fresh vitality; re-enthralled in the glorious influence of the new world, which will spring into life at its confines."

"Truly, Mr. Harold," I replied, "it is a splendid prospect for us, who are citizens of the new land, we should be happy and proud in the hope of its future."

"Happy," cried he in a tone of agony; the word had roused the demon in him, and it seemed a pang was gnawing at his heart, which withered him; the expression of his face was so fearful. "Happy—oh, my God, speak not of happiness to me. I tell you Markham, there is no true happiness upon this earth. The word jars upon my ear—look into your experience. Look back, back, into the hours, days, years, of your life—trace out the happiness of them, and tell me, was there not a sting in all, some bitter in the cup?"

"You are yet young in the world's trials, and I can tell by your eye you..."
are indignant, and that you would evince the happiness of friendship and of love—well, search back into your friendships and your loves—search well, look deep, beyond the surface, and you will have little warrant for that indignant glance, and if your faith in man is still unshaken, you may be happy, but my experience has been different, for where I trusted most, I have been most deceived. Heavens! I have had friends whom I have defiled, and whose noble nature seemed to lift them so far above me, that I have degraded myself in the worship I have given to them. But time rolled on, and a light broke in upon my soul, for I soon found that I was but a tool, used by those dear friends, who coined from my heart's pulsations, some of the dross of mammon, to flinch at. And for this they sold themselves and me, and crushed out all the true and noble of their nature, beneath the devil's hoof of alluring gold.

And they once had poetry in their nature, and high emotions, and on many a glorious night had looked up into the stars, and felt the God within them; but their evil genius was with them then, for other thoughts than truth and beauty soon was theirs, for self and gold, had become to them a new faith and honor. And human hearts, and noble thoughts, and truth of friendship, and all sympathy, was dashed with rude hand, by them into the crucible, to give them wealth; thinking, poor fools, that by and by, when sentenced under the shadow of their riches, they could win back the pure thoughts, the friendly feeling—the souls they had thrown away. But they were gone, never to come again. My God, what a delusion, for they had become slaves to a hard taskmaster, and the golden devil urged them on, and wrinkled their brow, and whitened their hair in his service, and their wealth was as a mockery and a curse to them.

"But love, what of love, Harold," I exclaimed.

"Love," he answered, with a quiet, deadly, smile, "I too have loved, Markham, -aye, and bright eyes have beamed into my heart, and its fountains have welled up with the first fresh, sparkling waters of dear love. Ha! what a spell! how I robed the priestess of that altar in angelic thought, and dreamed it was all too pure for earth. And when the touch of the gentle hand thrilled through every nerve, and soft lips were pressed for the first time, gently on my brow, making the earth a paradise—oh! how I gloried in my new faith, and deemed its fire immortal. Alas, alas; the mocking devils were looking on the scene, and the echo of their laughter was but breaking on my ear—for it was but a little time, and those eyes were beaming on another, and that fair hand was black in its foul deceit, and that pure kiss, that sweet dear kiss of love—was given away, madly given away, when all was forgotten but the mad idolatry of sin; and I, the first, was desolate, out in the dark night, amid the wild winds, the lightning, and the bitter rain, fit companionship with the fierce storm within my soul. Happiness, I know not, but in excitement, when the warm blood is boiling at the fever heat in the chase after some imaginary pleasure; when the eye of beauty beams on you in mad love. Oh, when your arm throws poised to strike your feet, you have Ah! that is, but the pulsations of new life. And in the 'king of terr, own, and the gilt stock, gives us our land, we shrink, but madly, gloriously known gilt, with on our lips, and soul, no more pangs of this earth, this high ye which has been to us, twined in ever longing of its tally.

I looked at him with a brilliant, there was in his eye, the sound of his voice. He was the gladiator, or sword in hand, in the amphitheater, his antagonist his batterum. How will this him through the where will be the knife—perplexion for conquer American. The fillibuster, made the gladiator. The quiet, happy suits them not, at find a field, where events can blaze convenatical rules of
love. Or, when in the battle-field,
your iron thrown back, your shield
pinned to strike your enemy down, at
your feet, you hear the cry of victory.
Ah! that is happiness, which makes
the pulsations of the heart bound with
new life. And if in such a moment,
the king of terror claim us for his
own, and the quick bullet, or the ready
steel, gives us our passport to the spirit
land, we shrink not from his coming,
but madly, gloriously, leap into the un-
known gulf, with a shout of triumph
on our lips, and we are gone, to the
soul-land, no more to feel the stinging
pangs of this earth's gares, but to real-
ize the high yearnings of the soul,
which has been an ever present pain
to us, fettered in our prison here. An
ever longing of the mortal for immor-
tality.

I looked at Harold, his eyes were
brilliant; there was a look of defiance
unto death, in their flashing radiance,
and the sound of the war cry was in
his voice. He was a splendid picture
of the gladiator, and with the costum on,
or sword in hand, he seemed one who
in the amphitheatre would have made
his antagonist bite the dust of the Spis-
arium.

How will this gladiator spirit bear
through this world I thought,
where will he end, by the bullet, or
the knife—perchance in some expedi-
tion for conquest in Central or South-
ern America.

The filibuster of to-day, would have
made the gladiator of another time.

The quiet, happy life of civilization,
suits them not, and it is necessary they
find a field where their fiery tempem-
ments can blaze up in light. The con-
ventional rules of society, are like the
bars of the tiger's cage to them. The
prisoner, held in, cheeked by them, their
death ends in dishonor; which, in a
more congenial climate, amid danger and
adventure, burns, up with a lustre
which makes them heroes:

For some time we were silent, for in
each had been touched an electric fire
of thought, extending far back into
other days, repeating fast old memo-
ries, long buried in the tomb of time:

"Come, fill another bumper," at last
exclaimed Harold, "this room prisons
me, as I feel just now, I wish I was on
the ocean, in the deep dark night, amid
the howling of the storm, to see the
live lightning clash the mountain
waves, as they madly leaped to its em-
brace. The loud voices of the fierce
winds would soothe me now, let us out
into the night."

A quiet walk of half an mile, brought
us to a point of land jutting out into
the bay, and we stood in silence con-
templating the beauty of the scene.
The heavy fog had cleared away, and
the still water was like a rival firm-
ment to that above, for the stars were
out in glory, and they were looking
down into the mirror beneath them,
which was reflecting back their beauty
and their brightness, and the islands of
the harbor were standing up in bold
relief against the clear horizon of the
bay coast, like elon giants standing
amid a silver sea of light, looking down
upon the town, with its hundred lights
twinkling in the distance, and the ships
anchored near them—sentinels, of the
past and future, immovable and eternal.

The ear of a friend is the sanctuary
of evil reports; there alone they are
safely preserved.
There is nothing more agreeable to me than a venerable village churchyard. I know I am not singular in this partiality; thousands have said and sung of their feelings, whilst visiting those hallowed spots; but they must be of the right character to please me; no squarearchy about, no modern innovations, no sectarian proscription. In no country are these scenes so much advantaged, to the moralizer, as in England, the "old country," as we Yankees love to characterize her. In Holland, in France, in Germany, as in other parts of the continent, they are too much cared for; the elements make no way against the print pot and white washing; and those at home are all too now to call up reminiscences of more than a couple of centuries. Not it is under the timeworn patch work roof, held together by that rare old paint, the green, resting on one side its deep brood shadows, and on the other interposing between the staring daylight and the gloom around the moldering tomb within, and only admitting a few slanting beams, at intervals, upon its prostrate warrior's reclining effigy, that we can pursue our musings with anything like depth of feeling. The glistening and lance pointed windows, the solid abutments, the square old steeple, it is easy to perceive, are all built to last to the end of time. No addition, no enlargement, no modernizing, were contemplated to desecrate the work which the foreign guild of masons were called upon to establish throughout the United Kingdom. When the fathers made up their minds, these eminent foreigners came over, and took up their residence until the hallowed structure reared its head, employing native artists only to do the inferior work.

Many a day have I spent in these sequestered nooks; my sketch book is filled with drawings of their quaint old forms, and their monumental rustic manner. Amongst their attractions not the least I found to be the rustic lays of the village poets; some, so dead; some, so touching; some, so outraging; some, so extraordinary, that, in my travels, I resolved no object whatever should withdraw my attention from recording them. I will give you a few, without burdening your attention with place or state of circumstances.

One, on a little Emma, aged four years:

"Adios! sweet shedu, whose gentle virtues move
Around thy parent's heart a nest of love:
How, like a lily, thou dashest the eye,
And lure the love of every passer by.
Heaven saw thy worth, though unannounced by years,
And snatch'd its favorite from this vale of tears."

Upon a wife of only two years experience, by the fond husband:

"Ah! where's the charm that bound me to this earth?
The daily joy to which my Anne gave birth?
I lacked no other bliss than that was given,
But she was snatch'd to show this is not heaven."

Upon a sorrowing father, who lost three of his sons on a boating excursion:

"Mysterious hand! why hast thou bless'd Me with three boys, the sweetest and the best?
Their love for me was mixt without a pang,
And all the village with their virtues rang;
In one fell hour they left life's happy shore,
The wave closed over them, and they were no more."

Upon a singer who, although only sixteen years of age, had been leader of the village choir for several years:

"Hark! I hear an angel's voice,
Sister Emma! join us in our choice!
Leave this earth, with all its grief,
Of our glad choir to be the chief!
We need a voice to harmonize,
Like thine, our solos in the skies,
Come sister, come, with ready wing,
We wait thousands you to sing!"

Upon a father, by his sons:

"May thy blessed spirit, father dear,
In all temptation never,\nAs when in life, to touch our yoth,
Through virtue's path the God of truth."

Upon a sister, by a brother, the last but one of his race!
Amongst their attractions not I found to be the restless hills of the young poet; some, so close, so touching; some, so outrageously extraordinary, that in its, I resolved not object what- ever but to withdraw my attention from them. I will give you a few hints for your attention with a certain taste of circumstances.

In a little Emma, aged four
sweet shade, whose gentle virtues are
in parents' hearts a net of love;
ily; then didst charm the eye,
the love of every passer-by.
thy worth, though unmasked by self, is its favorite from this vale of tears.
wife of only two years expertise the fowl husband.

The charm that bound me to her? A joy to which my Anne gave birth; no earthly love that was given was snatch'd to show this is not even.

A sorrowing father, who lost his sons in a basting e'en.

There hand? why hast thou blessed three boys, the sweetest and the best? For to me was mixed without a pang, his village with their virtues rang; all hour they left life's busy shore, a child 'midst them, and they were mine.

A singer who, although only years of age, had been louder Bingen, in the choir of the chief of angels; he was a child in the skies, the sister came, with lovely wing with Eternity you sing to!'

A father, by his sons:
thin-spun; father dear, patern dearest on his life, to teach our youth.

A poet, in his sister, a brother, the last of his race.

"Sister, the last of all my race,
And shall I see no more thy face,
Sewing sweet content on mo,
Scorched with the world's cold shade;
It is thus she speaks, it is God's grace
To seek for you a happier place."

These, it is impossible to deny, make such an impression upon the heart as to render it more susceptible of its duty, and more mindful of heavenly things; but there are doggerel which convey quite a contrary tenordony, and it is only to deter the credulous and ignorant from such attempts that I conceive it a duty to record them.

One, on a poor boy:

"Here I lies,

Killed by a stone,

Another, on a singular quietus:

"Here I lie,

Killed by a stone,

Another:

"Two poor boys God gave to me,

As poor boys as ever you see;

But then we were sick wi' ague fine,

And now we be as dead as sites."

Another, on one William Weekes:

"Here lies poor W. W.,

Who never more will trouble you, trouble you."

Another:

"Here lies my old wife, Death did her strike,

Before she killed herself with the handy bottle."

Another, remarkable for absence of orthography:

"Afflictions our,

Long ten I bare,

Physick art, nor all vain,

Till God did please,

Death me to spare,

And ease me of all pain."

Another, on a schoolmaster:

"Here lies poor Mr. Trigonom,

Who never more will figure away;

His addition is now a vision;

His subtraction is without action;

His multiplication live no simulator;

And his division is in a prison.

Let's hope he's gone to a better school;

Than any here that did rule."

Another, on a tailor:

"I spent my life, by God's good grace,

In fitting Adams's mock'd coat;

God grant me at this dead awaking,

The wedding garment of His making."

But the most pompous of all writings, dead or living, is that upon a certain Thomas Wardle, Esquire, who, as it came to pass in the year of our Lord 1707, * * * * held the majority of this great city with undaun-

Then follows his pedigree, occupying some fifteen or twenty lines with many names, of whom nobody knows, or perhaps cares about. Some wag (upon honor it was not I, suspicious reader) etched, with a diamond, the following upon the stone:

"Here lies an ass,

It came to pass,

That as he lay, he died,

A pompous fool;

To live its coil

For Vanity and Pride."

Another I remember as being somewhat remarkable for coincidences:

"Here lies Charles Sopina Mandayes,

Who was born, christened, married, and dy'd on a Sunday,

Sunday is ye blessed seventh days of ye weekes."

"As every good Christian knoweth who can speeke;

He was ye seventh child of ye seventh sonne,

And he liest seven hundred hundres and one yeares old, his brother says,

And yet he had but seven in all the birthes;

And there are but seven of letters in each his name,

Which ye reader can see if he do but count ye same;

Altho' many have such relations by this;

He had but seven times seven of cousins;

He dy'd in ye seventh days of ye seventh month, 1707,

And left us hope is translated now to ye seventh;

Altho' his numbers were in this condition,

Yet he was quite free of all suspicion;

He liv'd alwaies conforming to God Ilis Wardes,"
And dyed a good Christian, praisying ye Lord.

Robertus Mumley, his second brother,
Scripta est nescia, "Tombie Mason ye most sensible terms."

In one of those rumblings in Devonshire, I alighted upon a curious marble tablet, on which was sculptured a figure representing half a naked skeleton joined to half a fashionably dressed lady, in full wig and shooness, under which was engraved,

"Ye double Restorations of Ye Fair Lady
Amy Anne Massoe Edgecumbe."

On applying to the old sexton, he told me the following tale:

"It was told to me," said this worthy of the spade, "by my grandfather, who received it from his: I shall discourse to mine, and so 'twill never be lost to the world, as far as me and the interested are concerned.

"You see, sir, this fair lady had a will of her own, to be buried in this tomb, with a bag of nuts at her feet, and her monkey at her feet, for they both died the same day. She was an old maid, no doubt, and that was one reason why she made such a will. Well, sir, she was buried with a valuable diamond ring on her finger, which, it seems, the clerk of the church knew, and so, says he to the sexton, "Sam, I don't see the use of burying treasures with the dead; they can make no use of them; so let's uncover the coffins of the old lady, sell the ring, and divide the spoils." No sooner said than done; the clerk and sexton broke open the tomb, hoisted out my lady, and cut off the finger that bore the ring, because it wouldn't come off easy. Now, says the clerk to the sexton, as we are out on the snoop, what do ye say to one of Farmer Giles' fat lambs, 'tis just the time for lamb and green peas; I've got the peas, you get the lamb; who'll be the wiser?" "Very well," said the sexton, "but how shall I manage it?"

"Why, replied the clerk, 'I'll stay here, and if I hear any one coming I'll crack some of these nuts, as a signal, and you can wait until the coast is clear."

"Good," says the sexton, and off he went.

"Now it happened that a carpenter and occasion to cross the churchyard, to get to the village inn, where he lived, and coming home on this night late from his work, he heard a strange cracking sound in the church, and looking up at the windows, saw strange lights flitting about the place, and something all in white, which no doubt was the roguery of a clerk, cloaked in his reverence's surplice, to frighten passers-by away from the place. So he takes his to his heels as fast as his legs could carry him, and arrives almost out of breath at the village inn, and relates that he has seen a most frightful apparition in the church, and that the place was lighted up and crackling of flames were heard in it. A poor crippled tailor who sat in the corner smoking his pipe, ridiculed the idea in such a manner as to excite the ire of the carpenter, and the tailor challenging him to the proof of there ever being such a thing as a ghost, there was no getting away from the suspicion of his cowardice but to accept the offer of the tailor, which was to carry him (the tailor), crutch in hand, to the scene of action, and discover the deception, if any, or the truth, if necessary. So off they both set, the coward carpenter's knees, as we may well imagine, knocking together, and the valiant tailor urging him forward to the fray.

"Did ye hear that?" says the carpenter (hanging the crutch cracking).

"Go on ye fool!" says the valiant tailor (raising his crutch aloft, ready for the encounter).

"Look! there's the ghost!" stammered the carpenter.

"Sure enough, one like it," says the tailor.

"Let's take breath," counsels he, says the carpenter.

"Go on, go on," says the tailor.

"This excited they entered the porch just as the clock might strike two. The tailor, nothing daunted, opens the ponderous chancel door. Now the clerk, seeing something in back, in the night's was the sexton laid his green peas, and "Is he a fat um, Fatt or lean, poor frightened cur and blundering chairs, and running with superhuman s... "Not a bad story is this connected with..."

"You shall hear, goes that the cutting finger for the ring, and resuscitated the term for it after..."

THE GOOD-YO UNCLE JOHN'S STORIES

"Tis no use, Schemastering your, I will not take in the tale, for I am a pest to the girls, and a no..."

"Try him once, Grubba," said poor old schoolmaster of Polesfield. "I'll be at bottoms, not fort he has been to..."

"You will he, won't you?" as coaxingly.

"Master has a herculean bull behind his rights of..."
...the sexton, and on this night there
appeared that a carpenter to cross the churchyard
village inn, where he lived, on this night; late,
he heard a strange
din in the church, and broke
windows, saw strange
about the place, and
form, which no doubt was a
clerk, dressed in her
vice, to frighten passers-
a place. So he took him
as his highest
arrives almost out of
a village inn, and
...a most frightful
church, and that...the
and the
...in it. A poor
...on the corner
...ed the idea in
...to execute the
...of the
taller
of there ever, being
as a ghost, there was no
from the suspicion of this
it to accept the offer of the
was to carry him (it included
in hand, to the scene of
discover the deception, if
truth, if necessary). Ed off
it, the coward carpenter's
may well imagine, knock-
and the valiant tailor
wall to the fence.
...hear that?" says the
carrying the suit meant
fool!" says the valiant
...his crutch aloft ready for
there's the ghost!" car-
...ough, one like it," says the
...ake breath," courage he
no carpenter. "If
...on," says the tailor.
...they entered the pew
...might strike two. The
shouted, open the
...door. Now the clerk,
...something lumbering on a man's
...back, in the night's gloom, imagined it
...was the sexton laden with the lamb for
...his green peas, and so bawled out,
...Is he a fat man?"
..."Fat or lean, take him," said the
...poor frightened carpenter, dropping the
tailor and blundering over stones and
chairs, and running out of the building
with superhuman speed.

Not a bad story," said I, "but now
is this connected with the Lady Anna?"

"You shall hear, master," the story
...goes that the cutting off of this lady's
finger for the ring, caused blood to flow,
and resuscitated her. I believe that's...
...the term, for it appeared that she had
...buried alive. The fright of the
...sixton, clerk, and tailor, in their turn
...seeing this lady in her shroud, screaming,
...shrieking, and fainting with fright, I
...leave to your imagination. The end
...was that my lady lived many
...years after, and I am told that the
...and the remainder of his bag of
...tiles, are now enclosed in a glass case,
...set in gold, as hair looms in the family,
to record the event. So, after all the
...out of the foolish designs of the
...lady, you see added many years
to her life, and let us hope that if she
...were a good Christian before the event,
that she died even a better one after it."

"There's no doubt of it," said I.

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Juvenile Department.

THE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.

UNCLE JOHN'S STORY FOR HIS LITTLE NIEPHERS AND NIEPHERS.

"Tis no use, what you say, Mrs. Schmutterling, your little like vagabond,
I will not take into the school again.
He is a pest to the boys, a torment to
the girls, and a source of constant
discomfort to me."

"Try him once more, do, pray, Mr. Grabbi," said poor Mrs. S. to the
embarrassed schoolmaster of the little village
of Pfoisfeld. "He is indeed a good boy at
bottom; you don't know what a comfort
he has been to me since his poor
father's death." Here the little schoolmaster's
chin lighted, and his tears fell with
his mother's at the mention of his father;
plainly showing to all but the prejudiced pedagogue, that he was not so
bad as he thought him.

"You will be a good boy, Hans,
won't you?" said the poor mother,
coaxingly.

"Master has a spite on me," blushed
out the boy, hiding his head be-
hind his right arm.

"Master has a spite on me," blushed
out the boy, hiding his head be-
hind his right arm.

"Master has a spite on me," blushed
out the boy, hiding his head be-
hind his right arm.

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"Mr. Keatswick said I was a liar,
and little better than a thief, and I hit
him for it, and then Master owned me,
and if I was to cause me a thousand
times, I'd hit my boy who dared to
call me such names."

"Never mind, Hans; the Master
will forgive you this time," said Mrs. S.
"I know he is a very kind gentleman."

"Yes, so he is, to his favorites,
more, but not to poor boys like me."

"Do you hear that?" said the master.
"What do you think your young
hopeful did the other day. I sent him
into the girls room to replenish their
ink for the calligraphic departmental
lesson, when the little imp took the
opportunity to crawl under their desk,
and pin all their frocks together, and
when the word of dismissal was given,
crack—rent—split—tear—went their
dresses, from the top to the bottom."

"I say it wasn't me," said the boy,
in the most insipid tone.

"As a proof that it was," said the
learned pedant, "he took the prescribed
forty stripes without a wriggle or a
word."

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"Yes! I know who did it; but I shan't say," said the boy.
"You had better deny that malicious affair (excuse the pun, Mrs. Schneterling) of last Monday, sir?"
"By all means, sir, if you wish it excused," replied the widow, not exactly comprehending the favor he asked.

"What do you think that was, Mrs. S.? When the worthy burgomaster, Von Bumbledink, honored us with a visit, all the scholars, instead of rising, as usual, to make their dutiful obeisances to his worship, sat as motionless as so many statues; and, after his worship had left, on my inquiring the cause of so flagrant a piece of neglectful duty, I found one and all had been stuck to their seats with great clods of cobbler's wax, which that vile boy of yours had placed for that express, indemnated, and nefarious purpose."

"Oh Hans! Oh you wicked boy!" said Mrs. S. "How could you behave so to his honorable worship, who, you know, says he will always be a friend to you."

Here the young Hans' countenance was fluctuating awhile between a smile and a tear—his features, like the village dome, that he took the whip-creed that was lying over handy on his time-worn desk, and cut Hans over the head, back, and breech, in less time than I can relate it; the poor widow, in the meantime, receiving half the blows, in her attempts to shield her dear husband's boy; and thus closed her interview, altogether.

"Mother, don't cry," said Hans, as they crossed the church-yard leading to the school house, "I can learn much faster with you than with that old surly Grub."

"Hans! Hans! this will break my heart, it will. What will your poor grandmother say?—what will his worship Von Bumbledink, say? Oh, what a disgrace have you inflicted upon the Schneterlings! Turned out of school! only think, that I should live to hear it."

"Why, I know what Bumbledink will say, Schneterling (Butterfly) by name, and Schneterling by nature. The old stupid has never done anything but make game of me, and never will. He and the Master are in company, and no good is to be got out of a carload of such rubbish. 'Tis very easy to make promises, Mother, but very difficult to perform; besides, he believes all that the Master says against me, without hearing me a word. I wish I was a man, I'd make 'em say different things of me, that I would."

"Hans, my boy, always respect your betters."

"They're not my betters, Mother, or they would behave better to me, but I hope, before long, to make them ashamed of their spite on me, for nothing."

Young Hans was destined to make good his assertion, before three short months had gone over his honest little head. As far as a boy could do, he did all to please and comfort his poor old mother. She was very, very poor, and Hans knowing this, was always upon the alert for a stray coin. He would dig gardens, fetch cows, chop wood, go a dozen errands before most of you think of getting out of bed, and was always in time to light his poor mother's fire, make the pot boil, prepare the stirrabout, in the room next to his mother's chamber. He did not want calling in the morning, but was always up with the earliest lark, hanging out his mother's clothes (she took in washing from her neighbors,) and preparing all this besides her breakfast, before he went out to do other odd jobs. Everybody liked the boy, but the old schoolmaster and his favorite; and so he cared nothing about. The only thing that grieved his mother about him, was, that so good a boy should suffer under the ignominy of being an expelled scholar.

As I said before, three months after these transactions, Hans was paddling about at the back of a piece where the empty—rubbish coal and wood to fuel, when his little finger, upon something the amidst the rubbish dirt, found it to be such a one as he had never seen on the thrashing hand of master. He first took it to the old medicine, resolved for he feared that him of having told of conscience pricking up to him. Then he told Mrs. Schneterling that wouldn't do, he served whenever he was mentioned; brought tears to his eyes, to he had hardly part bear. So he kept it more about it, and who should be the Master Knobly, the "How do Hans," "How do Hans, Schneterling."

"What's that you say your thumb?" said "A ring I've for your Bumbledink:"

"Why, don't you know something for it, like—he's the master has been about this last daughter gave it to me, and she heard more of her most broken heart look at it." The pressing the small which she laid upon the back, flew on very small, bow lady, about the eaid.

"Oh, the have the rown he promised. (225)
about at the back of the village ground, (a place where the whole village used to empty their rabbits) for a few thin coats and wood to add to his store of fuel, when his little keen eye alighted upon something that struck the village as a star amidst the rubbish; on wiping off the dirt, he found it to be a gold ring, just such a one as he remembered once to have seen on the little finger of the thrashing hand of his former schoolmaster. He first thought he would take it to the old man, but, on further cogitation, resolved to do no such thing, for he feared that he might suspect him of having stolen it, and of his conscience prickimg him to deliver it up to him. Then he thought he would tell Mrs. Schantering about it, but that wouldn’t do, because he had observed whenever his master’s name was mentioned to her, she always brought tears to her eyes, and reproached her tongue; which latter he had hardly patience enough left to bear. So he kept it three days to think more of it, and on the fourth day, who should he run up against but Master Katwyk, the old man’s favorite.

“How do Hans?” said the favorite.

“How do Katwyk,” said young Schantering.

“What’s that you are looking at on your finger?” said Katwyk to Hans.

“A ring! I’ve found one; is it pretty?”

“Well, don’t you sell it, and get something for it. Why do you hide it?—why is the very ring that master has been making such a fuss about, this last six months. His daughter gave it him before she went to sea, and the old man has never heard more of it. He is almost broken-hearted about it. Let me look at it.” The boy took it, and pressing the small diamond in front, which he had often seen his master do, the back flew open, and displayed a very small, beautiful miniature of a lady, about the circumference of a pin.

“Oh, ‘tis the same, and you shall have the reward of the six thalers he promised. Give it to me, and I will bring you the thalers on Saturday.”

Hans gave it to him, and kept the matter secret from everybody, but when the Saturday came, he resolved to tell his mother all about it if Master Katwyk was not as good as his word about the thalers.

“Here is your money,” said Katwyk, true to his appointment, “and one thaler more for your poverty; master is so delighted about it, he is almost ready to jump for joy.”

Now, thought Hans, when Katwyk was gone, I will make old Whack-away ashamed of himself. I’ll just into these thalers, and tell him! I scorn his dirty money, and tell him at the same time, that I am not a liar nor a thief.

So away went Hans, across the green into the church-yard, and in haste he stumbled over a stoney, and down he fell upon—his poor father’s grave. “Shall I keep this money to buy a stone with writing upon it, to put up at poor father’s grave?” said he to himself. Something whispered, “No; take it to the schoolmaster.” So off he set, and with a stout heart gave a thump at the old curan’s door.

“Come in,” said the old man.

Hans entered as bold as a brass knocker.

“What do you want here?” asked the chart.

He wore his worsted night cap on his head, and his old face was bound round with a white stocking, in which was a penknife, for he had been cutting so much with the knife since his rest, that he was obliged to give the boy and girl a holiday that day, which no doubt they were very sorry for.

“Here’s your money, master; I don’t want it, and wouldn’t have it from you even if mother was a starving, much less myself.”

“What money?” said the old man in great surprise, looking more comical than ever; for in his excitement, the penknife, and night cap pinched to it, fell off, and displayed a face online, skinny on one side, and pulled out
like a blader on the other, his nose partaking of the difference of the two appearances. 

"I never sent you any money!," said he to Hans; "I had rather have sent you a good horse-whip. Explain yourself; but take care boy how you associate my respectable name with any of your crew of mischief!"

With that Hans told him all about his finding the ring.

You should have seen the old man's countenance when Hans mentioned about his favorite.

"Why! the rascal has sold it, my poor daughter's ring, my poor Mary's ring. Woe is me! Hans, my boy, my poor boy, how have I wounded you! Where is the young villain? You will go with me, my boy, and tell the young thief to his face that he has sold it, and that he knew it was mine, for I had often seen him admire it. Come, my Hans, my dear boy; Hans forgive me, and come with me, I shall die if I do not re
turn it."

Hans, solemnly oath, soon found Master Katreyk. The schoolmaster taxed him with it; it was no use for him to deny it; so it was recovered at the expense of the money given for it, and which his parents were glad to pay, to punish the matter.

"Why, who is this coming across the common?" said Mrs. Schmettling, wiping her spectacles and putting them on in haste. "As I live his Hans, with his right hand in that of the schoolmaster's, What's up now, I wonder? Something he's done to offend him, I'll be bound. No, he is laughing and smiling; and, I declare, kissing the dear boy on his right cheek."

"Oh! Mrs. Schmettling," said Grub on meeting her, "a proud day for you; but one of painful humiliation to me, and yet of great joy. Forgive me, Mrs. S. Hans—your noble boy—I envy you the treasure."

Well, if you had seen the pedagogues surprise at first, I question whether you would think it at all a suitable compensa-
tion to that of the poor widow's, when he told her of his honest conduct. The old man kept wiping his nose, and his eyes, seemingly being able to restrain his emotion as he showed her the ring, and kissing Hans so much at one time, that the poor old widow thought the master would end his emotion by kissing her next. He was going to do, no one knows what, for the widow and Hans; and some folks in the village, after this, thought that Mrs. Schmettling, the butterfly, might change into a Mrs. Grub some eventful day or other.

"After all," said fat little studyy Hans, "I did no more, mother, than what any other honest boy would do."

[TO BE CONCLUDED, WITH AN ENGRAVING, IN OUR NEXT.]

"There is something so pretty and simple, yet so touching a prayer, in the following beautiful lines, that we, with pleasure, transcribe it to our readers:"

From the Juvenile Collection.

From the Family Christian Almanac for 1857.

THE CHILD AT PRAYER.

Into her chamber went A little child, one day, And by the chair she knelt, And thus began to pray: "Jesus, my eyes, I close— Thy form I cannot see; If thou art near me, Lord, I pray thee speak to me."

A sweet, small voice she heard within her soul:

"What is it, child? I hear thee; tell me all."

I pray then, Lord, she said, That thou wilt condescend To stay in my heart, And over me my friend; The path of life is dark; I would not go astray,— Oh, let me have thy hand, To lead me in the way."

"Fear not; I will not leave thee, child, alone."—

She thought she felt a soft hand press her own,

Her little prayer was said, And from her chamber, now, Forth passed she, with the light Of heaven upon her brow.

"Mother, I've seen the Lord; His hand in mine I felt; And oh, I heard him say, As by my chair I knelt, "Fear not, my child; whatever lies may come, I'll not forsake thee until I bring thee home."

"How rapidly we come to Call elsewhere. In a

city, the bright business men, of

In our country, the very near his

Reading, 'Rainy Season.'

To some, this fills prosperity; to others, 

Their labors—yet, encouraged. By sun 

The benignant of nearly every Call him to do and may, 

He may who favored land; these 

At once new bring may be rich is as if 

In this knowledge the one, and whom 

Whispers, kindly all others' kindness is a noble life it can give to you do our duty fast and to each one.

Have different feeling among this season's other por-

There, the fine 

Christmas as a 

course and me of kindness 

Here, we have the dear family of the family led 

at such a time remember the 

sent one's ret
How rapidly month by month rolls away
—more so in California, it seems to us, than
elsewhere. In San Francisco, and other
cities, the flight of time is noted, among
the elders, mostly, by "summer days."
In the mountains, among miners, it is seen
and felt most by the coming and going of the
"Rainy Season." To each it is alike rapid.
To some, this flight of time brings perpetual
prosperity; to others, nothing but continual
adversity. "Although to many: the path
way of life opens up green and bright, and
beautiful as spring, while to others it is dark
and dreary, in the withering leaves and dull
ness of autumn—and that, too, without the
harvest of summer having once blessed
their labors—yet men seldom become dis
couraged. By some wise law of our being,
the household of hope is always burning in
nearly every Californian's heart, and invins
him on to do and dare confidently, that eventu
ally he may win the prize. Besides, in this
favored land, changed often come as rapidly
as time can bring them; the poor of to-day
may be rich to-morrow; and the riches of
the rich as speedily become poor. It is
this knowledge that gives consolation to
the one, and admonition to the other; while it
implies, kindly and gently, to each, "Let us
all live as brethren," and ever feel that there
is a nobler life and a higher joy than wealth
can give or poverty deprive us of, when we
do our duty faithfully, as men, to ourselves
and to each other.

How different is the current of thought and
feeling, among the people of California, at
this season of the year, from what it is in
other portions of our much favored Union.
There, the nearest of friends look forward
to Christmas as a time of pleasant social inter
course and merry-making with a little word
of kindness with that esteem and love.
Here, we have to be satisfied with thinking
of the dear familiar faces that will gather around
the family hearth, and sit in the family circle
at such a time—and wonder, too, if they will
remember the number, and wish for the ab
sent one's return. We hope they won't for
not us—we know they will not—and that
thought is preponderant in disposing influence
upon our hearts, when so far and so long
away.

How many of us there are who
would like to be visitors and guests in
the dear old homeland when, that day comes
near, to look into the faces of beloved ones,
and see if time has dealt gently with them
— to hear if the music of their voices is as sweet
as formerly—to see if the eyes have grown less
bright, or smiles less kindly on us—yes, and
learn, too, if lips that we so often gives as
sweet and cordial a greeting as you.

Well—let us hope. There are but few, we
believe, in California, who would object to
try!—

Now, we have a few words to say about
water. We know that the only drawback to
the prosperity—everywhere—might be unparalleled
if California, is want of water. We know,
too, that where one man is now prosperous,
twenty would be, if they had plenty of water;
and we are anxious that this almost universal
neglect of the best interests of every man,
woman, and child, in this State, should
know a change—speedily, if possible; therefore,
we shall feel obliged to every gentleman, in
each mining district of California, if he will
kindly take the trouble to send us correct
information on the following points, viz:

How many weeks, in a year, upon
an average, has your district sufficient
water to work with?

How many men could, in your opini
on, be steadily and profitably em
ployed, in your district, if it were well
supplied with water?

As this subject is of more importance than
any, or all others—comprehensively—con
cerning the welfare of our young State, and of
the boom and science of its workers, we are the
more pleased of a cheerful and speedy an
swer to our inquiries—with any additional
information, upon that, or any other subject,
that can be given, that, directly or indirectly,
effects our prosperity.
ANSWERS TO CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

T. W. B.—We have seen it.

Jeff, Monte Christo.—We have not forgotten. Can you say as much?

J. Stein.—If your initial had been a G. instead of a J., we should say, Oh, Pshaw! don't get angry; besides, as we say not to blame, we don't care; therefore we say, "let her want." 

June A.—Please have patience. Yours, with several others, will appear in due season. Besides, we have to cultivate that virtue, and we hope you don't suppose it to be our selfish wish to cultivate it—alone! Do you?

R. M., Wood's Creek.—Your article on the Chinese is not quite suitable for our columns. Individually, however, we think you are right; but, as the Chinese are certainly not our equals, without proper motive a new kind of slavery may arise, that ultimately would give us more trouble than we bargained for, and which every one, who is anxious for the prosperity and progress of California, would much deplore, and should seek to avoid.

Old HOW.—We unhesitatingly reject all vulgarities, especially when unaccompanied with good sense, wit, or good humor.

The moral and mental culture of the South of California, by one who knows something about education, we regret was introduced to our readers too late for the present number.

Furn.—Do you take us for a heathen? Of course we love ladies who are sprightly, intelligent, and good looking.

O. C.—Now whether you intend to spell it, or change, or what not, we cannot for the life of us make out; a quid pro quo from drowning in a pool of ink, and walking hurriedly across a sheet of paper, is nowhere, in comparison. Please translate it.

Harry T.—"Keep her going," "never say die," "faith heart never was fair lady." &c. To know that the gold is there, is nearly half way to getting it. We have known many chimneys given up, about the middle of the week, as worthless, that have been equal to a fortune to some one else, before that week ended. Our advice is this: never start in any enterprise before you thoroughly make up your mind that it is desirable; and never quit it, until you prove it to be worthless. It is either wrong to begin, or it is wrong to leave off, before trying it thoroughly. And we right, think you?

On Improvement.—Don't suit an. Did you ever eat an apple that was entirely without flavor, tasteless, and very dry? Well, that's just the case with your piece.

Stiffer.—Hanging may be a very pleasant death; but if you don't wish to make us die of laughter, don't send any more such hanging stories.

T. F.—Your acquaintance had better emigrate, or join the Digger Indians of the maudlin gender, as they believe that labor is beneath them, or at least very inconvenient for themselves, though very excellent for their aquaive. Pass him on; he's a waster—he is.

Choice of a modern Ling.—Are tolerably good, but why not put them in use "to paint a moral, or adorn a tale." They would then be worth publishing.

J. L. C.—Send us some soul thrilling sketch of California, that is the kind we want; something that enters into the soul-experiences of the man, and we will thank you and our readers will admire your sketch.

S. H. —Fanny Brown, The Miss, — of California, and Indian Summer, are reciters, but the measure is so poor, and the lines so slovenly put together, that they are not fit for publication.

A. J.—We had to laugh over your "California Collector." We give a "thumping" verse:

"Bill thumps Xol, and Jack thumps Jim; Tom thumps his wife, and his wife thumps him; What should we do in this thumping world of leather,

If we did not all keep thumping, and thumping together?"

The Collector's last is not his own, we hope, as there is some sense to the upper in his writings.
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NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

We have received the first number of the above monthly. It is very handsomely put up, and contains several fine illustrations. It is well deserving of the support of the Californian public.—Alta California.

We regard it as a decided credit to our State, and as an evidence of its merit republish the leading article on our first page.—Sacramento Union.

It is this issue to be an excellent publication, if we can judge by a hasty perusal of this number.—Oregonian.

It contains a number of very fine illustrations of California scenes, and the articles are original, and relate principally to California. A very interesting magazine to send to friends in the Atlantic States.—Tri-State Journal.

It is an excellent work, well illustrated with engravings of different scenes, collected throughout the grand and picturesque portion of the State; and fills a vacuum which has long been felt on this side of the continent. We trust that its timely revival will be welcomed in thousands of miles' distance scattered among the plain hills of the States, as its greetings of pleasant notes.—Granite Journal.

That a noble before us is a capital one.—Oregon Statesman.

We are pleased at seeing this new monthly once more upon our table, and gratified to find its young and truly noble reputation fully sustained. As a California magazine it is above creditable to the head, the heart, and good taste of the publisher. Placerville American.

It is published in San Francisco, monthly, and is a very neat product of our own soil, and we commend it to the perusal of all who wish to elevate the standard of literature on the Pacific coast.—Humboldt Times.

We hope to see this magazine succeed, and become one of our standard periodicals. It would be an acceptable token of remembrance to send friends in the Atlantic States.—Placer Herald.

The October number of this excellent home publication was laid on our table last evening, and is in keeping with its predecessors. The opening article is on the British Mint in this city, with ten illustrations; giving an excellent insight into its workings. The remainder of its contents is made up by some twenty original contributions. The number reflects great credit on its publishers.—Town Talk.

The October number of this excellent periodical has just been issued. It contains an interesting illustrated article on the British Mint, and a variety of other entertaining contributions. The Editor's Table is filled with spy tales, correspondence, and a glance at passing events. No work commands itself to Californians in a better light than Hutchings' California Magazine.—Alta California.

It is a work which confers credit upon our State, and will deserve an extensive circulation. Success to its enterprising publishers.—Sonoma County Journal.

It is progressing in excellence, and we truly rejoice to know its whining favors steadily and surely. We notice it is truly a California magazine—striving to be purely & rigidly.—Cal fornia Farmer.

From the publisher, and a very great favor;—a most excellent publication.—Sierra Citizen.

Favor among the many kindly notices of the Eastern press we select the following:—Horizon's California Magazine.—We have received the August, being the second number of a series monthly, entitled as above, published by J. M. Hutchings & Co., 201 Clay street, San Francisco, California. Three dollars per annum; it is filled to overflowing with highly interesting and readable matter. Each number is contained 48 pages, in double columns, with illustrations of the scenery, incidents, curiosities and resources of the country, making it a pleasant monthly visitor to the States. We wish it success, and hope it may find a lodgment monthly upon our table, as surely it shall always be welcomed.—Gold Bug (Civil Service County, N. Y.)

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