A JAUNT TO HONEY LAKE VALLEY AND NOBLE'S PASS.

With a Sketch of the Land and People. (By a Resident.)

The party which started its journey from the fertile and well-known county, Plumas, on the 20th of November, was composed of three—only one of whom was a horseman. Left the fertile and well-known county towards the then comparatively unknown country, lying on both sides...
A JAUNT TO HONEY LAKE VALLEY AND NOBLE'S PASS.

Late in the month of November, 1851, a party of three—only one of whom was a horseman—left the fertile and well settled American Valley, Plumas county, on a jaunt towards the then comparatively unknown country, lying on both sides of the Sierra Nevada range, in the vicinity of Noble's Pass; and as neither of the party was rich—except in prospect,—(a very doubtful one at that) we adopted the primitive and independent method of "footing it," (with the exception mentioned) taking a horse with us to save the necessity of becoming our own pack animals.

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This valley is beautifully picturesque and fertile, and about twenty-three miles in length— including the arms— by six in its greatest width; being about fifteen miles southwest of the great Sierra Nevada chain; and, (like most of these valleys,) runs nearly east and west. Surrounded, as it is, by high, bold, and pine covered mountains of irregular granite, over thirteen hundred feet in height from the valley; and which on the south side are nearly perpendicular.

This valley is well sheltered, and is said to be several hundred feet less in altitude than the American, although many miles nearer the main chain.

Leaving these good things, we crossed to the north side of the valley, which at this point is about one and a half miles wide; then, turning northward, kept up it, by the banks of a beautiful stream, to the residence and ranch of Judge Ward, distant from Taylor's, about seven miles.

Here we were kindly welcomed and hospitably entertained by Mr. Ward and his amiable and pleasant family—a treat we did not dream could be in store for us, so far away, and almost on the very tops of the Sierras. As long as memory remains we shall treasure up the many kindesses shown us during that visit.

At their fireside too, we met an intelligent Russian, named Insuro, who had been the frequent companion of Peter Lassen—now a resident in this valley—in his many rambles among the mountains, and to whom we were indebted for much interesting information concerning the country we were now about to visit.

Our good friend, believing it to be very desirable that we should here obtain a guide, in company with Insuro, we made our way to a group of Indians, which had formed at the corner of the corral, and who, evidently awaited with some anxiety, the cutting up of a beef, which has had killed that morning.

"Doctor," said Insuro, in the Indian dialect, as he put his hand familiarly upon the shoulder of an old weather-beaten In-
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The valley, which at this time is about a half mile wide, and a half mile wide, and the district, as it is, by four miles, is nearly perpendicular, well sheltered, and is said to exhibit less in altitude than any other valley, though many miles nearer.

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Kindly welcomed and hospitably entertained by Mr. Ward and his family—a treat we did not expect from a party so far away, he very near the tops of the Sierras.

Another remains we shall treasure with kindness shown us.

We too, we met an intelligent Indian, who had been the friend of Peter Lassen—now a valley—in his many rain-meadows, and to whom we had referred our inquiries about the country we were near.

When he saw Indians, with stealthy steps passing among the trees, and exactly away from his party; quietly taking up his faithful rifle, he, with unerring aim, shot one of them.

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The old Indian looked at us, and then at the beef, and shrugging up his shoulders, declared, "Bee—no talon."

"Well, what say you, Doctor, will you go with them, to show them the way?" He still kept his eyes upon the inside portions of the beef, which were now being taken out, without giving an answer.

"What say you Doctor, I ask—will you go?" The men will give you plenty of meat; plenty for your wife and children, and plenty for you to eat all the way to Honey Lake Valley, and back again; now, what say you Doctor?"

At the mention of so many good things the old man turned gradually round, and looking thoughtfully about him, by way of reply said—

"Pilus no good Indian—Pilus no good," and then removed his leaping look at those portions of the beef so soon to be thrown away.

It appears that in the fall of 1851, the Pilis River Indians—called by these Indians..."
the Indians in the head, muttering as he again reloaded his "old shooting iron." "There's one wiped out," he again fired; "down he comes," said he, as he again quickly began reloading. "That fetches him," as a third fell, never to rise again. "This was the work of a minute," said Isadore, as he related the narrative; "Old Peter shot down three of the Indians, without taking his pipe from his mouth."

By this time the whole camp was in motion; and, with this beginning, they eagerly followed up the advantage gained; and when "Old Peter" gave the characteristic order—"Pitch in Bluebird"—to the Indians, they, in company with their thirteen white friends, made so hasty a day among their enemies, the Pikas, completely routing and conquering them.

This was the last time the Pitt Rivers ever troubled the Indian Valley Indians; although the latter are ever in perpetual dread of the former.

This explains somewhat the cause of the old man's remark—"Pikas no good Indian—Pikas no good."

Promises of protection being given by Isadore, on our behalf, the "Doctor" reluctantly consented to guide us, on the twofold consideration of allowing another Indian to accompany him, and both being well fed and protected on the journey. This being satisfactorily arranged, and a liberal quantity of beef having been carried by the Indian to his family, after much delay, we left the kindly hospitalities of our pleasant host, on our somewhat perilous journey.

Making our way up the valley, in the direction of Lassen's Big Meadows, (which lie about fifteen miles, a little north of west, from Judge Ward's) the Indians guided us by remaining about one hundred yards behind, for about three miles; when on turning round we saw them rapidly disappearing among the trees. The louder we called for them to return, the faster they ran in the opposite direction, until they were entirely lost sight of among the bushes.

At first we thought that perhaps they had forgotten something which they wished to take with them, or to their families, and would soon return to us; but, although we went slowly on, we never saw the weather-beaten faces of our blue-skinned guides any more.

A SHORT VOYAGE IS UNDERTAKEN IN AN INDIAN CANOE.
in our behalf, the "Doctor" reluctantly consented to guide us, on the understanding of allowing another Indian to go with him, and both being well fed on the journey. This being finally arranged, and a liberal quantity of hay having been carried by the doctor and his family, after much delay, we had the somewhat perilous fault of our pleasant journey.

We made our way up the valley, in the Big Meadows, which Lassen's Big Meadows, (which lies near the head of the valley,) the Indians guided us through about one hundred yards as about three miles; when on our right we saw them rapidly dispersing the trees. The louder we called them to return, the faster they ran down the opposite direction, until they were lost sight of among the brush. We thought that perhaps they had something which they wished to keep for their families, and return to us; but, although we called them again, we never saw the weather-beaten faces of our blue-skinned guides any more.

Being thus left, we had either to return and procure other guides—which perhaps might prove to be equally valuable—or guide ourselves.

Two chances however were open to us; Peter Lassen had left Indian Valley for the Big Meadows, with a two-horse team, for the purpose of obtaining some old iron, and we might meet with him; who, "would very willingly guide us all through that country."

The other chance was in meeting with some Indians to guide us, who were not afraid of "Pikas,"—both very doubtful chances, truly.

We came in sight of those broad and beautiful "Meadows," just as the sun was setting below the dark belt of pines which girdled them in, and as we descended the gently sloping hills, to the edge of the valley, we saw the smoke of an Indian encampment curling up from among the willows of the river; so, considering that

"He is thrice armed who hath his quiver full of arrows," we made boldly towards it. As we approached, we discovered that the encampment was on the opposite side of a deep, clear stream—the eastern or main branch of Feather river—fortunately however, we saw an Indian coming rapidly down the river in his canoe, when we immediately hailed him; and he, without hesitation, made straight towards us, politely—for an Indian—proffering us the use of his canoe, in which to cross the stream if we wished.

Two of us at once availed ourselves of the offer, but as this craft was not sufficiently commodious to accommodate a horse, he was necessarily taken by our equestrians, leading to a more suitable crossing below.

Here however the thoughtful animal—perhaps foreseeing the probable result, or from some conscientious scruples lest he might accidentally, and unintentionally, be the cause of drowning himself and his rider, refused to enter the water until he had dismounted; and even then, was so unreasonable as to require the gentle coaxing of a small oak tree upon his back and sides, before showing any willingness to "take to the water." A reluctance afterwards appreciated by our hero when the stream was discovered to be too deep for the animal's crossing without swimming; thinking it
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safer for himself, and quite as pleasant, to cross in an Indian canoe.

This task being accomplished, we pressed a dollar on the palm of the Indian, who not only seemed to know what it was for, but was almost beside himself with excitement as he opened and closed his hand again and again to take a peep at it, and be sure that it was a reality, and not the phantom of some tormenting dream!

As it was now nearly dark, we turned across a heavily timbered point towards the sheltered margin of the northwest branch of North Feather—and which is much lower, and much smaller than the one we had just left behind us. Here we found an excellent camping place for ourselves, and plenty of feed for our animal. Our evening meal being prepared and eaten, we spread our blankets beneath the outspreading branches of a lofty pine, and lay gazing upward at our gorgeous and star-lighted chamber, listening to the music of the evening breeze as it swelled and swept among the swaying tops of the surrounding forest, pines, and were soon lulled by its soothing melody to sleep—sleep that was sweet, deep and refreshing.

About daybreak the following morning, the hoarse howling of a wolf, and the loud snapping and whining barks of some coyotes awoke us. Before us lay the broad Lassen’s Meadows, entirely surrounded by low timbered ridges; and in the distance, bold, grand, and cold, towered Lassen’s Butte; but, when the sun arose and gilded it with rosy, golden sun-light, it was gorgeous—it was magnificent.

A glance at the sketch of Lassen’s Butte (from Lassen’s Meadows) and west end of Noble’s Pass on another page, will give the reader an accurate idea of this section of country. It is nearly level. There is a nearly a ridge between these many valleys, where a wagon would not almost remain without being locked, after the animals had been removed; and this too without ever being touched by the hand of man.
Being anxious to know the depth of snow which falls here during a severe winter, we conversed with several of the most intelligent of the Indians, and the greatest depth given by them for several years past, was three feet and six inches—and some winters it has not been over two feet in depth; and this is in valleys among the very tops of the Sierras.

About a quarter of a mile below the point seen in the left corner of the view mentioned, just above the forks of the river and on the east or main branch of the stream, there is a beautiful waterfall of about thirty-five feet in height, and sixty feet in width, which would not only enable settlers to drain the whole valley—nearly thirty square miles in extent—but give the finest water-power in the world, and timber sufficient for the entire length of a railway from the Missouri to the Sacramento river. Indeed we wonder that these innumerable advantages are so generally unknown or almost entirely overlooked.

Last we might weary the reader by relating the adventures and experiences of several days spent among the valleys and low hills between here and Honey Lake Valley; we will ask him, if he pleases, to accompany us to the shores of that lake. (See page 585.) It is a beautiful sheet of water, is it not?

It is said to be twenty miles in length by sixteen in width. The hills on the opposite, or southern side, are entirely without trees. To the right of the highest hill seen in the distance, are several large boiling springs, one of which is nearly two feet in diameter, and flows into the lake. Susan river, and several smaller streams, also empty into the lake, and either sink or evaporate.

In the summer of 1856, a company of men built a small boat for pleasure excursions, and on their first trip six of them were drowned—one, unfortunately, being our good friend Isadore. Alas! Isadore, for thy gentleness and kindness, many loved thee, and for thy true-hearted manliness, many respected thee; and—as always when the good die—Isadore, many mourn thy departure.

But a very limited and indefinite impres-
Days spent among the valleys and low between here and Honey Lake Valley will ask him, if he pleases, to accompany us to the shores of that lake. It is a beautiful sheet of water, is it not? said to be twenty miles in length by five in width. The hills on the opposite shore, are entirely without trees. Right of the highest hill seen in the distance, are several large boiling springs, which is nearly two feet in diameter, wash into the lake. Susun river, and smaller streams, also empty into the lake by either sink or evaporate.

Within the past two years a band of settlers have taken up the principal part of this valley, of whom Mr. I. Roop was the pioneer, and have put it under cultivation, and this spring Mr. Roop, in company with others, has taken there the necessary machinery for the erection of a saw and flouring mill.

Being without the limits of the State of California, a public meeting of the settlers of the entire district was convened, when it was unanimously voted to be called the Territory of Nataqua. Most persons are well aware that the emigration on what is known as Noble's Route—(Peter Lassen however it is claimed by the old settlers in Indian Valley, is entitled to that honor, having known it long before Mr. Noble ever saw it, and moreover was his guide all through this route, Mr. N. being entirely unacquainted with it. This Mr. Lassen himself solemnly affirmed in our hearing, and to us: and we make mention of it now that honor may be given where honor is most due.) Most persons, we repeat, are well aware that the emigration on what is known as "Noble's Route," enters the northern side of Honey Lake Valley, about three miles west of the lake (which, being shut out by the hill before mentioned, is not often seen by the settlers of the entire district).
emigrant, from the road,) and after traveling up this valley for about fifteen miles, enters Noblo's Pass, and crosses the Sierra Nevadas almost without knowing it. This low ridge, known as the "Pass," is one continuous forest of magnificent pines the whole distance through it, and so level that one is puzzled to know whether it is up or down.

We have crossed the Sierra Nevadas in seven different places, and we unhesitatingly affirm, that this is the only good natural pass that we have yet seen. Indeed, from the top of "Pilot Peak," or "States Creek Point," the whole country both north and south of this pass, can be seen to descend gradually towards it.

This route, we believe, can be traveled at any and all seasons of the year, by the locomotive, without the least serious obstruction from the depth of snow, should such a boon ever be conferred upon California, and upon the Union.

Having seen all that we deemed desirable, (the provisions becoming low,) we determined on crossing the high mountainous ridge on the southern side of the valley, and thus strike Indian Valley in a direct line if possible; especially as black and heavy masses of clouds were gathering around the higher peaks of this mountain range, threatening to give us a little more moisture than we needed, just then.

Making our way up an arm of the valley towards the apparently lowest portion of the mountain, now lying between us and the goal of our present wishes, we met with a mishap—at least our equine traveling companion did)—in the following manner: We (the pedestrians) had crossed a narrow and deep ravine and reached the hill beyond it, when suddenly we heard a splash and a struggling noise, and looking round found that the whole bank for several feet had given away, and "the horse with his rider had both gone below." Of course it never does to desert a friend when in difficulties, and consequently we ran to his assistance, and are therefore happy in being able to say that by dint of patience, coupled with perseverance, he was "considerably dipped," but was not drowned. This somewhat dispersed his clothes, while it fired his courage, and after some delay, and the use of several short, but very emphatic words, not generally expressed in saying one's prayers, he again mounted, and we resumed our journey.

Just after reaching the summits, snow commenced falling in large wide flakes, admonishing us to make all possible haste to some place of safety—an admonition most scrupulously regarded. The remembrance of the fate of the Donner party of emigrants, so many of whom perished but a few miles southeast of our present position, in 1846, did not decrease our desire to avoid a similar end.

In this dilemma night overtook us—night with its darkness, uncertainty, and storm. No cheering star to light and guide us; no shiny cozy hearth with its darkness, threatening to some brightly glowing fireside in the most humble cabin.

Our position was no way improved by a knowledge of the fact that, in making our way among the bushes, we had lost our only compass. Not being able to do otherwise, we came to the praiseworthy conclusion to camp—if we could find a place level enough to sleep, without standing up; and were soon well (l) "accommodated," among some rocks by the side of a stream.

Having but little food left, the cooking of our supper was not the most difficult task ever accomplished. Our only duties were therefore consisted in cutting bunch grass from among the bushes, by firelight, for our horses, and making the best of our circumstances by forgetting them in sleep.

Early the following morning we awoke; and as we fixed our last "flapjack," we watched for the day—hoping that one sight of its first gray dawn would lift the clouds of doubt and uncertainty from our minds,
A JAUNT TO HONEY LAKE VALLEY AND NOBLE'S PASS.

A MAGAZINE.

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This rule was not departed from at this
point, and we made our way outward as best
we could, among snow, rocks, trees, and
dense chaparral, when to our great joy a
stream of sunlight, the only one we saw
throughout the day, and only for a moment,
fell upon a tree, but, casting a shadow, it
told us our course.

Now we have often been benighted, and
as often, when we saw a distant light or
streak of light and guide us; no
road or trail by which we might
slowly, grope our way amid the
trees, to some brightly glowing fireside
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How forcibly does this teach us, gentle
readers, that however dark and doubtful
may be our prospect now, that some wel-
come and long sought and perhaps prayed
for ray of sunlight, may cast a guiding
shadow upon our path, at a time too when
it is most needed, and which, while it
brightens and gladdens the present, may
perhaps, determine a long and prosperous
future. Therefore we say Hope and Serve
ever—always.

Our course now being plain, we lost no
time in taking advantage of the knowledge
so providentially obtained, and before mid-
night we were striving to forget our long
fast, and our many troubles, at the well
furnished table and pleasant fireside of our
amiable and hospitable friend, Judge Ward.
The agreeable associations, pleasant con-
versations, and sweet songs of that amiable
family, and happy mountain home, will
ever linger upon the heart, and be treas-
ured among the most pleasant recollec-
tions of a jaunt to Honey Lake Valley.

The following description of the country
and road from the Humboldt river to the
Sacramento Valley, by Honey Lake Valley
and Noble's Pass, from the pen of Mr. John
A. Dreibelbis, who passed over the route
several times during the summer and fall of
1853, will be read with interest, especially
at the present time:

"From the Humboldt to Cold Springs, 14
miles.

Course west, road level; water sufficient
for one hundred and fifty head of stock at a
time; good bunch grass on the hillsides
and heads of oaks. Thence to—

Rabbit Hole Springs, 18 miles.

Course north of west; road ascending
about two miles, through a low gap of
mountain range, then descending slightly
eight miles; the rest nearly level to Rabbit
Hole; bunch grass south east and south
west for three miles; on left hand in ravine
a water sufficient for from one to two
hundred animals; Thence to—

Black Rock Springs, 24 miles.

Course north west; road for the first
eight miles has a few gulches, the remain-
der is then an entire desert, perfectly
level and hard; very little of anything growing
upon it; some good feed about the Spring,
but not extensive; water hot, but cools
somewhat in running off, and is healthy for
animals; rye and salt grass in abundance
one and one half miles north; Thence to—

Gravite Creek, 22 miles.

Course south of west; road excel-
 lent over a perfect desert, as smooth as a
plowed floor and nearly as hard, and not a
vestige of vegetation on it for twenty-two
miles. This stream comes out of a notch
of the mountains range on the right hand,
powell well at the end. Leave the desert
by turning into this gap half a mile to
camp; bunch grass on the foot hills, it
will be readily seen that between this point
and Rabbit Hole, a material cut-off could
be effected, so that forty-six miles might be
made in thirty, with fully as good road, but
no water; the cut-off, however, would be
but six miles longer than from Black Rock
to Rabbit Hole. Thence to—

Hot Spring Point, 3 miles.

Course south of south west, road level,
distance three miles; grass all along the

left; rolling springs sent forth all through which makes it dangerous to let stock range upon it. Thence, to—

Deep Springs, 7 miles.

Course north-west, road level. Here you double the extreme south end of mountain range; grass and water in abundance; of the very best quality; this is a good place to lie over a day or two. Thence, to—

Buffalo Springs, 16 miles.

Course west, road level. Directly after leaving the Springs, you enter a desert; after passing eight miles over an arm of it, then eight miles through sage, you come to the bed of a large dry creek, its banks covered with dry grass for some distance; some water in holes that will do no injury to stock; one half mile beyond this and eleven hundred paces on the right hand, is the Springs. Thence, to—

Smoke Creek Meadows, 13 miles.

Course west six miles, level ground; then four miles over low hills to creek; thence up creek, along the canyon, three miles to camp. Here is an extensive valley, from three hundred yards to two miles wide; its length is not ascertained. This valley produces clover, bunch grass, etc., of the most luxuriant growth. Thence, to—

Mud Springs, 9 miles.

Course west: You travel up Smoke Creek Meadows two miles; then over the point of a low ridge into Rake Valley. This valley is two miles long, by half a mile wide, excellent grass and water. The road here is on table land, fifty to seventy-five feet above the level of the plains or desert; and is perfectly level. Thence, to—

Siwan River, 9 miles.

Course west, six miles south-west, and three miles west, to camp. Emigrants should start early from Mud Springs, as the road is covered with cobble stones, which makes it slow and tedious; it is nearly level till you descend slightly to the valley of the stream, [known as Honey Lake Valley.] This is a delightful valley, its soil of the most productive kind, and is from five to seven miles wide, and covered with clover, blue-joint, reed-grass, and bunch grass, in great abundance. The stream abounds in mountain trout, which are easily taken with hook and line. Thence, to—

Head of this Valley, 14 miles.

Course west: You cross Willow Creek two miles after leaving camp on Susan River. This stream rises in the west, runs east out of the Sierra Nevada, into the valley, and about twenty or twenty-five miles down it, to Honey Lake. Thence, to—

Summit Springs, 18 miles.

Immediately after leaving the valley, you enter open, but heavy pine woods—not unapproachable to the sun-scorched emigrant—and commence ascending the Sierra Nevada gradually; Water four miles on the right, and some grass; and again five miles on the left, but no grass; the road somewhat stony in places; the ascent is so gradual that on slight observation it seems as smooth down as up; in fact, a great part is level, and enough timber on one mile on each side of the road, from the valley to the summit, to build a double railway track to the Missouri River. Course west, grass and water. Thence, to—

Pine Creek, 8 miles.

Course, north west, to avoid a cluster of buff; road level, grass and water—thence to—

Black Butte, 12 miles.

Course, north-west four miles; then turning west to south-west; grass and water; road level. The country here, and for twenty miles back, must be considered the summit, as it is impossible to ascertain the precise place, owing to the flatness of the country. The small streams that rise on the buttes around and run down their sides, all small, or form small lakes and marshes, there not being slope sufficient to run off their waters. Thence to—

Black Butte, 6 miles.

Course, south-west; road, heavy sand; thence to—

Pine Meadows, 4 miles.

Course, west; road level and good; water and grass. Thence to—

Hot Creek, 4 miles.

Course north-west; road gradually sloping; only about one hundred feet where a wagon wheel need be locked. Thence to—

Lost Creek, 2 miles.

Course west, road nearly level. Thence, to—

John Hill's Ranch on Deer Flat, 14 miles.

Course west; the two first miles slightly up hill, sixty or sixty-five feet only of which is steep; after a distance of forty miles, embracing the entire western slope of the Sierra Nevada, it is almost a perfect grade to the Sacramento River. Thence, to—

McCumber's Mills, 8 miles; Shingle Town, 3 miles; Clarkey's Ranch, 4 miles; Payne and Smith's 6 miles; Dr. Baker's, on Bear Creek, 7 miles; Fort Reading 3 miles; Sacramento 7 miles.

This estimate of distances, 14 miles.

ON COMETS.

Comets are those luminous bodies in all ages have appeared at intervals rapidly through the heavens, to the delight, but oftentimes—at times of superstition—to the terror kind.

Their name would signify the hairy star, and they are generally said by a luminous train which is tail—the more dense portion is a nucleus. The motions of a comet precedes the tail in its approach the sun, and follows it whilst receding from; but this is not always the case. In the above diagram we give two positions of the Sun, the Earth, orbit, and the approaching Comet, as near as can be given by upon a plane surface; for the showing the utter fallacy of the opinion that the Comet will come in colliding the earth.
ON COMETS.

Comets are those luminous bodies that in all ages have appeared at intervals, passing rapidly through the heavens, sometimes to the delight, but oftener—at least in the ages of superstition—to the terror of mankind.

Their name would signify them to be a hairy star, and they are generally accompanied by a luminous train which is called the tail—the more dense portion is called the nucleus. The nucleus of a comet generally precedes the tail in its approach towards the sun, and follows it whilst receding therefrom; but this is not always the case.

In the above diagram we give the relative position of the Sun, the Earth and its orbit, and the approaching Comet and its orbit, as near as can be given by a diagram upon a plane surface; for the purpose of showing the utter fallacy of the declaration that the Comet will come in collision with the earth.

In the first place the Comet now seen approaching the sun, and the earth also, is not one of the remarkable ones, that prior to this have made their appearance; or if it is, it never has before attracted the attention of astronomers, unless the period of its revolution round the sun has been changed by external influences, during its last transit through the aphelion of its orbit, or that portion most distant from the sun.

The probability is, that it is one of the many millions of inferior comets that are known to exist within our own solar system; but as we would say of our ocean clippers, “there is really no one of any great importance now, unless it be some stranger craft with which we are not acquainted.” But admitting the approach of a Comet towards us and the sun, for there is seldom a month when there is not, though perhaps invisible to us, and that its exact position in the heavens is, as declared to be, or to have been at the time of its first discovery by Laensberg, and the ra-

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Creek, 7 miles; Fort Ralston on Cow Creek, 4 miles; Sacramento River 3 miles.

This estimate of distances, the whole route through, overrun those of Mr. Keiser's, as measured by his road-ruler, about the same time.
pidity of its flight, just in accordance with its estimate; still there can be hardly a possibility of a collision; for should the earth be but a single day earlier or later arriving at the proper point, it would then be distant from the comet, over 1,640,000 miles, being the distance the earth moves in its orbit every twenty-four hours.

But there is one fact that places a collision beyond a possibility. The very track or direction of the Comet as indicated by Laemnberg, is such as when extended towards the sun, is not upon the same level with the ecliptic or plane of the earth's orbit. In other words, it is not approaching the sun, in the direction of a right line drawn outward from the sun, and passing through the track or orbit of the earth; but if the term “above” or “below” can be applied to celestial bodies in infinite space, then the Comet on its way to the sun will pass the earth's orbit or track more than 3,000,000 of miles above it; so even supposing the earth to have reached this exact position of being directly under the Comet, it would still be more than 3,000,000 miles distant, so there can be no collision this time.

But suppose it were possible; the material of which Comets are composed, is believed to be the lightest, perhaps the most volatile in nature possessing a visible form, with little or no density, and utterly incapable of doing the slightest injury to a body with the density even of our atmosphere, with which it might come in contact. Upon this point Professor Olmstead says:

"It is not probable, even were the earth to make its way directly through a Comet, that a particle of the Comet would reach the earth—that the highest clouds that float in our atmosphere, must be looked upon as dense and massive bodies, compared with the filmy and all but spiritual texture of a Comet."

Sir Isaac Newton was of the opinion that,—"If all the matter constituting the largest tail of a Comet were to be compressed to the same density with atmospheric air, it would occupy no more than a cubic inch."

A very apt illustration of the probable effect of a Comet upon mankind in case of a collision, was given in a recent lecture at Musical Hall, in this city, by G. W. Minna. He said:

"The idea, therefore, that Comets are dangerous visitors to our system has more support from superstition than from reason or science. The air is to us what the waters are to fish. Some fish swim around in the deep, and others, like lobsters and oysters, keep on the bottom. So birds wing the air, while men and beasts are the lobsters that crawl around on the bottom. Now, there is no more probability that a comet would pass through the atmosphere and injure us upon the earth, than there is that a collection of fog or vapor thrown down upon the surface of the ocean, would pass through it and kill the lobsters on the bottom.

"Were the earth to meet a Comet, it would be something like a cannon ball meeting a cloud, and the earth would probably not suffer from the encounter. Indeed, it has been supposed that we have already passed through the tail of a Comet without knowing it; for, according to Laemnberg, there is reason to think such was the case when the great Comet of 1843 revealed its splendor to our eyes."

If we have not already said enough to satisfy the most timid, as regards the utter disregard of the supposition that our earth is to be destroyed by a comet, either now, or in the future, at least until a long series of ages shall have rolled around, we can give nothing farther or better in proof of our position, than to quote the language of Professor Dick, the Christian Philosopher and Astronomer, who says:

"Whatever opinions we may adopt as to the physical constitution of comets, we must admit that they serve some grand and important purpose in the economy of the universe; for we cannot suppose that the Almighty has created such an immense number of bodies, and set them in rapid motion according to established laws, without an end worthy of His perfections, and, on the whole, beneficial to the inhabitants of the system through which they move.

"They display the wisdom of their Creator in the arrangements of their orbits and

lines to **

confirm. As we have every reason to believe, the solar system has been so admirably constructed by its Creator, and its laws so wisely established, that it is unalterable, and the effect of any disturbance in it is to produce an alteration in the position of the heavenly bodies, which is then fatal to life and all animals. It is a reflection on the dignity of Deity to imagine, such a vast number of our system, passing through any region, chiefly inhabited by us, with their comets, and pestilence; such effects upon the earth equal reason believes to the effects on the other side, as they pass into the regions of space; and further, that the habitability of the earth is liable to such calamities as the comet, a position which is not consistent with the boundless Divine mind.

When we consider Almighty Power as the mover of all things, and the Creator of all, and the蹬t of the rest; and that our world is only a part of His creation, it would be a reflection on the perfections of God, to think that the Almighty could have created a world for ages, and one of the most important revolutions that have occurred in the order of His creation, is the introduction of life into our globe. It is possible that
otios, as we have every reason to con-
dude that a legist, thousands of those bodies
move in all directions) and arc certain that, their orbits are inclined
in every possible degree in. one another and to the orbit of the earth, so we find that
they have been so admirably arranged by
Divine Intelligence that no one of them
interferes with another, or with the courses
of the planets, so as to produce concussion
or disorder.

"It is remarkable, that the announcement
of a comet has generally been received with
melancholy anticipations, and the effects
attributed to its influence have uniformly
been of a calamitous nature. But why
should it not be the precursor of prosperous
events; of peace, plenty, social tranquility,
and genial seasons, as well as of wars,
plagues, revolutions, cold winters, and
parched summers? It seems something like
a reflection on the general benevolence of
the Deity to imagine that he has created
such a vast number of bodies, and directed
their course through every part of the pla-
netary regions, chiefly for the purpose of
shaking from our horrid hair wars, famine, and pestilence; for, if they produce
such effects upon the earth, we might with
equal reason believe that they produce simi-
lar effects on the other planets of our sys-
tem as they pass along in their course
along the sun; and this would lead us to
infer that the inhabitants of all the pla-
netary orbs are liable to the same disasters
and calamities as the inhabitants of the
earth, a position which seems scarcely con-
istent with the boundless benevolence of
the Divine mind.

When we consider that a Wise and
Allmighty Ruler superintends and directs
the movements of all the great bodies in the
universe, and the erratic motions of comets
among the rest; and that no event can
happen in our world without his sovereign per-
mission and appointment, we may repose
ourselves in perfect security that no cata-
strophe from the impulse of celestial agents
shall ever take place but in union with his
will, and for the accomplishment of the
plans of his universal providence.

If we recognize the Scriptures as a re-
velatio from God, we may rest assured that
to danger from such a cause can happen to
our world for ages yet to come; for there
are many important predictions contained
in revelation which have not yet received
their accomplishment, and must be fulfilled
before any fatal catastrophe can happen to
our globe. It is predicted that the Jews
shall be brought into the Christian Church
with the fulness of the gentiles; that the
idols of the nations shall be abolished;
that war shall cease to the ends of the
globe; and the kingdom of Messiah shall
extend over all nations.

LINES TO * * * WITH SOME BEAUTIFUL SEA-MOSSES.

BY H. P. O.

As closely these sub-marine ferns
In their home—die diaphanous sea—
Have clung to the alabaster pillow
So fastens my spirit to thee.

The billows have thundered upon them,
And winds from the lee-bounded skies;
Yet the storm-driven sea and the tempest—
But strengthened the delicate ties.

So ever I'll cling to the bosom,
That offers these temples repose,
Shall never the link that connects me,
Like life to thy guardian form.

San Francisco, May 15th, 1857.

SONNET, ACROSTIC.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF A WRITER.

Tune the harp to festive chorus,
Open Orpheus' gates before us.
Banish waves of Hymen's notes,
Every son of minstrelsy.
See nor his notes with roves,
Serenade of the Minstrel's song;
In the train Triumphs and Three;
Every ray and fairy move;
Bring music and his train—
Every one whose theme is love.
A sister calls you all to bless her,
Let none be far from her sight,
Lest your lingering distress here—
Judge if she deserves the slight.
O Orpheus tune glad strains in solo,
Ye who love her, join in chorus.

Dr. J. —

In your child, consider that you have
not only a young creature to protect
and feed, but a young spirit to educate
for usefulness and heaven.
The above beautiful scene of Table Mountain, Tuolumne county, is taken from the Montezuma House, about four miles below Jamestown, on the stage road between Stockton and Sonora. This very singular mountain, a few years since only admired for its curious beauty—now has a fame which is world-wide, for the immense wealth taken from beneath its dark volcanic-formed crust.

The miner, with his usual prospecting curiosity, and iron will, came to the conclusion that “there must be gold in that hill,” and at once determined to know it by immediately commencing a tunnel. The company entitled to the honor of this enterprise, we believe, was the Table Mountain Tunnel Company, near Jamestown, who, after running one tunnel for over five hundred feet, was obliged to begin another, about twenty feet lower than the first, in order to drain off the water. The second, or lower tunnel, was run nine hundred feet through solid rock before reaching gravel and upon which those thousand seven hundred and fifty-six days’ labor were expended; besides the cost of tools, blasting powder, &c., &c.

This is another of the almost numberless instances of the unswerving determination and perseverance of the miner, to obtain the reward so ardently desired for himself and family, and is the most expressive answer that can possibly be given to the oft repeated question—“Why does he tarry so long from his family and friends.”

How very remunerative this proved but few ever know, but sufficient was known to induce many others to follow the example, and now men are working with almost unparalleled success, from the one end of Table Mountain to the other, for a distance of over fifteen miles in length.

From its top a fine view of the surrounding country can be obtained, including the mining towns of Chinese Camp, Camp Seo, Mountama, Belvedere, Poverty Hill, and several others, forming a panoramic view of great beauty and extent, which amply repays the visitor for his trouble in ascending it.
YANKEE GIRLS.

On every rugged mountain side,
Their fairy forms are smiling ;
Like Artemis on Cynthia's top,
With wood nymphs round her playing ;
And in the willows and the groves,
The gay, bewitching creatures,
Are soaring like the Orendas,
With elks and forms and flowers.

Upon their ruby, blooming clouds,
A rosy smile is shining,
While from the depths of flashing eyes,
The light of love is gleaming.

Their hearts are pure as stainless snow,
That robes the granite mountains,
Their feelings like the sparkling flow
Of crystal streams and fountains.

Not only does the "Spirit Smile,"
Descend upon the waters,
It plays upon the open brow,
Of all the Yankee daughters.

Like Sycam of enchanted land,
That bathed the bold Ulysses,
They tempt each wandering Yankee foe,
With promises of ikéos !

San Francisco, May, 1857.

A PAGE OF THE PAST.

It is a bright, beautiful, invigorating morning, so place your hand in mine, and we will take a long ramble. We have now crossed the Big Sandy and Green rivers, and are at the Soda and Steamboat Springs. Take a good draught of this delightful beverage, for it may be the last we shall find.

Here are seen the unmistakable evidences of volcanic eruptions, where nature has some day played her curious pranks.

It was a bright morning, dear reader, when we started, but now the scene is changed, for the rain is pouring down, accompanied with sleet and hail, and the mountain's brow at the left, is overspread and hung around, with dark, lowering clouds, which fill far below the highest points of those empyrean heights. Now don't shiver with the cold, for it is the Fourth of July, and the mention of that day, generally throws one into enthusiasm.

We have stopped for the day, and pitched our tent on the banks of Stony Creek; and I am busy making preparations for the occasion. All hands are doing something to celebrate that cherished day, in memory of the struggles of our forefathers.

What means this? The boys yonder have their hats off, and their ears close to the earth! They are listening to the cannonading at Fort Hall, which sound comes over the wild stretch of plain to tell us they are having the Fourth among them. Every old rifle, shot gun, and pistol, is now brought forth to give a hearty response, for their souls are being fired with patriotism, though the bang of the noisy shot-gun, or the sharp crack of the rifle, may not be heard by those at the fort, so many miles to the northwest.

Supper is ready on the little pine table in the tent yonder, so take a seat and help yourself to all the edibles that compose our way sumptuous fare. Drink your coffee, take a slice of that frosted cake, brought all the way from home—it may taste all the better, for it was made by a mother's hand, and retains a home-like flavor, that makes me sigh to think of days past, never to return.

Eat hearty—'tis the last jolly time, perhaps, for many and all of us, till we reach the Meccas of our hopes, California, that land of golden visions.

See there! the wind has blown the tent down, in spite of all the ox-yokes being piled around to keep it from escaping; so take a handful from the wreath of mimosa, basil, etc., for it is clearing off, and the sun is peering from behind those dark clouds, as a parting salutation, before retiring to his pink and purple pavilion in the west. A few hours' ride brings us to...
Castle Rock, or Pyramid Circle, as it is frequently denominated, from its fanciful resemblance to an old deserted Oriental city, with its desolate looking watch-towers, abbeys, and deserted mansions, passing into rapid decay, and moldering from the records of the Past.

Here too, Old Time is found, as everywhere else, with its effacing fingers, ever ready to destroy, not only the noble walls of Arc, but the massive masonry of the Great Builder.

Well, here we are now, at the Cold Springs, while right beside them ran those that would boil an egg if you were the lucky “homme” to have one. These boiling springs emit a sulphurous steam.

The Humboldt river is now crossed and recrossed, and following down the valley for many days, we are at the great meadows, where we shall have to do a little haying, preparatory to crossing an arm of the Great American Desert; so, reader, take a good rest on the green grass, as you will require all your recruited energy, for the narrow’s travel, with its deep sand and broiling sun, which are to be our indispensable companions, ere the sight is gladdened with the bright fellow that skirts the Carson river beyond.

All is life, confusion, hurly-burly, and every chick and child are busy in making ready for “sandy stretch”—all is tumult and noise. Men from Sacramento, San Francisco, Fiddletown, Muletown, Onehorse town, and I don’t know what town, are here looking with eager countenances for their families and friends; peering into this wagon and that, to be sure of the right ones, who have undoubtedly grown older, smaller, and daintier, since the last kiss was given at the cottage gate, so long ago.

Let us draw the curtain before these frequent scenes of meeting, for it is sacred to them alone, and is not for the vulgar gaze of the staring world.

Come let us hasten away, for the sun is high up in the heavens. The writer and boy is in the wagon, so farewell to the dusty roads, the narth of the Humboldts, the traders’ labeled bottles, and the few strugglers that linger behind, for the goal of our happiness lies still beyond the snow-capped Sierras.

SCENE ON THE DESERT.

Here we are, on the much dreaded Desert, with its many bleaching bones and countless cast-away conveyances. Some are lying as they fell, and with the ox-yoke upon their emaciated necks, and the horseman’s noble and faithful companion, with the saddle still resting upon his back, and the bridle bit still in the mouth—ahs, dead.

Those who have never broken down their last wagon, a thousand miles from home, do not know how to pity us, but as good luck would have it, just as we were about to abandon the wreck and take passage in “Post & Walker’s” line, a Godsend came, in the shape of another conveyance which was offered by a stranger—more fortu-
nate than ourselves. Wait a moment, what is this, among the dry-bened bones by the wayside? Why, it is the grave of an infant, that sweetly rests its tiny head in the burning sands, away from earth’s sorrows, till the good Angel of the Resurrection shall come to earth, to swear that time shall be no more. There, traced upon a small board, was this simple, but sweet inscription: “HERE THE PET LIES OUR ONLY ONE.”

Who could have stood by this little desolate mound, without brushing away the falling tear-drops, flowing from the fountain of sympathy and love? No grassy turf, with its wild flowers, to make a green and violet covering for the little one; nor the low mein of the sea, to claim a sad requiem above the lonely pillow—nought but the wild scream of the vulture by day, and the hoarse growl of the prowling wolf by night. All is it dreary desolation, for the specters of gloom and despair.

What a volume that simple inscription contains. We know of one that moistened that sandy mound with tears, before leaving it alone in the darkness and gloom; and if that soul-tortured mother yet lives on the Pacific’s broad exast, she still feels the heart’s old blight, and gruves that Mary, the loved one, passed away so soon.

But now the Father of light comes ereathing up from his many chambers in the east, and Aurora is spreading her delicate blushes on the mountains. A bright, happy morning—the 30th of July—finds us in Nugtown, situated on the banks of the Carson River.

Nugtown! What a rugged name? methinks I hear you say—but don’t be particular, it is rightly named, for a whole pass of rugged emigrants are here, and the trudged leaves are made of tattered cloth,—the corrales, or enclosures, of log chaless and wagon-tires.

Now, reader, if you are not too tired with the day’s ramble, we will soon be upon those steep ascents, where hill after hill arises to shut out the glorious prospects before us; but be patient a moment longer. Hold on to your breath, for shock-sills will soon be over, as the highest point is reached, and a glimpse of the Sacramento Valley clears the eye and heart, for we can now feast the sight upon its beauty and loveliness, sleeping in calm repose so many thousand feet below.

After all the toil, vexation and strife, we are at last in front of Place Hotel, and as sure as you are alive, we are in California—in Old Hangtown—now more emphatically named Placerville.

So, reader, give me your hand before I get out of my traveling home, for new scenes in the drama of Life await me, and perchance we may never meet again. So accept my good wishes for your future welfare, for your kindness and patience in following me thus far, along the checkered pages of the past.

THE CITY OF OUR GOD.

Graced and pubish’d, Holy Father! 
Throne along the path in sow, 
And our feele’s bosque filler, 
Thou must guilde us, Thou alone!

We are turning from earth’s pleasures, 
To the paths that saints have trod, 
Seeking for eternal resources, 
In the city of our God.

Work are we, so very lowly, 
Crushed by care and stanned by sin, 
Yet make thy kingdom holy, 
Glentive Saviour let us be!

With our broken, errant spirits, 
We would come in sweet accord, 
As a band of weary pilgrims, 
To the city of our God.

There the tree of Life is blooming, 
By the river, pure and fair; 
Whitewashed angel-forms are coming, 
Oh! we hain’t to be there!

We can hear sweet voices singing, 
Snowy wings sound as wave, 
And Thy arm about us Bingle,— 
What’s thy victory! oh grove! 

Why are kisses like the creation? 
Because they are made of nothing, and are all very good.

Savona, May 1857. A. M. N.
When I first went into the mines in the northern portion of this State, I could not prevail upon one of my friends to go with me, so I started alone; but I soon became acquainted with some as noble-hearted follows as ever put a pick in the soil of California. Indeed, I have never found such friends anywhere as I have found in the mountains among the miners; but I am wandering. Joe and Jake were my first partners in the mines, two good boys as ever handled a pick or shovel. Having located some gold, we built our cabin on the side of a mountain for the safety of a deep cañon. There were no cabins within two miles of ours, and the wolves made the night hideous by their howlings; to which the night-hawk joined his melancholy note.

It was on the night of the 12th of December, 1850; dark, angry clouds were floating in the blue above, and the wild winds were roaring furiously through the deep cañon, and ever and anon some giant pine would give way beneath the too powerful blasts of the wind, and come down with a crash resembling distant thunder. The rain began to pour in torrents, and the wind increased in violence. That was a night long to be remembered. The roaring of the waters which came rolling and tumbling down the wild cañon, and the fury of the wind amid the tall trees of the mountain, made it a night of terror. Jake had retired, while Joe and I remained sitting by the fire, talking over scenes of other days, when with childish glee we chased the hare over the meadow, or watched the nimble squirrel leap from tree to tree, and lick the pealing dew-drops from the leaves at early morn; when the door opened, and a man rushed in and fell upon the floor speechless. We immediately spread a blanket before the fire, took off his wet clothes, and wrapped him up as comfortable as possible. We made him a cup of warm tea, and in two hours he was able to speak. In the morning he was quite revived, and told us he had started to go to a little town about six miles distant, but the storm overtook him and he had lost his way, and had been wandering about until he accidentally discovered a light in our cabin. He was of delicate appearance, light blue eyes, and light hair, and looked as though he had seen better days, for his hands were white and soft, denoting that he had not been accustomed to labor. He had just arrived in the country—as hundreds of others did in the early times of California,—buoyant with hope of making a fortune in a few months, and returning to friends and kindred in his native land. He remained with us a few days, until the storm subsided, and then started on to his place of destination. I neither saw nor heard any more of him for more than a year, when, in the month of July, '51, as I was passing through Shasta, at the hotel where I was stopping for the night, I met him. He appeared very much pleased to see me, inquiring for Jake and Joe. He wished me to go to his room, as he had much to tell me. His room was well furnished for these times in California, and I came to the conclusion he must have plenty of money.

No one can realize the pleasure of meeting an old friend in the mines, unless he has experienced it. Although my acquaintance with Edward Haven—the name of the young man introduced to the reader—was very limited, yet I had formed an attachment for him which perhaps would not have been formed for some others upon years of acquaintance. Friendship matured in the mines is different from that in the cities, or even in the Atlantic States. There is a peculiar interest about it which lingers about the heart, making it more lasting. I can only account for this from the fact that we are thrown together here from all portions of the civilized world, and in a great measure deprived of female society, so that when we do find a congenial spirit, our attachment is extraordinary.

"Since I have been in the States, I have been lucky, having won $250; but I have been with 10 others, and we have all lost between $500 and $600."

"Ed," said the man opposite, "I have never been of more money than the money in your coat; and when you are so lucky as to make a profit of your money, you are quite sure to lose it again against the next bunch of dice."
Edward Haven.

In the morning he called, and told us he had to a little town about ten miles from the storm everlasting, and had been out on his horse. I was surprised to hear that he had been accustomed to live in the same town in the Atlantic states.

"Since I saw you last," said he, "I have been favored with unusual good fortune. I have made more than nine thousand dollars; but it is now nearly all gone. I have been in the mines, and for the last two weeks I have been betting against the game, and now have but a few hundred dollars left."

"Ed," said I, "I thought you a man of more sense than to think you can beat that game, or to gamble your money away upon any game. Have you no parents, brothers, or sisters, whom you respect, or whose name you do not wish to tarnish?"

"Will," said he, "were there not feelings dwelling in my heart as warm as those of a brother, since the time you were so kind to me the night I entered your cabin, what you have just said I should consider as an insult, and be prepared to resist it, but since I know the words were spoken with the best of feelings, I thank you for the plain manner in which you uttered them. I have a elder brother and sister who reside in Boston, and from whom I have not heard a word since I have been in this country. My father was a rich planter from Mississippi, and I came to the must have plenty of money."

We walked along the pleasant of a friend in the mines, unexperienced in it. Although face with Edward Haven of the young man intro-duced to me—was very limited and I realized that I had not been one others upon years of friendship. I was stopping with a friend, a physician, who had an office on K street, and could only account for it in this way: There had been a young gentleman introduced to her about two months previous, who represented himself as a rich planter from Mississippi, and in imagination Emma was particularly fond of him, and cool towards me. A few days after I received the note, I was on my way to California, and you now know why I am in this country, and so reckless with my money and character. Life has lost all its charms for me; for the one that was dear to my heart is beyond the sea, and those smiles which were once for me are now for another."

When he had finished, I told him not to despair, for perhaps there was a brighter day awaiting him in the future. As I was about to start on my journey in the morning, he pressed my hand, wishing that good fortune might attend me.

Many months had passed away, and during that time I heard nothing from Edward Haven; in fact, I had almost forgotten him while mingling in the busy scenes of life. In March, 185—

I was stopping with a friend, a physician, who had an office on K street,
Sacramento. One morning, while we were sitting in the office, he had a call to go to the Orleans Hotel, to see a young man who had the evening previous arrived there on one of the coaches very much indisposed. The doctor asked me to accompany him, which I did, as I was doing nothing. When I entered the room I discovered at once that it was none other than Edward Haven, and as I approached the bed he reached out his hand, saying, "I am happy to see you; and," continued he, "this is the third time we have met unexpectedly, and under very different circumstances. There is something in these meetings which I cannot account for, which must have some mysterious meaning."

I told him I could see nothing very strange about them, only that they were very unexpected to us both. The doctor prescribed for him, and we returned to the office; but before leaving I gave orders to the proprietors to see that he was supplied with all the necessaries to make him as comfortable as possible; for I learned from him that he was, to use a common phrase, "dead broke."

During my stay in Sacramento I called every day to see him, for he continued to grow worse, and on the ninth day of his illness I began to think his recovery doubtful, I had been with him all day, only leaving his bedside to get my meals, for there were none others who appeared to take any interest in him. On the night of the ninth, about ten o'clock, as I was sitting by his side, a gentleman and two ladies came home from the theatre, and as they passed the door, I heard one of the ladies say, "let us go in and see that sick young man." They came in, and one of them asked me if he was an old friend of mine. I told her how long I had known him, and how I first became acquainted with him.

"What is his name?"

"Edward Haven," I replied.

"Do you know where he is from?"

"He tells me he is from Boston, Massachusetts."

"Boston! Why are we from there, having just arrived on the last steamer. Has he no friends who came out with him?"

"None that I know; at least I have never heard him speak of any."

They soon retired; but a young man whom I had requested to come and sit up with him, soon came in and took my place, and I went to my room.

In the morning, when I returned, I found him much better, and from that day he began to recover, and in a short time was able to be about; and on his recovery he started for the mountains again, near Forest City, where he was interested in a tunnel; and when he arrived there, he found they had struck pay dirt, and that the shares were worth from five to six thousand dollars each. He told out his interest, determined to return to the States to see his brother and sister, and also try if he could learn anything about Emma Senwood. He arrived in Marysville one afternoon, calculating to leave the next morning for San Francisco, but who should he meet on the street but Emma's brother-in-law, who was truly pleased to see him, and invited him to take tea with him, without saying a word about Emma being there, only telling him he had brought out his family. The reader can better imagine the pleasure of that meeting than I can describe it.

Edward Haven did not return to the States. Emma explained to him the note which he received, and which was written by the Mississippian, for, as she had refused him, he thought if he could get Edward out of the way he might prevail upon her to marry him; but she learned through one of the clerks in the house where Edward was, that he had received a note, which was the cause of his leaving so abruptly; so she at once came to the conclusion that it was written by the Mississippian, and the consequence was she would never speak to him again. When her brother-in-law and sister came to the conclusion to come to this country, she deserted thinking at Edward, flouted when she visited her present long report. They called the suburbs of the village had not, he and return feet. If the house where they were taken still visited the illness on other than her sister's idea why she was not in live, and
A SKETCH.

She was very fair!—I saw her when a gay and happy youth. Her bright eyes beamed round a lovely face, her smile was sparkling in her eye, and her glowing cheeks were bright with health.

When I met her, she was going to the city. Movie and my heart was beat fast with joy. I ran after her, and when I caught her, she kissed me and said, "My dearest, I love you."
OUR NEIGHBOR AT THE CORNER

Is one of the old fashioned class of cobblers, who does not disdain to stitch per contract, or repair per order. The inundation of boots and shoes into the city at one time, regardless of the unwrapping rules of supply and demand, bade fair to drive him out of the field. He commenced operations as most of his brothers do,—

"In a stall, which served him for parlor, and kitchen, and all," but now has something of an imposing appearance to attract the attention of the needy; his chief attraction, however, is the following sign board, which shows him to be something of a way:

"Here works a man who needs the understanding. His shoes are good, unmarred by commerce. His workmanship new, his manners, with or without taste, stark.

Serve him at proper price to honestly set.

His workmanship, with every Old service.

He gives to you his art, more prosperous, soon do.

He will not tarry, try him with your shoe.

He'll tell all other understanding his life.

Serve him best to know the important future.

Good shoes, shape, his wife, is sure to add ye.

After this end to be a Whitehead trade.

"Is he or she? his or her home?"

If off the good to good reflection and to bad likewise;

Good art, look, with her, till in the house she area.

Come try your luck, you know not what's in store,

She lives at ——, of the first grade door."

The latter calling is said to be the more thriving one, and of this only we would now relate,—more of the old cobbler anon.

"His ugly old wife and his tortoise shell cat," no doubt are capital stock in trade. I never shall forget what sensation the old crone made in our own circle. Passing by there one dull evening with a friend, he humorously proposed that we should go in and have our fortunes told. The reader may believe the result or not, as he or she may please, but we heard information respecting ourselves perfectly astounding. Our friend bantering the old woman upon her impostures, she at once disclosed some secrets to him that eventually proved true, and displayed before him such a knowledge of his family affairs, as to call up something like horror in his face, as to the capabilities of the black art.

"Your daughter," she said, "is a sweet, pretty girl. You are about to marry her to a very rich old man of New York, now on his passage to California for that purpose. He has a wife already in New York, but brings out with him her release from all obligations upon that he will see her for a divorce, which you know, in San Francisco, is no difficult matter. Your daughter loves another—a young tradesman. I cannot exactly make out what his business is, but he is an honest, upright, hard-working fellow, and every way deserving her."

Here my friend interrupted the ugly one:

"That I am sure is not the case, for she has never breathed to either of us that her affections are engaged to any one."

"O, yes, she has, often to her mother, who has kept the matter secret from you. She has been very ill of late, but seems resigned to her mother's wishes."

"Yes, that is a fact about her illness, but it was a severe cold."

"Yes, a chill of the heart. Now be advised by me, let marry this young man; for his horoscope, both by cross and sign, are something very extraordinary, while this rich merchant, or whatever he is, will fall all to smash, as soon as he has married your daughter."

"Shall I deal further, and tell you what will happen?"

"That I cannot say exactly, somewhere between fourteen and eighteen, she appears, at all events, over young to marry yet."

"Well, I'll see you upon this matter another time. Go on with my friend's fortune. I'll inquire, and if I find what you say is true, I pledge myself to follow your recommendation."

"You had better. You will never regret the happiness you will have caused."

Then the old bag re-shuffled the cards, and set the horoscope page to work. After she dealt out the greedy..."
cards again, she burst into an inmoder- 
ate fit of laughter, shaking her more 
hillocky-looking than usual.

"What is there to laugh at," we
said.

"The oldest fortune I ever dealt.
You are a barboud," addressing her-
self to the writer.

"Yes.

"You are bent, or you will be, by a
handsome old widow. She has a wood-
en leg." 

"That I know is false."

"She limps, doesn't she."

"Well, that's a good joke. I know
whom you mean; I have scarcely spe-
k two words to her in my life."

"She hasn't a tooth in her head."

"She has the best set I ever saw."

"False! false! She wears false
hair."

"That I know nothing of."

"How can you say so, when some
barber here in town, has applied to you
for her address, and mentioned the pur-
pose for which he wanted it."

"Oh, now I remember. You are a
witch and no mistake. Well, go on.

"The matter has gone so far as to
engage her in knitting woolen socks for
you; that's an earnest of her inten-
tions. Is it not?"

"Well, I never! Go on."

"Have you a father living?"

"I knew you by your art, to find
that out."

"Well, his only a little more trouble.
I shall come to it presently."

"She has some property here—in
houses. Oh! I live you, or some one
just like you, collects her rents. Is it
so?"

"Go on."

"(Every word of this was
truth only, my assertion of never hav-
ing spoken two words to her was a fib.)"

"O! shall I say what turns up."

"Anything, anything, our friend here
knows all my affairs. (This latter he
knew nothing of.)"

Here the old wretch grinned, show-
ing her toothless gums, and said:

"You have a father, I see; this gay
old widow, having failed with the father,

is about you see, to try the son. Hal
hal! lie!"

"What a compliment."

"Well, you may make a worse choice
for she will kill you with kindness, and
be as jealous as any."

Our friend and self, not caring to
hear more, left. We were both in a
perfect maze of bewilderment as to her
fore-knowledge and disclosures; and
were, in despite of our better judgment,
half converts to the art.

Three months after, my friend's
daughter married a young carpenter,
who had scarcely made his arrange-
ments of comfortably settling down in
California, than he received news of an
uncle's death, by which he became en-
titled to an excellent property.

I boarded with my friend, and upon the
merry occasion of the wedding, his wife
told us that she, about three months
before, had told her naivety; and every
thing had fallen out just as the wise
woman had told her; more than that,
the help, her Sally, had things told her
that were very wonderful, about the
faithfulness of her lover, and how she
would have been ruined and all her lit-
tle pile of dollars spent, if she had not
taken the old woman's advice. O, now
the wonder's out! I thought I: from the
mail, the old crone has got what infor-
mation she wanted about the mistress;
from the mistress, what she wanted
about the master; but how about my-
self. That was not long destined to be
a paster. A young lad whom I kept to
swep up my office, and whom I had
kicked out for having the impertinence
and bad luck to be found at my desk
reading my private letters, lodged with
this old fortune-teller, and no doubt, for
a consideration, poured into her ear
these secrets about the false leg, and all—she bill for it being among my pa-
pers, and which, until then, were known
only to myself. After all, the old cou-
ple are not to be despised; and if he
makes some shoes as well as she makes
some fortunes, she will have more oc-
casion to find fault than we had.
THE REALIZATION OF MY CONCEPTIONS.

No. VI.

Reader, did you ever say farewell, unill the sound reached through the heart, like the knell of all you loved the dearest?—If you did, ah! play me. I have said farewell to noble Ben, and laid his head to rest forever on the "lap of earth." I have said farewell, probably forever, to dear, light-hearted Charley; and now, when to good by is spoken, my heart will have lost all of its most loved objects, and I shall turn into my cabin,—ah! how desolate and lone,—without one to cheer me.

But ere we part, dear reader, let us look together over our short acquaintance. Six short months ago we first invited you to our cabin,—and what a happy circle you found there, Ben, with all his quiet joy—Charley, so gay and cheerful, and I, in my dreamy happiness,—how bright it looks, seen from the present gloom!Month after month went past, and each brought the looked for meeting,—and we all looked forward with pleasure to the glad Spring, which should make our happiness more intense. But when it came, it brought not the expected gladness, but instead, a shadow, for sickness had settled on one of the loved ones of our little circle. Charley wrote you last month, how very sick Ben was, and how little we hoped for his recovery. Day by day, as we saw our companion grow steadily, yet ever patiently, more and more, that hope grew firmer, and one morning, after a restless night, the pain seemed to die away, as the glorious May day dawned; I opened the door of the cabin, and the rays of the rising sun streamed in upon the couch of the sufferer, and the old smiling look of quiet joy stole over his features; and saying, "It could not be better," the sweet smile still rested on the marble features, as I sat by the sleeper, and the wild thought rushed on my mind to awaken the sleeper, to cry in all the anguish of my grief: "Ben, dear Ben, for the sake of those who love you, awake from that fearful repose," a voice of the air, even as though the spirit still hovered near, repressed me, saying: "It could not be better." Perchance it could not. From all the hardships of your lot—from all the toil, pain, and ills of life, to sink so gently to rest—"It could not be better." From all the longings, which make life one long, uneasy dream, to pass so calmly to where no dreams disturb the deep repose, "It could not be better." After all thy sad boyhood, when, upon a happier life had come, (even as the bright morning, after a restless night,) in the glad spring, when everything is gay, and life has more for which to cling to earth—to pass so peacefully away, "It could not be better," for thou hast gone to a place where our happiest days and most beautiful scenes, are surpassed by joys and scenes the most transcendent.

And then the dark grief, that none may know but those who have felt it, settled upon me, and I moved unconscious about. Neighbors came in and dressed the form in white, and the eyes—the last and lonely tear fell.
that going. It was indeed not breathing grew fainter, without a struggle from the ad altogether, and yet he sleeping; for the smile was he faint ting of color on all, as if but sleeping. I said long on the calm repose I form, and could not restraining—Death, but when the of the truth did seem over wild thought rushed on my ken—the sleeper, to cry in is of my grief: "Ben, dear take of those who love from that fearful repose," a air, even as though the wearied near, repressed me, could not be better."

He could not. From all of your lot—from all the ill of life; to sink so on. It could not be the long, uneasy dream, to why to where no dreams disp rise. "It could not be all thy sad boyhood, when we had come, even as the spring (after a restless night) spring, when everything is his more for which to cling pass so peacefully—away, to be better," for they hast see where our happiest life useful scenes, are surpassed scenes the most transcen
d the dark grief, that none at those who have felt it, me, and I moved—uncon The neighbors came in and form in white, vastness, it noiselessly, and speaking as if Ben was but sleeping, red to t'wink him. "While out a short time before was less of all—the color had sweet smile still rested on nature."

One morning the neighbors session, and followed the to the pine tree on the

knoll, beside the other grave. The coffin was lowered, the burial service read by a venerable old man, the dirt heaped in, and all was over.

And now I am to redeem my promise to then, Ben. But how shall I speak of a subject so tender: as the beloved departed. The memory of their virtues live with all of us; and thy virtues, Ben, form a bright wreath around the brow of thy memory, that sheds a halo o'er the gloom of death. Thy goodness and gentleness to those who knew thee, need no aid from my pen, and those who knew thee not would little heed me. But, beloved friend, of that for which thy nature fitted thee, and of what thou might have been under different circumstances, let me repeat over thy grave, that which has been beautifully said by him who wrote the "short and simple annals of the poor."

"Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid,
Some heart once pregnant with celestial love,
Some hand that held the rod of Empire might have swung,
Or whom to eulogize the living lyre."

"But knowledge to his eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of Time, old inerrer
Still Penury repripted his noble name,
And from the general current of his soul."

So the grave closed over the dearest member of our household, and Charley and I turned back into our cabin bound closer by our mutual grief. A few days passed and he in his deep sorrow, beholding him of a distant home, and smiling faces that longed to welcome him back, and he resolved to go. The preparations were finished, and one bright morning we parted by the grave of him whose memory bound us closer friends. There were tears in Charley's eyes—tears in mine, and through them I watched him hurry away. The sun was shining brightness on the flowers, and the birds all gay, but to me it was night—the starless night of the heart's grief; and I turned back to my cabin, now so lonely that I wished it were a tomb.

It is night while I am writing, the night on which we should all have been assembled here. But there are no generous friends to feel a lively interest in my poor efforts—they are gone and I sit here alone writing this farewell. I live alone now; and though I find it sad to be thus solitary, yet there is a pleasure in it which I would not have broken by strangers. Sometimes the memory of our old companionship grows so strong, that it seems almost real. And they are with me. It is even as the poet has beautifully sung of the departed:

"... they do not die,
Nor lose their mortal sympathy,
Nor change to us, although they change."

In the stillness of the night, I feel the presence of spirits, they converse with me in a speechless language, and I know at least one who loved this place, even as I.

As I pause from writing, and raise my eyes, they rest upon a pencil drawing of Charley's, and Ben's rifle—and I know that the hand which drew one, is far away over the seas, lost to me for ever; and the eye which knew to take unerring sight, is dimmed, and hidden by the cold grave. And yet they seem with me still; for as I gazed, memory leads me back to the days of our companionship, and I live a life almost as intense as in those days.

But, kind reader, I fear I tire you— one word more. If during our intercourse you have found one thing that awakened an interest which you have since lost, please unite with me in it, and remember me at the best. The recollection of your kindness will ever be one of my dearest memories.

"Farewell! a word that must be, and has been—
A sound which makes us linger; yet—farewell!"

Epitaph on a California money lender:

"Here lies old thirty-five per cent.
The more he made the more he craved;
The more he made the more he shaved;
Great God! can such a soul be saved?"
"Virtue, Energy and Fame."

A Chapter of Resolves.

1. Wealth and Honor, see my objects; High ambition guides my aim; But I wear so thick a disguise, Even to win the proudest name.

2. Wealth, although a key to Honor, He's unoks the hidden door; While your hands are stained with blood, While the gold is ill-got ore.

3. Heaven never can be pleasant, While the glass of bygone sin, Hears the mind, or swells the fancy, Keeping up an endless din.

4. Nor is she a floating phantom; It dash'd o'er discord the heart; And in victors struggles vainly— It drowns his last part.

5. Even repentance fails to kill it; Thought can never, never die; For although be lives convenient, To his heart, it speaks the lie.

6. But when each is ruled by Virtue, When Religion shines for light, Of the deeds of him who worketh, Suddenly by day and night.

7. Onward, onward, as the eagle, Will his fame as proudly soar, Till Ambition's tail is ended, And he lives on earth, no more.

8. Then his name, like stars at midnight, Guides the mariners of life, On their weary, stormy voyage, Safe from shipwrecks, safe from strife.

9. Oh! must this golden motto, "Virtue, energy, and fame," Teach me in the midst of danger, How to carve a deathless name.

Sun Frozen, May 11, 1857.

Amberus.

HER LAST FOOTPRINTS.

Often does the way-worn and weary overland emigrant, in passing through Honey Lake Valley, turn his steps from the more beaten trail or wagon track, in order to get a nearer view of the lake, that makes so important a feature of the landscape there presented. And as he winds along the oft-frequented foot-path, he will see yet another, and smaller than the one he is following, that seems to lead even more directly to the lake; but one in which the green grass of the valley is trampled down barely sufficient to mark it as a trail; but should he from curiously follow it, as he approaches the low bank of the lake, he will, if he be a stranger there, come unexpectedly upon a little spot of ground, upon which David's seal has been set; a grave has been marked, not made, for there is no grave there. And yet a head-board has been reared, and on it is this inscription—HER LAST FOOTPRINTS.

To very many who have seen it and knew nothing of the circumstances of its origin, it doubtless bears the impress of mystery; but of the import of that inscription, and the cause and circumstances attendant upon the erection of that rural monument, oh! would to Heaven it were all a mystery to me! that its history were but a myth to the reader, and to the world.

The overland emigration to California in 1852 was immense, and marked its pathway by monuments that still exist, telling their tales of woe not only in characters of "camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleached in the sunshine," but unmarked graves that never can be numbered.
The company to which I was attached was made up mostly of young men, numbering twenty-two in all, and representing more than half the States of the Union. All but one of us were adventurers, on our first trip to the new El Dorado. The exception was a Tennessean, and as he had once before made the over-hand journey, he was supposed, and assumed, to know more of the route, and the requirements and duties necessary to a successful prosecution of the journey, than any one or all the rest of the company.

It was the general custom of companies that year on starting out, to designate one of their number to act as chief director or Captain; and as our Tennessean, in connection with a fine physical development, possessed traits of character that seemed well calculated to adapt him to the position, he was unanimously elected our chief, with the title of Capt. Tenn.—his real name we never knew.

Ours was a pack-train; we had no wagon; but a tent for every five men, with the single exception of that of Capt. Tenn’s, which was occupied by but two; himself, and one whom he claimed as a relative, and whom he called Lally; why, we never knew. He was but a youth, frail and delicate in appearance, and apparently in ill health, though ever appearing quite joyous and happy. And such was the interest taken by the Captain in his welfare, that he always cheerfully preferred doing double guard duty at night, rather than impose the hardship upon his tent companion.

I have said that Lally ever seemed joyous and happy; and so he was till nearly half the journey was accomplished. We had reached Pacific Springs, three miles west of the South Pass, and had encamped along the border of a boggy marsh, near the wayside, much earlier than usual, so that numerous other companies that thronged the way, passed by us. Among many horse-back riders, were several ladies, and of their number, one seemed to lag far behind the rest. As she passed our camp, Captain Tenn very pleasantly accosted her with—“You must hurry up, madam, your friends are getting far ahead of you”—to which she replied——“My husband is yet behind.”

Every man of us who heard her, was struck with the peculiar tone of her voice, as one of sweetness and anxiety intermingled; while her face beamed with an expression that alone made her charming, despite a six weeks’ exposure upon the plains to piercing winds and a glaring sunshine. Before passing entirely from view, she raised up her horse as if in waiting for her husband, and thus remained for a full half hour.

At this moment, Capt. Tenn, throwing a saddle upon his mule, and mounting, started towards her, which being observed by her, she too started slowly on her way, but was soon overtaken by Tenn, who offered to escort her, as it was already getting dark, to her friends, who had pushed on to Pacific Creek, two miles beyond. She accepted his offer, though reluctantly, preferring and hoping every moment that her husband would arrive.

He had been out upon a hunt, leaving his company early in the morning upon the Sweet Water, and though eminently successful, had pursued his game further than he had supposed, and
it was not till ten in the evening that he passed our camp with a companion, and their two mules laden with the flesh of a noble elk, the fruits of their day's hunt. It was not alone in the heart of the wife, that anxiety was playing its fearful game that night.

From the moment that Lally noticed the departure of Tonn, he seemed like one who had lost his only friend. His anxiety and grief assumed a feature so closely bordering upon despair, that our utmost endeavors to reconcile him were utterly without avail, nor were we other than absolutely amazed at the depth of feeling he manifested; and when Tonn did return, which was near midnight, and had retired to his tent, a murmur of voices was continued therein, till the night-watch announced the coming moon.

Pale, feverish, and weak was Lally, as he mounted his animal that morning. Starting early, we came upon the camp of the hunter's company just as they were ready for a move, and more than one of us noticed something we thought as peculiar in the recognition that passed between Capt. Tonn and the hunter's wife; but owing to the circumstances of his gallantry the evening before, the apparent familiarity was thought of no more. Just then Lally was taken more violently ill, and with every symptom of that dreaded scourge, the cholera, that while it swept with, had decimated many a company.

We were compelled to stop and provide for our sick companion as best we could. Between four and five in the afternoon, during a moment when Lally seemed to be sleeping, Tonn seized his rifle, and leaping upon his best mule, said: "Take good care of Lally when he wakes, for I intend to have an elk or antelope before I sleep." He then started back in the direction of Pacific Springs. But after an hour had elapsed, our suffering friend awoke, and raising himself up and not seeing Tonn any where around, asked for him. On being told that he had gone for a short hunt, and would be back soon—with a wild shriek that sent a thrill to every heart around him, he exclaimed, as he fell back upon his blankets—"He'll never come again!"

Night came, but it brought only delirium to poor Lally, for Tonn did not return.

It was toward midnight, when racked by a terrible paroxysm, and his brain reeling under the pressure of delirium, that Lally first revealed the secret, now weighing so heavily upon his soul; and what think ye it was? It was not that he was a murderer—not that he was worse than this, a seducer—Lally's only crime was—being woman! the basely deceived, and now abandoned victim of Tonn.

For three days and nights more, did the lamp of life in poor Lally flicker between reason and delirium, till at last it went finally out, and though "Mother," and "Brother," were often upon her lips, she breathed no other name. Nor could we learn her name from her destroyer, for—he never came again!

Ten days since, while traveling in the interior, as I was casually remarking upon the probable entrance of one of the branches of the South Pass wagon road into California, by the Honey Lake Valley route, and was speaking of the local beauty of the valley and its advantages as a place for a settlement,
HER LAST FOOT-PRINTS.

With this short introduction, the stranger continued—

"I was one," said he, "of that same company of emigrants to which the hunter of the Sweet Water belonged. Early in the morning following that on which we left you at Pacific Creek, Capt. Tenn, as you called him, came into camp, and said that he had had a 'falling out' with his company, for the reason that he alone of all, desired to go the Salt Lake route, while the rest of the company would take the cut-off. He determined therefore on leaving them, and had gone so.

"Possessed of an easy address and pleasing manner, with his previous knowledge of the rote, he was considered rather as an acquisition to our company, and being liberal in the use of his money, it made him many friends, and he was soon recognized as a kind of second captain of the company. A few days and we had reached Salt Lake City, and were encamped upon its borders, and nothing had transpired particularly to excite suspicion in regard to the true character of our new acquaintance. But during the few days that we remained near the city, no intimacy, beyond what propriety would clearly warrant, had been observed between Tenn and the hunter's wife. They would take long rides together, remaining away from camp for hours together. At the time however, but little was thought of it, as an expostulation on the part of the husband to the wife, touching her conduct in this particular, seemed to have set all things right.

"Before the day arrived on which we were to renew our journey, and whilst the hunter, true to his instinct and occupation, with others of the com-
pany, had gone to the mountains for a day in pursuit of game, his wife, accompanied by Tenn, ostensibly for the purpose of following in the train of the hunting party, also left the camp, on two of the finest horses that money could there procure, and took a route in the direction of the hunters.

"It was late at night before the party came in, and when it did come, Tenn and the wife were missing, and—they never came again!"

"Stung to the heart's core by the now certain evidence of his wife's inconstancy, and burning with revenge, the hunter bid adieu to his company, and after a hasty preparation, followed alone in the direction he supposed the fugitives had taken. For days, with his inferior animal had he crowded on, and yet with no tidings of the guilty ones; he was about to despair, when on the evening of the tenth day from Salt Lake, having made an unusually long day's journey, as he was approaching an emigrant camp, he espied among other objects lying around, the favorite saddle of his wife, for though at a distance, he knew it by some peculiarity in its trapping.

"Urging his animal forward, it being twilight, he passed the camp unheeded, if not unnoticed, towards a camp-fire visible some distance ahead. There he stopped, and learned that among those who made up the company in the rear, were a stranger gentleman and lady, who on horseback were endeavoring by forced rides to overtake their friends whom they supposed were then but about two days in advance.

"This was the very information the hunter had been seeking for many a weary day, 'twas all he wished to know! And now like a demon thirsting for revenge, did he hang upon their trail, day by day they continued their hurried flight. At length when they supposed pursuit had been given over, if any had been attempted, they joined another company. What reason they gave for not being attached to any other company, or for leaving the one to which they had belonged, I never knew, and again was Tenn doubtless ingratiating himself into the good graces of his newly adopted friends.

"But little did he know that there was one lurking upon his trail, in whose heart—"

"One sole desire, one passion now remains, To keep life's fever still within his veins— Vengence! dire vengeance on the wretch who cash O'er him and all he loved that ravenous blast!"

"And well did he at last compass his intentions. Days had passed, and the hunter had ascertained that it was the practice of Tenn to go on every afternoon in advance of the company, in order to seek out the best camping-ground, sometimes accompanied by his accreditated wife, but not always. It was upon a time when from a distance in the rear, the hunter discovered that Tenn had left the train and had gone on alone, that he too came up and was soon passing the train of eight or ten waggons, when, just as he had reached the forenoon of them all, he heard a shriek from within it—and such a shriek! but he headed it not, and passing on only knew by casting a glance behind, that the train had stopped, and men, women and children were fast gathering round the waggon from whence the cry had come; but before the hunter had lost sight of the train, it seemed
moving on again as though nothing had occurred."

"Hours had now passed away, and the usual time had arrived at which the signal from Tenn should have been seen, denoting the chosen camp-ground; but on they plodded, amidst the dust and heat of the upper Humboldt bottoms; night came; but Tenn had not been seen, and yet they could not have passed him without seeing him; so on again they went, till the growing darkness compelled them to stop. They had passed much good camping-ground; it was good where they then were; but Tenn was missing."

"There was deep wailing in that camp that night. The stranger haly in her great agony, would wander among the tents and wagons, like one half bewildered, and at times vehemently exclaiming: 'twas he! I know 'twas him! and oh! that look he gave me!"

"Again, as if her mind were upon the missing Tenn, when all else was still in the camp, save the low voices of her attendants; once more her cry rang out upon the night—*Will he never come again?* And as her voice died away along the valley, there came back an echo from the darkness, clear, distinct, ghost-like, as if from the very caverns of the night—*He'll never come again!*"

"All were startled, strong men trembled; from that moment the stranger was a maniac!"

"Sad and sorrowful did that company leave their camping-ground the next morning. All felt as though a great calamity had befal len them, and yet they hardly knew why."

"Search was made for the missing Tenn; word was passed and the circumstances connected with the train both in front and rear; but—*he never came again!*"

"A weary, cheerless, day-after-day journey from the Humboldt towards the Sierras of California, and the company had reached the luxuriant meadows of Honey Lake Valley, and had encamped in full view of, and but a short distance from, the northeastern shore of the lake on the willow-fringed banks of Susan river."

"It was now night again; but all had not retired, and among them the maniac woman, now passive and mild in her madness, sat in the tent door looking at the stars, and as usual, repeating oft and again her constantly reiterated ejaculation and question—*My husband! will he never come again?* When suddenly springing to her feet, she bounded wildly from the tent, and uttering as a prolonged shriek—*He's come! yes, he's come again!* she disappeared in the darkness, in the direction of the lake."

"Search was made for her all that night and the following day; but to no purpose, for—*she never came again!* They traced her foot-steps through the untrodden grasses, to the shore of the lake, and there they placed a head-board; but as they never knew her name, they marked it thus:

"HER LAST FOOT-PRINTS.

"But why, I asked, should you feel so much interest in this memento, or the circumstances connected with its erection there?"

"Because," said he, "in me you see the hunter of the plains. But more than this—she of whose foot-prints it makes record—*did she ever come again?* I did stand before her tent-door, as I had often done before; but until then,
unnoticed—for I tried again to love her—I did pity her—but my love for her, until too late—never came again! For as she bounded with outstretched arms towards me, I eluded her embrace, yet led her in her flight, till the waters of the lake barred my further progress, when turning suddenly to one side, I heard a splash, a plunge, a half choked shriek, quickly I turned and would have saved her; but ever I could arrive to rescue her—thrice I saw her rise and sink—she did not rise, again!

"For three cheerless weeks and lonely, I lingered around that lake, waiting and watching for her rising—but she never rose again!"

I now asked the stranger, the hunter of the plains, if he could tell me, what was really then, the fate of Term? to which he replied—"It is enough for me to know—he'll never come again!"

THE COMET.

Do you ask me, whence that Comet, Where that Comet's native country, Where the novel creature came from, Where he gets his boyish soul from, Whether he's a Filibuster, Bent on curtling up a caper, Pithing at us, as old Walker, At the State of Nicaragua, Spoothing everything about him, Though he knows he never ought to! I will answer, I will tell you, All about the fiery creature; Where he came from, where his home is, What he's doing, why he does it. In the early days of nature, Ere the Earth by Man was propped, Ere the Angels ever heard of, Such a thing as Man or Woman, And far a short time thereafter, "Till they are forbidden apples, Ancient from the middle garden; Angels had no occupation, Any that I ever heard of, Any that I ever read of, But to watch as guardian angels, Watch the Man and watch the Woman. Now Adam tried the boyish Bible, The trick of mixing soap and water, And blowing through a hollow reed, And blowing hard the air he breathed, Blowing up bubbles from the water, From his gown of soap and water; That rising in the noon-day's sun, Showed the pure primrose colors, All the colors of the rainbow. Though there he've had been a rainbow, The sport so pleased the guardian Angel, Angel sent to guard and watch them, That he asked to take a hand in, Blowing bubbles in the sunshine. This so tickled Mrs. Adam, (Eve was then the wife of Adam,) The read she handed to the Angel. Her need for blowing airy bubbles, Pleased to see her guardian angel. Blow a match with youthful Adam. Then Eve agreed to give the word—"Now dip," says she, "Your hollow reeds, Into this pond of soap and water," "Now blow," says she, "I'll hold the guard," And now the bubbles thinly flew, Bubbles made of soap and water, Airy bubbles! mighty bubbles! Bubbles with their corners rounded, But Adam blew the weaker bubble, And could not blow by far as often, But being mortal, he was tickled, Be involuntary laughter; "Wills the Angel got the start, Of Eve's bubble blowing Adam; His bubbles too, were lighter far, Than bubbles blown by mortal, Thus Adam's, floated round his head, The Angel's, floated up and onward. Bubbles blown by Guardian Angels!"
DOCTOR DOT-IT-DOWN'S NOTES.

CATACOMBS AT ROMA—SPIRITUAL RECOLLECTION OF A DROPSICARD.

"So, Pierre, you are about to leave Italy—Madame well, and well married?"

"C'est vrai," said my valets—"next to being happy one's self, is the happiness of seeing those around us happy." Little Pierre looked supremely so. He had saved a little money, Madame much more. They were going to Paris, to take a house, and let it out in apartments, where they would be happy to accommodate the good Doctor, our worthy self, should his wanderings call him again to Paris.

At ten o'clock I set out with the English physician, of whom I have before spoken, to explore the celebrated catacombs of Roma. Their entrance is at the Via Appia, a short distance from the city. Here are immensely long galleries branching right and left to an apparently interminable extent. They twist and turn in and out in the most singular manner. They are generally of a like height and breadth, the most capacious seldom measuring more than eight feet in height and five in width. The graves, or cells, are laid out in tiers, three abreast, lengthwise, so that the shells enclosing the remains are wholly seen. In some places you descend into another gallery below the one you have explored, and still another below that. Our guide told us it would take a month to see the whole of them, and assured us that as far as they have been explored, they measured six miles. In one spot, a few days before our visit, several relics of Christian altars had been found, proving that the caverns had been in extensive use as places of worship. One inscription, which I fancied I made out, read as follows:

"Et disse optima meliora, quae spem negotiare potuebat."

which I render thus:—Hanselen und vater selb mit elegantissima morte. He placed this sepulchro while living; very mucli wishing for death. Who knows, thought I, the anguish that lies buried there? the torn affections, dis-appointed hope brought about by po- riental or other tyranny. Another too deserved remark from the moniust:—

"Fidelis et Pensantes unius in Mortem—Fidelis et Pensantes unius in Mortem—Fidelis et Pensantes unius in Mortem—Fidelis et Pensantes unius in Mortem—Fidelis et Pensantes unius in Mortem—An Infidel and Joker up to his death; but in his death, most truly a Believer and Penitent.

The rock or stone out of which these are hollowed is called Tyro. It is of similar appearance to those of the Sicilian and Egyptian catacombs; just such a stone as might be easily sculptured, and yet of sufficient consistency as not to crumble. Those of Naples, which I visited, are not by any means so extensive. I should say they do not extend for more than two or three miles from their entrance, which is under the Cape di Monte hill. Those of Syracuse are the largest in extent I have visited. In many other places catacombs are found. In Palermo and Malta there are several; but the most extraordinary sight of the kind I ever witnessed, is that in a small mountain near Milo, one of the Cyclades' islands. It has the appearance of a wasp's nest, completely honey-combed throughout; labyrinthine run into labyrinthine without end, almost in every direction; a visit to these would much gratify the curious traveler. In Egypt, where-over rock is found to any extent, these excavations have been found; but their form is very dissimilar to those supposed to have been worked during the Christian era, and are by no means so nume-rous or extensive.

During our afternoon's walk in the city of Paris, who should I meet on the Boulevards but little Pierre's puerile enfant; but what a fall was there my readers. Instead of the gay, tripping, laughing, chattering, rosy, plump little
creatures, when Pierre married her, she was one of the most woe-begotten griscotes as can be found among the ennuiable. Deep lines of care had disfigured her once merry face. Her fingers were like tobacco pipes, and her once rotund model frame had shrunk into a mummy's. To my inquiry she gave me a long catalogue of her troubles, all brought about by the drunken littleascal Pierre, once her loving husband. My heart bled for the poor woman, for her attachment to him was still so great that she would not leave him, although all her daily earnings were dissipated by his drunken habits. It is very rarely one sees a Frenchman addicted to this habit; but when this vice takes full hold of him, he is the most furious and unmanageable of all sorts. I was then seeking private apartments for myself and nephew, and we gladly availed ourselves of the poor woman's offer to take up our abode at her house, in the Rue Rivoli, which, though not in the pleasantest part of Paris, nevertheless suited well our purpose, as it was near the schools of Physic and Anatomy at which my nephew studied. It was our good luck to reform Master Pierre, and which was effected by the aid of my young scapegrace of a nephew, and a few of his choice spirits, students, that were full of fun of an innocent kind, of such an old man, like myself, might conscienciously partake.

I shall never forget the circumstance, and should any of my nephew's fellow-students ever read this recital, they will bear testimony to the truth of it.

One night as Madame brought in our coffee (I and my nephew preferred it in our cool and silent apartments to the stifling heat and noise of a cafe,) we observed Madame in tears, and on enquiring the cause, we heard that he had left her in company with some of his disgraceful boozers, for a drunken ex- rose. My nephew gave me the wink, and after our coffee, without saying more than that I was not to expect him that night, slipped out. All the next day Madame saw no Pierre, and I, no nephew; but the day after, to my surprise, I discovered Pierre on his knees imploring forgiveness, and vowing, only as a Frenchman in earnest can vow, by all the saints in and out, that there were, that are, and that are to be, in the calendar, never, upon any consideration, while life shall last, to touch another drop of liquor, of any sort or kind whatsoever.

"But how was this miracle brought about?" said I to my nephew on his return.

"You shall hear," said he. "We followed the little set to the Auberge de * * * a noted place for guzzlers, where the worst of wines and liquors are sold at a moderate price; we went in, unnoticed, and seating ourselves where we could observe without being observed, found Pierre one of a set of boozivans, belonging to a company calling itself La Folie des Sages. It was a rule amongst them that he who drank the least always should pay for the volume of the rest. Pierre soon got beastly drunk, and the cabaret soon turned him out, and he fell helplessly and unconsciously drunk in the street. So we put him in a sack that we had provided for the occasion, and after a little circumambulation, and a few interruptions from the police, deposited him at our Anatomic, locked him up among the human dismem- berments that lay scattered about, and left him to his fate. The next morning early (there was no lecture for four days after, at the school) the attendant, who was in the joke, unlocked the theatre, and finding him still fast asleep, proceeded to strip him, and taking a piece of red ochre, drew several lines across his body, as if for marks preparatory for dissection. He then put him again, naked as he was, into the sack, took away his clothes, and again locked him up. After six and thirty hours incarceration, the attendant judged that he would like to be stirring, and that the bibber would have but few more
night, slipped out. All the
student saw was Pierre, and
so; but the day after, to my
husband discovered Pierre on his
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his clothes, and again locked
After six and thirty hours
on, the attendant judged that
like to be stirring, and that
would have but few more
fames left. So, unlocking the
room, and finding him still fast asleep, he
roused him, by pulling the sack above
the dissecting table. Pierre at last
awoke.
"Hello!" said the attendant, "what
business have you to be alive? you
ought to be dead. I bought you last
night for dissection for one hundred
franes; you were then as
dead
as
ally
la Palestine—(stewed
rabbit.) However,
no matter; you will be all the
freshier when you're wanted, and will
keep the better this hot weather."
"Why, you don't mean to say you
will murder me?" said Pierre, trem-
bling.
"Murder you! how can cutting up
a dead arm be called murder?"
"But I'm not dead. I'm alive,
avive, awake, alive, as much as ever
I was in my life."
"No matter, you were dead enough
last night, I swear. I bought you of a
policeman in the Morgue, and you are
already divided among the students;
look at yourself and see if it is not so.
"Pierre glanced at his nude body,
and found himself scientifically marked
off into lots, which the attendant as-
sured him the students would be wait-
ing for at ten that night.
"Parbleu! What, cut up a live
man like a pig, and sell him out like a
butcher!"
"No! no! A bird in the hand is
worth two in the bush. You don't
catch old birds with chaff, old fellow.
You were dead enough last night; I'll
swear it, and so will Monsieur the po-
lieo-officer, I bought you with his
money paid to him; it's a legal trans-
action.
"Est-ce possible! Volontiers! and
pay for—
Ma foi! Do you mean to contend
that if I buy a dead pig, and it comes
to life again, that that pig is not my
lawful property?"
"But, Monsieur, I'm not a dead pig;
I am a live man."
"Nor am I a murderer. Come, I
will tell you what I will do with you;
time is precious, and I can't afford
to lose a hundred frames, and another sub-
ject I shan't be able to get now, and
the students will all be making com-
plaints to the profes-sor, and I shall
lose my place—take this chloroform;
you'll die as easy as you can get drunk.
"Tis primo staff, better than all stories: I'll polish you up, and set your old bones in a make-up case. Madame shall see you; you will be happy yourself, make her happy, and I and the students and Monsieur le Professor will not be disappointed—make up your mind to this; I shall make short work of it with this knife."

"Horrible! I am—in horror!" groaned Pierre.

He said no more, but grasped Pierre by the throat, threw him down, and poured by force some liquid down his throat, when a thundering knock was heard at the door.

"Diaboli! to come at this time," said the attendant. The door opened; Pierre watched his opportunity, leaped over the attendant's shoulders, ran, naked as he was, out of the street, with the police and canaille in his trail, until he found a door open. There, snatching up a pair of pants that were hanging before the stove to dry, and a woman who was ironing a shirt discovered him, he bolted the door, fell on his knees before the affrighted creature and her terrified and screaming children, told her his story, and sought her protection.

It was the next morning, as we have said, that he was found again on his knees before his pauvre entien, vowing forgiveness. Pierre does not, I believe, know to this day to what stratagem he was indebted for so thorough a reformation; but believes that he was not only not drunk, but that he was drunk dead, and that the smelling of his living body was a lawful transaction.

There is nothing like courage in misfortune. Next to faith in God, and his overruling Providence, a man's faith in himself is his own salvation. It is the secret of all power and success. It makes a man strong as a pillar of iron, or elastic as a steel spring, and almost invariably crowns his hero with success.

MY ABSENT CHILDREN.

BY T. S.

The twilight dew is falling,

The birds have gone to rest;

The infant is reposing,

We dwell within our hearts;

Half seen, and half concealed,

The twilight walks are drawing.

Cooing, crowing, and lisping,

Weep yourself to sleep.

My dear absent children,

Where are the thoughts, my dearest one?

Are they with thee there?

Is thy mother with thee there?

My children, my sweet children,

"Tis thus the leaves depart;

"Tis thus we sleep and waketh,

"Tis thus within my memory,

"Tis thus the leaves depart;

My children, my sweet children,

"Tis thus the leaves depart;

"Tis thus within my memory,

"Tis thus the leaves depart.

San Francisco, May 12, 1857.

WHERE IS "THE WEST"?

"The west" is a charmed term which has had its vast legion of worshipers since our recollection. From our infancy, we have pursued on, on, without reaching its embrace.

The father of the writer has for seventy years been upon this pilgrimage. Leaving New England's rock-bound shore, he was borne over hills, through valleys, across rough causeways of irregular logs, amid dense forests, and along the indistinct pathway indicated only by blazed trees, in search of "the west."

In the fertile valley of the Genesee, the emigrating party set itself down in the thick woods, where the fire of the Indian wigwam smoked, and the wild whoop and merry laugh of the
WHERE IS "THE WEST."  

The land of the husbandman soon caused the wilderness to "bud and blossom as the rose;" temples of religion and education were scattered abroad in liberal profusion, and peace and plenty became abiding guests. But with my father, the conviction was irresistible, that he had not yet found "the west," —he would make one more effort to attain it.

A purchaser was soon found for the beautiful home which had cost him the sweat and toil of years, and again he took up his line of march toward the setting sun, with no other earthly home than was furnished by his covered emigrant wagons.

We had heard and read much of what was then termed the "far west," the then Territory of Wisconsin—"a bright and shining land—"a garden of the world," for its broad prairies; its majestic, beautiful lakes, which lay mirrored in the sun, and flashing back its brilliant rays upon the stately trees, and low-roofed cottages, that stood upon their lovely borders, and as the minstrel's eye ranged over the vast expanse, the more it saw to love and admire.

The hour of parting came! I remember how the lip quivered, and the many breasts heaved to and fro as his own grasp of the friendly hands extended on all sides—a tear started to the eye, but it was brushed away, and the pioneer again took up his pilgrimage in search of "the west."

Weeks of toil and journeyings satisfied him in this respect, and the soul of the weary wayfarer once more revealed in the belief that he had found it. We spread our tent upon the bank of a little rivulet that emerged from a silvery lake, where everything was as the great Architect of the universe had made it. The music of the rustling leaves, as the Juneeoeeen played among the branches, blended harmoniously with my own free and happy thoughts. And as I retired to rest with the light-beaming moon, and a canopy of shining stars above me—the well-remembered objects of former years came with their "sweet and bitter fancies," and home and its old associations clustered around the heart, until it swelled with emotion too deep and powerful for utterance.
peered into the future, and saw that
uninhabited wild transformed into a
thiving, populous country, and fancy,
with her fairy pencil, sketched in glit-
tering colors, with not a cloud to over-
shadow the bright horizon, an elysium
in the distance.

Time has since shown that I was no
wise prophetess, and a few years resi-
dence there has served to attach the
heart more fondly and firmly to its wild
and romantic scenery—its picturesque
klls and lakes, and the flower-crowned
turf, which, with little cultivation, yields
such an ample supply of the good things
of this life.
The primitive prairies have been
reclaimed by the industry of man, and
now add to the wealth of the country,
by their luxuriant products. The arts
flourish, commerce is fostered, enter-
prise is active, and the spirit of pro-
gress is stretching across its ample
bosom. The iron rail, provoking the
shrill whistle of the steam
dance there has served to
attract the

But is this the El Dorado? Is there
no more beyond? Methinks wherever
there is an acre of ground, there will
the footprint of the adventurer be
found, and men—and women too—(for
my father's daughter inherits his love
for the untrodden wilds of the west,) will
never yield their search, until they
go hence to that land of silence, from
whence there is no emigration.

BIBLIE.

HAVE YOU SEEN LITTLE MARY?

[A poor mother who had lost her little
daughter and become a maniac, was seen wan-
dering amid the fields of a town in New Eng-
land, looking among the flowers, and asking,
"Have you seen little Mary?"]

Have you seen little Mary?

Her eye of light
Was pure and bright.
I saw her there:
One summer's day;
But she became
An angel bright,
And flew away.
I lost my little Mary.

Have you seen little Mary?

I looked all day,
Among the flowers,
Where the fountain play,
In the golden bowers;
She was not there—
I saw her hair,
Of violets and gold,
Flooding where the mists are rolled,
But saw not little Mary.

Have you seen little Mary?

I looked all night,
Where the moonbeams play,
With their flickering light,
Through the woodland gray,
I found her not—
Although I sought,
Through all the shade,
Where tall forms are like giants laid;
Yet found not little Mary.

Have you seen little Mary?

I looked all day,
Till the evening hours,
In the meadow gay,
On the banks of flowers,
Where the lilies hide,
And Ilew away—
To see that secret
Where lies the West? I— it among
the golden sands and towering pines of
New England, looking among the flowers, and asking,
"Have you seen little Mary?"]

[The musician who sought for the
young heroine who had forsaken her
home and fatherland, and who had
been carried away by a wild spirit.

Have you seen little Mary?

I sought, I sought,
Through the woodlands gray,
With the moonbeams play,
Where all forms are like giants laid;
Yet found not little Mary."

* * * * *

San Francisco, April 12, 1858.

G. T. S.
is this El Dorado? "Is there yet on?" Mathlinks wherever a core of ground, there will be a field of the adventurer be man and woman too—(for daughter inherits his love
roden wilds of the west) yield their search, until they
as that land of silences, from are in no migration.

Bessie

THE WAGON ROAD.

While in every portion of California, bordering upon Utah, efforts are being made for the construction of wagon roads to connect with the sea, that is to span the continent at the expense of the general government, it may be well to take a calm, dispassionate view of the subject, and see how this important work proceeds. A wagon road is one of the greatest blessings to the agricultural parts of Utah and the improvements of the people that live in them. It is also one of the greatest benefits which may prove to a great extent, in the future, derived from the improvements of the country.

Wagon roads connecting California with western Utah, by which our inland countrysides may be opened and the expenses lessened, will doubtless add much to the convenience and prosperity of communities on both sides of the Sierra; but particularly those on the one, by opening up an available market for their dairy products; for it is almost exclusively this one product, that the agriculturists of Utah can hope to produce, as a paying export, for years to come.

That it is that large numbers of animals raised in the fertile valleys of western Utah, are to find a way to a California market; but it will hardly be negatived that even well worked wagon roads, would all reach in the transmission of live stock, for there is hardly the slightest impediment in the way now. All transplantable goods, can doubtless, over good wagon roads, would aid all in the transmission of stock. For it is almost exclusively this one product, that the agriculturists of Utah can hope to produce, as a paying export, for years to come.

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True the mountains are in some few places laborious of ascent; but no one who desires to come the overland route, can hesitate a moment on this account. Our increased immigration from this source over that of previous years, if we get it, must be looked for in the numbers that will be brought by the National Wagon Road Stage Company's Stages.

And what are the facts as sustained by figures, in relation to the probable increase of our population from this source? Suppose we have a line established, not this summer, but a year, or two years hence; and that a stage starts from the Missouri river every two weeks with eleven passengers besides the driver; (no man who has ever made the trip believes it can be traveled for ten years to come—if even—more than six months of the year. The mails that left Independence on the 1st October and 1st November of last year did not reach Salt Lake last fall, if they have yet.) But suppose weekly trips were made for twenty-six weeks, and eleven passengers to a stage; and we have the numerous (1) emigration of two hundred and eighty-six persons in one year.

But suppose the number of stages and passengers to be doubled, still we should have only about half as many as the State now receives every two weeks by the steamer.

Then consider for a moment the number of animals that will be necessary for the trip—allowing one relay of four horses for every ten miles—which gives as forty animals for each one hundred miles, without any provision for occasional accident—and, allowing the distance to be one thousand eight hundred miles, makes the required number of seven hundred and twenty animals to a stage, and thousands for the journey through.
(If the number is doubled, we can easily make our own estimate). To obtain a proof for this number, would be almost impossible, without its being grown at different points upon the line of the road. To make this enterprise at all profitable, will require a daily line of stages, and this might give us for those six months during which the road is open, less than two thousand persons.

There seems to be a class of men in California, who believe that emigrants are kept back from our shores and borders, by the obstacles presented upon the different routes of ingress, when nothing can be further from the truth. The question is not—can I possibly cross the plains with my flocks and my herds and household goods—can I reach California by steamship? but is it, will it pay to go there?

To bring immigration to our shores, we must present inducements; and what better argument can we use than to say of each as are now here—they are all prospering. When we can call the world to witness the rapid increasing prosperity of our present population, then may we expect to see the emigrant winding his way towards us; but so long as we are continually shewing to the world an unceasing eagerness to induce emigration hither, that the prosperity of those already here may be enhanced thereby, so long will those who are yet undecided as to the policy of leaving their eastern homes, have their doubts increased and strengthened.

There is not a doubt that with the elasticity of the enterprise upon the opening of a wagon road across the plains, under the auspices of the government, and the increased protection to the emigrant consequent thereon, that a larger number may be induced to emigrate overland, than otherwise would; but still we say, the fear is, that we may greatly over-rate that emigration.

It is not that we would say one word to dampen the ardor of those who propose to make California their future home, and who have not yet reached our borders, because California does possess, in an eminent degree, every inducement to emigration; but simply that we may not see ourselves deceived, in the benefits likely to accrue to us, from that immigration.

The great mistake which nearly every man makes when coming to the golden State—is, not that he may enjoy the best of health, or make to himself a prosperous home, but that he may become rapidly rich, and then leave it. This idea, thank God, is nearly exploded; and the soberer it is entirely, the better it will be for California, and for her toiling sons; and the emigrant meet with a reward for his labor, greater by far than in any other state of the Union.

The book before us however, is a full and complete compilation of facts upon every subject of interest to California, and those facts are not skipped over, or superficially stated: but obtained (as we know they must have) with great labor and expense, are here given with excessive care, which makes it fully equal, if not superior to, the able "American Almanac," of Boston.

The work before us embraces the following subjects:—

1st. A good Almanac, adapted to and giving the latitude and longitude of points on the Pacific coast; the tables at San Francisco Meteorological observations; Earthquakes, &c.

2nd. Office salaries of officers.

3rd. Estimate of the cost of labor, &c.:

4th. From California to the United States.

5th. Semi-monthly Post Office returns of California and Mexican Wagon road.

6th. The United States publications, and other matters of interest.

7th. Production of the various states of the Union.

8th. Natural products of the state, &c.


10th. The report of the state geological, &c., &c.

11th. California Express Company.

12th. The State Register and Year Book of Facts, for the year 1857—Published annually.

San Francisco: Henry G. J. Jones and Samuel A. Matthews, Sacramento: James Quinn.

It is with no ordinary pleasure that we invite the attention of our readers to the above useful and valuable volume of facts concerning California, just issued from the San Francisco press. To say that it is by far the most elaborate, complete, and reliable statistical work concerning California yet published, would be but a very questionable compliment; insomuch as nothing has before appeared in any way worthy of the name.
LITERARY NOTICES.

2nd. Officers of the United States, with the salaries of each office.

3rd. California and the officers thereof, pay of each, &c., &c.

4th. Finances of the United States and of California; imports and exports of all kinds, at the ports of San Francisco; Population; vote; Arrival and departures of passengers semi-monthly; Public Lands; Button Mint; Post Offices, War, Navy, and Indian Departments of California; Light Houses; Hospitals and prisons of the Pacific; Railroads; Wagon roads; Newspaper and periodical press; Libraries of the State; Telegraph lines; Masons, Odd Fellow, and Sons of Temperance societies; Merchant Marines of the Pacific, &c., &c.

5th. The Resources of the State; Agricultural productions and crop of 1856; Fruit trees, and grape vines; Land in cultivation; Yield and price of grain; Live stock, &c.

6th. Mining and Mineral Deposits of California, giving the Gold Region and its extent; Quartz mining; Quarts Mills; Gold products of California; also the Silver Copper, Iron, Sulphate of Magnesia, Magnetic iron, Platinum, Chromium, Gypsum, Nickel, Antimony, Glimmer, Salt, Coal, Marloo, Granite, and Bole Stones; Mineral Springs, &c., &c., found in the State.

7th. The Whale and other Fisheries of the Pacific; Canberra and ditches, giving their location, length, cost, &c., &c., in every county of the State.

8th. Manufacturers and Machinery; including Grass Mills; Lumber and Saw Mills; Sugar Refineries; Cartridges and Ordnance Manufactories; Paper Mills; Iron Foundries and Machine Shops; Leather Manufactories; Ferries and Bridges; Shipbuilding, &c., &c., &c.

We must confess that we have never seen 384 pages more usefully filled than those of the State Register, and we believe that there is not a man within the State who desires to be well informed concerning California, but will feel it a duty to himself and his neglected home, to find this "Year Book of Facts," upon his table, as it is in every way worthy of it, by its statistical completeness, and its beautiful typographical neatness.

Travels on the Western Siege of the Mexican...—By Constandro.

This work, consisting of 416 pages, and six illustrations, gives a faithful delineation of a district of country but little known, comparatively, even at the present day, although lying upon the great passenger route between Panama and San Francisco—one of the most fertile and beautiful districts on the shores of the Pacific.

The author, by his industry, has collected much valuable information concerning the manners, customs and peculiarities of the people, produce, minerals, natural and agricultural resources, manufactures, commerce, &c., &c., of Western Mexico, and placed it before the public in a series of instructive Letters. This book is, moreover, a produce of California, and we would commend it to the kindly notice of the public.

From such beginnings we hope to see a literature springing into being, that shall be a pride and glory to our great Pacific coast; and become no mean ally to the intellectual and social progress of that Fornce which the hand of Providence has evidently marked out for us in the scale of nations, by the illustrious resources placed at our disposal.

We are tempted to give the following extracts from this useful volume:

"Proofs of those Intellects which would grow well in prosperity to the city (San Francisco) are newly cultivated, either for ornament, however; but peopling the public with new talent, laid out, with some of the sons of the same, to the north; having brick houses and painted one, with brick walks through the streets, and blacksmith shops, with the most beautiful iron work; with a trotter brick, with the area around the whole circuit of the city, and to enhance the beauty of this every fifteen feet, orange trees are set on the inside of this quarter wall, which truly add a graceful beauty to the whole scene. Still, to complete this picture to the north is the presence of the hills which give the city a natural beauty, and the city two, playing gently and beautifully in the golden rays of the sun, or at times in the shade of the olive grove trees.

"Upon evening, and before church, in the city, a market square for business, where are located all kinds of buildings, and in the distance in the manner. These buildings have been erected for Scientia, and having acquired themselves for this annual Saturday evening, both state and foreign, on the market ground, they attach them till evening, when a lively traffic springs up by the officers, or their servants, looking to the market square, like so many players in a fair, spreading their goods in neat little rows, with the most various articles and prices, vegetables and fruits, to do them a week.

"Cows, hens, toad potatoes, current potatoes, eggs, red peppers, passion fruit, oranges, lemons, several species of flowers, and fruits, asphaltum, and all nature of medicinal plants, not to speak of fruit and vegetable grocers; besides, there are no few landscape painters here, who exhibit their works, either in public or private, and other articles of art; and workmen, composers not infrequently what are brought to the supply a Pacific market. If any of these products or manufactures, and of these works, they are no few landscape painters, and the offer to purchase a product, or to offer to purchase a product, the landscape, amid the countryman labor, and they find this practice among them, who are unable to buy more than the 'Staple vegetable.' The general prices of these, however, and articles, range between that and New Orleans in the United States.

An interesting American sight in the vicinity
HUTCHINSON'S CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

so far as they are known, and for some distance beyond, is a system, in which the elements of the vegetable and animal kingdoms are continually at work, and the process of alteration and transformation is perpetually going on. Some species change their forms, and others, by constant action, become perfected. The most constant effect of the sun's heat and the action of the wind is to produce a constant change in the form of the animal bodies. All the organic parts of the body are subjected to this influence, and the process is as follows: the animal in its natural state, is subjected to the action of the sun's heat and the wind, which act upon it, and produce a constant change in its form. This change continues until the animal is so altered as to be capable of living in its new state. The process is repeated, and the animal is thus gradually changed. This process is called metamorphosis.

The following extract also at the present time may be interesting to our readers:—

"The river of Tehuantepec, but a short time since a waste land for a century, has been turned into a stream of the highest excellence. A perfect lake has been formed, with a population of people, and with a considerable number of persons residing on the banks. The river now is navigable to the canoe, and has been improved for navigation. The inhabitants are now able to travel on the river, and the river has been made navigable for the purpose of transportation. The river is now navigable to the sea, and is navigable for the purpose of navigation. The river has been improved for navigation, and is now navigable to the sea, and is navigable for the purpose of navigation. The river is now navigable to the sea, and is navigable for the purpose of navigation."
who have been holding back, writing to see if we shall succeed, or to know what will be the tone and standard of our articles, before they commit themselves to the work, now to come forward with their assistance—assuming

them that we have no prejudice, "to the best of our knowledge and belief," and shall consequently forgive them freely (i) for not helping us before, providing they make up for the past by the excellence and suitability of the contributions sent us in future.

THE LADIES.—One request after another has found its way to the Table, that we should give at least one fashion-plate in each number of the California Magazine. It always grieves our gallantry not to comply promptly with the request of a lady; but, unfortunately, before a plate could be engraved, in California, the fashion would be changed, and as a consequence our plate would be labeled "old-fashioned." Then again, those who are anxious to dress in the leading fashions of Paris or London, or New York, would not be satisfied, we fear, with only one plate, as a book full is hardly sufficient. Moreover, we are not desirous that California ladies should ruin their dear lords, as well as themselves, by becoming slaves to fashion—even in "calling." We must, however, at the same time confess our admiration for a most dress and figure—but these arise from the good taste of the wearer, rather than from a study of the latest fashions.

We hope the ladies will excuse us, but we have an intense anxiety to see the ladies of our glorious young State, become something higher and nobler than simply dolls, or dolls to illustrate the talents of the dress maker and designer. We had the art; we had the means; and, as in a few brief months the State Agricultural Society, Mechanics' Institute, will have exhibitions of the skill, industry and enterprise of California, we would suggest that every lady in the State commence something beautiful for exhibition on these occasions; and when they see, not only the elevating tendencies of these pursuits, but that talents and their fruitions are adorned and made glad by the products of their own industry and skill, we are confident that they will then thank us for the suggestion.

The Comet.—To this subject, which seems to have set half the world in a perfect fever of fear and trembling, and the other half in ecstasies at the antics and silly conjectures of the first half, we have given but little thought. Nor shall we have referred to it, but for the following communication which we have received from a correspondent, who dares us, is just about as near the mark in regard to the effects likely to be produced by its visit, as many others who have written upon this subject—of gas.

"Editor of Magazine—You are doubtless aware that Professor Plum in his lectures on astronomy, said—On the subject of Comets, we should have desired to make a lengthy dissertation; but Professor Silliman in his last efforts to throw light upon it, has decided that those bodies are nothing but gas; which sets the matter at rest forever, and renders discussion useless.

"Now I have a perfect vestiges for the opinions of the immortal Phoenix on this and all other subjects, upon which he has ever written; and the very conclusion at which he arrived, based upon Professor Silliman's opinion, would still render the greater part of unaided exceedingly uncomfortable in the collision should occur between our earth and the approaching Comet.

"I have no doubts myself but that comets are large bodies of inflammable gas that over several years to my knowledge, have been passing through large bodies of blue ether, confined in 'regions of space.' These regions to stand the pressure are doubtless thoroughly 'boiled,' as nearly all embrion now low—at least the 'outer half.'

"The process is the same as that adopted by our city gas works, the material only, a little varied. The objects sought and obtained by this prolonged transmission of the comets through large bodies of ether, are two fold, purification and concentration. To the latter quality our coal and mineral gas industries apply the term 'richness,' which simply means that they are getting rich, as the expense of those who burn it.

"Now all will admit, that a sufficient quantity of highly concentrated inflammable gas, such as the approaching comet consists of, mixed with the atmosphere of our earth, would render the whole inflammable, and would consequently make a very large fire on being ignited.

"The nodus operandi for the destruction of our globe by the approaching comet, will then doubtless lie—let it land in our atmosphere only, and being very much lighter than it, will immediately spread upon its surface so as to ascend, completely surrounding it; and yet it may not even be visible, but at length it will become so mixed
with our atmosphere as to approach near enough to the earth to be set on fire by the electricity of the clouds, or some one of the higher volatilities; when the whole earth will be at once wrapped in an "ocean of flame;" and if it does not melt with fervent heat, and all that chance is to burst up, then it will be because clouds are not gas, and Proclus Panhelic has been 'said' by no less a philosopher than Stithman of Yale." [8]

We must admit our surprise that any sane person could for a moment suppose that comets therein is 'lmene up, then it will be all done, and all the atmosphere as to approach nearer.

To Contributors and Correspondents.

Money.—Our sides are still somewhat immovable from the pursuit of your amusing letter. You can write a capital letter, Mr. W. M. Boston Pilot.—The view of cities is received, and with others, will appear by-and-by.

L. A. C., Holley's Ranch.—Please inform us of your nearest P. O.

Peltosis.—"Smugglers' Investigations into Table Turning," with comic sketches, came safely to hand. All right. Where can we send you the volume, now completed?

O. W. More, Chiquita.—The prepared wood to prevent the ravages of the Timber Worm, did not accompany your article. We thank you for the suggestion, and shall "keep a good look out," as old salts say, for the wood. Please inform us of the whole process. You of course can have it patented first, if you wish it.

Exaudi.—At your own risk indicates, you are a wanderer, and an eccentric one at that, departing from all rules of logic or rhyme. The fact is, there are but few who can put common sense into poetry and make it any there. This accounts for there being so much poetry with so little sense in it.

C. S. C.—We cannot give place to the first chapter of any article, however meritorious it may appear, till we have received the whole of it. And we would greatly prefer that every article should be complete in one number.

Mr. C. A. C.—Recieved.

Table Turning,—We had your article carefully three ways: forward and backward, and then we commenced in the middle and read both ways—perhaps that would make four. We find that it contains rather more sense, when read on the latter plan; but after all, we would be much obliged if "Still" would just tell us, by a private note, what it is all about.

C. A. C.—Received.

Will Eupheme please inform us where a note would find her, within a few days. You are received, but just a little too late for this number.

Eagle Wing.—A Miners' Reverie, unavailably deferred till next month.

The Healed Handkerchief.—Received in full.