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CALIFORNIA

VOL. I.



PACIFIC W

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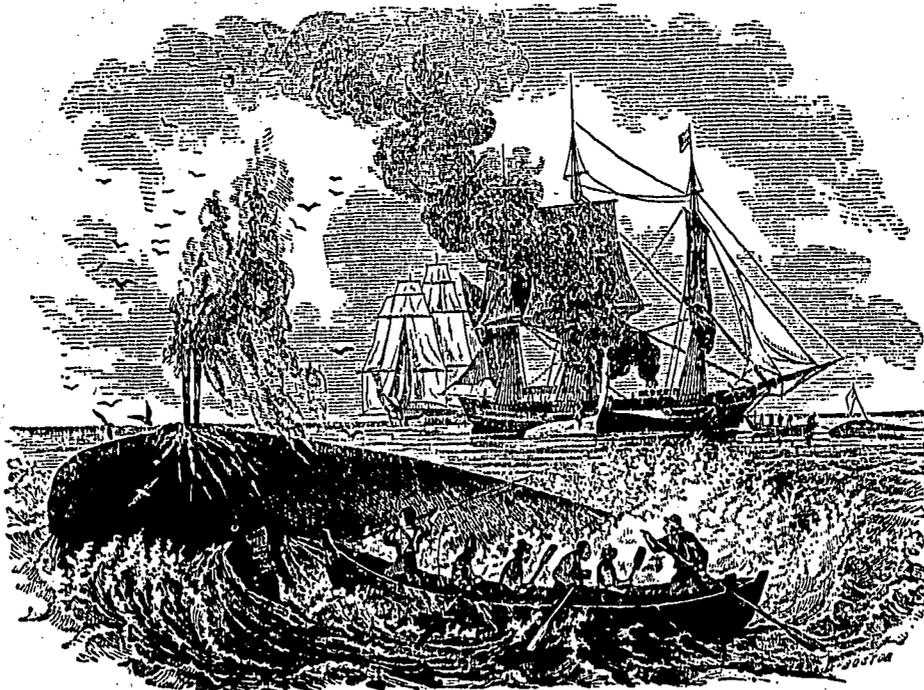
HUTCHINGS'

# CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

APRIL, 1857.

NO. X.



## PACIFIC WHALE FISHERY.

The great ocean embraced by the northern, middle and southern Pacific, is peculiarly the home and play-ground of the sperm Whale. We have our antecedent in calling the ocean a play-ground; for in the first authenticated

notices of a fishing for whales, which was in the time of Alfred the Great, a still stronger landsman's term was used. It is found in the account of the voyage of Ohthere, a Norwegian.

This voyage was in 890, sometime after the discovery of Greenland. He stated to the King, that the best whales

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were "hunted on his own lands, and that their length was 40 and 50 ells."

The whale (*balæna*) is a mammalia but so much resembling a fish in external appearance, as to be generally considered such; thus we speak of the whale-fishery. But they differ from other animals only in their external structure and organs of motion. They breathe atmospheric air only, have lungs, and suckle their young, and though destitute of hind feet, their position is marked in one or more species, by two rudimentary bones under the skin; their fore feet have the form of fins or flippers, but they have the same bones as quadrupeds. Head enormously large, neck exceedingly short, and externally is not apparent. Their nostrils are their blow-holes, through which the air passes to their lungs.

The common or Greenland whale, (*B. mysticetus*) has no teeth; when fully grown, it is from forty to sixty feet in length, seldom reaching seventy feet—their greatest circumference from thirty to forty feet; ordinary weight supposed about seventy tons: mouth large enough to take in a boat full of men, being six or eight feet wide, eight or ten feet high in front when open, and fifteen or sixteen feet long.

The razor-back (*B. Physalus*) is probably the largest of its tribe, or of the whole animal creation. It is readily distinguished from the common or right whale, by its dorsal fin; length of the animal, about one hundred feet. Its great speed and activity render it a difficult, and often dangerous object of attack, and from the small quantity of oil it affords, is very little sought after by whalers.

The cachalot whale, (*Physeter macro-*

*cephalus*) differs from the common or the fin-back, in many particulars. The mouth has no whalebone, and the lower jaw is armed with a row of strong conical teeth; they have but one blow hole; head enormously large, terminating abruptly in front, the lower jaw very long and narrow. This whale is found in all seas, but most abundantly in the Pacific. It is gregarious, and herds have been seen numbering from fifty to a hundred individuals.

As far back as the twelfth century, the whale fishery was carried on by the Biscayans, as a regular commercial business; but the whales were small and afforded but little oil, but as their flesh was used for food, and the whalebone a valuable article of commerce, the taking of whales was prosecuted with great vigor; but the final departure of the whales from the bay of Biscay, ended the fishing there.

The attempts of the English and Dutch to find a passage to India, by the northern ocean, discovered and opened out the great natural haunts of the whale. They were exceedingly numerous in those northern seas, and more were often killed than the ships sent in pursuit of them could possibly bring home, as at that time the oil was conveyed in the blubber.

Afterwards, the Dutch, who were the great whale fishers of the time, adopted the plan of boiling the blubber at the North, on shore, and established a considerable village called Smeerenberg, (from *smeeren*, grease, and *berg*) and which during the fishing season, was one of shops and inns, &c. The wars however, at the close of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries, nearly annihilated the

Dutch whale fishery, only one whale landed.

The English to any considerable whale fishery. ships engaged employing 107 120 ships and only after the oil, the number in 1829 there

(1) Boat full

The whale on with great States, than From 1771 alone employed tons, in the vessels, of 1,000 They were business in the led the way

"Look at (1774) the people of the While we were bling the penetrating recesses of Straights them been

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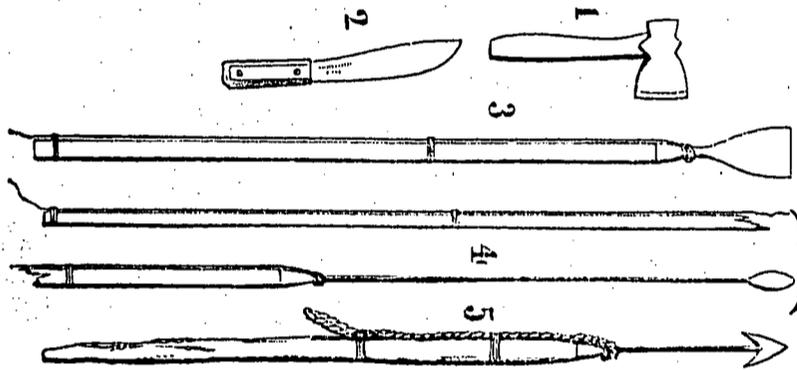
The attempts of the English and the Dutch to find a passage to India, by the northern ocean, discovered and pointed out the great natural haunts of the whale. They were exceedingly numerous in those northern seas, and were often killed in the pursuit of them could possibly come, as at that time the oil was used in the blubber.

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Dutch whale fisheries; so that in 1828, only one whale ship sailed from Holland.

The English were the next to engage to any considerable extent in the whale fishery. In 1821, they had 142 ships engaged in the northern fisheries, employing 6074 men. In 1824, only 120 ships and 4867 men. Immediately after the repeal of the bounty on oil, the number rapidly fell off, so that in 1829 there were but 89 ships.

hear that they have pierced into the opposite region of the polar world, that they are at the antipodes, and engaged under the frozen serpent of the South. Nor is the equinoctial heat more discouraging to them, than the accumulated winter of both the poles. We learn that while some of them draw the line or strike the harpoon on the coast of Africa, others run the longitude, and pursue their gigantic game along the coast of Brazil."



WHALING IMPLEMENTS.

(1) Boat Hatchet; (2) Boat Knife; (3) Boat Spade; (4) Whale-lance; (5) Harpoon.

The whale fishery has been carried on with greater vigor by the United States, than by any other country. From 1771 to 1775, Massachusetts alone employed 183 vessels, of 13,820 tons, in the northern seas, and 121 vessels, of 14,026 tons, in the southern. They were the first to prosecute the business in the South Atlantic, and first led the way into the Pacific seas.

"Look at the manner," says Burke, (1774) "in which the New England people carry on the whale fishery. While we follow them through the tumbling mountains of ice, and behold them penetrating into the deepest frozen recesses of Hudson's Bay and Davis' Straights, while we are looking for them beneath the Arctic Circle, we

From that day to the present, has the whale fishing been among the more important of commercial pursuits, engaging the attention of New Englanders. The Sandwich Islands have long been the winter recruiting ground and rendezvous of the whaling fleet of the Pacific. The *Polynesian* of November 22d, says: "From the first of November to the present date, twenty-two days, sixty-four ships and one brig, engaged in the whaling business, have entered the port of Honolulu, having on board an aggregate of 68,230 bbls. whale oil, and 782,500 lbs. bone, worth in the United States, \$1,700,000. The Sandwich Islands *Commercial Advertiser*, of Jan 22d, gives a tabular statement of the amount of oil and bone

which has cleared from the Sandwich Islands for the United States, during the fall season, 1856, since September last. The total, including original cargoes and amounts taken on freight, is 8789 bbls. sperm, 176,232 bbls. whale, and 2,130,712 lbs. bone. The table is from the Custom House records. The actual amount is at least ten per cent. more than the table shows. The number of whale ships bound home, by this table, is seventy-one. Besides the above, there may be some fifteen others, which will make a ten months' cruise homeward, and not return to the North Pacific.

By the last census, it appears that there are 36,000 seamen engaged in the fisheries from the United States. Of this great number, 16,000 are engaged in the whaling business, in six hundred ships.

San Francisco ought to be made the rendezvous of the American whalers, and California from her geographical position, ought to rival the rest of the world in the whale fishery. She claims by right, the Pacific, or a good share of it, as her own, or ought to, and which, with the north seas, are the best whaling grounds on the globe; and nothing but the proper enterprise is wanting, to enable her with a fleet of whalers, to plow her own grounds, and reap an ocean's annual whale harvest. And with this introductory, we will now start out on

#### A CRUISE AMONG THE WHALES.

In the month of October, 184-, I found myself on board the good ship *Atalanta*, bound on a voyage to the Pacific Ocean for sperm oil.

The ship was new; of about 400

tons register, carrying four boats and a crew of twenty-eight men. This was my first experience of the sea, except a most uncomfortable passage from Boston to Nantucket, in a new whale ship—"Flying Light."

Our provisions and stores for a four years' voyage, being all on board; the shipping-master having seen all his convoy safe over the side with their chests etc., we weighed anchor and stood out to sea from the Vineyard Sound. The wind falling light however, and the tide being against us, we came to anchor again, opposite Falmouth on Cape Cod.

My first experience in seamanship was while lying at anchor off Falmouth. I was ordered by the second mate to "slush" the mizzen top-mast. No particular directions being given, and as a green hand on board a whale ship does not ship to know *anything*, I proceeded to give the top-mast a bountiful supply of the unctuous mixture all around—when the captain, casting his eye aloft, hailed me to slush only the after part of the mast.

I may as well observe that the mast is greased, or "slushed," in seamen's parlance, in order that the topsail yard may be hoisted more easily, and that the after part only is slushed, as if all round, the sail in flapping against the mast, would get the larger portion of it.

Towards sundown, the breeze freshened and the tide being now in our favor, we hove up our anchor for the last time and now stood down the Sound once more.

"There!" said a boatsteerer, pointing to the spire of a church at Falmouth, which was gilded by the rays

of the setting sun. You will find four years at least at it, for you may

This was rather a crew of green hands a two years' voyage. However we weighed the anchor and just at sunset pilot, and one of us came down with the sel; and stood on land known as

I watched the ing gloom of distance, and our long, long ally "bidding land.

While the to sea under the green number—Neptune, I will idea of the fit bound on a the age.

The slip be case of our own Nantucket, sl masts, spars, et up by the rigg the boats are l ed; three on t the s, abaft main deck at se erly se-ed; board 600 buil try-work are huge iron pots brick work on the fore and

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of the breeze fresh-wards sundown, the tide being now in our favor, we hove up our anchor for the morning and now stood down the Sound.

"There!" said a boatsteerer, pointing to the spire of a church at Falmouth which was gilded by the rays

of the setting sun,—“that is the last church you will see in America, for four years at least; take a good look at it, for you may never see another.”

This was rather cold comfort for a crew of green hands, about starting on a two years' voyage, as we supposed. However, we were kept busy stowing the anchor and clearing up the decks, and just at sundown, discharged our pilot, and one of the owners, who had come down with us, into a coasting vessel; and stood out to sea, past the headland known as "No-man's land."

I watched the land amid the gathering gloom of night, until lost in the distance, and we were fairly started on our long, long voyage. This was literally "bidding good night" to my native land.

While the good ship is standing out to sea under reefed topsails, and all the green hands—myself among the number—are paying tribute to old Neptune, I will give the reader some idea of the fitting out of a whale ship, bound on a three or four years' voyage.

The ship being launched, and as in the case of our own ship, towed round to Nantucket, she there receives her masts, spars, etc.,—everything is fitted up by the riggers; the davits, by which the boats are hoisted, fitted and secured; three on the larboard, and one on the starboard side; the skids, (spars abaft the main-mast, and crossing the deck about seven feet high,) are properly secured; then the mason comes on board and builds the try-works. These try-works are two large cauldrons, or huge iron pots, called "try-pots," set in brick work on the upper deck, between the fore and main-mast, and held se-

curely in their place by planks on the side, and strong iron knees bolted into the timbers of the deck.

Between the brick work of the fire place and the deck, is a hollow space, in which, when the fires are up, water is poured, to protect the deck from the great heat of the fires.

These try-pots receive the blubber, or fat of the whale after being "minc-ed," and is tried out by the heat from the furnace beneath. The "scraps" after the oil is extracted, being used as fuel, and is usually more than enough for the purpose.

While these arrangements are going forward, huge casks, containing water, provisions, "shooks," (casks taken to pieces after making the staves, and hooped together for the sake of gaining room in storage,) are struck down into the hold, and carefully stowed.

A shallow bar makes across the mouth of the harbor of Nantucket, and ships fully laden cannot pass, so after taking in sufficient to ballast her, the ship was taken in tow of a steamboat, and towed to Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard, and then the balance of the stores, etc., were brought in sloops and schooners. Harpoons, lances, and the various implements with which a whale is caught and cut up, were sent on board and stowed in the steerage. Coils of whale line, spare rope and small stuff, were stowed away between decks, forward. Spare oars, boards and ribs for repairing the boats; three or four dray loads of hickory rods, for "iron poles," &c., came on board and were also stowed away between decks. Spare sails and bolts of duck and canvas were stored in the steerage, and a hundred other articles used in making

and repairing the various implements used in whaling.

The crew consists of the captain, and three mates—third mate acting as carpenter, one as cooper—twenty men and boys before the mast, one acting as blacksmith, and cook, and steward—twenty-eight in all.

We have now fairly fitted out the ship, allow me to show how the "slop-shop" men fit out the aspiring whaleman.

Having procured a sea-chest, the slop-shop man shows you long rows of shelves containing flannel shirts, trowsers, hickory and striped shirts, drawers, tarpaulin hats, pea jackets &c, while the beams overhead are ornamented with tin pots, leather belts, shoes, &c. He very obligingly tells you how many you will require of this and of that—rigs you out in a pair of blue drilling trowsers, "a mile too big," but says you will grow to them,—a red flannel shirt, a sheath knife and belt, and a cheap tarpaulin hat, with half a fathom of black ribbon hanging down your back, and a pongee handkerchief tied round your neck with a "slippery hitch," and you are pronounced, very much to your delight, as like a sailor as any "salt."

Your shirts, drawers, trowsers, &c., not forgetting a tin pan, pot and iron spoon, are packed away in the sea-chest and locked up; while the key goes into the slop-man's pocket, with a score of others, key and chest to be given to you when the pilot is discharged. They are somewhat suspicious, having been often "victimized" by New York B'hoys, who run away with their "fit-out"—and it is not until after being out three weeks, that one is conscious of having been swindled by substitu-

ting moth-eaten woollen shirts and drawers, for the fine flannel selected, and other swindles "too numerous to mention"—all too late to remedy.

These "slop-shop" men are the especial aversion of the experienced whaleman. A story is told of a green hand, who had been swindled by one of these slop-shop men, who, on returning from a three years' voyage, pounded the rascal to within an inch of his life. Whether the story be true or not, the application would be deserved in five cases out of six.

The good ship is now fairly on her way,—the decks are cleared up, the boats and spare spars secured, and everything made snug for the night.

The first thing after stowing the anchor, and clearing the decks, is to divide the crew into watches—larboard and starboard—the chief mate (called *par excellence*, the mate) and the second mate head the respective watches; the third mate and one boatsteerer being in the mate's watch, and the other two boatsteerers being in the second mate's watch; then the men are chosen alternately by each officer, until the whole crew are chosen. The master, cook and steward stand no watch. I was chosen in the second mate's watch and mustered with the "starboardlines," as the starboard watch is called. As soon as we had fairly got through the Gulf Stream, harpoons, boat-hatchets, knives, lances, spades, etc., were routed out from the steerage, and we poor "pilgrims," set to work turning the grindstone, while a boatsteerer was grinding his harpoons, or "irons," as they are usually called by the whalemens. This was grinding work, but as we had plenty of hands and enough to eat, the grind-

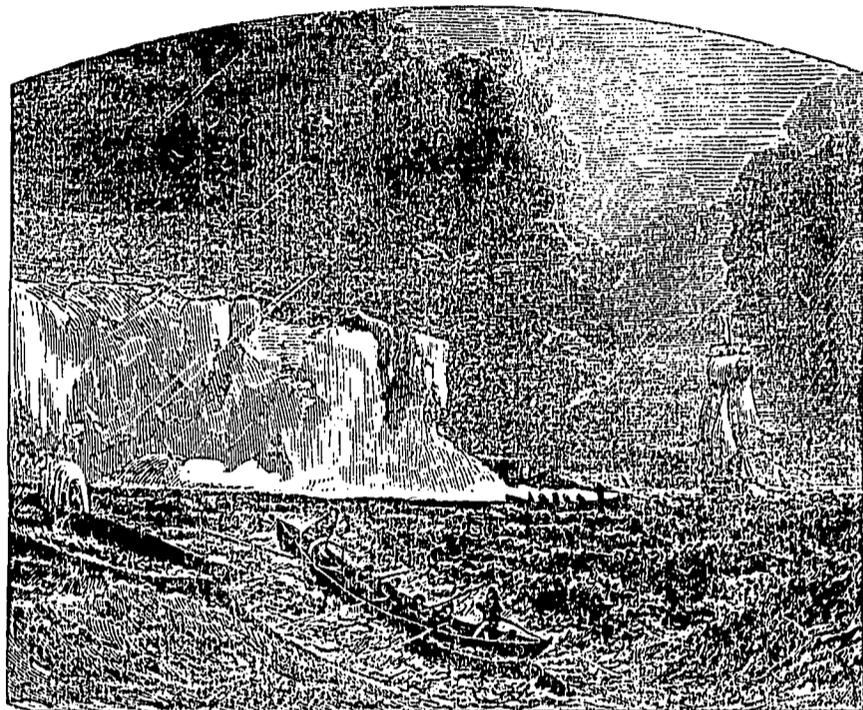


ing was mostly over weeks.

After grinding, spades were to be used for poles, ready for use.

Each boat used two harpoons; two in one boat, hatched at each end of the line got holding about six and pipkin for water tight, candle, matches, passers, &c., in a bag containing

The boat is tub containing fathoms, w sprit sail, the of four men, the harpoon



THE CHASE.

ing was mostly over in three or four weeks.

After grinding, the irons, lances and spades were to be fitted with handles, or poles, ready for use.

Each boat usually carries four to six harpoons, two lances, one boat spade, one boat hatchet, a large butcher-knife at each end of the boat, for use in case of the line getting foul, a water keg holding about six gallons, a boat bucket and pipkin for baling, a lantern keg, water tight, containing a lantern and candle, matches, steel and flint, compasses, &c., under the stern sheets, with a bag containing sea biscuits, etc.

The boat is also provided with a large tub containing one hundred and fifty fathoms of whale line, a light mast and sprit sail: these, with the complement of four men, the boat-steerer, who pulls the harpooner oar, and the officer who

"heads" the boat, make the whale-boat complete, and ready for the chase.

The Nantucket boys messed in the steerage, while we "outside barbarians" cast our common lot in the fore-castle. We found this arrangement much more to our tastes, as the steerage boys could make no noise; as that would disturb the magnets in the cabin, while we jolly fellows in the fore-castle could sing and make as much noise as the occasion called for.

During the calm weather in the tropics, the boats were lowered and the crews exercised, to use them to the oars and manner of pulling.

I was stationed in the mate's boat and pulled the "after," or stroke oar, and although a stout lad for my age, I found the oar rather "too many" for me, and induced the mate to plane it down.

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What with lowering for blackfish, and exercise, we were in fair condition for a bout with a whale. Lookouts were constantly at the mastheads—the boat-steerers at the main, and the men and boys at the fore and mizzen top-gallant cross trees, on the watch for whales.

We had spoken two or three small whaling vessels on the Brazil Banks, and had seen some hump-backs, fin-backs, &c., but did not care to "grease our virgin irons" in anything short of sperm.

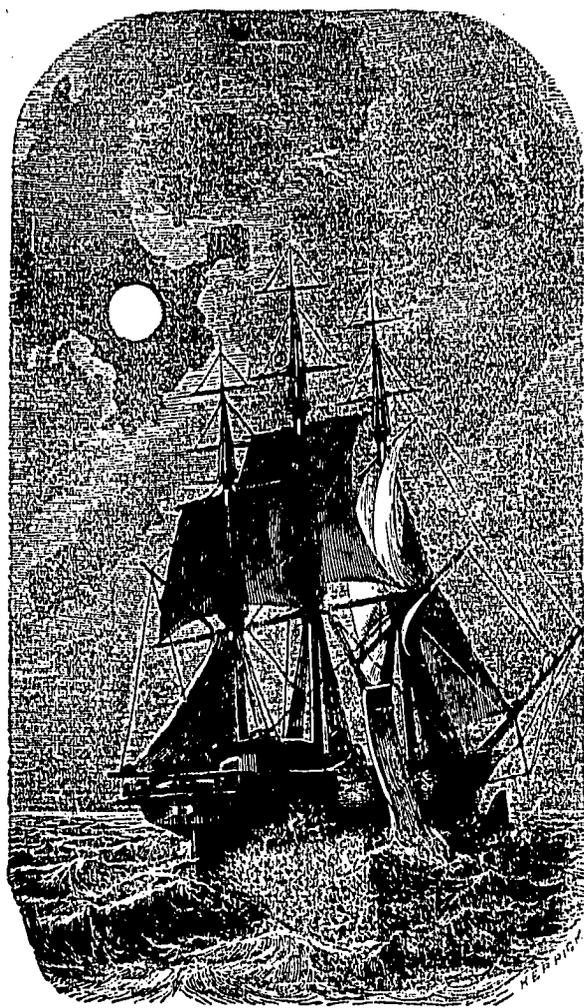
While running through the straits of Le Maire, near Cape Horn, the man at the main cried out "There she b-l-o-w-s! There she blows!—blows!—blows!" "Where away?" shouted the captain. "Right ahead, sir!" was the reply. "What are they, and how far off?" "Sperm whales—two miles off!" was answered. Although running through a narrow strait, and with very uncertain weather, the captain decided to lower away two of the boats, and run the risk. Accordingly, the mate's and second mate's boats were lowered away and pulled in the direction of the whales. There were only three whales—one large bull whale and two cows. Pulling away with all our might through the strong current and ripple which runs through this strait, we soon came in sight of our quarry—the bull, and one cow whale. As we neared them, we could hear them surging their immense bodies through the water, and the f-o-o-h of their spout as it was forced through the spoutholes. Nearer and nearer we came, and we could see the oily surface of the water, left by their greasy skins. "Stand up, Reuben!" said the mate in a hoarse whisper, to

the boat-steerer, whereupon the man "peaked" his oar and stood ready for the dart with harpoon pointed in air. "Don't dart until I tell you! one more pull like that boys! one more!—*Now* Rube—*now* give it to him?"—"Stern all!" shouted the mate, "Stern all for your lives!" and stern all it was, for Rube "*had* given it to him" with a vengeance, for he had planted both "irons" into the monster to the socket, and the whale was now thrashing the water not half a dozen yards from us with its immense flukes, while the water thrown from his spouthole was tinged with blood. "Hurrah!" shouted the excited mate—"Well done, Rube! the first whale!—sixty barrels if he makes a gill!" The boat being now beyond the sweep of the flukes of the whale, the mate and Reuben changed places, Rube taking the steering oar, while the mate went into the bows of the boat and prepared the lance for killing the whale. This lance is a sharp, steel head of an oval shape, with a shank five or six feet in length, to which is attached an ash pole about an inch and a-half in diameter, and eight or ten feet long; secured to the boat by a small line a few fathoms in length. With this formidable weapon, we now pulled cautiously towards the whale, who was yet thrashing the sea with its flukes. Watching his opportunity, the mate threw the lance with fatal aim: the whale now threw his flukes high in the air and sounded out about fifty fathoms of line, when he came up, fortunately, near the ship, spouting blood in thick clots. Three cheers were given on board the ship, as she lay drifting with her main topsail to the mast. The whale now commenced circling slowly round



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DEAD. J  
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the boat-steerer, whereupon the man "peaked" his oar and stood ready for the dart with harpoon pointed in air. "Don't dart until I tell you! one more pull like that boys! one more!—Now Rube—now give it to him?"—"Stern all!" shouted the mate, "Stern all for your lives!" and stern all it was, for Rube "had given it to him" with a vengeance, for he had planted both "irons" into the monster to the socket, and the whale was now thrashing the water not half a dozen yards from us with its immense flukes, while the water thrown from his spouthole was tinged with blood. "Hurrah!" shouted the excited mate—"Well done, Rube! the first whale!—sixty barrels if he makes a gill!" The boat being now beyond the sweep of the flukes of the whale, the mate and Reuben changed places, Rube taking the steering oar, while the mate went into the bows of the boat and prepared the lance for killing the whale. This lance is a sharp, steel head of an oval shape, with a shank five or six feet in length, to which is attached an ash pole about an inch and half in diameter, and eight or ten feet long; secured to the boat by a small line a few fathoms in length. With this formidable weapon, we now pulled cautiously towards the whale, who was thrashing the sea with its flukes. Watching his opportunity, the mate threw the lance with fatal aim: the whale now threw his flukes high in the air and sounded out about fifty fathoms when he came up, fortunately, the ship, spouting blood in thick clouds. Three cheers were given on board the ship, as she lay drifting with the main topsail to the mast. The whale commenced circling slowly round



CUTTING IN.

the boat from right to left, occasionally shooting ahead with increased velocity, as though he would rid himself of his enemies, but it was too late; the life of the monster was ebbing fast, and he gradually approached the centre of the circle, we being careful to keep outside of his track. Nearer and nearer he came to the centre, and when near it, he made one last, strong effort for life, lashing the sea into foam around him in the last agony and then turned quietly over on his side, "fin out"—DEAD. Jumping up in the bows of the boat, with a foot on either gunwale, the

mate pulled off the old felt hat he usually wore, and swinging it round and round with a "Hurrah for the first whale!" he shied the old hat at the dead whale, exclaiming "There, old feller! there's my hat for't!—hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!"

Three cheers were given with a will by the boats and on board the ship, which was now filling away to take the whale alongside.

To say that I had no fear when going alongside the first whale, would be saying too much,—but I was not so much frightened as not to know and do as I was told. Nearly every man in the boat was white as death with the excitement, including the mate and "Rube," but every one did his duty bravely and the result was a fine sixty barrel whale, two months from home, and our boat the fortunate one to take the first

of the voyage. Whether our mate was the better whaler or not, I do not know, but our boat took nearly two-fifths of the oil caught in a voyage of twenty-eight months.

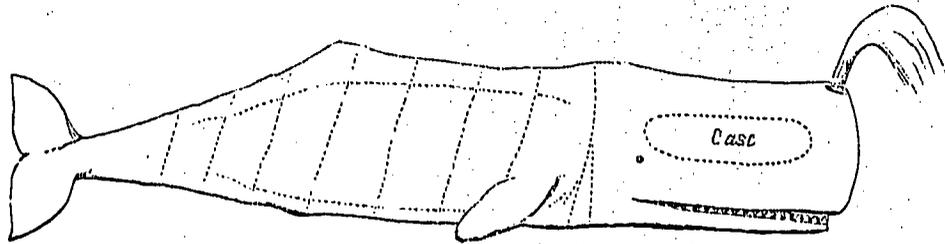
The ship now hove-to near the whale, and we carried a whale line made fast to its flukes, to the chocks, on the starboard bow, when clapping on all hands, the whale was hauled slowly up alongside, when two heavy fluke chains were passed around the flukes and in through the hawse-hole forward of the fore rigging, and brought to the windlass-bitts, the boats were then hoisted in, the yards

braced forward, and the ship ran for a small bay on the coast of *Terra del Fuego*, as the weather was threatening, and occasional squalls of snow and sleet from the Southwest warned us of approaching gales. Although the strain was great on the fluke chains, and fears were entertained of their parting, yet we held on, though the third mate who had always been in English ships, said he never had heard of such a thing as towing a whale alongside—always astern, or not at all. The skipper was heard to say he would tow the whale into the bay, or sink the ship in trying.

In an hour after bracing forward, we gained the protection of the highland on the south side of the bay, and into comparatively smooth water, and with a leading wind we stood into the an-

casks, etc., hoisted on deck and stowed away aft. The "cutting in" tackles—immense four-fold tackles—were got up and secured to the mainmast head by the pennants; the gangway board unshipped, and stagings got over the side for the mate and second mate to stand upon; lanterns lighted and hung by the main rigging and over the side, to see to cut the whale in by. Before cutting him in, I will give a brief description of the sperm whale, the *cachelot* of the naturalist.

The sperm whale belongs to the family of the Cetacea; is warm blooded and covered between the skin, and bones and muscle, with a thick coating of fat, known to the whalers by the name of "blubber." This fat varies from six inches on small animals, to eighteen



SPERM WHALE.

The dotted lines represent the blubber as taken off, the head is cut off at the dotted line.

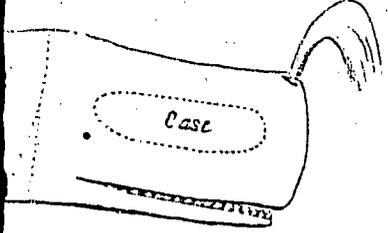
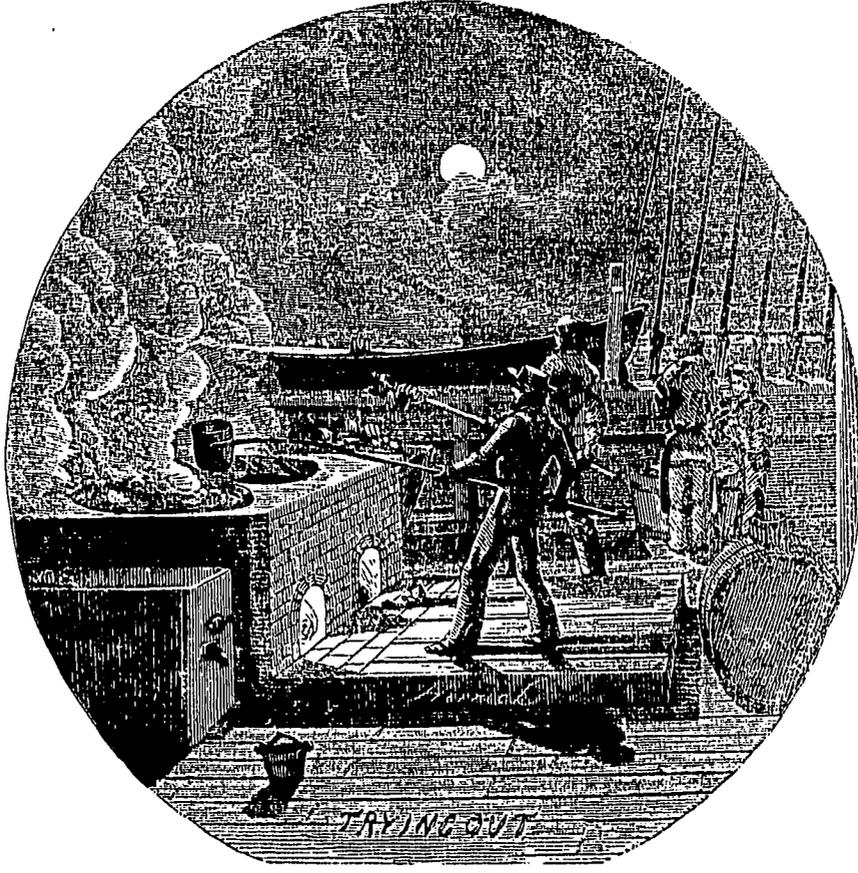
chorage, where we came to, in six fathoms water, with high bluffs on either hand, and a smooth *sandy* beach in the bight of the small cove in which we were anchored. As soon as the anchor was down and the sails furled, a stream anchor was carried out astern with a ten inch manila hawser and we were moored head and stern. It was now dark, but the skipper was determined to run no risk of losing the whale; so after supper the "blubber room," (the space between decks immediately round the main hatch) was cleared out; the

inches, on the largest; the average being from eight to fourteen inches; it is quite coarse, something like fat pork but somewhat harder. The skin, or cuticle is of a dark bluish black color, sometimes spots of a dirty white are found on the belly and sides. The general appearance of the sperm whale is shown in the engraving. The head is about one third the whole length of the animal and is armed with a most formidable jaw, and in this specimen named, was seventeen feet long, containing a row of teeth varying from six

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head is cut off at the dotted line. The largest; the average is eight to fourteen inches; it is coarse, something like fat pork but harder. The skin, or blubber, is a dark bluish black color, with spots of a dirty white on the belly and sides. The general appearance of the sperm whale is given in the engraving. The head is about the whole length of the body, and is armed with a most formidable set of teeth, and in this specimen was seventeen feet long, containing teeth varying from six

to fourteen inches in length, only about one fifth being above the gums or sockets. The eye is near the neck, and is very small in proportion to the immense bulk of the animal, varying from one and a half to two inches in diameter, as shown from the outside. The "flukes" or tail, is placed horizontally and works up and down in propelling the animal through the water. The highest speed I ever heard claimed for the sperm whale is twenty miles an hour. I should judge that fifteen miles was the maximum.

Inside the head of the sperm whale is a singular cavity, or "case," as called by the whalemens; this is a cavity extending from near the junction of the head and neck to near the end of the head, and was in the specimen just

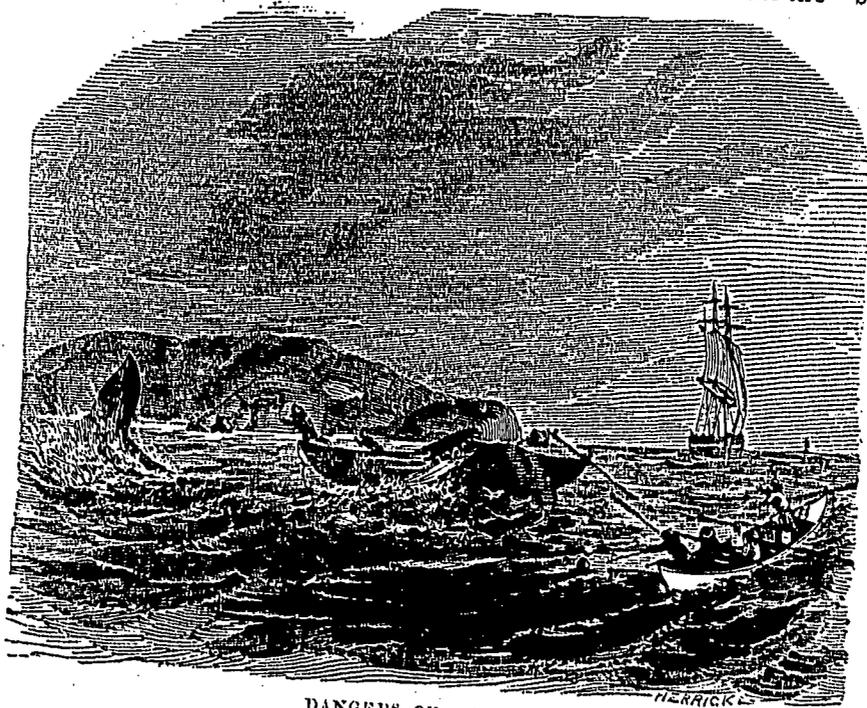
killed, about twelve feet long, by a diameter of about fifteen inches. This cavity is filled with a soft, spongy matter, full of fat, and nearly a barrel and a half of clear oil was baled out with a "case bucket," while the balance would probably make as much more. This oil is the pure spermaceti, and with the "head matter," is always stowed in separate casks and marked with an "H."

The whale was now to be cut in. The cutting in tackles were overhauled and the "blubber hook" shackled to the lower block; a hole about a foot in diameter was then cut in the whale's side, quite through the blubber, and the blubber hook inserted, the tackle hove taut by the windlass, and the blubber gradually rolled off; the whale turning over in the water as his greasy cover-

ing was torn and cut off. When the tackle was "two blocks," the other tackle was brought forward, a hole cut in the "blanket piece," or the strips of blubber about three feet wide and ten feet long, and the thimble of the strap passed through and toggled with a large piece of oak or hickory, and the blanket piece cut off above it and lowered away into the "blubber room," until all of the whale was thus "peeled," except

After the tackles were sent down and the decks cleared, the hands were allowed to turn in and sleep until day-dawn. Many of them, however, sat up talking over the exploits of the day until a late hour, fighting the battle over again.

At day-dawn the hands were turned to. The "blubber room" hands went down the main hatchway with sharp spades and knives to cut the "blanket



DANGERS OF WHALING.

the flukes, which were hoisted in whole. These measured twenty feet across from point to point.

The head was next to be hoisted in. After hoisting the end out of water with both tackle-falls brought to the windlass, the "case" was baled out, and the jaw dislocated and cut from the head, after which, with a great deal of hoisting and "y-e-o h-oing," the head was at last landed on deck—an immense mass—twenty feet long and six feet

pieces" into "horse pieces," about eighteen inches by six inches, which were thrown on deck with a pike, and thence transferred to the "mincing tub"—a large tub, or half a hogshead. A wooden plank about two feet long is secured at right angles with the bulwarks, and a wooden pin secured in each outer corner, looking not unlike an inverted stool. In front of this stands the "mincer," usually one of the old hands, with his "mincing knife," a crescent shaped knife with the concave edge sharp, and

a round handle at each end. The youngsters, armed with gaff, supplies the mincing pieces," on the mincing they are minced or sliced, and this falls into the beneath; from thence pitched into the try-pot, and undergoes being "tryed out," oil is all extracted; are thrown out into a after draining, are us

The oil is then handled copper "baler," a square, or oblong, and after cooling out into casks, which are struck down with this in the process of "ting in," and "tryed for market, on the at home.

The process of on night and day, good weather, a sized try-pots, with barrels in twenty-

After lying in the we love up our out to sea, through More, and with a northeast, we with Staten I. mast studding doubled Cal sh breeze from We had heard the terrors of Cal prepared for the e—and were n e., as we had n

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into "horse pieces," about six inches by six inches, which are thrown on deck with a pike, and transferred to the "mincing tub" or half a hoghead. A plank about two feet long is set at right angles with the bulwarks and secured in each outer end, making not unlike an inverted T. In front of this stands the "mincing knife," a crescent shaped blade, the concave edge sharp, and

a round handle at each end; one of the youngsters, armed with a large steel gaff, supplies the mincer with the "horse pieces," on the mincing board, when they are minced or sliced, as a housewife would mince a piece of fat pork, and this falls into the "mincing tub" beneath; from thence the pieces are pitched into the try-pots by the boat-steerers, and undergo the process of being "tryed out," or fried until the oil is all extracted; when the scraps are thrown out into a "scrap tub," and after draining, are used for fuel.

The oil is then baled out with a long handled copper "baler," into the "cooler," a square, or oblong copper receiver, and after cooling off, is again baled out into casks, which after coopering, &c, are struck down into the hold,—and this is the process of "catching," "cutting in," and "trying out," a sperm whale, and putting it into casks, ready for market, on the arrival of the ship at home.

The process of trying out is carried on night and day, until finished. In good weather, a ship with the ordinary sized try-pots, will try out about forty barrels in twenty-four hours.

After lying in this bay for four days, we hove up our anchor and again stood out to sea, through the straits of Le Maire, and with a leading wind from the northeast, we ran out into the open sea with Staten Land nearly astern; and top-mast studding-sail, and royals set, we doubled Cape Horn with a fine fresh breeze from the northeast.

We had heard so much said about the terrors of Cape Horn, that we were prepared for the worst kind of weather—and were most happily disappointed, as we had no heavy weather until

after we were fairly round Cape Horn and pointed northward.

In a few weeks, we were again among the whales on the coast of Peru, with fine balmy weather and the steady trade winds. These trade winds are the delight of the navigators on the west coast of South America; they



HOMEWARD BOUND.

blow for eleven out of the twelve months, from the south and southeast, and for nearly eighteen months that we were on the coast of Peru and round the Galapagos Islands, we never reefed our top-sails but once, and that was off Cape Blanco, the western-most cape of South America.

We caught several whales on the coast of Peru, and when seven months from home we made the port of Tumbes in the northern port of Peru, for wood, water, sweet potatoes, pumpkins, and to give the men "liberty." During our fortunate cruise, we had taken three hundred barrels of oil without an accident to any of our boats or men, and as may be supposed, we were in high feather, more especially as there were some six or eight other whalers lying near us.

For the following notes on the whale and its habits, we are indebted to Capt. C. J. W. Russel, of this city, or rather of the Pacific coast, for he is as familiar with the coast from the Northern ocean to the tropics as he ever was with the play-ground of his childhood. Capt. Russel's family were the first to commence the whaling business of New Bedford, and though many years ago, some of the old blood seems to be coursing in the Captain's veins, as he bids fair to make himself as useful on the Pacific side as did his forefathers on the other.

Previous to the discovery of the Northwest whaling-grounds, many were disposed to doubt the stories of the old Dutch and English whalers, concerning the gigantic proportions of the Greenland or Right whale, simply because the whales captured by the Americans on the commencement of their whaling business, seldom yielded over one hundred barrels of oil; but since the discovery of the Northwest whaling-ground it has been no uncommon circumstance for these whales to yield two hundred and fifty and even three hundred barrels of oil; and experience has shown them to be precisely the same kind of whale, and the same experience and observation also prove without a doubt, that the long sought for Northwest passage does exist; for several instances have occurred of whales being captured with harpoons in them, that had been fastened into them on the opposite side of the continent; and as all

the harpoons are marked with the name of the ship, it was a very easy matter to identify them and thus establish the fact.

On referring to the log-books, they have been able to ascertain the day and date and the latitude and longitude of the place where the whales were first harpooned. Now the Right whale is never found within the tropics, as its food or "brit," as the whalers call it, is not found there, and moreover, is otherwise unfitted for the warm latitudes; therefore it is evident that the Greenland whales never pass to the South, around Cape Horn, to arrive at the Northwest coast of America, as they would necessarily have to pass through the tropics twice.

Thus we have conclusive evidence that the passage from the one sea to the other, must have been made through some unknown sea, or passage, at the Northern end of the Continent.

The killing of a whale on the one side that had been previously harpooned on the other, proves the existence of the Northwest passage beyond a doubt; for on comparing dates, even admitting it possible for them to pass through the tropics, there had not been sufficient time for the whale to have reached the place of capture, by the Southern or Cape Horn route.

Only three years ago, a ship's crew in the Greenland sea, killed a whale, and found harpoons in its back marked with the name of a vessel, that was known to be then on the Northwest coast of America or Kamseatka. On the return of that ship, by referring to the log-book, it was ascertained that but about eight days had elapsed from the time he was first fastened to, until he was killed by the other ship on the opposite side of the Continent.

There is a bird called the Right whale bird—from the fact that wherever the whale is seen, large flocks of these birds, about the size of a swallow, of a light lead-color, can be seen hovering over, and when the whale comes to the surface, they alight upon him and pick off

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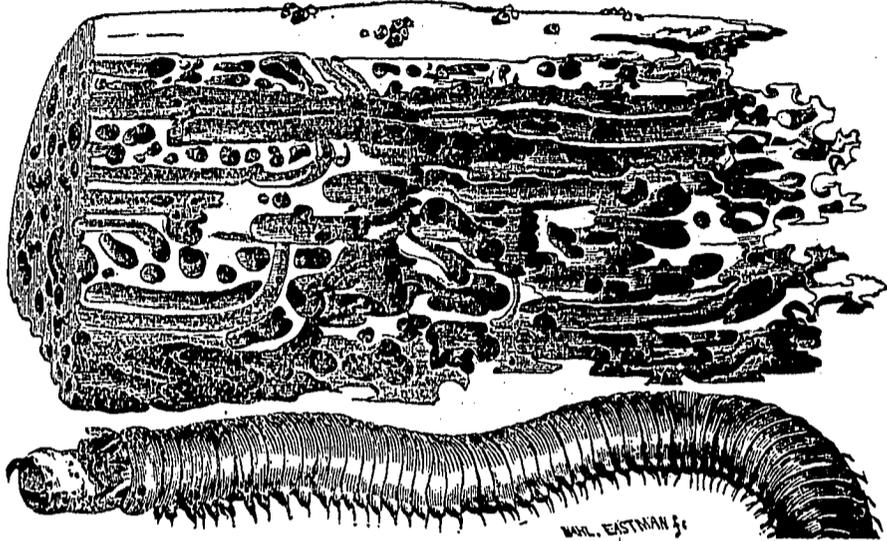
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TIMBER WORM OF CALIFORNIA.

That its sustenance is not derived from the wood that it eats, is a very remarkable fact; as the naturalist above quoted ascertained that the saw-dust it expelled, had been totally undigested. It is supposed by some, that it derives its nutriment from some particles contained in the sea water. The creature, having all its organs and viscera perfect, as in all red blood animals, would induce the supposition that such is the fact. On the coast of Sumatra, from whence specimens were first taken for examination, it was found, in favorable circumstances, to bore 1-8th of an inch every minute, and we do not doubt the assertion from accounts we have received, from many owners, of timber thus exposed. If logs of lumber could be turned every day, we do not doubt the progress of their ravages would receive a sensible check, for where the moisture of the sea water appears not to penetrate, the creature takes the hint to retire. Its legs are very prehensile and uncertain in number. It has the appearance of the common centipede when dead, but is much more loathsome to some observers. Almost all fishes devour them greedily, and they are sold by the pint on our wharves, for this purpose by watermen, who can, at low water, obtain them in any quantity. The smaller are drawn out from the timber alive, by taking a handful of the small muscles that adhere to the foot of the pile, where they have prepared to take up their abode. We have been informed that a warm climate favors their propagation, and that cold greatly retards it. In seasons of severe frosts it is asserted that many have been found dead and stiff in their cells, upon the timber being sawed; and that none made any effort to escape. This, if true, is singular, as the temperature of the water would seem hardly capable of affecting so apparently hardy an animal. They propagate their kind as other animals of the class, and cast a jelly like substance, when spawning.

A PAGE OF THE

BY ALICE.

It was upon a beautiful 31st of May; the banks Platte all astir, and swam a mass of moving population pressing on with looks of toward the West. The how bracing, and freight balmy odors of myriads that grew near the mariner's banks, and as counted that deck the brow of e



CHIMNEY

A few hour's ride site "Chimney Rock" formation of nature open plain, apart mountain.

Fording the river the purpose of examination structure, and approach north, and that the river, find it somewhat mensurated, also ing some that in shaft, column, it kind of earthy material ly cut with a knife

Ascending on culty, but with little rough pyramid of hundred and ten



at some camp hard by was no unfrequent occurrence, making us all tremble, lest in an hour we least expected, the Angel of Death might settle himself in our pathway. And yet, in our eagerness to push forward, the last resting place, the grave, and the winding sheet, were all alike soon forgotten, or crowded aside by the daily cares devolving upon each and every one of us.

But other troubles also awaited us; we were obliged to travel hundreds of miles without wood, save a few sticks obtained from some deserted wagon by the road-side; and failing to obtain a supply from this source, we resorted to "buffalo-chips," for fuel; and as these were frequently half saturated by the rains, added not a little to our afflictions. It would make a novice upon the plains laugh outright, to see them gather and make a fire of this no way combustible material, when wet, but when dry, an excellent fuel. Approaching the camping-ground, all hands but the teamsters, would scatter over the plain, gathering up and bringing in the "chips," by the arm, sack, and apron full; then a portion were lighted, and when just about blazing finely, old Aquarius would add his portion to the pile, when neither puffing nor blowing would revive it; and this was often the plight we were in as we attempted to prepare our food. A few frightful thunder storms overtook us on the Platte, and usually accompanied with a reasonable share of sleet and hail. In these gales we had to chain our carriage between two loaded wagons, to prevent it from taking an aerial excursion at midnight, with its sleepy occupants, as it was always, after sundown, used for a bedroom, and in the morn-

ing converted into a ladies' toilet chamber. "Necessity is the mother of invention," and so we took advantage of unpleasant circumstances, and jogged cosily along by day, in our comfortable carriage, and no doubt felt quite as pompous and happy, as Queen Victoria, with her royal cortege.

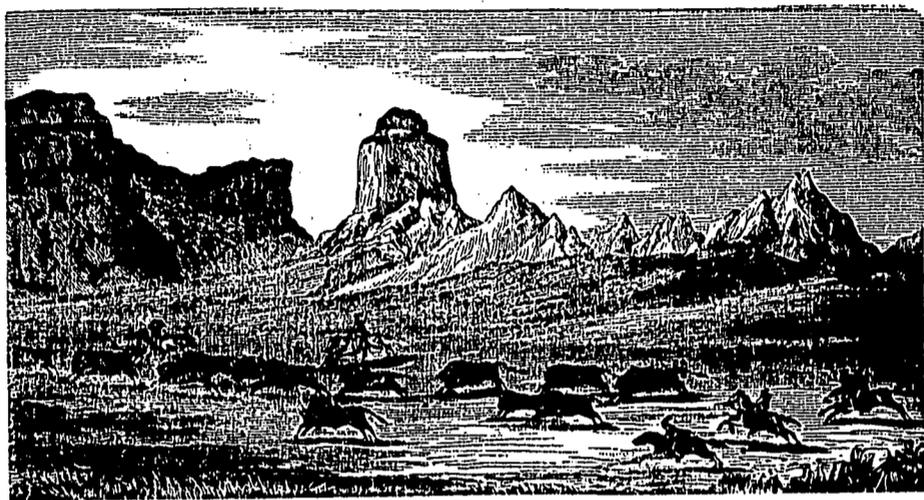
Of one thing we are sure, our Yankee wit came in play in the dairy line upon the plains. We made our butter very simply, and in this way: milking the cows in the morning, we put the milk into a tin churn, set it in the big top wagon; when stopping at night, lo, and behold! we could feast our eyes and empty stomachs on a large roll of self-churned, sweet, yellow butter. We made no wry faces at our shining tin plates, that we ate our hurried meals from. The coffee was none the less delicious, by quaffing it from a tin cup; supper and breakfast were quite as savory eaten upon a grass plat, as though served up in some feudal castle, upon marble topped tables.

In short, there was both truth and poetry in this mode of living, and we congratulated ourselves upon the certainty of having enough of all the essential edibles necessary to keep soul and body from parting company.

A drive of twenty-three miles brought us to a point on the Platte river again, opposite "Scott's Bluffs." Here a range of rocky bluffs, possessing singular beauty and magnificence, traverse the plains on the south side of the river, in a southeasterly direction. On either side of this range of castellated and embattled towers, for such it closely resembles in many places, are the favorite haunts of the buffalo. It was here that an incident occurred which I



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SCOTT'S BLUFFS.

shall never forget, and will here relate. Singular as it may appear to many, there are those who will undertake this long journey, with only little more than money enough to pay for a single meal, and who, before the trip is half completed, find themselves dependent upon the mercy and charity of their more fortunate fellow travelers.

A poor old man, whose frosty head and tottering footsteps, gave truthful evidence of but a short stay on earth, made his appearance at camp, almost in a state of nudity, and apparently in a starving condition; his feet, which were sore and bleeding, from constant travel over bad roads and alkali dust, were tied up with rags; his garments hung in tatters around his gaunt and emaciated form; upon his back was slung an old, greasy sack, which contained scraps of cast-away bacon and bread, which he had begged from train to train, with the hope of getting through to the land of gold. He briefly told the story of his wrongs and blasted hopes, which ran as follows: he started with his son for California, with only a few pounds of provisions, and a scanty

supply of blankets, upon a handcart, which answered very well for the first part of the trip, having no toll to pay at ferries or bridges, as he forded the streams at his leisure. When, one fine morning, he found, upon awakening, his very dutiful son had "vamosed the ranch," with the family gig, and taking all the comforts their little store afforded, leaving the old man single handed to battle with the ills and dangers of the long journey before him. We gave him a seat at our breakfast, to which he did ample justice before his ravenous appetite was thoroughly appeased. Upon his departure we gave him a quantity of hard-bread, fruit, meat, and a small portion of such other articles in the way of food, as we chanced to have. But the old man of the plains never lived to reach the land he so much desired to see. He died upon the Humboldt, weeks afterward, in abject want and misery; and we were told that a hole was dug by the wayside, that he was tumbled in unclothed, and covered with dirt, stones, and sage brush, to keep the wolves from his body, as they howled around nightly for their prey.

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A drive of fifty-two miles, still along the north bank of the Platte, and we arrived at the ferry; two miles further and we were at Fort Laramie, and only five hundred and twenty-two miles from Council Bluffs. The Fort contained at that time a few two-story framed houses, built in shed shape, for the convenience of the United States troops stationed there; a long line of barracks for soldiers, a post office, an acre or more of beautiful parade ground, and you have all there was of Fort Laramie.

#### THE BEREAVED WIFE.

I did not think that thou could'st die,  
And leave me here alone;  
I did not think that o'er thine eye  
Could come that look of stone;  
That thou could'st lie thus in thy shroud,  
And I should sit by thee,  
Telling to thee my griefs aloud,  
And thou not list to me.

I did not think that o'er thy face  
Could come that chill of death—  
So cold—so icy cold—I shrink,  
And shuddering hold my breath:  
I did not think thy form would lay  
So fearful by my side—  
So straight and rigid, since the hour  
They told me thou hadst died.

I sit within our room—no more  
Thou sittest here with me;  
I go and take thy books—thy lines  
On every page I see;  
I look towards thy empty chair—  
My gushing tears find way;  
O can it be that thou art gone,  
And is this form thy clay?

I'll go to thee—thou wilt not come  
To meet me here again;  
I'll go to thee, and we will sleep  
Beyond the reach of pain:  
Oh! 't will be sweet, since not on earth  
Thy form again I trace,  
To lie down with thee in the grave,  
And share thy resting place.

San Francisco, March 15, 1857. G. T. S.

Only weak minds allow their judgments to be warped by sympathy or indignation.

#### THE ADVENTURES OF MR. DICKORY HICKLEBERRY.

##### CHAPTER XV.

SHOWS UP THE INGENUITY OF THE ENGLISH LAW—MORE RASCALITY.

The affairs of Messrs. Suit, Nabb & Smith, had been of late in a very declining condition. Money had been so plentiful that it was a difficult matter to find any poor tradesman willing to pay ten per cent. for the loan of a hundred, with the addition of some forty pounds odd, for the ingenious verbiage contained in the parchment security. Of all the idle mockeries of which this sinful world is capable, we know of none that is comparable to the silly parade of exmors admors assigns and assets, the single, each, and every diction of these vile instruments. They appear written only to mock the poverty of the poor laborer, who, perhaps, never had a shilling to spare in his life, nor any of his forefathers, and with as much probability would his successors after him. Honor to that eccentric, noble peer, who first broke the rankling fester, and probed the cancer that had been eating up, for ages, the constitution of English labor and industry! May Providence spare his life to finish the mighty work he has begun. Like quack doctors, these harpies of extortionate money lenders, make man's necessity their opportunity, and when once their account has begun, like that of the leech, it never ends but with the life.

"Smith is unusually late this morning," said Nabb to Suit. "Don't you think 'tis high time to stir in that matter of the Proclamation Rewards of the Earl's?"

"Yes," replied Suit. "'Tis now made, by government, six thousand pounds; but I am of the opinion that's not the price of an English lord yet."

"What do you mean? That it will still be increased?"

"Just so; in the mean time 'twill do no harm to sound Smith about it, to give us time to muster our forces before we open the campaign. Six thousand,

ADVE

between three of us, us to hold up his head. I wonder what he's so confoundedly elusive, that we know of the matter than at I am resolved to him this morning; ing all this time week, from our former means of adding a quer. I wish you strengthen my argument he is more than a handed."

"Yes, he is a s and looks all around take a full measure always to know answers a e, and joinder before you there he come what suit have ance?"

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"No, don't myself to think have proofs, else my thought know what you news for you of his lordship commenced benefit of his researches, as they are not life and hope of him that

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between three of us, will enable each of us to hold up his head for a time; but I wonder what he's driving at. He is so confoundedly close and uncommunicative, that we know very little more of the matter than at our first interview. I am resolved to break the ice with him this morning; he has been drawing all this time his three pound a week, from our funds, without being the means of adding anything to our exchequer. I wish you to be present to strengthen my arguments; for I confess he is more than a match for us, single handed."

"Yes, he is a shrewd, artful dodger, and looks all around you before you can take a full measure of him; he appears always to know beforehand what your answers are, and is ready with his rejoinder before you give them."

"Some proof of an able lawyer—there he comes—ahem—Mr. Nabb, what suit have we on hand of importance?"

"None of any note."

"Then 'tis a good opportunity to entertain the matter of Earl Elmore's reward. What say you, Mr. Smith, don't you think—"

"No, I don't think; I never allow myself to think—in doubt. I always have proofs, grounds for thinking; or else my thoughts are thrown away. I know what you would ask; I have had news for you. We have lost all trace of his lordship, since the period of the commencement of his voyage for the benefit of his health. In spite of my researches, and those of my friends, and they are not to be bashed while there's life and hope, I have obtained no news of him whatever."

"Why then we have no more chance of obtaining this reward—"

"Than the merest stranger," interrupted Smith; "nevertheless, I have not given up the chase, nor do I mean to drop it, until I find the thread of the labyrinth that will lead to his hiding place. But listen to another project respecting this family, which I am morally sure, if my advice and directions

be but implicitly followed, will lead to an ample fortune for each of us."

Messrs. Suit and Nabb turned their chairs toward the mysterious Smith; and after the bolt of the lock was duly turned in the door, by that worthy, he continued—

"I have ascertained, by reliable authority; that old Earl Elmore has not long to live. Lady Lovel, too, is in a most critical state of health; her husband's disappearance has worked its destruction upon her. She is now attended daily by two physicians, and her dissolution may be hourly expected.

The apparent heir to the Earl's estate, which has a rent roll of three hundred thousand pounds a year, is the second child of Lady Lovel. She has had three children; the eldest is now alive, and was, at its birth, entrusted to a young woman who clandestinely married the master of some workhouse, in London, which I shall be able easily to trace out. This man was a defaulter in his accounts, and was obliged to quit England, taking with him his wife and this child, of whose parentage he was entirely ignorant. The third child left its mother's bed an hour after its birth, and all trace of that I believe is lost."

"This is a grave narrative," said Suit. "Of course you have proofs of all these matters?"

"Undisputable ones."

"Where was the necessity for this to be kept from Lord Elmore's knowledge?"

"I will tell you. Lord Lovel, his son, married without his consent; she was the daughter of a very worthy, but needy, dissenting minister. He kept the marriage a secret for a long time from his father, but at last, obtaining his consent, they were married again, publicly, and the little one, his second son, was at the same time received into the house as the heir. Now the third child, a daughter, was born since that reconciliation; but Lady Lovel, ascertaining Earl Elmore's distate for children, and fearful of its coming to his knowledge that any part of his proud

domicil should be converted into a nursery, kept the birth of this child also as a secret from the pompous old Earl, and has never enjoyed a moment's happiness since. Now her confidante, her lady's maid, is my informant; she has also the honor of being my inamorata, and I hope to make her, bye and bye, an honest woman, as soon as ever matters have come to an issue."

"Then you purpose to set up another heir to the estate; and that our firm only shall move in the promotion of the suit."

"Exactly; and if you don't see what an immensity of business, and mine of wealth, this prosecution will bring to it, why then I confess you are more obtuse than I gave you credit for."

"My dear Smith, no more need be said on that point. Nabb and I will be entirely guided by your directions. Our funds, small as they are, shall be at your service. Is it not so, Mr. Nabb?"

Nabb nodded a cheerful assent; and with this the precious trio closed their first iniquitous council.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

SHOWS GENUINE MERIT UNDER A HOMELY GARB—STRANGE ENCOUNTER—STRANGER STRATAGEM—HIS LORDSHIP PARTLY RECONCILED.

The island of the Seven Stars lies in 30 deg. 20 min., N., and 160 deg. 27 min., E. It is not laid down in any chart, and no snugger piece of land could have been selected all over the globe for the pirates' purpose. It lies so low, and is so surrounded always by such a mist, that few ships would ever care to experiment upon the spot, and if sighted, they would not fail to note it but as some huge, treacherous sand bank. Nevertheless, it has one of the most delightful little harbors in the world; a fairy port, formed in one of Nature's most smiling moments. Its soil is the most productive on earth. With a heaven of a sky above, and a carpet of ever abiding verdure below, it would seem a sin to leave such a

place to "*waste its sweetness on the desert air.*" But this character only applies to the interior, for its girt, except its entrance into the harbor, bears the most unpromising appearance, and would seem unfit for any other inhabitant than the wild fowl of the ocean, and the slimy seal of the sea.

The first week of his lordship's sojourn here was most miserable. He rose always early, in silence ate his breakfast, and took his morning's walk to his solitary flag staff, still silent.

Farmer Robert felt himself so secure from discovery, that he could afford to favor his lordship's views to escape; and had actually erected a more permanent flagstaff, and a better signal of distress than his bungling art could produce. His lordship knew not what to make of the coolness of the fellow, for he never addressed him but when he wished to oblige him. His helplessness seemed only to excite the honest farmer's sympathy. His little comforts were always first cared for; his was the first meal, his was the best chair. Such persevering and untiring arts, to cheat him, as it were, of his sorrows, at last had its due effect upon him; and if he could but ascertain the well-being of his family, from whom he had been so summarily snatched, he felt that his exile could have been borne with patience and fortitude. There were times, indeed, when he would appear to forget all that past, and talk freely with his fellow prisoner; but often, too often, they unhappily would end in mutual reproach; nevertheless, at such seasons the farmer never failed to regret the untoward events, that had thrown them thus together.

They had lived in this anomalous state upwards of three months, and his lordship had given up all hope of again seeing his native land, when one evening, returning laden with some delicious fruit from their little garden, his lordship was suddenly seized upon by some savages that had landed clandestinely on the island, and had kept in ambush until a fitting opportunity had offered

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presence of mind to fire off a pistol in  
the air, at random, as a signal, which  
he always kept about his person for this  
purpose, when Farmer George came  
to his rescue. Some dozen huge, wild  
fellows were pinioning his hands, and  
fastening his legs, quite regardless of  
his approach. Seeing his opportunity,  
he crept behind a thick shrub, and let  
fly his double rifle, and his correct aim  
brought down two of the strongest sav-  
ages. Changing his position as quick  
as thought, and unperceived, a second  
rifle did the same execution, when the  
rest took to flight, and left his lordship  
a great deal more frightened than hurt.

"Now said the farmer," after they  
had found the coast clear, and were  
able to take a cool breath, "we must  
look out and provide for sharp work."  
"What do you mean George," tim-  
idly asked his lordship.

"We shall have every man, perhaps  
some hundreds of the tribe, among us  
before the night closes. So let us be-  
take ourselves to our encampment, and  
prepare for the attack."

"Mercy upon us, we can never es-  
cape with our lives."

"Never fear, my lord; be cool; I  
have had many a fiercer encounter with  
your game keepers. I have made ev-  
ery disposition for the attack; be guid-  
ed by my directions, and you will find  
we are more than a match for a host of  
them."

The little enclosure in which their  
little hut was built was of corrugated  
iron, which the Captatu had, at no lit-  
tle expense, and at the request of Far-  
mer George, brought out with him from  
England. This was proof against the  
usual method of attack by savages—  
burning out—and it was placed at such  
a distance as to command a full view  
of any one approaching it. To the  
surprise of the nobleman, George drew  
from his stores twenty double barreled  
rifles, in the best condition, placed them  
in connexion with each other, by means  
of a galvanic wire, at convenient dis-  
tances, all round the house, showing

only the muzzles in the fence, at judi-  
cious intervals of a few feet. Then he  
charged his powerful little galvanic bat-  
tery, and awaited with but little or no  
anxiety the issue.

As he had prognosticated he saw, at  
a distance, with his telescope, in front  
of his cottage, at the beach, the savages  
landing from several canoes. Nothing  
daunted he proposed to go down to  
them alone, to hold a parley, instruct-  
ing his lordship what to do when he  
failed to give the signal.

He took with him several strings of  
beads, and a Chinese gong, which he  
suspended from the bough of a tree at  
hand. Beckoning to one that appeared  
their chief, he presented them to him,  
laying them upon the ground, half way  
between his position and that of the  
enemy. To his great surprise and de-  
light he saw no fire-arms amongst them,  
and concluded that they had never been  
made acquainted with their use. The  
chief came forward, and approached to  
accept the gift. Alive to their treach-  
ery, Farmer Robert now took several  
logs of wood, that he had cut for fire-  
wood, placed them upon end in the  
sand, and motioned the men to retire.  
As if in doubt what was to be done, the  
savages, one and all, obeyed; and when  
they had fallen back, out of harm's way,  
a sound from the gong was followed by  
an instantaneous volley from their  
dwelling, which struck down every log  
that had been placed upright to their  
view. The savages, amazed at the  
sight of the smoke, and the unearthly  
sound of the gong, and the explosion of  
the fire-arms, looked on with wonder  
and alarm. Taking up the logs one by  
one, and placing them on the sand, he  
beckoned them to examine them. The  
chief, and the savages who had seen  
them fall, took the hint, and appeared  
no way inclined for hostilities, and af-  
ter they had examined the cause of  
their fall, came forward with the palm  
of peace. After a few exchanges of  
rude civilities, which Farmer George  
appeared to be, by some extraordinary  
conception of natural instinct, aware of,

they retired with the few presents he had left them, apparently well pleased with the day's wonders.

"I owe my life to your extraordinary intelligence," said Lord Lovel, shaking the hand of the farmer. "I never was in such a fright in my life. I thought at one time you or I might have the pleasure of seeing each other roasted, or served up as a fricasee, or some other dainty dish. Why, how on earth did you hit upon this contrivance? How admirably it acted; the whole twenty off as if by magic. Each killing his man—his log—I am happy to substitute; there is nothing like a little stratagem. These logs may have taught these savages a lesson that may induce them to desire our friendship, rather than risk our enmity. Nevertheless, let us keep our castle in good order, we may have another surprise, although I think I know too well to expect it."

His lordship cheerfully set about the preparation. The cool courage of the farmer had excited his admiration, and his generous hazarding of his own life to save his, had obliterated almost every vestige of former wrong. "O, how madly has our class disregarded the merits of these brave fellows!" thought his lordship. "When I next visit England, my whole life shall be spent in working out a reformation to ameliorate the condition of this most useful class of society."

#### CHAPTER XVII.

MRS. HICKLEBERRY MOUNTS THE YELLOW IN HER CAP—MR. HICKLEBERRY RUNS AGAINST THE SKY-BLUE BONNET AGAIN—MRS. HICKLEBERRY DREAMS OF A PEERAGE.

"Now I know, Mr. Hickleberry, why you disliked me having that duck of a sky-blue bunnet, that I set my 'art on at Liverpool," said Mrs. H., her lip quivering with anger.

Hick had never seen anything like the ugly passion in his wife before, and

stared with astonishment, and knew not what reply to make.

"I thought what would come of it; this fine fortin that's left ye. You'll be a keeping some fine marm, like the money gents at west end, and be a drivin on her out in your own carbuncle, and neglecting your own legal, lawful wife, merely to be thought great and grand. I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself, you old, good for nothing, grey-headed old sinner."

"Mrs. Hickleberry! Mrs. Hickleberry! you're a going on it, you are, and no mistake. Let a poor fellow plead guilty, or not guilty, afore you hang him widout judge or jury like."

"Mr. Hickleberry, I have no patience with you, a father of a family, and husband to as virtuous a wife as ever scrubbed her own floor, to go to come to take up with such as she. O, fie! You will break my poor, fond, doting, silly heart, you will, you cruel, cruel, cruel, man," blubbered Mrs. H., taking up the towel off the little water jug in their cabin, for the copious tears that were to follow.

"Why! what on airth's the matter?" said Hick, impatiently. "What have you got in that silly little head of yours about a woman. I know nothing about no woman. I've got trouble enough with one, widout being fool enough to have to take care on another."

"You may say that, Mr. Dickory, and I wish she may tear your bonnet off your head,—cap I mean,—hair I mean;—you good for nothing, gay Luthe-ri-o. I could forgive you everything about it, but the slyness of it. Who would a thought that a steady, sober, grey-headed, chapel going looking old fellow like you, could be sitch a vile hypocrite. I tell you what it is, Mr. Hickleberry Esquire, if there is such a thing to be got on board of this ship as a divorce, I'll have one this blessed day, or you shall break off all acquaintance with this fine Maria, that's had the impudence to follow you out, right under my nose like, whether I wish or no, in this very ship."

"What are you drivin on? are you dreamin on?"

"Dreamin! I wish I was dead, poisoned, before I'd seen this tro"

"But tell me what it is, you, woman?"

"Mr. Dickory," replied, suddenly starting up and a-kimbo, *a la virago*—

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"What are you driving at? What are you dreaming on?"

"Dreaming! I wish I was. O! that I was dead, poisoned, drown'd, hang'd, before I'd seen this trouble."

"But tell me what it's all about; can't you, woman?"

"Mr. Dickory," replied Mrs. H., suddenly starting up and putting her arms a-kimbo, *a la virago*—"Can you dare to deny that you keep a woman?"

"No, I can't, and what's more, I love her dearly, when she is in her senses."

"I insist upon knowing who that critter is."

"Your own little self, my dear. I declare to my God; I know no other, love no other."

Mrs. H.'s countenance, as she gazed upon his honest, manly face, underwent a curious change. She said no more, but put into his hands a small scrap of paper, on which was scrawled the following lines, and then fell theatrically into his arms, and burst at the same time into the same mess that Sterne's Susanna did—a *flood of tears*.

"A female who is now lying dangerously ill, in Cabin No. 25, wishes to see Mr. Hickleberry about a child that she once entrusted to his care, on her way to Folkestone, many years ago."

Dickory read it with the utmost astonishment, and asked how she came by it. It was given to her by the stewardess of the Curtius, who had read the whole of it to her.

"What is it? What does it mean, dear Dickory," said Mrs. Hickleberry, quite overwhelmed with the womanly feeling—curiosity.

Dickory, hereupon, related to her the whole history of his eventful journey to Folkestone, then requested his wife to accompany him to the Cabin.

"I am glad you are come," said the invalid, raising herself on her elbow, assisted by the stewardess. "Do you remember me?" said she, turning her death-like countenance on Dickory's bluff and honest old face.

"No, Madam, I should not have knowed you from a stranger."

"What have you done with the child?" inquired the invalid, her eyes brightening up with a supernatural glare.

"I have put it out to nurse, to a very careful woman, the wife of a former partner of mine. She has no child, and intends to bring the little 'un up as her own. But the tin business is now a very poor one to get a living, and so I have allowed her thirty pounds a year, to be kind like, to the little orphan."

"She is not an orphan, but the child of Lady Lord. She was entrusted to me to rear for her, and a princely allowance was given me for the purpose; but my drunken husband spent it all in drink, and fearing that I might get into some trouble about the child, I had resolved to make away with it; but you have saved me at least from adding another infanticide to my other sins. Heaven bless you for the deed! I feel I am not long for this world. O, sir! I am not long for this world. O, sir! you, who are so good,—I know it by your countenance. Pray for me. There is a pocket in my trunk, take it and do with it as seems good to you. So the dear child is safe, and I die—"

What the concluding sentence was, must be conjectured; for before it was uttered, her spirit had taken its flight to an everlasting habitation, either for weal or woe.

Mrs. Hickleberry kissed her husband and begged his forgiveness for the unjust suspicions. Only think, that her dear Hick had provided for the well being, and had save the life of the only daughter of a great lady, and the dear man had kept this all a secret. What a novel it would make. Her Dickory was chalked out for a great man, there was no mistake about it. Little Adam would marry this great lady's daughter, and the candlestick maker's son, would be, one of these fine days, Lord Lovell; only think, she saw it as plainly as the moon behind a cloud. What a story for Mrs. Pottles; who knows but she herself, spite of 'pearences, might become Lady Hickleberry.

## STANZAS.

BY W. H. D.

"The only tears of unmingled bitterness, are those that fall on no one's bosom, and that no one wipes away." "Guard against incarnating your sublime hopes in the dust you trample under your feet. During your short earthly pilgrimage, you are surrounded but by phantoms, by vain shadows; the realities are invisible to you, the eye of flesh cannot see them; but God, who has given to man his invincible desire for them, has also planted in his heart the infallible presentiment of their attainment."—F. DE LA MENAIS.

O sorrowing heart, O lonely soul,  
With no fond bosom nigh,  
To soothe thy bitterness of griefs,  
Or dry the tearful eye;  
Let not despair subdue thy mind  
For other souls than thine,  
Live on, as lonely in their griefs,  
And win a life divine.

I've kept a high and holy aim,  
A true and loving heart,  
A mind enkindled with a flame,  
A feeling to impart,  
The immortal longings of the soul,  
For virtue, goodness, truth,  
And wrote them on the scroll of fame,  
Fair as the dreams of youth.

What though I've felt the bitter pangs,  
Of cold neglect and scorn,—  
And base ingratitude's sharp fangs,  
Have my best feelings torn;  
Tho' Love's pure flame to me has proved  
A falsehood and a snare,  
To fill my heart with agonies,  
My soul with wild despair:

Though Fortune, fickle goddess, too,  
Has wandered from my side,  
Inconstant as the winds that blow  
Upon life's stormy tide:  
She smiled but once upon my path,  
And then with darkest frown,  
In bursting thunder-clouds of wrath  
Crushed life's fair labors down:

Yet still, amidst the doubt and gloom,  
With heart and soul elate,  
I'll fight against my destiny,  
And battle with my fate;  
And pressing onward through the strife,  
All mortal ills defy;  
Death can but give immortal life,  
If in the strife I die.  
Sacramento, March, 1857.

"Death is the beginning of eternal life,  
We bow our heads, and die,  
Then enter straight another  
Golden mansion of our Lord's  
But larger than the one we leave,  
And happier."

## THE REALIZATION OF MY CONCEPTIONS.

NO. IV.

It begins to seem, reader, as though we were getting to be old friends, and as I always impart to dear old friends, all my little store of joys and cares, I'm going to tell you something in confidence. It will, I trust, bind you closer to a mutual friend of ours, who is worthy of all the affection you can bestow.

It rained one day last week, and we were all in the house. During the day I saw Ben, sitting near the open door with the magazine in his lap. Knowing that he could not read, I wondered what he was looking at, so I came quietly up and leaned on his shoulder to see. He had the January number, and it was open at the picture of the grave, in my first article. I saw the page was wet. At first I thought it was the rain that had sprinkled on it, but he sat too far from the door for that. I guessed the truth, and looking up into Ben's face, saw the fresh trace of tears upon his cheeks. He was gazing vaguely at the falling rain.

I turned to go away, not wishing to disturb him, but he laid his hand on my arm, and I remained beside him. I did not know what to say, so I twined one of his long silken chestnut locks around my finger. It was a long time before he spoke, but I could have remained there for ever, if I had thought it pleased him. At length he said: "I've, I would like to tell you what I was thinking about, if I knew how to express myself."

I told him to speak, I should certainly understand him, and asked if it was anything concerning the magazine that he wished to say. Yes, that was the very thing.

"I was thinking," said he, "how much satisfaction it must be to one, to put down his ideas in a form that thousands can see and admire, where they would remain fresh as ever, long after the mind which wrought them, has passed away. I never felt it so forcible

bly until I saw  
what I know and  
think it my own  
hope to do the like

I told him it was  
source of pleasure  
valuable thought  
that the mere  
ideas on paper  
piece before. I  
ten before that  
half the interest  
speaking,—that  
that means of  
given him  
valuable.

"I know," he  
plied, "but I  
cannot see that  
ises its greater  
are possible;  
few—perhaps  
ends with the  
fame, that is  
now, Joe,  
this, as we  
I've a favor  
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If we should  
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the end of a little wire, and held in the flame of a lamp until it intermingles. It is then rolled into the shape of a strawberry on the drum of the pipe. This requires a very dextrous twirl of the wire, held between the thumb and finger. Ling did it beautifully. It is again heated, and applied to the orifice in the head of the pipe, the wire shoved through, twirled and withdrawn, leaving the opium on the drum. The smoker now applies it to the flame of the lamp, and forcibly inhales the fumes while the opium is burning, letting the smoke escape through his nose. Its intoxicating effect varies upon different individuals—some smoking without any apparent effect, as many as eighty or ninety pipes, and some being intoxicated by as few as six or eight. Ling explained all these things, informing me that his standard number was fifty. And here let me describe my friend. He is a little bow-legged, beautiful bronze colored individual, with eyes converging to the funniest *retrossi* nose you ever saw. He does not appear over sixteen, and yet he stoutly affirms that he is twenty-three, and is married, and what is more astonishing, (and a splendid joke if he means it at the expense of our language,) that he has two children, a son, and a boy. During all the time in which I was observing these things the singers were doing their best. At first I could distinguish no tune, either in the chop-sticks or singing, but shortly they commenced a slow tune, the last two symphonies of which were exceedingly plaintive. I asked Ling what it was about, and was informed it was the "sing song of one China boy, who no savoyed to see." I could not, of course, understand their words, but as I followed them through the slow change of the air, I supplied my own, which, with your permission I will repeat:—

How sad the life when the lone heart's strain,  
Through long, long years, is one of pain,  
When, though tear-drops fall like the summer  
And prayers go forth, all, all's in vain, [rain,  
For, for weary years, day after day,  
The heart sings sad, till it wears away,  
I'm blind, I'm blind.

The bright Spring comes, with its genial  
showers,  
Its bursting buds, its leaves and flowers—  
Its warbled notes from the greenwood bowers;  
And gladness springs from the flying hours.  
The song of nature is quick and glad,  
But the heart sings sad, mournfully sad,  
I'm blind, I'm blind.

Then summer comes, like a pleasant dream,  
With the humming bee, and the murmuring  
stream  
With its peaceful life, and the mellow gleam,  
Of the earth as it glows in the sunny beam—  
Nature sings her happiest strain,  
But the song of the heart is one of pain,  
I'm blind, I'm blind.

And Autumn told of the mournful wail,  
Of the breeze as it sighs through the flower-  
less vale.  
Of the sere leaf, borne on the western gale—  
And the flickering sunbeam, cold and pale,  
Nature's voice sounds mournfully—  
And the sad heart sings in symphony,  
I'm blind, I'm blind.

The Winter wails, with Earth in her shroud,  
And the fair sky robed in a pall-like cloud—  
The roaring tempest sad and lone,  
Is a wild, wild strain, but yet more wild  
Is the song of the poor blind child,  
I'm blind, I'm blind.

Lone evening comes with her quiet sighs—  
And they tell me it's night, when each sound  
dies,  
And speak of stars in the distant skies,  
With softer light than of angels' eyes,  
'Tis a longing feeling which steals there,  
And the heart sighs in a longing air,  
I'm blind, I'm blind.

They tell me of forms and footsteps bright,  
Of beaming faces, by smiles made bright—  
Of sorrow shed tears for the wasting blight,  
That rests on my life, in the want of sight,  
'Tis the only thing that gives relief,  
And the lone heart sings with less of grief,  
I'm blind, I'm blind.

There was one youth of sixteen  
whose eye fired with all the gentle ex-  
citement of the music, and I thought it  
might bring dreams to him as it did to  
me, of far off home and childhood's  
gilded scene; and, as it did not to me,  
of some bright being who dwelt amid  
their mazes, the goal in life's every  
race, and incentive to every noble ex-  
ertion.

The song was quite long, and when it  
ended, I was invited to entertain them  
with my vocal abilities. You may  
perhaps think, from what I have just  
said of the effect of music, that

"Its magic spell, all potent to  
Unconsciously into my brea  
And when in turn I took the  
And timidly my fingers o'er

I did something wonder  
how you would be dece  
a perfect aversion for tun  
ny. So after one or t  
attempts at Yankee  
Spangled Banner, &c.,  
ly patriotic, I resolved to  
sphere where the tra  
should not confine my p  
And so I sang them  
words, to an original air  
what upon the Tyrolese  
wild, to an unlimited d  
When my voice died  
dence, they were all sil  
ed so for a minute. I  
excited in my vocal  
that the enrapturing  
sie had elevated their  
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But the conceit  
tion for by the man  
shortly recovered, I  
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"Its magic spell, all potent to inspire,  
 Unconsciously into my breast had crept,  
 And when in turn I took the breathing lyre,  
 And timidly my fingers o'er it swept—"

I did something wonderful, but alas!  
 how you would be deceived. I have  
 a perfect aversion for tune and harmo-  
 ny. So after one or two discordant  
 attempts at Yankee Doodle, Star  
 Spangled Banner, &c., I was extreme-  
 ly patriotic, I resolved to launch into a  
 sphere where the trammels of tune  
 should not confine my peculiar powers.  
 And so I sang them some original  
 words, to an original air, modeled some-  
 what upon the Tyrolean style,—mild or  
 wild, to an unlimited degree.

When my voice died on the last ca-  
 dence, they were all silent, and remain-  
 ed so for a minute. I began to grow  
 excited in my vocal power, thinking  
 that the enrapturing effect of my mu-  
 sic had elevated their souls to the "re-  
 gions of thrice chastened fire,"—it was  
 certainly powerful enough to do it.

But the conceit was of short dura-  
 tion, for by the manner in which they  
 shortly recovered, I found I had not  
 only deafened them, but struck them  
 dumb also. Provoked I expect by my  
 audaciousness, one of them very un-  
 courteously commenced a burlesque  
 upon our manner of singing, and I con-  
 fess doubts rose in my mind, whether  
 to an entirely impartial ear, our vocifer-  
 ous mode would not be less pleasing  
 than their refined squalling.

The exhilarating effects of the opi-  
 um began to grow perceptible. They  
 had all except Ling, been alternately  
 smoking and singing. And the songs  
 began to take a Bacchanalian appear-  
 ance, the whole company joining loudly  
 in the chorus, and clapping their  
 hands. I had entered into private con-  
 versation with Ling, about family mat-  
 ters. He described Mrs. Ling as a be-  
 ing of all loveliness, beautiful, amiable,  
 or at least he told me what miraculously  
 small feet, and long finger nails she  
 had. I inquired her name, and was  
 informed that it was not allowable for  
 faithful husbands to reveal their

spouses' names; but, in consideration of  
 our great friendship, he would tell me;  
 he said it was a very pretty one, all the  
 same as mine—Joe. Hereupon, one  
 of the opium smokers, who rejoiced in  
 the same name, feeling it, I suppose,  
 derogatory to his manly dignity to have  
 the least thought, even in vain, associ-  
 ated in common with him and woman,  
 unceremoniously informed me that my  
 friend was lying to me, and that Joe  
 was not his wife's name. Ling was in-  
 dignant, and a high dispute arose. I  
 took advantage of it to return home,  
 not however feeling it derogatory to my  
 dignity, but much rejoicing that there  
 was in the Flowery land, a being of  
 brightness, with whom your humble  
 servant mutually enjoys the name of  
 Joe.

VISIT TO A MINER'S CABIN.

How many pleasant fancies are sug-  
 gested by the mention of that visit to  
 Ned's cabin. I had often promised my  
 old friend and schoolmate to visit him  
 in his elevated terrestrial paradise, situ-  
 ated on the banks of the Yuba, where,  
 in '49, he pitched his tent; but did not  
 fulfill my promise till after months and  
 even years had passed; but now, for  
 once, I saucily arose before old Sol, and  
 hastily prepared myself for a jaunt, with  
 a companion, over hill and dale, valley  
 and mountain—first doing ample jus-  
 tice to a steaming breakfast—when  
 mounting our mules we were "O P H."  
 Not in quest of the stray tribes of Is-  
 rael, nor even to look after the leader  
 of Tom Bell's gang of marauders and  
 desperadoes, but in pursuit of genuine,  
 unalloyed happiness; so we put spurs to  
 our mules to arrive at Ned's Cabin be-  
 fore dinner. Oh! I forget, ladies don't  
 use spurs—which I very much regret-  
 ted before reaching the end of my  
 mountain pilgrimage.

We were climbing the steep hill that  
 looms up westward of the far-famed  
 Sierra Valley as the tops of the tall  
 trees were but slightly tinged with the  
 yellow gleams of Phoebus that came

dancing up from the other side of the valley, and laughing right in the face of the morning. Looking around on nature, dressed in her most gorgeous robes, I wondered why man did not rejoice at beholding so much of God's handiwork and loveliness, as lies in all its pristine beauty and grandeur before him.

When the stupendous heights frown above him, how easily his freed thoughts soar above the mere contemplation of terrestrial objects, to a more delightful reverie of Heaven. With the finger of Faith constantly pointing upward to a haven of rest; in this way the mind becomes gradually enlightened with divine truth, and expands itself to the enrapturing view of the power, wisdom and goodness of the Creator. He then can descend to nature, and acknowledge her the fair daughter of God, and view her varied charms with sentiments of gratitude, admiration and joy.

My musings were suddenly brought to a focus by Dan, the old mule, coming to a dead stand. To make a long story short, he had, once on a time, been used for packing, and would not proceed without the merry gingle of the bell, which was usually worn by an old horse that preceded and led the train.

To halt thus in a rocky ravine, where frightful chasms yawned a thousand feet beneath, was really intolerable; we tried coaxing, and beating, and with a small piece of lash, to tingle up his sides, but all our English, French and Spanish, and moral suasion was lost on the old fellow, who now began to kick up, both before and behind. Finally, my liege lord gave him several slaps and words of encouragement, with a grand flourish of his hands, which he seemed to appreciate, for he got his goat-headedness excited and took down the ravine and up a steep hill with the rapidity of lightning; when we came to a long, temporarily built bridge, just wide enough for a mule to pass, when, Oh! horrors and wildcats, he never slackened his pace until safely across. It made my head swim to hear the rumbling,

tumbling, babbling Yuba, a hundred feet beneath. I shut my eyes and clung to the horn of the saddle—but don't be frightened, for I am past the foaming stream and in sight of Ned's Cabin. I have hitched old Dan, under a tall pine, whose green boughs seem to mingle with the blue of heaven.

I made hurry to be at Ned's about noon, for you know miners are a class who dine precisely at noon, or rather when they are hungry. I saw smoke curling out from the chimney, far above the stones, sticks and mud which compose this gigantic pile of masonry. Well, Ned didn't expect us, or dream we were within a hundred leagues of him. When, tap, tap, went my riding whip on the old crazy-shake door. I waited a moment to straighten down my dress. Ned thought it some miner, putting on imported airs, who had probably come to borrow something, as no lady had ever visited his cabin before. He never thought in his mountain solitude, there could exist but two women, and these his mother and sweetheart, and both at that blessed moment beyond two dark and angry seas. I began to think how funny and astonished Ned would look. I struck the door a little harder, when a loud stentorian voice said, "come in!" so pulling the string, in I marched, where I saw a tall, finely proportioned, noble looking fellow, standing at a small table, wetting up bread for dinner, who, on beholding a real live daughter of Eve in his cabin, what do you suppose he did? Why, in his flurry to doff his "sombrero," as was his wont, up went his right hand all covered with soft dough, a part of which, in his confusion, stuck in his long black beard, a lump on his proboscis and the rest fell back in the pan beneath.

I raised my veil from my riding hat, so that he could get a glimpse of my homely face, just as he put his hand into the bag to get some dry flour to rub off the dough from his hands, when he stammeringly articulated, "good gracious! Carrie, is that you?" he rushed towards me, turning over bread pan,

bake kettle and stool, and the dough, he clasped his own hard palm, not enough to nearly drag In his by on finding had not met for years offered a kiss for aught not been for my better at my elbow, an Ar He pushed a stool all be seated, but I could into his full blue eye, struggling with a man a look around the dish as much as to say thought you would noisy Ned in the mo schoolmate." Now, ting dinner, I'll tell —he's taking the the hop, and to all a have a good dinner gry.

Ned Hawley, to seen letter days; had been lured from and opulence, to visions. The had with their bright ed. Hope could bright visions th happy pathway. ously opposed Morton, so he throng of money a fortune among gentle, that h every quarter a rignish lass, same class with ny Lee. Ned when the tea conjugate the lovest, he love more on his l in all the re who would l letters (right sowl of a rignish glare But a chus boyish picked up

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bake kettle and stool, and in spite of all the dough, he clasped my hand within his own hard palm, and shook it hard enough to nearly drag it from my body. In his joy on finding an old friend he had not met for years, he would have offered a kiss for aught I know, had it not been for my better half, who stood at my elbow, an Argus-eyed sentinel. He pushed a stool along and bade me be seated, but I could see by a peep into his full blue eye, that his heart was struggling with a manly pride; he cast a look around the dingy looking walls, as much as to say: "Who'd ever thought you would have come to see noisy Ned in the mountains? your old schoolmate." Now, while Ned is getting dinner, I'll tell you all about him, —he's taking the bean kettle from off the hob, and to all appearance we shall have a good dinner, for I am very hungry.

Ned Hawley, to tell the truth, had seen better days; but, like many others, had been lured from the lap of luxury and opulence, to the land of golden visions. The halcyon days of youth, with their bright anticipations, had faded. Hope could hardly renew the bright visions that once fell over his happy pathway. His people were strenuously opposed to his union with Ada Morton, so he followed the motley throng of money mongers to carve out a fortune among strangers, Jew and gentile, that had gathered here from every quarter of the globe. Ada was a roguish lass, who used to parse in the same class with Ned, myself and Fanny Lee. Ned always told her (just when the teacher's eye was turned,) to conjugate the fearful verb, I love, thou lovest, he loves. He used to draw her more on his little red sled in the snow, than all the rest of us simpering truants, who would have written a dozen love letters (right in school time) for the bestowal of a kind word in return, or a roguish glance from his laughing eye.

But a change came over the spirit of his boyish dreams; for one night he picked up his clothes, threw them out

of the bed room window, then, stealing tip toe down the back stairs, he left the paternal roof. See! he stops a moment at the cottage gate; he sees Ada on the porch, waiting with tearful eyes the parting. The vow of love and fidelity is again repeated, and the last kiss and fond embrace is taken, and Ned stood alone in the world; and as he climbed the hill—don't deem it weakness reader—Ned wept! crowded a little miniature into his traveling sack, pressed his hand against his heart to still its wild throbbing, even with its own heavy weight of sadness, and—hallo! what's that? It is dinner time and Ned is calling his partners from the claim to their dinner. I must stop writing my friend's history, for I am introduced to his partners, who all take a seat at the table. The bread is passed, coffee poured, and a desperate attack made upon the beans, which looked good enough for a king. Each one eats in silence his pork, beans and bread,—thankful for these slight favors. All done, each one takes for the claim, frightened at the sight of a woman. Ned, who lingers behind to read old letters, and show the coveted likeness, tells us all his hardships and when he intends in return to Ada; then again, how sick he has been, all alone in his cabin, in the wilderness.

There is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood, and softens the heart, and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has suffered from illness and despondency, who that has pined on a weary bed in neglect and loneliness, but has thought of a mother that looked on his childhood, that smoothed his pillow, and lifted the cup to his parching lips. Dear me! I am getting sentimental and must close, for the sun is going down, which admonishes us to be gone, for it is a rough road, so Ned, the Cabin, and all—good night!

CAROLINE.

"What a famous old world, is this world we To spend, or to lend, or to give in; live in? But to beg, or to borrow, or get back your own, 'Tis the very worst world that ever was known."

## HOME HAPPINESS.

Where can we find true happiness? How many daily ask that question, but they do not stop to hear and heed the answer that rises spontaneously in their hearts, and that is—at home! Yes, at home! Not in the drinking saloon, not in the gambling house, not where universal deception and meanness is practiced, but where we can be happy under the light of the angel smile of a mother, and the kindly guidance of a father, where brothers and sisters' hearts and hands are joined in mutual love around the hearth-stone, with its genial and holy inspirations.

Home! A word that thrills every noble being's breast, the corner-stone of our happiness. A spot that is not spoken of in word or song, at home or a thousand miles away, without touching the heart-strings and chords of our souls with tender emotions, often causing the tears to glisten in our eye, or to steal unbidden down our cheek.

Among our many California wanderers who have been led astray, there is not one whose heart would not melt, and the oath on his lips be stayed, if some kind friend were to whisper in his ear, Father, Mother, Sister, Brother, or Home!

They are not his joys now, but recollections of by-gone days, the dear associations of home.

How often do we see advertisements in the papers of California, coming from loved ones at home, who anxiously inquire after a lost son or brother. We think little of it when we carelessly read them, but how *their* hearts are aching, how many hours that mother lies awake, night after night, wondering why he does not write or come home.

Here, in our "fast" country, few think of beautifying their homes, of making that sacred spot a place the dear ones can love, even now that they have left their eastern homes and friends, to come and administer to the wants of husbands, sons and brothers, to render fair California a place that every one would like to behold, a lovely spot,

bright with smiling wives, mothers and innocent children; for what was it in '49, when thousands could not behold a woman? How they then wished that they were only here, where we have an everlasting spring, where the flowers are ever blooming in freshness and purity, and where the green vines are ever twining in beauty round the monarch trees. Why could they not make them homes that would win their hearts from other spots, and make them love California and be happy to make it their future place of abode? for any home must be happy, where lingers the sunny smile of a mother, and rings the cheery, gleeful and musical laugh of childhood.

But when the loved have come, those who have so long wished for them, seem wholly occupied with the engrossing thoughts of business, money and fortunes. They are here now, and might as well wait for that nice house a little longer. So it goes on from day to day, from year to year, and no permanent hearth-stone is established; they form not a happy unbroken circle 'round the cheerful fireside, where lessons of wisdom and love are infused into the minds of each, where a proper and gentle influence is exercised over the young, where they learn to love, reverence and venerate home, so that in after years when far from a father's and mother's kindly-beaming eye, the wanderer's thoughts involuntarily wander back along the tangled path of memory, gathering bright gems and flowers by the wayside, they will finally rest upon that never-to-be-forgotten, holy spot, home, where the fountains of love have never ceased gushing, and their crystal love-drops never grown less bright, 'neath the sun of Prosperity or the shade of Adversity.

Then let us do no longer as we have done, but begin at once and make our homes what they should be, and at the same time not forget to let green vines, flowers of love, twine round our hearts, and make them the fit shrine for all that is good and loveable.

A GRASS

Fathers, seek happiness. There you will find loved ones round the roof and within the walls, out the eyes of other continued joy, harmonious lasting happiness will

And you, Brothers, parent's tears and kindness will cheer you, and smiles lead you to a Yes, seek happiness. a flood of love is poured a genial warmth of congenial, brotherly and is shed around you. in innocence and purity race, and a pride to the

San Francisco, March 2

## A GRASSHOPPER

The summer and long be remembered alists of California, as season." That year the timber on the that was not hurt by among other things. I tity of sweet potatoe able to see them all out peddling. After eral trips, I thought a *right smart* peddle up to a house and wanted some vegetable her husband was ne she had no money. ed," said, "I don't I will trust you till said that she would Then, said, "I, you l ens, I will trade f or for something el "Well," said she, GRASSHOPPERS." would, that I e for her. catch t you to wait long," trade paid for p said I, "that is t went to a couple o

with smiling wives, mothers and children; for what was it in thousands could not behold? How they then wished that they were only here, where we have a lasting spring, where the flowers ever blooming in freshness and where the green vines are climbing in beauty round the monuments. Why could they not make homes that would win their hearts, and make them love to be happy, to make it their place of abode? for any man must be happy, who lingers the while of a mother, and rings the cheerful and musical laugh of

When the loved have come, those who so long wished for them, seem occupied with the engrossing of business, money and for they are here now, and might wait for that nice house a little. So it goes on from day to day, year to year, and no permanent home is established; they form a happy unbroken circle round the fireside, where lessons of wisdom and love are infused into the each, where a proper and gentle discipline is exercised over the where they learn to love, revere, and venerate home, so that in after years when far from a father's and kindly-beaming eye, the wanderer's thoughts involuntarily wander to the tangled path of memory, where the bright gems and flowers of the dayside, they will finally rest in a never-to-be-forgotten, holy place, where the fountains of love never ceased gushing, and their love-drops never grown less with the sun of Prosperity or of Adversity.

Let us do no longer as we have begun at once and make our hearts that they should be, and at the same time not forget to let green vines, love, twine round our hearts, and let them the fit shrine for all good and loveable.

Fathers, seek happiness at home! There you will find it. Gather the loved ones round the fireside, under the roof and within the walls that will shut out the eyes of other men, and where continued joy, harmony, love and everlasting happiness will reign for aye.

And you, Brothers, come home! A parent's tears and kind words will welcome you, a brother's and sister's smile will cheer you, and these love-influences lead you to a home in heaven. Yes, seek happiness at home, where a flood of love is poured upon you and a genial warmth of conjugal, filial, parental, brotherly and sisterly affection is shed around you. So we shall live in innocence and purity, a noble-minded race, and a pride to the world.

EUGENIE.

San Francisco, March 20, 1857.

A GRASSHOPPER TRADE.

The summer and fall of 1855, will long be remembered by the agriculturists of California, as "the grasshopper season." That year I had a garden in the timber on the Sacramento river, that was not hurt by these insects, and among other things I had quite a quantity of sweet potatoes; and not being able to sell them all at home, I started out peddling. After I had been several trips I thought that I had got to be a *right smart* peddler. One day I drew up to a house and asked the lady if she wanted some vegetables. She said that her husband was not at home, and that she had no money. "Money be hang-ed," said I, "I don't want any money; I will trust you till I come back." She said that she would not go in debt. Then, said I, you have got lots of chickens, I will trade for them, or for eggs or for anything else that you have got. "Well," said she, "will you trade for GRASSHOPPERS." I told her that I would, but that I could not wait all day for her to catch them. "I don't want you to wait long," she replied, "but we trade pound for pound." "Certainly," said I, "that is all right." She then went to a couple of wash-tubs that stood

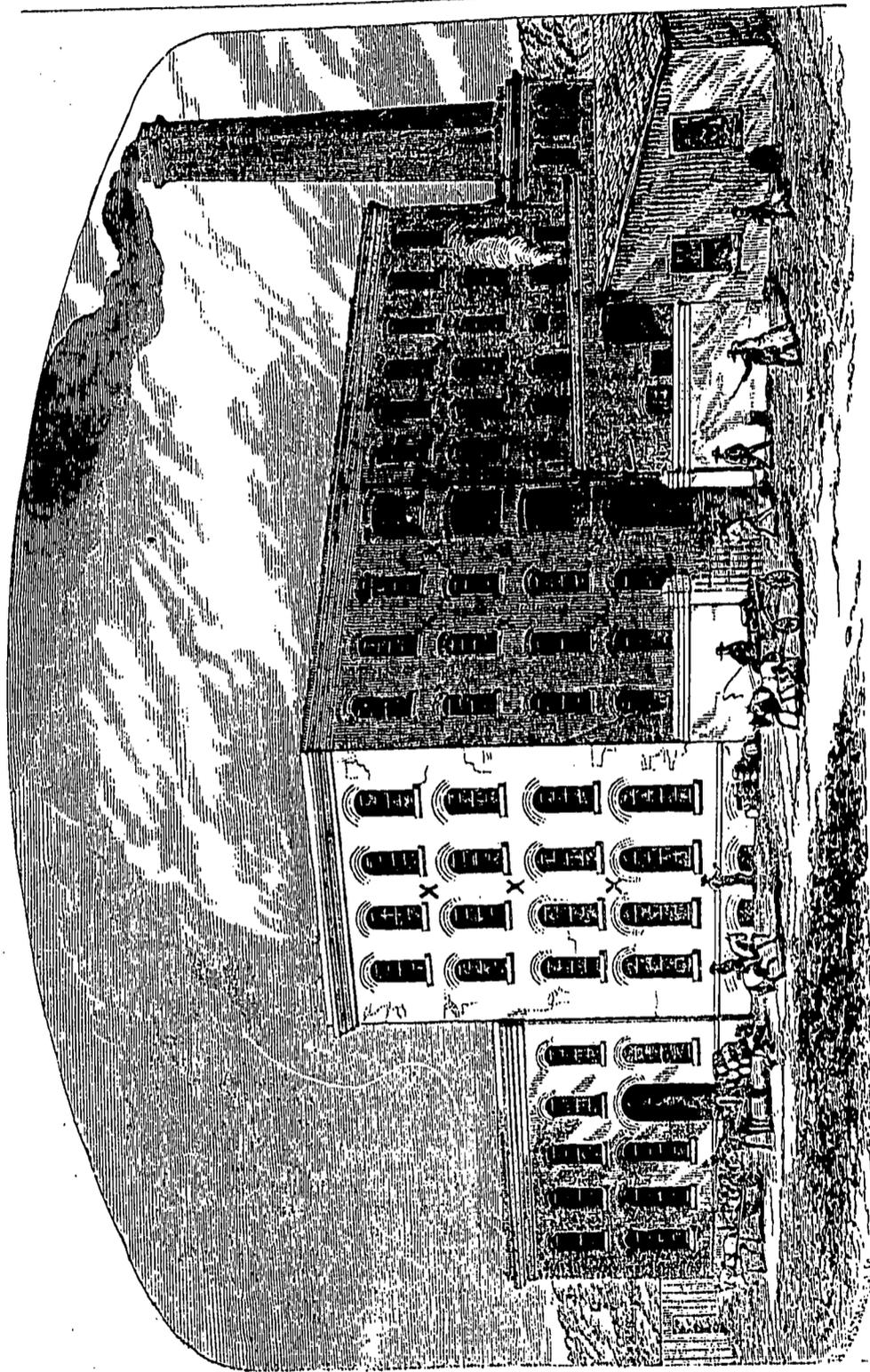
in the yard and took out *seven pounds* of grasshoppers! "Now," said she "these are all *fresh* for I was washing in these tubs this forenoon, and only stopped to get dinner, *about one hour* ago." I gave a *lot* of potatoes, took my grasshoppers, and was off.

SEVENTY-SIX.

THE STEAMER'S PARTING GUN.

BY DR. DOT-IT-DOWN.

The lightnings' glare, the thunder's roll,  
Strike not more terror to the soul,  
Nor dread alarm, nor fell despair,  
Than that sound booming thro' the air.  
It tells of partings, torn and sad,  
The father from his hopeful lad,  
The mother from her only child,  
The peasant from his native wild,  
The husband from his loving wife;  
The friend from all that's dear in life,  
The aged sire from grandchild dear,  
Once, joy for many a coming year,  
Ah! What blank void falls on the heart  
At that loud signal to depart!  
The anchor that the crew have weigh'd,  
No heavier than their soul is made.  
On many a manly cheek, a tear  
With long last kisses, linger there.  
Their once glad home—how desolate!  
How empty all its pride or state.  
The open'd music page unsung,  
No smile, nor kindly critic tongue,  
No little prattler round the room,  
To cheer its heavy ghostly gloom,  
The speaking portraits on the wall,  
How vivid they the lost recall.  
The vacant chair, the single meal—  
Perhaps alone—how they appeal!  
To hearts thus stricken!—nought can toll  
Such anguish, but—the death stroke knell.  
O Thou! "whose way is in the sea,  
Whose path in the great waters be,  
Whose footsteps ever guide aright,  
Though hid by mortal's keenest sight," (Ps 77)  
Father of Mercies! hear their prayers,  
And cheer their hearts, and ease their cares.  
Be Thine the pilot hand to steer,  
From hidden rock, or tempest near,  
Rule Thou the raging of each storm,  
Uphold their proud ark's graceful form;  
And may it rest, Thine arm upon,  
And, like "Thy Kingly power, Ride on." (Ps  
Put far from them the thought, the pain, [45]  
Each no'er on earth, may meet again.  
Without them, what would be earth's joys  
Of wealth, or fame, but empty toys?  
Pale Death might take, what fair earth gave,  
Their only wish, would be—the grave.  
Their only hope—that land above,  
Where none but angels, live to love.



AN HOUR

AN HOUR AT THE SUGAR REFINERY

Herewith we present a description of the San Francisco Refinery, with such a hasty visit, and the assistance of George Gordon, Esq., enables us to give:

This establishment is a large and well equipped incorporated company, in which is owned one half in the East.

The works are located between San Francisco and San Jose on a piece of ground of about 100 acres.

The buildings are of a massive style, 76 feet deep, part four stories and part two stories and the engine house 20 by 22 feet, black factory 22 by 22 stories high; a steam boiler 100 feet, and boardwalk detached. All the various furnaces is on ground floor, large man through them, or chimney, 90 feet at the base, and 5 feet of brick.

A line of clipper ships to 800 tons, are employed to run between Manila and this port importing raw sugar grades, used by the refinery into loaf, crushed and related and power are currently used.

The consumption of the establishment, with capacity, is as follows: tons raw sugar,

## AN HOUR AT THE SAN FRANCISCO SUGAR REFINERY.

Herewith we present a truthful engraving of the San Francisco Sugar Refinery, with such description as a hasty visit, and the polite attentions of George Gordon, Esqr., the Principal, enables us to give:

This establishment belongs to an incorporated company, half of the stock in which, is owned in San Francisco, and half in the East.

The works are located half way between San Francisco and the Mission, on a piece of ground three acres in extent.

The buildings are of brick, built in a massive style, 76 feet front, 120 feet deep, part four stories and basement, and part two stories and basement, with an engine house 20 by 30 feet; a Bone black factory 22 by 40 feet, and two stories high; a steam cooperage 20 by 100 feet, and boarding house for hands detached. All the smoke from the various furnaces is conducted by underground flues, large enough to admit a man through them, to a detached shaft or chimney, 90 feet high, 14 feet square at the base, and 5 feet at the top, also of brick.

A line of clipper barks, of from 450 to 800 tons, are employed by the company to run between Batavia and Manila and this port, for the purpose of importing raw sugars, of the brown grades, used by refiners, which is made into loaf, crushed, coffee crushed, granulated and powdered sugars, such as are currently used in the market.

The consumption of articles by this establishment, when working up to its capacity, is as follows per annum: 4000 tons raw sugar, 1600 tons of coal, 400

tons of bones, for making ivory or bone black for filtering, 1,100,000 staves, 1,000,000 hoops, 200,000 heads for packages, (barrels and kegs.) The works employ 60 men in doors, and directly and indirectly in the getting of staves, hoops, heads, making barrels, freighting, teaming, &c., about 75 to 80 more—making about 150 hands, for whom employment is found in the State, in the refining and proper preparation of an article of home consumption.

The processes used in this establishment are of the newest and most improved kind. We cannot pretend to give a precise account of this interesting manufacture, but in general terms the process is as follows;

The raw sugar is emptied into three large iron vats, of the capacity of about 3000 gallons, in which it is boiled by steam. Various clarifying ingredients are added, and the boiling mass is brought to a proper point of liquidity, denoted by certain delicate instruments called *saccharometers*. It is then run off through various strainers, and finally forced by a steam pump through fabrics of thick canvas, set in massive iron boxes. From these it issues bright and clear.

It is then run through four huge iron vats, each of which holds 50 to 60 barrels of ivory black, in a granulated state, from which, after 24 hours, it issues of a pale amber color perfectly pellucid.

The liquid sugar thus clarified, is conducted through pipes to an instrument called the Vacuum pan, out of which all the air is pumped, and in this it is boiled in *vacuo* until it commences to chrysalize.

Subsequently it is poured into iron cones inverted, each holding about five

gallons, of which the establishment is supplied with several thousands. In these the process of chrysalization is suffered to progress to a certain point, after which the cones (or moulds) and their contents are hoisted into Draining rooms, where, exposed to a high temperature, they drain off the syrup from the crystalized sugar. In this room the crystalized sugar is further bleached, until it assumes the requisite whiteness for the kind of refined sugar intended. After which, the sugar, now being firmly set, white and partially hard, is removed to the *oven*, a structure capable of containing 170 tons of sugar loaves, and there dried or baked.

It is then brought down into the mill room, where there are four mills for preparing various kinds of sugar.

There are also four centrifugal machines in process of erection, for preparing sugars of lower grade than loaf or crushed. These mills revolve with an enormous speed, the outer circumference traveling at the rate 12,000 feet per minute. The syrups are parted from the chrysalis by the rapid centrifugal motion, and forced through the fine wire gauze which forms the outer circumference of the machine. Each of these machines will prepare two tons of sugar daily.

Besides the internal works, the manufactories attached for making barrels and ivory black are interesting, but not of a nature to be explained easily by a non-professional writer.

On the premises are two fine artesian wells giving the purest water, of which 70 to 80,000 gallons per day are used in the establishment.

The cost of the works exceeded one hundred thousand dollars.

### OLD FORTY-NINE.

#### NUMBER SIX.

"Oh that we were on the dark wave together,  
With but one plank between us and destruction,  
That I might grasp him with these desperate arms  
And plunge with him amid the weltering billows,  
And view him gasp for life!"

Fill up the sparkling goblet to the brim—see the bright light flashes in the cup as it is raised aloft—and eye to eye is giving back the light, as gathered comrades pour a libation to their hopes. They are exultant, and for the time are gods, forgetting the mortal, for the future hath no date in their calendar, which is not written down in golden characters.

Their path seems bright with sunshine, happy and joyous 'mid flowers and vineyards—hanging sun-kissed grapes above their heads are bending to their lips in the wealth of clustering profusion—balmy breezes fan their brows—their step is light and buoyant, and their voices have the ring of bells in jubilee.

They reckon not that the night is getting darker every hour, that the wind is gathering high, that the storm king is thundering down the avalanche with the chained winds to his car, amid the rolling clouds. And Old Ocean hears him coming, and is rousing from her sleep to welcome her rough lover in his wooing, from the mountain peaks.

The brothers for the raid on Mexico were holding high festival in the cabin of the *Galtschut*, and she, under press of canvas, was dashing out into the Pacific, steering down the southern coast. It was a magnificent night, but ahead there was a luminous and threatening cloud, which our Captain was eyeing anxiously, and he had begun to lessen our sail and get ready for a heavy blow.

But in the cabin all was joyous revelry; flushed with hopes and generous wine, they knew not that danger was gathering round them. Well, soon it came, and our gallant little craft shivered as if she trembled with fear, when the burst of the hurricane came swooping on us, and nearly threw her on her

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nd nearly threw her on her

beam ends. We had changed our  
course and were doing our best to re-  
gain the shelter of the golden gates  
again.

The storm now raged at its height—  
the heavens were dashing down fierce  
winds upon the sea, which leaped in  
mad defiance up to the sky in moun-  
tain waves, throwing aloft their white  
foamed tops, like wizard arms and  
clutching hands, as if to grasp the heav-  
ens and drag them down. But the  
crushing winds would beat them back  
upon the sea again,—and now the voice  
of the STORM KING would be heard in  
thunder tones, as he dashed in his  
winged car down the sides of the roll-  
ing waves and leaped from crest to  
crest!

'Twas a glorious sight to see the ele-  
mental strife, to listen to the thunder,  
to the rush of the rolling waves, and  
hear the winds calling aloud in the hol-  
lows of the mighty deep.

Aloft the clouds were racing in mad  
career past the moon, which looked out  
angry from the drifting scud. *God's*  
*power* was written there, superhuman  
strength and gigantic forces—before  
which the mortal quailed in his insigni-  
ficance, and felt the littleness of all  
his puny efforts to stay the mighty tem-  
pest in its whirl.

I too, was mad amid the storm, and  
my soul was fit companion for the howl-  
ing demon winds, and spirit of destruc-  
tion which was abroad upon the waters.

That night I learned a secret *which*  
*turned my blood to tears*, my cup to poi-  
son, my present to a curse, my past to  
a hissing and a shame, and made me as  
for the future to be a wanderer in a  
dark and dreary wilderness.

Fill up, fill up the cups, old friend,  
with the sparkling wine, I would drown  
the memories of that night. Fill up  
and drink to my toast:

A brave heart, a keen eye, a strong  
arm and a ready blade to the INJURED  
ONE, and death! eternal death! from  
that arm given, to the ACCURSED SEDU-  
CER! *God's* wrath light on me if this  
pledge is wrong! No, no! it cannot be,

or I would hear in memories echoes  
accusing voices. It cannot be, though  
the Lord hath said vengeance is mine,  
and although, in communities, the law,  
before which all good men bow, has be-  
come the voice of God and would mete  
out punishment to the transgressor.

STILL THERE ARE WRONGS WHERE  
MAN CAN RIGHT HIMSELF ALONE, and  
the quick steel or ready bullet must be  
his instruments. And his brothers met  
in solemn council, must say, THERE IS  
NO BLOOD UPON HIS HANDS.

For woe betide that land where the  
law would arrogate a right over men's  
souls, and be the keeper of their honor.  
Farewell patriotism; farewell chival-  
ry; farewell the gallant heart and true  
heroic soul, the mighty arm maintain-  
ing right, repelling wrong, which in the  
hour of danger to the commonwealth,  
is a bulwark and a tower of strength.

As we were sailing out from the  
Heads, Harold came to my cabin.—  
Markham, said he, you recollect one  
night that I stood with you on the  
shores that we have left, and I told you  
of a fair girl I had wronged in another  
land, and I promised I would tell you  
more some other day. See here is a  
packet containing her picture and let-  
ters. I cannot look at them, some other  
day I will; you read them, my friend,  
and if there is any request in them, you  
tell me, and I will fulfill it if man can  
do it.

He left, leaving the sealed packet on  
the table. I opened it, I lifted the case  
of a miniature, I touched the spring.

Why did I spring from my seat as  
if the angel of death had placed her  
icy fingers on my heart? Why did I  
gasp for breath and feel as if the world  
was sinking from beneath my feet?  
Oh God! it was her picture. It was  
Lavinia's!

Her who had been my first love, the  
inspiration of my youth; whose love-  
lit eyes had looked into my soul and  
stirred its first pulsations in the bright  
halcyon days of my joyous boyhood?  
Her who since then had been my life,  
my day and night dream, the very

Mecca of my pilgrimage—for whose truth and purity I would have pledged my soul, aye my hopes here and hereafter. And now in my manhood I was looking at her picture to know she had dishonored me and for him the accursed! I steadied my nerves, and read her long letters to him. Ah me! what words of heart broken sorrow, what deep repentance, what pleadings to Harold to save his lost soul; and often she wrote of one she had loved before, of an old friend, and these words were the inspiration of her old faith, and were beautiful to read.

For although I had been wronged foully, damnably wronged, and could hardly give her one thought of pity, still I could see her heart in death was clinging to her virgin love.

Strange magic spell, over which space and time hath no control—which lives on through life till old age, till death, dwellest thou alike in the hearts of the guilty as the innocent!

I, unknowing how, in the quiet hours of a dreary philosophy, amid the balm of flowers, with the bright moon looking down into two joyous faces, whose eyes were radiant with affection, had asked that question of my love, and she, poor simple innocent maiden, wondered at so strange a thought, and answered not!—BUT I HAD MY ANSWER NOW.

And even in the bitterness of my affliction, the scene of that night came back to me, plain as 'twere but yesterday—and I could recollect the train of thought and its cause, which made me speak so then, with almost prophetic power. It was from a jest of hers, and a strange light which, for an instant, flashed from her eye—the evil demon of her destiny had been near her then, and I had seen the shadow of his wing. Enclosed in the packet was a letter addressed to me, which Harold was asked to send to me. I read with eager haste, and her words were like the music of the past to my broken heart, they were full of love, and she told me she was dying, and bade me hope on and grieve not for her.

This letter was written the day before she died—for endorsed on the packet was the day of her death. I finished, looked again at her picture, pressed it to my lips and hurled it in the sea!—and then came wild thoughts of vengeance quick and terrible!

Gasping for breath in the stifled cabin, I sought the deck, and for the first time learned that a storm was raging so fiercely round us, and that we were running back to the Heads of the Golden Gate. We seemed madly rushing for the rocks right under the north Head, the waves were seething round us like a whirlpool, and the winds howling aloft, beside us, and beneath, like a million devils in satanic devilry. Now like a burst of heavy cannonade, crashing, deafening and appalling!—now ten thousand shouts of defiance!—now a loud long wail of death, which seemed to mount up to the heavens, and then come back again with louder and more piercing cry of agony!

I stood beside the helmsman and could see the breakers, with the white foam boiling over them, and I felt the devil strong within me, to throw out my arm and put the helm hard up, for one false turn upon the wheel, one shiver of the sails, one pause in our onward course, and we would be grinding upon the rocks, and I would have been revenged, for the Galtshut and her crew would have been blotted from the page of life!

It was but an instant and the thought was gone, and soon we glided into smooth water and our anchor down we were riding in safety in the harbor.

For some time I paced the deck, pondering on the course I should pursue.

Harold must die! I inwardly exclaimed,—his blood must atone for her dishonor and my wrongs!

The spirit of the assassin was strong within me, and I felt the sharp point of my dagger-knife to see that its edge was keen.

He found her heart and destroyed her life, and I will find his heart and my good blade shall drink his life's blood!

Thinking thus, I descended into the cabin where the revellers were celebrating their jubilee.

Harold was seated at the table, and the light shone on his splendid countenance. The shadow of the door to the cabin can it be possible, I thought, that man is repentant for the crime that moment he seemed to commit—can it be possible that he is suffering while he lives? For in truth, that man has an inward life which the world sees? For in truth, thus in the world, and the quiet smile hideth a burning soul, and a heart broken forever.

I entered the cabin. Harold exclaimed Harold, I died for you. This calm is delightful, and it needs a joyous spirit here to make perfect. We have won our son.

For an instant I felt my heart sank within me, stop in its pulsations; I ment, and my nerves strength again, and I would say, I too, will have which no man will kill as joyful as the God knows! even in where the loud and pealing and sending over the waters of the beating there could low strangely would have differed from mess of the time. the great world, which with a mask before his soul is known to God!

Thus our life by and to gain men's knave's approval—praise and hate, if, may add one dollar don a mask of vanity the sinner and the meet them in our



world together—he has dishonored me—Harold will answer you when he has read the address of this letter which I now give him," and suiting the action to the word, I threw upon the table her letter addressed to me.

He lifted it—O! what a look of agony was in his face! I could have forgiven him—"God!" he exclaimed, "is this true? Markham, was you her lover? Was she to have been your bride?"—and he bowed his head upon the table, and his frame shook as with a convulsion. But it passed away, and he looked up again, calm and quiet as of old, and he stood beside me, and in the gentle tones of his usual voice he spoke—"Markham, our oath is not binding in a quarrel like this—give me your hand my friend, I have sinned against you and will atone, as brave men can atone to one another. We must fight, let it be in an hour, upon the beach, and let the weapon be your favorite one—the small-sword. Now give me your hand as an old friend." He held out his and I grasped it warmly, he let it fall to his side as he continued, "when we meet again 'twill be as deadly enemies."

In one hour more our arrangements were made, and I had received my effects from the schooner, and had been absolved from my oath, and now, on the low flat of the beach, before you come to the fork, we were standing—I and Harold—face to face, with our friends around us; stripped to our drawers and under-shirts, and our arms bare, with the bright thin swords glittering in the moonlight. "Are you ready?" said one of the seconds; we answered yes, and then we closed in deadly strife.

We were both masters of the weapon. For an hour we fought and our weapons had both drank blood—we had a five-minutes breathing twice.

I was looking up to the glorious sky perchance for the last time; the old familiar faces of the stars were smiling on me, and one star in the west was blood-red to my eye, and I thought I

saw a dangerous face look out from it to me—"Ready," said our seconds, and we closed again. And now it was plain 'twas the last struggle. Quick as light he dealt his blows on me, and feint and pass was given and parried with the speed of light—but Harold's days were numbered, for in the next pass his sword was quivering in the air and mine was buried in his heart.

I knelt beside him—I saw that he was dying—"Markham forgive," he whispered, and then exclaimed "carry me to the ship."

They lifted him, I saw them bear him to the boat. I saw her, by the moon's rays, reach the schooner, and then I heard the quick word of command "make all sail, ahoy," and her sails were bellying out with the breeze, and her anchor was up, and she glided away—and *Lavinia was avenged*, and I looked up to the star again and her face was smiling there.

Years after this, away down upon the Southern Coast, I had become a Rancheiro, and hunting for cattle on the beach, I saw the wreck of a vessel, where the boiling surf had hurled it over the reef into smooth water, and where she had paused, though 'twas plain all hands on board had perished, and that she had lain there for years bleaching her timbers in the sun. Led by curiosity, I rode near, and on her stern was painted in weather-worn letters, the "*Galtschut*." Thus ended *the raid on Mexico*.

I have finished this first part of my memories of old "'49." I am weary now; some other day I will, at a more convenient season, tell thee more, old friend; so now good night, and pleasant dreams be yours. R. K.

## ACROSTIC.

Can a heart-felt prayer, and holy,  
Aid to raise thee, stricken one—  
Raise thee from thy languishing,  
Raise to health the gifted one—  
I now offer, humbly, lowly,  
Earnest prayer to Him, our God—  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Divine Creator, "spare the rod."

THE  
Alas! and is it  
That I, who love  
I, who left all the  
Friends, home, a  
Is there no one  
No one to bathe  
And whisper the  
Oh! Charles, co  
Than woman ex  
Why did you w  
To break and ca  
Why take me fi

And must I die  
To care for me,  
Oh! husband,  
And let me lay  
Upon my loved  
To die and be  
Oh, say once m  
You love your  
And, my husba  
When I am up  
He is not  
Oh! Fath

Cold and pale  
The deserted w  
No loved one  
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## OUR NEIGHBORS.

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THE DYING WIFE.

Alas! and is it true. Oh! can it be,  
That I, who loved, and was beloved by thee;  
I, who left all that was dear to me,  
Friends, home, all, all for thee.  
Is there no one to love me now?  
No one to bathe my burning, throbbing brow,  
And whisper that they love me?  
Oh! Charles, come back, I love you more  
Than woman ever loved before.  
Why did you win my heart,  
To break and cast it from thee? [me?  
Why take me from my home and then desert

And must I die alone? no loved one near,  
To care for me, or shed one tear?  
Oh! husband, come sit down beside my bed,  
And let me lay my dying head,  
Upon my loved one's breast,  
To die and be at rest.  
Oh, say once more you love me;  
You love your own dear Ellen,  
And, my husband, I will pray for you,  
When I am up in Heaven.  
He is not here, he will not come!  
Oh! Father, Mother, Home.

Cold and pale upon the bed,  
The deserted wife lay dead;  
No loved one near;  
No one but strangers there,  
To mourn for her.

KITTY CLOUD.

OUR NEIGHBOR ON THE RIGHT.

Our neighbor on the right is a lively specimen of the tribe Cheap-Jack. When he came first amongst us, we thought of looking out for another habitation, but after a few evening experiences we resolved to let him alone, and to let ourselves alone. He is not a vulgar fellow, and never pollutes his mouth with reprehensible language. His wit is of the first order, and if he had been born a statesman-orator, instead of a statesman-jack-pudding, he would have been the most popular speaker on record. Every body who hears him wishes to hear him again. His wares appear to be every where, and he professes to sell every thing, from the necessaries of a ship's crew, down to that necessity—a corkscrew. He is a particular favorite of the better class of laborers, and does the best business in the city. His conundrums are first rate, and too good to be given up.

We report his first essay, which we do him the justice to say, is worth its weight in—tadpoles.

“Now I am going to ventar upon your notice the wonder of the day, a rare genuine pair of carving articles—a knife and fork. Look at the knife; 'tis the only one in the city that can be warranted to cut eight and forty slices out of a leg of mutton and yet leave enough for as many country cousins as you would wish to entertain afterwards. Here is the fork; isn't it enough to make you fork out. Hillo, you, I didn't say walk out. What shall I say for this vest? There's an investment for you. Try it on young man. Now I'd advise you to go and see Sally once more, and if she doesn't consent to such a handsome fellow this time, why then, I'd give you leave to say, that I am no more judge than a lawyer.” “It doesn't fit,” said the man from Pike. “Not a fit? Father Abraham and all the prophets, look at this! Not this a fit? Why it beats your New York Broadway swells into fits. Why, even Solomon in all his glory could never boast of such a vest, and as for a fit (taking hold of a good handful of it behind) you're no judge; ask Sally, she shall decide the matter. You won't have it then? You shan't have this quire of letter writing paper which all my friends are waiting to bid for. Here it is; a most invaluable article; teaching how to address one's own true love:

My dear Nancy—You never did a man see so much to your fancy as the writer of this can see.

Here's another for a Senator:

My dear Relation—I'm in such a situation of eternal botheration about the affairs of this nation that I'll take the first occasion to get out of this station.

Here's another for a Lawyer:

Dear Sir—If you please, hand us out our fees, or else we shall tease you out of your peace. Do this for your ease, or go down on your knees, like a half-made green cheese.

Here's one for a Storesman:

Dear Sir—None can sell, I know

ACROSTIC.

In a heart-felt prayer, and holy,  
I to raise thee, stricken one—  
Free thee from thy languishing,  
Use to health the gifted one—  
Now offer, humbly, lowly,  
Sweetest prayer to Him, our God—  
O Creator, “spare the rod.”

a dangerous face look out from it  
“Ready,” said our seconds, and  
losed again. And now it was  
'twas the last struggle. Quick  
ht he dealt his blows on me, and  
and pass was given and parried  
the speed of light—but Harold's  
were numbered, for in the next  
his sword was quivering in the  
nd mine was buried in his heart.  
melt beside him—I saw that he  
dying—“Markham forgive,” he  
ered, and then exclaimed “carry  
the ship.”  
ey lifted him, I saw them bear  
to the boat. I saw her, by the  
s rays, reach the schooner, and  
I heard the quick word of com-  
“make all sail, ahoy,” and her  
were bellying out with the breeze,  
er anchor was up, and she glided  
—and Lavinia was avenged, and  
sed up to the star again and her  
was smiling there.  
its after this, away down upon  
Southern Coast, I had become a  
heiro, and hunting for cattle on the  
I saw the wreck of a vessel,  
the boiling surf had hurled it  
the reef into smooth water, and  
she had paused, though 'twas  
all hands on board had perished,  
hat she had lain there for years  
ling her timbers in the sun. Led  
riosity, I rode near, and on her  
was painted in weather-worn let-  
the “Galschut.” Thus ended the  
on Mexico.  
ave finished this first part of my  
eries of old “49.” I am weary  
some other day I will, at a more  
nient season, tell thee more, old  
so now good night, and pleasant  
be yours. R. K.

it well, so cheap as I; step in and try whether it be, as you shall see, soda, candles, hatchet-handles, cheese or butter, sausage-cutter, blacking brushes, seeds or rushes, twine or rope, starch or soap, wooden bowls, quids or rolls Mus-sleman pipes, lawyer swipes, salt or mustard, eggs for custard, brooms or mops, lollipops, candies, toys, for girls or boys.

Now, why is my partner, Joe, cord-in up that box, like a first rate lawyer? Because he's a re-cord-er. When I takes this lump off this heavy stand, can you understand what this stand becomes? A lamp-lighter. What is the difference between my going in and coming out of a gin store? Why, when I goes in I tips, but I comes out tips-i. Why are you like a chewed pill when you can't guess my conundrums? You gives it up?—Then there's a snatch of a song,—O rare Mowie Kennie, the butt of many a broth of boy, the ladies' joy.

Now, lads, look out for a bargain. If any of you want to open a store and commence genteelly, here's half a dozen pairs of stockings for your stock in trade. Each one is warranted never to have a hole in it, if bought at the hole-sale price. Oh, that man 's a judge of good hose. Friends, I'll recommend you to pass judgment on the bifalutin double-pressure fire engine that's to have a hose long enough and strong enough to pump out the water of the Pacific into the Atlantic, to make the tides even. Who goes in for a pair of razors? Now, young man, you don't mean to say you intend to kiss Betty with such a beard and mustache as that? You may as well attempt it through a corn sieve. O fie for shame; get shaved and let her see what a beautiful mouth you've got for a kiss. Well, Buchanan is a great man, and no mistake, but I've got a gruter in this box that I'll sell you for a bit or I'll consent to be bit by the first mad dog you like to lay hold of." (Puts up a nutmeg grater.) "Who'll go in next for a pair of tin japanned candle-sticks? A dollar a pair—a quarter—a bit—I take no more—I take no less—

how can I, in California? Friend, you've got a bargain, and if you don't say I stole 'em to sell at that price, why, then, when they walk off, I'll say they are no candle-sticks but walking-sticks. Sings—Blind Judge Mac Ben was six score and ten, had an ugly tom cat as blind as a bat, and a jay that squinted this way and that, O such was their state not one could look straight.—Now for the next lot—a saw, a hammer, a plane and a chisel. What shall I say for the four?—three dollars, two and a half—look at the saw—no Sheffield goods here?—all first rate Sheffield. Ah, look at it again. You never saw a saw saw as that saw saws. I've seen bow-saws and rip-saws, whip-saws and hand-saws, tenon-saws, key-hole and pannel-saws, sash-saws, circular-saws, cross-cut-saws, muley-saws, and gang-saws, wood-saws, stone-saws, bone-saws and meat-saws, iron-saws and steel-saws, small-saws and large-saws, short saws, thick-saws and thin-saws, and both hard-saws and soft-saws; but of all the saws to saw that I ever saw saw, I never saw such a saw to saw as this saw is to saw, since I first saw saws saw; and I saw saws saw, soon after I first saw; and for the hammer, why, you've only to take the first half of it and you'll have ham for breakfast—if you like to eat it. Examine the plane—it's plain, without axe-plaining which would be rough work. I guess it's worth all the money. As for the chisel, I'll be chiselled out of the whole if I sell 'em for less. That's right, young man, and as you're a carpenter can you tell me what's that a barber lives by that a carpenter loses by? Do you give it up?—Shavings. Talking of shavings—here's a bargain—shaving pot, looking-glass, two razors and soap. How much shall I say?—three dollars, ah, I don't mind putting in a good story that's worth ten times the money. Thank ye, old fellow, you have a good story, I see, well, here goes: My old dad was a barber and a rum-fusty soaper, too. One cold night, when the old gent had just got one foot in his bed and had just put the candle out, there

came a bang 'at the knock the house down says he. 'Tom,' 'Well, what does Tom cut and wig shaved time in the morning one o'clock. Can't you 'No, I won't,' says your door down and open it.' So dad of Tom lay for the of the charge? 'Wh 'a dollar for such a heard as you've got like a Cherokee Ind a rope swab. 'A doll then, give me half 'Good,' says my fat sat and being preci fell asleep. Now a joke as well as any give him his half-do cut one half of his l and never touched shaved in the same tache and beard. 'T he had got his ha old fellow, and ma for I wan't to go to looking glass,' says rect? 'O,' says too many glasses al pushed him out do time, ever after, h Dollar Tom.'"

MARI

Among all the e society in Californi there are none so in its baneful effe violations of the Divorees are nov that one would alu that the abomina "Free love system rule, rather than code of morals. garded as a sacree institution for the piness of the race to be looked upo

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 saws, and gang-saws, wood-saws,  
 saws, and bone-saws and meat-saws,  
 saws and steel-saws, small saws  
 ge-saws, short saws, thick saws  
 h-saws, and both hard-saw and  
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 One cold night, when the  
 just got one foot in his bed,  
 put the candle out, there

came a bang at the door enough to  
 knock the house down. 'Who's there,'  
 says he. 'Tom,' says the knocker.  
 'Well, what does Tom want?' 'Beard  
 cut and wig shaved.' 'What, at this  
 time in the morning? Why, it's just  
 one o'clock. Can't you call to-morrow?'  
 'No, I won't,' says Tom. 'I'll smash  
 your door down and you too, if you don't  
 open it.' So dad opened it and down  
 Tom lay for the operation. 'What's  
 the charge?' 'Why,' said my old dad,  
 'a dollar for such a head of hair and  
 beard as you've got;—for his hair was  
 like a Cherokee Indian's, and his beard  
 a rope swab. 'A dollar?' says he, 'well,  
 then, give me half a dollar's worth.'  
 'Good,' says my father. So down Tom  
 sat and being precious drunk he soon  
 fell asleep. Now daddy, who loved a  
 joke as well as any man, proceeded to  
 give him his half-dollar's worth, for he  
 cut one half of his hair off quite close,  
 and never touched the other, and then  
 shaved in the same manner, the mus-  
 tache and beard. 'Now,' says dad, after  
 he had got his half-dollar, 'wake up,  
 old fellow, and make yourself scarce,  
 for I want to go to bed. 'Give me a  
 looking glass,' says he to dad—'all cor-  
 rect?' 'O,' says dad, 'you have had  
 too many glasses already,' and with that  
 pushed him out doors, and from that  
 time, ever after, he was called 'Half-  
 Dollar Tom.'

MARRIAGE.

Among all the evils which prevail in  
 society in California at the present time,  
 there are none so fraught with misery  
 in its baneful effects, as the frequent  
 violations of the marriage contract.  
 Divorces are now so easily obtained,  
 that one would almost be led to believe  
 that the abominable doctrines of the  
 "Free love system," were becoming the  
 rule, rather than the exception, in our  
 code of morals. Instead of being re-  
 garded as a sacred ordinance, of divine  
 institution for the well-being and hap-  
 piness of the race, marriage has come  
 to be looked upon at the present day,

as a *civil contract only*. Wherever  
 marriage is considered as a sacred in-  
 stitution, and all its rights and privi-  
 leges regarded as holy, we find society  
 elevated in the scale of true and genu-  
 ine morality; upon this, as upon a foun-  
 dation stone, rests the order and har-  
 mony of social life. So far as the di-  
 vine law of marriage of one man with  
 one woman, is recognized by the civil  
 law and acted upon, society exists in a  
 state of order and happiness. Where  
 the contrary is the case, confusion, ha-  
 tred, discord, and misery, reign in the  
 place of that order, harmony and hap-  
 piness, which should always character-  
 ise a Christian community. Marriage  
 was for a long time regarded as a *union  
 for life*, between the parties who as-  
 sumed its sacred obligations, now it is  
 a co-partnership, to be dissolved by the  
 whim or caprice of either party. The  
 good among us, deplore the existence  
 of this desolating evil, which has sun-  
 dered so many once happy families, and  
 ask with deep earnestness the question,  
 What is the cause, and where shall we  
 find the remedy, for this wide spread  
 social disorder in our midst? To see  
 and rightly appreciate the primary  
 cause of this evil, we must go back to  
 the first principles upon which the  
 whole structure of society rests. The  
 wrong commences in the early educa-  
 tion and development of woman.

The blame rests not wholly upon  
 man or woman, but upon both as  
 parents.

Is there not a grievous error in the  
 first starting point, of the education and  
 moral training of our daughters? While  
 our sons are taught the true dignity of  
 labor, either of thought, invention or  
 manual effort, and are compelled to la-  
 bor for their own support, they thus  
 develop a strong, manly character by  
 the very effort required to do this; our  
 daughters, alas! are led to consider  
*marriage*, and a *settlement in life* as the  
 great object for which they were crea-  
 ted. They must expect always to de-  
 pend upon man, either as Father,  
 Brother or Husband, for the supply of

all their wants. They are even taught to pervert the holy, affectionate part of their womanly natures to the purposes of craft and fascination, in order to obtain a position by marriage. Alas! in how many instances are the purest and best affections of the young, inexperienced girl, bartered for gold, for houses and lands, for a respectable position in society! Here lies the cause of so many unhappy and discordant unions (we cannot call them by the sacred name of marriages) which take place among us.

Woman was not created to be the tyrant or the slave of man! She was to be his equal, to walk upright by his side in her native dignity and purity, receiving and bestowing happiness. She is totally unlike man, yet formed to be his other and better half, making with him a perfect whole. Can she do this unless she is left in freedom to develop her own character, to arrive at mature age both mentally and bodily, that she may understand the mysterious laws and affinities which govern her nature and being? *Parents* have much to answer for, in view of the evils which exist in regard to the marriage relation, and it behooves them to ponder deeply upon this all important subject.

The early age at which girls are permitted to marry, is often a cause of misery for their whole life time. Why should not our daughters be taught to rely upon themselves, be educated for the great duties of life as individual, responsible beings? Nearly half the marriages contracted at the present day, are those of *interest* and *convenience*, and what can we expect to be the result? The distinctions of society are hollow and artificial; Money, Splendor and a Life of Ease and Idleness! These seem to constitute the highest good of the great mass of society. Can it be wondered at that so many are fascinated by the gaiety and splendor which surround wealth and high station in life? Even the wise and good often bow down in adoration, taking the shadow for the substance. Wealth

when justly obtained and rightly dispensed is a great blessing, but how many find, *too late*, that it fails to bestow true happiness upon its possessor, Pecuniary independence should be sought and secured independently of the affections. Let us educate our daughters so that they may do this. Let us teach them to consider these affections holy as the innermost shrine of the Divinity within them, neither to be bartered for gold nor the meretricious trappings of wealth and station. "Love, and love only, is the loan for love."

The marriage union should be founded on mutual affection and regarded as an *indissoluble bond of souls*, not as a mere civil contract or deed of sale. When this is the universal rule, and the contrary only the exception, then shall we behold true marriage, worthy indeed this sacred name.

We need a higher appreciation of the *sanctity* of the marriage relation, a more correct estimate of the priceless value of this choicest blessing bestowed upon human beings by our infinite Creator. ANNA.

DELICATE DIRECTIONS FOR KISSING.—Kissing is an accomplishment that should form part of every gentleman's education. A man that is too bashful to kiss a lady, as Mrs. Malaprop would say, when all is agreeable, is a poor good-for-nothing, a lost sinner without a hope of mercy. \* \* \* Don't bungle the matter by a five minutes torture, like a cat playing with a mouse. Kiss a girl deliberately—sensible all the time of the great duty you are performing—but remember also that a kiss, to be enjoyed in its full flavor, should be taken fresh, like champagne just from the flask. Ah! then you get it in all its airy and spirituelle raciness. If you wish a sentimental kiss—and after all perhaps they are the spicier—steal your arm around her waist, take her hand softly in your own, and then, tenderly drawing her towards you, kiss her as you might imagine a zephyr so do it! We never exactly timed the accomplishment with a stop watch, but we have no doubt the affair might be managed very handsomely in ten seconds.

POEMS BY MRS. Ward & Taylor, Cincinnati little volume of 300 interesting subjects; by mento city. Our merits by the follow

## LINES TO

Thou com'st from a poses,

Spread out in her Where ne'er the drea roses,

And time, the n cay;

And here, far away Ne'er more to be

Ne'er more for the low,

Half hidden by

And yet, even now ing,

Methinks a lo mine ear—

Embosomed in pinning!

Ah! why that and drea

Dost whisper of darkling,

Down—down deep?

Dost murmur o sparkling

And mermaid

Again, yet agn her,

In music's l replies:

"The bosom strange

Is warmer eyes;—

And if, far aw In bondage

Still—still w occur

Still chant o'er r

Official Rep

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## Literary Notices.

POEMS BY MRS. C. A. CHAMBERLAIN: Ward & Taylor, Cincinnati. This is a neat little volume of 300 pages, on various and interesting subjects, by a lady residing in Sacramento city. Our readers can judge of its merits by the following beautiful

## LINES TO A SEA SHELL.

Thou com'st from a land where all nature reposes,

Spread out in her beauty, one vast holiday;  
Where ne'er the dread frost-spirit withers the roses,

And time, the unsparing, alone brings decay:

And here, far away, on thy fair floral pillow,  
Ne'er more to be taken to ocean's cold breast;  
Ne'er more for the sport of the wandering billow,

Half hidden by velvety moss shalt thou rest.

And yet, even now, to thy smooth lip reclining,

Methinks a low murmuring strain meets mine ear—

Embosomed in splendor, ah! wherefore re-  
peating!

Ah! why that lone sea strain so dirge like  
and drear?

Dost whisper of groves where the coral lies  
darkling,

Down—down in the shad'wy abyss of the  
deep?

Dost murmur of caves where rich treasures lie  
sparkling,

And mermaids mysterious vigils may keep?

Again, yet again, from thy dim pearly cham-  
ber,

In music's low murmurs that sweet voice  
replies:

"The bosom thou deemest so cold, lady  
stranger,

Is warmer to me than the light of thine  
eyes;—

And if, far away from the billow's commotion,  
In bondage for aye I must linger with thee,

Still—still will I sing of the blue, rolling  
ocean—

"Still chant the wild anthem once chanted  
'o'er me."

*Official Report of the California State Agricultural Society, for 1856.*

We have been favored by Col. Warren of the *California Farmer*, with copies of this very able and interesting report. Interesting, because containing so much of reliable information, upon the agricultural resources of our young State.

The voluminous yet lucid reports of the various committees, their truthful exhibitions of the progress and condition of every department, its essay and addresses, make it the best dissertation upon the agricultural capabilities and resources of California, ever issued from the press.

It is in pamphlet form, contains eighty pages, and an engraving of the great Pearl raised by E. L. Beard, Esq., of San Jose. We look upon these annual reports of our State Society, as the very best means of disseminating reliable information of the condition of our agriculture, that can be adopted.

It would be well that every resident of our State, feeling an interest in its welfare, procure a copy of this Report, read it and preserve it; and send another copy to his friends at his old home in the East.

There is yet another work peculiarly deserving the attention of our people; it is the *California Farmer*, a weekly paper, ably conducted, and particularly devoted to the Agricultural and Mechanical interests of California, and should be in the hand and upon the table of every agriculturist in the State.

CAPTIVITY OF THE OATMAN GIRLS, BY THE APACHE AND MOHAVE INDIANS.—We have been permitted to examine the proof-sheets of this new California work, and find much in its pages to interest us. It will doubtless be extensively read; for in addition to the matters of fact contained throughout its pages, the incidents of suffering and privation, and the thrillingly adventurous experience of the captives, are strikingly and truthfully portrayed.

It is entitled to, and will meet with, an extensive and rapid sale.

LAKE NGAMI: or, Explorations and Discoveries during four years' Wanderings in the Wilds of South Western Africa. By CHAS. JOHN ANDERSON. With an Introductory Letter by JOHN CHALES FREMONT. Edwards & Co., New York.

The introductory letter to this interesting and exciting narrative, by John C. Fremont, thus feelingly alludes to the brotherhood of sympathy between kindred spirits in the same arduous undertakings:

It is needless for me to say that I read such

ly obtained and rightly de-  
a great blessing, but how  
too late, that it fails to be-  
happiness upon its possessor,  
independence should be  
secured independently of  
ours. Let us educate our  
so that they may do this  
h them to consider these af-  
y as the innermost shrine  
unity within them, neither  
red for gold nor the mer-  
ppings of wealth and station.  
love only, is the loan for

riage union should be found  
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ble bond of souls, not as a  
contract or deed of sale.  
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ANNA

DIRECTIONS FOR KISSING.—  
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hope of mercy. \* \* \*  
the matter by a five minutes  
eat playing with a mouse.  
liberately—sensible all the  
eat duty you are performing,  
er also that a kiss, to be en-  
full flavor, should be taken  
mpagne just from the flask.  
get it in all its airy and spi-  
s. If you wish a sentimental  
r all perhaps they are the  
your arm around her waist;  
ostly in your own, and then,  
g her towards you, kiss her  
imagine a zephyr so do it  
ctly timed the accomplish-  
op watch, but we have no  
ir might be managed very  
en seconds.

books as this of Mr. Anderson's with a peculiar pleasure, greatly enhanced by old associations. Familiar—although, perhaps, in an inferior degree—with similar "wanderings," I find, in the brief record of a night, or the journey of a day, many unwritten things—much that the Wanderer afterwards thought unworthy of mention, but which, at the time, filled his mind and heart. Nights of sleepless anxiety, and days of wearying doubt or despondency, crowd the unwritten page; often a chance word suggests trains of incidents, and circumstances, which do not come under the eye of the general reader.

This work is full to overflowing with the relation of the author's hair-breadth escapes,

and personal adventures with the wild animals of South Western Africa. One almost instinctively holds his breath, with wonder and solicitude, lest the fearful risk run should terminate fatally to our hero.

Besides, one rises from its perusal with the impression that he has spent his time pleasantly, while he has been instructed concerning the people, animals, scenery, climate, and geography of that almost unknown portion of the globe.

This will be one of the most popular books of the present season, and we commend it cordially to our readers.

### Editor's Table.

The past month of March has been characterized by nothing very remarkable, as connected with the present or future of California, if we except the arrival of the Great Republic, a clipper ship from New York, and the departure of the Mary Taylor, a yacht of one hundred tons, for La Ventosa, Gulf of Tehuantepec.

The Mary Taylor took down to La Ventosa some twenty or thirty adventurers, who have gone to "prospect" (with a view to business) the Isthmus country along the new, or Tehuantepec route, from the Gulf of that name on the Pacific, to the mouth of Coatzacoalcos river, on the Gulf of Mexico, or to Mina-Titlan the present head of ship navigation, on that river, twenty miles from its mouth.

We speak of this movement, because we think we see in the opening of this new route between California and the Atlantic States, the precursor of increased prosperity to California, to be produced by the shortening of the route, and a lessening of the expenses of migration hither. It is expected that this new route will be opened the present month, with a line of steamers on each side.

Should it shorten the passage some ten or twelve days over the other routes, as is now confidently expected, and no obstacle to a rapid and easy transit of the Isthmus is encountered, we see no reason why it may not become a highly popular route.

OUR FUTURE.—We offer no apology for presenting to our readers, in the present num-

ber, an engraving and notice of the San Francisco Sugar Refinery; because it is, when men of capital and discernment embark in this and kindred enterprises, that we see the germ of our future greatness as a State in the process of development. It presents to the world the sure guarantee that our capitalists are in earnest, and have the fullest confidence in the progress and stability of the Pacific coast section of our Republic, in everything that constitutes a country's improvement and prosperity.

It is not only that California is one of the States of the great Confederacy—she is a confederacy within, and of, herself, with every element of individual nationality possessed by the most favored nation or country on earth. In geographical extent, equal to the States of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland.

She has an ocean of her own, and her commerce already extends to the "ends of the earth." Her gold mines equal all the world's besides; her agricultural area, largely greater than sufficient to maintain even her unprecedented proportion of non-agricultural occupants; and with a climate and soil that permits of the fullest development of the vegetable products of the temperate, as well as tropical regions. Her coast fisheries are unsurpassed in extent and variety; her bays, harbors, and rivers, all emphatically *her own*, with her iron foundries and shipyards; and

last, though not least, these, with her local productions, mint, and dock-future of California a r appliances and enterprise development of her vast ever be our purpose and their introduction.

OUR CLIMATE.—We from Maine almost to C ing through a winter of almost unprecedented s blocked up for days to and shipping, shut bot etrable fields of ice, th ing for the very nouris body necessary to a co of California, have enj warmth, sunshine, cl that even before the clothed all nature aro robes of Spring; the and our gardens with

Talk about winter ally we know nothing name. True, we tal snows; but the rains our husbandmen, wh fall upon the mounta are the sure precursu ity to the miner.

Certainly we hav fortune has placed t of suffering from t necessity of providi yond what is neces fruitful season of th trast this with a w the result of our de to our friends at h determine to come mate and princely

SAN FRANCISCO SCIENCES.—This ready acquired in the Atlantic Stat tending its influ

Located in the the midst of and country, the form as regards the w

adventures with the wild animals of Western Africa. One almost holds his breath, with wonder and awe, at the fearful risk run should they fall to our hero. He rises from its perusal with the conviction that he has spent his time pleasantly. He has been instructed concerning the animals, scenery, climate, and the almost unknown portion of

one of the most popular books of the season, and we commend it to our readers.

giving and notice of the San Francisco Refinery; because it is, when we discernment embark in this enterprise, that we see the germ of greatness as a State in the process of growth. It presents to the world the assurance that our capitalists are in earnest, and that they have the fullest confidence in the stability of the Pacific coast section of the Republic, in everything that concerns the country's improvement and prosperity.

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span of her own, and her commerce extends to the "ends of the earth." Her old mines equal all the world's agricultural area, largely greater, and she maintains even her unproductive of non-agricultural occupation a climate and soil that permit the development of the vegetation of the temperate, as well as the tropics.

Her coast fisheries are unproductive and variety; her bays, rivers, all emphatically *her own*, and her harbors and shipyards; and

last, though not least, her Sugar Refinery, these, with her local possessory interest, in certain national works, as light-houses, fortifications, mint, and dock-yards, bespeak for the future of California a redundancy of all the appliances and enterprises necessary to a full development of her vast resources; and it will ever be our purpose and pleasure to chronicle their introduction.

**OUR CLIMATE.**—Whilst our eastern friends, from Maine almost to Georgia, have been wading through a winter of snows and storms of almost unprecedented severity; their railroads blocked up for days together, their steamers and shipping, shut both in and out by impenetrable fields of ice, their suffering poor striving for the very nourishment and warmth of body necessary to a continuance of life—we, of California, have enjoyed a winter season of warmth, sunshine, cloud, and genial rains, that even before the tenth of February, had clothed all nature around us in the beautiful robes of Spring; the hills with green grass, and our gardens with luxurious flowers.

Talk about winter, in California! why really we know nothing about it here, but in name. True, we talk of the winter rains and snows; but the rains make glad the hearts of our husbandmen, whilst the snows, that only fall upon the mountains and elevated districts, are the sure precursors of a season of prosperity to the miner.

Certainly we have reason to rejoice that fortune has placed us beyond the contingency of suffering from the cold of winter, or the necessity of providing for physical wants, beyond what is necessary during even the more fruitful season of the year. Let us, then, contrast this with a winter at the east, and send the result of our deductions and comparisons to our friends at home, and see if they will not determine to come and enjoy our princely climate and princely country with us.

**SAN FRANCISCO ACADEMY OF NATURAL SCIENCES.**—This Institution, which has already acquired an enviable reputation both in the Atlantic States and Europe, is rapidly extending its influence and interest.

Located in the metropolis of the Pacific, in the midst of and surrounded by an ocean and country, the former almost as a new creation, as regards the world's knowledge of its ten-

antry, animate and inanimate; and the country inland, till within the last eight years, the very *terra incognita* of the continent, it need hardly be deemed surprising that when men of talent, indefatigable research, and energy, engage in the work of collecting the material for a cabinet, from an area so vast and comparatively new to the naturalist, that the most pleasing and surprising results should follow.

Already the Academy is in possession of specimens so numerous and varied, as to render a visit to its rooms one of peculiar interest and pleasure.

Quite recently we were called upon by Capt. C. J. W. Russell, a corresponding member of the Society, to visit the rooms and examine a magnificent specimen of the Yucca, brought by him from near San Diego. It is a strikingly beautiful plant, nearly seven feet in height; a single stock, armed at all points and thickly, with leaves shaped and pointed like bayonets—and nearly as formidable—except its compact crown of beautiful flowers, over six hundred in number.

Capt. Russell, as a lover of nature and her works, whether it be in the mementos of the past, or the living present, is an enthusiast, to whom the society is indebted for many interesting specimens.

We would also in this place—as a press of business has heretofore prevented our doing it—acknowledge our indebtedness to this society for other and previous courtesies extended.

It is much to be regretted that the State cannot extend to this Institution that liberal pecuniary aid it so justly merits, placing it upon a basis to insure its usefulness to the fullest extent.

**TO CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.**

We have been favored the past month with a large number of articles intended for our columns, many of which are really meritorious, that we are compelled to lay aside for the present,—they may appear hereafter. We really regret that there are so many, who choose to express themselves in verse or rhyme, rather than sensible prose. If a subject does not possess merit enough to be interesting in prose, it never can be in verse or rhymes.

It is like twining a wreath of roses around a head of cabbage, and though the rhyme or

roses, may be roses still; the cabbage it must be remembered remains a cabbage, and the two together make up an object supremely ridiculous.

But our remarks are not intended for those, who have oft times supplied us with beautiful verse; to such, we are truly grateful.

So too we often receive well arranged thoughts in verse, truthful emanations from both sad and merry hearts, but which cannot by any possibility interest any other, than parties therein referred to; such, we must respectfully decline.

There is another matter we wish to speak particularly of, it is the propriety of accompanying all communications with the real name of the author, when it is not known to us. The name need not accompany the article when published, but as a guaranty of originality, and to insure publication—hereafter, we must be acquainted, (if not personally) at least with the name of the author.

The following articles of Poetry, Verse, Stanzas, etc.,—not one of them in prose—are received, but we had not room for them all in this number:—The Harp—Stanzas—Something to Love—Epithalamium—She Liveth in my heart—His Ashes Only Sleep—Yankee Girls—Consolation—Poetry—Kitty Kinkling—The River—Sierra Nevada—Light of Life—Spring Showers—Grave among the Billows—To my Sister—My Eastern Home—Beautiful Flowers—Night—Hope On—and others still pouring in upon us.

*A Miner's Reverie*—By Eagle Wing.—Received.

*Georgetown*.—Received, but you are not in luck.

*Ladies' Names*.—Is a rank plagiarism, a regular stealing of another's writings. If W. C. W. will call at our office, we will show him his article, in an old number of the "Placerville Herald," printed in 1853. More than this, it has at least once since that time, gone completely the rounds of the papers of the day.

*Lines to Mary*.—Will receive attention.

*Emigration to California*.—Received.

*The California Miner*.—Mr. H. H. your article which you "hope will find a place in the Magazine, as it is original, and in prose rather than poetry,"—you will find word for

word and entire, in the *Golden Era* of May, 1853—under the head of CHARACTER OF OUR MINERS. Do you want to know what we think of you?

*The Boy Angel*.—Is received, and he is a comely child, but it is not clear to us that he is the offspring of "Manco." We should therefore be pleased to hear from Manco on that, or any other subject. We wish original articles always.

*George K.*—When you send us any more such poetical effusions, be sure not to omit enclosing some kind of anodyne, as we had to laugh so much that we still feel internally and externally sore from its effects.

*T. H.*—We have no sympathy with "uncharitableness." You can stand on your head, or up to your chin in water "to serve God" if you like to do so, but you don't catch us at it;—simply because we can endure too much comfort for such an exercise—but, if you wish to infer that all are to be sent to an exceedingly warm temperature because they do not think as you do—why, we prefer to take our chances with the rest of such unbelievers. On such subjects we belong to the sect of the "Don't Cares."

*Snake Bite and its Treatment*.—Received. The treatment is precisely that now universally known to the whole civilized world—viz: ligature between the bite and centre of circulation, excision or cutting out the bitten part, powerful internal stimulants and bleeding—sometimes.

*Clay Hill Cottage*.—The first printed newspaper published in modern Europe, was at Venice in 1536—but the jealousy of the government would not allow of its publication, and for many years after it was circulated in manuscript. The first English newspaper appeared in Elizabeth's time, while the Spanish fleet was in the English Channel, 1588. In D'Israeli's curiosities of literature, under the head of "Origin of Newspapers," we find that in the reign of queen Anne, there was one, and only one, daily newspaper in Great Britain, but several weeklies. The precise date of the first daily paper, or by whom published, does not appear. The first newspaper in the United States was the "Boston News Letter"—24th April, 1704, by John Campbell. For postage on Magazine, see cover.

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When you send us any more such usions, be sure not to omit en- e kind of anodyne, as we had to uch that we still feel internally ally sore from its effects.

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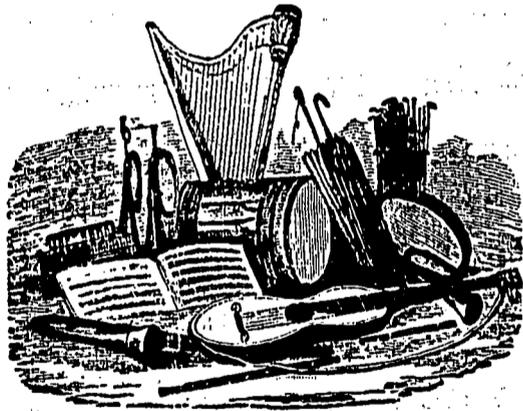
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variety of other Fancy  
Notions.

# FIRST PREMIUM AGAIN.



**R. H. VANCE,**

Corner of Sacramento & Montgomery Sts.

Has, by the superiority of his DAGUERREOTYPES and AMBROTYPES, again received

## THE FIRST PREMIUM

Awarded by the STATE FAIR in 1856, being the THIRD TIME received against all competitors.

**TO THOSE WHO WISH SOMETHING NEW AND BEAUTIFUL**

We have purchased the PATENT RIGHT of CUTTING AMBROTYPES FOR THIS STATE, and are now prepared to take them in a style

**Unequaled in the United States,**

of any size—from the smallest Miniature to life size. I would say to all who have been deceived and swindled with bogus pictures, not to condemn this new and beautiful invention until they have seen the

## GENUINE AMBROTYPES.

They are said to be the most durable Pictures known, as neither acids, water, or dampness of any kind can affect them. Those having Daguerreotypes which they wish to preserve forever, would do well to have them copied in Ambrotypes.

Having secured the assistance of another of the best Artists in the State, together with all new improvements direct from New York, we are now fully prepared to execute PHOTOGRAPHS by thousands, at greatly reduced prices. We are also prepared to go to any part of the City or State to execute views of Buildings, Landscapes, Machinery, Mining Claims, or anything of the kind, on reasonable terms and at the shortest notice.

Groups of from two to twenty persons are taken perfect. Also, persons in Regalia, and Military Dress, are taken without reversing insignias or letters. Children taken by this new process in less than one second.

We still continue to execute our splendid PREMIUM DAGUERREOTYPES as usual. Having made great and extensive additions to our Gallery, for the purpose of making and exhibiting our Ambrotype Pictures, we would be pleased to have our work examined.

**OUR GALLERY IS FREE TO ALL.**