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EDITORS' CARDS.


OUR MONTHLY CHAT. With Contributors and Correspondents.

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF MR. NICHOLLS PHILUM.

WILL BE PUBLISHED IN A FEW DAYS.

THE PAVILION PALACE, INDUSTRY OF CALIFORNIA, OR THE REAL INDUSTRIEUX, THE INDUSTRIOUSNESS, AND INDUSTRIOUS PROGRESS OF THE INDOOR-CHICAGO GIANT, AND OF CHRISTIAN UNION.

BY REV. DR. SCOTT. 180.

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Wood Engraving.

Hutchings California Magazine.

The Cheapest Publication on the Pacific Coast.
When it becomes desirable to chain the mountain torrent, which is heedlessly rushing past, and turning it out of its natural channel, that the glittering gold, lying in the river's bed, may be transferred from thence to the buckskin purse of the miner; he takes the matter over with some confidential and trustworthy and hard-working companions, when they mutually agree
that "there is gold there — sure," if they can only get it.

The ways and means are accordingly devised; sometimes by making up a company of eight, or ten, or twenty, or any other desirable number; and as the cost will be about so much, each member of the company has to contribute his share of the amount agreed upon, as the work progresses. Should it cost less or more—generally it is the latter—the proportion is diminished, or increased by assessments according to the number of shares. At other times a number of men who live together on the same bar, and who, being well acquainted with each other, and tolerably well informed of what the other possesses, will raise whatever timber or tools may be required, from among themselves, and "get along as well as they can, for the balance"—which often is but very indifferently—and go to work with a will to accomplish their object.

To do this, sometimes, a race has to be dug; at others, a dam has to be built, requiring to be of sufficient capacity to take in the whole amount of water running in the river. This being done, a dam has to be constructed across the river, that shall be water-tight, or nearly so. To build this dam, very often requires that men work in the water, which is generally very cold, for, as it comes from the melting snows, it cannot be expected to be very warm; at least, before the river is very low, and men seldom wait for that—they therefore enter the river; and by rolling up large boulders into a line for building a wall, they turn the water from the one side towards the dam on the other, and when one wall is thus rudely but substantially constructed, another is built behind it; when all the light floating sand is cleared out, that it may not be in the way of making the space water-tight between the walls; a clayey soil is then filled in and well tramped, until the dam is tight; and the water is running through the race or flume. Sometimes a tree or log is filled across the stream, (if one can be sound long enough to reach, and in the right place,) when slabs or split timbers are put in, in an inclined position, and either nailed or pinned to the log, when the whole space in front is filled up with clayey soil and fine boughs of trees until it is made water-tight.

The river now being turned into the race, wheels are erected across it; and pumps are attached by which the water still remaining in the river's bed is pumped out. Now river mining is commenced in real earnest; men begin to remove boulders, wheel out rocks, six tons, or' six hundred, and take out the precious metal—if there is any. (The writer has seen as high as five thousand two hundred and twenty-seven dollars, taken out from behind a boulder, in a single pan of dirt.)

Should the fall rains be late before commencing, every opportunity is given to work out the river claims to advantage—or at least to test them sufficiently either to work or abandon them. If on the contrary—as frequently occurs—the rains should come early, the whole of the summer's labor and expense are swept away before a dollar can be taken out. Many men are thus left penniless, after the toil and hope of a long and scorching summer. Taking the losses with the gain, it is very questionable if more gold has not actually been invested in river mining, than has ever been taken out.

Some more comprehensive plan of operations than the present is much needed, before the streams can be thoroughly worked to profit and advantage. We propose a plan, to be accepted or modified, according to circumstances, which would, in our opinion, accomplish the object in question.

Water is the great want of all kinds of surface mining. To supply this want let the whole of the water in a river during the summer season, be conveyed in one or more flumes on one or both sides of the river, as may be most desirable, to mining
The stream, if one can reach, in the then slabs or split timbers, was inclined position, and pinned to the log, when in front is filled up with fine boughs of trees until right, or being turned into the erected across it; and which the water the river's bed is pumped mining is commenced in begin to remove hundred tons, or sluices, precious metal—if there this has seen as high as two hundred and twenty taken out from behind a single pan of dirt.)

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ground; and let the dams be so constructed that the highest stage of water during the winter or spring season cannot in the least damage, much less destroy them, as at the present time.

There will be no less than eight hundred thousand dollars expended in flumes and dams on Feather river, above and within ten miles of Oroville, this present season.

Now had even twice that amount of money been invested in constructing one or more substantial flumes, above high water mark, it would have been an investment of profits, as well as permanency, from the amount of water sold for mining purposes, besides accomplishing the work of turning the river, not only for the present but for many summers to come.

Supposing that a dam be constructed to each mile of river turned (as at present); each dam will cost, upon an average, about eight thousand dollars; in the ten miles mentioned of course there would be ten in number, making eighty thousand dollars; now should that sum be used to construct one permanent dam that should last not only for one, but for many seasons, besides the advantages it would offer to other claim owners by not backing the water upon them, as now—it would be a piece of economy that must commend itself to the thoughtful consideration of all persons interested in river mining. Should all the companies on a single stream unite for this purpose, even though the claims in the river should fail, they would have an important and profitable interest in a flume; which, while it drained the river, would also supply the dry mining districts with water. We ask you to think the matter over and let us hear from you.

The above works are situated in the districts where all kinds of machinery, in brass and iron, are cast for quartz mining, and without the delay and expense of sending to the larger cities, as formerly.
A MAGAZINE.

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Should companies on a single stream unite in a purpose, even though the claims in or should fail, they would have an urgent and profitable interest in a work that, while it drained the river, also supplied the dry mining districts with the advantages it would offer to claim owners by not backing the river, as now. The advantages it would offer to claim owners by not backing the river will be a of economy that must commend itself to thoughtful consideration of all persons interested in river mining.

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The above beautiful and romantic little mining camp is situated on the South Fork of the Stanislaus river, about six miles north-east of Columbia, Tuolumne county. Deep down in the rocky chasm of a mountain stream, and shut out apparently from the great heart-pulse of population, it has fostered a hardy, and somewhat improvident class of men, and who have an uncomfortable style of living. Attracted thither by the wealth slumbering undisturbed in the stream, they began to pitch their tents and build their cabins; and as their prospecting gave hopes of a golden reward, they built dams, turned the river, and pumped the bed of it dry; scarcely commencing when a fall of rain and snow began to swell the stream, and one by one to remove the results of so much labor and faith and patience.

Men who had staked their all upon the success or failure of this uncertain undertaking, lost it. To succeed would make men rich for life — to fail, "why, oh! we shan't fail," they felt and believed, — was to begin life anew and pay perhaps a heavy bill due the store-keeper—often unfairly called "working out a dead horse." Time after time has this experiment been tried with and without success, not only here, but in countless other places. Men whose home—no, their "stopping places"—is in such out-of-the-way localities have, too, to forego many of the comforts of life. Every pound of provision has to be packed upon their own back or upon that of some favorite donkey or mule. As you descend towards the encampment, the steep mountain sides almost make your head spin; last, by some mishap of your animal or yourself, you may "fall overboard," down the rugged and almost perpendicular rocks at your side. Men who thus live, and work, and strive, earn every dollar they may make, even though it should comprise a very large fortune.

PINE LOG CROSSING ON THE SOUTH FORK OF THE STANISLAUS RIVER.

PINE LOG CROSSING.

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THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

On the opposite page we give to our readers a view of the building in which the first exposition of the products of California industry will be made. It is a somewhat spacious structure, in the form of a Greek cross, covering an area of about eighteen thousand square feet. The dome in the centre, with the towers, cornices, and other appropriate ornaments, gives it an air of singularity and importance which is highly creditable to the authors of the design.

No pains have been spared by the officers of the Mechanics’ Institute, under whose auspices and management it has thus far progressed, to bring together the various productions of California industry for exhibition.

Already manufactures have been extensively produced in this State which formerly we used to import, such as furniture, oil, buggies, all kinds of soap, glue, candles, stoves, salt, pickles, preserves, varnishes, brushes, corsets, leather, pianos, billiard tables, jewelry, regalins, embroidery and crocheted work, wagons, all kinds of cooper’s work, such as tubs, barrels, buckets, &c., &c., bookbinding, sugar refining, children’s toys, hats and caps, mathematical, surgical and chemical instruments, matches, in quantities sufficient to supply the State, willow ware, imitation marble, asphaltum, saddlery of all kinds, pumps and blocks for ships, all kinds of the finest flavored wines, brandy, &c., steam engines, wire work, and paper— with a host of others which might be enumerated, and all of which are manufactured in large quantities, of as good if not better quality, and cheaper than they can be imported.

Then there are various important California inventions, such as grain reapers, for excelling in utility any similar inventions in the east,—an improved electrical clock, a machine for making mouldings which planes four sides at once,—an invention for measuring the depth of the sea, the steam wagon, apparatus for accelerating fermentations, improved methods of assaying metals, a machine for drilling rock by phosphoric air, improved models of steam engines and machinery, agricultural implements, newly invented quartz crushers, a dentist’s chair of singular mechanism, ingenious fire-arms, &c., &c.

The fine arts will be represented in their various and interesting details. California curiosities; and an endless variety of the products of the soil; and, though last not least, various specimens of the skill, taste and handiwork of woman.

Judging from the interest so generally manifested in this enterprise, a new era is about to dawn upon our glorious young State which, while it teaches the great virtue of self-reliance, will give a new and powerful incentive to the direction and development of mechanical genius, and which, while it will invite men to return to their former and more congenial occupations, will become a new source of wealth to the State, by fostering and encouraging the manufactories of those articles we now import, and for which many millions of dollars are annually sent away that should be retained among us. It is now generally conceded, too, that even at present prices a judicious combination of labor and capital would in most cases enable us to compete successfully with Eastern manufactories.

It is our earnest hope that the influence excited by this and similar institutions will extend far beyond the passing moment of excitement, by turning our thoughts to the development of those resources which a generous Providence has so bountifully bestowed upon our highly favored land, and prove that although they are intended for our individual and personal benefit, we thoroughly appreciate the favor; and as a result, are desirous of improving these advantages for the present and future benefit of the masses, and of the State of our adoption.
for measuring the depth of the sea, the steam wagon, apparatus for accelerating fermentations, improved methods of assaying metals, a machine for drilling rock by phosphoric air, improved models of steam engines and machinery, agricultural implements, newly invented quartz crushers, a student's chair of singular mechanism, ingenious firearms, &c., &c. The fine arts will be represented in their various and interesting details. Californian industries, and an endless variety of the products of the soil; and, though last not least, various specimens of the skill, taste, and handiwork of woman, judging from the interest so generally manifested in this enterprise, a new era is about to dawn upon our glorious young State, in fostering and encouraging manufacture of these articles we now use, and for which many millions of dollars annually sent away that should remain among us. It is now generally felt, too, that even at present prices the combination of labor and capital in most cases enable us to com-
The engraving, taken from an embossed type work, represents a weaver situated in the vicinity of Yuba county.

The scene is interests of Great Creek hill to the east of mining, called from the "Brandy Gulch" less than a mile above, which, by the reputation in this line, is independent of the opinion as to the location in the right, which is elevated in the floor. A town, the richest support of about 1
The engraving which we give above, from an ambrotype taken expressly for this work, represents a wire Suspension Flume, situated in the vicinity of Young's Hill, Yuba county. The flume is intended to convey the waters of Clear Creek from the summit of one hill to that of another, across a deep ravine, called, from some mysterious cause, "Brandy Gulch." The survey was made less than twelve months ago, by D. Scott, Esq., who, by the way, has gained much reputation in this branch of science. But, independent of the great design, the mode of construction is remarkably ingenious; the flume, which is fifteen hundred feet in length, is elevated to a height of 206 feet in the a.r. A tower built from the bed of the ravine supports the centre, while at intervals of about a hundred feet stand tall...
which we are already sufficiently inclined to boast.

Wordsworth has somewhere said that
"Water is the spirit of the universe." If
not, water may at least be said to be the
spirit of all our enterprises. The entire
slope of the Sierra Nevadas, from the sum-
mit seaward, is pierced and traversed by ar-
tificial veins, which bring prosperity and
life to every hill and plain. Water is the
life-blood of the mines. When its current
is diminished, or even delayed, every thing
 languishes — with its return, all things re-
 vive. Indeed, water has been so generally
diffused, and so constantly employed, that
it has been well said, "It is used for every
 thing but drinking!"

We all know that when the Roman mat-
ron was asked for her jewels, she pointed
to her children; when we are asked for
ours, we may reply, less classically, but
with equal truth: "Behold our ditches!"

Never, since the legions shad.

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This beautiful lake is situated in a valley of the Sierra Nevada, at the eastern base of the central ridge, a few miles north of the main road of travel to Carson Valley. It lies at an elevation of some $5800$ feet above the level of the sea, and about $1600$ feet above Carson Valley, from which it is divided by a mountain ridge three to four miles across.

The surrounding mountains rise from one to three, and, perhaps, in some cases, four thousand feet above the surface of the lake. They are principally composed of friable white granite, water-worn to that degree that although they are rough, and often covered with rocks and boulders, yet they show no cliffs or precipices. Their bases, of granite sand, rise in majestic curves from the plain of the valley to their steeper flanks. Many of the smaller hills are but high heaps of boulders, the stony skeletons decaying in situ, half buried in their granite debris.

The shores of this lake were explored during the State wagon-road survey of 1855, and its extreme southern latitude determined at $38^\circ 57'$. The 120th meridian of west longitude divides the lake pretty equally, giving its western shore to California and its eastern to Utah. Its northern extremity is only known by report, which is still so contradictory that the length of the lake cannot be set down with anything like exactness. It can hardly exceed, however, twenty miles in length by about six in breadth; notwithstanding, it has been called forty, and even sixty miles long.

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The shores of the lake, at least of its southern coast, are entirely formed of granite sand; not a pebble is there to mar its perfect smoothness.

A dense pine forest extends from the waters' edge to the summits of the surrounding mountains, except in some points where a peak of more than ordinary elevation rears its bald head above the waving forest. An extensive antelope flat lies on its southern shore, through which the upper Truckee slowly meanders, gathering up,
in its tortuous course, all the streams which flow from the south or south-east. The deep blue of the waters indicates a considerable depth to the lake. The water is perfectly fresh. The lake well stocked with salmon trout. It is resisted at certain seasons by the neighboring Indians for fishing.

Although lying so near the main road of travel, little has been known of this lake until quite a recent period. There is no doubt but that it is the lake of which the Indians informed Col. Fremont when encountered Pyramid Lake, at the mouth of the Salmon River, or Truckee river, and which he thus relates, under date of January 15, 1844: "They made on the ground a drawing of the river, which they represented as issuing from another lake in the mountains, three or four days distant, in a direction a little west of south; beyond which they drew a mountain, and further still two rivers, one of which they told us that people like ourselves traveled."

How close does this description read to us, now that we know the localities!

Afterwards, when crossing the mountains near Carson Pass, Col. Fremont caught sight of this lake, but deceived by the great altitude of the mountains to its east, and the apparent gap in the western ridge at the Johnson Pass, he laid it down as being on the California side of the mountains, at the head of the south fork of the American river. In the map attached to Col. Fremont's report, it is there called Mountain Lake, but in the general map of the explorations by Charles Preuss it is named Lake Emerland. In Wilkes' map and others, published about the period of the gold discovery, it bears the former name. When Col. Johnson laid out his road across the mountains, the lake was passed unnoticed except under the general term of Lake Valley. General Wyma's Indian expedition, or the emigrant relief train, first named it Lake Bigler, after our late Governor. Under this name it was first depicted in its trans-mountain position in Eddy's State map, and thus the name has become established.

There is no lake in California, which for beauty and variety of scenery, is to be compared to Bigler Lake; but it is not its beauty of situation alone that will attract us there. A geological interest is fastening upon it, for there we see what so many other of the great valleys of the Sierra once were. The little streams of the Upper Truckee, though but of yesterday, has yet carried down its sandy deposits through ages sufficient to form the five miles of valley flats, from the foot of the Johnson Pass to the present margin of the lake, and still the work progresses. The shallows at the mouth of the river are stretching nearly towards the first point on the eastern slope of the lake, and at the same time the water level of the lake is evidently subsiding.

The point of view from where our illustration is taken is the summit of the granite knob to the south of the lake, one of the triangulation points of our survey. The point at which the Upper Truckee discharges into the lake is indicated by the smoke of our camp fires. The first depression in the mountains to our right is the Daggett Pass to Carson Valley; beyond the next group of mountains lies the old pass of the Johnson wagon road to Eagle Valley. Nearly opposite, under a rocky point on the east shore of the lake, is the celebrated Indian cave, with its legendary romance. On the north rises the lofty mountain of Wannam peak. From the western side, the Truckee river finds its outlet, but the exact position seems to be still a myth. The high peaks to the northwest, in the distance, are near the Truckee Pass.

But our poor attempt of the pencil can give but a faint idea of the beauty of the spot; we can only hope to recall to those, whose eye has already beheld the scenes, what must ever be, one of memory's most pleasing pictures; while in those who have not yet seen it we hope to induce a
SALMON LAKE—A DESULTORY POEM.

BY W. H. O.

“California, or all please to the world, grand is old and late
proposition of stability.”

CANTO I.

“Could I disclose the mysteries of my life,
From earliest childhood to the present time,
Its joys and sorrows, hopes, fears and dark strife,
From deeds of goodness or escapes from error,
I know that I have not the godlike power
To make the knights of the round table
To dance ; and upon which many thousands
Of wild ducks and geese feed every season,
And yet remain at least for the present time,
To lash the vices of the worldly strong,
To hold the views of the worldly strong.
Oh, how long, ye simple ones, will ye love your simplicity !
—

A DESULTORY POEM.

BY W. H. O.

We wonder that these large and natural reservoirs, which are capable of giving water to every mining district of the State, in very great amount, should remain untouched, when miners and mining, traders and traders, and every description of business is at a stand, comparatively, for the want of water. We are led to exclaim, with regret and surprise, in the language of one of all, “How long, ye simple ones, will ye love your simplicity !” — and fools [1] hate knowledge [2].

I.

That memory fails me, and its wrong to tear
The veil from that, which shone so bright and fair;
All hearts have secrets which they would not share
With their best friend; thoughts which are never
To read my heart, and have its fragrances thrown,
Like parsley to swine, for there are few found but few,

II.

But what shall be the burden of my song?
A solemn hymn, or thrilling tale?
To lead the views of the worldly strong.
Or unmine the following that prevail?
Or in eternal hopes and aims contented,
My visions far beyond this earthly vale,
And for their sake, I sing my sad refrain.

III.

And if I write, 'tis but to make me hear
The voice from that, which shone so bright and fair;
All hearts have secrets which they would not share
With their best friend; thoughts which are never
To read my heart, and have its fragrances thrown,
Like parsley to swine, for there are few found but few,


to Eddy’s State Map, and thus the man
D. Scott, has now become established.
And in Eddy’s State Map, and thus the man
has now become established.
There is no lake in California, which is beauty and variety of scenery, is to be compared to Bigler Lake; but it possesses a beauty of situation alone that will attract the attention of any other of the great valleys of the Sierra Nevada. The little stream of the Upper Trucker, though but of yesterday, has carried down its sandy deposit long enough to form the five mile long valley dam, from the foot of the Johnson Pass to the present margin of the lake and still the water progresses. The drowned mouth of the river is stretching across towards the first point of the eastern slope of the lake, and at the same time the water level of the lake is evidently subsiding.

The point of view from which our attention is taken is the summit of the pass level to the south of the lake, one of the most beautiful and varied points of view. The point at which the Upper Truckee discharges into the lake is indicated by the smoke of our camp fire. The first depression in the mountains to our right is the Daggett Pass to Carson Valley; beyond the next group of mountains lies the gold pass of the Johnson wagon road to the Eagle Valley. Near the divide, a rough rocky point on the east shore of the lake is the celebrated Indian camp, with its ghostly romance. On the north rise forty mountains of Wawasum peak. From the western side, the Truckee river finds its outlet, but the exact position seems to be still a mystery. The high peaks to the north, in the distance, are near the Trucker Pass.

But our poor attempt of the pencil can give but a faint idea of the beauty of the scene; we can only hope to recall to those whose eye has already beheld the scene, what must ever be, one of memory’s most pleasing pictures; while in these who have not yet seen it, we hope to induce a desire to visit one of California’s noblest lakes.

SACRAMENTO, August, 1857.

G. H. G.

A gentleman writing from Halley’s Ranch sends us the following interesting description of another of those beautiful mountain sheets of water: —

“On the east and west ends of this lake rise precipices of cliff and overhanging cliffs, to the height of three hundred feet in which there are many— that make their nests accessible, except to *village owls—owls* there are many holes, or caves, entirely inaccessible, except to wild ducks, which are many—that make their nests and raise their young in them, and in the cracks of the rock. Upon the top of this stately dune, forest of spruce-fir trees, there are beauxitul valleys well irrigated with springs and covered with grass in abundance. At the south side of the lake, through a cove, there is a dense growth of Spruce-Fir trees. This whole piece of nature’s mighty and beautiful work can easily be transformed into a picturesque lake to a valuable reservoir—without impairing its loveliness—by cutting a tunnel three hundred yards in length, at a cost not exceeding ten thousand dollars, and from which a ditch could be constructed that would give an abundance of water to the dry mining camps below.

L. A. G."
V.

Dear reader, understand me, I have not begun my poem yet; this introduction may lead to a beginning, but I've got a flight to take in which there's much distraction, and I perceive may find it is my lot to have a genius, from which small variation would make it remain like the vivacious air, or be like "Hum, the hunting, no where."

VI.

Have patience with me, and I'll soon commence. To give you what at least may be called rhyme, or work my passage in a picturesque manner, my Muse shall stand all alone upon the shore, like a politician who's lost his time, and now move a mouse's fight very, till they find out which side gives longest pay.

VII.

Above all other traits, I like decision In character, which must proceed from thought, that lays its down with an acute proviso. The man with true will, quite soon is taught To cut his way with such a keen section, Through all the tails which with his life is arguable, That difficulties vanish from before him, And all around, while some will quite adore him.

VIII.

I still am writing on inzigyra, As my style, in which my entire thoughts may flow, Kind reader, he is not true I have no soil, because my Pegasus remains below. Through the press ahora, where myriad words now roll, Some where whose avoid mysteries none can know, Unless he's gifted with clairvoyant vision, And then, they tell you all with due precision.

IX.

At last my Pegasus begins to soar, Here the ideal bent is blank, Where sense and sense in ghastly authors pour On earthed sense and eternal love. Of Godless Wisdom, which your yet sauce On, I call to blas— I will not further address My nonsense into that senseless degree Where no man knows what may be his fate.

X.

Except disciplets of that sect new-sanged, Voking the spirit, whose voices height. Here all the half-demented fools entangled In their agnostic dream, whose less light Wronns from closed eyes, and all sound reasoning As well might offer, tyrants then, and dare, Nor Heaven's bright glories, nor true sublime.

XI.

And then to hear their woeful revolutions, of heaven, made up of circles by the score; Where souls await in certain situations, and then to hint some several fact or more. Whimfliest praises plumbeous and love without meaning The only true in the world beyond the grave.
LOST.

BY MARY MORRIS KIRKE.

"Mary Kirke, we're lost!" A strange whispering echo from the hill side answered back, "Lost! lost!" and from the clear little stream which glided along at our feet seemed to come a murmuring, "Lost! lost!"

We looked at each other—Bell and I—for several moments after this announcement without speaking. The unwelcome conviction had been, for the last hour, forcing itself upon our minds, yet neither could gather courage to speak the startling truth, but gaily chattering, endeavoring to conceal the anxiety each felt, we still kept on, and, vainly searching for the path from which we had strayed, until the sun had almost gone down behind the hills, and the great pine trees began to throw dark shadows on the ground—aye, into our hearts too. Yet we spoke no word of fear until Bell, suddenly reining in her horse, hastily, and with pale lips, exclaimed, "Mary Kirke, we're lost!"

Yes, we were lost among the wild hills of California! The fact could no longer be denied, unpleasant as it was.

Bell Grant and I had been for the last three weeks at the ranch of our friend G. B., which was situated in one of the wildest, most picturesque parts of— but we had become tired of the monotony of that pleasant, but lonely home; tired of looking at the cale, amiable face of Mrs. B.; tired of listening to the voice of Mr. B., merry as it was, and we determined to have a change in the daily routine of every day affairs.

Early that morning, notwithstanding the remonstrances of our friends, we mounted our horses and set off alone—not, as old stories say, "to seek our fortunes"—but solely in search of adventure. We would not listen to the earnest request of our host to take little Nixie, an Indian boy, for a guide—no, indeed! we would have a day of it alone in the free woods.

Bell, who had not spent five years of her life in the wilds of Iowa in vain, declared she was just the best guide in the world, and would take all possible care of my more inexperienced self. So arming ourselves each with a formidable revolver, and a satchel containing a bunch, we gaily waved adieu to the anxious inmates of the ranch, and rode gallantly away on our restless, adventure-seeking expedition.

The morning was delightfully passed. We shouted, sang, leaped our horses over rocks and crags, explored deep ravines, stopped for a moment to gather some rare wild flowers, and then sped on again. Oh! it was glorious, dashingly away over hill and vale, as light and free as air; it was life, in its highest enjoyment.

As we had paraded over our noonday meal in a beautiful little valley, drank from the cool mountain stream, and indulged in the sweetest dreams in that secluded retreat, we began to think of retreating our steps homeward. Accordingly we re-mounted our horses, and took, as we supposed, the same path by which we had descended into the valley. We rode on carelessly for some time, until, falling to perceive any objects which had served as landmarks in our way hither, a sort of vague uneasiness sprang up within our minds which increased the farther we proceeded, but which we endeavored carefully to conceal, until suddenly emerging from the thick growth of pines, we found ourselves upon the banks of a narrow stream, with a steep hill rising abruptly on the opposite side. Behind us lay the rapidly changing forest, into which we peered dolefully, fearing to tryst ourselves within its shadowy depths; before us rose the rugged hillside; on either hand were piled huge rocks, and on all sides we seemed shut completely in, without the possibility of escape. Bell was a stout-hearted girl, but braver hearts than hers might have been appalled at the situation in which we found ourselves; alone, in one of the wild-
east spots imaginable, with night rapidly approaching; how far from home, or any human habitation, we knew not, but not a trace of civilization could we discover. Regrets for our relations in restraining us alone were of no avail. Long we stood there, eagerly straining our eyes and ears to catch, if possible, some sight or sound to guide us, hot in vain. The silence was oppressive, painful, and we longed for something to break the deep stillness. It came, startling, strange, uncanny! It was a woman's voice, that thrilled our hearts and rang out clear and distinct upon the evening air, in one wild burst of song.

"Oh! where shall rest be found—

Rest for the weary soul—

There are the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole."

We listened with hushed breath, and wondering minds, until the music died away on the air. The voice was one of exquisitely sweetness; the words were spoken with such intense earnestness, they seemed to come quivering, trembling, from a vacant, aching heart, longing for rest; rest, such as earth can never give. But what could it mean, that voice, in such a strange, wild place, and it seemed so near too—at our very side. We listened again, but all was still. "Let us go," said Bell, "and solve the mystery." Accordingly, without another word, we proceeded in the direction of the sound. After following the little stream a short distance, it suddenly took a course to the right, and there, almost hidden by overhanging trees and shrubbery, was a little cabin, which one might easily have passed unnoticed, if nestled there so like a bird's nest among the thickly clustering vines and shrubs. The window and door were open; we dismounted and silently entered the cabin. Deep silence reigned within, and, but for a languid unclosing of the eyes of the occupant of the room as we entered, we might have supposed her dead. She was very pale and emaciated, but traces of great beauty yet lingered upon the wan face; and every feature was delicately formed and beautiful.

She was sitting in a large armchair,—the only article of luxury in the room—and as we approached, she seemed barely conscious of our presence, merely unclosing her eye for a moment, then sank back languidly upon the cushions. At this moment a sweet child's voice echoed out.

"Mama, mama;" and the bough for the first time, a little figure crept out on the floor, half buried in the dress of the girl. That voice seemed to rose the mother; and passing her hand caressingly over the head of the child, she burst into tears. Then her lips moved in prayer, and she exclaimed, turning to us: "Oh! I knew God would not forsake me, or leave my darling alone. I know not who you are, but you are women, and have women's hearts. Surely God has sent you to me in this, my last hour, that I may give into your keeping my poor little Nannie. Say, will you accept the trust? Will you take the little orphan—the child of one you know not—to your bosom? Oh! I know you will! I know you will! I see it in those kind, pitying looks; I see it in those tears! God will reward you; and if a mother's prayer can avail on high, you shall be blessed indeed!"

We each took one of the pale hands of the sufferer, and promised before Heaven that the stranger's child should be as our own. Oh! the glorious light that came over that mother's face as she heard those words spoken! Earth and all earthly cares now seemed forever left behind; peaceful, calm, happy, while the voice faintly murmured, "Ready, waiting:"

"Come, food return, cease the strife,
Let me linger in the life.""

Her hand fell feebly upon her breast, her breath came slowly, softly through the parted lips; upon that broad, white forehead the waves of death were gathering, but the eye burned with an unearthly brilliancy, and a bright halo of glory encircled that head. From the Heaven above, which
that spirit was even now entering, came a brightness and rested upon the face of that dying mother. Dying? ah, no! that was not death; that triumphant chorus which burst from those pale lips, startled us with its joyous earnestness. "I know that my Redeemer liveth," was higher than death as it echoed again, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Angels waiting near seemed to wave their bright wings, and with one accord join in the song, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." She heard it; her eye beheld the radiant band, and from the pearly gates of that heaven, to us, who were beholding the scene, so far away, but to her so near, she saw the face of that Savior who said that death to her was no more.

One more burst of the jubilant song, "Thanks be unto him who giveth us the victory," and then came a smile so full of Heaven, so happy, that we knew she had caught it from the very presence of God. The weary one had found rest! Softly, softly passed that spirit into the eternal home; Heaven, so happy, that we knew she had been so safely borne over its dark waters — and we remembered that we were yet wanderers upon the shores of time: For a moment he stood regarding us with blank amazement, then his eye wandered round the room, and fell upon the still, straight figure on the bed. With a deep groan he rushed to the bedside, lifted the covering from the face of the dead, and sank, in an agony of weeping, to the floor. "Gone! gone! and I, her only friend, not here to receive her last breath! Oh, why did I leave you even for an hour? Yet, little did I think, this morning, that you were so near home.
Yes, home; for if there is a Heaven above this troublesome world, there art there. Heart-broken on earth, thou art now at rest in Heaven! Thy Senior did not deceive thee; His promises did not betray Poor child! poor child!"

"But," he added, springing to his feet. "Is there no hand of justice to avenge thy death? Is there no God of vengeance, as well as of love and pity? Will not the wrongs of the innocent be speedily re- dressed?"

"Say," said the old man, turning quickly to us, "did she not curse him with her dying breath? Did she not curse him who deserted her and that precious innocent, sleeping yonder?—but no, she would not do that. Oh! she was an angel; from an infant, when I carried her in my arms—all it was not long ago—I know she was not one of earth. Yes, she was an angel, even when that devil was her to himself. Curere on—but no, not here by her side; she died without pronouncing the curse—will not speak it here. Her Aundshild! oh! the mingling of light with darkness! one of God's own angels with the veriest black-hearted fiend that ever cursed the earth with his presence. Nannie, my poor little Nannie, left worse than orphaned, worse than fatherless!"

By degrees the old man became calmer, and we told him of her peaceful departure; of our adoption of the lost child. "God never forsores his own," devoutly exclaimed he; "twas He who led you here. I know," continued he, "into whose hands my darling's child has fallen. I know you will be faithful to that solemn trust. Thank God! the birdling has some one beside old Bruce to provide for her; his hands are feeble, and soon the grave will close over them, but I can die willingly, now my Nannie is cared for.

We were astonished beyond measure at finding ourselves recognized by the stranger, and eagerly sought to know where he had ever met us before.

Just over at the R— ranch," he replied, "I have often seen you, though doubtless you never noticed the old man who brought your to Mr. R—?"

"Just over at Mr. R—'s ranch?" asked Mr. Bell and I, both in one breath.

"Yes," he replied, "it is not more than five miles from here; over the mountains, but by taking the road around, you became bewildered; indeed, it is almost the way you ever reached here—but no, it is not wonderful, God led you here.

We soon arranged that the old man should take one of our horses and proceed by the shortest route to R—'s ranch to relieve the anxiety of our friends, as also to procure assistance to pay the last duties to the dead.

In less than two hours we had the satisfaction of grasping the hand of our good friend R—, who had been out searching for us nearly all the afternoon, but had returned to the ranch after sunset for assistance to renew the search; and when old Bruce—the only name he had ever given—arrived, the party was about setting off. Great was the surprise of R— to learn our singular adventure. He had often seen old Bruce, and knew where his cabin stood, but supposed he lived entirely alone, and could scarcely believe that the lady and child had been there some months. The old man would reveal nothing of the past history of his charge; her name, even, or in what relation he stood to her he would not tell, but preserved a profound silence, merely answering a few necessary questions. During that whole night he sat by the bedside, his head drooping upon his breast, with such an expression of hopeless grief resting on his sorrowed face as I had never seen before.

On the following day the stranger was laid in her lonely forest grave. The beautiful smile still rested upon her pale lips, and the whole face seemed more like the face of an angel than that of a creature of clay. So soon to return to its native dust. Old Bruce stood by, silent and stern in his grief, while little Nannie looked on, wonder-struck to take final leave of that face, that face, so dear to him. We spoke to us, but her answer was only a short, "Mamma's grave! to our eternal home, now we return." We were astonished; for we thought she was about to speak of the new grave of her mother's grave!—of her mother's grave!—of her mother's grave!—of her mother's grave!—of her mother's grave!—of her mother's grave!—of her mother's grave!—of her mother's grave!—of her mother's grave!—of her mother's grave!—of her mother's grave!—of her mother's grave!—of her mother's grave!—of her mother's grave!—of her mother's grave!—of her mother's grave!—of her mother's grave!—of her mother's grave!—of her mother's grave!—of her mother's grave!—of her mother's grave!—of her mother's grave!—of her mother's grave!—of her mother's grave!—of her mother's grave!—of her mother's grave!—of her mother's grave!—of her mother's grave!—of her mother's grave!—of her mother's grave!—of her mother's grave!—of her mother's grave!—of her mother's grave!—of her mother's grave!—of her mother's grave!—of her mother's grave!—of her mother's grave!—of her mother's grave!—of her mother's grave!—of her mother's grave!—of her mother's grave!—of her mother's grave!—of her mother's grave!—of her mother's grave!—of her mother's grave!—of her mother's grave!—of her mother's grave!—of her mother's grave!—of her mother's grave!—of her mother's grave!—of her mother's grave!—of her mother's grave!—of her mother's grave!
grief, while little Nannie clung to his neck, looking wonderingily into the grave, and cried to take her mamma back again. Death, to that young sinless heart, was a great mystery, as yet unsolved.

Tearfully we left that burial place, but as we walked away, a soft whispering in the air seemed breathing of "rest, rest," the flowers, too, bowed their bright heads over the newly made grave, and smiled that rude breath, no harsh sound, could enter that restful, to waken the sleeper—she was at rest.

We spoke of taking Nannie home with us, but her aged protector said, "Not yet; I cannot give her up now; in a few days I will come to you, and then—then—Nannie is yours."

It would not listen to our entreaties to accompany us to the ranch, so we reluctantly bade him adieu, and returned to make preparations for residing the little orphan. In a few weeks Bell and I were to return to our home in the city, and Nannie was to become an equal charge to each.

How many strange sarmises we had concerning her! Whose child were we thus taking to our hearts? Vain surmises; vain imaginations! The mystery was a mystery still. But were we ever to remain in doubt?

Little Nannie never came to us.

On the third day after the burial of her mother, she died; and with pale hands meekly folded above her sinless heart, the soft brown curls resting lovingly on her pale cheek, with wild flowers strewn around the little form, we saw her laid beside her mother in the shade of those solemn forest trees. She too was at rest, even before knowing life's weariness; she rested even before the fierce battle of life began, and it was better thus.

Old Brace looked the very picture of desolate grief. His form was bowed lower, his face was paler and more deeply furrowed, and his voice trembled as he kept muttering to himself, "yes, the last! the last!" We could gain no reply to any question but those sad words, "the last!" His mind seemed wandering; grief hid well nigh destroyed his reason.

Vainly did Mr. R—— endeavor to persuade the lone old man to make his house his home; he only shook his head sadly, and murmured that ceaseless "last! last!"

Once more Bell and I stood within the cabin. Every thing was the same as when we last visited it, but the aged occupant was gone, whither none could tell. Weeks and months have passed away since that week's singular events, and the mystery surrounding the characters who acted such important parts in those scenes, remains unsolved. Vainly has conjecture pictured, or fancy sought to throw some light upon the subject; but doubtless it will ever remain enshrouded in darkness, like hundreds of similar pages in the history of this beautiful country, this land of romance and mystery.

Once since I have stood at those two lonely graves. The tall trees still wave their branches above them; the soft sunlight still glimmers through the shade, and plays upon the turf; the air is pure and fragrant as those two sleepers first lay down to their rest; yet there comes no answer to my earnest wish to pierce through the dark mist which surrounded that mother; to know whose was the hand to break the tender chords of that gentle heart; to know why the blight had fallen so early on that young and guileless spirit. But I can only drop a tear over the stranger's lonely grave.

To see the brightness and the bloom of the human brow o'ercast;
And know that such things must be, till love and death are past.

HOME.

Home— the centre of delight,—
Bo thou beacon to my sigh!
Through the voyage of this life,
Through its joys, and through its strife,—
"Had I dove's wings to reach thy rest,
How soon 'd I fly and be at rest."
They soon descended to the parlors, where they found the door open, and Kate's shawl and bonnet on the sofa; throwing them on, she took Bently's arm, and they walked on for some time, until meeting a column, Bently engaged him to take them to the mansion. On arriving there, he bid Kate good night, and returned to the city.

Everything was still at the mansion; all were at rest but the faithful Dinah, who waited for the return of her young mistress with the keys of her apartments.

"Good Lord, ma'am! what has happened? You are pale as a ghost, you are!

"Nothing, Dinah, only I am fatigued, and am a little unwell."

"There was such a queer-looking fellow here, inquiring after you, said he was expected to see you, that I thought maybe that you had heard sad news from master."

"No, Dinah, I have not seen any one. Did he tell you his business?"

"No, mistress, he said he would come in the morning."

"Well, let me go to bed, Dinah, for I need rest badly. Set in her own room, Kate thought of the duquesa she had just passed; oh, how deserted she felt, alone in that once happy mansion! Overcome with gloomy thoughts, aud - cording herself to all the misery of its inmates, half distracted with the prospects of the future, she pressed her hand upon her throbbing temples, and remembering her dying mother's injunctions, she took courage and sought comfort of Him, who alone could comfort in such a trying hour; her prayer was heard and her peace was restored.

The clock had struck nine when Kate awoke; she felt weak, but calm. She arose and dressed, and descended to breakfast. While trying to eat a few morsels of toast, the bell rang, and Dinah hastened to see who was there.

"Has your young mistress returned?" said Jack.

"Yes," answered Dinah.

"Tell her that I wish to speak to her."

"Missus, that queer-looking chap has come that was here last night."

"Show him in the parlors, I will see him soon," and finishing her breakfast, Kate went immediately to ascertain the object of his call, hoping to hear news of Charles or her father. Jack touched his hat and bowed in his sailor style.

"You wished to see me, sir," said Kate.

"Yes, madam, I do indeed; and I hope, sweet lady—for I never saw a sweeter, not even a slip in full rig, sailing on a smooth sea, never looked handsomer."

"Is this all you have to say, sir?" said Kate, indignantly.

"Do not be angry at Jack, for I am a friend to the Colonel, and would do you a favor if I knew how to tell you and shun the breakers. You see, Jack is not in the habit of speaking to such beautiful—"

"Enough, sir, if you have anything to communicate to me, do it, and retire."

"Well, don't think that Jack is an enemy. You see, the Colonel did me a great kindness for telling him good news about his son; he gave me a nice little sum of money—"

"Can't you tell me what you want without all this?" asked Kate.

"Yes, lady, in a minute I will get at what I am driving hard for; you see, the Colonel made me a better man by his prayer and money, and now I've come to do you a kindness to pay him. Now you have my lady."

"Well, what is the kindness?"

"Well, you see, Miss Adaline is enemy. She was going to marry Master Charles, and she has made public all he told her about his marriage with you, and that beauty is in love with you and that you were not-displeased, saw you riding with him last night, and I know what goes on. I'll make of it, and Mr. Charles will call him to account when he gets home. You see, I was in hopes you would come out tonight, and I was coming to caution you last night when I returned. I was sorry to see you riding with Bently, and Dinah told me you had gone to spend an evening at Mrs. Milford's."

"Would to God you had come before I went! But I have done no intentional wrong; I thought I was going to Mrs. Milford's, but I was deceived and taken to Miss Adaline's, for what purpose I am altogether satisfied."

"Before three days she will send this report all over, but if you are innocent, all will come out well."

"God grant it may," sobbed Kate, completely overpowered with grief."

"Do not weep so, my young lady," said Jack, while the tears started freely from his own eyes in sympathy with the beautiful childish figure before him. "Can I serve you, my young lady in any way, and it will be for any service you desire."

Kate was satisfied with the information she was imparted, but she was too much taken with grief for anything else. Her trouble was too great, and she was too weak to stand it.

"Learning! we will see his father.

After leaving him, she was received in the parlors of Missus, he studied to be agreeable to the children, and told them only a private business engaged him. He told them he could not see his master, and was within his own, and that over the country he supposed he had to do, to make fifteen miles, for he was "

"Well, I am ready when I am ordered."

"Will you walk up to your house and see if I can find what you desire?"

"Yes, lady, I am ready."

"Allow me to see you up to your house and see if I can find what you desire?"
you, my young lady, in any way? Let me know, and I will treat you as I treated Miss Adams, who, I suppose, you know. I am not disposed to be dealt with by a young lady, nor do I intend to be so treated.

I will not treat you as I did that dammed Yankee Allen, that I thrashed, and he is not yet out of bed, and it's more than three weeks ago that he dared to refuse to treat; so if you don't treat I'll smash that old mouth of yours.

"Make up your mind, sir, I have given you my decision already."

Jim made for the Colonel with honest fat, and struck him a severe blow on the head. The Colonel drew his revolver, and in an instant, and before Jim had time to make a second blow, blew his head to atoms; then gave himself up to the authorities, giving bail for his appearance at Court, to be held in Jackson. The Colonel reached Jackson, and by inquiry found that Charles would be there the next day; he took rooms and awaited his return. Having received a bad eye from the blow that Jim gave him, he called for a doctor to relieve him of his distress, and told him of his adventure with Jim.

"He is the same bully that almost killed a fellow by the name of Allen, who is now at this hotel, and is so badly injured that it is doubtful whether he ever recovers."

"Where is Allen from?" asked the Colonel.

"I think he was from Michigan, and I think he lived in Charleston, South Carolina, for several years; but I believe he is by birth a down-easter."

"I would like to see him, doctor, for I think I know him."

"I am now going to dress his wounds, and if you wish you can accompany me."

"They immediately went to Allen's room; the doctor went in and told Allen that Mr. McCline wished to see him. Allen gasped for breath, and in a falset voice said, "Well, I suppose I must see him."

The Colonel opened the door softly and reconnoitred. Edward Allen, contemptibly small, held out his emaciated hand, which was finally taken by the Colonel. Allen was overcome with surprise at the friendly feelings of the aristocratic old Colonel.

"I do not deserve such kindness from you," said McCline.

"I know to what you allude, but you are wrong now from excitement; say no more on that subject until you are better able to bear it, but be assured, sir, you will find a friend in the old Colonel while you are in need. I would only ask you if you have ever seen Charles since he has been here."

"No, I have never seen him since I left Michigan that fatal evening."
"Uncle Allen came home to Clara in one short moment. The realization never forced itself upon him with such overwhelming sorrow before. I was very considerate," added Charles, with some bitterness.

"Yes, father," said Charles, with evident concern.

"Tell Kate to forgive me;" said the Colonel, taking back his pen, faint and exhausted.

"Are you alone, father? Where is that unfortunate girl?" asked Charles, with evident concern.

"Yes, I forgive you, Allen, die her, and you may thank God," said the Colonel.

"Was she aware of four schemes?" asked Charles, with evident concern.

"No, Charles, she knew nothing about it; it was I who did it, all to avenged my father. I have come in search of you. I could not endure the loneliness of the old mansion after my sad bereavement." She remained at the mansion, as she this disinterest.

"She was very considerate," added Charles, with some bitterness.

"Forgives me before I die; that innocent girl who redeemed the handkerchief with a short moment; The realization never forced itself upon him with such overwhelming sorrow before; I was very considerate," added Charles, with some bitterness.

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"Do you forgive you, Allen, die her, and you may thank God," said the Colonel.

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"No, Charles, she knew nothing about it; it was I who did it, all to avenged my father. I have come in search of you. I could not endure the loneliness of the old mansion after my sad bereavement." She remained at the mansion, as she this disinterest.

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THE REDEEMED HANDCUFFED

... write this to a wife of mine, but how can I write otherwise to bet after what has passed between us? She knows that I love another; but I wish I had pursued a different course; I think it would have been better. As my father and mother and uncle William loved her, there must be something good in her. I fear I have done her great injustice. While these painful thoughts were passing in the mind of Charles, he scarcely realized that a change had taken place in his feelings towards his young wife, from resentment to sympathy since he heard Allen’s confession. That loved father buried in a strange village, in a strange church-yard...

... after the solemn rites of life funeral service were concluded, Ohurley prosecuted his journey alone, downcast and broken-hearted, so oppressed with sorrow that his solemn countenance testified plainer than words could have spoken: "All little did I think that I should have to return to my home to see my mother and my uncle no more; and have to bury my dear father in the swamps of Mississippi." In this melancholy state of mind he reached Charles-tan. The first object that met him was Adaline, seated in the parlor. She approached Charles, offering him her sympathy in tender terms, affectingly the dearest feeling. Charles looked at her, wondering whether Allen’s story was true or false. Could such a lovely looking and seemingly affectionate creature be so vile as she had been represented? He could not believe it. Adaline’s quick apprehension disclosed to her the state of Charles mind relative to her, and pleased with her success she determined to retain her hold upon him, if possible.

"Dear Charles," she began, "I suppose you have heard that your forced wife has found a lover in the person of Mr. Bently. I am sorry to tell you this, with all your trouble and bereavement;" and she forced the tears to fall on her beautiful white hand.

"Adaline," said Charles, "I certainly appreciate your interest in me, but it grieves me exceedingly that my situation as a married man precludes me from expressing what I feel; all I can say is, God bless and protect you from undeserved scandal;" and, pressing her hand, he withdrew and proceeded with his baggage to the old mansion.

... It was late in the afternoon when he arrived at his old and once happy home; how changed now! All was lost to him; but still he had a trial to endure; he must live in the presence of one whom he did not love, and who did not love him. His sensitive nature was completely overcome at the prospects of his unhappy destiny; he felt he had one choice: duty, stern duty, only lay before him. With these painful thoughts he seated himself in the lonely

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mansion, unobserved by any of its inmates. The parlour door being open, Charles cast his eyes around the room; there stood the rich old arm chair which his dear departed mother once occupied; unable to control his feelings he threw himself into it, and covered his face with his hands, while the tears dropped from his eyes upon his bosom. Be aware how long he had remained in this situation, when, hearing some one approach, he raised his eyes and saw his old nurse Dinah coming towards him.

"Is that you, massa Charles?" she asked in breathless agitation, "and where is old massa, the Colonel?"

"You will see him no more, Dinah, he was assassinated in the stage—but, for God sake, do not ask me any more questions. I feel incapable of answering them."

"Wont you go up and see her, massa Charles?"

"I suppose it is my duty. Tell her 'of my return, why has she been very sick, and I am afraid to tell her. She is so weak."

"What is she, Dinah? Tell her that I have come, and tell her of her father's death, for I am inadequate to the task."

"Well, let it then, Dinah."

"Let me see her, massa Charles?"

"I suppose it is my duty. Tell her of my arrival, and that I will see her."

"You are very kind, sir, to take any interest in me," said Kate, "me who have caused you such unmitigated sorrow."

"You are very kind, sir, to take any interest in me," said Kate, "me who have caused you such unmitigated sorrow."

"Charles turned and left the room, to hide the tears that would force their unwelcome presence to his eyes."

The next time that Charles met Kate he looked melancholy, and she attributed it to his displeasure towards her. She remained silent except when Charles addressed her. [Concluded next month.]

### THE HARP

When erring mortals first disgrace And cast the Eden to them given, And upon earth's rugged face A smiling, placid pair, were driven:—

And even tempest gathering like a night Whose stormy glooms foretell no morrow,

A harp, struck by a being bright,—

Sing in a strain which cast their sorrow.

"Poor mortals, though this sin of yours Has showered down the wrath of Heaven,—

Though forth from Eden's shady bowers

To painful duties you are driven—

Let not the thought of care and strife

Invade your gentle breasts with terror,

There's many a pleasure in the life

So dearly purchased by your error.

"Though doomed increasingly to toil,

And hope should cheer you with her smile

Though mingled with a few distresses,

Know labor hath a power to gladden;

As Paradise itself possesses.

Though wisdom find in it the harp;

With lighter hours and footsteps firmer let

Mankind who forth in war's ill lot

With lighter hearts and footsteps firmer:—

And when their scale grow dark with strife

The same harp best its cheerful murmur;

They tell'd hard on for years, and when

The angels gave the harp to men

To soothe and soften their emotions.

"A polite gentleman of this city bore his own pardon every time he tumbles down; and thanks himself politely every time he gets up again!

The best capital that a young man can start with in life is industry, with good sense, courage, and the fear of God. They are better than cash, credit, or friends.
THREE YEARS IN CALIFORNIA.

CHAPTER II.

PANAMA IN JULY, 1854—ITS ARCHITECTURE—SHOPS, STORES, AND SHIP YARDS—SHANGHAI FOR SAN FRANCISCO—FIRST—SAID FARE—ARRIVAL.

On our arrival around the population bustly employed in celebrating one of their immemorial fiest de fiesta. The streets presented a very gay appearance. The natives, all in their gold-dresses, were going the rounds of the numerous finery-ornamented almacs which had been erected throughout the town; and mingled with the crowd were numbers of Americans in every variety of California emigrant costume. The scene was further enlivened by the music, or rather the noise, of fifes, drums, and fiddles, with singing and chanting inside the churches, together with squibs and crackers, the firing of cannon, and the continual ringing of bells.

The town is built on a small promontory, and is protected, on the two sides facing the sea, by batteries, and, on the land side, by a high wall and a moat. A large portion of the town, however, lies on the outside of this. Most of the houses are built of wood, two stories high, painted with bright colors, and with a corridor and verandah on the upper story; but the best houses are of stone, or sun-dried bricks plastered over and painted. The churches are all of the same style of architecture which prevails throughout Spanish America. They appeared to be in a very neglected state, however, and even trees, growing out of the crevices of the stones. The towers and pinacles are ornamented with a profusion of pearl-oyster shells, which, shining brightly in the sun, produce a very curious effect.

On the altars is a great display of gold and silver crockery and images; but the interiors, in other respects, are quite in keeping with the dilapidated, uncared-for appearance of the outside of the buildings. The nuns are white, black, and every intermediate shade of color, being a mixture of Spanish, Negro, and Indian blood. Many of the women are very handsome, and on Sundays and holidays they dress very showily, mostly in white dresses, with bright crimson, red or yellow sashes, without stockings, flowers in their hair, and round their necks, gold chains, and on their heads, gold chains,

,... frequently composed of coins of various sizes linked together. They have a fashion of making their hair useful as well as ornamental, and it is not unusual to see the ends of three or four half-smoked cigars sticking out from the folds of their hair at the back of the head; for though they smoke a great deal, they never seem to finish a cigar at one sitting. It is amusing to watch the old women going to church. They come up smoking vigorously, with a cigar in full blight, but, when they get near the door they reverse it, putting the lighted end into their mouth, and in this way they take half-a-dozen stilt puffs at it, which seems to have the effect of putting it out. They then throw away the stump in some of the recesses of their "back hair," to be smoked out on a future occasion.

The native population of Panama is about eight thousand, but at this time there was also a floating population of Americans, varying from two to three thousand, all on their way to California; some being detained for two or three months waiting for a steamer to come round the Horn, some waiting for sailing vessels, while others, more fortunate, found the steamer, for which they had tickets, ready for them on their arrival. Passengers returning from San Francisco did not remain any time in Panama, but went right on across the Isthmus to Chicago.

Most of the principal houses in the town had been converted into hotels, which were kept by Americans, and bore, upon large signs, the favorite hotel names or the United States. Here was also numbers of large American stores or shops, of various descriptions, equally obtruding upon the attention of the public by the extent of their English signs, while, by a few lines of bad Spanish scrawled on a piece of paper at the side of the door, the poor natives were informed, as a matter of course, that they also might enter in and buy, if they had the wherewithal to pay. Here and there, indeed, some native, with mere enterprise than his neighbors, intimated to the public—that is to say, to the Americans—in a very modest sign, and in very bad English, that he had something or other to sell; but his energy was all theoretical, or for going into his store you would find him half asleep in his hammock, out of which he would not rouse himself if he could possibly avoid it. You were welcome to buy as much as you pleased, but he seemed to think it very hard that you could not do without
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Living in Panama was pretty hard. The hotels were all common full; the accomodation they afforded was somewhat in the same style as at Gorgona, and they were consequently not very inviting places. Those who did not live in hotels had sleeping-quarters in private houses, and resorted to the restaurants for their meals, which was a much more comfortable mode of life.

Ham, beans, chicken, eggs, and rice, were the principal articles of food. The beef was dreadfully tough, stringy, and tasteless, and was hardly ever eaten by the Americans, as it was generally found to be very unwholesome.

There was here at this time a great deal of sickness, and absolute misery, among the Americans. Diarrhoea and fever were the prevalent diseases. The deaths were very numerous, but were frequently either the result of the imprudence of the patient himself, or of the total indifference as to his fate on the part of his neighbors, and the consequent want of any care or attendance whatever. The heartless selfishness once so rare and heard of was truly disgusting.

The principle of "every man for himself" was most strictly followed out, and a sick man seemed to be looked upon as a thing to be avoided, as a hindrance to one's own individual progress.

There was an hospital attended by American physicians, and supported to a great extent by Californian generosity; but it was quite incapable of accommodating all the sick; and many a poor fellow, having exhausted his funds during his long absence here, found, when he fell sick, that in parting with his money he had lost the only friend he had, and was allowed to die, as little cared for as if he had been a dog. Many killed themselves by excessive drinking of the wretched liquor which was sold under the name of brandy, and other things, by eating callanously of fruit, green or ripe, at all hours of the day, or by living, for the sake of economy, on gingerbread and spun-sugar.

The sickness was no doubt much increased by the outrageously filthy state of the streets. There seemed to be absolutely no arrangement for cleaning whatever, and the heavy rains which fell, and washed down the streets, were all that saved the town from being swallowed up in the accumulation of its own corruption.

As may be supposed, such a large and moody population of foreigners, confined

in such a place as Panama, without any occupation, were not remarkably quiet or orderly. Gambling, drinking, and cock-fighting were the principal amusements; and drunken rows and fights, in which pistols and knives were freely used, were of frequent occurrence.

The 4th of July was celebrated by the Americans in great style. The proceedings were conducted as customary on such occasions in the United States. A procession was formed, which, headed by a number of fiddlers, drummers, and other instruments, all playing "Yankee Doodle" in a very free and independent manner, marched to the place of celebration, a circular canvas structure, where a circus company had been giving performances. When all were assembled, the Declaration of Independence was read, and the orator of the day made a flaring speech on the subject of George III. and the Universal Yankee Nation. A gentleman then got up, and, speaking in Spanish, explained to the native portion of the assembly what the row was about; after which the meeting dispersed, and the further celebration of the day was continued at the bars of the different hotels.

As soon as I was able to walk, I took passage in a barge about to sail for San Francisco. She carried about forty passengers; and as she had ample cabin accommodations, we were so far comfortable enough. The company was as might be expected, very miscellaneous. Some were respectable men, and others were vicious vagabonds. When we had been out but a few days, a fever broke out on board, which was not, however, of a very serious character. I got a touch of it, and could have cared for myself very readily, but there was a man on board who passed for a doctor, having shipped as such; he had been playing the others, and I reluctantly consented to allow him to doctor me also.

He began by giving me some horrible medicine, which, however, had no effect; so he continued to repeat it, and often dose me half a tumblerful, with still no effect, till, at last, he had given me so much of it, that he began to be alarmed for the consequences. I was a little alarmed myself, and put into the throat. I very soon his villainous eyes after it. I found it to faint, and asked a fellow-passenger who had the same account for; but of my follow-passengers, who had his, so far as I knew, had none. I was now an American; and the mask had been turned, that for the moment, at least, I was not a

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I dealt, and passed a great many times. I was not used to walk, I took a walk in a bar and I drank. The man who carried about forty pounds; and as he had ample cabin accommodations, we were perfectly comfortable. The company was, as might be supposed, most miscellaneous. Some were able men, others were drunkards, and the effect was very bad. When we had been out but a few hours, it broke out on board, and found that my body was not in a very serious condition. I got a touch of the gripes, and only myself very well, but there was no one on board who passed for a doctor. I shipped as such; he had been one of the others, and I reluctantly allowed him to doctor me, which, by giving me some horrible drink, however, had no effect; so I tried to repeat it, dose after dose, half a hundred with still no effect, he had given me so much, the man was a little alarmed himself, and putting my finger down my throat, I very soon relieved myself of all the splendid compounds that I had hitherto taken. I knew it after I went to the cabin, I felt as if I was going to faint, and shortly afterwards was sensibly better. At the time which I could not account for; but on inquiring of some of my fellow-passengers, I could find no one who had so far interested himself on my account as to be able to give me any information on the subject.

I took my own case in hand after that, and very soon got rid of the fever, although the amitic treatment had so used me up that for a fortnight I was much too ill to stand. We afterwards discovered that this man was only now making his debut as a physician. He had graduated, however, as a shoemaker, a farmer, and I don't know what else besides; latterly he had practised as a horse-dealer, and I have no doubt it was some horse-medicine which he administered to me so freely.

We had only two deaths on board, and in justice to the doctor, I must say he was not considered to have been the cause of either of them. One case was that of a young man, who, while the doctor was treating him for fever, was at the same time privately treating himself to large doses of wine, which, however, did not prevent the other's death. The other was a roach more or less universal, and very soon got rid of the fever. Though I saw many of them, I was not able to account for the cause. I have been an auctioneer in the States, opposite the captain, of the passengers, who insisted upon it that he would die of cholera, and that he would die of cholera for reasons of which I cannot account. But as it seemed to me, that as every one wore his boots and knives, the prospect of getting his opponent's knife between his ribs deterred each man from drawing his own, or offering any violence whatever.

The poor Swede had no friends on board; nobody knew who he was, where he came from, or anything at all about him; and so his effects were, a few days after his death, sold at auction by order of the captain, one of the passengers, who had been an auctioneer in the States, offering on the occasion.

Great difficulties were frequently practised at this time by those engaged in conveying passengers, in sailing vessels, from Panama to San Francisco. There were such numbers of men who were anxious to go to Panama to take the first opportunity, that often what they had being of the most insignificant character, and at such a time it was very difficult for one to make a mistake.

Many vessels were consequently despatched with a load of passengers, most shamefully ill supplied with provisions, even what they had being of the most inferior quality; and it often happened that they had to touch in distress at the intermediate ports for the ordinary necessaries of life.

We very soon found that our ship was no exception. For the first few days we were pretty well, but, by degrees, one after another became sick, and before the time we had been out a fortnight, we were completely unable to eat and drink, but salt pork, dusty flour, and bad coffee—not mustard, vinegar, sugar, pepper, or anything of the sort, to render us look at all palatable. It may be imagined how delightful it was, in returning from fever, when one naturally has a craving...
for something good to eat, to have no
greater delicacy in the way of nourish-
ment, than gruel made of, messy flour, on
natural

There was great indignation among the
passengers. A lot of Californian emigrants
took a crowd to be trifled with, and the
idea of pitching the supercargo overboard
was quite seriously entertained; but, for-
tunately for himself, he was a very possi-
ble man, and succeeded in talking them
into the belief that he was not to blame.

He had been, I think, scarcely any one
went ashore in San Francisco with a single
article of clothing which he possessed in
Panama; and there was hardly an article
of any man's wardrobe, which, by the time
our voyage was over, had not at one time
been the property of every other man on
board the ship.

We had one cantankerous old English-
man on board, who used to roll out, most
volubly, good round English oaths, greatly
to the amusement of some of the American
passengers, for the English style of cursing
and swearing is very different from that
which prevails in the States. This old
fellow was made a butt for all manner of
practical jokes. He had a way of going
to sleep during the day in all sorts of
places; and when the dinner-bell rang, he
would find himself half asleep and foot.
They averted the sleeves of his coat, and
then let him long odds he could not put it
on, and take it off again, within a minute.
They made up cigs for him with some
powder in the inside; and in fact the jokes
played upon him were endless, the great
man being, apparently, to hear him swear,
which he did most heartily. He always
fancied himself ill, and said that quinine
was the only thing that would save him;
but the quinine, like everything else on
board, was all used up. However, once
he put up some papers of flour and salt,
gave them to him as quinine, saying
he had just found them in looking over his
trunk. Constant inquiries were then made
after the old man's health, when he
chided the quinine, as doing him a world of
good, and that his appetite was much
improved.

He was so much teased at last that he
used to go about with a naked bowie-knife
in his hand, with which he threatened
to do awful things to whoever interfered with
him. But even this did not secure him
much peace, and he was such a dreadfully
enraged old rascal, that I thought the
stirrup he got was quite necessary to keep
him quiet.

After a wretchedly
which we experienced
light winds, and heavy
entered the Golden
cisco harbor with
the wind we were
affected.

CHAPTER

SIXTH.

THE WHALE-BOAT IN THE BAY.

The entrance to Sa
is between,Receipt of a
full apartment,
the name of the
harbor itself, in all
twenty miles across,
in length forty or fifty

Before the diso
ountry, the isolated
houses occupied by
and one looking
of the entrance of
harbor was a

At the time of
hardly a village,

was a wood
support the sign of
were composed of
work of corrugated
tin, slightly and

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After a wretchedly long passage, during which we experienced nothing but calm, light winds, and heavy contrary gales, we entered the Golden Gate of San Francisco harbor with the first and only fair wind we were favored with, and came to anchor before the city about eight o'clock in the evening.

CHAPTER III.


The entrance to San Francisco harbor is between precipitous rocky headlands about a mile apart, and which have received the name of the Golden Gates. The harbor itself is a large sheet of water, twelve miles across at its widest point, and in length forty or fifty miles.

Before the discovery of gold in the country, it consisted merely of a few small houses occupied by native Californians, and one or two foreign merchants engaged in the export of hides and horses. The harbor was also a favorite watering-place for whalers and men-of-war cruising in the Pacific Ocean.

The harbor itself is a large sheet of water, twelve miles across at its widest point, and in length forty or fifty miles.

At the time of our arrival in 1851, barely a vestige remained of the original village. Some were mere tents, with perhaps a wooden floor sufficiently strong to support the sign of the occupant; some were composed of sheets of zinc on a wooden framework; there were numbers of corrugated iron houses, the most unsightly objects possible; also dingy-looking Chinese houses, and occasionally some substantial brick buildings; but the great majority were nondescript, shapeless, patchy, and one, or two large merchant establishments, the same being fitted up as offices, or sometimes converted into a boarding-house.

The hills rise so abruptly from the shore that there was not room for the rapid extension of the city, and as sites were more valuable, as they were nearer the shipping, the first growth of the city was out upon the bay. Already houses had been built out on pilings for nearly half-a-mile beyond the original high-water mark; and it was thus that a ship, having been hauled up and built in, came to occupy a position so completely out of their element. At the present day the whole of the business part of the city of San Francisco stands on solid ground, a few years ago large ships lay at anchor; and what was then high-water mark is now more than a mile inland.

The principal street of the town was about three-quarters of a mile long, and in it were most of the bankers' offices, the principal stores, some of the best restaurants, and numerous drinking and gambling saloons.

In the Plaza, a large open space, was the only remaining house of the San Francisco of other days—a small cottage built of sun-dried bricks. Two sides of the Plaza were composed of the most imposing-looking houses in the city, some of which were of brick, several stories high; others, though of wood, were large buildings with handsome fronts, in imitation of stone, and nearly every one of them was a gambling-house.

Scattered over the hills overlooking the town, apparently at random, but all on specified lots, on streets which as yet were only defined by rude fences, were habitations of various descriptions, handsome wooden houses of three or four stories, neat little cottages, iron houses, and tents indescribable.

Rents were exorbitantly high, and servants were hardly to be had for money; housekeeping was consequently only undertaken by those who did not fear the expenses, and who were so fortunate as to have their families with them. The population, however, consisted chiefly of single men, and the usual style of living was to have some sort of room to sleep in, and to board at a restaurant. But even a room to oneself was an expensive luxury, and it was more usual for men to sleep in their stores or offices. As for a bed in one was particular about that, a shabby bed on a table, or on the floor, was as common as anything else, and sheets were a luxury but little thought of. Every man was his own servant, and his own porter besides.

It was nothing unusual to see a respectable old gentleman, perhaps some old parent, or a particular friend, who at some would have been horrified at the idea of doing such a thing, open his store in the morning himself, take a broom and sweep it out, and then proceed to blacken his boots.

The boot-blackining trade, however, was one which sprang up and flourished rapidly. It was monopolised by Frenchmen, and was principally conducted in the Plaza, on the long rows of steps in front of the
gambling saloons. At first the accommodation afforded was not very great. One had to stand upon one foot and place the other on a little box, while a Frenchman, standing a few steps below, operated upon it. Presently arm-chairs were introduced, and the boot-black working in partnership, time was economized by both being polished simultaneously. It was a curious sight to see thirty or forty men sitting in a row in the most public part of the city having their boots polished, while as many more stood waiting for their turn. The next improvement was being accommodated with the morning papers while undergoing the operation; and finally, the boot-blacking industry, keeping pace with the progressive spirit of the age, opened saloons furnished with rows of easy-chairs on a raised platform, in which the patients sat and read the news, or admired themselves in the mirror on the opposite wall.

In 1851, however, things had not attained such a pitch of refinement as to render the appearance of a man’s boots a matter of the slightest consequence. As far as eating and drinking went, living was good enough. The market was well supplied with every description of game, wild fowl, the Sacramento river was full of splendid salmon, and the Scottish rivers, though in appearance not such a highly-finished fish, being rather clumsy about the tail. Vegetables were not so plentiful. Potatoes and onions, as fine as any in the world, were raised, or transplanted. Other vegetables, though scarce, were produced in equal perfection, and upon a gigantic scale. A bushel weighing a hundred pounds, and that looked like the trunk of a tree, was not thought a very remarkable specimen.

The wild geese and ducks were extremely numerous all round the shores of the bay, and many men, chiefly English and French, who would have scorned the idea of selling their game at home, here turned their sporting abilities to good account, and made their guns a source of handsome profit. A Frenchman with whom I was acquainted killed fifteen hundred dollars’ worth of game in two weeks, most of it being saved for market, and a degree of cleanliness was observable in every action of a man’s daily life. People lived more there in a week than they would in a year in most other places.

In the course of a month, or a year, in San Francisco, there was more hard work done, more speculative schemes were conceived and executed, more money was made and lost, there was more buying and selling, more sudden changes of fortune, more eating and drinking, more smoking, more gambling, and tobacco-chewing, more crime and profligacy, than at the same time, more solid advancement made by the people, or a body, in wealth, prosperity, and the refinements of civilization, than could be shown in an equal space of time by any community of the same size on the face of the earth.

The every-day joviality of ordinary human existence was not a fast enough pace for Californians in their insatiable pursuit of wealth. The longest period of time ever thought of was a month. Money was loaned, and houses were rented, by the month; interest and rent being invariably payable monthly and in advance. All engagements were made by the month, during which period the chances and contingencies were so great that no one was willing to commit himself for a longer term. In the space of a month the whole city might be swept off by fire, and a total extinguishing of the goods, and speculations was the usual style of business, that no great idea of stability could be attached to anything, and the ever-changing aspect of the streets, as the houses were being constantly pulled down and rebuilt, was emblematic of the equally-changing fortunes of the inhabitants.

In the midst of it all, the rummery, or bootblack, for the opposition river saloons, was breaking up the superiority of their respective boats at the top of their lungs, somewhat in this style: “One dollar to-night for Sacramento, by the splendid steamer Senator, the fastest boat that ever turned a wheel from here, with feather pillows and pure-hand feather mattresses, mahogany doors and silver hinges. She has got eighty passengers on board, but not a colored man on board, not a colored man. And a young man would be seen there, a young man would be seen there, a young man would be seen there!”

San Francisco exhibited an incredible amount of vitality compressed into a small compass, and a degree of cleanliness was observable in every action of a man’s daily life. People lived more there in a week from all quarters, than they would in a year from any other place.
man would be seen rushing to the spot from all quarters. Another-coons, gam-
ble-houses, stores, and drinking-houses would be emptied, and a mob collected in
the street in a moment. The "mass" would probably be only a difficulty between two
gentlemen, who had referred it to the ar-
bbitration of knives or pistols; but no one
was killed, the mob was dispersed, to re-
sume their various occupations, just as
quickly as they had collected.

Some of the principal streets were planked,
as was also, of course, that part of
the city which was built on piles; but
where there was no planking, the mud was
ankle-deep, and in many places there were
mud-holes, rendering the street almost im-
possible.

California was often said to be famous for
three things—rats, fleas, and empty bottles.
The whole street swarmed with rats of
an enormous size; one could hardly walk
at night without treading on them. They
destroyed an immense deal of property
and a good cutting terror was worth his
weight in gold dust. I knew instances,
however, of first rate torrriers in Sacra-
mento City (which for rats beat San Fran-
cisco hollow) becoming at last so utterly
disgusted with killing rats, that they ceased
to consider it any sport at all, and allowed
the rats to run under their noses without
dignity of looking at them.

At the other industrious little ani-
mal, they were a terrible nuisance. I
suppose they were indigenous to the sandy
soil. It was quite a common thing to see
a gentleman suddenly pull up the sleeve
of his coat, or the leg of his trousers, and
smile in triumph when he caught a little
torrent.

The few ladies who were already in San
Francisco, very naturally avoided appear-
ing in public; but numbers of female tac-
teles, of the most extravagantly rich and
gorgeous materials, swept the muddy
streets, and added not a little to the incon-
gruous variety of the scene.

There was in the crowd a large propor-
tion of well-born men, in stove-pipe hats
and broadcloth; but, however nearly a
man might approach in appearance to the
conventional idea of a gentleman, it is not
true, I believe, on that account, that he
either was or got the credit of being, a bit
better than his neighbors. The man stand-
ing one of the guards of a laboring
man, was perhaps his superior in wealth,
character and education. Appearances,at
least for the area was consumed, went
for nothing at all. A man was judged by
the amount of money in his purse, and fre-
quently the man to be most entitled for
his dollars was the most to be despised for
his looks.

At this time the gamblers were, as a gen-
eral thing, the best dressed men in San
Francisco. Many of them were very gen-
lemanly in appearance, but there was a
vague air about them which denoted
their profession.

[To be Continued.]
GINGERLY & CO.
BY DOINGS.

For weeks had I been sick—weeks that seemed to hang and hover over me, restless to go by. And as each succeeding week found me still worse, and promised nothing better, I lost all faith in physic, because tired of paying my physician eight dollars per day for advice, and one dollar each for pills—tired of having kind-hearted and symp-
pathizing friends each morning inquire, "How do you feel this day?"—tired of seeing them whisper together, shake their heads, and cast furtive glances at me, with countenances which indicated plainly what they would say if they only dared—"Poor fellow, you'll soon be off"—and even tired of one good, whole-souled old friend, who would come every day, and every day, as he came in, laugh loud and long, ex-
claiming—"Why! How much better you look this day"—seeming much sur-
priised at such an unexpected change—then sitting down, commence to tell some good story or joke, and, before he had got half through, turn back to me, and drawing from the capacious pocket of his monkey-jacket an immense hand-
dana, wipe the tears out of his eyes, and then, with a broken voice, resume the story. I tell you, I was tired of this—perfectly disgusted—made me very angry! and I determined to disappoint them all, and not die—at least just then.

I thought a change of air, climate, and society, together with a strong will, would restore me to health again, and, after a great deal of coaxing, my friends concluded to take me, and the bright morning in the month of March, '90, I was carried on board the steamboat Linda, then running between Sacramento and Marysville. From the officers of the boat I received every at-
tention possible, and shall ever remember their many acts of kindness with a grateful heart.

I was right in my conjectures, for I had sojourned at Marysville three weeks, I could take my regular meals, and walk several miles a day. My home at this place was with two old friends, who had a short time previous erected a massive store-house, and, getting in a stock of goods, now only wanted one thing to enable them to do a "flip-top" business, and that, one thing was customers.

It was my intention, upon regaining my health, to have returned to Sac-
ramento, but was prevented by a circumstance which will form the burden of this sketch. Adjoining the store of my friends was a hotel which rejoiced in the humble but pleasing cognomen of "The Miners' Rest," and, as the sign said, "By Harris and Walker;" but, as every one else said, "Old Harris" and "Col. Walker." The "chef de cuisine" of the establish-
ment was an heroine—a specimen of the French race, "fair, fat, and (every day of) forty," and who was rendered unhappy by being obliged to wear the somewhat spicily appellation of Gingerly; she having married a man boning that euphonious surname, and from whom, after a short season, she separated.

Capt. Gingerly was an old mountainer, and had met the woman (Mrs. Benton) in San Francisco soon after her arrival at that place, and representing himself as an associate of Capt. Sutter, and the proprietor of an extensive tract of land somewhere, he won the affections (?) of the widow—for widow she was, and came to this country for the express purpose of making a "good thing" out of somebody. To be sure, Capt. Gingerly was not what would have been called a "hardcore man"—his age did not exceed fifty—his body, which was about six feet long, was slightly bent—shoulders round and stooping—face long, wrinkled, and or-
namented with several "wiry whiskers"—his teeth had, probably in some encounter, with a bear, been knocked down his throat; and any rate they were missing, with the exception of two, one of which protruded after the fashion of a pecan nut.

He was an inveterate reader of the "I Tell," and, for the rest, as little a book as he was a man. His hair was long his (false) and his costume not in keeping with the days of a man. But if he was possessed of eccentricities, compared with the appearance of his companion, his, worn with the "papers," visions, took the place of the "̄".

It is perhaps Captain was so named, and had been an old mountainer, years in round top, with bear and bear and the eider duck, the very bravest of home were married, tied, the oakmeal was brown, and the dreaded discoll.

Aitken: About
She fancied—had
When he (false)
And horridly.

It was not taken together at once, and the separate. The
his home, and,
Mrs. G. repri-
cepted the site.
Some time's separation,
journeymen at Marysville three
said take my regular meals,
several miles a day. My
place was with two old
wants store-houses, and purchase
stock of goods; now only thing to enable them to do
business, and that one
intention, upon returning to
home prevented by circumstances
the formation of the band.
Adjoining the store of
was a hotel which was not
but pleasing to
ners’ Rest,” and, as the
Col. Walker.” The
of the establishment
ร้อง—was a specimen
race, “fifty,” and
forty,” and the
happy by being obliged to
the spacy appellation of
having married a man
surprised, and after a short time she
early was an old mountain
met the woman (Mrs.
food of after
place, and represented
as an associate of Capt.
proprietor of an
somewhere, he wore
(,) he came to this country
of making a
out of somebody. To
Gingerly was not
years in roaming about the mountains,
with bears and Indians for his associ-
ate, the earth for his bed, boots,—when
had any—for his pillow, and the
sky of heaven his coverlid. They
were married, the rite over, the knot
ied, the oaths recorded, and the
honey-moon was in its zenith, when the
dreadful discovery was made that both
were sold.

Alas! Alas! for marriage vows—
She (poor soul) now carried her spouse,
Which (the wicked fellow) called her hair,
and horrid inscriptions filled the air.

It was not possible for them to live
together after the unfortunate event,
and they consequently agreed to separate.
The Captain once more found
his home among the mountains, and
Mrs. G. repaired to Marysville and ac-
cepted the situation where we find her.

Some time had now elapsed since the
separation, and the old lady had, as a
general thing, maintained a rigid
ance in regard to the affair, but when
she did speak of her noble spouse, it
was in terms doing as little credit to
herself as to him. But the Captain in
his mountain ramblings often thought of
that happy home—happily the
breathing storm burst—and often regret-
ted his part, not in the deception, but
the separation, and finally concluded
that it was her duty to follow him, and
that she should do so, whether she
liked it or not. Many were the mes-
sengers he sent, but to all she turn
a deaf ear, and would not be persuaded—
various times had he himself ventured
into town, but could never obtain a
hearing. One day, however, very strong within himself, he came to
town determined upon something des-
perate.

Just after dark he occupied a
position in the rear of the house, having
determined to make the attack from
that quarter. He was not obliged to
wait long for a favorable opportunity—
soon all was quiet, not a soul to be seen.
Stealthily he creeps along, with cat-like
pace; cautiously, yet rapidly, he nears
the open door—moment more and he
has crossed the threshold, and stands
firmly upon the kitchen floor. The
old lady stands there too, busily
engaged washing her cups and saucers,
and, as she washes a cup and turns it
down to dry, hums a few bars of “Jes-
dan,” and with her apron wipes the
steam and perspiration from her brow.

As she appears so well contented,
and in such a happy frame of mind,
and while the old gentleman hesitates,
to decide upon the proper manner to
announce his arrival, we will take a
peep in at the front door. Here sit
the guests, some upon wooden forms—
substitutes for chairs; some upon the
bar, and others upon the table. Nine
hosts are here too,—nearly every one
is enjoying the luxury of a pipe;
someone a word is spoken, but all in
silent reverence upon the smoky
wreaths as they form tiny rings, ex-
pand, and wind about, and burst—
burst! did I say?—well, I might, for the confidential noise burst upon our ears just then that you ever did hear; it to me sounded more like a heavy clap of thunder, with a tin pan and crockery ware accompaniment, than anything I now think of. In an instant every one was on his feet, but for a moment undecided which way to run; then, as by common consent, rushed for the kitchen. Shades of departed crockery merchants, what a sight was here! Pots, kettles, crockery ware, knives and forks, the wash-tub, together with dish water and old Gingerly, formed a heterogeneous mass in one corner, while opposite stood our heroine, one foot slightly in advance of the other, and in each extended hand a mazer—her eyes awoke with a bright wild glare, and almost thundery victory!—her upper lip and nose turned as if to indicate the scorn and contempt she felt for the miserable wretch lying subdued and crying to the corner. That unfortunate individual presented a most pitiable appearance. We rescued him from his perilous situation, and questioned him as to his being there; he told us that he wanted to see the "old woman" very much, and upon a subject of great importance; that he would forgive her this one slight if, in return, she would allow him a few moments conversation in private.

He began pleading so earnestly that Mr. Harris interceded for him, and was successful in obtaining an interview, limited to five minutes. Five minutes passed—ten—twenty—one hour—two hours, and I went home to bed. Very early the following morning Col. Walker glided noiselessly into our store, and, striking an attitude, made use of gestures and symbols, generally used when silence or secrecy is necessary, and by which we at once understood that "something was up." After ascertaining that it was not possible for any one to overhear, he, in sort of a half whisper, delivered himself of the following:—"Old Gingerly has struck it big! he's found a place where a man can make his hundred a day with a pan as easy as nothing—he's given the old lady several large specimens, and she's going with him and wants me to go along, but the old man object strongly.

If you'll go with me the old woman says that she'll find out and give us such directions that we can follow and keep close behind them."

Here he stopped to breathe; and—"we concluded.

"Reserving a goodly stock of provisions and stores to take with us, my friends disposed of the balance to a neighbor at "less than cost," and by noon of the next day we were ready, and waiting for the wagon—it came, was speedily loaded; and we left Marysville twenty-four hours behind the old Captain, with such information as we supposed would enable us in due time to overtake and claim an interest in his El Dorado.

And this, my friend, (I presume you must be, or you would never have read thus far,) is an excellent stopping place. If you have found nothing in the foregoing to interest you, and if you would learn more of Gingerly & Co., have patience, and on or near the first of October next again invest the small sum of twenty-five cents for the benefit of Hutchings & Co.'s Magazine, and you shall be rewarded for your endurance.

EXTRACTS FROM A MINER'S JOURNAL.

TO MAY.

GENTLE SISTER,—If any effort of my poor pen can afford a single pleasure to one like thee, or gratify one wish so kindly spoken as thine, most willingly do I resume it.

Albeit the interest which you so tenderly express, may have been only in the association of friends, which exists now, only as if it had never existed, save

In those visions in the heart displaying
Forms which it sights but to have only dreamed.
Albeit this new attempt may fail to
please,—yet, still, I would beg to be
kindly remembered, if for nothing but
the zeal with which I shall strive to
suit your approbation.

Ever yours, gentle friend, Joe.

No. 1.

Sunshine and Shadow.

What a beautiful scene I gaze on, as
I sit on the threshold of my cabin, in
the shade of the old oak. Every sound
is hushed in the moonday stillness, ex-
cept the gentle rustling of leaves that
are stirred by the faint breeze, and the
harsh notes of some noisy jays in the
neighboring thicket. Occasionally the
quill from distant hill-side calls to
its mate, and the shrill scream of the
hawk is heard as he soars into the upper
air. Before the cabin the scene lies
dazzlingly bright, and far away the
distant hills glimmer in the hoarded
sunlight. What deep tranquility pervades
the whole! And why am I a mourner
as I sit in the doorway in the shadow
of the old oak? Why does not my
heart, moved by that latent sympathy
which exists between man and sur-
ronding objects, best responsive to the
peaceful and dreamy happiness that
rests upon the noonday landscape?
Alas! why are there ever shades upon
nature's beautiful face? And why,
when the sun shines brightest, are they
deepest? *

Perhaps it is well that we are not
always glad. Our occasional sadness
may make us more regardful of the
happiness of others, and keep alive the
sweetness of our own susceptibility of
pleasure, which too constant joylessness
might blunt. At any rate I will not
attempt to shake off this sadness to-day,
of all others, for it is an anniversary
which my heart should keep in sorrow.
Nations and societies have their an-
viversaries, which they hold in cher-
ished respect. Even now our own glo-
rious national one has just passed, and
the patriotic hearts that throbbed with
so much excitement have hardly yet
subsided to their quiet beat. And
shall not our hearts have their own an-
viversaries of joy or grief? Shall we
forget our ivy-voine of memory, to twine
round the rules of the bright dreams
and airy superstructures of youth?—
Yes,—and we will hold the day of their
fall sacred to nourish it with tears.

Willie Walters and I,—both anima-
ted with the careless, happy, hopeful
spirit of fifteen—had returned from
school to spend the summer months at
our homes. We were equally wild in
our visions of future fame and happy-
ess, and equally ignorant of life's real
nature. Our parents were near neigh-
bors in the little village, and we were
constant companions, and, in the ex-
clamations of youthful joy, we were going
to write a tale during the summer
months, whose truthful delineations of
life should win for us an enviable
reputation. We had already chosen for the
name of our great work: Sunshine and
Shadow, as expressive of the vicis-
situdes of life, and were discussing the
plot, and the characters that were to
figure in it.

"It shall be a home tale, true to life," said Willie; "every character
in the end shall be happy; and the only
shadow shall be a delayed hope, or mo-
mentary disappointment. And no one
shall die, because it's not necessary.
Writers do wrong to have their good
characters die,—'tis not natural, and
they only do so in books because the
authors use their power arbitrarily.
And then," he continued, his elo-
quence waning as he proceeded, "we
have got two such dear beings to in-
spire us with a beautiful ideal of happy,
loving, angelic characters. Sister Amy
shall be yours and Hattie Wade mine;
and they will feel so proud to see them-
theselves mirrored by such flattering re-
spectors as our affections will prove.—
O, it will be a glorious work!" And
he danced around the room in an ec-
stacy of delight.

I know not what I responded, but
my hopes were as wild and excitable as
his own. And when I thought of the inspiration that the love of Amy Wa
ters would lend, I felt sure that my de
cline of her character would be
comparable to nothing but the liveldest
and best of angels; and the pride that
swelled my breast when I thought that
perhaps the merits of our work would
make me in the least more worthy of
her affection, or light one gleam of ad
miration in her peerless eyes, was such
as only swells the bosom of boyhood.

Our tale opened with the scene of a
large group of children going forth in
the spring time to range the fields in
search of flowers. We left them, with
their glad shouts and merry laughter
ringing in the air—chasing butterflies
and gathering wild flowers—to manifest
thus:

"Sport on, happy group, sport on! Gather the bright flowers that grow so plentifully around you—created, it would seem, for your tiny hands—Chase the gaudy insects that so easily elude your grasp, and leave the pursuit with only a laugh at your baffled chase!

"Sport on while yet you may! To gather flowers;—to find for your tiny hands the rarest flowers, to bring to your loved ones joyous memories of the days of spring.

"Sport on, happy group—small type of creation, sport on! The world goes forth to gather flowers—all look forward over life's opening fields and see a boundless expanse of bloom; and press eagerly forward, clothed with high hopes, to pluck the inviting blossoms, and grasp the dazzling insects; but when they are gained, the blossoms are changed to sorrows and the insects to illusions. The world goes forth to gather flowers, but how many, many, pluck the thorns of care.

"Excellent," cried Willie, as he read it over; "but it's hardly true to life, I think, for you know there is nothing but happiness; we must, however, have this to give effect; yet we must get nothing madder, for if we do the shadow of our tale will exceed the sunshine; and I'm sure if we should live twenty

lives, experience would allow us nothing more sorrowful than this."

"Inconsiderate, boyish words! But I thought them not so than, for my heart responded to their sentiment and, happy in the commencement of our tale, we laid it aside until the morrow. Alas! it was never resumed. It fell like many another bright structure of my youth; and the work that was to have made our names immortal, is only extant on the pages of memory.

That day Willie and I walked arm in arm to the little lake beyond the village, and saw—as not unusually we did—Amy and Hattie in the pleasure boat, hugging on the bright surface of the pond. The day was still and sultry, and the idle sail scarcely moved the little boat. The girls saw us as we stood on the bank, watching them drift slowly across the pond, and their laugh rang sweet and clear over the water as they cried in girlish coquetry, that they had found an effectual way of keeping at a respectful distance two such imprudent visitors as we were. The merry sound had scarcely died when we saw the smooth surface beyond them, suddenly agitated by one of those quick gusts, or little whirlwinds, that are so frequent during the sultry summer months. Before we could warn them it had touched the boat, borne it hastily through the water for a second of time,—overturned, and driven it beyond the reach of the girls, who, with two smothered shrieks, sank, with two smothered shrieks, under the water. It had all been done so suddenly, that Willie and I stood for a moment as if chained to the ground; but the next instant we were swimming furiously to their rescue. The distance was considerable, but our desperate exertions passed it rapidly. Thrice we saw the girls appear, clasped in each other's embrace, the last time but a short distance from us; but we reached the spot too late. The struggle was over, and we could only indistinctly see two white forms in the depth of the agitated waters—dearer to us than the richest posies their watery bed. We had heard all the story, and we went back to the village, with the heart in our bosom, crying wildly at the hooks; and the forms from the boisterous water gently air currents as they decayed—

"Grieving, I thought that it had formed a full trust that he was keeping.

All efforts of the insecta, I thought, was doomed in the sport.

One general cry of the village was that two birds of the same species less afraid than we, in which neither was the while they were found. They sent up their joyous contents into the air to a stroke of a fling, scarcely a series of sound.

We had love with the steady, mature years, musing power.

"One in a we... of any thing may?

They were hearts of joy; a measure of joy feet. We were our village. They were all, except the talk of our thoughts of the when we was as it was at the day.

I might...
one day Willie and I walked near
the lake beyond the vil-

The day was still and sti-

This is the poetic ex-

We miners, as a class, are generally

There is no wonder. The extremes of for-

All efforts of restoration to life were

I have but a dim recollection of what

their sorrowful fate of its

two fairest children; but there were

two of the mourners who stood motion-

I, too, imagine our griefs,

that it had borne so fitfully the beauti-

pale objects to which, in the fear of future, all

We had loved them not, perhaps,

One stormy Saturday

While we were to lay the trophies of all

That was the only thing that was

The unhappy mine itself caused a

I might stop here, but I am tracing

than the richest pearls that ever lay in

the water gently stir the long disheveled

The day was still and sti-

the smooth surface beyond

and clear over the water as

girlish coquetry, that they

is an effectual way of keeping

Two of the mourners who stood motion-

in the intensity of that grief

which neither speaks nor weeps; two,

poverty and boundless wealth,

wealth and abject poverty, and their

and drive it

rural districts as if repentant of its cruel

that we were. One

and had scarcely died when

A general cloud of grief overspread

the villages at the sorrowful fate of its
two fairest children; but there were

two of the mourners who stood motion-

Apart from the girls, who

touched the boat—borne

through the water for a se-

overturned, and driven in

reach of the girls, who

two smothered shrieks of

water. It had all been do-

ing, that Willie and I stood

out as if chained to it

at the next instant we

trying to their rescue. This

is considerable, but our de-

cisions passed it rapidly

the girls appear, shapes

are 2,000 feet from the bottom,

distance from us; but we

spot too late. The struggle,

and we could only indulge in white forms in the depth-

ated waters—dearer to us

and it was not until now,

when all was so suddenly crushed; it

was as if the sun had been taken from

us at midday, and left not a shadow but

a rayless midnight gloom.

I might stop here, but I am tracing shadows to-day, and I've one more page
to add to the dark portion of "Sun-

shine and Shadows."

Whatever stars rule the destiny of

Willie and I, their horoscope fixed our

lots to run parallel, even to being to-

gether in the mines, of California,—

where poor Willie exists a mournful

shadow on a bright scene.

We miners, as a class, are generally

a merry set of fellows, who enjoy life as

it goes—as far as circumstances will

admit. Yet with all this general merriment

and carelessness, there are many

and those among us, upon which care and

anxiety have written their presence in

deep characters; and it is said that the

insane asylum at Stockton contains,

proportionally, more inmates than that

of any other State of the Union. It

is no wonder. The extremes of fortune—

poverty and boundless wealth,—

wealth and abject poverty, and their

corresponding emotions—are liable to

succeed each other so quickly in our

State, that the minds of her votaries,

unless possessed of great elasticity, are

unable to bend to those sudden changes,

and break,—leaving those mournful

monuments of the strength of our pas-

sions. Such, now, exists poor Willie;—

mild and harmless he wanders about

among his friends, telling the wild

phantasies and incoherent dreams of his

disordered brain.

I saw him to-day, and he told me about

the phantom-miner, a strange fancy by

which he accounts for the disappearance

of an old camp-mate who went house

when Willie first became deranged.

"Twas in the hungry winter of '64," he

recommenced; "the weather was se-

vere,—times were awfully hard, and

water had begun to fail;—and many a

stout heart that had borne up against al-

most overwhelming adversity, began to

grow discouraged. One stormy Saturday

night a large company was assembled at

old Brook's trading tent, enjoying them-

selves to the fullest extent on whiskey,

for that was the only thing that was

cheaper or plenty that winter. Jack

Reed was the liveliest one among them.
If men's spirits could be constructed into a barometer, I could have told any one who had said that that human baromter had fallen, that Jack Reed was in high spirits, for when every body else was 'down in the mouth' he was always lively; some thought he did it to vex them, but he didn't—he felt at heart as dull as any, but nobly exerted himself to appear cheerful to entertain others.

And this night when they all spoke so despondingly of the hard times and falling diggings, Jack, as usual, tried to cheer them; he admitted that at present it was 'mighty tight paper,' but times would brighten, he said, and as for the diggings—why! they had never found the best yet,—prospecting was all that was wanted to show them richer deposits than had ever yet been struck.

But Jack's reasoning had no more effect on them, than preaching had on the Scribes and Pharisees—they were of little faith,—and jeered him and told him he was 'gassing;' and that he knew it.

Unable to contend against their unbelief, and probably his own secret opinions also, Jack lost his good nature and swore if words would not convince them, he was ready to prove what he said by deeds; and catching up a pick, pan and shovel, he took such an oath as made the most inveterate swearers of the company tremble, that he would not taste a mouthful of food or enter a house until he had shown them a richer claim than was known on that Creek; and with these words he went out into the furious storm, slamming the door behind him.

Here Willie paused and looked wildly around, until we asked him what became of Jack.

"He never found the claim," he replies; "diggings have been growing worse ever since, and he has become a phantom. I waited long at my cabin for him to return, but he didn't come; I began to suspect the truth, and watched sharp and constantly night and day.

At last one night I heard a dull sound as of some one walking dirt with a pan. The sound was muffled and cautious, but my ear was quick and caught it. I moved stealthily to the spot whence it came, and there I first learned that quiet phantom, for he was aware of my presence, and fled with the speed of light; but I caught a glimpse of him as he flitted over the distant hills, and I saw that it was Jack Reed, changed to a shadow.

Since that I hear him nightly, and place food for him, but it is always untouched.

And often in the winter season, when the dreary rain falls incessantly for weeks, I nightly hear the sound of weary footsteps without my cabin; but when I hasten to the door they flee from me, and are lost in the distance in the pattering of the falling rain. But I know well they are the footsteps of one, who in vain must wish for shelter from the merciless storm—in vain wish to live again among men, and yet can never hope for the rest and peace of the grave."

When I listen to Willies as he tells this, and see his wasted form, and his quiet wild gestures, and raving glances that betoken his shattered mind, I think of the happy boy, who thought that life's experience would not justify the writing of one sad sentence, and of the many sad changes I have known, and daily learned, I can almost ask, in the impressed words of the poet,—

"O, God! how long shall the daylight last?
When shall the sun and shadow be past?"

Such is life—sunshine and shadow—but which the most? As often, in childhood glee, I have sat for hours watching the clouds' shadows and sunshine chase each other over the meadows, and cried, as either held transient sway, "There's the most shadow—there's the most sunshine."—so, although to-morrow I may say there is more sunshine, yet to-day, of all other days, while this sadness rests on me, I will say "Life has more shadow."
A STRANGER BY THE WAY-SIDE.

Not long since, in taking a trip to one of the upper towns of Yuba County, my attention was attracted by a grave in a lonely place by the way-side. I stopped my horse, and for some moments regarded the spot in silent meditation.

Here lay a mortal, once full of life, whose heart beat to emotions of hope and joy, as well as of hatred, of grief, of despair; — one endeared, perhaps, to all the tender relations of life—who in infancy had fondly sported upon his mother's knee; —in boyhood following his father's footsteps to the field, or riding behind him to the country town —had disturbed the silent meditations of his indulgent parent, by his innocent prattle and inquiring loquacity; —in youth had softly sung the love-song — had tamely cast the love look — had tremblingly spoke the love vow — to some fair and willing maiden among his father's neighbors; and in manhood, having united his fortune to hers by his mother's grave: * * * *

Tins, dear mother to remember, thy son: — the day came; — the day of parting. I saw that son— that son who now is all that is said; That son can only press his father's hand. He can not speak. Words are for the empty, not the full. Next he turns to his wife, who stands waiting with her child in her arms; but there is something too tender and too sacred about the separation of husband and wife, even for a short time, to be witnessed by bystanders, so she accompanied him part of the way to the rail-road station. They went with their arms lovingly linked together, ever and anon, entering into the depths of each other's souls. Oh, it was a sad sight to see them part. For riches—for riches alone he is about to leave that dear sweet woman, who has surrounded his manhood with a world of love and virtuous affection—leave her to struggle in life alone, unguided by his counsel, unaided by his strength—leave his wife, "the last best gift of heaven to man," without whom his riches would prove worthless, and the world would be a desert.

But they parted. No words were
Many weary days wilt thou impatiently wait to hear from him! Many weary nights wilt thou lie awake praying for his speedy return. At such times, forgetting any of his bad, thou wilt treasure up in thy virtuous heart all his good qualities; all his kind acts, his loving looks, his soft and tender words. Treasure them, dear woman; treasure them well—for by thee they shall be seen and heard no more forever! When thou hearest from him, thou shalt hear that he is dead! Thou shalt hear of his last short sickness how in his delirium he called upon thee and thy innocent babe, in tones of tenderness and endearment—not remembering that ye were far away. Thou shalt hear how that his bed was made by strangers, and how that strangers nursed him while sick, and closed his eyes when he died, while yet the name of "Mary" was warm on his lips: how that strangers buried him here—here, where I now stand—in the lonely grave by the road-side. Oh God! of infinite goodness and power! Temper this bleak wind to the shorn lamb. Bear her up above the troubles of earth with the blessed hope of rest beyond the grave!

And thou, stranger, rest on in thy lonely grave, until the last trump shall sound to a re-union with those whom thy soul loved on earth; yet to whom, perhaps at this moment, thou art the very near, and the guardian-angel.

A FEW WORDS TO OLD BACHELOR FELIXANDER DOINGS.

Oh! wasn't it capital fun! Oh! I wish I'd been there. Just served you right, sir; served you too well, Mr. Felixander Doings.

Baffled off! ha, ha, ha! he, he, he! Glad of it. Well, I fancy that I'd feel ashamed too, if I were you, and I wouldn't try to seek sympathy from the readers of the "Magazine," either, because you'll never get it—don't deserve it.

I'll persist till the last moment in saying that it was all fair enough, because these toothaches, rheumatic, good-for-nothing old bachelors are do-gooders, bugs, anyhow, and should be treated accordingly. The fact is, they can't be personal enough.

If I'd been there, you wouldn't have escaped so easily. I don't mean to say that I would have made you marry me—hush, save the muck! No indeed. I'd have made you marry Miss Matilda Buckheart! and if you hadn't, I'd have scorched the hair off of one side of your head, compelled you to waltz with a chair, and had you drummed out of town. Yes indeed—!

I'd like to have caught my cherry lips kissing your brown, tobacco-juiced mouth! The idea of any of the ladies kissing you! But I'd have taught you a lesson about writing such things about the ladies, and having them promulgated, I assure you! Now, now stop! Hold your tongue! There's no excuse whatever. No matter if she wasn't very refined or prepossessing: she was good enough for an "old bach."

I don't wonder that the old lady across the street laughed at you, because I'd hate that that zealous year old and full of holes—don't fit nicely—needs to be taken up in the shoulders, gathered, felled on the wrong side, and hemstitched on the right side.

I'm glad that they all call you Old Bach,

Old Bach: Ugh! It sounded.

As for rejecting that first and last chance you will have, perhaps, many pelfed to wear tooes at pantaloons, torn coats, and unshorn pockets. I may not receive it and desirable (?), title. And that you may neverness of the fieside—!

A gentleman residing anlame country, has set against old almanac, with letter, which, although explains itself—

J. M. Hercules, Esq.,

pleasure in forwarding a I nation, the personal afford you some amount from its antiquity and ease, which will new mind, in connection will suit in California. I deduction from the first, valuable information for York City, and many for the amusement of metropolis fifty-one years. Editor. It is what: comen parlance, an almanac as follows:—"Hutchins' Almanack and Ephemeris of the Sun and Moon; of the Planets; of the Sun, and of the Sun; and the sun, the Sun; and the sun, the Sun; and the sun..."

A few words to the Judgment of the We of the Planets, Nehus, Curios, Chief, chief Tables, entered by John Nathan New York, 8th; received and (Successors to this New York. I'm Pembroke Almanac."

I trust, I take permission to print your entry.
Old Bach! Ugh! how intolerable the sound!

As for rejecting that fair daughter, (the first and last chance you ever have had or will have, perhaps,) may you ever be compelled to wear tootless stockings, buttonless pantaloons, torn coats, rumpled duchesses, and untrimmed pocket handkerchiefs; and may you ever receive that complimentary and desirable (?) title, "Old Bach."—And that you may never know the happiness of the fireside—that you may ever be tormented with the (benign) rheumatism! That you may never get a dear, pretty, loving wife, who would watch for your coming, and be awakened when you left home, and who would call you her "darling husband," and prepare your chair and slipper, and sit by your sick bed, and soothe your temples with her little snowy hand, (wants Miss Buckbeart's such an one?) and at any time anticipated your every wish—is the sincere wish (!) of an indignant female!!!

P.S.—Will you be kind enough to inform me, in the next number of your Magazine, if the author of the above was your father, grandfather, or cousin-german.

Dear Sir:—I take pleasure in forwarding you a literary production, the perusal of which I trust will afford you some amusement and interest from its antiquity and the singular coincidences which will ensue itself in your mind, in connection with your present perusal in California. I call it a literary production from the fact that it contains such valuable information for the Institute of New York City, and many well written articles for the amusement of the descents of that metropolis fifty-one years ago! In short, Mr. Editor, it is what would be called, in commerce, an almanac, but which reads as follows:—

"Hutchinson Improved: being an Almanack and Ephemeris of the Motions of the Sun and Moon; the true places and aspects of the Planets; the rising and setting of the sun; and the rising, setting, and number of the Moon, for the year of our Lord 1806; being the second after Bissextile or Leap-Year, and 30th Year of American Independence, till 4th July. Containing also, the Conjunctions, Oppositions, Eclipse, Judgment of the Weather, Rising and Setting of the Planets, Length of Days and Nights, Courts, Roads, &c. Together with useful Tables, entertain[ing] Remarks, &c. &c.

By John Nathan Hutchinson, Philom. New York: Printed and sold by Ming and Young, Successors to High Galbe, No. 102 Water Street: Where may be had the New-York Pocket Almanack."

Hoping that it may interest, I take permission to inclose it.

Humbly, 

P.S.

P.S. — It is barely possible that our father, grandfather, or some one of our many cousins may have crossed the threshold of 102 Water Street, and then and there have seen the enterprising publisher of "Hutchinson Improved," but that any further relationship should exist, we think somewhat improbable, for the simple reason that he was rich—comparatively—and rich people seldom acknowledge having any poor relations. Moreover, none of those who claim any relationship to such people, are generally looked upon as very simple as well as very stupid; and as we are doubtless simple enough and stupid enough without being considered in the comparative degree—more simple or more stupid—we are willing to wait until the Pacific Railroad is finished, when, if people...
So back to California by the thousand, they
will probably buy Hetching's California
Magazine by the — single mender if not
by the hundred; and as it is hoped by
that time that agents and others will be
willing to do a cash business, and pay for
what they get, without waiting for our
"Please recall, and apologize, etc., etc."
shall then have hopes of being able, by ten
or fifteen years additional hard labor, to save
enough to live at ease, or die without the
risk (if we ever have any) that previously
we were too poor to acknowledge any rela-
tionship to the publisher of "Hetching's Im-
proved Almanack, etc."

The following interesting pieces from it
will show that "John Nathan Hetchings, Ph.D.,
"in the year 1856, had an appreling eye
for the ridiculous, as well as for the
quaint and pathetic, and which we give to
the readers of our Social Clair in 1857:—

ADVENTURES EXTRAV.

A

T the world's end, the Reece side of

Graveend; to be sold on Monday, by

W. Neswell, on Monday the 32nd inst.
The side to begin at six o'clock in the afternoon.
Lot 1. A copper cart-wheel, a leather
handbag, 2 woolen frying pans, and a glass
wheelbarrow.
Lot 2. A pair of pax-straw broccolli, a
china quarry eart, and 2 glass bedsteads with
copper hangings.
Lot 3. One plai!-plate congl-crate, with pa-
per smokepipe, a mignonay picker, and a
pair of granite bellows.
Lot 4. One leather bestake: on iron
feather bed, 6 pair of brass knobs, and a
deal night-cry: also 1 pewter wastepot and
3 flint vips, a bellows slave and a callum-
zen bag-trough, a becakram vorming pan and a
pewter looking glass, a japen heelect and a
leather wedge, 8 silk brokyned and a plane
beckneck will ful, 4 sheepskin milk-pails and a
wheel straw funnel, a lamberkey gristlewell and a
meatlike bunsche, a pair of pewter post-
ing bags and a Cauney griddle, a simili
confection and 3 satin chamberjines, a wood-
en lather bowl and a brasse crupte.

But the narrow and point contain in the
sketch below, of the "world-revealing
principle" known as "Lorre," may suggest an
inquiry as to its extent in the present age.
We may advert it for its quaintness, if we
fail to recognize its applicability to our-
sehves:

DESCRIPTION OF LORRE.

Lorre is like the earth, because it tem-
ments; like heavens, because it wraps the
soul in bliss; like salt, because it is relish-
ing; like peppar, because it often oates one
on fire; like sugar, because it is sweet;
like a rose, because it is often the death of a man;
like a person, because it makes a man memo-
rable; like wine, because it makes us hap-
y; like a man, because he is here to-day
and gone to-morrow; like a woman, because
there is no getting rid of her; like a ship,
because it guides one to the wished for port;
like a Will o' the wisp, because it often leads
towards a long; like a dog; because it is often run
away with one; like the kiss of a maid ang, or like the kiss of a pretty
woman, because they both make a man run-
and: like a goose, because it is silly; like a
ger, because there is nothing like it. As
a word, it is like a ghost, because it is like
every thing, and like nothing; often talked
about, but never seen, touched, nor under-
stood.

There are but few who will read the fol-
lowing touching recital, from the same old
"Almanack," without feeling heart-sick at
its lamentable termination:

FALAL, SPOOK.

A young gentleman, who, a few years
ago, lived in London, had made his
address to an agreeable young lady, and
won her heart; also obtained the consent of
her father, to whom she was an only child.
The old gentleman had a fancy to have them
married at the same parish-church, where he
himself was married, in doing which, he
and his master in the Will said he did.
He answered, Yes, he shot him dead with
After this, until

TICING grounds, wrote the following

mimic:

V: 5

1, who two hours ago

said, who, and

disco. how my wife to the g,

and pay for you, the

r. and gone to-morro-

py; like a manbeau; he

k. because it guides

is here today. .

Lorre is like a ghost, because it is
like a wisp; because it oft

has no

like

like

cause it often runs away with one; like a dog; because it is often run
away with one; like the kiss of a maid ang, or like the kiss of a pretty
woman, because they both make a man run-

and: like a goose, because it is silly; like a
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He answered, Yes, he shot him dead with
After this, until

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mimic:

V: 5
OUR SOCIAL CHAIR.

The bridge-room took up one of the places, which he had not occupied for a long time, and presented it to her, and with the most graceful air, whilst she looked pleased at his agreeable flattery. Now, madam, repent of all those crotches you have been guilty of to my face, consider, before you die, how often you have made a poor widower, 

: you tyrannize, you shall die, with all those insensibilities of death and destruction in your bed, with all the kindling smiles, those killing 

: of your beauty.

Give me, said she, laughing. He did so, and shut her face. Who can speak his condition? But he bore it so mildly as to call up his man. The poor wretch entered, and his master bade the door open. Will, said he, do you charge these pistols? He answered, Yes; upon which his master shot him dead with that remaining.

After this, amidst a thousand broken sobs, piercing groans, and distracted motions, he wrote the following to the father of his wife:

Believe me, in two hours ago told truly I was the happiest man alive, on the most agreeable. Your daughter was shut at my feet, killed by my own maid, and her name is unknown to me. I have never seen such a girl in my life; I know not what she is, and I am not sure I care. 

Forbear forever. 

This being finished, he put an end to his life; and after, the body of the servant was interred in the village where he was born, and the young couple, blinded by the maid, were brought to London, and privately interred in one grave, in the parish the unhappy father resided in. 

Turn now from the above lamentable catastrophe, to see, from the same source, the songs of the old-fashioned gluttons provided for the idle man in their day and generation. Heaven help the stomach and the cook with such—

GOOD LIVING.

If the diets of a hundred does not ex- ter its life to a still longer period, it will not be for want of culinary comforts, and those which are made up by which longevity [1] is promoted. The greatest maintenance of this daily administered: As seven in the morning, he takes his coffee and a butter muffin, and after-wards right on his bed; he rises about nine, and breakfasts on eggs à la bellet, with now held eggs just pan-bottled; at eleven he is 

presented with two warm jellies and jellies; at one he eats a veal cutlet, à la Jésus-Criste, at five, a cup of chocolate and canapes; at half after seven he takes a hearty dinner from high seasoned dishes, and mutton with suitable Blasons of Chartreuse and Monastère; at twelve, eggs omef, toasted potatoes, and roast beef, at one in the morning he rises in high spirits, and sleeps till three, when his man cook, to the moment, waits upon his person with a bed and an- 

vory very curé, which with a potion of wine and water, prepares him for his further course of life, which is continuously interrupted until the morning passes him to his funeral bed. In this routine of living comfort is the four- and twenty hours inviolately divided; so that if his grace does not know, with Sir Toby Holbe, that our lives are composed of the four elements, he knows at least, with Sir Andrew Aguecheek, that it consists of eating and drinking.

Do not want to know if people reside in the heart of a city, must as a natural con- sequence be well (not read)."

LETTER TO MOTHER.—No. 2.


Dear Mother,—It is now two weeks since I arrived here again, and a lovely day it is too, with the sky clear, and the sun shining brightly. Everything seems full of loveliness: and every one appears to wear a peaceful com- position, and to possess a gayer heart. My little canaries are singing softly and sweetly, and the delightfully clear sea breeze is wafting health and contentment through the room, and playing round the corners; while here I sit at the writing-table in my own room, with the long French window throw open on the little up-town place which overlooks our bay and city, from Russian Hill away for miles beyond Rincon Point. On the banks of the water lie large sailing vessels, steamboats, and boats of every kind. Here the shadow of a great hill falls upon the water, and a little craft with a pretty white spreading sail sports over the waves and through the sunlight, and anchor in that shady nook. There the French plant spr乞, spreading and dancing through the bay—leaving behind it a long line of white foam, and many fairy-like heads dance on the face of the water, almost causing me to think that they are such, because I possess no extensive imagination and often judge it to such an extent as to say myself a fairy! Now isn't that funny, for I am thinking of my be- lieve the like, when I was a child myself—But I can't help thinking of such things sometimes, especially when I sit in the parlor at
twilight hour, and close my eyes, and listen to the sweet vibrations of my Æolian harp as they fall upon my ear, now quite loud, now lower, then dying away in the distance, sounding like the music of star-angels, till it is entirely gone.

I wish that some of you were here, and if you were pretty good (but out of course you're all good—and pretty too, perhaps!) you'd go to church together this lovely day, and when you would hear the deep-toned organ playing, you'd forget that the California mountains and sunny skies that you were at home with your own dear ones, instead of your adopted ones May, — wouldn't you? and only think what a pleasant way you'd have of looking off your home-joins in a tasteful and refined direction at the pretty young ladies! Ah! that suits you to dreaming—so I'll stop my nonsense, and go to church, and when I come back, I'll finish.

I've returned, eaten my dinner, read, and now will continue my letter. I heard a fine sermon delivered by the good and eloquent Rev. — and Billy wants to know if I didn't feel too religiously inclined to write letters on Sunday after all. But tell him if I was not doing this—and it's such a pleasant way to while away the time—I'd be at something worse.

And now for that good and kind response, I'm going to think and say a few words to—

Dear Brother Frank:— You don't know how happily surprised I was when I opened the Mevangelist and saw your reply to my first. I thought that the letter had accomplished its mission.

I am glad to find that it has awakened such a godly feeling in one heart—and hope that it has in many. It contained but the spontaneous outbursts of girlish thought—and if they were appreciated as much by you as was yours by me—then I am happy.

I do honor the miner, and love to think of him and of his mountain home.

I once had two dear cousins in the mines; and soon after they had rejoined the loved at home they forgot for a time the wild mountains of California, so happy were they—but, one day, one of the gentle kind that God loves; he with the beautiful eyes, the curly brown hair, and the manly look; when the fragrant flowers of summer were fading and passing from the sunny hillsides, and the light of day was melting away, he sweetly smiled, and fell asleep to awake again.

The other one with his young and lovely wife, has removed far away.

So you would really like to have me look in your little cabin. Well, I'll tell you what I'd do. I wouldn't only peep, but I'd enter—that is if you'd let me; and I'd bring three or four girls with me—as that we could have a glorious lot of fun. Then in the day—

When you were at work, we'd find where the sweetest perfumed flowers and the prettiest evergreen trees grew, and make tunic wreaths, and bouquets, and decorate the cabin so that it would look like a shady arbor with sunny hearts within it.

Then in the evening—have you any moshales? up or down there? If so, we'd make a Teddy enough to last a month! Then—if you know how to play blind-man's buff, wouldn't you put on our little beaded slippers to keep from making a noise (but please what'll be the use?—yours is a dry floor) Then the fun would commence. I almost fancy I see it now. Over goes a chair, down goes a water bucket; long I go the blind- man's head against the door, caused by your pulling his coat-tail; and crack goes your big blue porter-house-stake dish; and so we'd have a place for nothing and nothing in its place. Then we'd still your tea! and give you vinegar for wine, sew up your best coat pockets, containing your Havanas and white pocket-handkerchief, so that when you would start off courting on Sunday morning, you'd get angry and wish us back again at the Bay.

But you wouldn't say angry long, would you, Brother Frank?

Because I might go with you to the grave of some old, beloved companion of yours, and sing, "Strife the Harp gently," or in the cabin, "How, sweet Home!" or "Shells of Ocean!" Maggie's by my side is Willie, we have missed you! or my favorite, "Amie Laurie!" and then, when your good nature was restored, we'd all sing in chorus, "Hark! for I'm coming," or some other funny song. What think you?

But it is growing late. Permit me again to thank you for your response, and to say that I shall anxiously wait your next.

And now, dear Brothers, to all a kind good night. May guardian angels hover near, and your dreams be sweet; may your thoughts often be directed to home, to Heaven, and sometimes to the writer.

Good night! The linging tone that Nearly loves. Good night!

Sister May.
EDITOR'S TABLE

THE CRAZY MAN AND THE RAZOR

A sickness crept upon my heart;
And dizziness swam my head;
I could not stay, I could not cry,
I felt bemused and dead.

Black, joy horror smirck me dumb,
And from my seasons o'er;
I closed my eyes in tears fast,
And strove to think no more.

Again I looked at fearful change.
His face his hand passed,
His seemed to gray—an check and lip.
A flaky foam was cast.

He raised on high the glittering steel;
Then first I found my tongue;
"Hold me madam! say thy frantic deed!"
I cried, as forth I sprang.

He handed me but he yielded not;
One glance around he gave,
And o'er I could arrest his hand.
He had begun to—shave.

Good night! Good night!

Governor Grant—Before we again meet our readers to give them monthly greeting or advice, the election will be decided. To the true patriot who loves his country for its own sake (and not for what can be taken from her) the coming election is of paramount importance. The past blind following of interested party leaders, and the tight drawing of party lines, by which so many inefficient and unworthy men have been elevated from little less than infamy to the most important offices in the gift of the people, we hope has effectually convinced good men that a change has become an absolute necessity of the times, if California is ever to rise again from her political degradation. Let that change come soon. Hasten to obtain gold, that men might live at ease in some other hand, has been the cause of the political interests of our own California being interested to persons, with but few exceptions, who, not being able to make a living by their own skill and labor, have sought to save their country—save the mark. Now, we repeat, let the change come. Vote only for able, high-minded, and moral men, of good business knowledge and ability; and who, having all their interests in this State, will labor heart and soul, by day or night, to make California worthy of our care and study.

The Industrial Exhibition at San Francisco—On the seventh of the present month will the experiment be tried if California can produce anything worthy of her vast resources. This exhibition invites the deep-toned voice of Progress to speak for herself, and say if she is willing to produce that which she consumes. It asks that her children, as an united family of men, should say "we will depend upon ourselves for what we need; and while we are willing to extend our arms, in love and charity, to the world, we will endeavor to retain our treasures within our family circle, and not impoverish our own land and people by enticing others—at least to the extent of four millions of dollars a month. We need the money to build canals, and work-shops, and railroads, and steamshipy; and to engage in a thousand other enterprises which, while they teach us economy and prudence, enable us to cultivate the many virtues of self-reliance. We have a variety of materials in our State, then why should they not be taken care of by a judicious use? We have the best work-
Sir, has been discovered in Calaveras and Tuolumne counties; Copper in Hope Valley, and in Butte, Nevada, and San Diego counties; Iron near Auburn, Placer county, and from one end of the Coast Range to the other; Gold at Coose Bay, and Taboo Mountain, (Butte county); Sulphate of Iron, Magnetic Iron, and Cinnacon near Santa Cruz; Platinums on the Salmon, South Fork of Trinity, Middle Fork of American and Calaveras rivers, and on Batto, Honest, Cotton and Wood's creeks; Grauwachs in Sierra, Placer, Nevada, and El Dorado counties; Nickel in Contra Costa and Monterey counties; Antimony in the Menoea Diablo range; Gnumav at New Almaden, Gualala and American Valley; Merkals at Salinas City, Hinksgold, Velezano, and fifty other places; Grauwachs almost everywhere; Derr State is any quantity on Pitt River; Pyrites between Deer Creek and Bear River. These and numerous other kinds and varieties have been already discovered, and may be sold. "What use are you going to make of us?" We shall see.

**Monthly Chat:**

**WITH CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.**

**T.—**Yes; at least we think so.

**Horjy We, Hops.—**We will answer your question by asking another. Why do sun boats sail in opposite directions when driven by the same wind?

**T. B. E.—**Did you fall into the basin, and afterwards make a pan of your longitudinal?

**O. S. M.**—We will write you. Your request seems safely to hand.

A Subscriber and well-wisher is informed that his self-love, prejudice and prepossession renders his opinions utterly unworthy of respect. We do not thank him for his views—simply because they savour of "and-what's-your-name" service. Moreover, we think that his communication is suggestive that 'what he don't know would make a very large book!' and none might discover it sooner than himself. Did ever he think outside of the limited circumference of his own little world? We therefore say, in the language of the immortal Mr. Tocke, "to its utter consequence."

May 2.—It will appear in due season. We cannot, you know, insert every article we receive, at once.

Mr. F.—**May** is certainly four months too late, and would be rather reversing the order of things to appear in September; although the lines are very good.

**L. R. B., Hope Lake Valley.—**Not this summer; although we should like much to visit Hieroglyphic Canton and other interesting places near you, in company with Mr. Lasen and others. Many thanks for your kind invitation.

**R. R.—**Your "Occidental Emigrations" must be held by for a time, as we are in hopes that the new improvements now being made in first-class balloons will enable us to reach (at least in compressed form) the "loquacious chymians" "out West" of your aspirations. We like traveling, well enough, but before starting we always like to see what the chymians are for getting back again. Please inform us of this, and it's all right!

**J. P., Russian River.—**Your statues nearly gave us the toothache, to read them. They are exceedingly pretty—to be, not put, but thrown together. Dooned.

**J. A.—**All right. Don't forget to make notes and sketches by the way.

**A.—**Very good. Next month.
FURTHER ADVENTURES OF MR. JOSHUA FLIMPKINS.

Mr. Flimkins, the country gentleman on a visit to the city, after losing the principal part of his wardrobe by fire, and being burned out from his twenty-five-cent-night lodgings within three hours after his arrival, seeks new quarters; has a curiosity to know whether a rotunda, dome, or eupolus with a vane (vane) on it be an obstruction to a sidewalk? Suppose a case, thus: To roll a whisky barrel across a sidewalk is no obstruction; but set that barrel on end, to remain standing in the line of travel, and it becomes an obstruction, a nuisance.

Mr. Flimkins wonders if the rule which applies to whisky barrels will apply to snow, who habitually occupies, as features, the sidewalks in the line of travel, for the great inconvenience of the passing masses; has been told that gentlemen may do it; thinks gentlemen should reflect on such subjects here.

Mr. Flimkins takes a turn on the Fian, where he brushes from the look of a lady's head what he supposes to be a yellow barret, and puts his foot on it.
The lady is incensed at the indignity offered her, and injury done to her bonnet; has no protector; calls for the police; declares she will have him arrested for assault, and Coon-ed immediately.

Don't know exactly what it is to be Coon-ed; fears it may have some connection with city institutions; so apologizes for his mistake, offers to make restitution, and instantly cuts a X, with which the lady seems satisfied, and hastens home to repair damages.

Mr. Flimpkins, on escaping the limits of the police, realiés the lady behaved magnificently; he would like to know more of her; follows her at a distance, but suddenly loses sight of her; hastens up and sees a small intimated person in a door; thinks may be to look thro'; peeps in, and is covered a partial view of another city institution.

Is not particularly pleased at the result, as it costs him another X to obtain his release and diploma; and yet is of opinion that he escapes—though with his nose slightly injured—far better than many who have incurred the same curiosity that he did.

Mr. Flimpkins has seen numerous advertisements on Theatre bulletin boards, nearly every day since his arrival in the city; wonders what they are; thinks if they are anything worse or more ferocious than a grizzly, he would like to see one. It is told that they are, by one who knows; that they are the greatest heroes with which the city is familiar. Concludes they are some city institution; wants go near the Theatre on that account; perfectly abhors them, as do most sensible people, this everlasting round of speaking, in the name of beneficent.

Mr. Flimpkins takes an evening walk; hears music down cellar; goes down; finds a lot of fellows swinging gils around; thinks he would like a turn at it; picks for one according to his strength; finds a full match.
Walks up to settle for the dance; misses it; goes to a pur brothel. He sees the girl whisper him so; another gentleman, just leaving the door, thinks it flattered about a minute before he took the air.

Takes to suspect he has found another institution; he is kicked out for not paying his bill, it is certain of it. Is getting directly degenerated with city life and institutions; resolves to leave at 4 o'clock, I. next day.

Is introduced to Mr. Simple, a city gentleman, about to visit the mines and mountains for the first time, and who wishes to get some information on mining subjects. Mr. Simple informs Mr. Simple that he has now a free-hand. Mr. Simple's instinct, he is true to himself. Mr. Simple is correct, he is a thousand pardons, and he asks him to "instruct." Mr. Simple, and they drink. Is informed by Mr. Simple that he is now in a free-hand, where broken down gentlemen, having politicians inculcable virtues and a virtue, but upon whose honesty, or for whose soul benefit, is not, he thinks, quite so Mr. Simple. Mr. Simple had to without; he was, congratulating himself on being escaped from one city institution and cost; thinks better of it than by any other he has met with, on that account.

Gentlemen now proceed to the best, Filkins on his way home. Mr. Simple visits the mines, and both have promised to early account of their adventures.
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