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Agents having back numbers for July, December, January, February, March, and April, can exchange them for numbers of the current month, if they wish to do so. H. & H.

THE POSTAL LAW WHICH RELATES TO THIS MAGAZINE.

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

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

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WAYSIDE WATERING PLACES.

Hasten, were you ever an inside passenger of a California stage coach, when there was just a round dozen of fellow-travelers, and who, with one exception—yourself—were all smokers, or of course presume that no lady was of the number, as norietaridea would thus forget himself, by smoking in a lady’s presence, and being of different tastes, if not of different countries, each one smoked a cigar or cigarette, of different quality and kind; and that too, in the scorching months of summer, after the usual morning breeze had died away; and when the horses and stage were enveloped in clouds of oppressive and cough-producing dust, and which came rolling and curling in upon every passenger, with a “don’t care who you are” indifference to his taste or wishes; not only half-choking him, but changing the color of his clothing and complexion, not even omitting his whiskers—that is, if he cultivated the last named “article”! Were you, permit us again to ask, ever a passenger at such a time?

WASIDE SHADE AND WATERING PLACE.

If, with almost a shudder at the remembrance, you reply in the affirmative, you will recollect with what pleasure you welcomed the wayside house, as the stage halted to “water,” or “change horses”—and how readily you jumped out to try the effect of alternate doses of dust and water, or soda-water—with or without “sothin” in it.

Now we do not say that upon every road and at every watering place, there will be found such an inviting “shade” as the one represented in the engraving above; but, they are to be found on several of the roads.
leading to the mining towns, and especially, near the cities of Sacramento, Marysville, and Stockton, where the teetotaller, the pleasure seeker, and the traveler, halves to water his stock, or "take a drink."

MOUNT SHASTA.

This is one of those glorious and awe-inspiring scenes which greet the traveler's eye and fill his mind with wondering admiration, as he journeys among the bold and beautiful mountain of our own California. One almost wishes to kneel in worship as he gazes at the magnificent, snow-covered land and pine girded base of this "monarch of mountains" and even as you ascend the valley of the Sacramento, Mount Shasta appears to you like a huge hill of snow just beyond the purple hills of the horizon; and is a constant landmark upon which to look, and which so unconsciously seems himself constituted to notice, as something even more remarkable and inviting than the green and flower-covered valley beside him.

We are favored with the following graphic sketch of an ascent—alone—by Judah S. Dick, which we give with great pleasure.

The morning of the ninth of October, 1855, opened beautiful and bright; the earth had been cooled by refreshing showers which had copiously fallen during the night, as I took up my line of march from Yreka to Mount Shasta, to make its ascent if possible. Notwithstanding the extensive arrangements by way of soil and promises, that were made by the company contemplating the same visit, (than for California pleasure parties) when the eventful day came, I was reluctant to proceed on my journey alone, dependent upon circumstances for the social pleasure that added so much to such a romantic trip. No equipage and noted travelers, officers, literati, or blooming lively belles, whose merry, joyous laugh and bright countenances could add so much of interest, were my attendants; and this "solitary and alone," and somewhat fearful because of the stupendous and unknown undertaking, by any single travel, I slowly, yet determinately, set out upon my journey.

From the western side of Shasta valley, Mount Shasta was in full view before me, in all its beauty and glory, as it reared its majestic head some seventeen thousand feet into the heavens, while its sides were covered with the deep-driven snow of ages, adding so much antiquity to the inspiriting view, as if to say, "I am the mighty monarch and sentinel of this western coast," and almost steadily did my weary, wandering eye gaze admiringly upon the scene before me;—hundreds of peaked little hillocks dotted the Shasta valley for twenty-five miles around, like so many attendants (evidently all lesser volcanic formations,) while the Shasta river, and other smaller streams, clear as crystal, and icy cold, sprang from its side.

For a day and a half I rode steadily on and around it, to make its ascent; all the time with the mountain in full view, and apparently but a little way off, deceiving even the keenest eye on calculation.

For two nights, ere my ascent, did I watch the setting sun, with its purple rays lingering and playing for twenty or thirty minutes around its brow, when to all other mountains the sun had set. That scene was beautiful beyond description.

By the noon of the second day I had rounded the Mount to its south side, and felt my weary horse and self at the beautiful Strawberry Valley ranch, or Gordon's, after which, with indecision and unsatisfactory directions, I bid adieu to every hope of seeing another person ere my fate became decided. Fearful accounts and warnings of grizzlies, California lions, avalanches, falling rocks and stones, with deep anteroom, by and in which I might perish and have no burial or resurrection until the "Resurrection Morn," but unwilling to give up, and trusting in God, with a good horse, and a bag of provisions, I commenced the ascent.

For twelve or fifteen miles blind snow trail through brush, and other obstacles, threw me from my horse; and have torn my garments equipped with a good new suit. After an arduous journey I upper edge of the belt of trees, horse trail, but not until the Night came on, rendering it find water for myself and animal o'leather at night.

After much difficulty a fire (as the last matches were held keep off the grizzlies and lions,) nately from the scarcity of too amount of dead wood lying fire to call about me. This drove excluded me altogether: as matter of my saddle and moccasins, and myself in my saddle-blanket, I covered my head ang, "Mr. Grizzly, you must take all, or none," Between shivering, dreading, and dreaming, I aawitted the dawn of day. At last—gladly to me—when, after fe horse and bidding him adieu, I commenced the ascent.
For twelve or fifteen miles I followed a blind snow trail through bushes of manzanita, mid other obstructions, which almost threw me from my horse; and would surely have torn my garments had I not been equipped with a good new suit of blue California clothes.

After an arduous journey I reached the upper edge of the belt of trees, and of the horse trail, but not until the sun had set. Night came on, rendering it too dark to find water for myself and animal until ten o'clock at night.

After much difficulty a fire was kindled, (as the last matches were being used) to keep off the grizzlies and lions, but unluckily from the scarcity of trees and the amount of dead wood lying around, a set to all about me. This drove me out and excluded me to every hope of seeing another person or my fate become decided.

Fearful accounts and warnings were given of grizzlies, California lions, avalanches, falling rocks and stones, with deep canon-crooks, by and in which I might perish and have no burial or resurrection until the "Resurrection Morn," but unwilling to give up, and trusting in God, with a good horse, and a bag of provisions, I commenced the ascent.

On the east side of the west spur, and the south side of the mountain, there were vast quantities of chink and volcanic stones, and for four weary hours I never set my foot off of broken stone, but up, up, up, over rocks and stones, till I reached the base of an almost perpendicular ledge of rocks, the so-called Red Bluffs, which I found to be indurated clay, colored by the peroxid of iron.

Through a little ravine I struggled on, climbing for one more painful hour, while large masses of rock becoming hoarbound, went bounding to the awful abyss below. After reaching what I thought the desired summit, imagine my surprise to look over fields of lava, scoria, snow and fearful glaciers. Now I had to cross ravines or fissures from fifty to one hundred feet deep, and from one hundred to three hundred feet wide, and worn through a solid mass of conglomerates, and sometimes half filled with snow and ice, the ice lying in perfect ridges, resembling the waves on the ocean, and were both steep and dangerous to cross. I slipped and fell several times, once coming near being dashed thousands of feet below. After ascending for another hour, among this strangely mingled mass, hoping again to
have reached the long desired summit, I was both disappointed and pleased, to see the table-land of snow from one-fourth to one-half miles in diameter, where it lay from one hundred to probably one thousand and more feet deep, as I could look down into fissures where it had sagged apart, for a fearful depth, and from this field, a few hundred feet from the summit, the Sacramento river takes its rise; running through the deep gorge, sometimes on top, then hidden, then appearing at the summit of hills, then concealed for miles, it breaks forth in magnificent springs and miniature rivers, with sulphur and soda springs intermixed.

After crossing the field of ice with great difficulty, on account of the sun melting the snow from the east and south, while the wind and cold from it blew from the west and north, thus rendering it dangerous, I reached another perfect mountain of loose and loose lava, ashes, and other volcanic matter, through which I walked although a foot in depth, for some distance; and at noon, I caught a last and first view of the natural summit, which I imagined is not seen from below, as it is a perfectly bare crag or comb of rocks, while the sides and top around are so covered as to hide the real summit. Across another field of snow, and I was evidently upon the original and main crater, a cavity covering several acres, almost hidden in by a considerable rise of rocks, and here I came upon the long sought hot and sulphur springs; and here, free from wind and snow, finding it warm and comfortable after being nearly benumbed with cold, I warmed and took a basty meal; and in my haste to warm my fingers, nearly lost my temperance banner, a gift from the American Dog planted there in 1852, by Capt. Prince. I deposited California papers and documents in the rocks, for safe keeping, as the papers carried up in 1852 were unburned, and feathr as ever.

Then, with a great reluctance, notwithstanding the wind, cold, loneliness, and coming night, I was compelled to hasten the descent. The sun was fast declining. My watch told three P. M., when I collected my minerals, sulphurs, and all objects of interest.

"Jerry."—A Dog Biog.

To look at Jerry's countenance, reader, you might suppose, perhaps with reason, that there is nothing very

for a future and faller dogging motto to the magnificently impressive promise of a return as soon as possible, the descent, and in the meantime, jumping, tumbling, snow, from one fourth to one hundred and fifty feet in a time, in a few moments, once more, easier by far, and more than the ascent; I was mounted, and hastened an exclamation of circumstantial bewilderment, at twelve a mounted, unsaddled and teary, and exhausted, not asleep conquered, and until now no taste, save that and woke to find my trust in a half day's hunt, him, by porla by rivers, I followed the Sacrament hundred miles to Shasta, to bath, after six days' labor—happier for my ascent on My As"
side and his left under the other, about his middle, as to lay upon the floor, to lift him up; and the dog did not move a muscle or a limb, but his body hung down as helplessly as though he were really dead.

'Up Jerry,' and he soon let us know that he was worth a dozen dead dogs. 'Take a chair, Jerry,' and he was soon seated in the only vacant chair in the room. 'Now, while one eye, Jerry,' and one eye was accordingly 'winked' without ceremony. Jerry, however, did not enlighten us upon the subject of having practiced this ungallant habit, when passing some of his canine holy friends in the public streets; but perhaps thinking that this might be used to criminate himself, he only wagged his tail by way of answer, which simply meant either yes or no,—just as we pleased—to our interrogations. He used to be very fond of these amusements, until he saw a little queer-stemmed dog against whom he had taken a dislike, practicing the same tricks, when he evidently became disgusted, and very reluctantly obeyed his master, for some time afterward.

Mr. Dawley is the owner of some mining claims on Wet Hill, and resides near them; any means allow him to take away again the dog whenever the time arrives to change the watch of the men who are sitting and conversing in the cabin, he will take a chair with the rest, and, what is somewhat remarkable, he always turns his head and keeps looking at the one who is speaking, although paying the utmost attention. We might suggest an imitation of Jerry's good manners to older heads than his, with much less sense within them—especially when present in a church or in the presence of Jerry's good manners to older heads than his, with much less sense within them—especially when present in a church or in the presence of the same tricks, when he evidently becomes disgusted, and very reluctantly obeyed his master, for some time afterward.

If a candle goes out, in the tunnel, it is placed in his mouth, as shown in the engraving, and he goes up to the man named, to get it relighted.

About a year ago, when they were running the tunnel, he would lie at the entrance and allow no stranger to enter, without the consent of his master; but when told by him that it was all right, he not only appeared pleased, but barked at a candle that was sticking in the side of the tunnel, when his master lighted it, placed it in his mouth, and said to him, "show this gentleman the diggings, Jerry," and he directly started, with his lighted candle, and led the way into every drift.

There is a similitude to the diggings, something over two hundred feet in depth, and should he want to go down at any time, which he often does, he goes to the top, and, on finding the dirt bucket up, will without hesitation jump in, entirely of his own accord, and descend to the bottom.

If a candle goes out, in the tunnel, he is left a little ajar, opens it, and common seeing the papers, he would give his master, and he had, after considerable coaxing, to leave without it. He allows the watchman to enter the cabin on a Saturday, with the clean clothes, but as the man takes one chair, he immediately takes another chair opposite, and sits watching him until his master orders; nor will he be by any means allow him to take away again, even the clothes he brought with him. If men are sitting and conversing in the cabin, he will take a chair with the rest, and, what is somewhat remarkable, he always turns his head and keeps looking at the one who is speaking, although paying the utmost attention. We might suggest an imitation of Jerry's good manners to older heads than his, with much less sense within them—especially when present in a church or in the presence of Jerry's good manners to older heads than his, with much less sense within them—especially when present in a church or in the presence of the same tricks, when he evidently becomes disgusted, and very reluctantly obeyed his master, for some time afterward.

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him that it was all right, he smiled pleased, but halted at it, and walked to the side of the street when his master lighted it in his mouth, and said to him, gentleman the diggings, Jerry, slowly started, with his lighted candle, the way into every drift.

A shaft to the diggings, some two hundred feet in depth, and want to go down at any time, often does, he goes to the top, pulling the dirt bucket up, will excitement jump in, entirely of his volition, and descend to the bottom, hammers, an inmate of the cabin Jerry was raised, and knew a pop, entered for the purpose of coal, but when he took hold of it, began to growl, and would not let him take it out, in the absence of Mr., he had, after considerable thought, to leave without it. He allows the man to enter the cabin on a Saturday, the clean clothes, but as the man one chair, he immediately takes a chair opposite, and Elvira watching him, his master enters; nor will he allow him to take away again, as clothes he brought with him. when men are sitting and conversing in the room, he will take a chair with the rest, and is somewhat remarkable, he always sits up, his head and keeps looking at the one speaking, as though paying the utmost attention. We might suggest an imitation of Jerry's good manners to older men than himself, when present in a church or bedroom, but we forbear, except to ask, whenever, they become listening at such times, they always think of Jerry!

"Jerry," too, is "general carrier," for his master, and goes to town each morning for daily papers. On one occasion he was going home some meat, when a much bigger dog than he sat still upon him, to steal it from him, and he took so notice of him, except to keep his tail near the enemy, and his head (with the meat) as far away as possible; but, when the large dog supposed Jerry to be somewhat off his guard, he made a sudden though unsuccessful spring at the meat, when Jerry, as if struck with a new idea, immediately started home as fast as possible; and after he had deposited it safely in the cabin, he returned to town, and gave his thieving disposed brother a good sound whiplashing; now, the enemy has a great preference for the opposite side of the street whenever he sees Jerry coming up.

Whenever his master go to town, the dog stands watching him at the door, and never attempts to accompany him, without a look or a nod of acquiescence. If Mr. D. purchases a pair of pants, or gloves, or anything else, immediately after arriving in town, he will say to him, "Jerry, you see these are mine," and place them on one side; and after remaining an hour or two in town, and going to different places—sometimes to the theater—he says, "Jerry, I guess I'll go home now," when the dog starts off directly for the parcel left, and appears with it in his mouth, wagging his tail, as much as to say: "Here we are, is this right?" He always remembers very correctly where it was left for him.

About noon, on Saturday last, his master said to him: "Jerry, I don't want you to go with me this afternoon, as Mrs. Houston wishes you to go to town with her," when he lay quietly down, and never attempted to move, as he generally does, to accompany his master to his work. He waited very patiently, until Mrs. H. was putting on her bonnet, when, taking up a small parcel which he had seen her place upon a chair, he waited with it in his mouth until she was ready to go, and then followed her down. When in town, Mrs. H. bought a bonnet box, about fifteen inches square, with a handle on top; and said to him: "Jerry, I want that carried home," when he took the handle in his mouth, to try to carry it, but as it extended up to his breast, and prevented his taking his usual step, he set it down again, when she said: "never mind Jerry, if that is too much for you, I will mind it," he immediately took it up, and although he could not lift it more than two inches from the ground, he carried it all the way home for her.

He will lift at a sack of gold dust, until his hind feet are both several inches from the floor. If sent to a store across the street for a jug of liquor, and unless carried it, he will be sure to drag it over—if at all possible, and never mistakes an empty one for a full one. When his master asks him to fetch his socks, or his boots, or his hat, or coat, or anything else, he never gets the wrong article, as he has a good memory to remember the names of everything told him.

To see what he would do, several men with his master's consent, tied a string and ran to his tail, but instead of running off as most dogs would, he turned and bit the string in two; then took hold of the string and dragged the jug along. He will go up and down a ladder by himself. If several men are in the cabin, and his master on going out should tell him not to leave it, all of them combined would not be able to coax him out.

He is very fond of music, and will walk about for hours, wagging his tail, whenever Mr. Curtis (a miner living in the same town) plays upon the harp; and sometimes he would run around, catching at his tail, and barking, when the music ceased. "Jerry" has more friends than any man in town, as everybody likes him for his good natured eccentricities, intelligence, and amusing performances. He sleeps at night in an arm chair, near his master's head, and seems to love and watch over him with the utmost kindness and solicitude. If, however, the blanket upon which he sleeps is thrown carelessly into the chair at night, or is not perfectly straight and smooth, he will not attempt to occupy it until it is made all right.

Many, very many other performances of interest could be related, such as picking up money and carrying it to his master; catch
ing paper in his mouth, if placed upon his nose; taking off his own collar; unfasten-
ing ropes with his teeth; jumping over
chairs; carrying away his master's gloves
on Saturday nights and returning them on
Monday morning: standing in any position
told him; fetching anything asked for, &c.,
&c., almost ad infinitum. But we think
that we have said sufficient to prove that
Jerry is an intelligent dog; and yet, some
persons, with more reason than veneration,
will persist in believing that God's works
are not as perfect and as beautiful as they
are; by assuring that "dogs have no souls,"
while they admit them to possess all the
attributes of intelligence—except in the
same degree—as those found in men; and
we must say that we have witnessed more
tranquility of mind in some dogs, than we
have in some men.

NATURAL BRIDGES.

These natural bridges are situated on
Coyote Creek, about half way between Val-
lella and McCloud's Ferry, on the Stanis-
lask river, and hold a high rank among the
varied natural objects of interest and beau-
ty abounding in California. The entire
water of Coyote creek runs beneath these
bridges. The bold, rocky, and precipitous
banks of this stream, both above and below
the bridges, present a counterpart of wild
scenery, in perfect keeping with the strange
beauty and picturesque grandeur of their
interior formation.

Approaching the upper bridge from the
east, along the stream, the entrance beneath
presents the appearance of a noble Gothic
arch, of massive rock work, thirty-two feet
in height, above the water, and twenty-five
in width at the abutments; while the rock
and earth above, supported by the arch, is
thirty or more feet in thickness, and over-
grown to some extent with trees and shrubs-
bery.

Passing under the arch along the
side of the creek, the walls, with the
most perfectly formed, though polished
maintain their width and elevation
with here and there an irregularity, see
however, only to heighten the interest
beautiful scene presented. Along the
arch, hanging immemorial stalactites
opaque icicles, but solid as the lime-
which they are formed.

As we advance, the width of the
increases to nearly forty feet, and
height to fifty feet; and here it really
as though nature, in her playful and
determined to erect in her own mind
more elaborately work
fects of art.

Here the spacious archway, (with
aid from the imagination) is made
semble of immense cathedral, we
wander among the sides, with its
portion, as though
being made to rough-hewn
manner with massive steps 1
whilst the columns, shooting from
tom and stone, would appear like
shades, only to be lighted, but
NATURAL BRIDGES.

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PASSING UNDER THE ARCH, ALONG THE BORDER OF THE CREEK, THE WALLS, WITH THEIR ALMOST PERFECTLY FORMED, THOUGH POLED ARCHES, MAINTAIN THEIR WIDTH AND ELEVATION; BUT WITH HERE AND THERE AN IRREGULARITY, SERVING, HOWEVER, ONLY TO HIGHLIGHT THE BEAUTY OF THE FORMATION PRESENTED. ALONG THE ROOF, OR ARCH, HANG INNUMERABLE STALACTITES, LIKE ORANGE TEETH, BUT SOLID AS THE LIMESTONE OF WHICH THEY ARE FORMED.

AS WE ADVANCE, THE WIDTH OF THE ARCH INCREASES TO NEARLY FORTY FEET, AND IN ITS HEIGHT TO FIFTY FEET; AND HERE IT REALLY SEEMS AS THOUGH NATURE, IN HER PLAYFUL MOMENTS, DETERMINED FOR ONCE, IN HER OWN MANNER, TO MOCK THE MORE ELABORATELY WORKED OBJECTS OF ART.

HERE THE SPACIOUS ARCHWAY, (WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM THE IMAGINATION,) IS MADE TO RESEMBLE AN INNOCENT CATHEDRAL, WITH ITS VARIOUS ARCHES SUPPORTED BY INNUMERABLE COLUMNS ALONG THE SIDES, WITH HERE AND THERE A JETTING PORTION, AS THOUGH AN ATTEMPT HAD BEEN MADE TO RUSH DOWN AN ALTAR AND CORRIDOR WITH MASSIVE STEPS THEREON; WHILST STATUETTES, SPRINGING FROM THE BOTTOM AND SIDES, WOULD APPEAR LIKE WAXEN CANDLES, READY TO BE LIGHTED, BUT FOR THE MUDY SEDIMENT WHICH HAS FORMED UPON THEM.

NOR IS THIS ALL, FOR NEAR THE FOOT OF THE ARCH IS A NATURAL POOL OF CLEAR WATER, CLEAR AS CRYSTAL, AS THROUGH PURPOSELY FOR A BAPTISMAL FOUNTAIN.


APPROACHING THE LOWER SECTION OF THIS ENORMOUS ARCH, ITS FORM BECOMES MATURELY CHANGED, INCREASING IN WIDTH, Whilst THE ROOF, BECOMING MORE FLATTENED, IS BROUGHT DOWN TO WITHIN FIVE FEET OF THE WATER OF THE CREEK. THE ENTIRE DISTANCE THROUGH WHICH THIS WIDE NATURAL BRIDGE IS ABOUT NINETY-FIVE YARDS.

UPPER SIDE OF LOWER NATURAL BRIDGE.
Nearly half a mile down the creek from the bridge described, is another, with its arched entrance differing but little from the one already described, in size, but the form of the arch is quite different, being more flattened and broader at the top. Advancing beneath its wide-spreading arch, and passing another beautiful forest of water issuing from a low broad basin, wrought by nature's own hand, we arrive at a point where the roof and supporting walls present the appearance of a magnificent rotunda, or arched dome, sixty feet in width, but with a height of only fifteen feet.

Here too, are numberless stalactites, hanging like opaque laces from above, whilst the rocky floor, where the creek does not receive the trickling water from above, is studded with stalagmites of curious and beautiful forms. The length of this arch is about seventy yards.

These natural bridges give to the locality an interest exceeded by few in the State; they form the most remarkable natural tunnels known in the world, serving as they do for the passage of a considerable stream through them.

The entire rock formation of the vicinity is limestone, and various are the conjectures relative to the first formation of these natural bridges, or tunnels. Some believing them to have been formed by the rocky debris contained in, and precipitated by, the water of countless springs, issuing from the banks of the creek, that, gradually accumulating and projecting, at length united the two sides, forming these great arched passages.

Others believe that as these bridges are covered many feet in depth with rock and earth, that these natural tunnels were but so many subterranean passages or caverns, formed, we will not attempt to say here, but as other caverns are, or have been, in nearly all limestone formations; for were these subterranean passages to exist in the adjoining hills or mountains, with either one or two arches of entrance, they would be called caverns.

But by whatever freak of nature formed,
they are objects of peculiar interest, and will well repay the summer rambler among the mines and mountains, the trouble of visiting them. Our wonder is that so few, comparatively, have visited these singular specimens of nature's architecture.

THE POISON OAK.

This subject has elicited more attention, and invited more examination than we supposed it probable, when the first article appeared upon it, in this Magazine. Letters upon letters, of inquiry, and for information have poured in upon us; some telling us of its inconvenient and painful effects, and its accompanying symptoms; others relating the particular kinds of treatment, which have been successful to them, individually, with a variety of questions as to what it is? how to avoid it? what is a certain cure for it? etc., etc.

To satisfy these inquiries, in some measure, we renew the subject, giving some illustrations of the shrub, and its effects, in hopes that, although we do not profess to be physician extraordinary, in this chain of poison and ease, we may secure the differing information of value to those affected by it.

For ourselves we may say that we can handle it, and even eat it, with impunity, as it produces no effect whatever upon us; but we regret to say it is not thus with all.

In the early part of last month, we saw a person almost blind from its effects, and with his entire face, and portions of his body, very much discolored and swollen. In this condition he was recommended the "swatting" process, adopted and practiced by Dr. Bourne, the Water Cure physician of this city. The following statement, from Mr. M. Fisher, will distinctly explain itself.

I was poisoned by contact with Poison Oak, Feb. 22d, 1857, at three o'clock, P.M. At this time, my condition was very distressing as shown by my first portrait, then taken, when I was rapidly becoming blind. The second portrait shows my improved state, but not a half to three hours later, after a thorough sweat. The third portrait was taken at forty-eight hours later than the first one; and now I am entirely cured of a very severe arthritis which was rapidly getting worse, and exhibiting its effects all over my person: without medication or any other than the modes above stated, only these three. During the year 1853, the Poison Oak caused me partial blindness nearly one month, and total blindness for several days, with much suffering.

Now we give the above, simply to show...
that a good sweating, and the drinking freely of cold water, with the application of cloths, saturated with warm water, to the head and face, can be practiced by any one with the greatest safety and efficiency.

“Any means (says the Age) of taking a vapor bath will do, either by means of steam admitted to a tight box, or by placing the patient under blankets, and heating the water with hot stones; or other convenient plan, so that it be effected, and allow the patient’s head to be exposed to the air, avoiding the necessity of breathing the hot and vitiated steam.

“From having witnessed its effects, we recommend the foregoing as a simple and efficient process for overcoming this troublesome disorder; to all such as may unfortunately require its aid.

There are some afflicted so severely, as to induce protracted illness, often blindness, and sometimes even death. We have frequently known it to baffle the treatment of physicians for weeks and months, subjecting the patient meantime, to great inconvenience and suffering. We have, therefore, thought it worth while to give the public the benefit of a mode of cure, applied in a case that recently came under our own observation; and which seems alike simple, speedy and efficacious.”

Some have used snuff powder with effect—others alcohol—others strong liquor—and who have become cured by rubbing the parts afflicted, although the “sweating” process seems to us, the most natural.

“I suggest a remedy for the particular eruption,” writes a gentleman from Umpqua City, Oregon, “produced by the poison oak—take sulphate of iron, ten grains; lard, half an ounce; water, one ounce—mix and apply to the diseased surface, constantly, by means of soft linen, saturated with the solution. If the eruption be persistent, with sympathetic fever, take salts in apterent doses, and one grain of sulphate of iron, internally.”

Too much care cannot be used when riding or walking near this poisonous shrub, especially by those persons who are most easily affected. It is also very desirable that a remedy should be applied as speedily as possible after its effects are first felt,—thus saving much annoyance and inconvenience.

AFTER A BATH OF THREE HOURS.
That portion of the Sacramento valley which lies above the mouth of the Feather river, is called the upper Sacramento, and is, perhaps, the largest area of arable land in the State of California. The general course of the river, down to the junction, is about south 15 deg. east. Like the Mississippi, it runs on a ridge, and the valleys slope imperceptibly back for several miles. For about one hundred miles, on the east side, the high land is very narrow, in fact it is nearly all subject to overflow. In the winter of 1852-3, there was one vast sea, reaching from Feather river to the Sacramento, and from the junction to Sutter's Butte, which stands in the plain about fifty miles up the river. The Butte is about twelve hundred feet high, thirty miles in circumference, and very rugged and broken. On the west side it is very steep and difficult of ascent; but on the east, pleasure parties have gone most of the way to the top in buggies. Between it and the Butte there are many small valleys of great fertility, which are now settled and under cultivation.

Marysville is chiefly supplied with

[Image of the upper Sacramento valley]
lay from a kind of sea grass that grows around the tule, and up Butte Creek which overflows annually to within a few miles of the mountains. Along the foot of the Nevadas, however, and on the creeks, there is some fine farming land.

Chico is another small creek that heads near Butte, but runs square across the valley, and consequently mouths many miles above the other. On this creek Major Bidwell planted the pioneer orchard and vineyard in the Sacramento valley. Above here the valley is narrower, but higher and not so much subject to overflow. The road from Marysville to Shasta passes near the foot of the mountains, and crosses the Sacramento at the town of Tolowa, situated on the western bank of the river.

There are at least three hundred square miles of land, on this side of the river, upon which it would be safe to sow wheat and barley; but there are not over three hundred settlers. Some of the swamp or tule land is easy of reclamation, and more might be turned to profit in the cultivation of rice.

There is a great deal more high land on the western side of the river than on the other, although from the junction of the two rivers, for a few miles up, the high land is very narrow. At Knight's landing, however, about ten or twelve miles up the river, there is some high land, and a passable road at all seasons, out to Cache creek, one of the oldest agricultural settlements in the valley. This creek heads in Clear Lake, situated high up in the Coast range of mountains, and runs almost due east until within a few miles of the river, and then is lost in the tule. There is some timber on the creek, good water in the wells, and it is considered a healthy location. The land is known to be good, and as it got its name up at an early day, it has long since been thickly settled.

The Sycamore slough, which runs out of the Sacramento some thirty miles above, puts into the river again at Knight's landing, and forms what is called Grand Island. This is a rich farming place, and is thicker settled, perhaps, than any other district of the same size on the river. The banks of the slough are generally low, and there is a great quantity of overflowed land, and some tule, out back of the farms, on which the cattle of these Islanders can feed during the dry season.

Six miles above the head of the slough stands the town of Colusa, situated on the western bank of the river. There is a great deal more high land on the western side of the valley, and this land is known to be the City of Loafers. Several ministers of the gospel have refused to try to get the stray flock into the pen of righteousness, because, as they aver, the place is too immoral for them to live in. Even the fire of September, 1856, failed to run out all the loafers, robbers, petty gamblers, fancy men, etc., that infest that place. The land around here is good, for I saw here in the summer of 1850, hundreds of acres of wild oats, seven feet high. Back of Colusa, about three miles, there is a slough running parallel with the river, which overflows its banks in high water, and makes a sheet of water some two miles wide. It is fed by smaller sloughs that make out from the river at intervals, some of them as high as thirty miles. Flowing down in a channel until within about four miles of a bend in the Sycamore slough, a great tule pond, consequent on the westward exodus from the Delta, except in the deep cuts of the river, and most of the land being planted in vegetables, there are not a hundred settlers last year there. Although the land between Colusa and Chico is not so good, yet there is no mile of the valley not capable of being used and improved. The reasons of this are that the valley is long, and the settleable grants, which lie from 2 to 4 miles wide, high up the river, as high up the land as a good quality of land banks of the Sacramento, the San Joaquin, and the Almaden.

But now since a little more like that it is not so great, and the land is being bought up, there are fast being built on the river, and it is lessenened; any the valley west of Cache creek is the most roll all farm houses and farms.
the Sycamore slough, about five miles from the river, it spreads out into a great tule pond. This is the last tule of consequence to be met with in going up the western side of the Sacramento.

Numerous small creeks, that are dry except in the spring of the year, run down from the Coast range, and spread out on the plains, forming some of the finest land in the world. The valley, from Cache creek to Stony creek, will average about fifteen miles wide. Of this there is enough outside of the sloughs or river lands, to make a strip five miles, in width, which, if we call the two creeks eighty miles apart, make four hundred square miles, on which there are not at the present time one hundred settlers; and until within the last year there were not thirty-five.

Although there is a good deal of high land between Colusa and Stony creek, yet there is not a man to the square mile.

The causes of the sparse settlement of the valley are, first, the belief abroad that the valley is very unhealthy. Second, the unsettled state of the Spanish grants, which lie on both sides of the river, as high up and as low down as the land is good. Third, the great quantity of musquitos that inhabit the banks of the Sacramento during the spring and summer.

But now, since people begin to live a little more like white folks, they find that it is not so sickly as they at first were led to imagine. The grants are now being disposed of, and the cattle are fast healing down the undergrowth on the river, and the crop of musquitos is lessened every year. I think that the valley will soon be dotted over with farm houses and fences, and in a very few years the boats will go loaded down stream, instead of up, as they do at the present moment.

The plains, however, are not subject to the above objections; the only drawback there, being wood and water. For the former they go either to the mountains, where the scrub oak grows in abundance, or to the river; the latter can be had by digging from ten to thirty feet.

Along the river the timber is perhaps a mile in width; but it is poor and very brushy—will saw double, if sawed—and makes but tolerably good fence rails.

The cheapest and best mode of building and fencing in this valley, will be to raft inch planks from the head waters of the Sacramento, or land it across the valley, from the head of Butte creek.

Well water in the valley is generally good, and cool; but there are many places where the water tastes very strong of alkali; the river water is good except in summer, when it is too warm, or in winter, when it is too muddy.

Above Stony creek the valley changes in appearance—the low red hills come in near the water, and in some places quite to it; so that it presents a succession of smaller valleys, instead of one unbroken plain, like the valley below. Yet these hills are not so high as to obstruct the view, but at a distance it all looks like an unbroken tract. Although the red land is not fit for cultivation, yet it is an excellent range for stock.

There is some find land on Thom’s creek, just below Tehama, and also on Elder creek, just above the same place. At Red Bluff creek, three miles below the town of Red Bluff, the valley may...
be said to end, for here sets in a succession of low hills, over which the Shasta road passes. About twenty-five miles above the Bluffs there is a considerable valley on each side of the river, on which Major P. B. Reading's grant is located.

Clear creek, which months near Reading's, has some bottom land, but I don't consider it good. Cottonwood has some good bottoms. Then up in the mountains, as it were, there are some eight or ten creeks coming into the river on the east side, all of which have some good valley lands.

When I first came to this valley, in the year 1850, everything was as God had made it. The winter before having been very wet, vegetation of ordinary land had made it. The winter before having the year 1850, every thing was as God had made it. The winter before having the year 1850, every thing was as God had made it. The winter before having the year 1850, every thing was as God had made it. The winter before having the year 1850, every thing was as God had made it. The winter before having the year 1850, every thing was as God had made it. The winter before having the year 1850, every thing was as God had made it. The winter before having the year 1850, every thing was as God had made it. The winter before having the year 1850, every thing was as God had made it. The winter before having the year 1850, every thing was as God had made it.

Musquitos were so thick that it was almost impossible to get a morsel of food to the mouth without being obliged to admit more or less of them. Antelope, elk, and deer covered the plains, and grizzly bears were found in abundance in the thickets along the river; but now they have nearly all disappeared before the process of civilization.

The Indian, too, is fast decaying under the barbarous influence of the civilized white man. In his natural state the Digger appeared happy, for his wants were few, and easily satisfied—the grass seed that grew in the plains—the acorns that grew on the oak, and the fish that sported in the river, were all that he required for food—for raiment he needed nothing. Without a murmur he stood the winds of winter, the sun of summer, and worse than all, the musquitios of spring. The tide makes his homes, his bed, and his mat to sleep upon.

"Quaker young ladies in Maine Law States, still continue to kiss the lips of the young temperance men, to see if they have been tampering with liquor. Just imagine a beautiful young girl approaching you, young temperance man, with all the dignity of an executive officer, and the innocence of a dove, with the charge, 'Mr. A., the ladies believe you to be in the habit of tampering with liquor, and they have addressed me to examine you according to our established rules; are you willing— you must acquiesce.'—She steps up to you gently, lays her soft white arms around your neck, dashes back her raven curl, raises her virgin form on tip-toe, and with her supple features lit up with a smile as sweet as heaven, places her rich, rosy, sun-flower, rosebud, nectar lips against your—blessings on you! Hurrah for the gals and the Maine Law, and death to all opposition." [It would be great sport for Californians, a couple of hundred thousand, or so, would come here to practice. The Maine Law, under such auspices, would be carried by main force, and become the most popular of all institutions. Try it young ladies—even if you are not members of the Society of Friends; we are willing to guarantee you a very friendly reception!]

It has been said, we know not with what truth, that there are four hundred and fifty-four probies in the Bible, and only seven threats. What a lesson should this be to parents, and teachers, forcibly telling them that words of kindness are always more efficacious than those of harshness and severity. Remember this.
A PAGE OF THE PAST.

BY ALICE.

"The whispering air
Needs inspiration from the mountain heights."

Could I but feel the same degree of inspiration now that stirred my soul on the eventful day that first brought Laramie Peak to my view, the highest point of land among the Black Hills, I could hope to do better justice to my subject.

But well do I remember a frightful thunder storm that overtook us while camping in full view of this mountain of rock. I could see the lightnings dance along the craggy points, and gleaming over and around its summit, while the deep rumbling of the thunder struck home to the weary traveler's heart, as it rolled away to the dells and ditches of the mountain. It was after dark when we reached our encampment, and we were drenched to the skin with the rain which poured in torrents, and the poor fellows who guarded the cattle that night, leaving you—well, you may have heard the story about the night storm that overtook us while camping in full view of Laramie Peak.

Not only men but women, upon the plains, in many instances, create broils and disturbances, especially among themselves. As an instance, I suggested the idea, one morning, of throwing away a number of useless traps, such as wash-tubs, smoothing irons, stone jiks, etc., as the roads were very rocky, and in many places the sand so deep that the cattle could scarcely haul the wagons. But another lady in the company raised a voice of remonstrance to my proposition, objecting to the sacrifice, saying she wanted the above named articles to keep the cattle well fed and well cared for. At that time everything in the line of household goods, was reported to be very high at San Francisco, and could rarely be purchased at any price.

A vote was unanimously carried by the crowd in favor of lightening the load, and Mrs. Humphrey's household idols, with many of my own, were given to the road side, and she, the capricious beauty, reluctantly acquiesced to the better judgment of the party, with pouting lips and swollen eyes. She could not bear such treatment, as she called it, without giving her liege lord a lecture in the tent before breakfast.

After emerging from the Black Hills, our course again lay along the banks of the Platte till we reached the upper crossing, or Mormon Ferry, as it was called. Here we leave the Platte for the last time; and passing over a country nearly destitute of all vegetation but sage brush, and here and there dotted with small lakes of alkaline water, at length we strike the Sweet Water, a tributary of the Platte, a clear and beautiful stream.

One mile before reaching the Sweet Water river, and directly upon the emigrant road, is Independence Rock—deriving its name from the fact that some of the first emigrants who crossed the plains reached this rock on the 4th of July, and celebrated the day there, leaving their names upon the rock, and to which thousands have since been added. This rock stands not isolated and alone, rising abruptly from the plain, to the height of one hundred and twenty,
five feet, presenting a truly magnificent appearance.

Poring the Sweet Water, and leaving it for five or six miles, passing to the east and south of a spur of the Sweet Water range of mountains, we arrive at Devil's Gate, considered by many a great curi-

osity. As we turn the bluffs, we see the river to the right, apparently terminating against the base of the rocks; but, as we proceed, a gap or opening appears through which the river runs. The width of the chasm is about seventy-five feet at bottom and one hundred at top, and four hundred feet high. It is evident that a portion of the valley of the Sweet Water above Devil's Gate, was once a lake, but drawn out through this great chasm, evidently rent asunder by volcanic or other natural agencies.

Our route now lay along the valley of the Sweet Water, a distance of nearly ninety miles. It would be a totally barren country but for the wild sage and small al- batawls of excellent grass along the wind- lings of the river. Game is abundant, and wild flowers of great beauty and variety border the river's banks.

Our pathway along the valley of the Sweet Water was diversified by every variety of hill and dale, majestic heights and broad-reaching sage plains. Sometimes, threading along an extended and beautiful valley; at others, ascending the topmost peaks of hills so perfectly conical, it scarcely seemed as though art, and not nature alone, had put the finishing touch to their formation.

The mountains are isolated peaks or spurs of the great main range—the Rocky Mountains—whose tops, covered with everlasting snows, have been visible for several days.

Ten miles before reaching the South Pass, we leave the waters that flow into the Atlantic Ocean. The Pass, instead of being a narrow defile, or gorge between two mountains, is a broad, open plain, thirty miles in width. On the north, the Wind River range, distant fifteen miles, rises abruptly, quite into the clouds, by which it is almost always enveloped; while on the south, at about the same distance from the road, hills rise upon hills, till at length they assume the appearance and elevation of mountains.

But, for at least twenty miles in width, the Pass can easily be traversed with wagons.

Our Commercial and Mercantile Interests.

Were we to base an opinion of the actual present condition and prosperity of California on her probable future, upon impressions derived from the general tenor of the casual every day remarks of the mercantile portion of our cities, an erroneous opinion of her true condition might easily be formed.

This assertion may be deemed equivalent to saying that the opinions of a highly intelligent and influential class of our citizens are not reliable; or are calculated to mislead the judgment in reference to the true condition and progress of California; and to a certain extent in this connection, we mean just so much.

It is well known that by far the larger portion is continually giving currency to a more supposition; but which to a considerable extent, both at home and abroad, has ripened into a belief, of a positive decline in business; a want or
OUR COMMERCIAL AND MERCANTILE INTERESTS.

We were led to have an opinion of the present condition and prosperity of California, and her probable future, upon impressions derived from the general tenor of the casual every day remarks of the mercantile portion of the cities; an erroneous opinion of her true condition might easily be formed. This assertion may be deemed equivalent to saying that the opinions of a highly intelligent and influential class of our citizens are not reliable; or are calculated to mislead the judgment in reference to the true condition and progress of California; and to a certain extent in this connection, we must judge as much.

It is well known that by far the larger portion is continually giving evidence to a more increased trade; and a considerable extent, both at home and abroad, has responded to a demand of positive decline in business; a state of absence of present prosperity throughout the State; when nothing can be wider from the truth. If the assertion so often reiterated,—that business and consequent prosperity are greatly depressed,—be true, then is it applicable to the mercantile and commercial classes only, and not to California.

We look upon this continued tendency to speak disparagingly of business prospects, as highly reprehensible, working a constant injustice to California.

With one breath we are told of a positive decline in business, and with the next, that we want population. The commercial and mercantile classes are clamorous for "more increase." That to maintain her present prosperous, and her future glorious, "California only needs population." These, and like declarations, have become patent in all our cities; and with nearly every business man of the metropolis.

But is population, alone sure to give us that prosperity? Will a large, immediate increase of the mercantile, commercial or mechanical population of the cities, or the State, be likely to add to the prosperity of those now engaged in these and kindred pursuits? Or would those, now so clamorous for "more population," desire an influx only of such as are consumers? If this be the immigration so much coveted, and nothing but this is to insure us a continuance of prosperity, then may we well doubt the present, and fear the future: for where in the whole range of civilization can there be found a country that has a larger proportion of non-agricultural and non-manufacturing population than California? Yet the voice of the mercantile and commercial interests of the cities, is vehement for "more population," to give renewed vigor and prosperity to California.

True, it would increase the aggregate wealth of the State, to add to its population; but it is doubtful whether it would add one iota to our individual prosperity, except to the holders of large grants of lands, or such as have 'much of other property on hand, which they greatly desire to sell.

We insist that California is prosperous now,—at least this can be said of all our cities, if not in them,—prosperous beyond any other people on the face of the globe. Her agriculturists are prospering everywhere, and yet to a great extent, almost totally lacking one of the greatest auxiliaries that can attach to household independence and conveniences; we mean orchards and fruit-trees—a deficiency now happily being supplied.

But would an immediate and rapid increase of the agriculturists of our State, to double or quadruple their present number, tend to the prosperity of the present tillers of California soil? Is it not really a question, in view of the greatly increased breadth of lands this year devoted to the cereals throughout the State. What is to be done with our probable agricultural surplus?

Can it then in any way add to the prosperity of our present agricultural producers, that their numbers be specially and largely increased? With their present numbers, they are prospering even to the acquisition of wealth, and why? Because in no country except California can there be found a population so large a proportion of whom, although laborers, are not produce
but immense consumers of agricultural products. This has given prosperity to, and will continue to enrich, the farmers of California.

Then the clamor for "more population" as a means of increasing our prosperity, can have no reference to the present agriculturists of the State, for they are even now largely prosperous.

But there is another and a very important class of our citizens—the miners—and which, with the agriculturists, go far toward making up the population of California. But suppose the present number to be at once doubled. Would this serve to increase the chances of those now struggling to dig out their fortunes with the pick and shovel? True, as we have said of the agriculturists, such augmentation would doubtless greatly increase the aggregate wealth of the State; but we seriously doubt its effecting favorably, present individual prosperity among that class of our population, now prosperous beyond all former precedent—we are speaking of the aggregate of our mining population.

If then, neither the agriculturists or miners of the State are lacking their wonted prosperity, to whom or to what class of our citizens will the oft returned assumption and declaration of "hard times"—"dull times"—and "a fearful stagnation of business" apply?

Surely the mere mercantile portion of our cities does not constitute a sufficiency of our population to make up the whole voice of California. And as we have shown that all outside the cities are prospering beyond precedent, can it be deemed conducive to our interests to be continually reiterating the cry of "more population," as the only expedient that can once more give to the State its wonted prosperity? We want population; but no more than other new States want it.

California has never retrograded; but on the contrary, has made such rapid strides toward greatness, as to distance all competitors; nor is she even checked in her career. More population would add to the wealth and power of the State, and a vastly increased population, together with the present, would doubtless prosper. No other country on earth offers more or greater inducements to immigrants, because no country presents a wider field for enterprise.

But the opinion entertained by some that an immediate and numerous immigration would add very materially to the welfare of any other class of our citizens than those engaged in commercial and mercantile pursuits, we believe to be erroneous; and even the good effect upon them as highly problematical; for the reason, that it is among those that we see the business of California overdone, or find too many to do it; and any great increase of population, would be sure to bring its proportionate surpluses of these classes.

To wait for, and depend upon, a large increase of our population, as the only means of promoting materially our present prosperity, is waiting for, and trusting to, a mere phantom. We must provide for the present; the future always has, and always will, take care of itself. The time has been when almost the entire consumption of the State, passed through the single port of San Francisco, while California produced nothing, or next to nothing. This created a necessity for a commerce con-
The realization of my conceptions.

When I pointed out the road for Joe to go, in getting him to write for the Magazine, I little thought I was directing a way which I should have to travel myself. But it is now plain that I was no common thing; and any effort would have induced me to travel it; but when Joe came, his eyes so heavy with constant watching, and asked me to write, only just this once, and I then asked the same, I would have complied with their request if I had been able to charge and take a twenty-four pounder well-defended, and there would have been but little more-sensibility in the

contributing at one point; exceeding beyond all comparison what the world ever witnessed before. But with the development of her agricultural as well as mineral resources, California became, in part, an exporting State. The millions of dollars exported for breadstuffs from abroad, were now retained at home, the very best and surest means of enriching any people. But this home production and consequent diminished importation, produced a corresponding decline or stagnation of the commercial interest, because it was in too many hands to be profitable to all; where it still remains. And it is this excess of numbers only, constituting the commercial and mercantile interests, that conduces so greatly to their own inconvenience.

It might be deemed an unwarranted assumption, were we to attribute to purely sinister motives, the earnestness with which the subject of an increased immigration is regarded, as the only alternative of a return of the palmy days of 1850, '51 and '52. And yet it must be fresh in the recollection of all, that the commercial or mercantile prosperity of those days was at the expense of the immigrant masses. Much of hardship, privation, and suffering, inevitably follow as the result of a sudden redundancy of population in a new country, and particularly in one so isolated as California.

A steady, natural immigration to any country, is the surest guaranty of a healthy and continuous progress. This we shall have; and the general effort will be, to unfold the resources of the State, augment its wealth, and increase the happiness and general prosperity of its people.
undertaking than in this,—say trying to write a readable article.

The above will be purely unintelligible unless I tell you that Ben is very sick; so low that in some of his spells of exhaustion we have thought the spark of life had fled forever.

Joe has taken it wholly upon himself to nurse him, and thus, so sick, so weary, they asked me to write, and I have really done it. It seemed so odd when I read my piece to them, not that I read it myself, but that we were not all seated around the fire, as it was our wont to be. There was something in it so very sad,—perhaps the thought of what it soon might be,—that when I tried to hope for something happier, the flame was pale and weak, as the loved one for whom it was kindled.

CHARITY.

A HALF TOLD TALE.

This broken leaf was all we knew
Of her he loved or his she stole.—The Singer.

Nearly three years ago I was passing along one of the many rich gulches of our southern mines. This particular one, located on the top of a very high mountain, and afforded water only during the rainy season. It had been almost exclusively worked by Mexicans, their mode of mining being most available with the scarcity of water. It was late in the Spring when I passed; the gulch was perfectly dry, and all the camps had been abandoned for the season.

The place was a lovely one indeed—bemused completely in with the thick growths of low brush, which covers nearly all the mountains throughout the mining district.

I walked along the bed of the gulch, observing the notice that marked the limits of the claims, and whatever else that happened to attract my eye. At last my attention was particularly called to one notice by the fineness of the hand in which it was written. On closer examination it proved to be part of a letter, which had probably been placed there for want of materials to write a regular notice. It was written in Spanish, and the writing was evidently that of a woman. On one side it was written thus: "If she could the temptations were great, and she was more to be regarded as an object of pity and mercy, than of the cruel and unnatural resentment you inflicted. But that secret rests between you and me, and our Creator; and I fear I shall ever betray it. But oh! for the memory of the love, which no one can doubt Lola had for you once, and you—" on the other side it read as follows: "Your revenge farther, for I fear it will lead to some fearful end. I pray, dear brother, forbear. But with all those dark deeds, do not think you can allate your sister's love,—that will remain constant to you forever, how constant only the Virgin who daily hears ——."

I read and thought it was a very affectionate sister writing in a very sisterly way to a wild brother, and that that brother was not only perfectly heedless to her councils, but so very careless of his own reputation as to indiscreetly place this significant portion of her letter before the rude eyes of all passers-by. Very natural conclusions any one will admit, under the circumstances. Perhaps, I wondered who this Lola was that was more to have been regarded as an object of pity and mercy, than of the cruel and unnatural resentment she had met with. I might also have wondered who this brother was, whose name was associated with dark deeds, and who was now evidently bent on practising revenge. Such thoughts spring up around all such mysteries, and I might have had them. But, as I had been in the practice of collecting all notices curious for their style, orthography, or any other peculiarities, I unhesitatingly took this from the slit branch which held it and put it in my pocket, thinking it a rare specimen of that description of literature.

Shortly after the circumstances narrated above, among the strange forms which flit transiently to our knowledge, even as the wind,—no one knowing whence they
THE REALIZATION OF MY CONCEPTIONS.

I come or whither they go, there came to our village a stranger—young, genteelly dressed and good looking, if you except the sneering expression of his handsome features. A light, insincere gracelessness, characterized all his actions, which soon became the object of emulation of all the loafer's of the place. He boasted much, in his same careless manner, of the power of his seductive arts; and showed many little tokens of sanguitic regard. He said what he said was not burdensome to carry, and which reminded him pleasantly of his ten quests in Mexico. It was a small casket which contained a gold cross held on a braid of dark hair; on the lining of the cover was wrought the single word, "Lola." It immediately called to my memory the name of the curious notice, and, though it was a very common Spanish name, something irresistibly associated the two with the same person. One had evidently been the distinguished party of a seduction conquest—the other had erred, and been the victim of some dark deed. They might easily be the same person. Who knew?

I had not much faith in the accidental revelation of a chain of romantic incidents, but I had certainly found the same name, if not the same character, in two capital larls of a romance. I wondered if I should ever find a sequel.

The same months had not passed away, when late in the afternoon I rode into a strange mining camp. The place seemed to be in an unusual state of excitement; a crowd was gathered around one building, and persons were hurrying to and fro in the streets as if their lives depended on their haste. On inquiry I learned that a man had been killed in the street by a Mexican, and that they were trying the murderer before a lynch court, and would probably hang him. They were both strangers in the place; the murdered man had been there but a few days, and the Mexican had not been seen before that day. They had met in the street, and the victim had tried to avoid the other when he saw him, but had been stabbed to the heart and died without speaking a word. The murderer had been arrested before he attempted to escape, and thus far had kept a dazed silence as to his motives for doing the deed.

I entered the room where the trial was going on. It was nearly like all other Lynching courts which I have ever seen. A judge and jury of rough looking men, apparently called directly from their work to sit upon the bench; who heard but little the sweet eloquence and nice technicalities of lawyers, but made truth in a straightforward manner, and laid out Justice sternly, according to their judgment. Two more of the same rough looking sort of men, were pleading the case in an earnest manner, without regard to polished speech.

The prisoner sat in the middle of the room, his gaze fixed on the floor, as though it did not concern him any longer. He was young, but the savage expression of his features made him appear older. He did not seem to want any sympathy or mercy, and no one seemed disposed to give him any. Not a single person of the whole crowd, by look or word, showed compassion for him. His crime was brutal, and apparently unpardonable, and, as he gave his counsel no grounds to sustain the defense, the trial was soon over. And when the sentence was pronounced that in one hour he should be hanged till dead, it was received with a general murmur of approbation by the throng, and the same disregard by the prisoner.

In one hour to have the veil rent which hides the mysteries of the great hereafter, and have the inscrutable secrets which man through all ages has striven to learn, revealed to us! In one hour to have all of life's goods and ills, of which at least we can say in our poor sense we know, to enter the dread uncertainty beyond the grave! It brings death awfully near; and must I, if I am to realize, cause a chilling sensation. But to sit as calm and unmoved as if he did not comprehend the words. Justice was in-
deed, about to be speedily and fearfully administered—murderer and victim, going almost hand in hand to the future world! I went from the room to the house where the murdered man lay. What was my surprise to behold in the form stretched at that fearful length, all that remained of the owner of the mask! I thought of my romance; I had found the sequel, and it was fast drawing to a close.

I hurried back—al excitement—to the room where the prisoner was kept; he was inditing a letter to his sister,—it was in answer to the one of which I had seen a part on the notice. I heard him tell the writer to say, that her fearful forebodings had come true; that it was the will of God and sentence of man that he should die; that he submitted to the decree without questioning its justice; that he had killed him, and he was ready to pay the price of his revenge; that he would not recall the sentence if he could, for all for which he had lived for years was gained, and life had no object for which to live. He did not say a single affectionate, brotherly word,—it was the message of one whose life had been concentrated into the one selfish passion of revenge. The hour wore slowly on. How long it seemed to me with all the thoughts of the hidden tale which formed the undercurrent of this rushing scene. What might it not be, since he, who believed in God and the Hereafter, could justify himself by it, for this dark deed!—Could it be something which, if known, would win sympathy for him from that stern throng? No one knew but himself, and he did not seem disposed to tell. The sun went down; and when the tall mountains had thrown their shadows far out upon the plain, the hour had come. The prisoner walked forth as firmly as any of the crowd that surrounded him, to the tree where he was to be executed; mounted the horse, from which he was to fall, with as much lightness as if he was to ride freely away; helped to adjust the fatal noose; had the handkerchief tied around his face, and stood erect and firm as a statue—all without a sound or sign of fear. The horse was led from under him, and he swung in the air,—a few struggles, a few inarticulate gasps for breath, and all was over; the body swung slowly about as any other inanimate thing would have done. One by one, as their curiosity became satisfied, the spectators went away, and when night had stolen on, and the moon came fearfully up and made her uncertain lights and shadows, none remained; but dimly in the shade of the old oak, I could see some object swinging to and fro, as the winds came in fitful gusts and moaned through the branches of the tree. Truly my tale had found a fearful sequel!

NOT ALL DESOLATE.

By W. H. B.

"Moss will grow upon the grave-stones, the ivy will cling to the moldering pile, the mistletoe spring from the dying branch; and God be praised, something green, something fair to the sight and grateful to the feelings, will twine around and grow out of the seams and cracks of the desolate temple of the human heart."

On the old crumbling grave-stones whose records have died,
While all that remains of the forgotten dead,
Is peacefully sleeping below.

O'er the old ruined wall and the mouldering pile,
The ivy most fondly will cling;
As their graces depart they seem quietly to smile,
With the verdure and beauty of spring.

When the tall aged oak bears its arms to the skies,
Then the mistletoe will spring from the piles,
To hide its defects from the day.

So out of the sorrowing, desolate heart
That is dying in sadness and gloom,
Hope eternal may spring that shall never depart,
And flowers immortal may bloom.

Savannah, Ga., April, 1857.

He who gives for the sake of thanks knows not the pleasure of giving.
It was in the month of April, of the year 1850, many long, long, and weary days had we plodded our way through and over valleys and mountains of snow—and long and weary miles were those—but on, on we plodded; our destination we knew not where; we were looking for gold; bright, shiny, yellow lumps of gold. And with this glittering hope, this bright imagination ever before us, we trudged and plodded on. At length our eyes were gladdened by the sight of terra firma; it was a low peak of the Sierras, covered with a thick growth of pines—and here upon this peak, and beneath the trees, we pitched our tents, and we named our camping ground Pine Peak.

From here we started on our prospecting tours, often being out from one to two weeks, and oftentimes, after the first week, out of "grub." and obliged to subsist upon that highly nutritious beverage known to old miners as spruce tea.

There were twelve of us, Tom, Bob, Jim, Bill, Shin Do, Bluff, one Maj., one Col., two Soaps, and your humble servant. The Stills all knew, or cared enough to ask—would to God we had.

Tom, or "Jolly Tom," as we called him, was the life of our party; his merry laugh was always first to greet our cars at morning, and the last "good night" we heard was chorused with the same gladness. When nearly dead with fatigue and hunger, in our wanderings, he was who bid us hope, and cheered our dying spirits with a joke; and when sitting about the camp-fire, after a hard day's work, 'twas his story brought out the biggest laugh. He was the very soul of our party, and knowing it, we almost worshipped him.

It had stormed incessantly for five days—a storm of wind, snow, and rain, and such a storm that to be appreciated must be experienced. Nine of our party were on a prospecting tour, and had been out eleven days; old Bluff, the Col., and myself were keeping camp; during the last four days and nights we had been in a state of extreme anxiety, and each day added to our mental excitement; each night we had built huge bonfires, and at intervals discharged our fire-arms. On this, the afternoon of the fifth day of the storm, the rain and snow had ceased to fall, and the wind had moderated to light breezes, and we three were holding a silent council around the camp-fire; but the thoughts of each were occupied with the same principal topic—old Bluff was the first to speak.

"Eleven days, to-day; Tom said they could do it inside of a week; they're lost, perhaps have perished; but what can we do? It's no use to go out, for we don't know which way to go. Poor fellows, I am afraid it is all up with 'em."

"Hark!" said the Col.

And imitating him we placed our hands behind our ears, as if to catch some far-off, distant sound; it came, at first scarcely perceptible, like an eerie, low, far away; but it became stronger and louder, 'till we could distinguish the faint hooting—springing to our ears we answered with a shout, and bounded off to meet the wanderers. A wretched looking crowd they were, their footsteps slow and tottering; they had but little to say. Five days and five nights had they been exposed to the storm, and three of those days without a scrap to eat; their matches had by accident become wet, and they had been without even a fire at night. "Hard time Tom," said I. "Yes, Doings, mighty tight; lucky for you you wasn't along—you see the rain had tatter'd our frail out, and we were lost till last night, when we saw your fire—here, take my pack, I'm almost dead." "Well, soon be in now," said I, "and there is a splendid fire, lots of bread and beans, and a cup of coffee will put you right."

Half an hour later, and we were all gathered around the camp-fire, armed with a pot of coffee and a plate of beans, and the fasting for the last
...days was being rapidly atoned for—all did I say? All but Jolly Tom, and he was sitting with his elbows upon his knees, his head buried between the palms of his hands. "Come, Tom, come," said I, "eat, take hold here, take your regular buns. "No, I'm sick, I'm cold and shivering all over." "Yes," said old Bill, "Tom isn't been well too-late, nor yesterday—he's knockel—he said nothing bright for two days, and he's sick, sure." "Come, Tom," said I, "take some coffee, and you will feel better." "No, no, I'm sick, I must turn in." He attempted to rise, and but for my assistance would have fallen. He did indeed look sick, his face seemed to bear the impress of death, while, yet tinged with a purple hue; his eyes were sunken, and his lips quivered like an aspen leaf. With the assistance of Old Bluff I carried him to the tent, stripped him of his wet clothes, and rolled him in dry blankets—we had no medicines—nor could we do anything to give him any relief. He was very, very sick, all night long his mind was wandering; he talked of home, and of his mother, and the smile that played upon those parched lips bore witness to his love; sometimes he would be wandering in the woods, lost; again he would laugh wildly, and then smiling, murmur "beautiful! beautiful!"

All night, and until near night of the following day, I sat beside him moisture his parched lips and ever his brow. Towards evening he dropped into a fitful slumber. Leaving him in the care of the boys, and bidding them call me in case of any change, I retired to my own tent and turned in.

I had slept but a few hours, when a hand was laid upon my shoulder, and I was awakened. "Quick, Deluge, quick! poor Tom is going off, he's asking for you." I sprang quickly up, the storm had recommenced, and was raging in all its fury. In a moment I was bounding by the side of Tom. The night was intensely dark, but our fire furnished sufficient light for me to dis-
A GOSSIP'S SPECULATION ON DOMESTIC DRINKS.

We wonder if our breakfast bill of fare is always to be limited to tea, coffee, cocoa and chocolate. Surely there is yet to be discovered, one leaf or berry more to add to the brief catalogue. What are travelers about that they do not experiment more upon what the botanists have shown us? Why, tea has been in use more than two hundred years; surely that is long enough to give place to something else. Macpherson, in his beautiful history of European and Indian commerce, (we quote from memory) states, that tea was known as early as A.D. eight hundred and fifty, and this upon the authority of one Saloman, an Arab merchant; yet we find that Poppys in his Diary, relates—"I sent for a cup of tea, a Chinese drink, of which I had never drunk before, and he dates this information 1651, so that if true, this universal potation must have made but little progress in popular favor for eight centuries previous.

We think it has had altogether a very fair run, and now ought to be satiated with its celebrity, and not go on, year after year, engrossing the affections of two thirds of every community. What has contributed to its popularity amongst us Yankees?—Liebig perhaps can tell us; but he is so awfully scientific, that we need a phonogram to comprehend his meaning. We will endeavor to translate it. He says that there is a bile correcting principle called thene, an alkaloid, which is the secret and sustains men to partake, that it is a good substitute for animal food, and that is the reason why females, and literary persons, who take but little exercise, have so much partiality for it.

Our lively friends, the French, use it as a medicine, and phlegmatic people never take it, nor ought young children to indulge, in even a single cup.

The same learned chemist tells us that the first ten leaves were procured from the Chinese in exchange for these of the sarsaparilla, and a few of our good citizens would as readily exchange their entire crops for the same, so little did they at first know its value; but when, after a time, they became sage without this herb, they refused to barter it at all, and then it could only be purchased with solid coin.

We know of one old gentleman who affirms that he never tasted it in his life, to his knowledge, on account of the flavor having a peculiar effect upon his olfactories. He used to tell a droll story of a tea party, of which he made one. He began while it was pouring to hunt the ladies present upon their silly patronage of the herb, told them how it browned their complexion and shriveled their skin; in process of time, when the liquor was being poured out, it was observed to be as blue as the sky; all turned to him as the mischief-maker; but he declared his innocence. In vain were the ten pot, tea urn, and boiler, emptied of their contents and replenished; the blue obstinately prevailed; when he suggested the cause to be the blue rag of the pump; (usually kept for the washerwomen's convenience, in some farm houses, on said pump's nose), this hav-
Our washerwoman could drink an immense quantity of this beverage; she was a strong hale woman. We well remember, in our boyhood, losing our wages that she could not drink thirty cups of tea; and our being foiled too, by the evidence of her having enjoyed the tenth after the last.

And what of coffee. This is well known by all good physicians to be little less than a slow poison to some constitutions. We have known more than one person invariably jaundiced by the habit of drinking it only twice a day.

In Jersey, one of the British Channel islands, several of the inhabitants have periodic attacks of this complaint; yet, such is their fondness for the drink, they still risk the disorder, despite its penalties.

Coffee has this alkaloid in an eminent degree. The coffee berry, which supplies, at the present time, almost all European demands, was first discovered in 1618, by an Arabian merchant; who sent it to Van Hoorn, Governor of Batavia, and who largely propagated it; and this happened twenty years after its discovery. The seeds were procured from Mocha, in Arabia. Niebuhr says, that it was first brought from Abyssinia to Yemen by the Arabs, and sold as a family medicine.

During the ten years war between England and France, the duty on this berry was so high as almost to put it out of the power of the laboring classes to enjoy a single cup of it. Cobbett, of Register notoriety, suggested a substitute, roasted barley, mixed with the common edible peas, scorched almost black, which proved to be a very palatable drink, and had many of the coffee's stimulating properties.

Doctor Johnson used to say—"Give me a cup of tea to make me think, but a cup of coffee to make me talk." Whether this gives the reputed loquacity to our friends the French, and their habitual taciturnity to the English and American, I leave others to settle to suit themselves.

The worthy Doctor's gossiping propensities were well known; and it is hard to say how many of his good sayings are to be attributed to this drink—tea. Dear old Goldby used to call him—The Walking Teapot; and when the Doctor was not in his hiatus, he used to ascribe it to the bosom of the tea. Mrs. Thrall used to go to extraordinary expense to please the Doctor, who always honored her by saying that Mrs. Thrall was the only one who could suit her taste in tea. His memorable distich addressed to that lady is well known, and shows his greedy fondness for the article.

"A potted hogshead, pour it out; me pour it out a spoon.
Then canst one pour it out so fast as I can pour it down."

His dropsical temperament did not deter him from indulging in it; eight and ten cups, holding some quart of a pint each, would upon a single occasion be introduced into his stomach. He said it was the only discovery for which the Chinese deserved the name of Celestial; yet, at times, he would call the slop as his most inveterate enemy, and declaim against it with the bitterest animosity.

In France everybody drinks coffee; and tea is there only taken medicinally. In England, the consumption between tea and coffee is almost equal among the men; but almost all English and American women take tea. In London, the coffee rooms where no beer or liquor is allowed to be sold, number seven hundred at the least; and each is frequented, upon an average, daily, by eight hundred persons. These houses unquestionably have been the means of displacing much drunkenness among the laboring classes. In 1844 the coffee imported into Great Britain, was upwards of fifty millions of lbs; that of France, twenty-seven millions.

We do not append much faith to the sayings of the worthy Doctor, above quoted; for our own observations tend to quite a different experience in the property of tea-drinking amongst old maidens. An old dame, arrived at the...
The worthy Doctor's generous
pension were well known; and
hard to say how much of his
ings are to be attributed to the
tea. Dear old Golby leads
him—The Walking Tongue: the
Doctor was not in the least
used to subscribe to the bibles of
tea. Mrs. Thrall was at
as an
ordinary expense to place before
Mrs. Thrall the only cup
which she always ordered by

His drooping temperance
prompted him from indulging in
and ten cups, holding some quan-
tity each, upon which he would
himself be introduced in 

He said it was the only
beverage which the Chinese deemed
of Celestial; yet, at times, it
would call the slept off as his most invita-
tory, and decline against its in-
terest annually.

In France everybody drank
and tea is there only taken
in

In England, the consumption of
begin coffee is almost as
the men; but almost all the
American women take it. In
London, the coffee room when
in
the coffee house is allowed to be
as
seven hundred at the least; or
is frequently, upon an average,
by eighty hundred persons
horses unaccompanied have been
amongst the laboring class by
the coffee imported into town is
at
six hundred at the least; or
that of France, twenty or

Give

im

Get

the coffee

We do not appeal much their
sayings of the worthy Doctor
quoted; for our own observation
to quote a different experience
of tea-drinking maids.

An old dean, who

ordinary years of discretion, will be
found, after the first cup of tea, to have
a very good opinion of her neighbors;
after the second, she finds they are gen-
erous almost to a fault; after a third,
that they would be better without cer-
tain faults; after a fourth, no better
than they should be; after a fifth, the
most scandalizing set that any innocent
soul, like herself, can be worried with.
In short, she becomes fault-finding and
quarrelsome in her cups; the beverage
when taken to excess, having the same
effect upon her system, as any intoxi-
cating liquor. There is doubtless a large
amount of stimulating power in the two
beverages; and nothing can be better
administered as an antidote to
poisonous soporific than strong decoc-
tions of one of these.

But truly, we repeat, these are not
the only wholesome drinks nature's
bountiful herbarium can sup-
lify. Travellers report occasionally of the


The walls of your little cabin seem too close for you to-night, the logs look rougher and darker than ever; the atmosphere is heavy and oppressive—throw open the door. O, what a glorious flood of moonlight! You do not restrain the expression of a supernatural delight which rises to your lips as you cross the threshold, and step out into the free, open air. Surely, Heaven itself cannot be more beautiful than the scene before you; even the rays reflected from the very presence of God cannot be more pure, than those which now bathe every leaf, tree, and flower around your lonely mountain home. You can almost feel the soft moon-beams, as they fall upon your forehead; angel fingers seem weaving them among the folds of your hair, and laying them gently upon your cheek.

You hear no sound, but music is floating all around you—felt, not heard; upon the outward ear falls not a note, but, in your soul there is melody. A delicious calmness steals over your mind, and your nature seems refined and elevated as you listen to the music—bark to the theme! "As of the past! Here, sent yourself upon the trunk of this fallen pine tree; lean back among the thickly clustering branches; from this place you have a good view of the rude cabin—your home.

Now memory with her magic glass is holding up pictures to your mind's eye; the music in your soul becomes joyous, and gleeful. You see a quiet farm house nestled among fragrant fruit trees; they are in full bloom for it is spring. Singing birds are flying to and fro among the branches, and as the air gently moves the blossoms, a shower of snowy petals comes fluttering to the green grass beneath. Beyond, you see a field of clover—a perfect sea of rosy waves—and from the midst appears a little, ringletted head, and a pair of white, dimpled shoulders, while two chubby hands hold up great clusters of clover blossoms, and a childish voice shouts—"Willie! Willie! I'm lost! come take me!"

A laughing boy springs over the bares, and in another moment the little elf has his arms closely clasped around his neck, and he bears her in triumph to the smooth green lawn in an adjoining field. Now comes a race through the yard, under the apple trees, to the kitchen door, which "sis" is gallantly permitted to reach first, and is nestled in mother's lap, resting her glowing little cheek against her shoulder, ere the tardy boy appears. You recognize the picture, and the music becomes slower—slower—dirge-like as you remember how that bright little head was laid beneath the cold sod; how you watched the light fade out from those loving eyes, and saw the lips grow pale and still in death; and how that first, great grief came crushing down upon your young heart, when thus beautiful, only sister died.

The scene changes. Now the music in your soul has the sound of bells chiming. You see a village church. It is Sabbath morning, and crowds are hastening to the church door. You see a tall youth entering with the rest; the smile of hope and happiness is upon his lips, and the rich hue of health mantles his cheek.
He takes his place in the choir, but his eyes are not upon the aged minister as he reverently rises to invoke the blessing of God upon the opening services; they are resting in bashful admiration upon the young girl in white, who sits in an adjoining seat.

When the singers rise, the youth forgets to take his part, but is listening with uncurtained ear to the rich, melodious solo, flowing from the rosy lips of the girl who has so exclaimed his attention. The tell-tale blood crinkles his forehead, as he enters a single glance from those blue eyes, and for a moment the altar seems tremulous.

The services ended, the congregation disperses; but by some strange accident the tall youth is walking beside the girl in white; very silent they are, but when they separate at the gate of an old fashioned farm house, he is holding a rose and tremblingly brushing a prayer for her darling boy. A moment his arms are around her neck, and tears, many tears, of which he is not ashamed, are falling upon her forehead. A mute pressure of the hand, one last lingering kiss, and he is gone. A quick, firm step soon brings him to a great gate leading from the yard to the public road; here he pauses a moment, casts a hasty glance at the dear old place, brushes away a tear, and then turns his back upon his boyhood's home.

Now comes a long, moving panorama. You see a large company of travelers starting off on a journey. Bright hope, and glad anticipations are beaming from every face as the train moves along, the long continued cheers, and shouts of “off for California!” tell its destination. Over valley, mountain, and plain you follow the company; you watch the gradual falling of joy and hope from familiar faces, as they pass through scenes of hardships, privations, and distance; you see the strongest falling beneath hunger and disease, and mark many a lonely grave in the wilderness. The red glare of the campfire reveals pictures of misery and wretchedness, and often are the weary, longing eyes of the pilgrims turned back towards the homes now so far away. Now hope reigns, and bright dreams of wealth and happiness take the place of murmuring and despair, for the eagerly wished for El Dorado is in view; at last, though with numbers fewly lessened, the sun-burnt, weather-beaten company reach the golden land.

You remember how many years have elapsed since then, and how few of that band have realized their bright anticipations. Some indeed, have returned to their homes laden with the glittering fruits of their toil; but many have found
a grave where they looked for wealth. For yourself, you have relinquished your golden dreams.

You have learned to love this beautiful land; those wild haunts, this rude cabin, these grand mountains, these lofty trees are dearer to your heart than all the world beside. Here you have the companionship of Nature in all her glorious perfection, and free from the restraints of society, you can worship God alone.

From your old home comes a voice of weeping: you know that beloved mother is no longer there to bless her child; you know that aged father has gone to his reward; you know that dear old homestead has passed into stranger hands; your first and only love is the wife of another; almost every tie that bound you to the old home has been broken by death, time, or change—why should you wish to return?

You do not; here you are happy—happy in your loneliness. Here you would live, and in death rest in these quiet ashes.

But the moon setting behind the trees warns you that the "moon of sighs" has passed, and you seek your little cabin, more in love than ever with your wild, beautiful, mountain home, and busily prepare for the morrow's duties, from this evening's quiet lingering among the pictures of the past.

A DINNER WITH THE CHINESE.

We had determined upon discussing a dinner got up in the most approved style of the Celestials, laying aside everything like fastidiousness in regard to material or taste, conducting its nature and making of the full course, come as it might, whether friseeese monkey or baked rats made any part of the bill of fare or not. It was to be a regular Chinese dinner, at a Chinese house, with Chinese cooks and attendants—and as the sequel will show we had all we bargained for. For calling on Lee Kan, Dupont street, near the corner of Washington, and making known our wishes, we were immediately informed that they would be supplied with.

Lee Kan was our interpreter, and really, he speaks the English language painfully correct. We say painfully—because it is so very rare to find a Chinese gentleman speaking our language, even more correct than ourselves. Of course, out of politeness, he was one of our invited and honored guests.

The day and hour were appointed; there were seven of us all, four claiming to be white—one a Maj. U. S. Army—two Capt's—and one legal gentleman; our invited guests were—the Gov. of Soo Yne Company—one Chinese merchant of immense business as well as corporal extension, and Lee Kan.

Now, though we had resolved to "go it blind," on whatever might be set before us, and though so far as a dinner is concerned, we were probably as brave a foursome as ever grappled with one, still, as we had heard so much of the strange varieties of food in vogue with the Celestials, as well as some intimations of their peculiarieties of taste, we were not wholly without misgivings, or as we chose to term it—curiously, to look the kind of material in preparation for us. So we visited, by permission, a few hours previous to dinner, the culinary department.

The first object that attracted our attention was, what appeared to us being strings of cockroaches hung up for drying, and as we thought, more than probable, in preparation for our especial use; but whether to be served in the form of a stew or a roast, or powdered and used as a flavoring ingrediant, we could not well determine, but were given to understand, however, that they were "very good! very good!" But in justice to our caterer we will say, that what our imaginations had conjured into cockroaches, proved to be a species of edible root, cut into slips or chips, that when properly pre-
made an exceedingly savory dish.

But fearing we might see something worse than cockroaches, we beat a lusty retreat, determined to meet with a bold front and good relish, whatever Chinese ingenuity could devise, upon which to retaliate us. The hour arrived—we were ushered into a sumptuous dining-hall, furnished with all the elegancies and appurtenances believed by the Chinese to be indispensable to such an apartment.

The table in the middle of the floor, was covered with a fine, white linen cloth, and upon this, beautiful bouquets, magnificent China ware, elegant goblets, and chop-sticks for seven. The Chinese always consider the bouquets "put out the entertainment at the disposal of the guests; therefore at the conclusion of the dinner we availed ourselves of the privilege by appropriating them.

And now to the Bill of Fare.

Soups—edible birds' nests; shark's fins. Stewed,ok with water lily bulbs; chicken do. do.; pigeons with Chinese turnips alone or shell fish (China); calf's throat out imitation of lanolin; eggs (mixture); chickens' flesh &c. do.; ducks' feet with toadstools; fish balls prepared with flour, bamboo and peanuts; fish maws baked; beech-le ma; crab balls with carrots and garlic; herrings' heads (yellowish green.)

We would here make a note of one fact. We had determined to show our almost religious devotion and preference to chop-sticks over knife and fork, in order to give to the whole thing a truly Chinese character. But our efforts were anything but satisfactory—for just the very instant that we supposed we had, or were about, to safely lodge a tit-bit within our lips—slip! would go the chop-sticks, one towards each ear, whilst our thumb would be sure to make the nearest approach of anything to our mouth.

So after repeated trials with the most lamentable success, and the evidence before us that our Chinese friends were getting badly the advantage of us, we felt constrained to resort to knife, fork, and spoon, in self defense.

After the first course of sixteen dishes we were served with the following dessert:

Tea; cake made of rice flour; water nuke, called in Chinese Ma Tai and truly delicious; preserved water lily seeds; pomelo, a kind of orange, preserved; Chinese plums; jelly made from sea-weed; ducks' hearts and glands with shrimps; cakes of minced pork and other ingredients of doubtful character; fish gelatine; eggs preserved in soy and oil—very fine; almonds salted and baked; oranges; preserved watermelon seeds; two other kinds of cake made of rice flour; eigars; white wine, made from rice; a third proof liquor made from rice; and finishing off with an opium smoke, and Chinese cigars. And yet down to the present moment, three days and nine hours since the event transpired, we are still alive! But as a warning to such as may be inclined to imitate our enthusiasm and example, we will state—that our bill on final rising and departure was just forty-two dollars—but as the dinner will probably last us as long as we live, we are inclined to believe it after all, a good investment.

C. J. a, V. R.

ANTIDOTE FOR POISON. A correspondent of the London Literary Gazette, alluding to the numerous cases of deaths from accidental poisoning, adds:

"I venture to affirm there is scarce even a cottage in this country that does not contain an invaluable, certain, immediate remedy for such events—nothing more than a dessert spoonful of made mustard, and drunk immediately. It acts as an emetic, is always ready, and may be used with safety in any case where one is required.

By making this simple antidote known, you may be the means of saving many a fellow creature from an untimely end."
THE VALLEY WHERE I WAS BORN.

BY G. T. R.

Oh! sweet was the spot, and pleasant the coast,
In that lonely and quiet vale,
Where the tall old trees, waved high in the breeze,
And danced to the evening gale;
Where each flower was a gem, for a diamond,
All radiant with dew at morn;
And the purple heaven, glazed bright at even,
In the vale where I was born.

Oh! the murmuring streams, flung back the balm,
Of the gentle moon at night;
And eve's bright star, glittered from far,
Gilding the heavens with light;
And the birds that sung, the bower's among,
Awoke me with the morn.
Sweet, sweet was their strain, as it echoed again,
In the vale where I was born.

The cottage stood, on the verge of a wood,
Where the old oaks used to grow;
The brook at the door, ran the smooth stones over,
And gleamed with music low.
The silken maid was seen, tripping light o'er the green,
In the early hours of morn;
And the butter's call, was heard in the hall,
In the valley where I was born.

Long years have flown, and the friends are gone,
When I lived in my youthful day;
Some sleep in the grave, and some 'bent the wave,
And others are for woe;
But 'tis pleasant to gaze, through the mist and the haze,
That veiled life's early morn;
Where, unlimned by tears, the past allappears,
In the vale where I was born.

San Francisco, April 12, 1857.

LEAP YEAR; OR, LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

Well, I must confess that I'm surprised, indeed astonished, to see so many single ladies, and to think that Lemon Yule has just passed away!

Why, there is my old maiden aunt, whom I know not, and she tried, have secured for herself a husband, because she has accomplishments which few other candidates for matrimony possess. True, she cannot perform astonishingly on the piano, nor "touch the harp gently," but I know that she can play wonderfully well, and with expression, on that domestic and necessary article—the wash-board. What tho' she can't preside with such grace at the luxuriously spread table, or "trip on the light fantastic toe!" she can cook the vegetables therein, and engage in a good, common sense conversation, and is always a welcome guest at a "corn-husking," or "quilting," and no one can excel her in picking wool. Alas! but my aunt is not a fashionable, city lady, and of course if she can cook, is considered very common by such persons.

But, as I was saying before, why are there so many single ladies, and Leap Year just gone by? I'm sure I can't account for it, unless it is because the ladies who had the courage to pop the question, were decidedly rejected by the masculines who were so honored. If such be the case, of course many were discouraged thereby. But could it be so? Would not all of the fine in woman's nature be kindled, and if there was such a thing as a broomstick or a cudgel in reach, think you not that there would appear before the Recorder the next morning, a man with a black eye, and a much injured pontifying female? For what would a woman not do for revenge? But here is another question. Would any man be so unpolite as to positively refuse a lady? Well, that certainly depends upon who she is, and who he is. If he be a man who is supported by whiskers, and confines his waist, one who lingers in the vicinity of a lunch table, has small hands and feet, curly hair, a mustache, and is what he would probably call himself—a "regular lady killer"—he perhaps would not be the one to refuse; provided the fair one possessed a bountiful countenance, a small bonnet, prodigious hoops, and last, but by no means least, a goodly amount of the "one." This would be one match, but I should not want to look after them beyond the marriage ceremony.

The other hand, were he a good, sensible, kind, and one who require his dinners, and who were fond (some women) of music, and insinuating in saying the "sun made it Heaven."
A MAGAZINE.

I have pipped the question to Mr. A. or Mr. B., and all had passed off as mere, how those angels could have hovered round and smoothed the dewy pillows of the old rheumatic bachelors! and moreover — Just put your finger on your lip a minute — and principally, how they could have "dressed out" with Mr. A's and Mr. B.'s forty thousand dollars. Ah, now you hear me! but it's too late — too late.

Hereafter, ladies, I hope you will abide by my judgment, and when next Leap Year comes, select some of those old bachelors and take them "for better or for worse," because I am positive that the city should be rid of them. Old maids are bad enough, but they can administer to the wants of the sick; but what are crusty old bachelors good for but to grumble? I don't know, I'm sure!

So, ladies, don't forget the next time! —

TO "LITTLE BELLA," DEPARTED.

Who said that death was fearful? Why, he said: —

"Feeble, faint, spent wretch, who dost call on me."

I like a good angel, walking with the stars, With rosy of light, and footsteps soft as air, And set his signet on their; and so that

Didst go, as meets the twilight as the close Of the still, purple evening. Soft, adieu, So thy lips交流 to me, and then were

sealed [well] In that still, breathless silence. Why, [bro
dar] Farewell, sweet spirit; to the land of rest, And songs, and beauty, so then unended.

And stillness, as the flowers that drop at eve, To spring and bloom in the young arms.

"To the mountains, and began the life."
BIRDS OF SONG: NATIVE AND FOREIGN.

Yes, reader, we have a few natives among us that have a very good idea of sky-larking; but we own the catalogue is not an extensive one. There is a species of Linnets, or at least one of the Linaria, that has some dozen notes, particularly sweet and cheerful; but their native wilds do not improve their voices, for the further we retire from the haunts of men, the less agreeable is their note. Sometimes it degenerates into a simple, stupid twitter. The fact that birds lose their song in regions where the purification of the atmosphere affords a bad conductor of sound, is well attested. Some nightingales have been known to lose their song entirely from want of interchange of note, and no nightingale will live long near a sea shore, where the trees are too stunted for the haunts of birds. But what does California want with native songsters, when their place is so well supplied by the large importations of the lady's favorite—the merry little Canary. How much cultivation has done for this charming little family of songsters, may be imagined from the circumstance that in their native land—the Canary Islands—sisters are green coats instead of a yellow one, and have no song at all. The islands themselves, which they inhabit, do not receive their patronymic from them, but from the native wild dog, which in Portuguese is Canaris. Our good friends, the Germans, have trained these little pets to be lovely solters of our bachelor solitudes, and gay companions of our families. There is scarcely a house in a street of San Francisco that has not one of these noisy, saucy little singers. Our own little fellow, just above the table where we are writing, knows his own worth as well as we do, and “plumes his feathers, and wips his bill,” with as much consequence as our charming California daughters prepare for an entertainment. We believe he knows when he is required to be silent, and when he is wanted to sing, as much as any cantatrice who bargains her voice for hire. When we want him to be particularly quiet, we give him a piece of sugar to crack; but his silence sometimes is not to be obtained at a cheap price, for he will often turn his head on one side and the other, and eye it askant, without dropping from his perch, as much as to say—"I can be silent without a bribe, but it is going to be my pleasure to sing." But this is not the only feathered entertainer our city can boast; we have parrots here endowed with remarkable lingual powers. We have ourselves heard one that will speak a number of commonplace phrases in four different languages; English, German, French and Spanish. Not long ago we heard one of these remarkable birds imitating a boy's cry so naturally, that we ran to the door to rescue the poor fellow from his tyrant; when the following colloquy ensued:

"O dear! O dear! O dear! O, won't I just tell your mother, when I see her. I don't care. You are a thief, a dirty thief; there then, take that, and that, and that." These were accompanied with sounds like a smart slap in the face. The thing continued:

"There's a daddy, come kiss and make it up, that a good child, wipe your face now, and give me another kiss. Smack—smack—smack. But George, do tell me who stole the polony, and I won't tease you any more. Do you smoke, George? for if ye do I'll tell your father, you know the girls don't like it, especially you know who. Does your anxious mother know you're out? Gone to see Iris sweetheart. Isn't she a pretty creature? Smack—smack—smack. Ha! how I do love ye! Is father at home? Is he thought? Where shall I get into the cupboard? No, there's mother's cherry pie there. You'll eat it. All George, you're a bad dog and no mistake. What's o'clock? Tell Polly what's o'clock. Polly wants to go to bed. Polly's tired of talking."
Besides parrots, the daw kind have a remarkable facility in imitating sounds, but very few of imitating speech as well as parrots.

We remember, when in our boyhood, taking a funny to a jay; but in spite of our endeavors, the thing would not utter any other note than a quack or two. We kept it for years, but the thing was an arrant dunce, until a circumstance happened that proved it was as capable as other birds of being taught, had we hit upon the right method of training. Our help, one evening—she was a saucy lass—came running into our parlor, where our matron sat, all unconscious of the evil that had befallen the house; to complain of the place being haunted, and requiring the mistress to get a fresh help forthwith; for right sure was she, that the house was haunted. At all times—at all hours of the day—was the knocker of the door heard going, and many a time had we ourselves gone to satisfy our curiosity only to be fooled. Certainly it was haunted, for we could take our oaths we heard it, although we saw the knocker immoveable. The master, he couldn't divine the cause, nor could any one of the household. The old help went, and our mother, like a prudent woman, got a deaf' one to supply her place; still the knocker went on as much as before, and would have driven, eventually, every ghost believer and spiritrapper out of the place, if the merest chance had not discovered the evil door in the feathers of our Jacob. I remember mother was far wringing the thing's neck when it was found out, but the father wouldn't hear of it, reserving it, I suppose, as a sensible present to their honors—the Spirit Rappers.

Good thoughts and noble actions are always a source of present happiness, and are often repaid with interest, in the day of trouble.

Prestonhill was sixty-eight years of age when a young lady asked him at what period of life men lose all taste for gallantry! “In death,” replied the old gentleman, “you must ask that question of one older than myself.”

SPRING.

Fair pride of earth, thy praise I sing, Unriv'led glories thus dost bring; Thy smile assents to fav'rite line, The distant mountains seem more blue, The sun more bright of promise; all, The fields are robed in living green, And modest wild flowers there are seen, Opening their mild eye to the sky. Whose down-drop tears of joy display Their sparkling light.

The streams, with beams fall of gloes, Flow on inматtory to the sea, And as their waters glide along, Upon the sea a liquid song Of music sweet, In gentler, murmuring strains arise; And while the curtain swells and dies, Upon the margin of the stream, I love to muse and missing dreams, There, births meet.

Over each tree and shrub, Spring waves her garlands bright of flowers and leaves, And there, within those clambers green, The constant birds oft build season, A bower of love; While from their shady, calm retreat, Their melodies of love most sweet, In joyful whirling strains arise, Turn as the beauty of the sides, That smile above.

SPRING.

O Spring, too soon thy charms depart, Like buds of hope within the heart, Or love's fair flowers of promise, all, Too early withered, doomed to fall, Their glory fade; But Spring shall again arise, With charms as fair for other eyes; And birds again as sweetly sing, Those notes of welcome to the Spring, When mine are dead. But youth's fair hopes no more return, And love's pure flame but ashes remain; If quenched, its sacred flame depart Forever from the lonely heart, Thine eddies in gloom; Life's bright spring-time returns no more; Naught now those flowing charms restore; No more in beauty shall they flourish, The glory of the earth and air, From out their tomb.

Sweet Spring, I soon must say farewell, To all the charms that with thee dwell, And when thy glories all have fled, And then am numbed with the dead Of other days. Again thy garlands soon shall wave, Perishing above my grateful grave; And if no more thy praise I sing, Some bird a loitering strain shall bring, And sweeter lays.
CHAPTER XVIII.

A FEW YEARS AFTER. - THE MINERS IN ENGLAND. - GREAT CHANGES IN ALL THE FARMLANDS.

A few years! - What mighty change do they effect? Youth becomes manhood, manhood assumes the patriarchal, the patriarch merges into imbecile age, age sinks into the grave. Many a king has it forced to become a wanderer, many a wanderer has it raised to the throne. Many a desert has it made to blossom as the rose, many a kind of roses has it turned to sand. There is, notwithstanding, much unfortunate distress in the neighborhood, and the laborers migrate from starvation without the poor-house, to starvation within it; from petty larceny within it, to grand larceny without it; from grand larceny without the poor-house, to punishment within the prison; where they are well and comfortably provided for, and every attention administered to their corporeal and spiritual state.

Messrs. Sim, Nabb, & Smith are contesting hastily the claim of the young miner, and flatter his Lordship that the claimant has a leg to stand on. They have succeeded in procuring witnesses who were present at the death of the eldest son of the Earl, and have traced out the first murdor who took charge of the two children. They have already involved themselves in considerable perplexity about some minor points in Spain somewhere, which that government appears to have no motive to stand on. They have succeeded in turning outside his property, giving the work-people a better road, although only half a mile longer. He is a very popular young peer in parliament, and has already given his name to several bills connected with Sunday transgressions and other warrantable popular licenses, and hopes, in time, to be able to fine every man who does not go to church on Sunday twice a day; to punish every man who is found twice a day dipping; and every man who has more than two children, who cannot show good and sufficient means of being able to support them.

He has doubled the number of his game-keepers, and has a pose of private constables, who have introduced such a code of strict morality and behavior in the place, that a young villager dares not cast his eye on one of his lordship's tenants, much less cut one. There is, notwithstanding, much unfortunate distress in the neighborhood, and the laborers migrate from starvation without the poor-house, to starvation within it; from petty larceny within it, to grand larceny without it; from grand larceny without the poor-house, to punishment within the prison; where they are well and comfortably provided for, and every attention administered to their corporeal and spiritual state.

WAKE THE HEART.

Wake the heart's strings,
That sang of the gay days;
On Fancy's bright wings.
Wake the heart's glee,
Are hidden the spots
That brighten my heart,
Reflected the mirth
That Spring the boughs gave;
And I reached my height.
But alas! I think,
Vision false,
And left but the A
That wake the raw god;
Have sorrowed the:
And o'er my rosy name,
"Twice not always of the
Then wake the night
No longer for the
For lightly they of death,
For the sorrow's
Yes, wake the rays
Of a brother;
And teach me:
Benzie, April.
Mr. and Mrs. Huckleberry have experienced and losses through a rogue of
a lawyer at New York who had effected an exchange of the property in the
States for a large mine in California that was proved to be nothing but gold,
and with which Mr. H. was sadly disappointed on his arrival with his family
in not finding the place walled in, and had no doubt, on account of this neglect,
that most of the gold had been robbed by travelers passing through it. He has therefore, sold that, and
other property, for a little ranch in Sonoma, and is glad of the opportunity
to forget all his troubles on his own
80noma, and is glad of the opportunity
to keep young Adam out of
the town, who is very much inclined to
become a fast young man.

WAKE THE HEART'S ECHOES.

Wake the heart's echoes! touch gently the strings,
That speak of the loved—and the lost;
Remind the gay visions, which swift to my heart,
On Fancy's bright waves once were tossed.
Wake the heart's echoes! deep, deep in its secret
Are hidden the faintings of youth—
Those bright living waters, which break on my heart,
Reflected the vulgur of truth.
That Spring-time of love, to my spirit brought joy,
And I read in my bright stars of air;
But alas! that time sped, and the bright
vision flowed.
And left but the Autumn of care.
Then wake the heart's echoes! though sorrow
and grief,
Have foretold this once youthful brow,
And of my sad spirit dark changes have come.
'Twas not always so gloomy as now,
Then wake the heart's echoes! 'twill teach me to mourn
No longer for those who have gone;
For lightly they passed through the portals of death,
'For ever' was the word of earth they had known.
Yes, wake the heart's echoes! that its sweet strains may tell,
Of a home where no sorrow can come;
And teach me that now, when life's cares are all o'er,
I shall meet all the loved ones at home.

Nathans, April, 1857.

Mr. H.
STANZAS.

BY CONSTANCE.

I come, I come
To thy home,
For o'er the blue, blue sea;
Come and meet me.
Wait to greet me,
For I come, I come to thee.

Friends I've left—
Of all bereft,
Shall appear
Now I am by thy side.
'Twas hard to part,
And my poor heart,
Grieved in my breast;
But thou art nigh,
And not a sigh,
Shall o'er disturb thy rest.

Oh! I bless thee,
Friendly press thee,
To my bounding heart,
Thou must mince,
I am thine,
No more! no more to part.

SHEET IRON PENSTOCKS FOR HYDRAULIC MINING.

Mr. W. A. Begole, Red Dog Diggings, Nevada Co., has recently invented, or adapted, the sheet iron hose (resembling stove pipe) or "penstock" for the purposes of hydraulic mining, and which is not only much better, and much cheaper than the old fashioned and clumsy wooden "penstock," and "hydraulic telegraph," but is perfectly water-tight, and will bear a much greater pressure. We saw one of these in full operation on the claim of Mr. Auley, at Wallowa, near Red Dog, that had a pressure of about fifteen and twenty feet, requiring a hose of four thicknesses of the heaviest kind of cotton duck, attached at the lower end; but, when the water strikes the earth, it makes the pebbles fly, although the cement in the ground is very strong and hard.

These "penstocks" are made of No. 20 sheet iron, with a slip of "duck" between the joints, and riveted every inch and a-half at the lower end, and every two inches at the upper end. The elbows are made of galvanized iron, and soldered together. The size of the pipe is almost eleven inches in diameter at the upper end, but it need not be as large at the lower end.

Being much more convenient, and less expensive than the others, we have no doubt but they will be generally used when they become known.

We would here suggest the utility and adaptability of such pipes, in every mining town, for supplying a sufficiency of water in cases of fire—or the conveyance of water across steep and deep ravines, for mining or other purposes. Try them.

SELF-EXPLOSIVE RASCALITY.

What a pity that the organs of rascality were not made self-explosive—we speak with reverence—so that when a man became a "bird of prey" among men, financially, socially, or morally, the top of his head might be taken completely off; what a reduction there would be in the population of California—especially of those who never work, but always live high and dress well—of those who run after other men's wives, and of those who do not pay the printer, or anybody else.

We know a few who would be numbered with the missing, and concerning whom there would be a paragraph in the newspapers, running thus:—

"Found, with the upper section of his head blown off, J. L., or R. B., (as the case might be.)—Having no conscience! he is supposed to have died from his own self-explosive rascality."—Requiescat in pace.

This would open a wide door for the right kind of immigrants, to such a goodly land as this; and as in climate, wealth, and enjoyment, it would be almost a heaven, men would have no desire to leave it for a better.
little Pickle

Uncle John's Story.—No. 11.

Kate! Jenny! Tommy! Charley! Here comes Uncle John, along the garden walk. Open the door, stir up the fire, and whine his chair round! Come in, Uncle, said all. Little Kate pulled off his hat, Jenny took his stick, Tommy his gloves, and Charley pushed his chair, with all his might. Along toddled another little one, the least of Mr. Roberts' family, little J acky, Uncle John's, and everybody's favorite, and on that account, named after his uncle. Now the little wretch's head and hands were almost buried in his great coat pockets, and out rolled a parcel of apples, oranges, and cakes; and then each strove to wonder you allow the children to take seat. Brother, said Mrs. Roberts, I might some where upon him, to make a climb somewhere upon him, to make a seat. Brother, said Mrs. Roberts, I wonder you allow the children to take such liberties with you; they will torment you to death. Well Sister, when my death arrives, may I die in no other torment than such as these. Bless their little hearts; let them enjoy themselves in their youth; if they have the ordinary lot of mortals in after life, they will have plenty of misery to counterbalance this little happiness.

Now Uncle John, a story, a story, a story, a story. Uncle, said to the least one, clapping his little hands. Without more ado, "Uncle Don," seeing no means of getting out of it, began:

In one of the back streets of Grave- send, in New York, there lived many years ago, a family of seven children. The poor things had witnessed many reverses of fortune, and at the time I am speaking of, they were in the utmost misery and want, the father had just been buried, and their mother had been pronounced on a "lingering bed of sickness." Without one ray of hope or a bright prospect to cheer her; she had exhausted all her strength, at the occupation of shirt-making, and was now fairly broken down with over-exertion, incessant watching, and insufficient food. Her oldest girl was in nearly the same plight. With all her utmost exertions, bare bread, and that in scanty portion, she could only procure, by this shamefully paid work.

There was one little chubby faced girl, eight years old, amongst the number; a little ambitious, forward, pert, and as many called her, and as her name implied, Little Pickle, who saw her distress, and was always thinking how their condition could be remedied. Young as she was, there was given to her a heart more susceptible of sympathy than happens to most young children of her age. She was a singular child in other respects, and could take care of all her little brothers and sisters the whole day; and by her arts, nameless and keep all the other little Pickles in good humor, and often by this means cheat them out of their sorrows and remembrance of an unusual meal; so that amongst so many pickles, a jar of pickles was rarely seen. She knew many little arts whereby to amuse them, and when any of them happened to be silent or complaining, Little Pickle was the only one who could quicken them—she would dry up their tears, settle their quarrels, kiss them all around, cut them out paper kites and paper cars, make them rag dolls, and with thousand other little arts, best loved of children. This little little-hest creature was the prattliest of the lot; she had large blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and the sweetest expression in the world; the only thing that spoiled all, she was not a girl amongst the girls and boys in the neighborhood; but it was soon forgiven, for all knew what a good sister she was in her own little family. One morning, in the depth of winter, Mrs. Pickle felt herself so ill
as to be unable to rise from her bed. She and the eldest daughter had over-exerted themselves, skirt-making, the past week, depriving themselves of proper rest, and now felt unable to look after their little family. There was not a slick of wood to light a fire, and only a quarter of a loaf of bread in the house. Little Pickle at once saw how matters stood, and young as she was, anticipated the coming troubles of the day. Also! what will become of my poor children this day, said the anxious mother; God must provide for them, for I cannot.—Without saying a word, Little Pickle crept out of bed, and putting on her shoes, opened the street door and sallied out. The mother felt so unwell that she could scarcely see. She had no bonnet on, and finding her shoes wet, kicked them off, and hurried the storm over the house. She had hardly spirits enough to move out of the bed, even if the house were empty and the front door open. Little Pickle went along famously, except when she came to a crossing that was not trodden down, for the snow would so stick that she was obliged to stop and lift it over the heap, and then pull on again.

"My child, are you in a hurry with that work?" said a motherly voice, to Little Pickle. "No, marm," she instantly and cheerfully replied. "Just fill these two kettles with water at the pump, for me, will you, and I'll give you something?"

She left her sack of shavings, and did so. "Now what shall I give you?" Little Pickle eyed a good round coal on the pavement. (They were throwing coals down the street.) "Child, which way are you going?" said a lady, popping her head out of the window. "Are you going past Hammond street?" "Yes marm, I go right by it. Then take this letter and leave it at No. 53, the house with white shutters." She left her sack of shavings, and did so. "Now what shall I give you?" Little Pickle eyed a good round coal on the pavement. (They were throwing coals down the street.) "Child, which way are you going?" asked a lady, popping her head out of the window. "Are you going past Hammond street?" "Yes marm, I go right by it. Then take this letter and leave it at No. 53, the house with white shutters." She left her sack of shavings, and did so. "Now what shall I give you?" Little Pickle eyed a good round coal on the pavement. (They were throwing coals down the street.) "Child, which way are you going?" said a lady, popping her head out of the window. "Are you going past Hammond street?" "Yes marm, I go right by it. Then take this letter and leave it at No. 53, the house with white shutters." She left her sack of shavings, and did so. "Now what shall I give you?" Little Pickle eyed a good round coal on the pavement. (They were throwing coals down the street.) "Child, which way are you going?" asked a lady, popping her head out of the window. "Are you going past Hammond street?" "Yes marm, I go right by it. Then take this letter and leave it at No. 53, the house with white shutters." She left her sack of shavings, and did so. "Now what shall I give you?" Little Pickle eyed a good round coal on the pavement. (They were throwing coals down the street.) "Child, which way are you going?" asked a lady, popping her head out of the window. "Are you going past Hammond street?" "Yes marm, I go right by it. Then take this letter and leave it at No. 53, the house with white shutters." She left her sack of shavings, and did so. "Now what shall I give you?" Little Pickle eyed a good round coal on the pavement. (They were throwing coals down the street.) "Child, which way are you going?" asked a lady, popping her head out of the window. "Are you going past Hammond street?" "Yes marm, I go right by it. Then take this letter and leave it at No. 53, the house with white shutters." She left her sack of shavings, and did so. "Now what shall I give you?" Little Pickle eyed a good round coal on the pavement. (They were throwing coals down the street.) "Child, which way are you going?" asked a lady, popping her head out of the window. "Are you going past Hammond street?" "Yes marm, I go right by it. Then take this letter and leave it at No. 53, the house with white shutters." She left her sack of shavings, and did so. "Now what shall I give you?" Little Pickle eyed a good round coal on the pavement. (They were throwing coals down the street.) "Child, which way are you going?" asked a lady, popping her head out of the window. "Are you going past Hammond street?" "Yes marm, I go right by it. Then take this letter and leave it at No. 53, the house with white shutters." She left her sack of shavings, and did so. "Now what shall I give you?" Little Pickle eyed a good round coal on the pavement. (They were throwing coals down the street.) "Child, which way are you going?" asked a lady, popping her head out of the window. "Are you going past Hammond street?" "Yes marm, I go right by it. Then take this letter and leave it at No. 53, the house with white shutters."
llike flint? Here, come back, take a loaf, and some flour too, if you can carry it. Thank you, kind sir; be sure I shall pay you. No matter for that, said the baker, but how will you manage to carry it? Where did you get that big coal from? Why, she stole it, to be sure, said the woman, and such as you encourage thieves. Indeed, I did not, said Little Pickle, boldly—a woman gave it to me, for filling two large kettles with water, while it was snowing. O, here comes Harry. He can help me, if you please, sir. Here, Harry, put the loaf and the flour in the sack, and it won't be much heavier, you know. All right said the good-natured little fellow. Come along Little Pickle. Do you know her, Harry? she said the woman, for his mother was a customer of the baker's. Know her, yes,—she's a little sweet-heart of mine. Come along, Susan.

What have you done with your shoes? O, don't ask me, Harry, mother has become so poor lately that I haven't asked her for anything, for I know if she could give it to me I needn't ask for it. Well, I'll see mother, and she shall call. O, don't for goodness sake tell your folks anything about it; mother would be so ashamed, and I should get a scolding. We shall get along, first rate, when mother and sister got well, I'll vow.

You may judge, my dears, what a see, he there was when Little Pickle spread her treasures before his mother and eldest sister, it had a wonderful effect upon Mrs. Pickle. Well, above all things in the world, I should relish a bit of fish. I have dreamed about it these three nights. What a nice fire? Bless you, Susan said she, kissing the girl,—you are your mother's own treasure, and some day or other, will become a great woman. Mrs. Pickle little dreamt how these predilections were to be fulfilled.

Time was on; shirt-making was a flour, and Little Pickle never liked it, she was always wishing to be
out in the air, the free, joyous air. It seemed to expand her thoughts, while confinement cramped the energies of her mother and sister.

Thougt she, if I could only get a good basket of oranges, I think I could sell them to good profit to many good people, so she took her little charge home, and told her brother that he was now old enough to take care of them, and that she would give him an orange every day for it, if he was a good boy. The next day she resolved to put in practice what she had proposed, and with basket in hand, presented herself before a large shop in which they were sold.

The benevolent old man who kept the store, thinking her earnest request to be trusted somewhat remarkable, patted her on the head and said, strike me lucky, but I think there is honesty in those blue eyes of yours, and I'll trust you. Come this way. So he filled her large basket with the best fruits he could find in his store, and told her for how much a piece she was to sell them, and what she was to bring back to him.

Her traffic was so successful, that for a whole fortnight she regularly brought him back his money yet, and supplied her mother and family with some time more than half of their necessary food. All this time her mother and sister could only guess of her business by the orange or two that she would bring home for her mother and sister, and the little ones. She was out all the day, but came home regularly at six o'clock every evening.

A lady who was passing that way in a carriage with her little invalid daughter, stopped to look at some oranges which Little Pickle had on a wooden tray before her. She handed to the poor weak child, several fine ones. What a nice pretty girl, Mammy, said the invalid. How I should like to play with her. Should you, dearest? said her mother, regarding her with painful solicitude, for her illness had hitherto baffled all the skill of the best physicians of a highly cultivated community. Indeed she had been told that her amiable child was shortly destined for another world, and her gradually wasting little frame assured her of its truth.

I will consult the Doctor what he says about it. Should you like to come and attend upon my poor sick daughter, enquired she of Little Pickle, with tears in her eyes. O yes, madam, I think I could amuse her. Well then, you be here to-morrow at this time, and I will know where to send for you.

Little Pickle had now become an inmate in Mrs. St. George's family, (that was the name of the lady)—and succeeded in pleasing everybody by her affable manners and gentle spirit. She moved about the sick room like a fairy, and her little patient grew so fond of her, that she would receive neither food nor medicine from any other hand.

She had a little cot in the room, and slept by her side, and watched her often through the five long, lonely nights, nor did she forget in her prayers to ask, if it should please God, to recover her little friend, as well as to bless him for the happy change her good fortune had wrought in her own family.

Amongst her stories, wherewith she used to amuse the sick child, and beguile her of her pain, was that of her wonderful cat, Snowball, at home.

Snowball was taught to sit; up at a little table and to drink a cup of milk, holding it between her paws just like a human creature.

Little Pickle had made Snowball a dress, with a hoop to it, a bonnet and cap, and she had taught it to walk on its hind legs, and do many amusing tricks. So nothing would satisfy the patient, but she must see Snowball, and the young lady puss, was soon introduced, and located into the family of Mrs. St. George.

One morning, the first that Miss Snowball had to make her appearance before Miss St. George, the droll sight of her black face (she had not a spot of any other color than jet black about her) pearing under her little lace tuck and flouncing ribbons, well, was so comical, that it burst out into a laughter, and afterwards sank back to alarm both the misses St. George, and all in the family, followed by a copious snort from the stomach of the little master.

Oh, what have I done? Pickle, wringing her hands. Ah, what have you done? you will be the death of me, cried the elder Miss St. George, and all in the family.

What have you done? Miss St. George, and all in the family, exclaimed. If you have probability of your little mistress, Mrs. St. George, the young lady promised to do all in her power to snatch her from the brink of death.

Our Environments

Agricultural and industrial enterprises, as the best deductions, and opportunity as compared feel compelled to present never but a brighter picture than is now presented.

The last Autumn, have all the agricultural crops growing crops of white and red potatoes have reached the past six

Of the Minist...
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One morning, the first time Miss Snowball had to make her appearance before Miss St. George, the roll sight of her black face (she had lost a spot of any other color than jet black about her) purring underneath a fine edged little lace cap and bonnet, with flowers and flouncing ribbons, and a little green veil, was so comical that the little invalid burst out into a fit of laughter, and afterwards sank back so exhausted as to alarm both the nurses and Mrs. St. George, and all in the house. This was followed by a copious discharge from the stomach, of blood, mixed with other matter.

Oh what have I done, cried Little Pickle, wringing her hands in agony. Ah, what have you done indeed? It will be the death of the dear child, I fear, cried the elder nurse. What have you done? said the Doctor, who had been sent for in haste, and must have flown on wings to the child's bedside. What have you done? Why, in all probability you have saved the life of your little mistress, you little puss, Mrs. St. George, I now know what is that young lady's ailment—it is an internal cancer. It has broken, through the violence of her laughter, and discharged its pus copiously. I will send a gentle emetic, and I hope now, in less than a month her health will be established.

It was so, and Little Pickle became like one of Mrs. St. George's own children. They had the same teachers, the same nurses, and lived together just like two sisters, and not many years after this event, Miss Clara St. George, and Miss Susan Pickle, married two brothers—of New York, and both of them adorned the sphere in which they moved, by active offices of benevolence and virtue.

Is that the history of Mrs. * * * so much talked of amongst the first circles of New York? I knew, brother, you were well acquainted with them, but never knew till now these events.

Yes, sister, these are facts, worthy of being placed before children, to teach them how to be kind to their parents, and follow the blessed of the Lord's precept.

Little children, LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

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**Editor's Table.**

> OUR PROSPERITY.—Were we to take the Agricultural and Mining population of California as the basis on which to ground our deductions, and opinion, of her present prosperity as compared with the past; we should feel compelled to declare our belief, that the present never had been equalled before, with never a brighter prospect in view, for the future, than is now presented.

> The last Autumn and Winter, and now the Spring, have all been peculiarly propitious to agricultural operations, and never have the growing crops of our fields and gardens presented a more promising appearance than now; whilst fair and remunerative prices for farm produce have retaliated with lusty fluctuation for the last six months.

> Of the Mining interest we can speak even more flattering if possible; for the present can be said emphatically to mark a distinctive era in the history of California gold mining operations. It rises from this,—The past year has been one fraught with great interest to the quartz rock operations. Experiments—so really they could be called nothing else—on a more extended scale than ever before, have been made to test the practicability of successfully working the numerous quartz veins that abound in all parts of our mining region, from San Bernardino to Oregon.

> And now that these experiments have, almost without exception, proved the perfect feasibility and practicability of working them to great profit, a new and more certain impression is being given to this species of gold mining, and which is to give permanent employment to, and become a great and perpetual source of prosperity to thousands and thousands of our citizens.
Hutchings' California Magazine.

facilities to new and vast areas of surface and deep hill diggings, and their abundant yield, not only makes the present, prosperous layout, precedent, but the fact that the same causes that are contributing to our present prosperity admit of an almost unlimited extension, gives us assurance doubly sure of the future. The miner, however, still labors under very many disadvantages, and not the least of which is, in not having his present supply of water throughout the year; a fact which we hope will meet with the consideration it deserves, that gold dust may pour into the coffers of the miner, and indirectly to many others—not for a few brief months in spring-time only, but throughout the year.

Why should we be Prospective?

Within the past few weeks, it has been our lot to journey to nearly every mining settlement in the counties of Nevada, Sierra, Butte, and Yuba, on business connected with this Magazine, and with heart-felt pleasure we record the belief that mining, this present, will be the most successful and the most prosperous, to a very large majority of men, to California has ever seen—excluding the palmy days of 1850, '51 and '52. We have no doubt that the reader would like to know the data upon which we found such belief.

First, then, let us take "Placer" mining—this includes all kinds of mining in gulches, rivers, flats, hills, and all other places where gold is found chiefly among gravels; in contradistinction to that found in quartz—constituting mining in all its diggings, however, are not only by far the most extensive, and the most lasting, but generally speaking, they are the most permanently profitable. Now, those who live in cities and have not made themselves familiar with mountain scenes and life, cannot fully comprehend how the gold is found in these hills, or how worked, without great plainness of speech, others will therefore please excuse us for appearing "a little too particular" in describing them.

All of the hills in which mining is carried on, are composed of gravel, large water-washed boulders, and other substances, which lie upon what is called the "bed rock." The outer edge of this "bed rock"—or solid strata—is generally higher than the creeks, and forms a kind of "basin." In order to work the gravel found on the hill and in these basins to advantage, it is generally necessary to make an "open cut," or "tunnel," through the solid rock, or outer rim of this "basin," by which to reach the gravel, and wash it down. The time required to run these tunnels through the solid rock is very great, and would discourage all but the strongest of heart and will, before they were half completed; by way of example, we will mention one instance, as but an illustration of hundreds of others, many of them, being undertakings of far greater magnitude.

At Little York, Nevada county, we saw the Massie-Well tunnel that was driven two hundred and ninety feet through solid rock—rock so hard that two men worked both day and night for one week, without penetrating quite twelve inches. Mr. John Stewart, formerly of Ohio, one of its owners, informed us, that they worked at their tunnel day and night for two years, one month, and six days before striking gravel. When they did strike it, they found it very rich, and now it is a large fortune to each of its owners. And such success to all such earnest hearted and unceasing workers well deserves, yet, all are not quite as fortunate.

Now there are many, many hundreds of such tunnels completed, and men can now work their claims steadily for many years, and that working will help to make the present spring—and many more to come—very prosperous.

Next let us take Quartz Mining. At the present moment much attention is paid to quartz mining, and which is not now at the mercy of unformed operators, as it was in the years 1851, '52 and '53, and consequently in nearly every instance it is now becoming very profitable. The following table compiled chiefly from the Mining Journal, published by W. B. Ewer, Grass Valley, will show the majority of quartz mills now in successful operation:

<table>
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<th>County</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Shasta</td>
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<tr>
<td>Plumas</td>
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<td>Nevada</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Placer</td>
<td>3</td>
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There are also about twenty Arrows new running in the vicinity of county.

El Dorado Count

Amador

Calaveras

Tuolumne

Mariposa

Besides thirty Arrows dependent of mills.

Santa CruzCounty.

Kern River

And twenty Arrows By this we mean the five quartz mills—successful operators of ten stamps hundred and fifty a average about three, not exceed one to twenty-four hours capacity, and which a low average gold at about fifty.

These do not in leads which have rich, and to work being made for when completed number given in

In a future number to prove that are very profitable in California.

Again, next to nearly every mine, in a superlative extent, with months it may be able to the miner the summer season no disappointment entire may renew the ant and never of mountains stumps tops of the hills at a reasonable sighted policy canals and ditches. These, then base our belief most prosperous history.
running in the vicinity of Doton’s Flat in this county.

El Dorado County.  13
Amador.  13
Cosumnes.  7
Tahoe.  3
Mariposa.  5

Besides thirty Amnistas which are running in dependent of mills.

San Joaquin County.  2
Kern River.  1

And twenty Amnistas all paying well.

By this we see that already there are eighty-five quartz mills—exclusive of Amnistas—in successful operation, and which, with an average of ten stamps per each mill, give eight hundred and fifty stampers, each of which will average about three tons of quartz—some will not exceed one ton per day—crushed every twenty-four hours, when worked up to their full capacity, and which, as twenty dollars per ton—a low average—will give the produce of gold at about fifty thousand dollars per day.

These do not include the number of quartz leads which have been tested and known to be rich, and to work which arrangements are now being made for machinery, etc., and which, when completed, will more than double the number given in the above table.

In a former number we shall give some facts to prove that quartz is, and can be made, a very profitable investment, and must eventually become the great staple of mining in California.

Again, next to this, we may mention, that nearly every mining district, just at the present time, is supplied, although to a very limited extent, with water; and for the few brief months it may last, will make the gold available to the miner—but this, unfortunately, as the summer months advance, will decrease, or disappear entirely, until another winter’s rains may renew the supply. As there is an abundant and never-failing supply of water in every mountain stream, and it lakes upon the very tops of the Sierra, which could be introduced at a reasonable cost, we think it is a very short-sighted policy that should not be done by canals and sluices.

These, then, are the data upon which we base our belief that the present will be the most prosperous year in California’s chequered history.

MAY-DAY—In its annual round is at hand, reminding us of chirpy-checked children, smiling faces, hearing buoyant with building life, gayety, May-poles, May-queens and flowers. And truly festiving it is and right, that in this world of passions, in which every year has its day or days devoted to special objects, purposes and pursuits, and nearly all of them to the worship of Mammon, that childhood, too, should have its day.

And what can be more appropriate to the day, than “crowning the queen of May” and the merry dances of childhood round the May-pole? indelible with all the periphrasms of innocence and purity; and what can be more becoming or a fitter emblem of their pure and guileless hearts than flowers, sweet flowers? Then let us turn for a day and forget the world’s sorest thoughts, in our devotion to the pleasures that arise from making glad the hearts of our children; let us at least for one day crown their pathway with pleasures and with flowers; yes, give to them a May-day, joyous and happy.

To Contributors and Correspondents.

Mimeo.—We have received a very pleasant little note from you, in relation to the legitimacy of the “Boy Angel,” of whom we said in our April No.—not that it was a plagiarist; but that—"it is not clear to us that he is the offspring of ‘Mimeo.’ And these are our reasons—”Mimeo” says, in his accompanying note,—‘Enclosed with this is a manuscript copy of a poem,’ etc. Now we knew the moment we cast our eyes upon it, that it was "mammon," and is being a "copy" of a poem, led us to suppose that it had been copied. And besides this, the "Boy Angel" came to us docked from head to foot with inverted commas, or quotation marks—weately every stanza begins and ends with them. This also led us into error; and yes, we can hardly see why "Mimeo" should thus quote an article which he claims as original, unless he, while making up his "Boy Angel," intended also making a "Bell." We are perfectly willing, however, to admit its originality; but as it is too lengthy for our columns entire, we propose to give, say two stanzas, at a time, as in this way it will last the...
longer, and so give an opportunity to make the whole "poem" intelligible!

Neath the little willow, and lushly to deep slumber
The soft moist air which has been seemed to
As such, that fair they saw. "Romantic,
Are housed, and softrblowing, to fair maiden form
She dreams; with her brow turned to heaven,
And bending above, in a demure fashion inclined
She prays that protection be given!"

Now here we are led to understand that "a
fair maiden life housed to deep slumber
Among the soft flowers, which scarce seemed to
By the martling sound of the river,
So great with her turban to heaven,
The whole poem intelligible!

Now the question is, Manco, in which posi-
tion turned to heaven—and
Among the soft flowers, so dreams, with her
fair maiden
Now here we are led to understand that"

You would write if he uses care.

We hope, however, that you will see the
necessity of such a rule—as every name is
not; there is no compulsion on either part,
whether others please to conform to them or
make our own rules for our own governance,
But really, we ought to be permitted to
agree time, for we are persuaded that he can
write well if he uses care.

C.—We are sorry that you should have
got in a yet. We really think more of your
articles now, than you seem to yourself.
But really, we ought to be permitted to
make our own rules for our own governance,
whether others please to conform to them or
not; there is no compulsion on either part.
We hope, however, that you will see the
necessity of such a rule—as every name is
sacred to privacy with us, and is never given
to any one, without the consent of the
author.

Florida.—If you will turn to Mrs. Herrman's
Poems, you will find she wrote of summer thus:

"Thus art leaning hence thy noon
That environ, thus thou wilt!
Thus art singing the last melodies
In everv wood and dell."

And now as "original poetry," you write of
Spring-time thus:

"Yes, withered are thy acres.
Spring-timc, here thou wilt!
We would have thy melody
From everv wood and dell."

And the same remarkable but unfortunate
coincidence I ran through every stanza of
your poetry. You ask to be excused for not
giving your real name. Certainly—we have
no desire to know it.

"Something to Loon."—Is very good—but—we
would write you, if we had your address.
See the notice to C. D.

C. D.—You say of "No Surrender,"—That
if we think it good, we may publish it.
Doubtless we may, as Newspaperdom has
availed itself of the same privilege for years. But why did you sign it as original?

Euphrosyne.—We really have not the "two
square inches of space," for it is so old.

R. W. Colburn.—Your "Lines on the
depth of a Sister," are very beautiful and poetical, and we should have
doubted found them a place, but unfortunately they
are so very long; we hope, however, you will
soon favor us with something brief and California—something that a miner can
read with pleasure when he goes to his cabin
home, weary with his day's toil. That
is the kind we wish.

Aunt Caddy.—It is to our wanderings "over
the hills and far away," that you must attri-
bute our silence to your kind little note, and the accompanying articles. In answer
to your question, "Who is Old Block?" we
permit us to say that we entertained the
thought that the very ancient and respect!-
ful personage, generally known as "Every-
body," knew him "like a book;"—but, as it
appears that everybody don't know him,
we might be violating the universal custom
of etiquette editorial by revealing such
secrets. Therefore we must not "commit"
ourselves, by saying that a letter addressed
to (!) A. Delano, Esq., Grass Valley, Ne-
veda County, will go
direct to "Old Block!"
We approve your views of "A Tale with a
 Moral." Send along your "Incidents of Real
Life in California."

Jane C.—Oh! my eye and Elizabeth
Mat—what a "treat" you must be. We
wish that poor fellow luck, who "binds
his hat with thine?"—but whatever you
may do, be sure and "fear" us with
any more of your "kind words," if those
sent are any sample, "because we'd rather
not—we would.

G. K. C.—Is received. Only eleven pages of
closely written封锁, to your article, and
all of the account could have been better
given in four. Oh fie!

Columbus.—Buried by the Wayside,—with
several other articles, are unavoidably
crowded out this month.
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strictly to the above business, I shall be able to fill orders with the utmost
promptness and fidelity.

JOSIAH J. LE COUNT.

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