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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 Olsberga, a Norwegian.

This voyage was in 890, sometime after the discovery of Greenland. He wrote to the King, that the best whales
were "hunted on his own lands, and that their length was 40 and 50 coils."

The whale (balaena) is a mammal, but so much resembling a fish in external appearance, as to be generally considered such; thus we speak of the whale-fishing. 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, (physystor macro-
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.

The attempts of the English and to find a passage to India, by northern oceans, discovered and out the great natural haunts of hale. They were exceedingly busy in those northern seas, and were often killed; 'than the ships pursuit of them could possibly come, as at that time the oil was not in the blubber.

The Dutch, who were at whale fisheries of the time, the plan of boiling the blubber North, on shore, and established a village called Smeerenburg. 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 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 disheartening 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.'
which has cleared from the Sandwich Islands for the United States, during the fall season, 1846, since September last. The total, including original enters 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 grand 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 WHALERS.

In the month of October, 1846, I found myself on board the good ship *Atalanta*, bound on a voyage to the Pacific Ocean for sperm oil.

The ship was now; 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 months' 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 filling 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 mate to "shale" the mizzen topmast. 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 anxious mixture all around—when the captain, casting his eye aloft, hailed me to shelf only the after part of the mast.

I may as well observe that the mast is greased, or "shaleed," in seamen's parlance, in order that the topsail yard may be hoisted more easily, and that the after part only is shaled, 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 going now in our favor, we have up our anchor for the last time and now stood down the Sound once more.

"There!" said a boatswain, 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 voyage. This was literally "hailing 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 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 slung 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 securely 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 fire is 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 "minced," and is tried out by the heat from the furnace beneath. The "scrapes," 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, "shocks," (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 storage. 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 dry 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 stowed in the storage, 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 whalman.

Having procured a sea-chest, the slop-shop man shows you long rows of shelves containing flannel shirts, trousers, bickory 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 trousers, "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, trousers, &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 substituting moth-eaten woolen 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 whalman. 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, found 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 "starbowlines," as the starboard watch is called. As soon as we had fairly got through the Gulf Stream, harpoons, boat-hatchets, knives, axes, spades, &c., were rained out from the steerage, and we poor "pilgrims," set to work turning the grindstone, while a boatsteerer was grinding his harpoon, or "iron," as they are usually called by the whalman. This was grinding work, but as we had plenty of hands and enough to eat, the grinding was greatly enjoyed.

After grinding, spades were to be at each end of the lines, ready to be used.

Each boat had two harpoons; two in one boat, and each man holding one, and picking up water, fire, and candle, etc., as the case required.

The boat is tub conoid in form, and it is fathomed in the spirit said the depth of four fathoms the harpoon,
moth-eaten woollen shirts and
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A story is told of a green
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lying 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
spears, 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 pipskin for bailing, a lantern, a
water light, containing a lantern and
match, matches, steel and flint,
compasses, &c., under the store chest, 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
spit sail; these, with the complement
of four men, the boat-steerer, who pulls
the harpooner out, and the officer who
"heads" the boat, make the whale-
boat complete, and ready for the chase.

The Nantucket boys mended in the
steerage, while we "outside barbarians"
cast our oarsmen lot in the forecastle.

We found this arrangement much more
to our tastes, as the steerage boys could
make no noise; as that would disturb
the magnates in the cabin, while we
fellow sailors in the forecastle 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
crows exercised, to use them to the ears
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.
What with lowering for blackfish, and exercise, we were in fine condition for a boat with a whale. Looking were cordially at the mastheads—the boat-steerers at the main, and the mizzen and bows at the fore and main tops'l-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, finbacks, &c., but did not care to "graze our virgin irons" in anything short of sperm.

While running through the straits of La Maira, near Cape Horn, the man at the main cried out: "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 spouting their immense bodies through the water, and the soot of their spout as it was forced through the spoutholes. Neater 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 low whisper, to the boat-steerer, whereupon the man "peaked" his cutlass and stood ready for the dart with harpoon point included. "Don't cut until I tell you! One more pull like that, boys!—one more!—Now, Ruben—now give it to him?"—"Stern all!' shouted the mate, "Stern all for your lives!" and stern all it was, for Ruben "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, Ruben! the first whale!—sixty barrels if he makes a gift!" The boat being now beyond the sweep of the flukes of the whale, the mate and Reuben changed places, Ruben 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 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
PACIFIC WHALE FISHERY.

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. The ship now threw its harpoons high in the air and sounded out about fifty fathoms, when the boat came up, fortunately, the ship, moving to the west.

Three cheers were given on the ship, as she lay drifting with wind on the mast. The whale commenced circling slowly round

the mate pulled off the old felt hat he usually wore, and swinging it round and round with a "Hurrah! first the whale!" he shouted the old hat at the dead whale, exclaiming "There, old fellow! there's my hat for! - 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 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 whalerman 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 chipping on all hands, the whale was hauled slowly up alongside, when two heavy fluke chains were passed around the flukes and in through the hasse-hoist 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 ap-
proaching 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 na-
cs, etc., hoisted on deck and stowed
away aft. The "cutting in" tackles—
immensé four-fold tackles—were got up
and secured to the mainmast head by
the pennants; the gangway board un-
shipped, and singings got over the side
for the mate and second mate to stand
upon; lanterns lighted and hung by the
main rigging and over the sides, to see
to cut the whale in by. Before cut-
ing him in, I will give a brief descrip-
tion of the sperm whale, the cachalot of
the naturalist.

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

![Sperm Whale](image)

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

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
entire is of a dark bluish black color,
sometimes spots of a dirty white are
found on the belly and sides. The gen-
eral 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 for-
midable jaw, and in this specimen,
named, was seventeen feet long, con-
taining a row of teeth varying from six
The cutting in "tackles—immense four-fold tackles—were got up and secured to the mainmast head by the penants; the gangway board un-shipped, and rigging 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 cut the whale in by. Before cutting in, I will give a brief description of the sperm whale, the cetaceot of the ichthyologist.

The sperm whale belongs to the order of the Cetaceans, is warm blooded, covered between the skin, and bony muscle, with a thick coating of fat, as to the whalemen by the name "whale grease." This fat varies 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 timed 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 "cave," as called by the whalemen; 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 hacket," while the balance would probably make as much more. This oil is the true 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-
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 pieces" and put them into the "blubber room," until all of the whale was thus "poled," except 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 tackles brought to the windlass, the "case" was bailed out, and the jaw disentangled and cut from the head, after which, with a great deal of hoisting and a y-e-o song," the head was at last landed on deck—an immense mass—twenty feet long and six feet through.

The process of hoisting the head was done with skill and speed, and the hands were well trained to this work. After the head was landed, the "blanket pieces" were cut off and lowered away to the "blubber room," until, all of the blubber was "blanched," peeled, except the spades and knives to cut the "blanket pieces," on the mincer they were minced or cut into "horse pieces," and the falls into the boilery. After these were pitched into the try-pots, the hands cleared the deck of this work, and then turned their attention to the "mincings," and "try-pot," and putting the oil in the "blubber room" hands went on to this work, and the oil was scooped up into the "mincings," and "try-pot," and then put into the "blubber room" pieces, and the "mincer" usually one of the old hands, with his "mining knife," a crescent-shaped knife with the concave edge sharp, and a round handle at each end, the youngest, armed with a gaff, applied to the mineral pieces, on the mincer, they were cut into "horse pieces," and the falls into the boilery. After these were pitched into the try-pots, the oil is all extracted, and are thrown out into a after draining, are used.

The oil is then heated, and copper "batteries" are placed in twenty-size trip-pots, will hands lie twenty-four hours and then be hauled out to be used, while of the boilery, while the mincer is busy with the Staten Island. The North east, with the North wind, the hands stand doubled. As the hands having been raised from the deck, the "mincer" usually one of the old hands, with his "mining knife," a crescent-shaped knife with the concave edge sharp, and a round handle at each end.
After draining, the bones are used for fish meal. The oil is then baled out with a long handled copper "baler," the "cooler," a square or oblong copper receiver, and after cooling, is again baled out into casks: which after coopering, we strike down into the hold, and this is the process of "trying out," and "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 States Land nearly astern and top-most 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 blustry weather and the steady trade winds. These trade winds are the delight of the navigators on the west coast of South America; they...
We caught several whales on the coast of Peru, and when seven months from home we made the port of Tumbo 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. Russell, 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. Russell’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 tells 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 an 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 “bits,” 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 Kamtschatka. 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 the kind of vent color, and the whale quietly, in the way they pick off the barnacle, around the lips.

Some time since, I have been informed by a vessel in the Pacific before leaving the port of the tropics, that they frequently saw “right whale” on the port side, and made her go to sea for his benefit.

The Right Whales generally feed in innumerable groups, and frequently few prevent their rate from being disturbed.

A Right Whale is generally from sixty to eighty feet in length, bearing between one and two thousand barrels of oil in one great blow, which blow goes in such a way that it is very easy matter to identify them and thus establish the fact.

On the 10th of April, we made the port of Tumbo, which is in latitude 2° 30’, and longitude 106° 40’, at the time of eating in the Captain’s veins, as he tells fair to make himself as useful on the Pacific side as did his forefathers on the other.

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a kind of vermin, of a bright yellow color, and the whale will frequently lie quietly in the water, while these birds pick off the lice, and which are around the boney, flap-holes and bunched on the lips.

Sometimes the old whales are almost covered with lice and barnacles, and before hearing in the blubber the man frequently have to scrape them off to prevent their dulling the "mining-knife."

A Right whale of the largest size is generally from fifteen, to eighteen feet in diameter at the thickest part of the body, and from seventy-five to eighty feet in length, and as many as fifteen barrels of oil are sometimes taken from the tongue alone. This whale has an enemy known as the "killer," which goes in schools and attacks the whale for his tongue.

THE TERERO GIGANTE.

This animal differs very little, if any, from that which engaged the attention of European naturalists in 1810.

On close examination of a fair specimen of their labors exhibited at our office, it will be found that all their external incisions are very small, not much larger than the lead line of an even pointed pencil; some about 1/24th of an inch. The channel or chamber in the wood at its termination, that is, as far as it has eaten, is not lined with shell, but is spread over with a green colored gum-like substance, which adheres to this last formed part of its shell. This shell has been found to be composed of 27 parts of calcareous lime and 3 of animal matter. When the animal is alive and at work in its chambers, if the head suddenly be laid bare, it will draw itself down, for an inch or more into its shell. The body then completely fills the shell cavity, but when withdrawn it will be found to be entirely one-half the circumference of its eructaceous covering.

Through a good microscope, the heart may be seen to pulpitrate, and its blood, in the upper part of it, is red; but when dead it loses this color. Its head appears to be encased between two boring plates, so as scarcely to expose any part of its face. On the opposite sides of the head, are two small tooth-like instruments, one from the narrowest edge of each plate. From the middle of the most exposed part of the head, projects a pseudo-cus, which is thrust out with a sort of a screw-like motion; progressively unfolding itself in its development, similar to a narrow bag when being turned inside out. As this pseudo-cus appears to have an orifice, it has been conjectured by the first discoverer, Mr. Hume, that it adheres to the wood; acting as a centre-bit, but more probably, by its expediency of expulsing the air, causing thereby a strict adhesion to the wood, while it is in the act of boring. But this instrument is perfect, however used; for the canal, which it makes, is wonderfully smooth and cylindrical before its skull is formed; indeed, no polishing tool is required after it has performed its work, for when placed under the microscope, the fibre of this wood exhibits a surface as smooth as the nature of the wood will admit. While at work, its mouth appears to be concealed by its protuberant upper jaw, but when withdrawn, the mouth seems quite circular, and incapable of being increased or decreased in circumference; its body is sometimes 14 inches in length, but when taken from its element, contracts to one-half that measure. It appears to enter a little below the imbedded mud, and works perpendicularly upward continually within two feet of the surface of the water, until it meets a fellow laborer; it will then curve downward, or transversely, until it meet another impediment. But almost all the canals appear to be separate; when they are not so, the shell has often a double thickness to serve as a wall, although, as we have said before, it may be otherwise. The laws of nature, however, seem to be distinctly observed in their community, for no one interferes with the labor of another.
A PAGE OF THE PAST.

BY ALICE.

It was upon a beautiful morning, the 31st of May; the banks of the muddy Platte all astir, and swarming with a mass of moving population, and all pressing on with looks of eager interest toward the West. The morning air, low luming, and freighted with the haluiny odors of myriads of wild flowers that grew near the margin of the river's banks, and as countless as the stars that deck the brow of evening.

A few hours' ride and we are opposite "Chimney Rock," another singular formation of nature, standing in the open plain, apart from any hill or mountain.

Fording the river on horseback, for the purpose of examining this strange structure, and approaching it from the north, (distant three miles from the river) we find it situated upon an immense pyramid, made of rock, but differing somewhat in its texture from the shaft, or column, it supports, which is a kind of earthy marl, or soft stone, easily cut with a knife.

Ascending on foot, with some difficulty, but with little or no danger, the rough pyramid on its eastern side, one hundred and ten feet from the surface of the plain, and we are at the foot of the great shaft, or chimney, as it is called, from its resemblance to an immense chimney, or shot tower. From this point, which is the highest ever trod by man, a rough, perpendicular shaft of rock, nearly square, and from twenty-five to thirty feet on each side, rises to the height of nearly one hundred and fifty feet, retaining its full size quite to the top. It has a lonely appearance, and is a noted landmark to the weary emigrant, as he trudges along by the side of his team of leisurely plodding "hews.

Already had some of the company began to feel the effects of constant daily toil, and hourly exposure; a slender lad fell ill, which cast the first dark cloud over our little band of pilgrims; and some were heard to complain of the Syren that had lured them by her song of gold, to tread the rugged path of the overland adventurer. Some would look back, half regretfully, toward home, yet bailing with pleasure the sunlight, as it broke over the eastern hills, well knowing it had already warmed the cottage of their childhood. The minds of some would seem to rove in the gardens of contemplation, and secret longings for all they had left behind, now began to spring up, and ever faithful memory was fulfilling its soul office, busy with the heart-strings, and causing a sorry look of despondency to settle upon the countenances of such, as they sat at nightfall around the blazing camp-fire, occupied with their own thoughts and conjectures regarding the future, and which now, for the first time, seemed veiled by vague shadows and dread uncertainties; and as if to add to our gloomy forebodings, a burial scene
at some camp halt 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 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 singly, old Aquarius would add his portion to the pile, which neither putting 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 carriages 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 leisurely along by day, in our comfortable carriages, 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 huge roll of soft, charred, 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 savoury 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 shower of and, temperate evidence of made its way in a state of terrors, during which we were ever travailing and hanging upon it in suspense. We shall now force Singing, as it there are those long journeys, when we, after having been pitched into the merry mixture, unfortunately fell asleep.

A poor of and, temperate evidence of made its way in a state of terrors, during which we were ever travailing and hanging upon it in suspense.
shall never forget, and will here relate. Singular as it may appear to many, there are those who will undertake this long journey, with little more than money enough to pay for a single meal, and who, before the trip is half completed, find themselves dependent upon the money 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 blustered 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 “rammed 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 managed 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 uncoffined, and covered with dirt, stones, and sage brush, to keep the wolves from his body, as they howled around nightly for their prey.
THE BEHEAVED WIFE.

I did not think that thine could'st die,
And leave me here alone,
I did not think that o'er thine eye
Came straight and rigid, since the hour
They told me thou hadst died.

I sit within our room—no more
Than since he's here with me;
I ask like thy looks—thy lips
On every page I see;
I look towards thy empty chair—
My grieving tears find way;
O can it be thou art gone,
And is this form thy stay?

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! 'twill be sweet, since not on earth
Thy form again I see,
To lie down with thee in the grave,
And share thy resting place.

THE ADVENTURES OF MR. DICK.

PART IV.

CHAPTER XV.

SHOW THE INNOCUITY OF THE ENGLISH LAW—HONORABILITY.

The affair of Murrah, Smith, Nab &
Smith, had been, of late, in a very disturbing 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
old, for the ingenuity and veracity contained in the packet 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
expresses, assigns, assigns, and assets, the
single, each, and every diction of these vile instruments.
They appear written only to mock the poverty of the poor laborers,
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 fetter, and
probed the epicure that had been eating
up, for ages, the constitution of
English labor and industry! May Prof-
dence spare his life to finish the mighty
work he has begun. Like quack do-
tors, these harpies of extortionate mon-
y lenders, make man's necessity their opportunity, and when once their am-
count has begun, like that of the leech, it never ends but with the life.

"Smith is unusually late this morn-
ing," said Nab to Smith. "Don't you
think it's high time to stir in that mat-
ter of the Provision of the Earl's?"

"Yes," replied Smith. "This new
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,
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 confidential a man of a quiet sort, that we know very little more of him 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 pounds 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, The appearance his manner suggests, and in his face, which is continually turned away, he always seems to know before you can answer his questions, and is ready with his rejoinder before you give them."

"Some proof of an able lawyer—there he comes—there—Mr. Nabb, what shall we do on the matter 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 kinship, since the beginning of his voyage for his benefit. In spite of my researches, and those of my friends, and they are not to be baffled while there's life and hope, I have obtained no news of him whatsoever."

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

"Then the more strenuous," 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. I propose 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 all of us."

Messrs. Nabb and Smith turned their attention toward the mysterious Smith and sat down to 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 stage 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 it I believe is lost."

"This is a grave narrative," said Smith. "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 distaste for children, and fearful of its coming to his knowledge that any part of his proud
domed! 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, why, and why, 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 shall move in the promotion of the suit.”

“Exactly; and if you don’t see what an immensity of business, and means 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 precise trio closed their first inquisition council.

CHAPTER XVI.
SHOUL GENTLE MEN UNDER A HOMELY GARE—STRANGE ENCOUNTERS—STRANGE STRATEGEMS—HIS LORDSHIP PARTLY RECONCILED.

The island of the Seven Stars lies in 30 deg. 20 min. N., and 100 deg. 37 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 venture 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 inhabitants than the wild fowl of the ocean, and the all-my seal of the sea.

The first week of his lordship’s sojourning 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 hulking art could produce.

His lordship knew not what to make of the coldness of the fellow, for he never addressed him but when he wished to oblige him. His helplessness seemed only to exalt 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 unfaltering arts, to cheat him, as 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 sum\n
narily 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 monstrous state upwards of three months, and his lordship had given up all hopes 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 itself, for presence in the air, at a time when he was always averse from his followers. He instantly gave his approbation to his crony’s bountiful gesture, as though ride dishonored the great

nary art 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.

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ADVENTURES OF MR. DICKARY HICKLEBERRY.

He had just presence of mind to fire off a pistol in the air, at random, as a signal, which he always kept at 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 strangest savages. 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," finally asked his lordship.

"We shall have every man, perhaps some hundreds of the tribe, among us before the night closes. So let us be alive to their treachery, and prepare for the attack."

"Mercy upon us, we can never escape with our lives."

"Never fear, my lord; be cool! I have had many a sharper encounter with your savage neighbors. I have made every disposition for the attack; be guided 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 Capitan had, at no little expense, and at the request of Farmer 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 store twenty double barreled rifles, in the best condition, placed them in connection with each other, by means of a galvanic wire, at convenient distances, all round the house, showing only the muzzle in the fences, at judicious intervals of a few feet. Then he charged his powerful little galvanic battery, and waited 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 with their 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 was near his chief, he presented them to him, laying them upon the ground, half way between his position and that of the canoe. To his great surprise and delight he saw no firearms among 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 treachery, Farmer Robert now too several logs of wood, that he had cut for firewood, placed them upon end in the sand, and motioned the men to retire.

As 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 fire-arms, which struck down every log that had been placed upright in their view. This was a signal to his lordship, that the savages, arrayed 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 amazement. 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 after 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 instincts, aware of,
they retired with the few presents he had left them, apparently well pleased with the day's wonder.

"I owe my life to your extraordinary intelligence," said Lord Lavel, 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 rushing, or served up as a fri生生e; or some other dainty dish. "Why, how on earth did you hit upon such 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 strategy. 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 seriously set about the preparation. The cool cunning 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. HICKLEBERY WANTS THE YELLOW RAIN CAP—MRS. HICKLEBERY RUNS AGAINST THE RE-CALLED HENRY AS A MARRIAGE.—MRS. HICKLEBERY DREAMS OF A PEACEFUL HOME.

"Now I know, Mr. Hickleberry, why you disliked me having that duck of a sky-blue bunnet, that I set my tart 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 farin that's left ye. You'll be a keeping some fine marm, like the money girl at west end, and be a drivin' on her out in your own carbuncle, and neglecting your own legal, lawful, mereely to be thought great and grand. I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself, ye old, good for nothing, grey-headed old sinner."

"Mrs. Hickleberry! Mrs. Hickleberry! you're a going on it, you arse, and no mistake. Let a poor fellow blend guilty, or not guilty, afore you hang him without 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, loving, silly heart, you will, you 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 earth'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, without 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,—out I mean,—but I mean;—you good for nothing, Guy Lathrope. I could forgive you everything about it, but the slyness of it. Who would a thought that a steely, sober, grey-hooped, chapel-going looking old fellow like you, could be such 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 your nose like, whether I wish or no, in this very ship."
"What are you driving at? What are you dreaming on?"
"Dreaming! I wish I was. O! that I was dead, poisoned, drowned, hung, before I had been this trouble."
"But tell me what it's all about, can't you, woman?"
"Mr. Dickery, replied Mrs. H., suddenly starting up and putting her arms akimbo, in a fury—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 creature 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, which was screwed up in the same manner, and burst at the same time into the same shape that Sturr's Susanna did—a flood of tears.
"A female who is now lying dangerously sick in Cabin No. 26, wishes to speak to Mr. Hickleberry about a child that she once entrusted to his care, on her way to Folkstone, many years ago."
"Dickery, bless it with the utmost astonishment, and ask how she came by it. It was given to her by the stewardess of the Cunarder, who had read the whole of it to her.
"What is it? What does it mean, dear Dickery," said Mrs. Hickleberry, quite overwhelmed with the womanly feeling—curiosity.
"Dickery, he opened, related to her the whole history of his eventful journey to Folkstone, then requested his man to accompany him to the Cabin, and asked how she came by it. Did you assist her, the stewardess? Did you remember me?" she added, turning her death-like countenance on Dickery's bluest and honestest face.
"No, Madam, I should not have known 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, a very careful woman, the wife of a farmer's partner of mine. She has no child, and intends to bring the little one up as her own. But the tin business in how a very poor one to get a living, and so I allowed her thirty pounds a year, to be kind like, to the little orph—"
"She is not an orphan, but the child of Lady Lord. She was entrust 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 from adding another infanticide to my other sins."
"Heaven bless you for the deed! I feel I am not hurt for this world. 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."
"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 west or woe.
Mrs. Hickleberry kissed her husband, and begged his forgiveness for the unjust suspicions. Only think, that her dear Dickery had provided for the well being, and had saved the life of the only daughter of a great lady, and that man had kept this all a secret. What a novel it would make. Her Dickery was choked out for a great man, there was no mistake about it. Little Adam would marry this great lady's daughter, and the cunning Dick maker's son, would be, one of those fine days, Lord Lovell; only think, she saw it all plainly as the moon behind a cloud."
"What a story for Mrs. Pringle, who knows but she herself, spite of 'bravery, might become Lady Hickleberry."

ADVENTURES OF MR. DICKERY HICKLEBERRY.
STANZAS.

BY W. B. D.

"The only tears ofmeaningless bitterness, are those that fall on no one's bosom, and that no one wipes away." — Guard against immitating your sublime hopes in the dust you trample under your feet. During your short earthly pilgrimage, you are surrounded by fleeting 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 invisible senses, has also planted in his heart the infallible premonitions of their attainment." — F. de la Mennais.

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 saddle thy mind
For other woes than those,
Live on, as lonely in their griefs,
And with a life divine.

I've kept a high and holy aim,
A mind enkindled with a flame,
To fight against my destiny,
Though worn, though faint.

Yet, amidst the doubt and gloom,
Shone But once on my path,
In bursting thunder-clouds of wrath
Inceasing as the winds that blow
To fill me with agitations,
And wrote them in the scroll of fame,
A mind enkindled with a flame,
Our best feeling's torn.

We were getting to be old friends; and I don't think it so bitter 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 forelorn to tell you what I know and think it my own hope to do the —

THE REALIZATION OF MY CONCEPTIONS.

NO. IV.

"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."

It begins to seem, reader, as though we were getting to be old friends, and as I always import 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.

I raised 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 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 turned one of his long slender cheetahs looks around my finger. It was a long time before he spoke, but I could have remained there for ever, if I had thought it pleasant; 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 forelorn..."
THE REALIZATION OF MY CONCEPTIONS.

— XV. —

It seemed to me, reader, as though the realizing of my old friends and the little store of joy and care I have been a prey to was nothing — that the picture before me was probably forgotten before that time, and awoken not half the interest of the words he was speaking — that if fate had denied him that means of satisfaction, he yet had given him natural qualities far more valuable.

"I know you think so, Joe," he replied, "that you are mistaken. You cannot see it as I do; to you, life promises its greatest length, and all things are possible: my years are few — perhaps not one, and when life ends with me, all ends; name, hope, fame, that is the fittest word. And now, Joe, while we are speaking of this, as we may never speak of it again, I've a favor to ask of you. Something in the history of this grave and its story told in the magazine, has raised a desire in me that mine should be told the same — its all the fame I ever expect. If we should be together when that time comes, will you do the favor?"

Certainty, Ben, but we hope it will be a very long time hence.

It is the same dream of Fanny, you see — the same longing after a deathless name, that has ever possessed man since his creation. I never thought of it so seriously before: I no longer regard it with the cold indifference with which we look upon things far away, which have no interest to me, and I regard it with no less an interest than if it were my own hopeless cherished dreams.

MY VISIT TO THE CHINESE.

You asked me the other evening, Charley, what pleasure I could find in visiting such degraded beings as Chinese. I'm going to answer you now. Perhaps if I viewed things in such a matter-of-fact way as you do, I would find no more pleasure than yourself. But for persons who move in that beautiful rose tinted mist that hides the harsh outlines of stern reality, there is interest in things which to others are totally void of it. For instance, what care if I one half of those who cling so tenaciously to the place of their rank, never saw it? I can imagine how, in their imperfect knowledge of our language, they express in that word, all they would say, if they could, of the thousand charms that cluster around that one word of Rome.

Is it to be wondered at, that when a person who views things in such a light, is informed by his particular friend Ling, that there is to be "too much a sing song" at his camp on a certain evening, and furthermore reveals to me a polite invitation to attend, should feel interested enough to accept it?

Such were the facts when you asked your question. I shall answer it by a true account of my visit. It was quite late when I arrived at the door, where my friend Ling met me, and ushered me into a not very commodious room, to be sure, being in reality only about eight by ten feet, and half of that occupied by beds and table, but then the delicate rose tinted atmosphere expanded it into a spacious hall.

There were five persons besides Ling and myself; two were singing, one beating time on a bowl with chopsticks, and two smoking opium — all exceedingly novel occupations to a stranger.

The faintest idea of the first cannot be conceived without hearing it, the second is easily imagined, and the third merits a short description, for those who are unacquainted with it. The opium comes prepared in the form of a paste. A peculiar kind of pipe is used in smoking it, consisting of a long wooden stem, with a small hole through one side. A small quantity of opium is taken on
I asked Ling what it was about, and he last two symphonies were his best. At first I could distinguish nothing, but then into the shape of a strawberry on the drum of the pipe. This requires a very dextrous twist of the wire, held between the thumb and finger. Ling did it beautifully. It is again heated, and applied to the orbited head of the pipe, the wire showed through, twisted and withdrawn, leaving the opium on the drum. The smoker now applies it to the flame of the lamp, and forcibly infuses the fumes while the opium is burning, letting the smoke escape through his nose. Its intoxicating effect varies upon different individuals—some smoking without apparent effort, 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 finest rosetti 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 that he is twenty-three, and is married, and what is more astonishing,) that he has the sense of our language,) that he has a splendid joke if he means it at the ex- tension. One Chirn boy, who refused to see, was informed it was the "sing song of Nature sings her happiest strain, But the heart sings sad, murderously sad, ...

The bright Spring comes, with its genial showers. Its laughing buds, its leaves and flowers—its warbled notes from the greenwood towers; And glorious springs from the flying hours. The song of nature is quick and glad, But the heart sings sad, murderously sad, I'm blind, I'm blind. Then answer comes, like an upspring dream. With the humming bee, and the murmuring stream. With the peaceful life, and the mellow glow, 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, ...
"Its magic spell, my heart, to inspire.
Unconsciously to fill my breast with song.
And when I turn I took the breathing deeply,
And timely my fingers o'er its sweep."

I did something wonderful, but alas!
How you would be deceived.
I have a perfect revision of tone and harmony.
So after one or two discordant attempts at Yankee Doodle, Star Spangled Banner, etc., I was extremely patriotic, resolved to launch into a sphere where the trumpets of war should not confuse my peculiar powers.

When my voice died on the last en

dence, they were all silent, and remain ed so for a minute. I began to grow excited in my vocal power, thinking that the enchanting effect of my music had elevated their souls to the "region of thrones elysian fire," it was certainly powerful enough to do it.

But the excitement was of short duration.

The exhilarating effects of the opium

Not in quest of the stray tribes of Israel, 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 bring our mules to arri

THE REALIZATION OF MY CONCEPTIONS.

Mary Magazin.

bright Spring comes, with all its genial showers,
smelling broth, its leaves and flowers--pier-
gnissed springs from the rising hours;

summer comes, like a placid dream.

THE VISIT TO A MINER’S CABIN.

How many pleasant fancies are sug-
gested by the mention of that visit to

was one youth of sixteen

was in the Flowery land, a being of

mountainous, one of them very dull,

our mules to arrive at Ned’s Cabin b-

was not this the name of mine:

my voice died on the last en-
dence, they were all silent, and remain ed so for a minute. I began to grow excited in my vocal power, thinking that the enchanting effect of my music had elevated their souls to the "region of thrones elysian fire," it was certainly powerful enough to do it.

I was extreme-

But the excitement was of short duration.

A poor lad of similar soul,

A poor lad, of similar soul,

or at least he told me that miraculous-

emotion, the whole company joining hands, the entire impromptu car, our vocal creation would not be less pleasing than their refined squalling.

The exhilarating effects of the opiu

I had entered into private confidences with Ling, about family matters. He described Mrs. Ling as a bea-

The exhilarating effects of the opi-

Not in quest of the stray tribes of Je-

mounting our mules we were "O P H."

Not in quest of the stray tribes of Je-

was led to tell me that miraculous-

emotion, the whole company joining hands, the entire impromptu car, our vocal creation would not be less pleasing than their refined squalling.

The exhilarating effects of the opium began to grow perceptible. They had all except Ling, been alternately smoking and singing. And the songs began to take a Bacchanaalian appearance.

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But the excitement was of short duration.

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The exhilarating effects of the opium began to grow perceptible. They had all except Ling, been alternately smoking and singing. And the songs began to take a Bacchanaalian appearance. I had entered into private confidences with Ling, about family matters. He described Mrs. Ling as a beautiful, unalloyed happiness: so we put spurs to bring our mules to arrive at Ned’s Cabin by vocal creation would not be less pleasing than their refined squalling.

The exhilarating effects of the opium began to grow perceptible. They had all except Ling, been alternately smoking and singing. And the songs began to take a Bacchanaalian appearance.
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 frowned above him, how easily his freed thoughts soar above the mere contemplation of terrestrial objects, to a more delightful panorama of Heaven. With the finger of Faith constantly pointing upward to a haven of rest; in this way the mind becomes gradually enlightened with sublime truth, and expands itself to the encompassing view of the power, wisdom and goodness of the Creator. He then descends to nature, and acknowledges 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 laugh thus in a rocky ravine, where frigluous cusses yawned a thousand feet beneath, was really intolerable; we tried exclaiming and beating, and with a small piece of inch, to jog up his sides, but all our English, French and Spanish, and moral suasion was lost on this old fellow, who now began to kick up, both before and behind. Finally, my little 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 head neatly 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 wildcarts, he never slackened his pace until safely across. It made my head spin to hear the rumbling, babbler Yubos, 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 Neil'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 Neil's about noon, for you know minees are a class who dine precisely at noon, or rather when they are hungry. I saw smoke curling out from the chimney, for above the stones, sticks and mud which compose this gigantic pile of masonry. Well, Neil didn't expect us, or dream we were within a hundred leagues of him. When, tap, tap, went my riding whip on the old emas-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 ebl hist exist but two women, and these his mother and sweethearts, who were both at the blessed moment beyond two dark and angry sons. I began to think how finny and astonished Neil would look. I struck the door a little harder, when he whispered, "Who is there?"

"Lord give him several slaps and words of encouragement, with a grand flourish of his hands, which he seemed to appreciate, for he got his head neatly 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 wildcarts, he never slackened his pace until safely across. It made my head spin to hear the rumbling,
A VISIT TO A MINER'S CABIN.

AONIA MAGAZINE.

When my eyes, after the strain of a long day, closed before the straining of the baleful sun, I threw myself upon the floor of the little cabin. The heavy prayers of the miner were heard, and he was left unhurt. He was a class of men to feel the weight of the world, and to be able to bear it. He was a class of men to feel the weight of the world, and to be able to bear it.

I made haste to be at the door, for I knew mine own mind, and I knew what I wanted. Ned, who had been so kind as to invite me to his cabin, was standing at the door, his arms crossed on his breast, his eyes fixed upon the sky. His heart was not been long for aught I knew, and it was not long before he spoke the words that made me turn to the bed room window, then, starting up and walking to the back stairs, he left the paternal roof. See! he stays 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 dream it weakness reader—Ned was! crowed a little miniature into his travelling sack, pressed his hand against his heart to still its wild throb, even with its own heavy weight of sadness, and—told! 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 how the coveted likeness, tells us his hardships and when he intends in return to Ada; then again, how sick she has been, 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 pinched on a weary bed in neglect and loneliness, has not thought of a mother that looked on his child, that smoothed his pillow, and lifted the cap to his parting lips. Dear me! I am getting sentimental and must close, for the sun is going down, which announces 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; [lives? But to lay, or to love, or to back your own, It is the very worst world that ever was known.**

AONIA MAGAZINE.

When my eyes, after the strain of a long day, closed before the straining of the baleful sun, I threw myself upon the floor of the little cabin. The heavy prayers of the miner were heard, and he was left unhurt. He was a class of men to feel the weight of the world, and to be able to bear it. He was a class of men to feel the weight of the world, and to be able to bear it.

I made haste to be at the door, for I knew mine own mind, and I knew what I wanted. Ned, who had been so kind as to invite me to his cabin, was standing at the door, his arms crossed on his breast, his eyes fixed upon the sky. His heart was not been long for aught I knew, and it was not long before he spoke the words that made me turn to the bed room window, then, starting up and walking to the back stairs, he left the paternal roof. See! he stays 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 dream it weakness reader—Ned was! crowed a little miniature into his travelling sack, pressed his hand against his heart to still its wild throb, even with its own heavy weight of sadness, and—told! 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 how the coveted likeness, tells us his hardships and when he intends in return to Ada; then again, how sick she has been, 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 pinched on a weary bed in neglect and loneliness, has not thought of a mother that looked on his child, that smoothed his pillow, and lifted the cap to his parting lips. Dear me! I am getting sentimental and must close, for the sun is going down, which announces us to be gone, for it is a rough road, so Ned, the cabin, and all—good night!

* * *

CAROLINE.
HOME HAPPINESS.

Where can we find true happiness? How many dwell in this world, 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 saloons, nor in the gambling houses, but 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 heartstrings and chords of our souls with tender emotions, often causing the tears to glisten in our eyes, or to steal unbidden down our cheeks.

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 bygone days, the dearest 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 tears 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 seek 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 is it in 1849, when thousands could say 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 monumental 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 cherubic, gentle and musical laugh of childhood.

But when the loved have come, those who have so long wished for them, soon wholly accepted with the engrossing thoughts of business, money and fortune. 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 found 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 godly influence is exerted over the young, where they learn to love, reverence and esteene 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 findly 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, "hearth the sum of Prosperity or the Flower of Adversity."

Then let us do no longer as we have done, but begin at once and make our homes those which 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 lovable.

A GRASSHOPPER.

The summer and long be remembered amidst of California, the season. That year the thunder on the coast was not hurt by among our citizens, the city of Euphoria a real one all out peddling. Also the trip thought right to peck up a balance and a wanted some vegetables her husband was to she had no money. "Webb" said the GRASSHOPPERS, would be that I am for her, I catch you to sit long amiable of which I went to a house of..."
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 everlast- ing happiness will reign for age.

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-influ-ences lead you to a home in heaven.

You seek happiness at home, where a flood of love is poured upon you and a genial warmth of conjugal, filial, parenteral, 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 agricultur- alists 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, nor by any other thing 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 hanged," 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 washtubs that stood in the yard and took out seven pounds of grasshoppers! "Now," said she, "these are all fresh for I was washing 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.

THE LIGHTnings' gleam, the thunder's roll,
Strike not more terror to the soul,
Nor dash, alarm, nor fell despair,
Thus that seemd booming thro' the air.

The tales of partings, born and told,
The father from his hopeful bud,
The mother from her only child,
The peasant from his native wild,
The husband from his loving wife;
The friend from all that dear in life,
The aged sire from grandchild dear,
Gone joy for many a coming year.

Ah! What blank void falls on the heart
At that loud signal to depart.
The anchor that the once have hefted,
No heavier than their soul is made.

On many a moody check, a tear
With long last kisses, linger there.
Their once glad home—how desolate!
How empty all its pride and glee.
The open page is missing,
No smile, nor kindly critic tongue,
No little prattle round the room.
To cheer its heavy, gloomy gloom.
The painting passions on the wall,
How void they the last recall.

The vacant chair, the single meal—
Perhaps alone—how they appeal.
To hearts thus stricken—nought can tell
Such anguish, thus—death strikes knell.

O Thou! "whose way is in the sea,
Whose path in the great waters be,
Whose footstep over guilty height,
Though hid by mortal's keenest sight,[[vi]]
Father of Mercies! hear their prayers,
And cheer their hearts, and ease their pain.
Be Thine the pilot hand to steer
From hidden rock, or tropic sea
Tea! The sea's boiling rage,
Upheld their proud ark's graceful form;
And may it rest, Thine arm upon
With them, what would each earth's joys
Of wealth, or fame, but empty toys
Pole Dantès might take, what fair earth gave
Their only wish, would be—the grave.
Their only hope—that land where
Where none but angels, live to love.
AN HOUR AT THE SUGAR REFINERY.

Here is a view of the San Francisco Sugar Refinery, with such busy work, and the buildings, in which is owned a third of the works, the works are located on a piece of ground.

The buildings are massive, 76 feet deep, partly stories, part two stories and a storage 20 feet deep, partly stories high, a steam engine house, a massive, 200 feet, and a boiler house. All the various furnaces are brick, and the chimneys, 90 feet at the base, and 5 stories tall. A line of storage tanks, 800 tons, are company to run between and the port importing raw sugar, to be crushed and refined. The establishment, with its capacity, is as follows:

- 966 tons raw sugar,
- 800 tons storage,
- 200 feet tall.

The establishment is located on a piece of ground, and the chimneys are 90 feet tall.
AN HOUR AT THE SAN FRANCISCO SUGAR REFINERY.

AN HOUR AT THE SAN FRANCISCO SUGAR REFINERY.

Hereewith 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, Esq., 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, 70 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, 50 feet high, 14 feet square at the base, and 5 feet at the top, also of brick.

A line of slipper barks, of from 450 to 800 tons, are employed by the company to run between Batavia and Manila and this part, 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 120 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 fluid.

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 mass until it commences to crystallize.

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 crystallization is suffered, to progress to a certain point, after which the cones (or mounds) and their contents are hoisted into Draining rooms, where, exposed to a high temperature, they drain off the syrup from the crystallized sugar. In this room the crystallized 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 leaves, 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 lost 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 crystals 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 lust we stalk heron as and destruction.

Let I might giue him with these deeper groans.

And Phlegm with lone clouds like wailing shadows.

Now then grey for life.

Fill up the sparkling goblets 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 concords pour a libation to their hopes. They are exulting, 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 jovial '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 brow—their step is light and buoyant, and their voices have the ring of bells in jubilee.

They reck 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 churning winds to his car, amid the rolling clouds. And Old Ocean hears him coming, and is roaring from her sleep to welcome her rough lover in his wooing, from the mountain peaks.

The brothers for the mid on Mexico were holding high festival in the cabin of the Gulchfour, and also, 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 crying anxiously, and he had begun to lessen 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 beam ends. We course and were gain the shelter aga.

The storm now the heavens were wind driven upon the mid distance of the three moons, the foaming tops, ill-clutched hands, and through the crushing wind was upon the sight of the Sirocco storm, a winged car, downing waves and crests at.

*And a glorious mental strife, in to the rush of the hear the winds as hows of the mighty. Aloft, the crow centuries past the angry winds that wrath strength, and 5 the most magnificent, and his power ebbs with time—of way it was in my soul was flitting dashing, which was.

The night, turned my blue moon, the 6 a hiss of wind for the future dark and dear.

Fill up, fill with the spirit the sea wave and the black to.

A wave armed and a roar, and to the given out of the God pledge is we
The sparkling goblet at the bright light flashed in it was raised—and eye taking back the light, as if bade for a libation to their brave exultant, then the night, and all others for the rain on Metice knew not that danger. "As the flight is set— the flight in the sun—despair, a libation to their, with hopes and genes— But theecessing winds, as he dashed in his winged car down the sides of the rolling waves, and leaped from crest to crest—"

"This was a glorious sight to see the elemental strife, to listen to the thunder, to the rush of the rolling waves, and hear the winds calling blood in the hollows of the mighty deep. All Abram was pacing in mad career past the moon, which looked out angry from the drifting scud; and drink to my guest; 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 rolling waves, and leaped from crest to crest—"

"Tis a brave heart, a keen eye, a strong arm and a ready blade to the rvzard's soul. And the gallant heart and true heroic soul, the mighty arm maintaining right, repelling wrong, which in the hour of danger to the commonwealth, is a bulwark and a tower of strength."

"Till 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 we beside that land where the law would arrogate a right over men's souls, and be the keeper of their honor. Farewell, patriotism; farewell chivalry; farewell the gallant heart and true heroic soul, the mighty arm maintaining 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 Hands, 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 some other day. See here is a packet containing her picture and letters. 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 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 angels of death had placed her fiy 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 loving eyes had looked into my soul and stirred in first passions in the bright halcyon days of my joyous boyhood? Her who since then had been my life, my day and night dream, the very
This letter was written the day before she died—for enclosed in the packet was the day of her death. I finished, looked again at her picture, pressed it to my lips and buried in the sea—and then came wild thoughts of vengeance quick and terrible!

Gazing 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 Hondo of the Golden Gutter. We seemed madly rushing for the rocks right under the north head, the waves were scuttling round us like a whirlpool, and the whole 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 rolling 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 re-vanged, for the Galschen and her crew would have been blotted from the page of life!

It was but an instant and the thought was gone, and we were gliding 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 drew a knife where the revelers their pleasures.
Thinking thus, I descended to the cabin, where the revelers had resumed their jubilance.

Harold was sent to the head of the table, and the light shone full in his resplendent countenance. I paused in the shadow of the door to look at him; could it be possible, I thought, that that man is, repentant for the past—for at that moment he seemed the very soul of mirth—can it be possible that her heart is suffering while he smiles, and that he has an inward life which no man sees? For, in truth, it is often thus in the world, and the calm and quiet smile hideth a burning fervor of the soul, and a heart broken and lost forever.

I entered the cabin. Oh! Markham! exclaimed Harold, we have waited for you. This calm after the storm is delightful, and it needed but your joyous spirit here to make our circle perfect. We have waited for your song.

For an instant I felt unmanned, and my heart sunk within me—it seemed to stop in its pulsations; it was but a moment, and my nerves had gained their strength again, and I whispered to myself, I too, will have an inward life which no man will know, and wear a smile as joyful as the rest.

God knows! even in that little cabin, where the loud and happy laugh was pealimg and sending its glad notes o'er the waters of the bay, if the hearts beating there could have been read, how strangely would their pulsations have differed from the seeming gladness of the time. And so it is out in the great world, where man ever weareth a mask before his fellow man, and his soul is known only to himself and God.

Thus our life becomes a daily lie, and to gain men's hearts, even the keener's approval—men whom we despise and hate. If, perchance, their smile may add one dollar to our fortunes, we don a mask of various hues, which suits the sinner and the saint, as we may meet them in our daily walks; and faint and flutter, and sink the God within us, till from the poison of the perpetual falsehood, we become a mask in heart, as base in soul, as object in our lives, as vile and as stainted, in our honor, as the worst knave whose hand we grasped in friendly clasp, or smiled to in the morrow.

Harold! exclaimed, you ask for a song—I will give you one, but first let us drink a toast. Come, comrades, fill up! I raised my glass aloft, and fixed my eye on Harold, and smiled as if I looked upon a friend, and slowly I gave the pledge: Here is to the memory of our loves. I heard the glasses clink—I heard the words muttered to the memory of our loves, but my eye was reading his, and as he raised the glass to his lips I did the same. I saw his lips quiver and a deadly paleness pass over his face, as his keen eye was looking into mine—for our smile, with magnetic influence, had whispered my late to him, and he exclaimed, What mean you, Markham?

"Mean," I cried, for now I was mad and lunged to dash on him in deadly conflict,—"mean, did you ask?" and my bowie-knife was glittering in the lump-light as I sprang upon him, and we closed, I shouting, to avenge Latilda.

Thus a sharp struggle and a quick, and we were separated. I had wounded him slightly, and we stood at bay—Markham exclaimed, what means this madness and what have you to do with this—these letters have been too strong for you, come be a man again—old friend! I forgive you—the wine has been too strong and you have forgotten yourself.

I was now cool again—I threw the knife, which was still in my hand, out through the main window, and now spoke out, "Friends, don't forgive me as I have been mad, but have had just cause and Harold there will say the same thing we have finished, forgive me, that I have broken my oath, for I must break it again, for I must be true to my chief there and me cannot live in the same
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 setting 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 oaths are 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 alone 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 deady 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 flit of the beach, before you come to the fork, we were standing—I and Harold—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 really?" said one of the seconds; we answered yes, and then we closed in doublystrict.

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 twince.

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 Laura was enraged, 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 hermit, 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 passed, though 'twas plain all hands on board had perished, and that she had lain there for years blemishing her timbers in the sun. Led by curiosity, I rode near, and on her stern was painted in weather-worn letters, the "Coltschut." That ended the raid on Mexico.

I have finished this first part of my memories of old "40." 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 hour's play, and only,
Aid to raise thee, stricken one—
Rise the from thy languishing,
Bane to health the gifted one—
I now offer, humbly, lovelly,
Earnest prayer to him, our God—
Divine Creator, "spare the red."
THE DYING WIFE.

Also I and it is true. Oh! can it be,
That I, who loved, and was beloved by thee;
My child, my heart, my soul, my life;
Oh! could it be true?

Why is he smilimg there?
Where are the roses?
Here we were happy,
Here we were lost.

Cold and pale upon the bed,
The beauty of the dead;
No loved one near;
No one her strengths there,
To mourn for her.

Kitty Cloyd.

OUR NEIGHBOR ON THE RIGHT.

Our neighbor on the right is a live
in the sect of the tribe Cheaps-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 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-atorator, instead of a statesman-jack-pudding, he
would have been the most popular speaker on record.
Everybody who hears him wishes to hear him again.
His words appear to be everywhere,
and he professes to sell every thing,
from the necessaries of a ship's crew,
down to that necessity—a cookery.
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—indolence.

"Now I am going to venture upon
your notice the wonder of the day, a
rule genuine pair of carving instruments.
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
advise you to go and see Sally once more,
and if she doesn't consent to such a hand
some follow this time, why then, I'll
give you leave to say, but 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 swallows
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
fit behind) you're no judge; ask Sally, she'll
decide the matter. You won't have it then? You
shan't have this quire of better writing paper
which all my friends are waiting for,
and as for a fit (taking hold of a
fit behind) you're no judge; ask Sally, she'll
decide the matter.

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 Richard—I'm in such a situation
of eternal loathing 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 pocket. Do this for your ease,
or go down on your knees, like a half
made green cheese.

Here's one for a Storeroom;
Dear Sir—None can sell, I know
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, blocking brushes, seeds or mustard, twine or rope, starch or soap, wooden bowls, quills or rolls Mus- 
m shouting pipes, lawyer swipes, salt or mustard, eggs for custard, brooms or mops, lollipops, candles, toys, for girls or boys.

Now, why is my partner, Joe, cord- ing up that box, like a first rate lawyer? Because he's a re-cord ex. When I take this lamp off this heavy stand, can you understand what this stand be- 
comes? A lamp-lighter. What is the difference between my going in and coming out of a gin store? Why, when I go in I tips, but I comes out tips-t. Why are you like a chewed pill when I goes in tips, but I comes out tips-i.

Sings—Blind Judge Mac Ben was six score and ten, and 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 saw. I've seen bow-saws and rip-saws, whipsaws and lumber-saws, tenon-saws, key-hole and panel-saws, stub-saws, circular-saws, cross-cut-saws, miter-saws, and gang-saws, wood-saws, stone-saws, hose-saws, 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 saw saw and I saw saw saw, soon after I first saw; and for the ham- mer, why, you've only to take the first half of it and you'll have him for break-fast—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 lot, 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 you, old fellow, you have a good story, I see, well, here goes: My old dad was a barber and a rum-fancy topper, 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," says I. "Well, what does he eat and wig shaves time in the morning o'clock. Can't ya, your door down and open it." So did o. Tom lay for the of the charge. With a dollar for such a piece as you've got, he looks like a Cherokee Intl a rope swab. 'A dot then, give me half a dollar," says my faith, and being pleased as love, now a joke as well as any give him his half, cut one half of his hair and never touched shaved in the same tache and heard, "A he his VIII old fellow, and mai for I want to go to looking glass," says he. "O," says he, "too many glasses." Pushed him out do time, ever after, he's a Dollar Tom."
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 regarded as a sacred ordinance, of divine institution for the well-being and happiness 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 institution, and all its rights and privileges regarded as holy, we find society elevated in the scale of true and genuine morality; upon this, as upon a foundation stone, rests the order and harmony of social life. So far as the divorce 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, hatred, discord, and misery, reign in the place of that order, harmony and happiness, which should always characterize a Christian community. Marriage was for a long time regarded as a union for life, between the parties who assumed 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 degrading evil, which has sapped so many once happy families, and 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 commencements in the early education 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 labor for their own support, they thus develop a strong, manly character by the very effect 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 created. They must expect always to depend upon man, her 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 seduction, in order to obtain a position by marriage. Also 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 maturity both mentally and bodily, that she may understand the mysterious laws and affections 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. Why should not our daughters be taught to rely upon themselves, to educate for the great duties of life as individuals? 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 admiration, taking the shadow for the substance. Wealth when unjustly 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 mere trifling 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 indivisible bond of souls, not as a mere civil contract or deed of sale. What 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.

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-nought, a lost dummy without a hope of mercy. "Don't bungle the matter by a five minutes torture, like a cat playing with a mouse. Kiss her 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 like champagne just from the flask. Ah! then you get it in all its airy and spirituelle richness. If you wish a sentimental kiss—and after all perhaps they are the spicier—stroll your arm around her waist, take her hand softly in your own, and then, lowering them 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 MISS Ward & Taylor, Cts little volume of 300 interesting subjects, by means of our LINES TO THIS COMES FROM A POEM. Where were the days, And time, the hour; And love, far away! Never more to be Nor ever more for thee, Half hidden by light And yet, even now, Matilda's a lady mine own, Enloosed in a sea Ah! why then, Anil dream Don't whisper of darktings Down, down, deep! Don't murmur o'er sparkling And mourn again, yet again, In marble's cool reply: "The chance, strange Is warmer eyes; And if, far not In morning- Still—still—a By official Report. We have the California gold and want cause contention upon young Stu.
POEMS BY MRS. C. A. CAMPBELL: Ward & Taylor, Cincinnati. This is a neat little volume of 200 pages, on various and interesting subjects. The lady resides in Sacramento city. The reader can judge of its merits by the following beautiful

LINES TO A SEA SHELL.

Thou com'st from a land where all nature coexists in her beauty and grandeur. Where'er the desert is not barren, the sun bright, and the air pure, there, in the clear, blue sky, I see thee, a sea shell, the emblem of my love for thee. I, too, am driven by the winds of life to seek shelter in the storms. Let us clasp each other in the bonds of love, and regard each other as members of one family. Marriage should be the union of love and affection and regarded as the bond of souls, not as the contract or deed of sale. As the universal rule, only the exception, the old true marriage, worth the sacred name.

A higher appreciation of the marriage relation is evident in these days, where choice blessings befall man beings by our infinite wisdom.

ANNA.

DIRECTORIES FOR KISSES—accomplishment that should obviate every grave-risk's advancing too hastily to kiss a lady, as one would say, when all is said and done. The adhesive, a last, a hope of mercy. * * * the matter by a minute's delay, not playing with a mouse. * * * suddenly—tangible all the last duty you are performing, or also that a kiss, to be good flavor, should be taken sparingly just from the face, but it in all its airy and splendor. If you wish a sentiment that all perhaps they are the words you around her waist, only in your own, and set her towards you, kiss her mingle a sympathy do so it! On the lips the accomplishment may watch, but we have never been managed very well second.

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

In pamphlet form, contains eighty pages, and an engraving of the great Bear mined by E. L. Board, Esq., of San Jose.

We look upon these annual reports of our State Society, as the very last means of disseminating valuable 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, preserve 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 Mechanic interests of California, and should be in the hands 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 proofs 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 thrilling adventures of the captives, are strikingly and truthfully portrayed.

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


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

It is needless for me to say that I read such
books as this of Mr. Anderson's with a pecu-
liar pleasur.e, greatly enhanced by old associa-
tions. Familiar—though, perhaps, in an inferi
or degree—with similar "wanderings," I
find, in the brief record of a night, or the jen-
ney of a day, many unwritten things—such
that the Wandering afterwards thought unnot-
ely of mention, lost which, at the time, filled
his mind and heart. Nights of sleepless anx-
xiety, and days of wearying doubt or decondi-
cency, crowd the unwritten page; often a
closure word suggests traces of involvements, 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 in-
stantly holds his breath, with wonder and
solicitude, lest the fearful risk should ter-
minate fatally to his hero.

Besides, one rises from its perusal with the
impression that he has spent his time pleas-
antly, while he has been introduced concerning
the people, animals, scenery, climate, and ge-
ography 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 cor-
dially to our readers.

Editor's Table.

The last month of March has been charac-
terized by nothing very remarkable, as con-
ected with the present or future of California,
if we except the arrival of the Great Republic,
a clipper ship from New York, and the de-
partment of the Mary Taylor, a yacht of one
hundred tons, for La Ventana, Gulf of To-
barrass, and hence far the first evidence of
the progress and stability of the Pacific coast
section of our Republic, in everything that con-
stitutes an country's improvement and prosper-
ity.

It is not only that California is one of the
States of the great Confederacy, she is a con-
federacy within, and of herself, with every ele-
ment of individual nationality possessed by
the most favored nation or country on earth.

She has an ocean of her own, and her com-
erce already extends to the "ends of the earth.
" Her gold mines equal all the world's
mines; her agricultural area, largely greater
than sufficient to maintain even her unprece-
dented proportion of non-agricultural occu-
pants; and with a climate that permits
of the fullest development of the vegeta-
table produce of the temperate, as well as
the tropic regions. Her coast fisheries are un-
paralleled in extent and variety; her bays,
harbors, and rivers, all emphatically her own,
with her iron foundries and shipyards; and

last, though not least, those, with her local
resources natural works of art, monu-
tments, and deeds of daring, none other
in the world can approach. The future of Cali-
ifornia is certainly promising, and enterprise
development of her vast
wealth over in our purpose and
their introduction.

Our Climate.—We are
from Maine almost to Cal-
ifornia through a winter of
nearly unprecedented
beauty, after days of
snow, and snowing, shat
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fields of ice, the
the
very
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California, have over
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that ever before the

will, and our garden

Talk about winter
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AGAZINE.

Spring and notice of the San Francisco Winter Station—And we commend it cordially to our readers.

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 Yosemite, brought to him from near San Diego. It is a remarkably 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 formable—except its compact crown of beautiful flowers, over six hundred in number.

Capt. Russell, as a lover of nature and her works, whether in the momenta of the past, or the 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.

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 rhyme.

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

but, through not least, her Sugar Refinery, those, with her local pecuniary interest, in certain national works, as lighthouses, fortifications, and stock-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, that both in and out by imperceptible fields of ice, their suffering poor arising for the very wantfulness 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 cloathed all nature around us in the beautiful robes of Spring; the hills with green grass, and our gardens with luxuriant 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 wash glad the hearts of our husbandsmen, while the snows, that only fall upon the mountains and elevated districts, are the sure precursors of a season of prosperous spring.

Certainly we have reason to rejoice that fate has placed us beyond the contingencies of suffering from the cold of winter, or the necessity of providing for physical wants, beyond what is necessary during even the most 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 peculiar climate and climate and country with us.

SAN FRANCISCO ACADEMY OF NATURAL SCIENCES.—This Institution, which has already acquired a 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 territory, animates and incites; and the country, till within the last eight years, the very term inscape of the continent, it need hardly be deemed surprising that within those limits 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.

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It is like twining a wreath of roses around a head of engravings, and though the rhyme or
HUTCHING'S CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

Messes, may be cases still, the editor no must be remembered remains a cottage, and the two together make up an object expectedly ridiculous.

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

So we, too often receive well arranged thoughts in verse, truthful emanations from both soul and merry hearts, but which cannot by any possibility interest any other, than those 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—secondly, we must be acquainté, (if not personally) at least with the name of the author.

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

A Miner's Ravings—By Eagle Wing—Received.

Garrisons—Received, but you are not in luck.

Ladies' Notice.—Is a rank plagiarist, 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 "Beaver's 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.

Lions to Men.—Will receive attention.

Emigration to California.—Received.

The California Miners.—Mr. H. B. 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 entry, in the Golden Era of May, 1852—under the head of Character of our Miners. Do you want to know what we think of you?

The Day Angel.—Is received, and he is a cunning child, but it is not clear to us that he is the offspring of "Miscoe." We should therefore be pleased to hear from "Miscoe" 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 analysis, as we have to laugh so much that we still feel internally and externally sore from its effects.

T. H.—We have no sympathy with "unbeliefulness." 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 insinuate 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 Care." 

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

Gray 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 Spenser's book was in the English Channel, 1588. In D'Escold's curiosities of literature, under the head of "Origins 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 Magazines, see cover.
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Harp, Violin, &c., &c.

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