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To any lady who will send us Six Annual. Subscribers, we will send one copy of our Magazine gratis, for one year.

NOTICE.—We wish our friends and subscribers distinctly to understand that a **One Cent Stamp** pre-pays this Magazine to **To any part** of the United States.

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.
Yes, good friends, we are about to exhibit to you the World in California; as great a truth as that California is in the world; and if the exploit of Homer’s immortal poet of the Iliad, containing twenty-four books, written on parchment, and enclosed in a nut shell, was a marvel, how much greater wonder must that be which brings all nations into such a nut shell as California. If the world is made up of all peoples, we here show that there are people here from the whole world.

Our description of character must necessarily be brief, as a full analysis cannot be attempted in a work like this, and in an age and country in which everything seems to be required to bear the insignia of brevity.

But a prominent feature of our Magazine we intend shall ever be its pictorial character, as being more expressive than words, for—

"They are the legislators, the chroniclers of the age. They are made by, and speak the truth of history. Better than a hundred of your printed Communications."

Man of the desert, forest, and prairie! O how short is thy destiny! Wherever thou plantest thy feet, the sure onward march of the white man trends on thy heel, crowding thee out, as a newspaper narrative of a by-gone time. The wild wall of the spirit of thy forefathers, borne on the winds and the waters, tells how their spotless and childlike life became first corrupted by the fire water of the white man. How he next scattered enmity amongst their tribes, and divisions amongst their ranks. And how the children of the prairie strung the stalwart bow, and pointed the poisoned arrow against their common enemy. But their shafts, thick and fast, fell on the faces of the white men like flakes of snow; exciting only their division. Then the sharp crack of the murderous rifle, true to its aim, each selecting a victim, bowed down their valiant ranks, leaving nothing but the deluge of their blood to tell of their valor, and what it once had been! Alas! what has civilization done for thee? The pathless waste, the stunted glade, the barren rock, the lonely shores, await the remnants of thy tribes; their solitudes green for the last of thy race, and soon shall the hollow winds howl their last dirge over thee.

The Indians before us, inaccessible to any improvement, are but the drags of what are left of them. Their wives are as much their beasts of burden as their horses, and their horses they use as mere machines, which they so mercilessly herd as to justify the exasperation of the Yankee, "get down, not a bit eight enough for a donkey." Dressed
in the boughsome cast off garments of chance; fed upon acorns, roots, and grass-hoppers, they eke out a life of squalor, wretchedness, and misery, and as if to aid in the extermination of every relic of their race, burn the last remains of their untimely dead.

There is the bourn of the age in, and round the truth of his hundred of your pricked heart, forest, and prairie! O destiny! Wherever thou the sure outward march of men on thy heed, crowding whisper, narrative of a by, wild wall of the spirit of horse on the winds and the wraith of his childlike corrupted by the fire water in. How he next scattered his tribes and divisions ranks. And how the child sprang; the staidward bow, poisoned arrow against their face of the white men low; exciting only their den, sharp crack of the murmur to its aim, each selecting a down their valiant ranks, leaving before us, inaccessible provocation, are but the dregs of left of them. Their wives with their beasts of burden as us, and their horses they use machines, which they so marry load as to justify the exposure of the Yankee, 'get down, a'nt tough for a donkey.' Dressed

THE WORLD IN CALIFORNIA.

The miner (see next page) we present you the great throbbing heart of California, whose pulsations have made her what she is, an anomaly among the countries of the earth; and we present him in all the honest dignity of a 'forty-niner,' and with implements as rude and primitive as was his experience in gold digging, at that time. The short handled spade has long since given place to the long handled, nicely balanced, and pointed shovel; and the pick to one far more delicately curved, and with the large end of the handle turned the other way. Indefatigable in everything he undertakes, attaining to his avocation, with money or without, he turns

THE PIONEER.

I hear the tread of pioneers,
Of nations yet to be;
The first few washes where soon
Shall roll a human sea。

Whittier.

One of nature's noblemen; lord of circumstances; master over exigencies; conqueror of the wilds; tiller of the forest; tamer of nature; provider for

the needy; leader of the pathless wild; pilot of the trackless ocean. He stands, trusty side by side, with his faithful dogs beside him, a match for whole tribes of wild Indians, for whole herds of wild beasts. Eagle sobriety is in his eye; a giant's strength in his arm.

His manly figure inspires confidence, and his tongue banishes all fear. Who would hesitate to follow, where he leads? Who could flinch when he holds on? Scorning to be clothed in the dainty garments of the toilet, whatever he wears has grace about it that speaks nobility of mind and grandeur of body. He wants for nothing; and while he is following the bent of his own inclination, he is unwarily, or without a thought of it, laying the foundation for the mightiest of empires, and the most magnificent of cities.

In the Miner (see next page) we present you the great throbbing heart of California, whose pulsations have made her what she is, an anomaly among the countries of the earth; and we present him in all the honest dignity of a 'forty-niner,' and with implements as rude and primitive as was his experience in gold digging, at that time. The short handled spade has long since given place to the long handled, nicely balanced, and pointed shovel; and the pick to one far more delicately curved, and with the large end of the handle turned the other way. Indefatigable in everything he undertakes, attaining to his avocation, with money or without, he turns
Without him our agriculture, our commerce, our prosperity would be a fable, our history a myth, California a "humbug." With an independence of action in keeping with the perfect freedom of his volition, under no control or restraint that his better judgment does not prompt him to exercise, he speaks his mind when, where, and how he will, and holds himself personally responsible for its utterance.

Noble hearted, generous, and hospitable, even to prodigality, sharing his last slice of bacon or his dollar with the worthy unfortunate, he has been a liberal patron of every named institution of the State, from the ten-pin alley, up or down, to banking houses; and generally the loser by every transaction.

He is a great reader, and exhibits much sagacity in his selection of books, papers, and periodicals, for he always reads all he can get.

He almost invariably attends church on Sunday, or visits some city, town, or village where there ought to be one—and though he seldom works on that day, his presence in town makes everybody else work. His weekly supply of "grub," and his one "square meal" on Sunday, he will have; pins must be sharpened, and his on their bottoms; for transmission to expressing his opinion, the theatre, an generally, returns to cabin, and often acts a better man. And weekly "rifles" to aggregate of those fountain from whose wealth and prospects and the hope of the
the river from its ancient bed, and hangs it, for miles together, in wooden frames upon the mountain's side, or throws it from hill to hill, in aqueducts, that tremble at their own airy height; or he pumps a river dry, and takes its golden bottom out. He levels down the hills, and the same process levels up the valleys; he "drives a tunnel" through a mountain, or, in a twin, by a "deep cut," divides it; and with cast iron stamps, he pounds the rocks of the mountains into dust.

No obstacle so great that he does not overcome it; "can't do it" makes no part of his vocabulary; and thus, by his perseverance and industry, are golden millions sent rolling monthly from the mountains to the sea.

The Englishman, from the temple alley, or down to banking houses; and generally the loser by every transaction.

Here you see, in all his supreme self-sufficient satisfaction, the veritable Englishman. Still grumbling on to the end of his existence. Although the sun of California cheers him every day in the year, which he never sees in his own happy England, according to Lord Byron, but three times a year, still he is longing for the charms of a pure London fog. (Old Fogy was born in one.) It suits his gloomy temperament, and affords him an opportunity, operating as medicine, to discharge his spleen and his bile at the same time. Out of England, he would ask what is there worth living for. In England he has ever been asking the same question. His favorite quotation is, "England, with all thy faults, I love thee still;" and adds, in his queer love for it, "and better still for all thy faults." Certes, there is no beef so good, no rogues so keen, no taxes so numerous, no ale so pure, no ladies so fair, as in right merry England; and although it is his boast that the sun never sets on her Majesty's dominions, yet he admits that the dog in the manger, not the conquistadors, make the best settlers in its fairest spots. His is the only nation, according to his own account, that has ever been conquering, and yet remaining unconquered; and if any accessions have been made to its vast dominions by any questionable policy, bless you! it was quite a mistake. As for being beat any time, my dear sir, 't is no such thing. He may have once been licked a little, but never by a foreigner; it was only a fight between two Englishmen, whose places, if a kind Providence, in the shape of overwhelming taxation, had not stopped in and ended the difficulty, they, like the Kilkenny cats of old, would have fought on to the end of all creation, or until nothing but the ends of their tails would have been left...
to tell the tale. He has a peculiar forgetfulness about any battles that his country has lost, but a lively reminiscence of every one gained.

Conviction makes but slow progress with him, although he is daily seeing something worth copying in Brother J. He will begin the reformation by doling the plug, and adopting the comfortable Yankee wide-awake, or Shanghao. There's the beard, why should he shave? Why did he ever shave? He don't care a carpenter's shaving about it; let it grow as nature intended. In course of time it goes greater lengths than Brother J.'s. He likes it, and means to adopt it, moustache and all.

But to chew; pshaw! that will never do; say no more about it; so he makes up in his consumption of the weed by smoking three segars to his one. He has learned too, from Brother Jonathan, politeness to the ladies, and can actually get out of an omnibus, in a shower of rain, to accommodate one.

His heart, yes! all must confess that article is in its right place. He is liberal to a fault. He will spare a beggar from his door with one hand, and throw a sovereign after him with the other. But we must hasten on to the next character, or we fear his friends by and by, will see no fault in him.

The Irishman, although not a Mason of the society of Free Masons, so numerous in California, is nevertheless akin to it, being a fellow of the hold society, as the Cockneys have it. A cute fellow, and no mistake about it, is Pudly O'Rap-at-ye, for has not he, with his brother, Shanghnessy O'Smash-ye, by the art of shoulder striking, el-
his nose—with a most significant expression, got his patriotic absolu-
tion, and sentenced himself to trans-
portation for life, to spend the inon-
icy in some other State: where he
will keep agitating until he sees the
Pope President. A good patriot is he,
and carries his patriotism into
every country he adopts. America
begins to know what a rum customer
England has had to deal with for the
last half a dozen centuries, and thinks
Johnny Bull not so great a tyrant as
he is represented. Around every
tree of liberty he is sure, sooner or
later, to plant his sprigs of shillings,
and whatever rock his hard strikes
against, it is not long before it is cov-
ered with his sham-rock so green.
If he never founds cities, he is al-
ways building them up, and is as
likely to have a "brick in his hat,"
as in his hod. Always upon the lad-
der of progress, but without improve-
ment, as he is sure to take a step
down for every one up. He is ever-
really in debate, for what his mind and
tongue lack in argument, is sure to be
made up with his lies.

In truth he is one of a faction, as far
from the class of Irishmen above him,
in honor, liberality, and good citizen-
ship, as the poles are asunder.

Allow me to introduce to you, ladies
and gentlemen, in the person of the
Jew, another brother Californian. One
Mister Moses, a most worthy neighbor,
who never says nothing to nobody,
who never minds not nobody's busi-
ness but his own; who never makes a
bargain, but he loses by it. He has
been ruining himself in this way for
years; but somehow or other, in some
extraordinary manner, instead of grow-
ing rich as that jen d'histoire, Crassus,
by the ruin of others, he has become so
by the ruin of himself. A good fellow,
is Moses, for if all the world had made
up its mind to offer you only half of
your charge, fair reader, would you not
make yours by charging that world
double, in order to balance your ac-
counts with it. Did you, reader, ever
see a Jew a beggar? Can one of any
other creed answer that question as
satisfactorily?

Observe how kindly he notices the
wear of your pants, and how amably
he invites you to take the shine off them,
by entering his store to choose for your-
self another as better as new; and less,
in price, than the cost of the thread.
that tacks them together; and it will be only when they drop off, may be the next week, will he drop off your acquaintance. But drop in again, and tell him of the circumstance, and my veracity on it, he will suit you better next time, if he loses by it, as he always does.

The Hybrid, as we would suppose from his appearance, (see next page) is a bad left-handed cross of the Irish and the Yankee. With a regular shilling's looking countenance, and the full, heavy form of the Irishman, he shows in his whistling and whistling propensities, his half Yankee origin. Too lazy to work, he manages to keep himself in tolerable trim by betting on all manner of elections, at all times and places; never puts up the "stakes," but trusts to the honor of gentlemen to pay their bets, if losers, but if himself the loser, was never known to pay.

He believes real "red hot vitals" not conducive to longevity, therefore goes his whole length, which is considerable, on the "free lunch" arrangement, claiming a living from this source, on the ground of the inventive genius of his ancestry—that his father or mother—on one side or the other, must have originated the system, or it never would have been so perfectly adapted to his nature and constitution; a better reason than three-fourths of the "free lunch" class in California can give.

He is the shrewdest of all men, because he is a Yankee; the wittiest, because he is an Irishman, and the most driving of a nail to the driving of a bargain. There is no weightier article in demand at the dinner table, than himself as a table walker. He knows all your wants sooner than you know them yourself. Whether in bearing a hand at a stew-hard, that is, a cook, or as a steward, that is not a cook, he is one in a community that would not be perfect without him.
THE WORLD IN CALIFORNIA.

He is no gambler—not he—neither his principles nor his purse admits of this, though he is never backward at a game of billiards. Thinks no man a gentleman who don’t attend the races and bet largely.

He has an opinion on the Vigilance question, but has never expressed it; but upon all questions of State policy his mind is fully made up, believing that the late decision of the Supreme Court, upon the State indebtedness, is in accordance with law and the Constitution, but that the honor, the glory, and future credit of the State, requires its payment to the last dollar.

He is satisfied that earthquakes are no great shocks after all, hardly worth noticing; but that if they were, that our city is becoming so extensively “hooped” that no possible apprehension of danger need be entertained, except in the event of a general burst, when he thinks the flying timbers might be dangerous to bystanders.

The Sandwich Islander (see next page) is a man of frivolity, ease, and improvidence. Inhabitant of a luxurious isle, where nature prodigal of her gifts, bestows a climate ever genial in temperature, the earth teeming with the voluptuousness and variety of her products, and all attainable in the highest degree of perfection, almost without effort, we see him with an ambition soaring even to the clouds, for his highest ambition is his kite.

And though we find him a part of the World in California, he seems not at all at home. His love of ease is an effectual barrier to his progress in anything that depends upon effort or labor, and his natural improvidence, and cost of his maintenance here, soon brings...
him to a condition in which he looks with surprise and contempt upon anything but his own beautiful and luxurious girt home.

We shall continue our delineation of The World in California, in our next number, by introducing to your acquaintance, first, the veritable Yankee, the true American.

THE VIVIPAROUS BAY BREAM, OF CALIFORNIA.

Californians have much to boast of in the novelties and capabilities of their country; but the Viviparous Bream, often exposed in our noble markets for sale, are not the only viviparous fish known in the world. This Bream is a species of the genus picecida, which are all viviparous, and are found in other fresh and brackish waters of America, besides those of California. Many of the Breams found on the English coast are viviparous, and have their ovary situated precisely as in others; and which, on being pressed, produces abundance of perfectly formed fish.

The Breams are not all of them viviparous; some are only partially so, producing, when the ovary is pressed, in a state of parturation, the perfectly formed, the half-formed, and the rest of the parent fish.

Although the California Bream are somewhat larger than other species, the flavor is in no way superior, but rather inferior to those introduced at European tables. This kind of fish, altogether, is not much esteemed by epicureans of any country.

THE BRIDE'S SOLILOQUY.*
BY CALLIE POMZ.

Away, but not with merry heart, I go.

From dear and long loved friends I part in woe;

I weep, yet cannot tell the reason why

The large tear drops should tremble in my eye.

For my "new" husband lingers by my side,

Choosing my hand, and calling me his bride.

His pride, his hope, his treasure, all his life,

His only loved and loving little wife.

Deep lines of thought have marked his forehead,

And time has left a "slight impression" there;

His intellect, above the "common" mind

Scores, for he's to literature inclined.

Husband! that name to me sounds strangely queer;

My own changed title "gracious" upon my ear;

Yet I'm to be a true, devoted wife,

To honor, love, obey him all my life!

I promised, did I! Well, the words are said,

Though slates clank round me I will not let;

I'll touch him, first, that I must have my way,

I'll love him then, and when I please, obey.

* See Editor's Table, 14 Contributors.
THE INDIAN WOMAN OF SAN NICHOLAS.

Our readers will remember that in the November number of the Magazine we were favored by Capt. C. J. W. Russell, with the narrative of a woman who was eighteen years alone, on the Island of San Nicholas. Since the publication of that sketch, Capt. R. has paid a visit to Santa Barbara, and by Mr. George Nedever, the gentleman who discovered her, was presented with a water-bottle made of grass, and a stone mortar, necklace and other things that were made by her during her long and solitary residence. The water-bottle explains its own use. The mortar was used for pounding the artnone, the Haliotis of naturalists, and which was one of the principal articles of food among the Indians, and by whom they were dined for winter use, and afterwards pounded in a mortar before eating.

At the present time there are no less than twelve schooners and sloops chartered by Chinamen; besides several hundred of Chinese laborers engaged in this business, as they are an important article of consumption to Californians in addition to the vast quantities exported by them to their native land. In flavor these are said to be fully equal to the oyster, especially in soup, and could be introduced advantageously for our own use, and we would suggest to epicureans here, to give this dish of "John's" a trial, for it may be possible that although we might not relish cooked rats, the artnone may be one of the greatest of delicacies to our own people.

(The artnone is the fish taken from the pearl oyster.)

The necklace made by this ingenious woman, was of slate, and although rude, it was prized by her as a great ornament, even though no one was near to admire or praise her.

There is upon this island a good sized cave in which she took up her abode, and on the walls of which she had kept a rude record of all the vessels that had passed the island, and of all the most remarkable occurrences in her lonely history, such as seeing large quantities of seals, hailing of vessels in the distance, etc.

By her signs she represented herself as once being very sick, and had to crawl upon her hands and knees from the cave to some water. During her sickness at Mr. Nedever's, although she suffered much, she never complained, and made them understand that she should like to die, for then she should meet her child in the spirit land.

We append the following interesting extract from the Santa Barbara Gazette.

"All that was known of this remarkable woman, and all of her history while living upon this island, she
was able to impart by signs and gestures, (she had lost the knowledge of language), and the manner of her discovery and deliverance, her arrival here and death that followed, has before been published. While living she was an object of lively interest to some and curiosity to others.

"Speaking with a friend lately, an old and respectable resident of California, on this and kindred topics, we were enabled to trace the history of the Indians inhabiting this and other islands in our channel back to the year 1811. The account given of the war of extermination against the Indians on this particular island is not interesting, and runs thus:

"In the year 1811, a ship owned by Boardman & Pope, of Boston, commanded by Capt. Whittemore, trading on this coast, took from the port of Sitka, Russian America, about thirty Koniag Indians, a part of a hardy tribe inhabiting the island of Kodiak, to the islands in the Santa Barbara Channel, for the purpose of killing sea otter, which were then very numerous in the neighborhood of these islands. Capt. Whittemore, after landing the Koniags on the island, and placing in their hands fire-arms and the necessary implements of the chase, sailed away to the coast of Lower California, and South America.

"In the absence of the ship, a dispute arose between the Koniags and the natives of the islands, originating in the seizure of the females by the Koniags. The Koniags possessing more activity, endurance and knowledge of war, and possessing superior weapons, slaughtered the males without mercy, old and young. On the island of San Nicholas, not a male, old or young, was spared. At the end of a year Capt. Whittemore returned to the islands, took the Koniags on board, and carried them back to Sitka.

"From this period little is known of the Indians remaining on these islands till the year 1836, when Capt. Isaac Williams, late Collector of the Port of San Pedro, visited this island in a small vessel, and took on board all the Indians remaining but one woman, who was left in the manner stated by Capt. Russell, in the California Magazine. The Indians of the islands were of the type of the coast Indians, and were no doubt a part of them."

I WILL BE GOOD TO-DAY.

"I will be good, dear mother."

"I heard a sweet child say;"

"I will be good; now watch me;"

"I will be good all day.""

She lifted up her bright young eyes,

With a soft and pleasing smile;

Then a mother's kiss went on her lips—

So pure and free from guilt.

And, when night came, that little one,

In kneeling down to pray,

Said, in a soft and whispering tone,

"Have I been good to-day?"

Oh, many, many bitter tears

"Twould save us, did we say,

Like that dear child, with earnest heart,

"I will be good to-day."

Too Good to be Lost.—An old miser in New England owning a farm, found it impossible to do his work without assistance, and accordingly offered any man food for performing the requisite labor. A half starved pauper hearing of the terms, accepted them. Before going into the fields in the morning, the farmer invited his help to breakfast; after finishing the morning meal, the old skin-flint thought it would be saving time if they should place the dinner upon the breakfast. This was readily agreed to by the unsatisfied stranger, and the dinner was soon despatched.

"Suppose, now," said the frugal farmer, "we take supper, it will save time and trouble, you know."

"Just as you like it," said the eager eater, and at it they went.

"Now we will go to work," said the satisfied and delighted employer.

"Thank you," said the delighted laborer.

"I never work after supper."
took the Kodiaks on board, and them back to Sitka.

This period little is known of the remaining on these islands bar: 1836, when Capt. Isaac late Collector of the Port or, visited this island in a boat, and too on board all the remaining but one woman, left in the manner stated by Melville in the California Magazine: Indians of the islands were so of the coast Indians, and doubt a part of them.

I will be good to-day.

How good, dear mother."

"How good, dear child say;"

"How good! now watch me;"

"Mother's kiss was on her lips—free and free from guilt.

When night came, that little one, feeling down to pray,

"She and whispering tone, "Who been good to-day?"

They, many bitter tears would save us, did we say,

Mother's kiss was on her lips—free and free from guilt.

Good to me last An old miser owning a farm, found it able to his work without assist-

Accordingly offered any man food and the requisite labor. A half

Wager hearing of the terms, acceded. Before going into the fields urging, the farmer invited his help at last; after finishing the morning's toils, his thought it would be time if they should place the dinner as breakfast. This was readily by the unsatisfied stranger, and he was soon despatched.

"As you like it," said the employer;

"But dear child, with earnest heart, will be good to-day."

Good to me last An old miser owning a farm, found it able to his work without assist-

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"As you like it," said the employer;

"But dear child, with earnest heart, will be good to-day."

Crossing the Sierras.

Norwegian Snow Skates.

The recent rapid settlement of that great belt of fertile valleys lying along the eastern base of the Sierra Nevada range of California, has made necessary the extension of mail facilities to that inland world in advance of any provision for that purpose by the agents of the general government. Previous to the winter of 1854-5 the inhabitants of these valleys for three or four months of the year, were closed in by almost inaccessible snow-clad mountains on the west, and on the east by a vast extent of desert country stretching towards Salt Lake, that during the winter months seems peculiarly the great battle ground of the winds and the storm.

The great depth of the snows upon the Sierras renders their passage by pack animals not only difficult but dangerous, and often for months together wholly impracticable. To remedy this great inconvenience and secure to the people of the valleys a regular correspondence with California west of the mountains, a proposition was made by Mr. John A. Thompson, a Norwegian by birth, to convey the mails semi-monthly without regard to the depth of the snow. The proposition was accepted and we here present him mounted upon the true Norwegian snow skates, of which, a knowledge of their construction and use he had retained.
from the memory of boyhood, having left his native land at the age of ten years.

Entirely unlike the snow shoes of the North American Indian or the people of the Canada, well adapted as they are to a loose light snow and a level country, the snow skates are peculiarly adapted to the rugged features of our mountains and the damp compact snows that annually accumulate upon them.

The skate consists of a single piece of strong stiff wood, from six to seven and a half feet in length, that turning up in front six or eight inches terminates in a point, six inches in width; on the bottom at the bend and gradually tapering backwards to four inches in width. It is flat on the bottom, the top oval or rounded except about a foot in length where the foot rests, a little back of the center; here it is an inch and a half in thickness, from thence tapering to a half an inch or less at either end.

The only fastening is a single strap over the toe of the boot admitting of the freest possible motion to the foot and ankles. In making progress the skate is only raised from the snow when it is desired to make a shorter turn than would otherwise be possible. On uphill or level surfaces the skates are placed parallel to each other and pushed forward alternately with ease about the length of an ordinary step, but the impetus given causes them to slide further than this, while upon descending surfaces they run with great ease and rapidity, and when the declivity is very great, making it necessary to check the motion by throwing the weight of the skater upon a double-handed staff, six feet in length, forced into the snow upon one side as showed in the cut. With these skates Mr. Thompson, heavily laden, travels over the otherwise almost inaccessible snow clad cliffs, and gorges of the Sierras, a distance of from thirty to forty miles a day, thus bearing the sealed tidings, doubts of hope or disappointment, happiness or grief to many.

It is a feature of our inland transit unique in itself, and as far as it relates to the American Continent, we believe peculiarly Californian.

As showing to some extent the perils and dangers incident to a winter passage of the Sierra Nevada, we subjoin the following interesting account from the San. Union.

3. A. Thompson, the Expressman of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, called upon us yesterday, upon the completion of his second trip this winter to Carson Valley and placed us in possession of some highly interesting particulars connected therewith. This trip is peculiarly interesting from the fact that it was made on his Norwegian snow shoes, seven and a half feet long, over snow which, at some points, he was unable to fathom.

About three miles above Placerville, he came to the snow, leaving that place on the 23rd of December. He was accompanied by two men, who had awaited his coming, and at this point they all put on their snow shoes. The weather was clear, but cold, and the party made Lake Valley without any incident worthy of note.

On the night of the 23rd December, they reached a deserted cabin in that valley, and struck a fire. Mr. Thompson being anxious to press on, told his companions that he would go ahead and stay over night at another cabin about a mile ahead, and that they could overtake him in the morning. Al-
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though anxious to stop, rather than
separate from him, they determined to
go on that night, and once more they
all started off. About midnight, they
reached the cabin and found every-
thing dark and the door closed. Mr.
Thompson, not expecting to find any
one in, however, knocked and "hall-
lool," when, to his surprise, a voice
answered from within. On entering,
Mr. Thompson found a man lying
alone upon the floor in that drizzly
spot, without other covering than the
clothes he wore, and the boots frozen
to his feet.

In this deplorable condition, he had
been lying for twelve nights, with noth-
ing to sustain life but raw flour. His
feet were completely frozen, and will
both have to be amputated below the
knee. His sufferings must, according
to the statement of Mr. Thompson,
have been indescribable, and yet he
borne them with the fortitude of a mar-
tyr, and scarcely permitted a murmur
to escape him. Although death would
soon have terminated his agony, he
still had a lingering hope that Provi-
dence might direct Mr. Thompson by
his cabin, and thus save him. Had
not Mr. T. gone on that night, he would
probably have passed the cabin in the
morning without stopping.

The sufferer proved to be James Sis-
son, the partner of Mr. Hawley, about
six miles above Placerville. He had
been engaged in the pecking business,
and left for Carson Valley on snow
shoes some two weeks previous. The
storm overtook him on his way, and his
feet becoming frozen, it was with great
difficulty he reached his cabin or trad-
ing post. On arriving there he found
his matches so wet that he could not
strike a light, till thus he remained
for four days, when he discovered a
box of matches in his cabin which
furnished him a fire. He then attempted
to cut his boots off his feet, but could
not succeed; so in vain was nothing
removed for him but to await either
sucor or death.

On the 24th, Mr. Thompson started
for Carson Valley, and on Christmas
day got five men to accompany him
back to Lake Valley. He rig-
ged them out with snow shoes, made
after the pattern of his own, and taking
with them a sled upon which to haul
the sufferer, they started back on the
20th. They reached the trading post
that night, and laid over during the
21st, in consequence of the severe
weather—another snow being falling.

On the 28th, they packed Mr. Sisson
on the sled, and thus, with great labor,
succeeded in conveying him safely to
Carson Valley, where the sufferer is
now lying in the care of Dr. Daggett.

Mr. Thompson, on his return will take
with him some chloroform which will
be administered to the patient, and his
feet amputated, as it was not deemed
advisable to attempt the operation
without this agency.

In Carson Valley, Mr. Thompson
fell in with Col. Wm. Rogers, who had
gone over from Hope Valley, and from
him he learned that one of his copper
miners, named Benj. Fenwick, form-
ely from Virginia, had been frozen to
death on the 15th of December. The
deceased had gone to Carson Valley,
and was returning home, when the cold
overpowered him, at a distance of three
hundred yards from Col. Rogers' house.
He seated himself upon the snow, with
his body in an upright position, and
then perished. Five days after, a dog
which had accompanied him approach-
ed the house, emaciated and starved.

The occupant of the house, following
the track of the dog which faithful
animal also followed them back, found
the body of Fenwick as described.

From the indications, it was manifest
the dog had not left the body of his
master during that time, but had
crepted upon his lip, until driven
away by starvation or a higher instinct.

That the devoted animal should have
continued freezing is somewhat remar-
kable.

Mr. Thompson left Carson Valley
on Monday, January 5th, and arrived
in this city yesterday morning, the 9th.
At Big Canon, the snow was four feet deep; at Hop Valley, five feet; at Lathem's Pass, six feet; at Lake Valley, five feet; and in the pass on Johnston's Summit, he sounded a depth of ten feet without reaching bottom. He estimates the depth of snow for eight miles this side of Slippery Ponds at twelve feet.

"STRIKE THE HARP GENTLY."  

BY CALVIN B. DONALD.

[Every Californian who has listened to the sweet musical strains of the lamented Mrs. Robb, will read the following beautiful sentiment, from the pen of C. B. McDonald, formerly of the Sierra Citizen, with feelings of sorrowful regret, that one so fair and gifted, should be prematurely buried in the deep stillness of the tomb, or be called from their early mission in our mountain land, to the spirit choir above—Ed.]

We have received a message, dictated by the late Miss I. M. Goodnow, Rens a little while before the gates of Paradise were lifted up, at the coming of one of the finest and purest of those whom God created only a little lower than the angels. Her request was, that Gen. Allen and the writer of this would not forget that she had lived—that they would collect and send to her little daughter, all her articles written about herself; that, when Ella shall have learned to read, she may honor the name of her lost mother, and be taught to believe that, after all, this world is not so very dreary; because, in the far-off unseen Land, among the nodding fire and blank and silent emas of California, many a stony heart, cloaked with the weeds of gold, wept up like a fountain in the desert, when the sweet voice of her mother bade the hoarded miner "strike the harp gently."

Strange it is that when the Angel of Death is sent to earth, to execute the decree of "lust to dust," that the young and beautiful perish, while the old and the deformed, and the heavy laden are left to toil on with their weary burdens. But, it is even so: the archer sends his shaft to the soaring eagle, and spares the partridge covering under the hedge; and when the lightning crowns the mountain brow, with fire, the ignoble trees escape its vengeance, but the lofty pines, that lift their heads heavenward, and nod to its Creator, are blazed, and its branches withered, leaving only the riven, trunk, awry and crooked, while the wiser folk is washed ashore, but the noble ship, that bears the proudest peonament of the world, goes down, full of life and majesty.

And when the flower girl goes forth to gather the first born of the spring season, the lily, bending with the pressure of the waves, the worthless lilliput is washed ashore, but the noble ship that bears the proudest peonament of the world, goes down, full of life and majesty.

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The following stanzas (from the same pen) are equally deserving of notice, for their refined simplicity. In the spring of 1859, Mr. and Mrs. Robb, and the little Ella, were lost in the mountains, and just at nightfall they were rejected by the sight of smoke curling up among the pines, from a miner's cabin. Here they were welcomed and entertained for the night. One of the miners became very much interested in little Ella, because she reminded him of his own beloved child at home, almost her age; and in the morning, when the amiable sojourners departed, he kissed the little one with considerable emotion, no doubt with his heart's feelings lingering on the ever dear ones far, far away. Afterwards Mrs. Robb related the circumstance to the author.

**ELLA ROBB.**

Away, welcome, dear little traveler,
Across the drifted snow,
The far trees' shadows lengthen foot,
And the evening is low:
The wolves are howling down the glen,
And scouting for their prey,
And the grizzled one comes out his den
As soon as close of day.

Come, welcome to my flame,
I'll kiss thy infant brow,
For I left at home an angel child,
As innocent as thou;
And often, in this lonesome cot,
When weary sports the night,
I've started from my dreams, and thought
Her voice was in the gale.

Our last is made of shapely logs,
Our hands are rough and strong,
But long ago we listened to
Thy mother's matchless song;
These welcome! little pioneer,
The kettle's on the boil,
And every one thou see'st here
Will welcome Ella Robin.

C. B. McDONALD,

At our Calico, Yuba River, 1859.

Flowers are the alphabets of angels,
Wherewith they write on hills and plains mysteries truths.
Montgomery street to take him up. "You can't come in, Beauty," said he, to the dog; "There are ladies here. So you must trust up. But go to the store first, and get me a cigar." We looked about to see whom he addressed, but observing no one near, said: "Are you speaking to your dog Sir?"

"Yes, strange—would you like a cigar when you get out? Here Beauty, get two!" said he, putting up his two fingers.

Does that dog understand your wishes?" said I.

"Does he dare misunderstand them?" replied he, "I'll tell you how I do. Experience does it. Come here Beauty, said I, when I taught him this lesson, do you see that cigar box with red paper around it? he nodded his head by way of recognition. Well! said I, when I want a cigar, always make use of that box for my especial use. They are the finest Manillas in town. Do you hear? Smell it first, always, before you bring it. Well, he brought me two or three at first, according to order; but somehow or other, some idle customer, for a joke, I suppose, put in a damaged Cuba, and when he brought it I coolly lighted it, and with it burned the tip of his nose, by way of sharpening his wits.' Now, said I, Beauty, whenever you bring me such a firing as this, while it is lighted, I shall always make you snuff it out yourself, and I shan't be very nice about which end goes first in your mouth. For you have been long enough in the trade, as one of our partners, to know a good cigar from a bad one. Sir, you know that dogs are said to have the finest scent in the world, and my Beauty, judging by the size of his nose, you see as big as that of a full grown lion, ought to have this quality in a pre-eminent degree; and having it, he ought to make use of it to some good purpose. Here he comes, freighted with the cargo."

"Let him come in," said I, these ladies are friends of mine, and are fond of dogs."

"Thank you sir; Beauty, come in, and make a bow to this gentleman for his politeness."

The creature did as was desired, and then retired under the heels of his master, after dropping from his mouth the two cigars into his hand.

"Observe," said he, Beauty has only presumed to touch them by the lighter end."

"Is it possible," I remarked, that he can judge the quality of a cigar?

"Almost as well as I can, and better than my other partner. I have often won many a dollar from my customers by his judgment, haven't I, Beauty? Here the dog moved his head.

"I should like to test his discrimination," said a traveller in a corner. "I have two sorts of cigars, a T—— and a B——".

"Beauty," said Mr. F., will you have a B——? The dog shook his head.

"Would your adorer rather prefer a T——? Beauty nodded assent. Now tell me which is a brand of the right sort, said be, laying three of different kinds in a row on a vacant seat of the omnibus. "Mind what you're about now, or you'll get a brand of the wrong sort again to improve your scent." The dog, after surveying each attentively, picked up the Manilla.

"Well! that is wonderful," said the ladies.

"Good dog," said his master, putting his rough coat. "Did you get any breakfast this morning, Beauty?" he continued. The dog shook his head.

"How is that? Never mind, you'd rather have a good dinner, than a bad breakfast, wouldn't ye?" The dog nodded as before.

"He deserves it," said I.

"He does!" said all.

"That's a quaint looking walking stick," I continued, "Excuse me for the remark." It was a vine, O inquisitive Reader! in shape like unto a double u. The handle and the ferrule, leaving out the short pieces of the latter.

"It is," said the Cigar Man, "very stick I am indifferent it; it saved the father and grandfather the life out of a lot to reh my family or my grandfather from an inundation at***. He clung to the stem eighteencent, and as the boat that came to he had cut away, with part of it that upheld the tailor. It has been an out of our family or our tall passenger, at the lowest possible or lest practical rim, but myself good morning, the omnibus; but we thus to drop inconveniently.

In a fruit store near we afterward heard this gaiety, with which only detain the Reader."

Mr. F. "I'm tired of c——am, I shall cut my "

Mons. "What for you we have more of stock clear out?"

Mr. F. "I mean I all you understand that?"

Mons. "Yes I It is yet, you warm yours head."

Mr. F. "No, this affair altogether, mouth a large porcelain Mons. Ma fool! I pipe, you will die out do. Mr. F. Here F. thrust er is drop it the better we must. Every firm's break with such a hot business as we have on Mons. I no wonder
leaving out the horizontals, or cross pieces of the latter.

It is," said the Character. "To that
very effect I am indebted for my existence; it saved the life of both my
father and grandfather. I near ruined
the life of a bachelor, who attempted
to rob my mother, and saved my
grandfather from drowning, during an
insurrection at ⋯ ⋯ ⋯ , where he lived.
He clung to the stem of this vine full
eighteen hours, and would not put off in
the boat that came to his rescue, until
he had cut away, with his bowie, that
part of it that upheld him; out of grati-
tude. It has been an heirloom, never
eaten of our family ever since. Here
our tall passenger, raising his hat of the
lowest possible crown, of the smallest
practical rim, bade the ladies and
myself good morning, and alighted from
the omnibus; but we were not destined
then to drop acquaintance.

In a fruit store next door to the firm
we afterward heard the following collo-
quy; with which only, we will further
detain the Reader.

Mr. F. I'm tired of this book De
Trip. I shall cut my stick.

Mons. What for you cut a your
stick, tis ver' good stick; you will spoil
him.

Mr. F. I don't mean that, I shall
cut out of this.

Mons. What for you cut out, till
we have more of stock; what for you
cut out?

Mr. F. I mean I shall dry up, do
you understand that?

Mons. Yes! It is ver' cold, and
yet, you a warm yourself comfort-able.

Mr. F. No, no, no. I shall drop
this stick altogether. (He held in his
mouth a large porcelain pipe.)

Mons. Ma foi! If you drop ze
pipe, you will vis-y-out doubt broke him.

Mr. F. Here, mother, muttered, the
soon-
er tis dropp'd the better. For break
we must. Every firm's buck would
break with such a heavy crush of no
business as we have on our hands.

Mons. Me no understand.

Mr. F. You no understand—um you
understand this—that with no cus-
tomers, we stan't be able to stand it
much longer.

Mons. Eh bien! Then y' see the
customer sit down; he no occasion to
spit all ze time he buy. We'v get
him some chairs.

F. Nuf ceed! And with that, out
walked Mr. Fairchild, with his natty
hat, bearded dog, noticable stick, and
con-soling pipe.

THE REQUIEM OF THE TY-U-GAS.

BY PIONEER.

In a beautiful and picturesque val-
ley in Mendocino County, between two
lofty ridges of the coast range of moun-
tains, lies Clear Lake—that derives its
name from the purity of its waters,
and with the small streams tributary
thereo, make the head waters of Ca-
che Creek. Around this lake when
first visited by the white man, were
found the homes and hunting grounds
of the May-nee-ma. The otter and
the beaver sported along its banks, fish-
es innumerable leaped from its waters
and antlered hosts almost unheeded
ranged along the valleys.

We were one of a party of four who
as early as the autumn of 1847 visited
Clear Lake. Consent to our guide,
for many years an employee of the
American Fur Company, had frequen-
tly visited this beautiful lake and val-
ley. We had made our way along
the southern shore of the lake to a point
where quite abruptly it became greatly
enlarged in width; we had encompassed
for the remainder of the day and
night upon a point projecting far out
from the main land; it was a beautiful
spot, kept perfectly green by the mois-
ture from the lake and canopied aloft
by patriarchal trees, whose drooping
thoughts; and dense, foliage screened us even from the more oblique rays of the setting sun. We had discussed our evening meal and were strolling leisurely along towards the extreme of the point, that terminated in a pebbled shore; when on looking around we discovered a small band of Indians fully equipped with the implements of war, or the chase and making directly for us and our camp. It was but the effort of a moment to return and place ourselves in the best possible position to receive them, in case their visit should prove hostile. Onward, they came, with steady tread, nor did their near approach seem to render them in the slightest degree conscious of our near, proximity, though our tent and camp fire were in full view, before them. Steadily holding their course along the deep worn trail, they passed within a few yards of us without uttering a word; their solitary glance toward us. Then we breathed more freely, though not doubting the final result of our encounter should it have occurred, yet the consequences might have been serious to some of us, for they were nine in number and the tallest and finest specimens of the Digging Indians we had, ever seen. But they passed us by with the same unalterable pace; proceeded to a small grove of trees, occupying the extreme of the point, almost to the water's edge. But even here their strange demeanour surprised our trapper guide, (familiar as he was with the Indian character) as well as ourselves. Their movements seemed almost incomprehensible. Instead of preparing or partaking of the slightest repent or reposing for a moment beneath the cooling quiet shades around them, they would move their limbs and body from place to place almost heedless of one mother and voiceless as walking skeletons, they seemed more like the giant spectres of some ancient race than living men. Around us lay the lake so placid and smooth, as faithfully to reflect back its surface every surrounding object, except where the sportive trout, true to its own element, sent the circling ripples dancing in the shores. But just as the deepening shade of twilight seemed glooming around us, one of those giant forms proceeded slowly to the bench, almost to the water's edge, and kneeling down and stooping forward laid his forehead upon the sand; it was but for a moment however, then rose and joined his companions. But a short time had elapsed and another of the band advanced to the bench and performing the same evolutions, in like manner retired. We began to think it some act of devotion or worship, and became anxious to know more of our strange visitors. The monuments and the forest had thrown their blackened shadows on all around, and we were discussing the propriety of a removal or a continuance in our present position for the night, when suddenly a low united murmur, as of joy and satisfaction intermingled, was heard emanating from the swarthy land, and for once were they assembled in a group and motionless. And now for the first a gentle breeze was felt; that sweeping down the lake threw the tiny tokens of its presence jangling along the shores.

Presently the whole band divided and to the beach, glad that they had singly done their duty, forth into the narrow and bitter age with tunes of rags, but and so excessive in intensity as to dissolve upon us, and if possible assert their strange process, that deep, treacherous stream, connected with armed we approached the yards of this apparently deeply agitated gondola, not one of the walls seemed only.
not, gasping the slightest repeat or posing a moment beneath the cooling quietude around them. They would move about, and heavy, almost hushed, as walking skeletons, yet seemed more like the giant spectre, than living hosts. Amidst the desolate, and void, come to, and... the faintest sound, of the inevitable. Around as lay the lake so placid and smooth—faithfully to mirror back yet its surface every surrounding object, except where the spirited trout, want to its own element sept, the clinging ripples, coursed to the shores.

But just as the deepening shade of twilight seemed closing around us, one of these gigantic forms proceeded slowly to beach itself, as near the water's edge, buttong down and sweeping forward like the foam upon the sands. It was but for a moment, however, then it turned and faced us. This short time, laughed and spoken by the band advanced to the bank, and perfusing the same solitude, in like manner retired. We began to think it some sort of devotion, or worship, and we became anxious to know more of our strange visitors. We thought the scene and the forest had thrown their lengthened shadows on all around, and we were discussing the propriety of approaching one who seemed to be a leader or chief among them, gently tapped him on the shoulder. Instantly turning his wild fierce eyes upon us, without apparent hesitation, in his own dialect (with which our trigger was familiar) exclaimed: "Yes, was the reply. "First then, go with me to where the gentle-wind breathes into our ear the spirit-noise of the departed, for you seem not to know that around this point of land, sacred to this little remnant of our tribe, rests upon the waters a Spirit Wave; that shaken by the wind falls in upon the shore." Following our ghastly spectral visitant and conferring to his direction and example, we too, in the face of the gently increasing zephyr, bowed our heads upon the sands as in emotion of some unseen deity. But no sooner did the ear receive the level of the water, than a strange wild tumultuous music seemed floating about us. Rising to our feet, nothing was heard but the gentle clashing of the waves upon the sands. Again stooping or reclining upon the beach, and a melting harmony of sounds, soft, as the sweet music from melodious was poured upon the ear as wave succeeded wave, until the ear thrilled and the heart sickened at the walling plaintive melody.

Determined to learn the reason of their mysterious movements, our guide, approaching one who seemed to be a leader or chief among them, gently tapped him on the shoulder. Instantly turning his wild fierce eyes upon us, without apparent hesitation, in his own dialect (with which our trigger was familiar) exclaimed: "Yes, was the reply. "First then, go with me to where the gentle-wind breathes into our ear the spirit-noise of the departed, for you seem not to know
our people as the tales fell before the autumnal fires; and such was the nature of the fall disease that our strongest men and bravest warriors suffered most; when as if to render our great calamity still greater, just then our ancient and implacable foe the May-ac-nas invaded the hunting grounds of our fathers.

"In vain we protested against their encroachments; in vain we raised our feeble hands against our vengeful foe; and in our weakness we were driven back from hill to hill and from valley to valley, till at length, though battling bravely against our enemies, were forced at length upon this narrow neck of land, we and all our people. Here for two full moons did we successfully contend against the terrible odds of our enemies; and then for a time did they seem to relinquish their purpose of total conquest, but it was only the better to concentrate their whole strength for a final effort, the more effectually to crush out the last hope of our braves. It was evident too that a grand holocaust was in preparation in which the aged and infirm of our people with our children and captive warriors were to be the victims, none but our wives and maidens would be spared.

"At length the day arrived, they made the onset and we gave them battle, and bravely did our less than two hundred strong men hold in check the concentrated strength of the May-ac-nas; and even when the night closed in around us we were not subdued, only weakened; but at length as one by one our braves would droop and sink and die, hope fled, but only to strengthen the energy of our despair; and terrible was the slaughter that our brave men made; but ere the moon had risen, the darkness of the night shutting out from their view the real weakness of our little band, now all broken up and wavered before the still strong and now advancing ranks of our enemies, with a yell of despair as a preconcerted signal, concentrating our full forces for a last effort at one point and shrouded by the darkness, we forced the lines of our enemies. But of the once numerous band of the brave Ty-ugas, twenty-two only survived.

"You ask what became of our wives and mothers, maidens and little ones—I will tell you—A few old men who could no longer do good battle against the enemy remained with them, and calling them all together in one great group under the shadow of yonder grove, and while we waged the fierce strife of battle, they recounted to our people the glorious deeds of our fathers, the disgrace and dishonor of captivity.

"And thus employed even longer than they had hoped, did they await the despairing signal of their braves. Not a murmur was heard, not a sigh escaped the lips even of those yet young in life, for all had resolved to die rather than become the living captive victims of their conquerors.

"But at length the long expected cry fell upon their ears; it was the knell, the signal for their departure to the Spirit Land. Calmly they arose, and advancing to the beach, nor filtering there, onward they pressed, our wives and our middle aged first, leading the little child, followed by our bright eyed maidens and then our aged sires, down into the deep waters—and as the foremost of the conquerors reached the..."
The last did I say? All but the little remnant band of twenty-two, and we have lived only to wreak vengeance upon the May-ac-mas. And terrible has been that revenge—constantly lurking about their homes and sparing neither age nor sex, they have melted away before our deadly hatred and more than centenarian lives, until like us, they are but the remnant of a tribe—but now that our numbers are reduced to nine and our thirst for vengeance more than satisfied, we wait the pleasure of the Great Spirit, to take us to our people.

And without adding another word he hastened to join his companions.

The morning came, but our strange visitors were gone—and from that day to this, neither has their war-cry been heard, nor have their bloody foot-prints been seen around the homes of the trembling May-ac-mas.

But even to the present day, when the waters of Clear Lake are ruffled by the evening breeze, there is still heard around this point the music of the Spirit Wave, the Requiem of the departed Ty-a-gas.

HOPE IN THE DARKEST HOUR—GOOD NIGHT, &c.

The loveliest valley has a muddy swamp; the noblest mountain a piercing blast, and the prettiest face some ugly feature. The fairest face is most subject to freckles, and the handsomest girl is apt to be proud; the most sentimental lady loves cold pork, and the gayest mother lets her children go ragged. The kindest wife will sometimes overlook an absent shirt-button, and the husband forget to kiss his wife every time he steps outside the gate; and the best dispositioned children in the world get angry and squall; the smartest scholar will miss a lesson, and the witliest say something stupid; the wisest essayists write some nonsense; and stars will fall, and the moon suffer eclipse—and men won't be angels, nor earth heaven.

GOOD-NIGHT.

Good-night! a word so often said, The heedless mind forgets its meaning; It's only when some heart lies dead On which our own was leaning. We hear in maddening music roll That but "good-night" along the soul.

"Good-night!" in tones that never die It calls along the quickening ear; And tender gales of memory Forever waft it near—

When stilled the voice of death is gone— When will your voice be stilled in turn?

Good-night! O, wherefore fades away The light that lived in that dear word! Why follows that good-night no day? Why are our souls so stirred?

"Good-night!"—that tone of toil is o'er.

Good-night!—Now sweetly gentle sleep, And turn that fall like welcome rain, Good-night!—Oh, holy, bliss, and deep. The rest that follows pain— How should we reach God's upper light If life's long day had no "good-night"?

In Film.—The wind and waves may beat against a rock standing in a troubled sea, but it remains unmoved. Vice may entice, and the song and the strain may invite. Beware—stand firm at your post. Let your principles stand forth unshamed. There is glory in the thought that you have resisted temptation, and conquered. Your bright example will be to the world what the lighthouse is to the mariner upon a stormy sea. It will guide others to the point of virtue and safety.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breath; in feelings, not in figures on a dial. We should count time by heart throbs. He must lives who thinks most—feels the noblest—note the best.
MANAGING A WOMAN.

TO HERSELF.

Show me a man that can manage a woman,
Old Bloom.

Old Bloom.

Pshaw! Bessie what a question, and
a leading one too, but it is better to
own the corn at once even if it does
tell against me.

Now I think I understand mankind
pretty well but old as I am and as
much as I have been around the
mountains, I never could get the hang
of woman kind. If I undertook to
manage them they invariably contrived
to manage me. That has been my ex-
perience, and this will account in some
measure for my extreme difficulties
relative to woman kind. How on earth
I ever contrived to get married I can't
tell—probably my wife asked me if I
would have her and continued to
manage matters so that I gave up all
control over my affections and placed
them in her keeping, and although it
is a good many years since, the last
letter I received from her advised me
that she hadn't got tired of the charge
yet and hoped that I'd come home and
see if they had been well attended to.
God bless the woman, I will go as soon
as I can.

She's a managing sort of a
woman any how. I don't like to go
into family matters but to prove my
first-position I will tell you a little of
her management—how she managed
me once and how mad I got about it
and what a terrible fuss it made in the
family. I know Bessie you'll pity me.

But to tell about her I must talk a
little about myself. My wife is a
member (or was the last I know any-
thing about it) of the Baptist Church.
Now I ain't much of anything, don't be-
long to any Church, and of course
ain't a christian, but Bessie, the Lord
knows I ain't a Turk nor a Digger In-
dian, and that I do respect the sincere
opinions of religious people except
Mormons; I can't go that any how.

I know Joe, Smith and Brigham personally
when they first opened business. Well,
I commenced the practice from the
outset of giving my wife liberty of con-
science and the privilege of worship-
ing God as she chose, under the im-
pression that that was a matter between
her and her maker and none of my
particular business. Now will you
believe it, she took this condescension
on my part as a matter of right and
didn't ever seem to think that I was
the keeper of her conscience. How
queer women are.

We lived at the time I now speak of
in Indiana, and as among hoosiers I had
the credit of being on the respectable
side of community, Clergymen some-
times came to my house, and particular-
ly those of the denomination to
which my wife belonged. My general
practice was to be so absorbed in busi-
ness (if I had to make it for the occa-
sion) that I could see but little of our
guests, and mate had to do the honors
herself. Now I suppose you'd
call that managing her—humph! She
often tried to get me to go to her church
and hear her preachers. But I couldn't
go I—I—wal I did n't—wouldn't go—
so I left her to take care of the reli-
gious duties of the family. Somebody
had to stay at home you know to take
care of the children and things, and so
I made a martyr of myself and let her
go to church. Now wasn't that kind?
eh! In the course of time a rather
celebrated clergyman settled in our
vicinity and preached
our village. Even
his presence, the best
man, the intellectual
about him, good look
and it is a fact he did
and even old hard
him. Mate thing
told me if I would
him I would like a
bug—social in such
what preachers so
mon sense besides
not a particle of a
his composition.

"Pshaw! Mate
mo, if he sees n
be to enquire who
are in spiritually
n to the state of In
ays he, there's n
thing after your reli
conscience, but if
you'd get ac
like him as a man
—now do for my
mate, none o'th
through a snow I
you know. I would
anything to do
alone," Well
manage her eleg

We had just
quiet afternoon
Sunday. My w
her mother sat a
ling boy and girl
mother as they
facing the wind
think I'm getting
carriage, and a

"Who the devil
looking at the
ed at my wife—
MANAGING A WOMAN.

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I was not looking at the stranger—then I looked at my wife—she looked at mother and my Fred was looking at me. The old lady and my wife exchanged intelligent glances—a smile of the cunning sort followed. "What is it?" said I, innocent as the lamb I was—"who is it?"—for the first time I noticed a spare plate, knife and fork and the truth flashed upon me—"Ah Mate you!—I did n't say devil but I thought it "its some of your work." "Ha! ha! ha! old fellow, I 've caught you at last—that is Mr. Pratt—I invited him to dinner for I was determined you should see him and he has long wanted to know you and you 've got to submit. There was not one at that table—not even my own children who,

"Wished theRemains of a poor old man," and before I could get my hat the door opened and the Rev. Mr. Pratt made his appearance in the laughing crowd when my ears were stunned by my wife with "Mr. Pratt, my husband."

The fact is Bessie, when one is really caught in a trap the true way is to get out of it the best way he can; so with what courtesy I could muster I asked him to sit at the table. In five minutes he had me laughing; in ten I was listening with much interest to his conversation. In fifteen I thought him a capital fellow and when we arose from the table I insinuated upon his staying all night—I went to hear him preach that very afternoon and don't think I missed a day at church as long as he preached in our County.

"Hum! you don't like the new minister then?" said motto with a grin to me one afternoon when he was with us and I had been enjoying his companionship—I looked daggers (pasteboard ones) at her and turning around I solemnly addressed—"Mr. Pratt" and I just

in the course of time a rather rated clergyman settled in our vicinity and preached half the time in our village. Everybody was ringing his praises, the best preacher, the best man, the pleasantest man, no humdrum about him, good looking, not married, etc., and it is a fact he did draw good houses, and even old hard heads spoke well of him. Mate thought a heap of him, told me I would get acquainted with him I would like him—was no humbug—social in society—had plenty of what preachers sometimes lack, common sense besides book learnin', with not a particle of starch or pomatum in his composition. "Pahaw! Mate" says I "don't bother me, if he sees me the first thing will be to inquire what state my feelings are in spiritually without any reference to the state of Indiana." "Nonsense" says she, there's need enough for looking after your religious condition in all conscience, but he is not obtrusive and if you'll get acquainted with him you'd like him as a man if not as a preacher—now do for my sake." "Come, come mate, none of that—I'd go barefoot through a snow bank for your sake—you know I would—but as far as having anything to do with—there—go—let me alone."

"Mate, " she did go—"can't I manage her elegantly? eh!"

"We had just sat down to our nice quiet afternoon dinner the following Sunday. My wife was on my left, her mother sat on my right, my darling boy and girl were as near grandmother as they could get, while I sat facing the window looking—Do you think I'm getting proxy?—up drove a carriage, and a gentleman stepped out. "Who the deuce has come now?" says I looking at the stranger—then I looked at my wife—she looked at mother,
told him the whole story from beginning to end and he laughed as much as Mose and her mother did. He was really a most excellent, amiable and talented man, and I not only parted from him with regret, but have been quite civil to ministers of all denominations ever since. There's my Experience, Bessie, and now "Show me a man who can manage a woman.”

OLD BLOCK.

P. S. Poor Pratt, he went the way of all flesh—got married—poor fellow.

WOMAN'S LAUGH.—A woman has no natural grace more bewitching than a sweet laugh. It leaps from her heart in a clear, sparkling gill; and the heart that hears it feels as if bathed in the exhilarating spring.

Have you ever pursued an unseen fugitive through trees, led on by her niny laugh—now here, now lost, now found? We have. And we are pursuing that wondrous voice to this day. Sometimes it comes to us in the midst of care, or sorrow, or irksome business; and then we turn away and listen, and hear it ringing through the moon-light like a silver bell, with power to chase away the evil spirits of the mind.

How much we owe to that sweet laugh! It turns the prose of our life into poetry—it flings showers of sunshine over the darksome wood in which we are traveling—it touches with light even our sleep, which is so much the image of death, but is consumed with dreams that are the shadows of immortality.

"Will you have some of the butter?"

"Thank you madam; I belong to the temperance society, and can't take anything strong."

Always speak of the present as though they were present; and speak of the absent as though they were present.

VALENTINE.

TO * * * * BY W. H. D.

Most charming is spring time,
When Nature so gay,
With bird, bee, and blossom
Enlivens the sky;
But Nature can never,
With bounties more free,
Import the sweet wakening
I find, love, with thee.

The presence is over
A heaven serene,
And thy theme, bright as stars,
In itsLearnest some;
Where all that is lovely,
And pure, and true,
Awake the muse
I now sing to you.

Return my fond love,
Though unworthy I seem,
While dwells in my bosom
This heavenly dream;
So pure and so lovely,
O wilt thou be mine,
And I will be ever
Thy fond Valentine.

"WILD BILL OF THE WOODS."

OR THE LAST HOURS OF A MINER.

BY W. H. E.

In the winter of 186—, when I resided in the mines, there was a fellow familiarly known by the name of "Wild Bill of the woods." He was rather above the medium height, large blue eyes, very talkative when he had been drinking, but at any other time he had but little to say to any one. He lived in a cabin all alone, and mined alone, but spent a large portion of his time hunting. He never visited any one, and none of the miners were intimate with him from the fact that he was always so distant to all advances toward intimacy. He was considered by all who knew him, a peculiar kind of a man, from the course of life he followed, and there was something wrapped in a veil of mystery concerning his past life, but no one ventured to make any inquiry concerning it. The boys around often visited his cabin, but he was so distant to them, and gave them so cool a reception, that they all discontinued their visits: ; But not to be so easily there frequently, him that I thought welcome; and conly on any subject which I never of of, more than just. I had been away two or three days, the boys told me not been seen since. So I determined to and see if I could of him. When I I found him lying very ill. He had which continued its eral days. A plain and every thing could be by the around, but nothing the raging fever, sit up with him at will ever be remt. I sat by his log faint glimmering emaciated count a sorrowful sight, wore sighing through which stood upon mingled with the night bird, and in the gray wolves, most enviable one. The he was very rest several times, due to his mind, "Mary, where all its tures, which y understand. boys came to the returned home to fall into a good request came for I entered the cou hand, saying: as to stay with thing to tell you, to send to an one he continued, "It on the wall, by him the value;
WILD BILL OF THE WOODS

Wild Bill of the woods, at last hours of a miner.

Wild Bill, the winter of 185—, when I re-entered the mines, there was a fellow partially known by the name of "Wild Bill of the woods." He was rather the medium height, large blue eyes, very talkative when he had been up, but at any other time he had no more to say to any one. He lived in the cabin all alone, and mined alone, not a large portion of his time. He never visited any one, nor the miners vanted to mix and mix with any one, nor the miners mingled with them. The story of the miners who had passed away, and we had a plan to have a funeral. He then addressed me. "I wish you to see my body laid in the earth, and on my tomb lay this miniature. There is a bundle of papers in the valise which you can have. They contain a sketch of my past life, which I have written since I have been in this cabin. Write to my sister in New York, and tell her I sleep the last long sleep—but not to mourn for me, as I shall be happier in the change. Tell her to pardon my leaving her so abruptly, without letting her know my whereabouts. May the Angels guard and protect her in her prayer." He became so weak he could say no more, so I laid him down again, and before the dawn of another morning his spirit had passed away, and we laid his body in the grave, with no kind friend to weep over it.

The following is the contents of the manuscript which he gave me:

"It was one of those beautiful Autumnal evenings in October, when I returned home to my father's house, on the banks of the Mississippi, after an absence of more than a year; at College, where I had just completed my studies and had adieu to my associates. Soon after I arrived, a ball had to be given in honor of my return, and, as but a few days would elapse before my birthday came, that was appointed as the time for the ball to be given at my father's house. The time came, and every thing was prepared in the most brilliant style. The elite and fashion of the city were there, and every thing went off as well as the heart could wish. There was a young lady there from the city of X— in an adjoining state, who,
was at that time on a visit to her brother. Her assumed modesty, joined with her gracefulness, and possessed of charms which I have never seen surpassed, before nor since, made her the belle of the gay little party. From this night, love took its hold upon me, for I was perfectly charmed with Mary Calvín; indeed I thought her a being of some fairy land, so lovely did she appear to me.

During her stay at her brother's, my visits there were frequent, and after she returned home I visited at her father's, and before twelve months rolled around, we were betrothed. The day was appointed for our saptals, but before it came, Mary was taken sick, from which she did not recover for more than two months, and during that time my father failed for a large amount, and we were reduced from affluence to poverty. When Mr. Calvín heard of my father's failure, I received a note from him stating he should have to recall his consent to my marriage with his daughter. This was more than I had anticipated, for I knew Mr. Calvín to be a very aristocratic man, more fond of money than his word. I made up my mind to go and see Mary before I started for California, for I had come to the conclusion to try my fortune in the gold fields of the Pacific. So I set out for the city of N——, and immediately on my arrival went to the residence of Mr. Calvín. As I ascended the marble steps of the noble mansion, my heart almost failed me, not knowing what kind of a reception I should receive. I rang the bell, a servant made her appearance, I sent my card in, and bade a short space intervened before Mary came to the door and conducted me into the parlor herself, and as we sat down on the sofa, she said: "I am so glad you have come, for I was fearful you would not, after receiving Pat's note, but thank Heaven, we have met again."

Yes, Mary, we have met again, and I trust as lovers, which will give my path-way to the tomb. It is not so, dearest? "How could you think otherwise, when I have so often unfolded to you the secret recesses of my heart, and pledged my vow to love you till the close of life?"

I pressed her to my bosom, and, brushing back the ringlets which hung in clusters round her neck, impressed a kiss upon her ruby lips.

We sat for some time without saying a word, when she raised her head from my bosom, and looking me in the face, said: "James, I do believe it will break my heart, but I must tell you, for Pat told me I must, I cannot marry you, but don't think I shall love you any the less for that can never be. But I cannot marry whom my father cannot welcome as a son to his house. The time may come when he will be better reconciled to our marriage, and should such be the case, I will, with a willing heart, then marry you."

I told her my determination to go to California. She disliked me to go so far, yet she said: "I will not discourage you, if such is your wish, and if ever you return, would youth is painted on the cheek, or when your locks are blossoming for the grave, if I am living, I shall be as you find me now, Mary Calvín, and shall meet you with as warm a heart as I did to-night; my prayers shall ever ascend for your prosperity and happiness, through all your wanderings in that far distant land."

When I rose to depart, she caught hold of my hand, saying: "Let me kiss you once more, for I am afraid it will be the last time on earth, and even should it not, years may eclipce ever I see you again."

... In less than a week from that night, I was on my road to California, by way of the Plains. After a long and tedious journey, we arrived in Picerneville, Sept. 26th, '50. I followed with considerable success, for in March, '51, I had made the nice little sum of nine thousand dollars, and went down to San Francisco, calculating to start home on the 15th of April. While I was waiting for steamer day to come, I was induced to put my name on a speculation, which was supposed to be a mining claim in the Sierras, which was long before it was to be surveyed, and before I had put up a large amount of money to work away things, until the speculation failed. I worked three pay dirt, and thousands of dollars start for home. Who can put his mind of his presence of the "Golds of Calivin" that give life to California"? She disliked me to go so far, yet she said: "I will not discourage you, if such is your wish, and if ever you return, would youth is painted on the cheek, or when your locks are blossoming for the grave, if I am living, I shall be as you find me now, Mary Calvín, and shall meet you with as warm a heart as I did to-night; my prayers shall ever ascend for your prosperity and happiness, through all your wanderings in that far distant land."

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I went home then, I should have seen my friends. But the past I could not recall, and I went and knelt down on the graves of my parents, and attempted to pray, and to ask their spirits, now dwelling in heaven, to watch over me in the future. My next step was to find Mary. I started for the city of 

On arriving there went immediately to her father's residence, and was ushered into the same, where Mr. Calvin soon made his appearance, and gave me a hearty welcome, although I could see that sadness was pictured in his countenance. I was very anxious to inquire after Mary, but I kept waiting, thinking he would speak of her himself. After conversing a few moments, I inquired if Mary was at home. He raised his head and looked me full in the face, and I saw a tear start from his eye, as he said: "Mary is not long for this world?"

"Is she?"
"Will you permit me to see her?"
"She is now in a quiet place, but as soon as she awakes you shall see her, but before you go in, I must tell you what you have come for, for she has been speaking of you to-day." He then continued, "I would give all I possess on earth, but I never sent you that note, for since you left, Mary has scarcely been well a day, and she is now in the last stages of consumption. I have been on a tour through Europe with her since you left, but all to no purpose, and had I known you were living, and where to be found, I should have sent for you long since, for there has not a day passed but what she has spoken of you; but we had all given you up, as dead." I arose from my seat, and was walking the room, when a servant came to the door, and said she had awoken. In a few minutes I was at her bedside, and asked her if she knew me. She looked at me for a moment, and said: "I am glad to see you. My prayers have been heard, and I shall die much..."
happier; kiss me once more, and remember that.

'The heart that hath truly loved once,
As fondly loves on to the close.'

I kissed her angelic brow, and wept like a child, for I knew she could not live long; that father and mother were gone, and would soon dwell together in Heaven, and then life to me would have no charm, for all that was dear to my heart, except an only sister, had left their abode on earth. The thought of my transactions in the gambling house of San Francisco, again came rushing to my mind, for had I returned a year sooner, I could have spent many pleasant hours with Mary, and have seen my father and mother once more. But I could not recall the past. Just then a settled calmness seemed to pervade her countenance, a Heavenly smile rested upon her lips, and the last words of Mary were: "I hope I shall meet you in Heaven," and ere the rays of another sun gilded the eastern horizon, her spirit had taken its departure to dwell with him that gave it. We laid her body in the tomb, and she sleeps the last long sleep, which is the portion of all Earth's sons and daughters.

I remained with Mr. Calvin a few days, and then took my leave of him, to go and see my sister, the last tie that was left to me on earth. I remained with her about two weeks and gave her nearly all the money I had, which was about five thousand dollars, and getting weary of remaining where fate seemed against me, I determined to return to the mountains of California. I did not tell my sister where I was going, for I knew if I did, it would almost break her heart. So I left for the Pacific coast without informing her where I was going, since which time I have never heard a word from her, and she may by this time be dwelling with my parents and Mary in the Spirit land.

Thus ended his narrative, which to me was interesting because acquainted with the author; and if I have by presenting it to the world, produced one good thought, or emotion of the soul, my most earnest wish is gratified. I wrote to his sister, and have received two letters from her. She had long since mourned him as dead, for he went off in such a melancholy mood that she was fearful he had committed suicide. She must be a lovely girl, for she writes beautifully, and says there has been a tur, either of joy or sorrow, for every dollar that has been taken from the California miners. And the saying is probably too true. Reader, I have been faithful, but I hope you will pardon, for you can read it in much less time than I wrote it, as I sat by the side of a bright blazing fire in my cabin in the mountains.
THE MINER'S FLYING VISIT.

THE WAY THE MONEY GOES IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Picks and shovels had long been laid aside and we had been in anxious expectation, watching the clouds for the last two months, praying heartily for rain, but it was of no use. We then tried in every way that our imaginative minds suggested to kill time but it would not do, so my companions and myself started from our little mining town, which is in a valley scooped out like a basin, among the hills, to pay a flying visit to San Francisco.

We accordingly settled ourselves on top of a lumbering stage coach and after a long and fatiguing ride found ourselves in Sacramento.

We were not long there, for the boat was about leaving; even the last bell had sounded and we hurried ourselves on board and were soon gliding quietly down the river.

The blue hills and snow capped summits of the Sierras were visible nearly all the way and we were sorry when night came on and hid them from our view.

We stopped but a moment at Benicia, then passing rapidly on our way we were at ten o'clock in the evening in San Francisco.

It was rather late that night to seek out a place of amusement, so we "turned in" at a comfortable hotel on S-street.

Before going to sleep, (for all three occupied one room) we resolved that we would neither pay billets nor cards while in the city; and to make the thing sure we pledged ourselves not to enter a gambling or billiard room while we were here.

We wandered about the next day seeing sights, though we were perhaps ourselves the greatest curiosities on the road.

Evening came, and with it a discussion, for we could not agree on the subject of spending the evening profitably. One wanted to go to the theatre, another to the minstrels, while I—having noticed in the morning papers that there was to be a "Ladies' Fair"—and feeling sure that we should see a bevy of "fair ladies" insisted on going there. Each one was bent on having his own way but I "argued the point" in true "Jack Easy" style and had the satisfaction at last of convincing them that they would spend less money, see more pretty girls and enjoy themselves better at the fair than at any other place.

We shaved our faces, changed our rusty habiliments for an entire new suit, purchased at a fashionable clothing store on C-street, and which the clerk (a good looking fellow with a mustache) told us was the only "really fashionable" place in the city. As there was no key to our door we took the "rocks" from our valises and put them for safe keeping in our pockets, and then took our departure for the fair.

It was brilliantly lighted and tastily trimmed with evergreens, festooned in all sorts of shapes. Then there was such a quantity of little fancy articles, pin-cushions, needle-books, work boxes, fancy baskets, baby fixings, indeed every thing, and so much of it too, that one did not know which way to look.

Last but not least, were the ladies and lassies, and dressed—Oh! shades of heaps; I can't find words to express myself so I won't try.

We stayed until it was out—and we, "out of pocket" the "rocks" that had been so dear to us. Met friends and"especially" the "Ladies"—thanked them all heartily when we entered the hall; and in their place was stovelloll—plush cushions, butterflies' socks (though I've "mary" a willow) scarfs, ribbons, and coromandel filled with motes; even my hands were full. I looked at my companions. They were in the same fix, and vexed with me for having brought them there.

When we reached the hotel we unloaded and found on measuring, that we had just three bushels, of what the ladies told us were "valuables" but not a dime left, we were flat broke,
but what is the use of complaining, it was the bright-eyed girls that did it; we lodged at the hotel that night, but did not stay for breakfast. We "slooped," leaving cornuequins enough, we thought (setting them down at the values the girls at the fair placed on them) to pay damages, and at four o'clock were on board the boat on route for home, where my companions said we might better have stayed and gone in for a speck in the first of it. We couldn't come out worse, but I didn't argue with them. When we come down again it will probably be to attend the next year's fair?;

Yours in unpleasant circumstances,

P. S. We paid our fare up on the boat with a piece of money, which the Captain consented to accept in consideration that we had nothing else worth taking.

STANZAS.

BY W. H. R.

My soul is glowing with the flame
Of holy, high desires;
"Tis no alluring hope of fame
That now my Muse impels;
To tell the mysteries of my life,
The thoughts that throng my mind,
And pen the gushings of my song,
I've revelled in the pure delights
Of every earthly bliss,
And felt my heart thrill with the glow.
Of Love's most sacred kiss;
And from this heaven of bliss I burst
Down to a hell of woe,
Each one's looks alone should know.
Upon the canvas I have gazed,
Expectation with an art
Whose scenes of heavenly beauty claimed
The homage of my heart;
With visions of ideal truth
And those painted glaciers alone;
O Gemme! one ray of Life Divine,
That triumphs over earth;
I've seen the rigid marble glee
With Zion's burning eye,
And Virtue's veiled and sainted face.
Till from that dull, cold marble gleened
A radiance all Divine!

O human heart! O human soul!
What Godlike powers are thine!
I've felt a rapture unto death
Thrill in the Poet's song,
No language can reveal
A voice beloved fell on my ear,
Like echoes from the skies;
So sweet, so sweet, so sweet.

The thrilling voice of Eloquence
Has charmed my innocent soul:
"Thou".
With "thoughts that breathe and words that
In sounds that seemed to roll
In ceaseless thunder to the skies,
While fleeting visions of light
Passed from the soul's deep secret fires,
With Heaven's own radiance bright.
I've heard sweet Musick's melting strains
O'er all my senses steal,
And through my frame a joy impart
No language can reveal.

There's a voice serene and soft,
Like echoes from the skies;
Such heaven-born melodies.
I've felt the raptures of the Saint,
From depths of goodness flow,
I've smiled, and to some have said
A more than earthy voice:
In the dark caverns of despair,
Without one ray of light,
My soul has been,
Hope brought it forth
To fill the skies still bright.
I've seen the forms of loved ones laid
Within the silent tomb,
While Sorrow's dark and withering power
Pill, all the earth with gloom;
In faith I raised my downcast eyes
To Heaven's bright glories,

I saw my food in peace and joy,
With God's tender care.
I took upon a fair Nazareth's face,
In many a happy hour,
While with an ardor heart I traced
The Almighty's wondrous power;
His thunders roll my silent soul,
While lightnings flashed on high;
The storm it trust - I saw His smile
In rainbows on the sky.
Through many a silent hour at night,
Upon the skies sublime,
I've gazed with a subdued delight,
Where Heaven's own glories shine;
And while the eternal stars looked down
Upon my thoughtful face,
With one I pondered on the dread
Influences of space,
Till earth seemed nothing to my mind,
And all its hopes and fears
Vainly traveled through the air,
Of God's eternal years.

Sacramento, Cal., Dec., 1856.
O human heart! O human soul!
What God-like powers are there!
I've felt a recovery on the death
In scenes that seemed to roll
In visions slippery to the skin.
While lightning glanced from light
ushed from the seen's deep secret fire,
With Heaven's own maligneance bright.
I've heard sweet Musick's melting strains
Over all my senses steal,
And through my veins a joy import.
No languish can rend;
A voice beloved fell on my ear,
Like echoes from the skies.
My hearing heart stood still to hear
Such sweetly-tender musick.

This remark alluded to the part of
Lord Lovell having attempted to make
a private signal to a brig making way
Towards the schooner in which he was
an inmate. He had watched his oppor-
tunity, had torn off a piece
Of his shirt and painted with ink on it the
betrayal of a pirate craft—the death's
head and cross-bones, and was
just about to throw it from the dead eye of
his cutlass. When a Malay who
had been set to watch his motions over
a small, hole on the ship's side
of the partition of his cabin, discovered it
and calling to the captain, explained
his discovery, and upon his lordship
being called upon by him to pledge
his honor that no like experiment or at-
tempt at rescue for the future should
be made, and this meeting with a flat
refusal, this event had given
occasion to his being put under closer vigilance
than at first was intended."

"This is to be your companion in exile," coolly rejoined the captain.
"Allow me to introduce you to each other—Farmer Robert, Lord
Lovell; Lord Lovell, Farmer Robert."

"So you are to be my keeper," said
his lordship, as the boat manned by two
cut-throat looking rascals of the crew
made their way towards land.

"Or your companion, just as you please," replied the farmer.
"Have you, man, counted the chan-
ces of this scheme being sooner or later
discovered?" enquired Lovell.

"Every one of them," replied the
other.

"Unless I could see the motive of grati-
fying an unanxious fondish revenge,
I should think this plot against my lib-
erty and life, the project of a mad man.
Are you the author of this unhoped of
proceeding may I ask?"

"Only in part," coolly replied the
farmer. "There is a long score of
grievances that has been up against
your family in my village for a century
or more; yours has had the inenormous
distinction of taking away our com-
mons' land, lifting up our paths, pound-
ing our cattle, imprisoning your youth,
starving our poorhouses, and depriving
us of every little enjoyment your an-
cestors entitled us to, by their industry,
love of their country's freedom, and obedience
to their country's laws."

Lovell heard these reproaches, and for
awhile was silent. He knew that his
father's character merited some of
them—that his captives were held up to
scorn by the generous, and that his
over-bearing disposition had made him
many bitter enemies.

"Is that miserable hovel you're
destined for my prison?" enquired he
of the farmer.

"Not for you alone, I intend to be-
come part proprietor of it."

"I shall not condescend he was
about to say, but substituted the penul-
timate—sent. I shall not consent
to live with one who has thus conspired
against my liberty, and who has
brought on all this unmerited privation
upon me, so you take up these quarters
and I'll take to the woods near
at hand, for a place to dwell in," he
replied, in the most dejected manner.

"Your lordship will soon be tired of the
society there. However: that be,
as I do not choose to have your death
upon my conscience, as I have been
suffering the torments of wild beasts, I will appoint
a place, in case you form this resolution, where
you shall always find a daily supply of food."
"Is the place so unsafe from wild beasts? Give me a gun in self-defence, I ask no more,—you and my murderers cannot refuse such a demand, if you have anything like common humanity."

They now landed, the Malays turning out his lordship with as little ceremony as they would a slave, but showing signs of great respect to the farmer, from whom, during the voyage, they had learned many useful domestic manufactures. He had spent his time in arranging seeds, making bird-nests, wolf-traps, and fish nets. He could cut up an old sail and convert it into a coat, cap, and trousers like an amateur tailor. He had made several water proof cases, light enough to be carried under the arm with ease. He could make artificial flies for fish, and decoy-ducks for sea-fowl. There was no end at his ingenuity. His traps and tools were always in the utmost order, and manifestly showed a determination on his part, to make himself comfortable under any circumstances. His lordship on entering the shanties was surprised to find them so capable of administering to the creature comforts. There was a good assortment of books, selected with much care, and when the farmer had deposited all his gear in them, Lowell began to think it bad policy to refuse shelter in such a place, or to prefer the uncertain safety of the woods.

"I will accept your offer of dwelling here on one condition," said his lordship, after the boat had left.

"What is that?" replied the farmer.

"That I may be left to pursue my own thoughts, and not be molested by your conversation."

"Although your presence would be no assistance, rather the reverse to my daily occupation of a living, yet, for humanity sake, as you say, I agree—For I could not reconcile it to my mind to leave a hated dog unprovided at night in such a place as this becomes in some periods of the year."

"Then you have been here before," asked his lordship with some surprise.

"No, but the captain has, and knows it well; but is this to be the commencement of your lordship?"

"The diurnity, you would say," finished his lordship. "I answer no, but I will be plain with you in order that I may avoid myself of all means of escaping from this cruel solitude, and seeking the country from which I have been so artfully and treacherously trapped. My first object shall be to get a law passed to place the use of this method of using chloroform, by means of which I was victimized, under legitimate control, and—"

"Excuse, my lord, the schooner is making signal. Is anything wanted previous to departure? Does your lordship wish anything that I have not at your service?"

This information fell like a death shock upon his lordship's nerves, and overcome by his feelings, he covered his face with his hands and sobbed out, No.

"Bravery—Aberrathy; the celebrated physician, was never more displeased than by hearing a patient detail a long account of troubles. A woman knowing Aberrathy's love of the brothers, having turned her hand, called to consult him. On exhibiting her hand she said:

"A burn."

"Afootball," quickly answered the doctor.

"That I may be left to pursue my own thoughts, and not be molested by your conversation."

"Although your presence would be no assistance, rather the reverse to my daily occupation of a living, yet, for humanity sake, as you say, I agree—For I could not reconcile it to my mind to leave a hated dog unprovided at night in such a place as this becomes in some periods of the year."

O, hey all pride of place aside; And have a care on whom you frown; For sure you'll see him going up. When you are only coming down.
### THE REALIZATION OF MY CONCEPTIONS.

#### NO. 11.

Between work and play the time has passed very pleasantly at our camp. Ben has done some responsible hunting, and the time has been so favorable for our Charley and I have tried our hands but I confess frankly but little success.

Charley has made a large charcoal drawing on the last unmarked yard of canvas on our cabin, representing the Goddess of Liberty crowning the successful Presidential candidate, with a wreath. I hardly know what I have done, and yet I have been very happy.

And Saturday night, when we had gathered around the charcoal fire, and it lighted up the smiling faces of Ben and Charley, while without the snow fell fast and silently like blessings from Heaven, we felt such an exquisite sense of happiness as it is rarely our lot to experience. The snow had completely covered the face of nature, there were no dark spots to be seen.

So my charity had clothed my fellow beings, I thought of them, and saw them only in their purer nature—no dark spots marred the view. And Ben and Charley had the same feelings, for after I had read my piece we had such a conversation as during all our acquaintance we have never before had, and I trust we made more firm the bonds of our affection, which can never be undone.

When it was very late and still snowing we lighted a large pine torch and went out bareheaded and gazed on the beautiful scene. The earth was one spotless sheet, the trees bowed under their loads of purity, and out of the unfathomable and mysterious darkness above, millions of feathery flakes came flashing downward; many fell upon our uncovered heads and when they had grown white with these blossoms of the sky, we went into the cabin, feeling, as Ben remarked, at peace with—God and man.

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The realization of my conceptions, or rather the things I have read, at least I think I have, appear to me as the most delightful things. My mind seems to be more at peace and I trust I shall be more happy. I have been much interested in the success of the Presidential candidate, and I think it was well done.

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Where the Gold Came From—a Fairy Tale

You will doubtless, dear reader, smile at the idea of my telling a fairy tale, and perhaps turn past it, regarding it as worthy the perusal only of story-loving children.

Please follow me through, there may be an interest in it for other than childish heads. It is short at least, that is one merit. It's a vision or dream I don't know what to say. I'll tell you the circumstances and you can judge for yourselves.

I sat one night before the fire: our claim had paid uncommonly well that day, in short some three ounces to the hand—and naturally I felt very amiable—and was thinking things over, their bright side to me. Gradually I fell into that delicious, dreamy state in which the mind wanders about, without the guiding hand of reason and forms such strange wild fancies; and I may have gone a little beyond that peculiar state and—fallen asleep. I cannot say positively. It matters little concerning the story, although on that point depends the question of its being a vision or dream.

The first thing I was conscious of, after remaining in this state for some time, was the appearance of a bright being before me, that must have sprung out of space for I did not hear her enter the cabin,—she stood directly before me, apparently sometimes so near that I could have laid my hand upon her, and then again she seemed far off. Sometimes she appeared unusually large and then again infinitely small, very much as you have often looked just as you were falling asleep.

She is a fairy, I thought, a fairy from the long slender wand which she holds in her hand—the beautifully adjusted robe—the flowing hair, and the expression of her face which folks say faries always wear now a days; and with these thoughts I saw attentively regarding her. She made a graceful gesture with her wand, and...
spoke to me. Her voice sounded as if you have often heard music—now swelling clear and full upon the ear, and then in some sweet cadenced receding far away, as if journeying with the wind to its home.

"I perceive mortal," she said, "that you recognize the being that I am, and wonder what can have brought me back here after our race has long disappeared from earth.

"Know then that it is an erroneous idea that fairies exist no more, for although we are invisible to man, we still linger about your old homes. But no more in happiness—day by day, race encroached upon our scenes, passed those days forever. But we are immortals and it is our doom to live sadly among you until the end of time. We conclude ourselves as much as possible, yet still we are of this world. The presence of the fey roots, and sometimes perceiving signs of their presence. This very day I saw you pass, and wonder what caused a slight blade of grass to move, that arose from the presence of fairy feet; and sometimes in the night when every thing seemed still, and yet there was an undefined sound, which you could not trace to its source, so faint, so uncertain that you almost doubted whether it was a sound or not; that was fairy music. There is yet another and more tangible trace of our. The gold for which you so disquiet yourselves is a fairy’s curse upon your race. It is of this that after waiting long centuries to be avenged, and when at last we are, I came to tell you.

"A great while ago, so long that the tables on which time’s flight was marked, were destroyed by his own wasting hands, almost beyond immortals’ recollection, the fairies inhabited this sunny land. The origin of the fairies remains in obscurity; in thirty years, there were debates upon that point. Some one had said it did not matter where we sprang from; that we were happy fairies and that was sufficient. But that would not satisfy the crowd, they must still have their discussions. For after all their words, the question was never settled. It was written in the records kept by the sacred people of the race, (for although we were exceedingly fond of pleasure and spent most of our time in mirth, we still had our sacred people,) it was written in the first pages of their books. The fairies came from the land in which the day is born. But this made the question no clearer; each one had his own construction of the records, and you can have yours. In the early days of Fairydom there was one other subject of great dispute, which almost threatened the existence of our race. The fairies, from time immemorial had dwelt in the clover flower. Its numerous and spacious apartments made it a splendid residence, our sacred people lived in the four-leaved clover—some faint notion of which has reached you, for with you the finder of a four-leaved clover is deemed a lucky person. When the fairies first settled in this land there were two beautiful valleys adjoining each other, in one of which the white clover flourished beautifully and the fairies mostly dwelt in it, on the contrary in the other valley, the red clover was most abundant, the white throve poorly, and after a while wholly died out, some shrivelled thought from its unhealthiness to the soil, but the fairies after they all lived in the red clover, stoutly contended that they had rooted it out from their diocese for it. Be it either way, its delicate perfume had hardly died on the breeze, when by some strange impulse never before heard of in fairyland, the inhabitants wanted the people of the other valley to dwell in the red clover like themselves. They remonstrated, and urged their right to dwell in which they pleased, but in vain the request was repeated, and hard words soon began to be used on both sides. In vain the peace loving folks of each valley tried to quell the excitement. In vain the sacred records were read, who should dwell in each one free to one another. But the fairies could not be induced to admit of either of the species. The mortal and they prepared by arms. It was a long time, the woods were cleared, but when, clothed, in the civil war, to see them to the end was a thing of terror; armies and roar, horrid and the.

Before the war ceased to the last, loving good had another large and arranged matter two parties, one on that, both of their long lives and dwell in so the fairies war, the fairies dwelt mostly in, the remains very a.

These two were disturbed the in all their reigns one continual battle and but feasting of a time, was moonlight; in mortal feel, the struggling with the cares, strife of your gay fairies games and joined, in oblivious, happy moon warmed homes. But of all our feathery remember, and less unceasing changes, have land assembled bations. He ray of the now eastern promiscuous, on flower filled and, how we over the thin.
In Fairy-land, the inhabitants wanted the people of the other valley to dwell in the red clover like themselves. They remonstrated, and urged their right to dwell which they pleased; but in vain the quest was repeated, and hard words were begun to be used on both sides.

In vain the sacred records were read where it said the fairies should dwell in the clover leaving each one free to choose which particular species. The majority would not listen and they prepared to settle the dispute by arms. It was a glorious sight even when clothed with all the horrors of civil war, to see the chivalry of Fairy-land marshaled in mighty hosts each warrior armed with his long thistle lance and rose thorn dagger.

Before however matters had proceeded to the last extremity, the peace loving ones had called in the fairies of another large valley near-by, and they arranged matters peaceably between the two parties, on the humiliating condition that both parties should abandon their long loved homes in the clover, and dwell in some other flower, and so, the fairy was entirely rooted out, and the fairies dwelt in other flowers and mostly in the wild Columbine, which remains very abundant yet.

These two questions were all that disturbed the peace of the fairies during all their reigns. Their social life was one continual round of pleasure, nothing but feasting and dancing. Their favorite time was the beautiful hour of moonlight, in which even you poor mortals feel a glimpse of better nature struggling within your breasts, striving with the cares, anxieties, longings and strife of your daily life. Then the gay fairies gathered in the grassy dale and joined in the many dances, lost in oblivious happiness until the waning moon warned them to return to their homes. But by far the most splendid of all our festivities was the monthly celebration in honor of the full moon. I remember now, after so many countless uncelebrated moons have run their changes, how all the beauty of Fairy-land assembled on the day of the celebrations. How when the heralding ray of the moon came and lighted up the eastern sky, they formed in a long procession each bearing a tiny bellflower filled with a crystal dew drop, and how when the moon at last rose over the distant hills, and her light flowed upon the myriad of dew drops which the fairies bore, and was reflected by as many happy faces,—the procession moved merrily forward to their fairy ground. It was a glorious sight such as man may never hope to see. But it pains me to recall it. It was, on the night of this celebration just as we had formed in a procession waiting for the appearance of the moon, that man first intruded upon our lands.

The fairies fled in terror, scattering the flowers and dew drops upon the ground. With all my fright I remember well how sad the moon looked, when she gazed on the disordered scene. Pale and watery as if in tears that she should never again look upon the fairies.

We gathered together quickly after our affright and all wished revenge, we could not have fled from you if we had wished to, for while we had been wrapped in our pleasures, your race had spread all over the earth. We consulted long upon the best means of inflicting our resentment upon you but we decided no means until at last one of our priests said it had been revealed to him that there was, hidden deep in the bosom of the earth, a metal which, when known to man, should become to him the root of all evil.

That he should deem it the source of all happiness, and to acquire it would make himself miserable. For it he would kill his brother, sell his country, betray his friend and sacrifice even the little joy that his life afforded. The fairies hid it to scatter it deceitfully over the earth and man would search for it with endless toil, sometimes raised to feverish excitement by hope, and again bowed almost to the ground by disappointment. Thousands should be made wretched in search for it, where one should be made happy by success. I leave it for you to say if you think we are revenged for the cruel wrong to our happy race. You who have felt the weight of our curse who have toiled for years after the deceitfully stolen metal, your bosom

THE REALIZATION OF MY CONCEPTIONS. 379.
DOCTOR DOT-IT-DOWN'S NOTES.

THE MIRACULOUS BAMBINO—CONCERT CAN CURE, CONCERT CAN KILL.

"Hail, Pierre, for Italy!" Italy! The word seemed to have some magic influence upon my drowsy clearness. His sleepy eyes lighted up, and feature after feature assumed imagination.

"Ah, Monsieur," said he, "then your honor will know what the savoir vivre is."

We were off within twenty minutes after I had given the word of command. crossed the Tiber, entered Rome, (in an incredibly short time for our method of travelling,) and took up our quarters in a snug part of the town, near the church of the Ama Coeli. I never was more exhausted in my life, and it would seem that Pierre and I had exchanged awhile our natures. I retired to rest immediately, and slept nearly the whole of the next day. Not so Pierre; the fellow was all activity and wakefulness; the secret soon ceased out. Here dwell his dulcines; the thought of seeing her once more, and being near her, roused every energy within him. He had done all that was required of him before I was awake the next morning, and modestly knocked at my door, to crave permission to make a visit.

Not having any immediate occasion for his services, I consented; he flew down the stairs with the speed of CUPID, supposing, at the moment his wings to aid his flight.

I slept; and was awakened by his tapping again at my door, and craving admittance. "What is it?" I said impatiently.

"Ah! a concert! Is it a rumour? Have I heard of such a thing?"

"Yes, it is a concert of chaste and innocent music, Monsieur," said he; "but I have seen many such; and considering the situation of the place, I have no doubt but it will be a very entertainable one.""
for my kindness, and told me all would soon be well, if he could muster up money enough to have the Bambino. Would I accommodate him with the needful, he asked. He would serve me day and night, to the end of my existence, and even after it, if I should require it.

"And who is this Bambino?" I inquired.

To my utter amazement I learnt that it was no other than a great wooden doll, that had the power of almost raising the dead to life.

"Why Pierre, I always thought you to have more sense than to be imposed upon by a parcel of besotted, or knavish priests."

"Ah Monsieur, pour est croire."

Here another knock came to the door; Pierre opened it, without regard to my wishes, and a young harum scarum English doctor presented himself.

"O," said he, without regarding me in bed, "the sooner you get this farse of the doll over, the better. I can do nothing more; her head runs upon it day and night, and there is a probability afterwards of my advantageous assistance."

"What about this doll?" said I, turning to the Englishman; "do enlighten me."

"Ah! a countryman, or an American. I am happy to make your acquaintance, as the only sane man I have seen in this priestly ridden place for many a day. This all important hamburgh, said he, "is a pudding headed looking doll, that has had the repulse of eating all sorts of illnesses. It represents the Saviour in his infancy, and the honor and reverence that is paid to it by its priests, is enough to make one doubt that there is an atom of sense left in the blind credulity of the people, or of honesty in the religious ceremonies of its priests."

"Softly, softly," said I, "have a care of what you say; recollect you are in the land of fire and faggots, chains and slavery."

"O! no one here understands English," said he; "I should n't care if they did."

"Well, but this Bambino; I have heard of King Bomba, but never of this king."

"Bomboozle!" added he. "Well, then, go with me, and you will see one of the most humiliating sights that ever happened in any tyrant land."

We entered the little chamber of the afflicted one. Pierre admitted us with his fingers on his lips, conjuring strictest silence. It was crowded with priests, all crowded in a kneeling posture before this trumpery doll, dressed in the most gorgeous manner, in gold lace and white satin, sparkling, as the lighted candles flitted upon it, with the most magnificent and costly jewels. With the gravest air imaginable did the oldest of these priests lift it from its perch, for the afflicted one to kiss its ugly, misshapen foot. I could forbear no longer; an indescribable feeling was about to prompt me to knock the king from its throne with my walking stick, and kick the attendants down stairs; throw the candles out of the window, and remove poor Pierre and his paucive enfant from this shocking and impious scene and ceremony.

I lifted up my hands in astonishment.

"How, in the name of everything wonderful," I said to my companion, "can Pope Pius Nine countenance so vile an imposture, or allow it to be countenanced by his sect. What would the holy Saviour say, were he to appear on earth again in this place, to see his doctrine so vilely perverted, and his holy person so desecrated. To see the very two first Divine Commandments 'Thou shalt make no graven image, in any likeness, to worship it,' so daringly set at naught. The wonder is, that the very heavens of his throne do not pour down the vials of his wrath upon the place, and consume it in a moment."

High day hokey toiky, said the Englishman in his turn, echoing my very words, have a care friend, recollect that you are in the land of fire and faggots,
But what would you say were I to tell you that this wooden thing does work such miracles; that I have seen more than once its immediate effects in the most surprising manner, and without believing it to be anything more than a piece of wood, that it is capable of curing many diseases. The rich jewels that cover it are the volitive offerings of the invalids it has cured.

"Are you serious?" said I.

"Quite serious. I verily believe the thing acts as a charm upon the people, and that they and the priests are taken captive against the evidences of their senses by its mysterious influences—nevertheless, as I said before, the sight is one of the most humiliating in humanity. Have you ever heard of a well attested power that former Kings had of curing the scrofula or king's evil, so called from the circumstance?"

"Well attested, fiddlesticks," said I. "If there have been such cases it's nothing but the power of superstition upon the nerves of ignorant minds that has produced them. I know a poor woman cured of an enormous wen or growth, by the hand of an executed murderer being passed over it three times. The woman explained to me that she felt the blood curl in her veins while the act was being performed by the hangman, who received many a fee that day for like assistance, under the scaffold. For weeks, she told me, she felt the lumb upon the place, and every time she contemplated it, the blood seemed to freeze from the parts touched as if in very horror—she in one month became perfectly cured, and the part once so blanched and charged with blood, had shrivelled up like the packers of a thread drawn garment.

"The power of superstition with mingled awe and fear, reduces many a mind to a perfect state of agitation. It was at one time doubted that fear could be powerful enough to kill a man. I remember my friend (at that time a coroner) upon an inquest, relating the following circumstance in proof of it.

"In the reign of Charles the Second, the heads of the medical faculty at that time, took it into their heads to set the matter at rest. For this purpose they applied to the King for permission to select, amongst the criminals condemned to capital punishment, a person for their experiment. The King gave his sanction, upon condition no tortures should be used. He was told that the experiment was only to observe the exhaustion attendant upon the loss of blood.

"Several criminals upon the offer being made to them, consented to subject themselves to their experiments in order to avoid the exposure of an ignominious death. The most powerful among them (a butcher by trade) was selected, when every preparation was completed. The subject was then introduced to the room provided for the occasion, and was told to thrust his left arm through an orifice made just large enough to admit it through the partition of the next room, and which was just slight enough to enable any one to hear the remarks made from it. The man of course was not able to see, but only to hear what was passing in the next room. After some time he was made to feel a piercing stroke as of a lancet, and to hear the drops of lukewarm water poured on his arm and that fall into a basin some distance under it. Meanwhile the imposition was kept up amongst the medical experimenters by pertinent technical remarks loud enough for him to hear, interspersed with conjectures of how long more the subject had to live. These became more and more urgent as the time more and more increased. His ghostly adviser (not in the secret) by his side, urging him to a more ample confession and more fervent prayer.

"Now said the conductor suddenly, look out—in twenty-five seconds he is a dead man."

"Hearing the announcement, the criminal, it is recorded, dropped dead at his father confessor's feet; and not a particle of blood, use of blood, yea, and one a victim in that kill."

DEAR BRODER, THE BADE YE YIRED...
a particle of life, it appeared, was left in him; for the hance which was made use of to restore circulation of the blood, produced no result whatever, and one of the most robust of men fell a victim to prove the truth of the maxim that conceit can cure, conceit can kill.

"BESSIE," TO "CARRIE D."

Hown's Racist, Yuba Co.,

Dear Carrié:

You remember the promise you extorted when I bade you goodbye, on the morning of your departure from Sacramento—The "yes, may be," so reluctantly given, was scarcely intended as an assurance of fulfillment, and to confess the truth, I did not much mean to write anybody—but my evil genius has this moment nudged my elbow, and made me think to torture you with a description of the delightful times I am having at "happy cottage," with "Alice," for my companions. Now don't be jealous, Carrie, for you know how dearly we poor teachers pay for the few gleams of sunshine which fit across our toilsome path—"few and far between," like "angry visits," may well be applied to the "hours of idleness" that come to any of us.

But here I have enjoyed whole days of uninterrupted happiness, without a thought of books or blackboards to trouble me. You know I have been beneath my great responsibilities until my shoulders have become round like a pack peddler's, or poor Bunyan's, with his weight of grievances strapped to his back; but never mind, it is past now—like the cloud that floats over the moon's disc, leaving it all the brighter for the sea of darkness which swept over it.

My journey hither was delightful, notwithstanding the chill December air, which at first made me sensible that I had not muffled myself sufficiently for so long a ride. For an hour we perambulated the quiet streets to pick up our quota of passengers, and I looked in vain to see any tangible evidences that the city was prepared to go into mourning on account of my departure. There was no bunting, displayed at half mast, and the bells told no signal of sorrow! so I made myself as comfortable as possible—wedged in with sixteen chimney and a small delegation from Cork and Tipperary, and one as beautiful specimen of feminine looks as I have met in California, a little miss from the Convent of St. Catharines, who was to spend her vacation with Friends at Marysville. She entertained me the whole way with an uninterrupted silence. But the male portion of the cargo were not so obliging, a perpetual jargon was kept up, but having never learned the language of the Celestials, I could only give a Yankee guess as to what the purport of it might be. I have not a doubt but that the merits and demerits of the presidential candidates were freely discussed upon—the railroad, the dromedary line, the harbors, the winding operations connected with the building of the old and new capitol, and many other topics of a similar nature—which made me think though election is over the turbid waters of the great sea of politics and not altogether ceased their bubbling. Like "Mark Tapley," I took great credit to myself for being jolly under such circumstances. If the day had been manufactured for my especial benefit I could not have bettered it.

Although the seasons are now clothed in their cheapest and humblest dress—nevertheless, they are always attractive and picturesque, and now the name is tame in California. The wild mountain scenery, combined with the almost immortal green with which the woods are clothed, are never without interest. Every goatherd curtain and shadow of cloud, had passed not only from the soft blue sky, but from the heart of your friend. It pleased the good Eutha, for my sake, to breathe gently upon the clean washed face of
nature, and a breeze sprang up, just sufficient to stir the leaves and make them dance merrily upon the penile boughs. It seemed as if they were trilling a sad yet gloomy requiem, to the old-year who is passing over the verge of time.

But think! I hear you impatiently enquiring after "Alice," my amiable hostess whose spiritual self has so often in our "sanctum reveries," held communion with our own hearts. She is all we have pictured her, Carrie, and you have but to look into her face to find an index of a happy heart. A plain, unassuming woman, who affects the literate but little. She says her life thus far has been one of vicissitude, ups and downs, subject to the caprices of fortune like every other son and daughter of Adam. The prow of her life boat has not been decked with thornless flowers—but the strong arm and faithful heart to whom she has entrusted her life's happiness, is still at the helm, and love's guiding star sheds its beacon light o'er all her hopes.

She bade me tell her all about you, and sweet Katie King, the first time we were alone. Ah! I know how you would envy me, could you look in upon us when we are by ourselves, and be delighted with the way "Alice" performs her various domestic duties, imparting to the humble, blue, and least attractive of them, so much grace and dignity. What matters it though for days together Jobs' forces have kept us within doors? even now his fruitful fruits rest heavily upon the snow crested sierras, and the blackened clouds are dropping their treasures upon the thirsty fields. All day long has the rain pattered drearily against the pane, or in larger effusions drenched the grateful earth. The hours glide unconsciously by, and each one will bear away upon its wizard wings memory never to be forgotten.

Yesterday I was to have ascended the Buttes, on horseback, but unfortunately it set in to rain. It seems to me as if I could make the tour before breakfast; but when asked what I supposed was the distance to the base of the mountains, and I said three miles, all my Yankee precision was put quite into the shade, by being told it was fifteen! So we sat at home.

"And we talked!—Oh, how we talked! her voice cadenced in the talking—
Made another singing in the soul, a music without words—
And she made such good thoughts, natural, as if she always thought them."

In the still seclusion of "Alice's" rural home, is an inviting place of repose for one who has long enjoyed the restraint of school room discipline, and its pernicious influence upon the mind and health. As I approached the home of her who seems endowed with so many of the "fated gifts," a severe delight filled my whole soul; intensely bright and beautiful had been the anticipations which were now to become realities. They were the spontaneous feelings of a heart filled to excess with a love for the truly good, and intellectually great of our earth. Now I am enjoying all I anticipated, and I fear, after my visit to this favorite haunt of the muses, I shall have little heart for anything else for a long time to come.

But in this land of gold and flowers I have found a Moera, towards which my thoughts will often wend their way, and pay a rightful tribute at the shrine of genius; and when it has become altogether a thing of memory, then will my heart-hardy ring of thee, "Alice," and soft and sweet will be the echoing strain, as the far off anthem of Angels.

Music of Words.—Listen to the mother talking music to her young babe. The comfort is surely not in words, for the child understands not one of them. It lies, of course, in the music of words. It is the mother's tone of voice—her music—which the child understands and receives into its little troubled heart.

Estimate a man according to his worth, and not according to what he is worth to you.
A'nd fill the earth—what saints in vain droam
When I was young—my feeling
There are bitter years for sorrow; but it's
death, to give thee all that toll could bring;
My soul devotion never grew the less
Then thou, with heartless cruelty, didst slay
My love aside, to Je—a fallen, faultless thing.

There ts a worse death than dying:
When all their gorgeous beauties they dis-
To drive me to despair, and be my deadliest foe.

"There is a worse death than dying. If a
wife, in whom a noble heart is garnered,
shines in the grave in her purity, as shining an
unblemished pearl in the faultless ocean,
there are bitter years for that sorrow; but it's
that heaven no greater
Must all my nobler energies destroy,
And shroud my life in gloom—a gloom with-
out alloy.

But I forgive thee; and thou yet shall feel
What I might know the heights of human joy,
And find this earth—what saints may dream of heaven—
A goal of happiness without alloy,
And shroud in gloom its wasted beauty;
Whence come the rescued impetus to ex-
To those days, forever past, return no more.

And toiled, to give thee all that toll could bring;
My love aside, to Je—a fallen, faultless thing.

If death had closed upon thy sinless ears,
And called, thy loved form to its final sleep,
Had crowned my sorrows with God's peace and joy;
Now, wild despair, the breaking heart's em-
ron.

Must all my nobler energies destroy,
And shroud my life in gloom—a gloom with-
out alloy.

But I forgive thee; and thou yet shall feel
How grievous is the wrong that thou hast
da loveliness, excels all things beyon-
d
There is no earthly power to rester.
Her dream shall run
From bitter sources; and from its troubled
source
Shall flow the sorrows that thou canst not

Repentant sorrows, with a withering force,
Shall flood thy soul 'with war and naught
shall stop their course.

For sins like those, repentance comes too late;
There is no earthly power to restore
The faith; and trust; in that tiny flower,
Alone to wander on life's barren shore;
Thy faithless love I live least to deplore
And never can know the joys I once have
known;

Those days, forever past, return no more.
And naught on earth can for thy deeds atone;
From which I've felt that grief might break a
heart of stone.

"What is the cause of that bell ringing?" inquired Peter. "It's my deliberate conviction that some one has pulled the yoke," answered Joe.

It is a noble species of revenge to have the power of a severe retaliation, and not to exercise it.
TO T.***

BY W. H. D.

You dear little elf,
You sweet little sprite,
As bright as a sunshine,
And happy as bright,
I am coming to catch you,
And send you away.
To be queen of the fairies
By night and by day.
You shall shine in the moonlight
As my fairy, with
And I'll make you so happy
Thought of your life,
For I'm king of the fairies,
And you shall be queen,
And the lowest creature
That ever was seen.
Your dress shall be spangled
With silver and gold,
And a bright silver wand
In your hand you shall hold;
While on your fair forehead
Shall shine a bright star,
That all of the fairies
May know who you are.
O dearest, now come,
No longer delay,
For the fairies are waiting
To own you today;
And then you'll be queen
Of the fairies so fine—
I'm Oberon, King,
And your true Valentine.

FLOWERS.

"Flowers are the alphabet of angels,
Wherewith they write on hills and dales mysteries truths."

—Walter Scott.

I wonder if last suggested such an excellent title for our paper, as "The Wreath." It seems peculiarly appropriate and significant, for the heading of a paper, edited by school girls, in California. In the sweet spring-time, what a variety and profusion of wild flowers adorn our valleys and plains—and experience has taught us, that wild flowers become far more beautiful when transplanted from their native home in the prairie or in the lonely dell, into the rich, warm soil of our gardens. Cultivation seems to change the very nature of many shrubs and plants. Flowers represent the affections, and, could we read their language right, we should see in each of their varied and lovely forms, the peculiar character of each affection in the human soul, as it were superimposed before us. This is so fanciful an idea, but is grounded in the very nature, and uses of their sweet and fragrant blossoms. No two flowers, even on the same stem, are precisely alike; so it is with the varied affections of the human heart—for they are manifest in their forms and modes of expression. We can see all the rich and beautiful colors, which exist in flowers—the very heat and light of the sun, seems wrought into their substance, by invisible hands. They seem to be almost like the rainbow itself, taken from the sky, and woven by fairy fingers, into those delicate filaments, preserving even the gentle curve, which the arch in the sky possesses.

Let us all endeavor to bring, each week, an offering of sweet and fragrant flowers; for "The Wreath." In order to do this, we must be sure to cultivate the soil of our minds with care and attention, and implant therein only the right kinds of seeds—those which we feel sure will produce fragrant and beautiful flowers. These mental gardens in our hearts will produce plants of some kind—either the useful and beautiful, or the noxious and poisonous. Let us be careful then to plant so many good seeds, that there will be no room for the evil seeds to grow; or, if they begin to make their appearance, let us root them up, and cast them out to wither and die.

Flowers are said to derive a great part of their beauty from water. Without a plentiful supply of this, they will not grow and blossom. Water corresponds to truth. This performs a use in our minds corresponding to the use of water, in refreshing and nourishing our plants and shrubs. Without the great truths of Religion and Science, our minds would be as barren deserts, without one spot of refreshing greenness and verdure. So,

LOCATIONS ON SEQUIM BAY, ALONG THE NORTH COAST.

Here in Sequim Bay, we are given a view of those beautiful mountains which form the beautiful landscape on the north side of Sequim Bay. The landscape is fine, and the scenery is beautiful. On one side are hills and mountains, and on the other side are forests and waters. The scenery is fine, and the landscape is beautiful.
TO * * *

BY W. H. N.

My sweet little maiden, I should like to know
If you hear me, I wish
For a good little bean;
One gentle and loving,
Kind hearted and true,
With all his affections
Restored upon you.

I think you would like one. Perhaps you want two,
But I should not like that. For it never would do;
Two are just once many,
And sometimes but two
Is found quite sufficient
To spill all the fun.

I know you are handsome,
And often quite kind,
And sometimes you're good,
When you feel so inclined;
But when you are naughty
You kick up a row,
And then you might tell me
I don't love you now.

At that I should cry,
And my sorrowing heart
Would feel as if pierced
Quite through with a dart;
But if you will promise
To be tricky nite,
Then, now and forever,
I'm thy Valentine.

CONJECTURES ON SEEING AN OLD MAN SEATED ALONE REFLECT-ING ON THE PAST.

Two a calm spring evening. The king of day was just sinking behind the western hills, and as a token of his parting favor, the light fleecy clouds floating in the western sky, were gilded with his delicate and beautiful golden beams. It was an hour when all the weary tasks of the day being completed, each warm worn laborer seeks the quiet of his own abode; then, in the sweet delights of home to lose the sad regrets which clung around his heart.

Too was wandering my homeward way through the busy streets of the metropolis of this golden land. Pleasant thoughts filled my heart, and I was reflecting on the possibility of misery existing in human breast attached an hour, when I chanced to see a form prominently bent with care and grief, seated upon the side-walk, regardless of all the honors, the second him. Presenting as he did such a contrast to the gay world which I had of late mingled. I could not but observe him attentively as I passed, and as I noted his own form, sorrowful expression, my mind seemed on fancy's pitying far into the dim, dim past. Why, I asked, he seated there so down cast and alone? Has he no home? No loved friend to meet him there? Also no life is to him a wearisome road, for he kind hearts to soften the thorny pathway, are around him now. Fancy pleased to me the scenes of his past life! I saw him a fair child, with all the innocence and freshness of life's glad morn clustering around his heart. Then as years passed on, a merry schoolboy, with heart as light as the butterfly he chased from flower to flower, was dawning before me.

And then again in manhood's opening, I saw him pressing with eager steps the threshold of life, and with ambition ever ready to lead him on, started in the race of life.

For while friends gathered around him, and success seemed ready to crown his efforts, for he was one of fortune's favorites. Wealth, youth and intellect were his. But the golden wings of wealth are ever planned for flight, and with it oft flies the warmth of friendship, and the favor of the world. So it was with our young aspirant for worldly honors. The wealth vanished and with it all his hopes of home and glory.

Then with bitterness in his heart he sought this far western land, hoping here to find again the golden margaret with which alone alone favor in the eyes of the world. Nobly he battled with the difficulties surrounding him. Wealth was his once more, and friends crowded around him. But here temptations gathered around his heart, and with wistful eyes he made his wish of home or love to bind him to duty and guard his wandering feet, he fell, conquered by the tempter's wiles.

The ruby wine glittered around him, and yielding, he drank of the cup so fraught with misery and death. Again and again he yielded, until his main frame was bent as though with age; his elastic step changed to a tottering gait, and the powers of his lofty intellect were crushed by the withering influence.

Wealth, friends, and fame, once more were gone; and new destinies of that pride and sense of honor which had previously led him upward, he sank lower and lower in the scale of humanity, until now I see him a sad wreck. Also! how weak is man trusting in his own strength! Gifted with all the powers of intellect and noble spirit, and yet unable guard-ed by some stronger arm the day when the tide of temptation, but ruined and lost will be borne on its waves to the dark ocean of despair.

W. A. N.
In this our monthly chit-chat with our readers, we really feel much inclined to sociability. The old ear passed away; leaving us with but few regrets for its past, and with our hopes for the future buoyant and bright. We might dwell with much emotion and truth upon one or two of our subjects of interest to its particular — and the unanswerable evidence of the success of our enterprise, and the kind wishes and to- 

cesses of regard bestowed upon us by our numer- 
uous friends during the late final season. But there is no subject of deeper interest in California generally, or thus will command a larger share of the attention of the great commercial world, than the progress of Cal- 
fornia in her onward march toward the goal of her destiny.

In reviewing her progress thus far, we find that that which was once deemed a problem in relation to her, has been solved, and the innumerable deduction drawn from its solution, is, that in fixed wealth, general improve- 

ment, increase of population, is fact everything that helps to make a country great, California is progressing.

By reference to reliable statistics we find that, during the past year, we have largely in- 
creased our population. That through the port of San Francisco alone, there has been 29,630 arrivals, and 22,747 departures, giving us an increase of 6,883 persons. To this num- 
ber we add the increase by overload immigration, which, at a low estimate, we put at 9,000, and we have an increase, in the aggregate, of about fifteen thousand souls in 1856. Now, in view of the fact that of this increase, a very 
large portion consisted of families, nearly all of whom, are people who take rank as permanent set- 
ters, California certainly presents to the older 

States, and in the world, a picture of progress of which we may well be proud; for it should always be kept in view, when comparing our increase with that of sister States, the greater difficulties, expenses, and even dangers attend- 
ant upon immigration here.

With this view of the subject, and data be- 
fore us, what might not California specially become, with increased facilities and means for aiding and deepening immigration host?

California, it is true, to make her vastly richer and more prosperous than now, needs popula- 
tion; but that population she would specially 

have if it could get here. The world believes, 
eye, knows, that California possesses every element of prosperity, opulence, and grandeur as a State of the great Confederacy, in an emi-

nent degree, and a million of people at this 

hour stand ready to participate in her future glo-

ry, but they cannot get here. What California 

wants, then, is the Railroad! Not that she alone wants it, the nation; the world wants it! 

Give us, then, the Railroad! at once, say we. 

Let us have it by private enterprise, if compatib-

le with its speedy construction; if not, then 

with as little government, tax and patronage as possible.

Friends around our table, what say you?

The Snows—In no other country upon earth do the falling snows possess the interest 

they do in California; for nowhere else are 

they the motive power and futurity of a peo-

ple's prosperity. The great, titanic interest of California, at present pre-eminence over any other, would seem flung but for the waters from her rivers; but her rivers are dependent upon 

the mountains, and they in turn upon the 

snows. Rains alone will not suffice, for the 

mountains may be depleted, and her rivers de-

ficient, but the valley's below, but this does not keep 

up that steady and constant supply during the summer months, when it is most needed, us 

in the melting snows.

Our highest mountains, therefore, covered 

with snow, become our great manual re-

servoirs. During the last three years there has 

been an annual decrease of the quantity of 

snow and rain, until our mountain streams, in 

many localities, actually failed in picking the 

requisite supply. But the present winter has 

been a cold one; a large quantity of rain has 

fallen in the valleys, and snow upon the mountain; more indeed of the latter than for the 

two preceding years. We can, therefore, con- 

gratulate the miner upon his prospect of an 

abundant supply of this indispensable requisite 

for his successful prosecution of his occupation.

This is due to the efforts of our citizens. While 

the mining men are yet far away in the gold 

fields of California, in earning a livelihood of a successful 

miner, and the enterprise of 

California. It is not that every country can 

melt the snow in the manner of California—by 

the latter than for the 

two preceding years. We can, therefore, con- 

gratulate the miner upon his prospect of an 

abundant supply of this indispensable requisite 

for his successful prosecution of his occupation.
but all classes of our citizens. While to those of our friends who are yet far away, but who hope to reach California in early spring, it is the harbinger of a successful debut.

Earthquakes.—Here is another subject engaging the attention, and to some extent, the interests of the people of the coast cities of California. It is not every country that can get up an earthquake every year, just for the amusement of its people, for it seems to be for no other purpose.

Since the issue of our January number, our coast, coast range of mountains, and country inland, to the great valley of the Sacramento and the San Joaquin, and from Oregon on the north, to the Gulf of California on the south, has been dancing its annual panto to silent, quiet partners, the quaillanded in Sierra Nevada range.

It may be all pleasant enough to those at a distance, to hear of these annual vibrations of our ancient mother, but to us, with our fires and six story brick and mortar palatialities, it does seem as though we were getting old enough to keep quiet, and as her children of the cities are actually dodging her person with vastly more propriety, it certainly would be deplorable that she should wear them mackled and grace-fully, without any further attempt to shake them off.

But as all conjectures in relation to a repetition of such antics are vain, we shall await her future fulsome with a mind philosophically disposed.

POISON OAK.—Treatment.—Numerous communications are lying around as upon the subject of the Poison Oak, the slate the shrubs or vines will attain, the deleterious effects of its poison upon man, and its harmfulness to others, and all propounding something as a remedy for the poison. "Court Creek" would use salicylic and vinegar, or warm water and Castile soap, or man's foot oil and sulphur, or sap root, and we think he might as well have added—or anything else you choose—as an outward application. C. G. would "take the knicks out" with simply a weak lye; whilst from a source which entitles it to confidence, "swatting" is advised. And as many numbers of our raising and agricultural friends suffer from its effects, we append the remedial portion of an interesting communication in hand:

"As soon as the sensations produced by the Poison Oak, etc., are discovered, take a free sweat by any noble known to you, except through the agency of drugs, or the 'Russian,' or the 'Bigger Indian,' or 'Steam Bath.'"

Only one sweat may be necessary, but if not sufficient repeat daily until relief is obtained. I have never found it necessary to administer more than one, yet in one case the suffering waxed, and bid fair to be very, excessive. Whilst sweating drink must cold water; finishing the process after sweating by a dash of one or two fulls of cold water, and a good "wash down" in the same with course meals, then when dry. The afflicted parts may afterwards be frequently bathed in cold water, and chloric wet with cold water may also be applied until entirely relieved.

"I have known a case in California which, under drugging treatment and mismanage-ment, resulted in total and hopeless blindness, originated by Poison Oak; and as the face and head are most frequently affected it is so trilling a thing to be ignorant of the best and earnest mode of treatment.

"There is a simple mode of taking a sweat which any one may adopt, and where a proper vapor-lath cannot be had, is the best for those who do not know how to take the "wet sheet pack." The plan is to thoroughly envelop the person in blankets, "licking them in" closely, so as to prevent the escape of warmth from the body, and commence to give water to drink in moderate quantities at first, until sweating commences, and then freely, continuing until perfectly secured. This is within the reach of all; no tendering drugs and patients unnecessary, as they also are in all other cases."

G. M. Boyette.

And now a pleasant, familiar word with our readers and contributors. The extremely low rate at which our Magazine, as an Iliustrated California Monthly, is furnished to the world, precludes the possibility of present renumeration for favors that find a place in its columns, beyond our warmest thanks.

To those who have not been as successful in their endeavors to please us, we are equally grateful, believing there is much of merit in trying. Perseverance will accomplish much, even though the fates, at first sight, would seem to be against us.

But there is one peculiar phase in the charac-ter of those who use the pen—it is, that those who really possess the ability, are almost always the most shy of its use. We hope, in these there are many of this character who are
TO CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A Pedoterion.—We believe you are, for you travelled all over both sides of your paper. When you can show us a way to split a sheet of paper, so that we can lay it before our compositors written only upon one side, then we can make use of such manuscript as yours.

1. T. G.—Is received.

L. Alonso.—Your "Essay" is excellent of its kind, the sentiment profoundly good, the argument unanswerable. But that large class, the most in need of the practice and influence of its valuable precepts, would be the last to read it.

W. D. C.—Is received.

Sierra.—Your "Incident of '49" would make a nice little hourly for a "one house" temperance meeting. In some small towns where poor whisky is considered a "great institution."

S.—Dated Jan. 1st, '37, received too late for January number. The first line, "My Mother, on this New Year's morn," is clearly expressive of the semiapathy in our January number.

P. B.—Your favor speaks of the graves of three of the "forty-niners." But as there is not an incident or reminiscence given, connecting the dead of those graves with life past or present, we must decline its publication.

R. W.—Has certainly given us a beautiful "Glimpse of our Childhood." If it has faults, it is too long, (a fault common to our contributors,) and not peculiarly Californian in its character.

*Cutty Fornia.—In our columns, is so soon as a Bible, since California like, she is reviving in her mind the "will now," and the *"my ways." Now there are those who believe that a good man can make of his wife almost what he pleases. We hope just such a man is trying his hand on "Cutty Fornia," as it will settle the question.

N.—"The Californian's return to his Home," though not without merit, the writer will see that as one of a "youthful blind," having—

"Sought for gold, the treasure found
  In the midst of California."

Too little time would seem to have elapsed, in which to return to his home, and now be enabled to say—

"* * * * * *"

Though years of sorrow, toil, and care
  Have dimmed my eye and marked my brow,
  And bowed my form, and whitened my hair.

M. N.—We have no doubt she is as you say in your accompanying note, "almost angelic." But would you have us publish what you call "poetry," that the world may say of you—

"So gentle, yet so brisk, so wondrous sweet,
  So fit to prattle at a lady's foot!"

How old are you—out of your tones?

WILL S. Green.—On file for next number.

T. S. G.—With sketches, on file.

A Page of the Past.—Next month.

Her Pecked Husband.—Had you but held the "Kilor-form" to your nose till this time, you would not have been troubled with the penning of your communication.

L. E. L.—There is in this city a second-hand sewing machine that, with "thick thread and a white ground," will turn out a far more intelligible manuscript than that which you sent us; and when the motive power is a good sensitive dog, will get off better poetry. It is surprising that there are so many who cannot write even ten lines of sensible prose, and yet think themselves no mean poets.

O. S.—There can be no harm in sending it. If well written, short, and Californian in character, we will doubtless find room for it.

O. P. Q.—If we had a very large key press, with which we could condense your manuscript into one fourth its present volume, it might be admissible. Numerous other favors are received, but too late to obtain a notice this month.
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