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NOTICE.

We wish our friends, and subscribers distinctly to understand, that a One Cent Stamp prepares this Magazine to any part of the United States.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1857, by James W. Hixson, in the Clerk's Office of the United States District Court for the Northern District of California.
HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. II. JULY, 1857. NO. I.

OURSSELVES.

N this, the advent of the first-fruits of your continued kindness, and our second volume, gentle reader, we may, perhaps, be permitted to congratulate, and say "God speed you," to each other. Thus far we have traveled together over plain and mountain, meadow and hill, among forest trees and shrubs, and wild-flowers of the ever-varying landscapes of California experience. We trust that our converse by the way has been to each other's heart like alternating sunlight and shadow to a beautiful scene, giltning the sorrowful with hope, and shedding the joyful with a common brotherhood and sympathy, for the unfortunate.

We hope that during the coming months, our friendly interest in, and communion with each other, will be increased; and our presence become a welcome identity with every household in our Pacific State.

It may be cheering to our friends to know, that their words of kindness, and notes of co-operation, have crowned our efforts with unexpected success, so that now there is scarcely a glen or a valley, a settlement or a camp, a town or a city, in California, where our Magazine does not find its way; and thousands every month are sent to distant friends, to give them greeting and remembrance. Gratitude for these continually extending favors, will, we trust, serve us to fresh endeavors, to make the California Magazine in every way more worthy of the kind approval of the public for the future; believing it to be the cheapest publication on the Pacific coast, we are determined also, that it shall be among the best.
MINING FOR GOLD IN CALIFORNIA.

The reader, no doubt, well remembers the peculiar impressions which the first tidings of the discovery of gold in California produced upon his mind. How in every possible way the imagination industriously endeavored to picture the exhilarating scenes which surrounded, and the pleasurable excitement which attended the enviable employment of digging for gold. What lucky fellows they must be, who, untrammeled by the common-place constraint of ordinary business, could, with their own hands, take the precious metal from the earth, and in a few brief months, perhaps, enjoy the labors of their own; the fortune they would in a lifetime become the fortunate possessors of sufficient wealth to make a whole lifetime happy for themselves and family, as well as useful to others.

What enchanting visions of the good to be accomplished—of the pleasures to be enjoyed—of the greatness to be achieved—or the triumphs to be won, influenced his decision, and turned his thoughts and footsteps towards the Land of Gold. No wonder that his impressions were somewhat vague, and his knowledge limited and indefinite; as but little was then known of the country, manner of living, the labor required, or methods in use for working the mines. Even to this day, with all that has been written, and all the pictorial illustrations which have been published, those who have not actually visited the mines, have but a very incorrect conception of what they are, or how they are worked.

We therefore believe that the reader—he over so familiar with everything appr.

"W. Marshall, at Sutter's Mill, on the South Fork of the American River, near Coloma, in the early spring of 1848, although the forest and glens were almost untrodden, and their stillness unbroken, except by wild animals, and Indians; the "Prospector,"

taining to mining and mining life—will be the better pleased should our description of work every method and implement be simple, and easy to be understood.

After the discovery of gold, by James W. Marshall, at Sutter's Mill, on the South Fork of the American River, near Coloma, in the early spring of 1848, although the forest and glens were almost untrodden, and their stillness unbroken, except by wild animals, and Indians; the "Prospector,"
MINING FOR GOLD IN CALIFORNIA.

with his pick or shovel upon his shoulder, his pan in his hand, and his knife and fancy revolver in his belt around his waist, began to wander among the hills, and up the ravines and gulches "prospecting" for gold.

In 1849 and 1850 it was very common for small companies of men to start on a "prospecting" excursion, with several days' provisions, cooking utensils, blankets, tools, and five-arms, at their backs; and with this small outfit, climb the most rugged and difficult mountains; descend and cross the most rocky and dangerous canons; endure fatigue and hardship; and brave privation and peril almost entirely unknown at the present time.

Sometimes it is true an animal might be taken for that purpose; but, if his neck was not broken, he was almost invariably the cause of more anxiety and trouble than of comfort; as men would often have to travel over snow, into which an animal would sink, and cross an impetuous mountain stream upon a small pine, which, of course, no animal would ever attempt; and could he have been induced to enter the stream for the purpose of feeding it, the force of the rushing water would have tripped him off his feet and dashed him to the bottom. To the divil with ye's and the forest, but what is found to be rich, a "claim" or "claims" would be immediately staked off, and a notice put up which generally read as follows:

"We, the undersigned, claim fifteen feet square (or other quantity mention) commencing at this stake, and running up his ravine to the oak tree with a notch in it." (Signed) PETER SINGIUS.

JEREMIAH TURTLE.

As somewhat illustrative of this rule among miners, we may mention that a short time ago, a stalwart son of the "Erie-shore," was "prospecting" a ravine near Forbes-town, having obtained a dollar to the pan, and considering it a pretty good prospect, he concluded to "take up a claim" therewith, but just as he was exciting over his good fortune, he copied a "notice" upon an old stump with the ominous words written thereon: "We, the undersigned, claim, fe., fe., having duly registered the same." "Ow the divil," he exclaimed, "how came ye there now?" But as the notice returned him no answer, and as he saw some men working but a few yards below, he went to them with the inquiry—"I say Misther, who owns thim claims?"" "We do," replied one.

"Be gerrah thin ye hav no right to thim.

"Oh yes, we have a right to thim, as we took them up, and recorded them, and have been working upon them all summer." "Recorded thin? Ov the divil record ye's! sure there's not an owd stump within five miles of Forbes-town but what has a notice plastered all over it as big as a winder, with 'Recorded' in mighty fine letters all over the paper, from the top to the bottom. To the divil with ye's and the recoder too—the balst! With this generous wish and benediction, he walked away mattering—"The divil record ye's!"

If, however, a good prospect was not obtained in the first painfull of auriferous dirt, a second was seldom attempted by the prospector of 1848.

Before leaving him, let us see how his
painful of dirt is washed—as the process of "painting out" is precisely the same now as it was then, and is an indispensable accompaniment to every method of gold mining.

Having placed his pan by the edge of a pool or stream, he takes hold of the sides with both hands, and squatting down lowers it into the water, then, with a kind of oscillating and slightly rotary motion, he moves it about beneath the surface for a few moments, then, after drawing it to the edge of the pool, he throws out the largest of the stones, and assists to dissolve the dirt by rubbing it between his hands; the washing is then repeated; and, while the muddy water and sand are floated out of the pan into the pool, the gold, if there is any, settles gradually to the bottom of the pan and is there saved.

If a little only of very fine gold was found, it was called in miner's phraseology "finding the color," and if from ten to twenty-five cents were found to the pan, it was called "a good prospect." Now, however, with improved modes of mining, and less extravagant expectations, from one to three cents is pronounced "good pay dirt."

Under the hopper and sloping downward toward the upper end of the cradle, is the side or apron. This apron being somewhat hollow or concave on its upper side, and covered with canvas, retains much of the fine gold that falls upon it.

Rockers are attached to the under side of the whole, quite similar to those of a child's cradle; near the middle an upright handle is attached, by which motion is given to it.

The hopper being nearly filled with auriferous earth, the operator being seated by its side, while rocking the cradle with one hand, he dips and pours water upon the earth, from an adjacent pool or rivulet, using a half gallon tin dipper for the purpose.

The water dissolving the earth, it falls through the sieve upon the sloping apron, which conveys it to the upper end of the bottom of the cradle. On this bottom, about the center, is a "riffle-bar" placed crosswise, and one little deeper at the lower end; and while the lighter sand and dirt pass over them, and the water, the gold, by its greater weight, is retained by them, and thus kept from passing out at the lower end.

The course stone in the hopper being then thrown out, the cradle is refilled, and the process is repeated.

The cradle being, by the Chinese, the way most employed, its summary methods of finding gold from the pay dirt; and by far the easiest, is not only the most adapted but the cheapest at once, and a pan or cradle but some invention me

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MEXICAN BOWL.

The Mexicans and Chiloes use almost exclusively, the large or broad wooden bowl shown in the engraving above, instead of the pan.

Next to the pan and bowls as implements for the more speedy separation of gold from the earth, the cradle or rocker holds an important place; from the fact that it was the first appliance, superior to the pan used with effect in all parts of the mines. Its size and weight rendering it portable, it was easily transferred from place to place, and even now is much in use as a prospecting implement upon a scale more extended than can well be executed with the pan.

Our description of the cradle or rocker is this: an oblong box, from three to three and a half feet in length, eighteen inches to twenty inches in width, and about nine inches in depth at the upper end, with a bar across the middle; one end of the box is left open or has no end board. There is no cover to the box or cradle; but a separate box, above, or hopper, is made to fit into and occupy the half of the cradle farthest from the open or lower end; this hopper is about four inches in depth; the bottom is of sheet iron, perforated with holes about three-eighths of an inch in diameter, and one and a half inches apart.

The course stone in the hopper after then thrown out, the cradle is refilled, and the process is repeated, until a larger portion of the gold is generally found upon the cradle.

The cradle being, by the Chinese, the way most employed, its summary methods of finding gold from the pay dirt; and by far the easiest, is not only the most adapted but the cheapest at once, and a pan or cradle but some invention me.
The coarse stones and gravel remaining in the hopper after the water runs clear are then thrown out, the hopper replaced and refilled, and the process repeated. As often as is necessary, the apron, riffle-bars, and bottom are cleaned of the sand and gold that has concentrated upon them; the larger portion of the fine gold, being generally found upon the canvass of the apron.

The cradle, though still extensively used by the Chinese throughout the mines, has given way among Americans, and the more enterprising class of miners, to more summary methods for separating the gold from the petty dirt; its use being superseded by far more efficient implements; and among them, next in importance to the cradle, was introduced the "Long-Tom." The use of which united efforts of individuals, or companies, could be made available and profitable.

To supply this want, the wit and ingenuity of the earlier miners soon brought out the "Long Tom," exceedingly primitive in its first inception and form, but proving so effective in its operations, it was soon greatly improved upon, and at length became the indispensable implement in the hands of companies of from three to five men in prosecuting their gold washing operations.

From the primitive toms, which were but troughs hollowed out from the half trunks of pine trees, they soon assumed the proportions and shape of the neatly constructed tom of sawed lumber and sheet iron of the present day.

The tom varies much in size, depending on the number of men intending to use it. It is an oblong box or trough about twelve feet in length, open at the top and nearly double that width at the middle.

The water dissolving the earth, it falls through the sloping apron, which conveys it to the upper end of the tom. On this bottom, about the center, is a "riffle-bar" placed transversely, and one a little deeper at the lower end; and while the lighter sand and dirt pass over them with the water, the gold, by its greater weight, is retained by them, and thus kept from passing out at the lower end.
MINING WITH THE LONG-TOM.

The tom is now placed in a proper position, having reference to the dirt to be washed, generally near the ground as possible to admit of the "tailings" passing off freely. The riffle box is first fixed in proper position, then the iron-bottomed portion of the tom placed over it, with its open or narrow end several inches the highest. Water is now let on, either in open troughs of wood, or through canvas hose, which by its force, carries the dirt when put in, down the tom; while two or more men are employed shoveling the dirt into the tom at the upper end, one man at the side of the lower end, with hoe or shovel in hand, receives the dirt as brought down by the water; and after being violently stirred and moved about upon the perforated iron, bottom until all has passed through it that will, the residue of stones and coarse gravel is thrown out by the shovel.

The manner of saving the gold by the riffle box, is precisely the same in principle as that of the cradle, with this advantage over it; that the falling of streams of water through the tom iron serve to keep the sand upon the bottom of the riffle box stirred up and loose, permitting the gold the more easily to reach the bottom, where it is retained by the riffle bars; while the lighter matter, sand and pebbles, pass off with the water and is called "tailings."

Sometimes thirty or fifty feet or more of sluice boxes are attached to the tom at the upper end, and the dirt is shoveled in along the whole length, to be carried down to the tom by the force of the water, there to receive its final stirring up.

Toms are particularly adapted to nearly level grounds, or where there is not sufficient fall to admit of the still more efficient modes of gold washing with sluices.

SLUICING.

This is a mode of mining, particularly adapted to those localities where it becomes desirable to wash large quantities of dirt,
the tom is diminished at that end to less than three inches. The object of this is that the water may all pass through the tom or tom-iron without running over the top. Under this perforated iron portion is a riffle box, similar in principle to a bottom of a cradle; but larger, and with the tom, always to remain stationary or immovable while in use.

The object of this is that the falling of streams of water through the tom or tom-iron serve to keep the bottom upon the bottom of the riffle box stirred up and loose, permitting the gold to more easily reach the bottom, where it is retained by the riffle bars; while the other matter, sand and pebbles, pass off with the water and is called "tailings."

Sometimes thirty or forty feet or more of these boxes are attached to the tom at the proper end, and the dirt is shoveled along its whole length, to be carried down to the tom by the force of the water, there to receive its final stirring up.

Toms are particularly adapted to nearly level grounds, or where there is not sufficient fall to admit of the still more efficient sluicing or gold washing with sluices.

SLUICING.
This is a mode of mining particularly adapted to those localities where it becomes desirable to wash large quantities of dirt, and where the descent is sufficient to operate advantageously.

To get at a proper understanding of this method of mining, seems to require a description of the "sluice box."

This is merely an open trough, usually made of three inch boards—a bottom, and two sides; twelve or fourteen feet in length, and from twelve inches to forty in width, and sawed purposely for this use, two inches wider at one end than at the other. The sides of these troughs are secured from spreading by cleats nailed across the top; and from splitting at the bottom, by similar cleats on the under side.

A continuous line of these troughs or "sluice boxes," the smaller and lower end of each, inserted for three or four inches into the larger end of the next one below, form the "sluice," and being placed upon the ground or other supports, with a proper descent; the dirt, by whatever mode is adapted to remove it thereto, and into the sluice, either by shoveling, or the power of the hydraulic as heretofore described, is, by the force of a larger body of water than is usually used in tumbling, conveyed through a continuous line of from fifty to several hundred feet in length, and when the descent is sufficient, the whole mass of dirt, from the finest particles, to stones and boulders of four or five inches in diameter, go rolling down by their own gravity and the force of the water, the entire length of the sluice.

Where the descent is not quite sufficient for this, forks and shovels are used along the sluices to loosen up and finally to throw out such of the larger stones and rocks as the water cannot force through them; as shown in the engraving.

There are different appliances attached to the bottoms of these sluices, inside, for the purpose of saving or catching the gold in its passage down the sluice, such as...
riffles of a great variety of pattern, and as bottoms, perforated or split in pieces, the intensities of which are admirably adapted to the saving of fine gold.

These sluices are sometimes "run," as it is termed, for many days together before "cleaning up," when this is done the stones or riffles are removed, the sluices "washed down," and the gold secured by being carefully swept down the whole length of the sluice into a pan, to be more thoroughly cleaned by "running out.

This is doubtless of all others the most expeditious mode of mining or separating the gold from the dirt that has yet been discovered, and where it can be adapted is doubtless the best.

GROUND SLUICING.

Among the more important operations connected with gold mining upon an extensive scale, is "ground sluicing." Localities are often found in which the largest portion of the gold lies upon, or near the "bed rock," above which may rest a depth of earth of many feet, containing no gold, or so small a quantity compared with the mass of dirt, that it would not pay either to wash in sluices or for the expense of removing in any other way than by ground sluicing.

The principle of the operation is this; a bank of earth is selected which it is desired to reduce or wash away, down to the pay dirt; a stream of water is conducted thereto, at so high a level as to command it; a small ditch is then cut along the portion to be ground sluiced, the water turned on, and a number of hands with picks and shovels either upon the edges of the ditch or by getting directly into the stream of water, pick away and work down the banks and bottom, to be dissolved and carried away by the water, while the gold that may be contained in it, settles down without being conveyed or lost, to be finally saved by being passed through the ordinary sluice.

When the process is solely for the purpose of removing the top strata of earth, in which no gold or pay dirt is found, down to that which will pay, it is called "striping," by ground sluicing. Often however when no pay is expected from the stripping process, the miner is unexpectedly cheered by finding in the top dirt more gold than sufficient to pay all the expenses of the operation.
MINING FOR GOLD IN CALIFORNIA.

SINKING A SHAFT.

The mining region of California in its physical conformation is made up to a great extent of immense ridges and hills, with gulches and ravines intervening, and all underlaid by what is usually termed the "bed rock." In very many places this bed rock assumes upon its surface the form of basins deep beneath the great earth ridges, and these basins are frequently found to be exceedingly rich in their golden deposits.

To reach the bed rock in these positions, two methods are adopted: "sinking shafts" and "running tunnels."

To "sink a shaft"—a shaft being a perpendicular opening in the earth usually from four to six feet in diameter—the same means and appliances are ordinarily used in sinking a deep well; which, in fact, it much resembles, except that it is seldom walled up as wells are, nor is water desired in them; but which unluckily too often occurs.

Sometimes a "streak" or strata of pay dirt is reached, before arriving at the bed rock, and is termed a "lead." When the lead is followed horizontally to the right or left from the shaft, it is termed "drilling," and when the bed rock is reached, if operations are continued they are all done by drifting.

The pay dirt is raised to the surface by the same means that are used in sinking the shaft, the principal of which is, the windlass and bucket, or tub. Sinking shafts is often performed, solely with the view of prospecting, in the cheapest and most expeditious manner, the bed rock, before proceeding to the greater expense, but more efficient mode, of working these deep hill claims by "tunneling." But this is not always the case; for shafts are sometimes sunk upon flats, to a great depth, and the entire process of mining out all beneath, conducted through the shaft; in aid of which, steam engines are often employed.

TUNNELING.

Tunnels are usually commenced upon hill-sides, or near the bottom of gulches and ravines and are run in nearly horizontal. Commencing at the surface upon the proper level, or what is supposed will prove to be the proper level, when the leats of the hill or pay dirt is reached, an open cut is first made into the hill, until a sufficient depth is attained to enable the tunnel to be commenced, with enough of earth or rock overhand to sustain itself in the form of an arch, or if of earth only and inclined to cave in, then to be supported by "timbering" at a height scarcely sufficient to clear a tall man's head when standing upright.

The tunnel is now commenced, and usually from five to seven feet in width. When only earth and detached stones or boulders are met with, it often becomes necessary to "timber up," as the tunnel progresses; which is done by setting strong posts about...
three feet apart, on each side, to each other; and these are supported by timber above, and on the plank are holes, which sometimes the sides are not.

In very many instances, “driven” by picking and solid bed-rock, many hundreds requiring a great expenditure of money, and perseverance. the tunnel, the excavated stones, and earth, the work formerly in general use, are many places; but, with the narrow space in which, the work progresses, on which the height of the necessary grade, to enable it to proceed, is extremely narrow.

When the pay-dirt is made of the excavated dirt
three foot apart on each side, and opposite to each other; and those supporting a cross timber above, and on these one or more plank are laid which support the roof; sometimes the sides are necessarily planked also.

In very many instances the tunnel is "driven" by picking and blasting through solid bed-rock many hundred feet in length, requiring a great expenditure of time, labor, money, and perseverance. To convey from the tunnel, the excavated portions of rock, stones, and earth, the wheelbarrow was formerly in general use, and is even now in many places; but with the more systematic, a narrow railroad is constructed as the work progresses, on which is run a suitable car, the bottom of the tunnel having the necessary grade to enable a loaded car to be propelled outwardly easily by man power.

When the pay dirt is reached, a division is made of the excavated portion on being brought out, into that which is, and is not, pay dirt, and as often as expedient when water is procurable, it is washed by sluicing in the usual manner.

FLUMING.

Only those who are familiar with the physical formation of the mountain and gold region of California, have anything like an adequate idea of the vast amount of labor expended, in the construction of the artificial water-sources that supply our mining canals and ditches with water from the mountain streams.

To hear of the construction of a hundred miles of mining ditch, conveys but a feeble conception of the magnitude of the enterprise, or the difficulties to be overcome. The mountain country from which the supply of water is obtained, does not consist of slope upon slope, or of successive tables of comparatively level land, and rising one above another; but from the foot hills, the
Mountains rise to the heights of from seven to nine thousand feet, in one uninterrupted succession of immense ridges, lying in every conceivable direction and position, with intervening gorges or canyons of corresponding depth; and by this we mean, of very great depth; many of the mountain streams occupying and rushing down canyons, whose sides are almost perpendicular walls of rock, and often three thousand feet or more in height, and along which the pedestrian can only make his way for a hundred yards together, by taking to the bed of the stream.

It is from such canyons, that the water is mostly obtained for the supply of our mining canals and ditches; and it is not unusual that from three to ten miles of wooden flume is required at the upper end, before the water can be brought out of the canyon sufficiently high to operate or command the ridges and foot-hills of the lower country, in which the mines and placers are principally found.

To lift it as it were, the water from these deep canyons, or rather to convey them at a fall of from five to twenty feet to the mile, east of them, often requires many miles of flume constructed entirely of wood, because the steep sides have not, in many places, a single inch of earth in which to excavate a ditch; and even the rocky sides often so high and steep as to require the flume to be constructed upon trestle work, a hundred or more feet in height; and even in some instances actually suspended by ropes from above, while proceeding their arduous labors.

Then again, the flume is made to span a vast gorge sometimes, and in places supported by timber work from beneath; at others, by suspension from the sides; and in its tortuous course, running up and crossing adjacent gorges, perhaps to take in the waters of some small tributary, and then again heading for and couring along the great main canyon, keeping as it were, from point to point of jutting crag and cliff, till at last it reaches the more earthly side or summit of the ridge, there to be at once used for gold washing, or milling purposes, or conveyed by ditches in countless ramifications to the lower country; and these enterprises constitute the great fulcrum of our mining prosperity.

The "Hydraulic" Method of Working.

By far the most efficient system of mining yet known, for hill diggings, is the hydraulic; for the discovery of which California is indebted to Mr. Edward E. Matteson, formerly of Sterling, Windham County, Connecticut. Through the kindness of Mr. Cloud of Omega, Nevada County, we are enabled to present our readers with the likeness of Mr. Matteson, the discoverer, engraved from an excellent Ambrotype by Mrs. J. P. Rudolph, of Nevada.

Mr. Matteson first commenced the use of this method at American Hill, Nevada, in February, 1852, and under it was the success attending its operation that others around him immediately began to adopt it; and it is now in general use throughout the mining districts of the State.

The large and accurate engraving on another page, from a beautiful ambrotype, by Messrs. H. & D. H. Howes, will give to the reader an excellent and correct idea of its manner of working and appearance.

Water being conveyed as before described, by canals and ditches, around and among the hills and mountain sides where mining is carried on, it is then conveyed from the main canal by smaller ditches to the mining claims requiring it. Here it is run from the small ditch into a trough fixed upon trestle work, which is often technically termed the "Hydraulic Telegraph"; or, run in heavy duck hose upon the ground, to the edge of the claim, thence over the edge and down the almost perpendicular bank to the bed rock, or bottom of the claim, where it lies collected, and then is collected under the rock, and dirt like a hoa. As the upper end of the hose is lower than the lower end, the water keeps it full to the very verge of the water, making the bank with great effect, washing and stripping it away from the surface, sometimes three hundred feet, and sometimes more, and gathering the dirt and wash as it is washed up, and depositing it on the mining claim. The water is conveyed to the mining claim by a pipe or hose, from the point where it is collected.
point to point of jutting crag and still at last it reaches the more earthy or summit of the ridge, there to be used for gold washing, or milling purposes, or conveyed by ditches in countless ramifications to the lower mining wards; these enterprises constitute the great stream of our mining prosperity.

**HYDRAULIC METHOD OF WORKING.**
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There are sometimes strata of gravelly comint in the bank which are exceedingly hard and difficult to wash away, even with the immense force given by the weight of from fifty to two hundred and twenty feet of fall, which the water contained in the hose received from above.

The most efficient manner of washing down these basaltis is by undermining them near the bed rock, when large masses—fre-
earth and stones, but a few feet from whence they were washed.

After "cleaning up" the rock and "washing down" the shingle, the precious contents are swept into a pan where they are carefully panned out. After the day's work is done, the miner requires to his cabin to build his fire, cook and eat his supper, dry his dust, and blow out the black sand.

Sometimes when a man has been covered up by the bank falling upon him, not only the stream generally used in the claim, but often the entire contents of the ditch are thus turned on, and with the assistance of every miner who knows of the accident, it is used for sieving him out, and which is by far the speciest and best method for his deliverance.

One becomes surprised when looking at the bold defiant strength of a miner's will and purpose, and the scars he so often bears, that comparatively so few accidents of this kind occur. By care, however, this branch of mining can be conducted with safety as any other.

"The hydraulic process" removes and washes immense masses of earth that would otherwise be useless and its working unprofitable, thus making it not only one of the most useful and effectual, but almost an indispensable method of mining for gold in California.

**RIVER MINING.**

In the beds of nearly all the rivers that traverse the gold region of California, deposits of gold have been found, many of them exceedingly rich; and large expenditures have been made in order successfully to work these "river claims." Oftentimes the entire water of the river is turned into new channels, generally consisting of flumes of wood, built along the benches. A dam is constructed that turns the water into the flume, and being conveyed, often many hundreds of yards, is turned into the river bed again below. The water that remains is then pumped, in small quantities, by the power obtained from wheels actuated upon by the water in its rapid passage through the flume.

The bed of the river by this means rendered dry or nearly so, the sand and gravel down to the bed-rock is then washed by either of the usual modes, with pan, cradle, tom, or sluice.

In a future number, we shall give engravings illustrative of river and quartz mining; the latter, having within the last two years, assumed an importance that entitles it to a more extended notice and space in our columns, than can well be devoted to it in this number.

**CONSOレーション.**

**BY ANNA M. DAVIS.**

She went to the radiant mountains afar,

The portals of the kingdom to wear; [star

And I think that the angels who dwell in the

Have twined a green wreath in her hair.

Not long on our shore did the child-pilgrim stay,

And all our sorrow and sigh;

For gently they opened a beautiful gate,

And said to her soul: "Welcome in." [star

The leaves of the summer were fresh on the trees,

The primrose was bright in its bloom,

Waxen-like daisies were thick on the lawn,

And winds were stirring up in the skies,

Then closed down the fragrant lids of snow;

The angels were singing far up in the skies,

And so she was ready to go:

Away in a lovely and beautiful vale,

We laid down our darling to rest;

Crystal in its purity were the hands milky pale,

O'er the burial flowers on her breast.

The sweet golden robes gone there, and sings,

In the lusk of the bright morning hours:

And in the coals of the cold deep of the tomb:

Remember her earth vanished bloom,

And think that it is not the sweet, of your child

When suddenly over her beautiful eyes,

There clasped down the fragrant lids of snow;

The angels were singing far up in the skies,

And so she was ready to go:

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There clasped down the fragrant lids of snow;

The angels were singing far up in the skies,
A MAMMOTH TUSK.

The above engraving represents a remarkable tusk of solid ivory, eleven feet nine inches in length, and twenty-four and a half inches in circumference, at the base. It was found during the month of September, 1834, by a German miner named Geo. Keller, while working on Canal Gulch, near Yreka, Siskiyou county, firmly imbedded in water-washed gravel, about twenty feet from the surface.

We saw a portion of this immense tusk, in a cabin adjoining the claim where it was discovered, during the month of February, 1855, and which, although somewhat injured by its exposure to the air, still showed its ivory grain very distinctly. This piece, about two feet in length—we had the curiosity to measure, although only a middle portion of the tusk, was eighteen and three quarter inches in circumference at the one end, and seventeen and five-eights inches at the other.

We suppose the above remarkable relic of a bye-gone age and generation must belong to the Megatherium, a genus of the extinct Eolontatus, which has for many years engaged the attention of the most eminent professors of Geology and anatomy.

South America, and particularly in and about the neighborhood of Buenos Ayres, has furnished indubitable evidences that there once existed immense numbers of the Mammoth class of animals, now numbering comparatively few. Many museums have been lately enriched with this once dreadful animal's fossil remains, which were formerly only to be found in the museum of Madrid. They were sent over to Europe in 1789, and afforded Cuvier an opportunity to determine the affinities of this wonderful creature. They were discovered southeast of Buenos Ayres, on the river shores of the Luxon.

Of late date, nearly a complete skeleton of one, was found in the bed of the river Salado, south of the Pampas, near the same city. During a long drought, of almost three years, it had become dry, and one Don Sosa called the attention of Sir W. Parish, F.G.S., then H. M. Charge d'Affairs at this place, to this extraordinary discovery of some large bones found imbedded in the sand. An account of this was given in the "London Penny Cyclopaedia," May 29, 1859.

There is one of the finest specimens in the world, to be seen in the British Museum, set up I believe by Professor Mawton. This is nearly seventeen feet in height, and as many in length. Were the above specimen less curved, it would have doubtless belonged to the Mastodon maximus, a full account of which is recorded in the American Quarterly Journal of Agriculture and Science.

These animals, the Megatherium and Mastodon, must have been most extraordinary. The bones of their skulls were of enormous size, and the tusks that issued from them, might fill their capacious maws to satiation. They are both supposed to have been herbivorous; from the appearances of their tusks, the Mastodon more especially, and from a remarkable matter found connected with one of the skeletons. In the midst of the ribs, there was seen a mass of matter composed apparently of twigs of trees, in small pieces about two inches long, of different diameters, from the smallest size to half an inch. Mixed with these, were four or five bushels...
of a finer vegetable substance, like finely divided leaves, some in whole pellets, some in broken pellets, some within the lower part of the rite, some without, plainly showing the food upon which the animal lived. The estimated weight of this animal was twenty thousand pounds.

Next to the tasks of these wonderful geomancers, their teeth excite our unqualified surprise. These have been named by one kind—the Mussadin,—which, in Greek, signifies small hill and tooth; the Magaethronium—Great Wild Beast. The Magaethronium is supposed to have had the head and shoulders similar to those of the sloth, and from the length and number of the vertebrae of the neck, many imagine that it could have had no task of the size attributed to it; but when we consider that the porous size of the connected shoulders, legs and claws, could never have allowed of any active habits; but like the sloth, only moving from one location to the other, after it had devoured the entire herbage of the fall grown forest it might have filled, the conclusion would be otherwise. The weight of the animals of many deer compared with the structure of the vertebrae of the neck, affords a good argument against such an assumption.

Both these creatures must have been most awkward and unsteady living masses; and their forms of the most forbidding and loathsomest aspect. The history of the discovery of their remains, would well repay the curious reader, and to such we would recommend, for his perusal, The Faun's Mammalia, of Prof. Owen; Dr. Bubb-land's Bridgewater Treatise—Sir W. Pari-iss's Fauna Afric; and, in a more comprehensive form,—Comstock's Elements of Geology.

EDUCATE YOUR CHILDREN.

Everybody believes in children—God bless them—being well educated. Everybody says "yes—certainly" when you point out the advantages and pleasures of a good education. "I had rather go without—well, almost anything," earnestly avers the unphilosophic and affectionate parent, "than either of my children should be without a good education." That's right, say we, your heart is evidently in the right place; education is a good thing; it is even better than some people by their actions allow it to be; and next to a good strong mind in a healthy body, it is, in our estimation, the best blessing that a parent can bestow upon a child. How carefully then should the hours of the school-room be accorded and instilled by the one-parent of the home circle—how in the cultivation and elevation of the mind only, but in the nobler and most refining impulses and aspirations of the heart.

LINES.

BY MRS. P. C. CHAMBERLAIN.

Garnished by white flowers growing in the Cemetery of Sacramento.

Fair flowers that dwell In memory's mazy hour, Routing the false hope of earth, where Your white лакенз lead us to the shelter Of the dark grave to tell.

And your pure breath, Dream one the sorrows that Rogers have to play, Ev'ry inch his warfare on the stringent of death, No whisper of decay.

Like lovely dreams Born without a pick of sleep, Pinned with a morning spirit-vailed and deep, Here your strange presence seems.

Why do ye rise? So lone and lonely from the desert me? And the grasses, you white-embossed ones, why stand With faint to the sky?

In this sad spot, The Nuestra placed these smiling ones to grow; Like stars of hope, in mockery of tears— Where human hope is not.

Or does she seek, By many a gentle breeze around us thrown, Than ours a higher wisdom to make known, In love divine to speak?

NEVER BE ENCOURAGED.—Many a man, "the land" of whose claim, apparently, had "run out" one day, has "struck it" again, the next—whereas he either sold or abandoned it then, another, probably, would have received the reward of his labor. One of our risks within three weeks of a fortunate—
SIJENOPH.

BY C. HARRY E.

Lovely Sijenoph! 
Beautiful maiden,
Fare among nations she was.
Her word was an Aelon,
She with the smile at hand
Most winning and winning.
Her clouded countenance,
Smiled in her summer's bloom.

The germ of that blossom
That bloomed to her shame.
Not a cloud had her skies—
Oh! how bright were her eyes,
How sweet was her smile?
For the heart knew no guile,
In her smile one saw:
Blessing with youthfulness,
Guileless, all truthfulness,
To goodness inclined.

How gay were the spurs
Of young thought that held course
In the heart of her mind:

Never once fearfully,
Trusting, cheerfully,
Came out her spirit,
From peaceful remnant.
Like Heaven, or near it,
As morning to morning.
One unwillingly shared it:
One who walked at the feet
Of the statue of stone—
Humanity, statue of stone—
The pure heart that best
For the queen alone.

Oh! how were the spurs
Of young thought that held course
In the heart of her mind:

The serpent, the snail,
The gentle sinner,
That broke the heart of stone—
Who with a heart,
Could resist their appeal?

In the woodland,
Dropped a sweet flower,
Created by rude hands
In its bright hour.

Like that blossom,
Created, heart-broken,
In her beauty,
All faith shaken.
None to cherish,
Must she perish;
Mist she shiver!
In the pitiless cold,
Of her story often told,
All broken,
Oh! I forgive her!

In this cold world,
Ah, therefore I cry
So often is burial,
The gentle weeper;
Oh! that woman,
Will not list her
To her human, erring sister!
Shall her human
Faults entire her,
Gentle woman,
Do forgive her!

Think of her confidence,
Wrongful and betrayed,
Think of her piety—
Can you upbraid?
Thinks of wrongful innocence,
Born in her heart,
Tears of true piety,
Full like the sea;
Tears of rich rarity,
Cannot their purity
Wash out the stain?

Look on meek lowliness,
Dropping in wretchedness—
God yet abides?

Is he, then, a sinner?
Could giving distress?

No woman, in

Thy tenderness,
For the sinner's sake,
Of consolation,
Think of your own

Humiliation.

Seek not to discover;
From whence she came,
Think not thou to love her,
Though lovelier than she.

One error look over,

Is pity look over.
A NIGHT ON THE SLough.

"Mourn not so much, as to the east look, and through the valley of the shadow of death walk me, and let me hear thy meritable virtues." 

"Blissful valley!—Hark!--there is a whispering wind. It is a whispered whisper, and it is a whispered whispering whisper." 

I don't believe in spectres, ghosts or goblins—never did; for it was the way I was brought up. I was always taught to believe these were but idle fancies, or phantasmagoria, or the like. So that I am not going to insist upon it that a spectre, or ghost, played any part in the drama of a night of horror to which I was witness; not only myself, but my two comrades, and both as rational, in the sense of veracity, as I claim to be myself, and to whom I am permitted to refer.

I shall only relate the circumstances—what I saw and heard—leaving it to the reader to account for the occurrences as he pleases.

We were on a trip along the Sacra- men to and its numerous sloughs, in pursuit of water-fowl. Our sailing craft, a very small schooner, had a still smaller cabin; but answering very well for sleeping in, as night overtook us, we could find no more comfortable quarters.

After a day of uneventful fatigue, but of great success, night came upon us as we were moving along one of these unfrequented sloughs that lie to the north and east of the mouth of the San Joaquin river. Unfrequented, did I say? not wholly so; for here the sportsman oft parades his game, and the trapper sets his teeth of steel to catch the stately beaver.

We had descried in the distance, long before nightfall, a solitary shake-cabin or shanty. We made for it; but finding it so dilapidated on our near approach, we supposed it hardly possible it could be occupied; and yet, a very good canoes lay moored at the edge of the slough in front of it; and as we neared the shore, a light smoke was seen curling up from the roof of the cabin.

It was now twilight: and as we approached nearer the cabin, an old and folded blanket that formed the door was suddenly drawn aside, and, gun in hand, out stepped a startled form. But oh heavens! such features as bore! so old and haggard in his looks! I would see as though some spirit was preying on his soul, half through a long eternity. But he welcomed us cordially.

After dispatching our evening meal, the night being warm and balmy, we all took seats upon the low bank of the slough, watching the night birds, the sporting beaver, and the bittern as he flashed from beneath his wings his phosphorescent light upon his prey.

Conversation at length turned upon the song, or note, as being the voice or language of birds; when our trapper, the occupant of the cabin, remarked—

"Birds can speak, and they sometimes tell ghostly tales, that could they be believed, would indicate some murder foul had been committed, not half a league from here." This remark, uttered with so much apparent earnestness, quite startled us; our eyes were instantly turned upon it, and jokingly running but a disordered often while sitting dreams at night, have a story told of one who, on his journey from the town he was in by the road he was described, that he could not hear it; but the witnesses were near.

"Amidst the terrors of the night the hour, what hour of the night, what hour to tell the story?"

"When all is deep

But at that instant moonlight was seen an enveloped in a dusty hight from the opposite side, hugging closely the

eter; on it came and turned upon it; till in a fixed position for a few of us, but as we turned, when first seen.

And now the trapper

"What news of night?"

When a voice how a

but clear and distinct rose to

"No news this bar once more, than doth the

"What do you think?" —talk

"Then forced me, who into a sepulture, to be a

"Tis false!—I have seen the grim of an oncetone

and clasped me

had better tell, to be in

death, in proof the thou not entangled."
A NIGHT ON THE SLOUGH.

First then, thou didst drag me—
"Tis false!"
"Then with my own hasso bound me"—
"Tis false!"
"Then placed my body in a corner; and having cut twain notches in the upper head, replaced it in its circular groove, closing therein my barred neck; my head above, my body crouched beneath, within—"
"Hold! close thy rattling teeth; remembrance tells me naught of it."
"And thus circumstanced by shroud, the like never worn by man before, thou placed me here, in the deep still waters of the slough; with such a load on ballast fastened to my feet; and just enough of air within to buoy me up from drowning; then filled the chime around with molten pitch, and set it all on fire; and then, when I prayed to Heaven for the lightning's flash to shorten my great agony, as the last boon of life, I heard thy laugh upon the air, till my crisped ears were closed to sound; and when my parched eyelids were drawn asunder by the flames, thou didst point thy finger at me; and now—rememberest not I died?"

"That thou didst die, and in the way thou sayest, may be very true; if ghost or geist ever speak the truth; but as for me, having any knowledge of the fact, thou liest! So I'll no more with thee—Aviant! or a leaden shower shall rattle o'er thy sightless sockets, summoning thee to another judgment, for having come again to earth, to mar the peace of one who never knew thee."

"If thou be innocent, be equal to thy threat; perchance it may cut aunder the thongs with which thou didst

wholly so: for here the sports-

pursues his game, and the

sets his teeth of steel to catch

his bower.

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the lake, bearing a light smoke as

curling up from the roof of the

cabin, was now twilight: and as we

approached nearer the cabin, an old and

a blanket that formed the door was

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believed, would indicate some morbid

fool had been committed, not half

leagues from here." This remark,

termed with so much apparent earnest-

ness, quite startled us; our eye was

instantly turned upon him: he noticed

it, and jokingly remarked—"Tis noth-

ing but a disordered imagination, but

often while sitting here, and in my

dreams at night, have I thought I heard

a story told of one who dealt in cattle, a

herdsman from the Stockton plains;

that he was slain by cruel hands, for

the money that he had; and I have so

often heard it, that I could think it true,

could I but hear it told when other

witnesses were near."

Amused at his manner, I asked him

what hour of the night those birds were

wont to tell their horrid tale?

"When all is deep darkness," he re-

plied, "at no other time."

But at that instant, in the bright

moonlight, was seen an undefined object

enveloped in a misty haze, approaching

from the opposite side of the slough,

hugging closely the surface of the wa-

ter; on it came, and every eye was

turned upon it; till at length it took a

static position but a few yards in front

of us, but as undefined and indistinct as

when first seen.

And now the trapper, with a smile

perfectly demoniacal playing upon his

features, called out—

"What news to-night?"

When a voice low and sepulchral,

dark and distinct rolled in upon the

shores—"No news! but to tell thee once again, thou didst the deed!"

"What deed?"—asked the trapper.

"Thou forced me, while yet alive,

into a sepulchre of fire and flood."

"Tis false!—but since thou, a spe-

cer of one who once did live, canst

speak, and chargest me with it, thou

hast better tell the manner of thy

death, in proof that thou and truth be

not estranged."
bind me, and being bound, that I may rise again."

The trapper shuddered at the thought, but having uttered a threat, and then in turn, being by gothic donat; he raised his weapon with unsteady hand, and sped the leaden shower. And as his eyes glanced beneath the rising smoke before him, he suddenly exclaimed—

"Great God! it's even so! the crisp red lips—the hard teeth—the woody shockets that the balls were burned in—they are all there—and see—it moves—it moves—it rises!"

And with the thought, so did the spectre rise, and from his then bunched limbs, curled quickly up his base, and in an instant buried it upon the shoulders of the trapper. And now a struggle as for life ensued, as hand or'ER hand the now sinking spectre tightened on the line.

Vainly the trapper sought his girdle for his knife; in vain with mighty effort at resistence, plunged with his feet deep furrows in the ground; in vain he grasped the growing shrub; earnestly he called for mercy, "Oh, let me stay!" he cried; "I know't'm guilty; but take me not to the dead!" but the spectre of the slough, kept tightening on the line.

And now, as though a thousand demons were witnessing the scene, long, loud lurch-twists, fiend like and terrible, rung out from among the tules and along the slough, as the specter handsman kept tightening on his line.

One fearful shriek, a plunge, and all was o'er: we saw the cabin's occupant no more, for the spectre of the slough, had taken in his line. PIONEER.

[A pretty tough yarn, that, Mr. Pioneeer.]

LIFE FOR THE LILIES!

BY G. R. R.

"He for the lilies! the lilies white Hiere!" 
"The roses once adorn'd the earth, 
"Then up, O you, whose love! to gather the lilies! 
"Then up, O you, whose love! to gather the lilies!"

There we'll walk in the shade of the tall forest trees, 
And revel on the rose-colored ground, 
And my cheeks shall be kissed by the wing of the breeze,

'That brevets the roses of the lilies around; 
There's a green lawn below on the side of the hill, 
And a still flowing by ages as silent songs;

There our houses with mortar with gems shall thrills, 
While lilies, like the current, most laughing steep

Then the first birds are piping, around and above, 
In full song! a secret trembling.

Now their benediction I am awaking with music and love; 
May this love, dear dears, not be happy as the sky. 
Yet the lilies, the flowers you gather

The lilies, the flowers you gather, ah! how sweet the sky. 

Then his for the lilies! the lilies white Hiere!" 
When will you go with me to gather the lilies! 
The paths of the morning, the lilies white Hiere—

Our fresh and the blue away on the hill.

LOOK UPON THE BEAUTIFUL.—Yes, in whatever form it may appear, look upon the Beautiful. For in the gray gueamer of the morning, in the brightness of the sun, in the clear blue sky of noon-day, in the golden glory of the sun-set, in the mellow shades of evening twilight, in the silvery beams of the moon and in the twilining of the stars, there is Beauty.

In the bending boughs of the forest, in the waving grain-fields, in the grassy lawn, in the flowers of the glen and hill-side and in the ripening fruits, there is Beauty. And they are all as signals, set by God's own hand, as tokens of His taste and love for the Beautiful, that in looking upon them, we may be taught to love the Beautiful also.

Let us then thank Him for the lesson, and show our gratitude by looking upon and cultivating, always and everywhere, a love for the Beautiful.
CHURCH GOING AND FASHION.

BY BRIGGIE.

He's, he, ha! It was a funny kind of mixs. I can't avoid laughing whenever I think of it. Now, I wonder if you wouldn't like to know what it was? Well, as most persons are curious, I'll relate the circumstances.

The celebrated Divine, Dr. S., was to preach for a few Sabbaths in the Rev. Mr. E's church; and, of course, a vast concourse of people were there assembled to listen to his eloquent discourse. I, having just received my new pleated silk dress from the dressmaker's, concluded that there was no better place for me to make my debut in it than at the Dr's.

Of course, I did not intend going merely for that; for be it known that I attend church quite regularly; but then, I must candidly confess that I was not entirely free from vanity whilst surveying myself in the large mirror, because the fit was excellent, the frock pretty; and moreover, it was the first new dress that I had bought for six months. Just think of it! only one silk dress in six months!! What would Fifth Avenue folks say to that? However, the dress was pretty, and I was proud of it—that's the truth of the matter. So after arranging the remainder of my dressing that I was to wear with the much-talked-of articles; such as putting a new piece of ribbon on my bonnet—cleaning a pair of poled gloves with some crumbs of bread, and mending the rest in my veil; I considered myself prepared to attend church on the following Sunday. Therefore, when the morning arrived, at the ring of the second bell I turned my face towards the church.

The day was as calm as any one could have wished: Italian-like skies—soft light falling on the hill-sides beyond the Bay—together with all that I saw around me (the dress not excepted) made me think everything "wondrously, truly beautiful." When I reached the steps of the sacred building, it was with great difficulty that I could get to the door in safety, there being such a number of persons who were likewise striving to gain the top of the stairs.

I succeeded, finally, in entering the church, and was politely ushered to a seat in an obscure corner of the house. Two or three colossal-centred gentlemens occupied the same pew; and they, together with a number of their mates, monopolizing about seven-eights of it, I certainly found myself very comfortably seated. They appeared quite disinterested as I entered, and seemed to think that I was not dressed with sufficient elegance to obtain so desirable a seat as the one by them. There it was! No one noticed my new dress any more than they would my old one. It was too bad! That, I declared mentally. But no wonder. In a few minutes the double doors were thrown open, and what did I see? Could it be that those were women in the center of such immense thicknesses of clothing! None other! And such tiny bonnets, useless endeavoring to peep over the folds' hind, to which they were fastened: and such graceful trains of silks and satins!

Now all eyes were directed towards the door, to mark the entrance of the fashionable. Ah, another comes, and still more. Oh! such hoops and such loves of bonnets! No wonder that I was not looked upon. I begin to think how glorious it must be to attract the attention of every one in church by dressing, no matter whether you have any intelligence or not.

But why could not I have hoops; and how could I get them! Ah! there was the rub. Father despises the sight of hoops and little bonnets (how like all fathers), and is decidedly opposed to ladies' sweeping the streets with dresses! Therefore, he would of course object to my dressing fashionably. However, notwithstanding that, and that I was in the house of God; yet I then and there conceived a scheme by which I might obtain a boldly share of...
attention on the coming Sabbath. After service, I walked home thinking.

On the following Saturday I took my new dress from its accustomed place in the wardrobe, and after tearing out garters and hems, and resewing them, succeeded in having as fine a train as any one, (at least, as lengthy a one). Ever long, my bonnet had a new bow of ribbon at the side, and bugles around the front. It took but a few minutes to go to a store, and purchase some pieces of whalebone; and in less time than you could say "Jack and his bean-pole," I was the possessor of a large and good a hoop'd skirt as any of the ladies of that congregation.

The long-wished-for Sunday came at last, and again did I ascend the steps. I was later than before; and as I sailed in at the door, beheld every eye was upon me! In passing up the aisle gentlemen arose and proffered their seats. When at length I was about entering a pew, the terrible thought came into my mind that I was the wearer of enormously large hoops, and what if I could not pass in? However there was no alternative, and so I managed probably through fright, to seat myself.

Now all eyes were directed towards me. The lookers thought of course, that I was one of the leaders of fashion, and one worthy upon whose to bestow their glances. I certainly was arrayed in the ne plus ultra of fashion, for my hoops were of large dimensions—my train all that could be desired—and my bonnet arranged a la mode, on the back of my neck: and besides this, I walked into the church with an air of nonchalance that was observable by all, and one, of course, that would attract the attention of all foolish creatures therein. Persons continued to glance at me: and I must acknowledge—but as it was—that I learned my head upon my hand whilst the Doctor was praying for editors and all other poor beings, and was actually, half the time, chuckling in my wide sleeves to think how easy it was to be grand; how simple to gloriously attract the attention of nearly all the house; how—

But then began to wonder if they could be sensible persons who do so. Would gentlemen slight a commonly, but neatly dressed lady, who comes to church, by not offering a seat, as well as gravely profiling a ridiculous dressed one a pew which they are occupying themselves? Certainly not. They most assuredly would not, were they of God's people; or were they sensible beings.

Therefore, why should I court or concern their attention and glances? If they have nothing more profitable to employ them than to go to church and surreptitiously gaze at and comment upon ladies' dresses, and to monopolise seats? I finally concluded that I should prefer no attention at all to that, and have returned to—as my old friends say—my more sensible style of dressing.

DREAM LAND.

On a summer's morn in an arbor of vines, Reclining, I dreamed of the days that are past—
And gazed at all beauty from China's shore.
Heavily dreaming o'er the beautiful vines, And poppies were blown by the pious, I had passed.
The fancies were silent, no thought was sent Directing towards me. Now all eyes were directed, towards me. The lookers thought of course, that I was one of the leaders of fashion, and one worthy upon whose to bestow their glances. I certainly was arrayed in the ne plus ultra of fashion, for my hoops were of large dimensions—my train all that could be desired—and my bonnet arranged a la mode, on the back of my neck: and besides this, I walked into the church with an air of nonchalance that was observable by all, and one, of course, that would attract the attention of all foolish creatures therein. Persons continued to glance at me: and I must acknowledge—but as it was—that I learned my head upon my hand whilst the Doctor was praying for editors and all other poor beings, and was actually, half the time, chuckling in my wide sleeves to think how easy it was to be grand; how simple to gloriously attract the attention of nearly all the house; how—

But then began to wonder if they could be sensible persons who do so. Would gentlemen slight a commonly, but neatly dressed lady, who comes to church, by not offering a seat, as well as gravely profiling a ridiculous dressed one a pew which they are occupying themselves? Certainly not. They most assuredly would not, were they of God's people; or were they sensible beings.

Therefore, why should I court or concern their attention and glances? If they have nothing more profitable to employ them than to go to church and surreptitiously gaze at and comment upon ladies' dresses, and to monopolise seats? I finally concluded that I should prefer no attention at all to that, and have returned to—as my old friends say—my more sensible style of dressing.

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THE REDEEMED HANDKERCHIEF.

BY COL. C.

"Colonel McClure," said a sailor, "you seem rather an early riser this morning."

The aristocratic Colonel turned round to take a look at Jack, who had so familiarly accosted him.

"Why Jack, is that you! how came you here? I thought you were one of the crew of the Lady Mary."

"Well, you see Colonel, I got in a row the day the steamer sailed, and as I did not like to engage on any other steamer, I am waiting her return."

"Is the Lady Mary expected this morning, Jack," asked the Colonel, evidently much excited.

"Yes, Colonel; she has been looked for more than a week."

"Do you think anything has happened, Jack?"

"Why, Colonel," said Jack, laughing, "she will happen in port to-day."

"God grant it," said the Col., "but how do you know that, Jack?"

"Why, you see, Col., there are two steamers expected besides the Lady Mary, and it could not have been her that was seen burning last night; and if you give me a dollar or two to get some grog for, I'll get all the news I can, and deliver it as soon as possible."

"Here Jack, take this and be off!"

The Colonel opened the door, and in rushed the sailor, and to the burning steamer, Jack made his way to other quarters.

"Missus wants you," said the faithful old Dinah; and the Colonel, walking up stairs, entered his wife's room.

"How are you now, Susan?"

"Better, has the Steamer been heard of yet, Colonel?"

"Yes, dear, she will be in to-day, I think, and by the way Susan, I expect our old mansion will look quite insignificant to Brother William and Charles after seeing so many fine edifices in Europe."

"What are the servants making such a noise about down stairs Col.? Do go and see what can be the matter."

The Colonel opened the door, and in rushed Dinah.

"Young Massa Charles has come! I seed him wid des yeas, I did missus, sure as I'm born."

"Where, Dinah, did you see him?"

"Why, coming right home, bo, is, look, don't you see him. Massa?"

And there, sure enough, was Charles with his uncle inside the gate, and being welcomed by all the servants.

In another moment and Charles embraced his dear parents; they were all overjoyed with happiness at meeting each other again.

"What prevented you from coming into port so long, brother?" asked the Colonel.

"We were detained in consequence of rendering aid to the burning steamer, Flying Turtle; all the passengers..."
and crew were saved with difficulty."

"We were very much alarmed," said the Colonel, "but thank God you are all safe."

The Colonel's house was thronged with company, to congratulate the travelers on their return. Many were the warm invitations Charles received to return the calls, as early as possible. Many were the happy days spent in the enjoyment of their reunion, but they were not destined to be thus always.

The second year after Charles' return, he became enamored with a young lady, the knowledge of which gave his good father and mother much uneasiness. Adaline Gray was the daughter of a rich merchant in Charleston. Adaline was tall and rather handsome, proud, selfish and vicious. She lived a life, for no one that saw her could think well of such deformity with so fair an exterior; her whole time was spent in maneuvering for her own aggrandizement, without the least regard for the feelings of others. It is not surprising then, that she should lay every plan to captivate Charles McClure, a young man of wealth, intellectual, handsome, prepossessing, of good morals and unsuspecting; ever looking for the good qualities of those with whom he became acquainted.

Adaline was quite successful, and Charles spent much of his time at her shrine. Colonel McClure, not knowing exactly how far matters had advanced with Adaline and his son, the whole family happening to be present at dinner, he asked, "Is it true that Edward Allen is going West?" "Yes," answered Uncle William. "Miss Adaline Gray has mentioned the poor fellow, and he has been discharged from his employment as clerk; so you see that Allen has been maltreated by Mr. Gray as well as by Adaline." "He is very unfortunate," added Mrs. McClure.

"Rather fortunate, you mean, sister," said Uncle William. "I should be sorry to have my head in such a noose. I would rather lose ten clerkships,"

added he, and turning to Charles, he said, with a mischievous smile, "I am afraid that you will wear your welcome out Master Charles, if you continue to visit Miss Adaline in too large a crowd for Gray is as stingy as a pinched Negro."

"I think you do Miss Gray great injustice, replied Charles, with warmth; as for Adaline rejecting Allen, I think there is some mistake, for she would not so far forget her position in society as to coquet with a man of Allen's standing; and besides, I am betrothed to Adaline myself, and it is very disgraceful to me to hear my friends speak of her and her family from this disrespectful manner," said Charles, pushing himself back from the table.

"Betrothed to Adaline?" asked Uncle William. "Why Charles, how can a man of your sense love a girl so superficially?"

"Every young belle is superficial in the eyes of old bachelors, like Uncle," said Charles, "and so I shall not lay the charge up against Adaline." "I hope father and mother are not as prejudiced as you are, Uncle," "Well my son, your mother and myself have a very bad opinion of the family; I am very sorry to say it, but you have our opinion, and now act for yourself; we do not wish to control you, only for your own happiness," said his mother, with much feeling.

"Well, father, if I marry Adaline, it is I that will have to live with her." "Yes, my son, make your own choice, but choose with wisdom." "Dinner being over, Charles took his hat and walked over to Charleston to see his friend Milford, as they were making preparations for a fine entertainment that was to come off in a few days. Charles found Milford at the house of Mr. Scott, waiting for Julia and Emma Scott to go riding.
"There is plenty of room in the carriage. Come go with us, Charles," said Milford.

"No," said Charles, "I will not detain you, I only wanted to know when you have decided to go West, for I am determined to accompany you. I have all things ready now, but we must not go before that party comes off, you know, for we promised our presence; but I am detaining you;" and wishing them a good morning, turned several corners, and then found himself again in the presence of Adaline.

"Dear Charles, you have come at last; I declare I am so delighted when you are not here; would you believe it, although I have had so many opportunities of marriage, you are the only one that I have ever loved."

"Dear Adaline," said Charles, "when I return from my western tour with Milford, we will have our love conspired."

"When you return, did you say? Charles, let us be married before you go."

"No Adaline; I shall not be gone long, not more than six months; perhaps not so long."

Adaline could scarcely conceal her disappointment; she thought he would not dare to refuse her, and now she must wait another six months; this was a severe trial to Adaline, for she was afraid that Charles might alter his mind relative to her; at any rate, "delays are dangerous," thought she.

"Are you going to the party, Adaline?" asked Charles, "yes," said Adaline.

"Well, I will bring the carriage around for you early," and kissing her, he took his leave.

A few days and we find our friends at a splendid entertainment given by Mrs. Clark, a lady of fashion. The guests were entertained with all the pomp of the most faultless taste; Adaline seemed to be the belle of the evening; she took particular pains to play the accomplished lady to allure Charles to jealousy; but Charles was pleased with the attention she received, never dreaming of what was passing in the heart of Adaline. The company seemed to enjoy the evening to a degree that did honor to the lady who gave the entertainment. The evening passed away, and Charles took Adaline home, expressing many regrets at leaving, and hopes of pleasure when he returned from the West. The next morning found Charles and Milford on their journey.

A few weeks of pleasant journeying and we find them on a Sabbath day, entering the door of a church in Ann Arbor, Michigan; and were much surprised to see Edward Allen the officiating Minister. Allen recognized his friends, and invited them to call at his boarding house; they promised to do so. The next morning after breakfast, Milford proposed calling on Allen.

"Well, you can go, Milford, but I must write to Adaline and Father; tell him that I will call soon." Milford left Charles writing, and made his way to the lodgings of Allen who seemed delighted to hear from his old friends.

"And you tell me Milford, that Charles is going to marry Adaline."

"Yes. As soon as he returns." A few other questions and Milford took his leave. Allen sat some time thinking how Adaline had trifled with his feelings. "Yes," said he, "I will be avenged; she shall feel what it is to be disappointed. Yes, there is to be a party in a day or two, at Deacon Bradshaw's, and I will procure them invitations, so that I can 'slip a spider in his dampling.' Yes, I'll have revenge."- and deciding upon the matter, he went and procured the invitations, and called upon his old friend Allen, waiting to introduce them. They found their old friend Allen waiting to introduce them, They were hospitably received by the
lost and gained; the young ladies were really quite brilliant. As dancing was not countenanced, the young people amused themselves with plays.

"There, they are going to sell a young lady's handkerchief as a pawn," colored Miss Kate Hayes' face. "I must see her; I must, to Minerva." Then the pmutlty to redeem it was stopped, and the young lady was led to her parents to attend school; her father and mother having gone to California. Sixteen years ago, and possessing naturally a superior intellect, she had made rapid progress in her studies, and took delight in contemplating the time when she should graduate and be able to instruct her little sisters in school.

Mr. Allen thought much. "Yes," said he, "I will fix it; a tighter job than he was shooting clown, he whispered unobservantly. "What shall be done to redeem it?" and he found himself lawfully married and Miss Kate Hayes got her handkerchief.

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The news of the marriage reached home before he got there, but the real state of affairs was not exactly known. Charles immediately sought Adaline, and made her acquainted with the whole. Her rage knew no bounds; she abused everybody. Not that she cared for Charles, but his property; and in giving away to her anger, she disclosed to Charles her real character, and in spite of himself he felt disappointed in Adaline.

"Are you going to Milford's wedding-to-morrow, Adaline?" asked Chas.
"No indeed; the Scotts and we are not on good terms."
"I am sorry to hear it, Adaline, for they are my particular friends."
"Well you had better go and take the other one; perhaps she would relish a divorced husband."

This last remark so wounded his feelings, that he arose and went home. "For I will soon be in, but, oh, I wish I were divorced husband."

"Whore is Uncle William, mother?"
"Well, my advice is, send for her."
"Come Uncle William, and tell me how your advice, so I am sadly distressed about this unfortunate marriage."
"Why, do you wish to get a divorce?"
"Most certainly, Uncle."
"Well, my advice is, to send for your wife and acknowledge the relation, for I tell you Charles there never was such a disgrace brought on our house, and I hope the name of McChure will never be stigmatized with the name of divorce."

"Your mother and I are just of the opinion of your uncle, Charles," said his father, "it is the best thing you can do."
"I will tell you what I will do, father, if she will come, I will acknowledge the relation; thus far she shall be considered as my lawful wife; to stop scandal, she shall receive every respect, as Mrs. McChure, but my heart I shall reserve, and she must be made acquainted with this fact."

"Well," said the Colonel, "I will write her to-morrow, and await the issue."

Two weeks had now elapsed, when Colonel McChure received a letter from Mr. Page, saying, he would send Kate in a few days; she had been dangerously sick, and was now just able to sit up. A few weeks more elapsed, and the stage drove up to Colonel McChure's mansion; Charles was not in and Uncle William landed the young and beautiful wife from the stage, and introduced her to her father and mother. Kate burst into tears as she received the warm embraces of the old people, and throwing her arms around the old lady's neck, she besought their forgiveness for her unintentional error, her youth and beauty, together with her artlessness, won them immediately.

"Where is the unfortunate young man I have made so unhappy?"

"He will room be in; but come, I will show you your room, where you can dress," and following her mother's hand, Kate was ushered into a magnificent suite of rooms.

"You had better lie down and rest child, until ten, you look quite exhausted."

"You are very kind, dear mother, give me a kiss before you go down, for I feel that you are a dear sympathizing mother."

"Well, now take a little rest my dear child, put your trust in God, and all will be well."

Kate's limited wardrobe required but little time for its arrangement, her black silk dress and beautiful hair adorned with the sweet and melancholy face. The ten bell rang, and Uncle William knocked at her door.

"Are you ready for ten, my little niece?"

Kate looked up, and her eyes filled with tears. She was overcome with so much unexpected kindness. They ascended to the sitting room, where Charles was waiting to receive her. He held out his hand with cold formality; suddenly dropping her hand, he led the way to the supper room. After
"WASHINGTON."

"Air—"God save the King."

Great God! to thee we raise
Our songs of grateful praise.
For Washington;
Let notes triumphant sound,
And hearts resounding blend,
With thanks from all around.
For Washington.

Our liberty we own,
With tyranny's overthrow.
Past battle-fields we view,
And there in glorious line,
We see the hand that's free
To Washington.

Our Senate halls too stately
That virtue brightly shone,
In Washington.
Courage with wisdom joined,
Justice with truth combined,
Firmness and love we find
In Washington.

First in war, first in peace,
First in our hearts we place,
Our Washington.
Our country's foe could see
Stone character so fair,
With whom they dare compare,
Our Washington.

In freedom's sacred trust,
First will be found the brave,
Of Washington.

Watchword of liberty!
Oh how dear to the free,
The name will ever be,
Of Washington.

America! then rise
Your proud, your joyful sons
For Washington.
And ye, from o'er the sea,
Who've fled from tyranny,
Shout, loudest of the free
For Washington.

G. V. G.

...
It is not my fault that I am a bachelor as the sequel to this and other histories of my housekeepers can prove. Such unceasing solicitude for my health, I mistrust for superior design on my syllabary, and nothing less, I favor and fall into the decease. “Dear me,” said she one morning with her little pouring, plump red, cherry lips: “How ill you look Mrs. Penny-whistle, have you passed a bad night?” You do look so worn and so anguish struck, like, that I am quite concerned about you; do call on my friend Doctor Dolittle and ask him to prescribe for that frightful cough you had last night.” It was in vain I assured her I never felt better in my life, and

BACHELOR PENNYWHISTLE AND HIS HOUSEKEEPERS.

BY DOLTF-—X.

I am a bachelor, worse luck, and what is worse, getting into the snare and yellow leaf of my unproductive vegetation. I kept my college fellowship so long, that it deprived me of the opportunity of any unfruitful fellowship. I succeeded to the property of a fellow, whose uncle, on condition that I should alter my patronymic from Entwhistle to Pennywhistle.

My housekeeper is not only the keeper of my house, but keeper of the master of it. She is scarcely of portable size sufficient to be moved without a lever, yet she has the art of ubiquity and perspicacity, for of every raghole of the garret to the rat hole of the cellar, I do believe she is fully cognizant. I must be of a strange, dishonest nature to myself, for she insists upon putting under lock and key every blessed thing that may be placed under the house, in the house, above the house, and around the house, even to the jampan and Epsom salts department of the family medicines chest, and such a parade of locking and unluckng goes on through the whole of the day, that I often wish from my heart that some clever thief would pay us a visit, and with his picklocks, pick it quarried with every keyhole in the place.

If she would confine to her own conspicuous zone, those steel guardians against stealing, I might submit to the thraldom; but she insists upon my being my own turnkey and jailor to certain prisoners that every liberal, generous housekeeper seems to deprive of liberty. If I want a glass of wine for a friend, or to recommend a dose for an enemy, the trouble is all the same, my attention must be attuned to a particular key, with a particular mark, with sundry cautions how to put it in if worn, and how to pull it out if rusty, how to turn it, if still, or how not to turn it, if broken. She has all the “penny saved a penny got” maxims by heart, as every cannal-end in the house can testify. In vain I tell her my fortune requires no such parsimony. I know nothing about it, I have not seen as she has, how large fortunes are dwindled into less than nothing by constant little wastes, and then she refers to her own disposition to waste, how if it were not kept under proper submission, what would become of me, although I am the last man in the world to meddle with such a wrist as her key zone encircles. That is my present housekeeper.

The one before her was a widow, one of the sauciest, coaxingest little sluts that ever killed a man. She had the prettiest arm and hand I ever saw, and she knew it as well as myself. I have always been a very susceptible appreciator of beauty and fine form in any shape, from a candlestick towards the Venus de Medici. This little wretch took it amiss and undertook care of my health as the present one dose of my property. She would never let me go out of my house without consulting the weathercock, nor come into my chamber without looking at the barometer; and then the exit forsooth must be accompanied with a bolder handkerchief around my throat if foggy, or great coat if cloudy, and my entrance with change of shoes and often of linen.

BACHOL~ P~N~YWHISTLE, Noe.
to my knowledge never coughed once during the whole night, but slept as sound as an owl.

"Do look at yourself in the glass," said she, "and be convinced." I looked, I saw nothing but a round, fat, dumby face, glowing with health, with cheeks as red as porter steaks. Why Mrs. Dimples, said I, (that's a playful name I gave her instead of Mrs. Temples) the reflection appears glowing with health.

"Apoplectic," said she, "Mr. Pennywhistle, apoplectic; that red and white, coming and going like sunshine and storm is treacherous, very treacherous. Do be advised by a friend, Mr. Pennywhistle." Charmimg little sorceress, I could have thrown myself at her feet and popped the question, if I could have stood any chance of getting up again without help, I am so very short and fat. Two strings, although the dear creature saw the canker in my blossom of health, told her that in the words of Spring, or Summerfield, or Bloomfield, or whatever the poet's name be.

"I felt myself so sound and plump, That hang me, if i couldnt jump."

Yet I was resolved to see her friend Doctor Dallittle, more especially as his name implied that he wouldn't do much to unsettle me by his prescriptions. So going out for that purpose I encountered another friend of the little woman's.

"Good heavens! Mr. Pennywhistle, what is the matter with you this morning? Has anything happened? Mrs. Temples is well I hope."

"Why do you ask, said I. "Why my dear sir, you do look so desperately ill!"

Well, thought I, good looks must be treacherous; yet I assure the reader I never felt better in all my life. I saw the man of pills; he saw my tongue; felt my pulse; made me cough; and convinced me that change of air was indispensable. So I took the nearest linen in my wardrobe, and the next stage to the country, and off I went. As I was being lumbered about, a thought struck me I had not made my will; I might die and my worldly traps be scattered to the four points of a stringer's compass, and leave the dear little thing without a dime, unpaid and unsecured for by a worthless world. So I got myself wheeled back again. Thought I to myself, now I will give the dear little soul a funny surprise; I'll creep in at the back door, unseen myself in the chimney closet, and enjoy a deep unseen through the key-hole. I wondered how she would be consoling herself in my absence, and I longed to make the experiment of a sudden surprise.

Two or three times previously I imagined she had been shedding tears in secret. Who knows but that I might be the unconscious cause of them.

As I scoured the house towards evening I was amazed to find the whole front of the parlor, having a greatly display of fine windows, all lighted up. What can be going on thought I, so I creep in unperceived into the cloak room of the hall, leaving the door just ajar so that I might hear and see the proceedings. Will the reader believe it, the minx had availed herself of my absence to give a grand party to those very friends who had so strangely given the lie to my good health in the morning. In this my pleasant retreat, I had the supreme felicity of hearing the little wretch allude to me in no very respectful terms, as, "dumpy," "old dodger," "squinty," "old foggy," "snuffy old twaddle." I had forsaken snuff the last fortnight which were duly responded to in suitable complimentary language, as "conceited old prig," "annoying old fool," "mesty old antiquary," "bow-legged Adonis." The plesasure I experienced was enhanced by the liberal use of the best wines of my cellar, and the choicest bits of my larder.

Two or three times was I obliged to check the ardor of my resolution to only out to break the head of that
scamp, Doctor Doolittle, who it seemed had been the author of the vile humbug practised on me, but I forbore, being determined to see the force played out in spite of my teet, which were often grinding at her vile ingratitude.

All was passing mightily pleasant, when a certain lawyer called for the song which she the said widow, had composed upon myself, and which he assured them was a very gem. This gem as near as any outstretched ears could reach was as follows:

"Oh, my Pompom, old foggy旧 Pcctom,
With a krou,.,h so wheezy,
With rose lips so tiery,
A pair of eyes so bright;
With eves like a fence,
Nose like a club of Clubs,
A very case of snubs,
Or any other odd fish,
A broad face of a face,
By the lying hands."

To which that Doctor added:

"And to finish the figure,
No carole at the trigger."

What does the candid reader think of this heap of insults? It was much as ever I could do, to keep my wrath bottled up. However, I comforted myself by the remark that listeners from time immemorial were never designed to hear any good of themselves. But the slander of "fiery red hair"—now will the reader believe it, there is not a particle of that odious color about it, on the contrary, it is of that delicious light auburn that the divine Raphael loved to paint; as for my nose, I never presumed upon its grace and beauty; nor my hands. I looked in vain for the slightest symptom of it in her delicious eyes; but instead of it, I only perceived a ragged wrinkle lurking in the nook to make sport at the first opportunity offered.

**Final to Bachelor Pennywhistle.**
NETTIE.

In my childhood or youth, I many times used to wish that I could paint a picture: I used to wish that I could, form the white marble, chisel out a human figure that would almost breathe and speak to me; or that in the loom of the wizard fancy, I could weave a story or a poem that should melt other hearts as mine had oftentimes been melted, by the influence of the strange image that came upon the canvass of my brain, that marvelous realm which no physical instrument can penetrate, and who-o mysteries writing the spiritual eye, alone rends, I often yearned to embody my soul in something that might speak silently to all who should come into its presence, that should make them feel what I felt, without saying anything; that should command the soul and draw along and bear her upward, silently. I loved silence for it is the power of the Soul. But I could seldom catch the subtile visions, and a dark cloud rose on my life, just then, which has never left it, and now they do not come to me any more as they used to do many years ago, oh! how many! It seems centuries since I was a child and saw these things, I wish now, to make a picture of childhood, to call back the translated form, that may speak to you in few words, but which will call up a thousand memories and speak to you always.

You know Nettie well. We all knew Nettie; just as in the North Atlantic States everybody knows the violet or the primrose, and seeks them from their very modesty. She has gone away now, and when we close our eyes and look for her, with the inner vision and sometimes catch glimpses of her in the "Magic Glass" we see her almost as she was before only less earthly; Nettie is to us a celestial figure—and it seems as if she had always been such—some portion seems to have been taken away, so that her two exclamationes have gilded into one, and now her little earthly life seems glorified by a radiance streaming over it from another world. We have almost instantly forgotten all its earthly elements and it stands in our memories now a sanctified life; and as if it had never been anything else—passionless—sinsless.

Nettie was a sun-beam in the home where she dwelt, bearing light and happiness into every recess where her presence might enter. The life-plans of others might all be defeated—hope be crushed—disappointment and sadness set on the brow and care and anguish complain from the life—but Nettie was a child and the hand-writing of sorrow was not yet upon her brow and the overburdened spirit was often beguiled from despair by the serene illumination of her eye. Whatever cloud of sorrow stood over that form, the radiance of her spirit gilded it and played upon its dark brow until the gloom was forgotten in the supernatural beauty of her light. When the storm-wind was abroad, and the blue tempest hung low and shut out the warm sunlight from the earth, when the tropical rains flooded all the streets and the sense of loneliness and desolation brooded on all things, the sunlight of her face streamed across every hall and into all places. The storm might reign without, but natural light was within, the light of a child's love, which is eternal.

In the bright mornings, when the great sun poured into the windows his wealth of light, she stood there among the flowers—the brightness of the morning—the brightness of all flowers—brighter than light itself. She stood among them as if she was of them, and belonged there, and the blue beams from her eyes seemed interwoven in their white petals. She stoed among the lilies—genius of the flowers—the angel of purity—as if the source of their embodied loveliness, come to bring them their substance—light, and dew, and rain-drops, and a pure atmosphere. She stood there, their minister, dispensing rich ambrosia.

When the limitless night hung in the starry sky, the sun set nor rose, Nettie stood in the very home. She was the silver star above human sadness. Nettie was a moon. When the friction over discord in her young life melted—and life around her uttering the sad nature—was made evident of an overwrought spirit, the child of frail pinnaces living on earth, crept up and stopped the tears. The tears that were exacted imperissible, the tears that were shed the gladdest tears of all. It was music, true music. Do you see, you will be quite happy, if you live by it, for those translated tones sweet vibrations echo back.

And the spheres, like a crown, "heart of heart throned, and in look squared at death with its child, and being the last to die,"

We believe
She was true-thrilled with
song—called
Her eyes only
with wonder
He came like
invited here.
When the red evening faded behind the limitless ocean, and the solemn
night hung its thick mantle before the
sun, and in its grandeur, brought a
bath upon human life, a light still
stood in the western windows of that
home. She was the Orient of its
mornings, and the Hesper of its nights—a
silver star above the midnight of all
human sadness.

Nettie was a perpetual song in that
home. Whatever tumult came from
the friction of life around her, whatever
discord from the heart of care, her
life and heart were only
music—and she charmed the jarring
life around her into tune. Her
voice, uttering the simple impulses of her
nature was music—singing all day;
the cadences of an earthly joy or the
hymns of a higher life—it was melody.
Her slight frail form, bounding in
happiness along, scarcely touching
the earth, moved rhythmically. Her very
step was music along the hall and on
the stairs.—The murmurs of affection,
that were exquisites, the tones of love
imperishable, the whispers of sadness,
that was pity itself, the “good night,”—
the glad welcome, the “good bye” all
came in music. Her life was a life of
music, and its murmuring yet about us.

Do you not hear it? Have you not heard it? If
you will be quite silent sometimes and
listen, I am sure you will be thrilled
by it, though you have been
before. But when you look again, but the illusion
will vanish, instantly. A blue eye and a
smile in the crowd will catch your
gaze and hold it a minute, but the
shifting scene will dispel the vision.
A slight figure will glide by you. She
will not be there.

Nettie had left her up the long pathway into
the celestial paradise. She felt she
was going to receive the beatitudes of the
Master, and no complaining, no
murmur, no attendance of fear, came
from her lips. Only a crystalline
light stood up on the casket of her soul as
she left it. The little form, “beautiful
even in death”—temple of her gentle
spirit—has been quietly laid away.

When you see her again, no more. She had
“gone before.”

A slight figure will glide by you in
the street sometimes, and you will turn
to look again, but the illusion
will vanish, instantly. A blue eye and a
smile in the crowd will catch your
gaze and hold it a minute, but the
shifting scene will dispel the vision.
A slight figure will glide by you. She
will not be there.

Before your mortal eyes she’ll come
no more. But sometimes in the
silences of deep, in the “starry midnight,”
she will steal silently before the eyes of
your soul, and you will see her then,
standing—a child—spirit among the
immortal children. She will not speak
to you. She cannot tell you of the
utterable splendor there. But you will
know it is Nettie the’ so holy.
The same calm face and womanly spirit
will tell you it is Nettie. If she should whisper to you, you could
never forget it. If she should beckon
to you, you would go to her presently.
And when your sleep is broken you will wonder that you are not with her. So celestial—so sanctified—so immortal, Nettie stands in our memory.

THE VOICE OF A SPIRIT.

I am but a dream, time is as eternity, seasons and years hold me not, I gaze into the wrinkled locks of frosty winter, ride upon the storm's dread front, look upon the sunshine afar off, lying like a sleeping infant cradled in a tropical vale.

My days and years are as the stately Missouri, gathering pebbles from the glens of the Rocky Mountains, the Ohio's wide flood, mangy empire, uniting and blending in the fisher of waters, the mighty Mississippi, rolling into the ocean in the widened gulf-stream, striking against the coasts of Labrador, fraught with lofty icebergs, casting them upon the coasts of the Old World, moving down the slopes of Africa, rushing across the Atlantic, up and on through the isles of the Caribbean Sea, circling on, forever and forever.

Zoroaster and Mohammed are familiar companions; I smile with Herodotus, weep with Democritus, upon the follies and crimes of men. Space is obliterated, I wander with the comets amidst the stars that roll in their orbits along the bounds of the universe, and mark their regular and endless revolutions.

Then as I grow weary of these, I come back again to our earth, sit myself down upon some lonely brow and listen, for pastime, to the noise and murmur of an assembled world, all sounds borne upon the air, no matter how harsh the means that produce them, or how barren they grumble upon mortal ears, come up unto me, mellowed by distance, worn of their asperities, undulating as the music of a soft wren from some garden bower.

Then I fly to some overhanging cliff that looks out upon the rolling main, revelling amidst the waters and dark rolling billows mingle with the spirit of the storm; and when the waves subside, and the lust of nature is all around me, I count the dead swells of the sea, and am charmed with their triplicity. The universe to me is the full chord of one vast diapason, all in unison with the music of nature, perfect in all its parts, boundlessly beautiful, and endless in symphony.

But alas, flesh and blood chain me to the earth, my spirit's wanderings are vain and profitless, they bring not food for the body, nor supplies for its varied wants; the sunrise of each day wakes me to life's stern duties. I toil for daily bread, am pelted by the snows and storms of winter that fall and howl around my home amid the Sierras. O, that the God of nature had implanted in me, none but imaginations to supply earthly wants, methinks I had been happier.

I see around me, even in the rocks amidst which I toil, the dead relics of fleeting centuries, antediluvian life, fossilized here in its rocky tombs, fossilized and preserved for me to wonder upon, study and meditate; can I refrain to ponder upon those footprints as they rise in succession from group to group? The primeval series, Molusks and Zoophytes, sauris and periwinkles.

Then cephalopores, gastropodes, pterichthys, lischens, mosses, ferns and fungi. Then lizards, crocodiles and alligators. Then marine mammalia, seals, grampus and whales. Then elephants, rhinoceros, hippopotami, lands, cedars, hemlock headed casuaries, and at last to complete the series of gradations from the lowest to the highest, crowning the whole, is man. But when I look within myself at one for the whole, what do I find? A being full of varied instincts, endowed with reason and intelligence, capable of mighty deeds; but leisurely fitting away life's precious moments in endeavors to accomplish unattainable things; full of lofty aspirations, full of low and grovelling passions, in body and mind the face of day, and we men would place likely too many—an infinity. Yet in us instinct high over desire for immortality by the same instinct, of observing through all time, an inscribed, developpe...
THE VOICE OF A SPIRIT.

...as above, down to untimely graves, beneath the snows and Sierras; and its Varied face, and howl of every animal that ever perished; the fleshes of flesh around me, the type of every animal that ever perished; the hymn, in one, a prowling demon; the serpent in another, coiling his subtile folds; the lion in another, brave, bold, and dauntless. I know that it is uncharitable, but these thoughts are in me. I make up of many conflicting thoughts. At other moments, be-nevolence holds my purse-strings, and I feel charity unto all men; but looking carefully throughout the universe, do I see the evidence there to satisfy me of the fulfillment of that desire that is in us all, the paramount wish for happiness and immortality?

I see in the broad field of nature, marked upon every blade of grass, every leaf that trembles in the soft air of spring, evidence that there is a God; there must be a Creator, an intelligence above our own.

There is in us a greater or less desire to know more than we can see in nature's field, about this Supreme Being.

I have passed over the tombs of the past; made myself familiar with the views of the great men of former ages, their schemes of salvation and views of immortality; what they have said of the soul and its mysterious connections with the body, and I have scrutinized profane history in vain for the plan of salvation that satisfies the full wants of the soul. Man could not originate the plan, it was left for God himself, and fulfilled in the person of Jesus of Nazareth. No man ever lived that equalled him in beauty and symmetry of person, in godlike attributes, and notions.

Man cannot propose a plan of salvation. The Saviour's death was the most sublime scene ever recorded in history. "Socrates died like a philosopher; but Jesus Christ, like a God."

My situation is that of many; the mountains are full of men, toiling for subsistence; they are found in every nation, and on the hill-tops. Many have given up in despair, and turned drunkards, gamblers, loafers, villains and scampresses. Others have gone down to untimely graves, beneath the weight of corroding cares; but I will not succumb, nor give up. I will maintain my own self-respect and endeavor to deserve the respect of others.

I am, in this line of thought, firmly believing that industry, perseverance and energy will finally succeed, as that there is a future life, of which this is but the beginning; those qualities are always equal to talents, and often superior; thousands of examples all over our country, lead me onward. "Excellency" should be our motto under all circumstances.

No matter how lowly your situation or how dejected your thoughts, there is hope of success while there is life. The whole field of nature was created by God himself, and given you for a heritage. The earth, the air, the sun that illuminates the heavens, the stars that gom the universe, all, all minister
to your pleasure and happiness. And
to the Sun of God, died for you
 upon Calvary, that eternal life and
happiness may be yours. That better
land beyond the grave you can inherit.

STANZAS ON A ROSE.

PRESENTED TO THE WRITER BY A LADY.

To the lovely crimson Rose,
Whose golden heart, bright-tinted glow,
To see them are,
More than the queen of flowers,
Fair in thy face,
The smile of happier homes,
Which now I trace,
Shine on my heart with a sweet persuasive
spell,
Like fragrance from the heavenly Asphodel.

Purchased from thy parent stem,
The first, the last, Where
Like a radiant gem, Enthroned so fair!
Amid these hills so wild, O didst thou play,
I command forsaken child,
Or soul of mine,
To aid a kindred golden-hearted friend,
Whose beauty lovely heart might ever blend.

Twas woman's gentle hand,
That sent to me,
A stranger in the land,
Alone like thee,
Thy hair and lovely form,
To me a shield,
Of friendship pure and warm,
Or more divine,
The sympathy of woman's kindly heart,
Which to my own the sweetest joys impart.

Thy brilliant leaves may fade,
But there shall dwell,
The fragrance which has made
My heart to sing,
Of Antilles' joys so pure,
And memories dear,
Which ever shall endure
While thou art near,
With all thy cherished sweetness to re
rained,
Of woman's heart so gentle pure, and kind.

Near Placerville, Cal., May, 1857.

OUR INTERPRETER.

By Odds.

Ho, ho! ho! for the mountains,
the snow-capped mountains! where
rough old Boreas holds his winter
reigns, where the summer sun ablins
sweetly through thick foliage of ever
greens; the birth-place of sparkling
springs and laughing rivulets; where
the eagle finds his home, and where
Nature sitting in all her majesty and
loveliness, holds perpetual jubiloso!
Come with me if you will, to Indepen
dence bar, on Nelson Creek. It was
here that we halted in the fall of '50,
when on our way to Marysville; we
had been many, many miles further
into the mountains, and had been suc
cessful, for we had found what we had
sought after. Hitherto in all our jour
neyings we had walked, but now Doc's
shoes had run out, and his feet were
very sore, and the night previous we
had been obliged to help him into camp.
Old Bill had been at the mouth of the
Creek and there learned that a pack
train would leave that place for Gras
Valley after dinner, and upon his re
turn prepared that we should ride; this
appeared to meet the views of all; We
thought it a fine idea, and wondered
how it would seem after so long a
walk. But Bill said the mules belonged
to a Spaniard, and we must find
some one to interpret for us; after
searching for some time an interpreter
was found; he was a Frenchman,
very little Frenchman, not over
five feet in height, and with so much
hair on the place where his face ought
to be, that it was somewhat doubtful if
he had any face; but there was a pair
do of eyes there, black, sharp, piercing
eys; and he had a voice too, a perfect
French voice; so sweet, so musical, in
short, he was French all over. As he
approached our party, he instaled in a
succeesion of low bows; French bows;
and after embracing each, proceeded in
very broken English to inform us,
that by profession he was a Doctor;
that he spoke the Spanish language as
fluently as he did

Our interpreter was strangely his,
with the Spanish, and

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questions, plumb,

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This was our guide who

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fluently as he did English; that he had been
unfortunate, and wishes to leave the
mountains, and will officiate as our
interpreter. Quite frequently during
these preliminary remarks, he has fold-
ed his hands, placed them upon his
stomach, and with his hand thrown
back, and eyes rolling upwards, ejacu-
lated, "Ah! mme Belle France! mme
Belle France! why for I did leave me
there." He was about to give us the
minute detail of his many afflictions,
when thin suddenly brought him to
business, by telling him in language
not at all French to "Dry"—a few
French apologies for intruding his
private affairs upon us and he was ready
to attend us. The owner of the inn
was one through whose veins the blood
of old Spain was flowing; he was tall
and straight, with a pleasing eon-te-
mence; from the corrugations of his
time, and the white so prettily mingled
with his once black hair, I judged
that he had seen the
sun of more than
fifty summers; his entire appearance
was prepossessing, and his manners
bespoke the gentleman.
I became at
once interested in him, and regretted
we could not converse, that I might
learn something of his history, for
that he had not always been a mule
driver. For the sum of five
dollars, including the Frenchman,
the "Capitan" agreed to pack us to
Grass Valley. About 1 o'clock the
party mounted and commenced to
ascend the hill—still we called it, but
from base to apex "twas full five miles,
and in many places almost perpendicular.
The train consisted of thirty
mules, and besides the owner, the
Frenchman, and ourselves, five "Va-
queros." The mules were without brid-
es, and equipped with pack-ands,
or aprayas upon which we rode.
To describe these saddles, I am at
a loss; in shape they were not unlike a
juvenile mattress, firmly secured
over the mule's back; the stitching however
did not in the least resemble that of a
feather, hair, palm, or even straw mat-
tress, but if leather shavings ever were
used for such a purpose, then "twas
leather shavings we rode upon. We
found them more comfortable than we
anticipated, for they were so thick, that
when going up hill we could assume a
position very much like sitting upon
a barrel with our knees bent over the
head, and a firm grip with our hands
to the frame; and thus we rode up the
steepest inclinations; when descending
we reversed our positions and fixed the
tail of the mule. This was a new
degree in equesrianism, and we enjoyed
it much. Imagine, if you can, this
party, covered with rags and patches,
slip-shod, slouched hats, long hair and
beards, faces rather dark and dirty,
sitting upon these saddles, and ascend-
ing or descending some steep acclivity;
each with a new clay pipe protruding
from his mouth, the stem of which
was at least eighteen inches in length.
The pipes were purchased at the creek,
and such satisfaction did they give that
they were hardly out of our mouths.
Many were the joyous peals of laughter
that echoed and re-echoed among these
woods and hills, for we presented such
a ludicrous appearance to each other,
that even Don who was quite unwell,
could not refrain from joining in our
mirth. It was near night when we
reached the summit of the hill (?),
and here we found a cool, refreshing
spring, and a fine flat covered with
rich grass, and here we determined to camp.
After selecting a spot to spread our
blankets, and having eaten our supper, we
gathered about the camp-fires of the
Mexicans, smoked our pipes, and wit-
tnessed the manufacture of Tortillas as
follows: each one took a piece
dough about the size of a
small egg, and here we determined to camp.
After selecting a spot to spread our
blankets, and having eaten our supper, we
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blankets, and having eaten our supper, we

In height (!) they then "went in," and we smoked our pipes and gazed with astonishment at the monument disappeared. We carried our gold between the folds of our handkerchiefs—those of us who were fortunate enough to have one, those less fortunate, in strips of flannel—secured around us, just above the waistband of our pants, and beneath our shirts—the little Frenchman discovered the location of it, and familiarly touched old Bluff's treasures, making at the same time some very happy remarks—neither the action or remarks were favorably received by Bluff, who putting his huge flat very near the little fellow's face, advised him to "take care! or I'll knock the top of your head off!"

The adjacent hills, the trees and everything was clothed with night—the camp-fire had dwindled down until here and there a spark flickered, and then, went out—myriads of stars were twinkling up above, and the last while from our pipes was blowing and circling the air, 'ere we proposed to turn in. The Frenchman who had been sitting with the evening, aside from us, now approached and invited us to sleep with him—he had selected such a lovely spot, beneath the extending branches of a huge old pine—the grass was so heavy there, and it would be so much more secure, as well as pleasant to sleep together—to all his entreaties we were deaf, and turned in between our own blankets, and upon the ground we laid ourselves selected—it was not 'til now, that a suspicion flashed across our minds, that we might be in bad company, and after comparing notes, we brought to mind several suspicious circumstances in connection with our French friend—but as we were well armed, and feeling strong in numbers, we apprehended but little danger and—went to sleep. Just as the gray of dawn came peeping o'er the hills—just at that time when the darkness wavers, 'ere it dis appears—just as day came struggling into life, we were awake and just as 'old sol' came creeping from his mountain bed, we were having camp. About noon we arrived in Grass Valley, and finding good grass and water about one mile from the settlement, the owner of the train condescended to camp there, and we, telling him that we wanted to settle with him in town, went on and established ourselves at the most fashionable hotel—which consisted of eight upright posts, covered with brown canvas, and furnished with a bed and table—the bar, comprised a board over a barrel, two tin cups and a black bottle—the table, a board over two barrels, and when "set" presented an array of tin plates, and rusty knives. The Kitchen was behind the house—out of doors. The culinary utensils included a fry-pan, kettles, coffee-pot, and—that was all. But we were comfortable, and "laid back" happy and contented, if only from the fact that we had at length found some one to cook for us. We had been at our hotel less than an hour when our interpreter made his appearance, and stated that if agreeable to us, he would receive our lard for the Spaniard—not dreaming of my deception, we paid him. A short time after, the old Spanish camp in, and through an interpreter, who had found in the valley, informed us that his business was to collect our passage money. He was rather surprised to learn that the Frenchman had received it, and said that he was not authorized to do so, but he presumed it was all right. One hour later he returned in a state of great excitement, he could not find the Frenchman, and some one during his absence from camp, had been there and stolen all of his money—about $1200. It must have been the Frenchman—we readily and at once assisted to hunt for him, we rounded the camp—parties went out in every direction—but our search was of no avail, he had gone. This was a severe blow to the Spaniard, and although years ago, I can well remember how he looked, and can see him now, as I say him then despairing, his hands in his sides, with his eyes fixed on the evening sky, and his face more haggard than worn. The bow had learned that his series of misfortunes had begun, and this was the worst—although poor, he was well and sincere, he could not help but allow himself from us—and so eighteen months passed in San Francisco, him that fortunate smiled he was 'enriched in Mexico. Of the nothing nothing occasioned him in the city, save the finding the cisco about four years a party of men met near the town, I to their squaws, we were advised, as some who bore a very much later.

AN ENDEARING STORY.

I. Let the gentle voice of the children's soul

Sing their sweet and plaintive song,

While the morning sun's first rays

Light your face with golden glow.

2. May the blessings of the God above

Descend upon you, sweet and pure,

As you sleep in the bosom of your

Dearest, dearest friends.

3. May the birth of your children be

Blessed in the sight of Heaven,

As their souls are fresh from earth's

Sorrows, to begin as sons.

4. May the hour of your children's

Laughter bring a smile to your face,

As you watch their little hands

Work and play at their games.

5. May the years of your children's

Lives be filled with happiness and love,

As they grow in strength and

Wisdom to lead a good life.

6. May your children always be

Guided by the hand of God,

As they travel through life's

Path with grace and peace.

7. May the years of your children's

Lives be marked with success and joy,

As they seek to fulfill their

Duties and ambitions.

8. May the future hold for your

Children a bright and happy destiny,

As they follow the path of

Righteousness and virtue.
AN INDEPENDENCE LYRIC.

III.

Let our heart-songs of freedom ring out to the world,
For our nation is happy and free—
While our banners in glory are waving unfurled,
As signals of triumphs to be.

Most dear to our hearts shall be Washington's name,
That stands like a mountain of light,
His grandeur, and goodness, and greatness preside,
How great was the cause that enlisted his name,
In freedom's most perilous fight.

IV.

We'll shout the loud praises! rejoice! then rejoice!
As fathers we stand in our might,
Forever proclaiming with eloquent voice,
We are free as do only the right.

This served the strong arms and the battle's fierce shock,
This gave courage to hearts that were brave,
Miles familiar and peril they stood like the rock,
Unshaken when the finger of fate seemed to mock,
For they knew the Almighty would save.

V.

Let the cannon's loud thunder on every ear roar,
While our flags are unfurled to the breeze,
Miles the blessings of peace we rejoice in the war,
That death on the land and the seas,
Yes, death to the tyrants who came as fierce foes,
To fetter our fathers with chains,
When Liberty's sun a' e'er our nation rose,
To guide and cheer onward the spirits of those,
Whose pure fame all hallowed remains.

June Fourth, 1857

How came it there?

Several feet below the surface, in the gravel, and among the roots of a noble pine tree, over four feet in diameter, and growing on Wavervello creek, Trinity County, near the town of Wavervello, a gentleman named Fouts, in the winter of 1850, while mining, found a small, neatly worked necklace, made of figrum-vitae wood, threaded on fine gold wire; and attached thereto was a beautifully chiseled and highly finished cross of gold.

Now, will some one account for its existence—there, or answer—How came it there?
It may appear to many like a misnomer, to speak of the Moral heart of California; but it is not; there is no misnomering about it; for though in the great heart-throbings of our people, the "almighty dollar," and the efforts for its procurement, seem to be the mainspring of our action, a principle impelling us with an electric speed and power, the minds of the masses, regardless of the wear upon the moral heart, still there is a recuperative principle, a power in goodness and morality, that in spite of every neglect, will sooner or later triumph over vice, error, immorality, and their consequences.

With the first dawn of our existence as a State of the Confederacy, we were isolated and distant from all the more hallowed and refined influences of an enlightened civilization. The great body of our people possessed, in an eminent degree, the reckless daring, and spirit, of adventurers; and it was, as it always is—to say the least of it—coupled with a recklessness of the moral heart; a carelessness in keeping sentinel over passions and desires the most difficult of control when untrammeled and freed from the conventional usages of a more elevated and refined society.

As a consequence, violence was done to the moral heart, and however well it may have seemed to answer the ends and purposes of an unsung ambition in flattering individual aggrandizement, the result has been a disease of the moral heart; and so deep and hideously apparent is the plague-spot, that the broad mantle of charity even, can no longer hide it; for the world knows it. And yet the world looks upon California, as truthfully she is, a golden Goddess, beautifully jeweled, and enthralled in outward magnificence; but with all her beauty marred and impaired, by the blemish upon her moral heart.

It is thus we find her; rich and prosperous in everything that constitutes a superficial splendor, even to the throwing off of two millions of golden jewels semi-monthly; and yet, possessing a leprous moral heart.

It is not our purpose to charge upon any class or party of men, political or religious, as being peculiarly the cause of our present morally depressed condition. It is enough, and bad enough, that the fact exists; but our object is, or would be if possible, to bring Californians to think and believe in the necessity of a more elevated standard of morality. Nothing but a proper appreciation of this necessity is wanting to render California in many respects, the terrestrial paradise of the human race.

To accomplish this the moral heart must first beat with a calm and regular pulsation. This can only be secured by the proper flow of pure and uncontaminated blood, performing the life-functions of our government. To secure this, such men only should be entrusted with the power, as possess a high moral principle, and an interest in the honor and prosperity of the country.

Already is the Press of a portion of the State at least, eloquent in its appeals to the patriotism (?) of the people. A portion are devoted to the support of one man as an exponent of principles or of party; and another portion, to men of an opposite political faith, or opposed without the all moral character.

The fact is, it is for political purposes to the moral heart, a candidate for such influence as of easy moral establishment, it is to be pressed to economic success as never.

Now this moral heart of pure and strong men, alone can make contented and happy California. With the first dawn of existence as a State of the Confederacy, we were isolated and distant from all the more hallowed and refined trammels of an enlightened civilization.

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faith, or opposing party; and both, without the slightest allusion to the moral character of either.

The fact is, it has become dangerous for political parties to make inquiry as to the moral antecedents of persons, as candidates for office; and when such inquiry is made, and the odium of easy morality is incontrovertibly established, it seems too often but the prestige or sure stepping-stone to political success and preferment.

Now this could not be, if the great moral heart of the masses beat with pure and strong pulsations—such as alone can make a people individually contented and happy, and the commonwealth prosperous. To place us, or bring us as a people, upon an equality in every respect, with the most favored of God's creatures, it is only necessary that the will of the people goes out in the choice of the rulers and directors of the State's interests, in the direction only, in which men of sterling moral principle can be found.

Every other experiment has been resorted to, and signally failed. Now let us for once at least, at the approaching political campaign, try the experiment of acting from a higher and holier impulse than party expediency, or the preferment of zealous partisans because they are such, regardless of their high moral worth, and intellectual ability.

The unimpeached exercise of a high moral principle in our political action, and inculcating the doctrine that such an attainment is indispensable in those with whom we are to entrust our interests, can alone erase the one foul stain that now mars the otherwise brilliant history of our State's progress. Every true-hearted patriot must feel that the time for a nobler political existence for California has fully come; and we ask earnestly—that every true Californian should lend a strong hand and heart to usher in the glorious advent, by voting only for honest, moral, and capable men.

MY CABIN HOME.

by G. W. NORRIS.

Adieu! Adieu! my cabin home,
Such knotty log; adieu!
I'll ne'er forget thee, though I roam
Mornines and valleys through.
Together here companions, we—
Have braved rude winter's blasts;
And oft from storms you've sheltered me—
But we must part at last.
Each log to me a brother seems,
Thy dear old roof, a mother,
Thy gloamesh heart, a sister dear;
And stew, a kind old father.
With such and all I've often communed,
My bosoms ans and last;
And sitting here, my late oft tender,
In concord with the breeze.

And thou, my faithful guardian dear,
Thy lately wetch both stood;
Pronouncing me from every bane,
In this wild, tangled wood—
With and end heavy heart I linger,
Thy door-way round about,
While each dear thing familiar
With silence's speaking out.

Adieu! adieu! I must not stop,
I'll summon all my will,
For tears are gathering drop by drop,
And falling on thy aisle—
I'll double lock and bar thy door!
No wanton foot strazy,
Shall tread or desecrate thy floor,
While I am far away.

I'll not forget the beams of light
Passed 'neath thy friendly roof,
And if these latter late lips to kiss,
I'll give thee burning proof—
And how I'll pledge a miner's word,
Pledged by his hopes for rain,
That when old Winter's blasts are heard
I'll live with thee again.

The MORAL HEART OF CALIFORNIA.
Our Social Chair.

We have often thought and felt that an oversight occurred at the commencement of this Magazine; that we did not set apart some jovial corner for sunny and social intercourse with our fun-loving readers; where in a chatty and familiar way all sorts of good-humored things could be said or quoted in a good-humored way, for the amusement and improvement of us all.

"Laugh and grow fat,"

is a very old, but very expressive aphorism, and we find but few, very few, who have not a preference for that exercise to most others. We cannot. We once heard a lady exclaim (prompt mad affectionate rejoinder) but if the spouse, suggestions we call secure at all suitable times and seasons, and we hope that our readers have often thought and felt that way out through the snowy locks, or even the very heart of that stern and uncom-promising old Annual. We therefore con-
cluded that some one of Uncle Samuel's jests until institutions had imprisoned it in some unsuspected corner of a (fictionally named) "Mail Bug," and which we especially regret, that as paper commutes the terms of the calamity having committed matrimony [!] At such a time of all others, we suggest that the gentle reader "Hear him for his cause." With us he has the floor—no, we mean the "So-
cial Chair."

"Manlius, in Quincy, Plumas County, on the evening of May 1st, by His Honor, Judge Goodnow, Mr. John K. Lovelov, Editor of the "Old Mountaier," and Miss H. A. McGowen."

"Bring out the big guns again of brass, what takes only thunder."

"Widow after—put a wife of our own—she's truisnous our neighbors—don't ask 'em any host—will neither borrow nor lend no-how—W-hoops! and crinoline! Git up and shake yourselves—wop and howl! you husbands, old bachelors, for your sin is hanging heavily on you; why you are not so curiously use, or as the poet Psalm festivity, it 'coos' the Yankees—[a long way out, eh?] (we've forgot the chap-
ner and verse—wish we could forget about a few new verses for long, as easy,—boy!]

"A hatpin, a hand-kilt, And ruoos for want of shoes, etc."

"We've got the advantage of you every way—got somebody to box our ears—comb our blessed gray hairs, what are going down in sorrow—sniff our ways, and amusements—lighten our cares and bread—provided she can get flour—powerful scarce just now—and instead of coming home at nightfall and go sneaking into a room, the floor all covered over with stamps of elipers, old chews of tobacco, old dirty clothes, and getting into an old ragged bunk, a fine rock collection with it would be cotton—we—that is me—early to bed and late to rise—you all know this—how can home—crown nicely carpeted—slippers ready—well, we are not going to tell you that we know for you might carry us, and that "ain't Christian-like."

We had several reasons for pursuing the career we have—mental a "local item" for our next issue—the "slates" must be filled up—"impressions" must be made, or our "cy-

and books, etcetera, were over all the
crust of which we all of the

Well, all these comments in connec-
taneously to have any

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On this
OUR SOCIAL CHAIR.

43

A PEAK FOR KISSING.

The eternal mists with the river,
With the river with the mists.
The whole of heaven unto forever,
With a sweet communion.

And the fountains of the deeps
All things that evil divine.
Thus are the waves clap unto another
Of dew of ever-flowing mists.

If I should kiss her in the mists,
And the waves clap unto another,
Of dew of ever-flowing mists.
If I should kiss her in the mists,
And the waves clap unto another.

But when the world glides on apace,
We forego all those little tumults and mists.
We forsake all those little tumults and mists.
We forsake all those little tumults and mists.

So mote it be.

The following clippings from the spirited, novel, and alluringly "Graham's Magazine"—now one of the very best of our eastern exchanges—will perhaps cause some to regret that our California female population is so small in proportion to the males—being only about one in five—it presents so many criminal absurdities to such a pleasant pastime.

When we remember the immense influence which ladies have had in history, it is not a wonder, dear sir, that you should have given a chapter to the subject, in one of your late Graham's. For—

If it be not true that Mark Anthony
Yield up the kingdom for one servile kiss
From Egypt's fidget Queen.

On this last we went to work and gathered a few more of these ruby gems—these wine drops—a little electric thrill of poetry, for our readers—in fact for our fair readers, to tell the truth—assuming them so have the just appreciation of the beautiful. Take the added.

If you want to kiss a pretty girl, why kiss her—if you can. If a pretty girl wants to kiss you, why let her—like a man.

THE ROUND AND TWISTED KISS.

The newest of all new things, the story of the Widow Lambkin, of whom Dr. Manners took so much toll when they crossed the bridge on a slighl ride, reminds me, says a down east friend, of one of our Maine young cousins, who this describes his battle and final victory, in a far-fight for a kiss of his sweet heart.

Ah! now, Sarah dear, give me a kiss—

I won't; so there now.

Then I shall have to take it whether or no.

Take it if you dare!

So at it he went, rough and tumble. An awful detection of mark now commenced.

The love of my exult was dignified up in less than no time. At the next bust, mistah went the shite collar, and at the same time some of the head fashionists gave way, and down came Sally's hair, like a flood in a mill dam breaks loose, carrying every half a dozen combes. One plucks of Sally's elbow, and my blooming bosoms rushes willy nilly to the conciseness and force of an afterdinner napkin. But she had no time to boast. Soon her neck tackling began to cover, parted at the throat, away went a string of into heads, scrapmearling and running across every way you could think of about the floor. Sims fought fair I must admit; and when she could fight no longer, for want of breath, she yielded humbly; her arms fell down by her side—
chased long, round, gray eyes—the hair being
back over the ears, her eyes were half shut,
as if she were not able to hold them open a
minute longer, and they had a little plump
mouth all in the air! My goodness! I did you
ever see a lamb passe on a robin, or—a bar
on a clover top? Even so I settled; and
when she came too and threw up those arms
and seized me around the neck, and declared
she'd come if ever I did, so again, and
had a great shock to do it now, I just ran
the risk over again, and the more she looked
me the better I liked it; and now she holds her
arms around my neck, and puts her own lips
in the way of mine every day, and calls me
John, and don't make any fuss about it; not,
all, 'Phant was
so sensible to, and she
likes it; and now she puts her
arms around my neck, and puts her own lips
in the way of mine every day, and calls me
John, and don't make any fuss about it; not,
all, 'Phant was
table but; when you come to the cross street on this
side of that, you look on one side, and you'll
see a building resembling a 
goose-yard on the
hurricane deck,—that's it.'
Well, we thought that is no doubt the
most
significant of his impressions of that build-
ing—and perhaps of the religions services
within it—and while of doubtless very
material—the church, the blue sky, and the
joy-giving sunlight, and the
carriety singing birds all in union, were
intended to make cheerful God's great temple,
why should those buildings by man be made
less so. Is it not a mistake—a serious mis-
take—of the most devout worshiper
that first impressions (which generally the most
lasting) should be unfavorable to the outsider
and the passer-by?
We have many times too, wished to inquire
if the human face is an index to the feel-
ings and traits of the soul, and good religious
people confound themselves to be completely
happy—how is it that so many of them wear
such long faces? We simply ask for infor-
mation.

We hope that the boys in the mountains,
and our good contributor "Joe," will oblige
the fair writer of the following epistle, and
our readers generally, by letting his contents
be heart.

LETTERS TO MINERS—No. 7.

San Francisco, June 7, 1857.

Dear Brothers—There's a sigh in my
heart tonight because I have been reading
friend Joe's last
I am too
up writing for the
shrewd, others
and of those
who the B-1.
how broken? I
did course down
poor Ben's death
States, it was
any exemplary
Charley was
level, one, and
may his sleep be
go every day and
awful perfection.
Two hard to get
In a glance, he
right
lived one of
Friend Joe, con
placed a
timbered
rector in one
'Verytory? He
stantly not
I hope that
rive of articles
not only affect
ors but give a glow
It is Sunday, my

Burrus & Rives
Yellow; compiled
Coast surveys, the
and Railroad Expla
Boundary Survey of
the Surveyor
from private Sab-
man, C. E.—One
connections up to
the U. S. Land
sources.
It is with great
complete and an
excellent Map of
the industries
publishers
pamphlet, care, and
place before the
facts a week.
No man who in
Oursocial chair.

Litirary Notices.

Barron & Bay's Map of the State of California; compiled from the U. S. Land and Coast surveys, the several Military, Scientific, and Railroad Explorations, the State and County Boundary Surveys, made under the order of the Surveyor General of California, and from private Surveys—By George H. Gannett, C. E.—Compieted with additions and corrections up to the day of publication from the U. S. Land Office, and other reliable sources.

It is with great pleasure that we notice the completion and publication of this new and excellent Map of California; and we congratulate the industrious compiler and the enterprising publishers that after so much labor, patience, care, and expense, they are enabled to place before the public so beautiful and perfect a work.

No man is unfamiliar with the laborious and complicated details of such an enterprise, can properly appreciate or fully comprehend the difficulties attendant upon the task, especially in a new and mountainous State like our own; comprising, as it does, over ninety thousand miles of recorded land. Mr. Gannett, to one who knows, has been several years engaged in this useful and difficult undertaking, unfatigingly seeking information from every reliable source, besides personally roughing it himself among the mountains for purposes of observation and information; and we doubt not the public will prove their appreciation of the united labors of compiler and publishers by the encouragement they now extend to this valuable enterprise; and every office, school-room, hotel, and private dwelling, throughout the State, have this useful and excellent map upon its walls, as it is in every way deserving.

friend Joe's last "Reflections of my Conceptions." I was very sorry that he last given up writing for the Magazine, as it was always a source of pleasure for me in perusing his articles daily. Our_COMPILETIOI~ of the body, mind, and soul, and religious duties are proving their way to the temple of God. I wonder what you are doing on this lovely Sabbath? I recall friend Billie at my chair (who has been reminding me almost to death by tickling my ears with a broom-stick,) and he suggests "washing shins" and "drilling slippers," but I don't believe it. It's too glorious a day for washing—must as for shop-work, or desk-work, or whatever you call it (I'm not from Boston and therefore am not well acquainted with the name) why I know you don't value them as a great luxury, because you have too many of them.

But as I said before—wonder what you are doing! I know. Reading; enjoying a quiet reverie, or taking a walk. I hope—and you would like to know what the loved ones at home are engaged in—you wish that you were there, or that you could just take one look into the house this evening. So do I wish that I could peep in at your window or door, and see what you are about. Ah yes! some of you are walking hack through the old path of memory, and others are plunging into the "more sweetly and surest "—and by dear me, Mother's calling me, and it's either to give me a scolding or something nice. So I must say, Good bye, for the present.

Affectionately yours, SISTER MAY.

S. H. G....
It is a work of sixteen quarto pages, well written, beautifully printed on good paper, with three spirited lithographic views of Nicaragua. Its merits can hardly fail to be appreciated by all who desire to see such a work successful. We sincerely wish that its publishers may secure a large measure of prosperity.

Editor's Table.

Our Second Volume.

In presenting our readers with the first number of the second volume of the California Magazine, it may not be considered impertinent now to recur to the general outline given in our introductory one year ago, of what it was our wish this work should be to California. We then said:

"It is our hope, as it will be our aim, to make our monthly visits to your fireside as welcome as the cheery constantance and social converse of some dear old friend, who just drops in, in a friendly way, to spend the evening. We wish to picture California, and California life; to portray its loveliest scenery and curiosities; to speak of its mineral and agricultural products; to tell of its wonderful resources and commercial advantages; and to give attention to the inner life and experience of its people, in their aspirations, hopes, disappointments and successes—the lights and shadows of daily life. Whatever is noble, manly, useful, intellectual, amusing and refining, we shall welcome.

It will ever be our pride and pleasure to be on the side of virtue, morality, religion and progress. We shall admit nothing that is partisan in politics or sectarian in religion; but, claiming the right to please ourselves, we shall accord to the reader the same privilege. Whichever we believe to be for the permanent prosperity of California, we shall fearlessly advance in any way that suits us. We have no expectation of pleasing every one; nor, that perfection will be written upon every page of its contents, for the simple reason that we are human; but we shall do our best, continually.

We have commenced its publication with the hope of filling a void—humbly it may be—in the wants of California, and the intelligent reader will see at a glance that the costly manner in which it is gotten up, and the price at which it is sold, the publishers rely upon a wide circulation for their pecuniary reward."

The favorable manner in which this work has been received by the public—with all its imperfections, while it proves that we have not been disappointed, gives us the assurance that by the careful co-operation of readers and contributors, and devoting ourselves constantly to the steady improvement of its contents, we shall be able to produce in the coming year, a much more beautiful and interesting magazine than heretofore; and one in every way more worthy of the intelligence and greatness of the State it is our proud privilege to call home,—even our own California.

To our contributors we would say, give the utmost care to the writing of your articles, so that you may feel that they are in every way worthy of the mental strength of the great State you represent, and of the family of which you may justly be proud to be an individual member.

There is one fact we wish to mention, and we do it with great pleasure;—several of the ablest, and oldest, and best of California's writers, have thought proper to commend the earnest California spirit we have manifested, and have kindly and voluntarily promised to come forward to assist us by their pen and influence, to produce a higher standard of literature on the Pacific coast. We know our old contributors, while they gladly welcome, will also thank them for the offer. Therefore, should God spare our united press, we hope to do much more in the future for the strong, intellectual, moral, and social progress of our immortal California.
To our readers.—We would address one request,—that as we wish to increase the number of engravings, and before many months the number of pages of this magazine, without increasing the price, we shall thank them to speak as favorably a word for it as possible among their friends, as in proportion as our circulation is extended, we are determined to improve and enlarge its contents; while endeavoring to make it the visible vibration of the great heart-beat of our people, it may be an index of the State's strain towards a high standard of literature.

California's Libel.—There are those in every sphere of society, who are careful observers of men, manners, and the more striking peculiarities that abound in animals and inanimate nature everywhere. It is from such observers, that we expect truthful and interesting delineations of character, objects, and events; and we invite all candidly to aid us in sending us their views in well written prose, of any and every thing of striking interest that shall tend to illustrate California's life, alike among her valleys and her mountains.

While another class, from their migratory habits and equal powers of observation, are better able to favor us with facts and reliable statistics, touching California.

Poetry.—With all proper deference to the opinions of those who are constantly flooding our table with their productions styled poetry, in their conceptions; but certaintly not in ours; we must again ask the indulgence of friends, whilst we candidly tell them, they cannot write poetry; or if they can, that they have failed to favor us with it. We even regret that we have given place to some that has appeared in our first volume, and shall endeavor to be more circumspect in our future selections.

It will be our pleasure always to receive well written articles in prose, upon interesting subjects; and we know there are many, very many, who can thus greatly oblige us; doing honor to themselves as prose writers, which they never can do as poets.

Philo.—We wish to say a few words to our contributors of prose articles. California in her every feature, is strongly marked Geographically and physically, she abounds in scenery the most sublime and magnificent. In her people, for every species of enterprise, she shows an energy and force of character, unequalled by the world. Thus why may we not expect her literature to bear, nimbly, the impress of strength, with a power of conception, originality and honesty, in keeping with the influences that surround us?

We know there is a kind of inspiration imparted to the mind, by the presence of external, visible objects; and we see its influence even upon the hand-made, but susceptible heart, of the rough-edged miner in his mountain home. We have received from such sources, some of our best prose articles; and sincerely do we desire a continuance of like favors, from the same quarter.

The Fourth of July.—To California as a State of the Confederacy, this, our great National Anniversary in its seventh annual round, is near at hand; and again will her mountains and her valleys echo with the rejoicings of Freemen, to be borne hence, Atlantic-way and world-wide.

Yet, ere this our monthly greeting, will have reached the home of many a patriot heart, that heart as by an inherent impulse, will be vibrating with strong emotions, in token of a remembrance of the scenes partici-pated in by the founders of our Republic.

"For Freedom's battle oft begun, Bostalh'm'd from bleeding size to sea, Though baffled oft, is ever won." And it is right, and becoming to every American, be he native born or otherwise, thus to give vent to the outgoings of his patriotism, on the return of this, our only day for a nation's jubilee; for—

"In the long vista of the years to roll, Let me not see my country's banner fade; Oh! let me see our land retain its soul! Her pride in Freedom, and not Freedom's slanks!"

Progress.—In relation to the progress of California in everything that constitutes a nation's greatness, there is no room for the skeptical eye, to edge in an opinion to the contrary.

Her agriculture," the soil, the basis of empire," is progressing with rapid strides, her valleys and hillsides, are everywhere seeming
with happy and increasing population; and this is progress.

New lands are sought and improved; orchards are being planted everywhere; and this is progress. Manufactories are rising up on every hand; our mines are being more rapidly developed and extensively worked, than ever before; and this is progress.

Churches and school houses are fast dotting every city and village of the State, while vines are rapidly making glad the homes of our people, and children are making music every hill and valley; and this too, is progress.

And though there may be two distinct features or phases of progress, as affecting the condition of a country, tending to its rise and downfall, it is clear to every

Monthly Chat.

WITH CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS

We have read too much poetry lately, that our very wires are at last frozen into rhyme, and in this strain we cannot help addressing our correspondents.

Welcome, friends! Come sit ye round our table altogether.
We'll talk about the price of things, the fashion, and the weather. But ere we plunge in politics, or eat out our stomachs, let us first be thankful for our kind contributors.

Stripes we regret too long is, for this our present page; and Bertha too ding dong is, for past or present ago.

Old Young Joe shall appear, he merits our best thanks.
Such articles as his are, deserve the foremost ranks.

Our absent friends must first be thanked for their kind contributions.

Old Young Joe shall appear, he merits our best thanks.
Such articles as his are, deserve the foremost ranks.

And Timothy we now request no more to be throned.

To other friends, who know, their cause we do not wish to throtch:
Our ink is out, so must defer till open we next bottle

If the above jingle does disgust those who send us "machine poetry"[1] their cause is hopeless.

A Dialogue.—Received, and will be examined soon; if it contains interest and point, will receive further attention.

The Author.—With many other articles, necessarily deferred for the present.

Pity.—The ancient "Almanack" came right, and in our social chair next month we shall note its quaint contents.

C.—Has not yet been received.

Joe.—Sorry, Sir.—If you suppose you sing "Wait for the Wagon" so to you then, confidentially, we would suggest that you "Wait well with patience, and don't shoot your eyes."

Do you not think that such would be the better course for you, in the end? Ayu, believe me.

Swinburne.—Yours on table-turning, after having made the engraving therefor, is unavoidably deferred till next month.

D.—Yours is received, and—as always—is very good.

Our absent friends must first be thanked for

Our absent friends must first be thanked for

Aud Bertha too ding dong is, for past and present ago.

Old Young Joe shall appear, he merits our best thanks.
Such articles as his are, deserve the foremost ranks.

One thing too weak, we've been eyeing all the day;
Come give us something jollier, cheer up old friend we say—
In these dull times a cheery friend, his hand, or in hither, We shake, and greet just as we would, the sun in fussy weather.

And Timothy we now request no more to be throned.

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Our absent friends must first be thanked for
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