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FRANKLIN PRINTING OFFICE, WASHINGTON ST., OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE.
QUARTZ MINING IN CALIFORNIA.

INSIDE OF A QUARTZ MILL AT GRASS VALLEY, NEVADA COUNTY.

[From an Ambrotype by Wilde & Holmes]
Quartz mining having ceased as a speculation, to become a business of profit and permanency, is again enlisting the attention and confidence of all classes to its importance. The losses and disappointments of its pioneers in the years 1851, '52, and '55, originating, in most cases, from the excitement of its discoverers, and the inexperience of its principal owners and directors, — caused a temporary lull in the faith and enthusiasm of the public, to the great neglect of this exhaustless golden treasury; but as many of the quartz leads, then opened, proved very rich in the precious metal, they enabled their owners to make many experiments for working the quartz to advantage, by the invention and perfection of machinery for crushing the rock, and saving the gold; and thus, while securing a personal advantage to themselves, they have been instrumental in rescuing the quartz interest in this State from the oblivion into which, doubtless, it would have sunk, for a season, had all the first attempts to make its working profitable failed.

The dearly-bought experience of the past in this branch of our State's wealth, now enables the practical worker in quartz generally to determine the quality of the rock placed before him, at a glance, and with the same accuracy and certainty as an experienced purchaser of gold-dust can decide the quality and mint value of the parcel of dust he is about to buy — or, as a merchant, by examination, knows the quality of the article offered him, and what is its market value — or, as a tailor knows the exact quality of a piece of cloth; or a lady the materials of her dress. This becomes to the inexperienced quartz miner somewhat like the knowledge of an efficient pilot at sea, it enables him to steer his vessel clear of those rocks upon which others have gone to pieces. It may be well that this should be remembered, inasmuch as "seeing the gold" is not always a sure sign that the lead can be wrought with advantage and profit. In many of the richest kinds of rock it has been almost impossible to see gold; while in some known as pocket-lead-rock, considerable has been visible; and yet a sufficient amount has not been taken therefrom to pay the cost of getting and crushing it.

In the best kind of leads there is often a large amount of rock which is utterly worthless; and which has to be taken from the vein, when known to be unproductive, that workmen may be enabled to reach the paying rock, and work to advantage. It often occurs, too, that even good paying leads are not scientifically and economically worked; and, as a consequence, do not insure a generous return to the owners, for their time and trouble.

Then again, as some good rock is soft, and other hard, it is not to be supposed that the hard can be either quarried or crushed as easily as the soft. Therefore, the amount per ton being the same, the cost of extraction is different, and the profit arising therefrom, as a matter of course, will differ in proportion.

Some persons having crushed rock that was exceedingly rich, with more pride (or self-interest) than truthfulness, reported such to be the average yield; when, perhaps a tenth part of that amount would be nearer the net product of their mine. By these exaggerations a few years ago much disastrous speculation was fostered and encouraged; and which, doubtless, materially retarded the development of this branch of mining. As quartz is now becoming a steady and profitable business, no respectable company attempts to exaggerate the product of their lead; but rather, like all other good business men, seek to keep their business to themselves, preferring to under than over state the yield.

As the position of a quartz lead in the mountain is generally at an angle of from twenty to fifty degrees, the most common method of working it is to sink a perpendicular shaft at a sufficient distance from the line where the vein is seen to "crop out" on the surface, and strike the angle
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when we arrived at the drift where the men were at work, we had a sufficient supply of water for drinking purposes ($1) in the pockets of our coats. The miners who were removing the quartz from the ledge, looked more like half drowned seamen, than men. We did not make ourselves insipid enough to ask the amount of wages they received, but we came to the conclusion that they must certainly earn whatever they obtained. Scooping, or rather half lying down upon the wet rock, among fragments of quartz and props of wood, and streams of water; with pick in hand, and by a dim but waterproof lantern, giving out a very dim and watery light, just about bright enough, or rather dim enough, and watery enough, as Milton expresses it, "to make darkness visible," a man was at work, picking down the rock—the gold-bearing rock—and which, although very rich, was very rotten, and consequently not only paid well, but was easily quarried, and easily crushed; and although this rock was paying not less than three hundred and fifty dollars per ton, we could not see the first speck of gold in it, after a diligent search for that purpose.

At the bottom of the drift another man was employed to shovel the quartz into a tub standing on a railway car, and push it to the shaft, where it was drawn up and taken to the mill.

It has been a matter of much anxiety and discussion to know if the gold-bearing quartz would extend below the decomposed rock; and, if so, whether or not the rock would not become too hard and too difficult to quarry, and remove to the mill with profit. We know of but two companies in Nevada county who have mined through the decomposed rock into the necrosis, and these are the Serapio and Osborne Hill, about a couple of miles east of Grass Valley, Nevada county; both of these companies being at work in the greencraters.

We had the satisfaction of descending the Osborne Hill lead, under the guidance of Mr. Crossen, and, after bumping the head against the rocky roof above, and holding on by our feet to the wet and slippery roof of rock below, on which we were descending, at an angle of forty-two degrees; now clinging to the timbers at the side; (to prevent the lubricity of our footling from taking advantage of the back part of our head, and making us to "see stars in a dark passage," from the tripping up of our heels) now winding among props, and over cast-iron pump tubes; now making our way from one side of the inclined shaft to the other, to enable us to travel as easy as possible. On, on, down, down we go, until we hear the sound of muffled voices issuing from somewhere deep down amid the darkness, and uttering something very insistent and hard to be understood; when we again cross over to, and enter a side drift; where, in the distance, we see lights glimmering, in shadow and smoke, and hear the voices become more and more distinct, until my guide asks the question, "How does she look now, boys?" "All right—better, sir." "Ah! that's right—there goes the super bell, boys." Now tools are dropped and a general move was on foot for working in the break and meat mine, so hard and as earnestly as they had worked in the quartz mine.

"Have we reached the bottom now?" we inquired. "Ah! no, we are only about one hundred and sixty feet below the surface, yet, we shall soon reach the greencrater." Presently we reach the top of the greenstone; but, down, further and deeper, we pass on, as before, until we reach a long tunnel, into which we enter and can stand erect.

"Is this the bottom?" we inquired.

"Well, nearly," was the answer; "we are now one hundred and thirty feet down in the greenstone, and three hundred feet from the out-crop of the quartz vein."

"Well, sir," we interrogated, "does the quartz rock pay you thus far down in the greenstone?"
against the rocky roof above, and
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greenstone?"

"Yes," was the reply, "it is even better
than it was above. The deeper we get, the
richer the quartz becomes. We are very
well satisfied with the prospect."

"Do you think that it will prove so, gen-
erally?"

"I do," was the firm and emphatic an-
swer.

This, therefore, becomes an important
fact; hence such as should the paying quartz
end after the bottom of the decomposed
rock is reached, the permanency of quartz
operations would be at best but very doubtful.

Now, reader, let us rest for a moment,
and look around us a little—as we hope,
in imagination at least, you have the
far accompanied us. Except from the
lights in our hands all is dark, and as still
almost as the tomb, with the exception of
the distant creaking of a pump, and the
steady dripping of some water at our
elbow. Rock here, there, and everywhere.
For several years men have been picking
and drilling and blasting through solid
rock; by day and night; in winter and in
summer; led forward by the talismanic
power of gold—or by at least by the hope to
obtain it. Hard rock, hard work, and ofen
ten very hard prospects; although com-
bined with difficulty and danger, have
never for a moment disheartened or dismayed
them. Above ground or under; by day-
light or candle light—onward—ever on-
ward—has been their unwavering resolve—
and the guiding star of hope has ever
alone with cheering light upon their la-
bors. May the reward be near.

"As it is getting rather chilly, suppose
we ascend."

"All right; shall we ascend by the lad-
dor, or by the same way that we came?"
quired our excellent guide.

"Oh, by the ladder, by all means," was
the response.

Lights were then fastened on our hats;
so, "in ascending we shall have need of
both bands perhaps" suggested our guide.

"What pleasure there is in seeing day-
light after one has been for some time in
darkness; and inhaling the cool fresh
air above ground after some time spent
underneath," we remarked, as we wiped
the sweat from our brow, when we had
reached the top.

While we cool ourselves, as we see the
carts are busy in removing the gold-bearing
quartz which has been taken from be-
low, let us follow them to the mill and
to the water, or the process of crushing
the rock and extracting the gold.
After the quartz is emptied from the hopper, the large pieces are broken by hand to about the size of a man’s fist or a little smaller; they are then shoveled, with the dust and finer portions of rock, upon an inclined table or “hopper” at B, on which a small stream of water is conveyed through a pipe from above, and by which the quartz is washed down the hopper to a solid cast-iron bed-plate at H, and beneath the stampers.

The stampers at A and I being elevated by convex arms attached to a revolving shaft at K, when at the required height, fall suddenly down upon the quartz, and being shod with heavy cast-iron, which, added to the stampers, make the whole weight of a single one from six hundred to three thousand pounds, cracks the rock to powder upon which it falls.

In front of the stampers at D is a very fine sieve or screen, against and through which the water, gold and pulverized quartz are constantly being splashed by the falling of the stampers; and should the rock not be pulverized sufficiently fine to pass through these discharge-screens it again falls back upon the bed-plate to receive another crushing from the stampers. If, however, it is reduced fine enough to pass through, it falls upon an apron at E, or into an “amalgamating box” containing quicksilver, and into which a dash-board is inserted that all the water, gold, and tailings may pass through the quicksilver contained in the amalgamating box, to an inclined plane or blanket-table below.

Across and above the apron, or amalgamating box, a small trough is fixed at O, with holes in the bottom, for the purpose of distributing clean water equally on the apron, or into the amalgamating box, and by which the quicksilver is washed into a box made for that purpose, or thrown into a heap, or taken at once to some kind of amalgamating machine—and there is scarcely a couple of their gold, and do not use quicksilver above the blanket-tables.

The blankets are allowed to remain upon the tables from ten to thirty minutes, according to the quality of the rock being crushed; that which is rich requiring the change about every ten or fifteen minutes, and that which is poor every twenty or thirty minutes. When a change is desirable the blankets are carefully rolled up and placed in a bucket, or small tub, and carried to the “vat”—not, however, before another is spread upon the table—where they are carefully washed. In order to test the quality of the rock being crushed, the contents of the blanket are frequently washed into a baten, or broad Mexican bowl, and prospected.

The materials contained in the blanket vats are saved in a box made for that purpose, or thrown into a heap, or taken at once to some kind of amalgamating machine—and there is scarcely a couple...
Amalgamating box containing a dash-board, or small trough at O, in the amalgamating box, to an inclined table or blanket-table below. And above the apron, or amalgamating box, a small trough is fixed at O, in the bottom, for the purpose of washing clean water equally on the amalgamating box, and the pulverised rock, and gold not amalgamating, dropped into a box made for that purpose, or thrown into a heap, or taken at once to some kind of amalgamating machine — and there is scarcely a couple of mills in the State where the same process exactly is used; as each superintendent of a mill supposes that he has made some improvements in his mill entirely unknown or unpracticed by others; at all events he flatters himself that he saves more gold than his neighbor.

The processes most commonly in use are the Trastra and Chili mill. These we shall describe, reserving for some other numbers...
the various plans or improvements for saving the gold, by different persons, at different mills; inasmuch as the saving of gold is of too much importance to be lightly passed over.

One of the first used, as well as one of the most useful and most important, is the Mexican raft. Though rude in its construction and simple in its working, it is one of the most effectual methods of saving the gold which has yet been discovered.

The Mexican method of constructing these is to lay a circular track of stone tolerably level with a low wall around the outside of the track; and in the centre a post made of a tree cut off at the required height, and generally just above a crotch or arm; another small tree is then cut in the shape required, for making a horizontal shaft; to this is attached one or more large stones; and these being drawn around by donkey or mule power, grind the quartz to powder. Of course, as gold is the heaviest it naturally seeks the lowest places, and as quicksilver is always put in with the quartz the gold becomes amalgamated with it.

THE IMPROVED MEXICAN RAFT.

The Mexican raft has been improved some little in its construction and adaptation to our wants; and in many cases mule-power has been superseded by steam; but the principle remains about the same.

When the raft is properly prepared, a "batch" of about five hundred pounds is generally emptied into one about ten feet in diameter; but the quantity is always regulated by the size of the machine. It is then ground very fine by means of the drag-stones attached to arms fixed in the perpendicular shaft, and which are generally given about eight revolutions per minute. At this rate it will require from three to four hours to grind a batch sufficiently; but this is somewhat regulated by the grit and weight of the drag-stones.

About three quarters of an hour before the whole is thoroughly ground, a sufficient quantity of quicksilver is added; but the amount is regulated by the richness of the quartz in process of grinding. If, for instance, the five hundred pounds of tailings placed in the anasto is supposed to contain about three quarters of an ounce of gold, about

one ounce of quicksilver is generally—or about twenty-five per cent.—the latter than the former. Some amalgamation is required in this too much quicksilver being a disadvantage,함

It is then kept boiling for about an hour, and then allowed to cool, when the gold and amalgam rise to the surface. The amalgam is then taken out and stored in a vessel above a beehive, and the gold is then distilled from it and cast into bars, much as copper is.

This is kept on for one, two, or even four weeks, according to the rate of the quartz, or the taste and wants of the operator. The larger the amount of amalgam contained in the raft, the more is there saved, in proportion to the costs.
Five hundred pounds more of the quartz are then added, and the process repeated, adding the same portion of quicksilver to every batch. This is kept on for one, two, three, or even four weeks, according to the richness of the quartz, or the taste and wants of the owner. The larger the amount of amalgam contained in the rastra, the more gold is there saved, in proportion, to the ton. The amalgam is then taken out of the rastra.}

"It should also be remembered that not less than two fifths more quartz is ground in the same rastra when worked by steam or water-power than when worked by animal power, inasmuch as the speed and regularity is increased."

"It should also be well remembered by every operator in quartz, that warm water is of great assistance in every thing connected with amalgam, as it will be the means of saving from ten to fifteen per cent. of quicksilver being a disadvantage, inasmuch as the amalgam should be kept hard to make it effective in saving the gold. Quicksilver should also be kept very free from grease, as it cannot be too clean; and should invariably be well retorted every time it is used.

About ten minutes before the grinding is finished, about sixteen buckets of water are poured into the rastra, to the quantity named, and the same motion continued, the whole appearing like muddy water. This is then baled out, or run off quickly. Five hundred pounds more of the quartz are then added, and the process repeated, adding the same portion of quicksilver to every batch. This is kept on for one, two, three, or even four weeks, according to the richness of the quartz, or the taste and wants of the owner. The larger the amount of amalgam contained in the rastra, the more gold is there saved, in proportion, to the ton. The amalgam is then taken out of the rastra and carefully panned out, and as carefully retorted. After this, most business men melt the gold into bars or ingots, before sending it to the mint to be coined.

Before commencing to grind again, the crevices between the stones covering the floor of the rastra, about one and a half inches wide, are tightly packed and filled with clay, level with the stone.

In El Dorado County, rastras sixteen feet in diameter are used to great advantage, as more than double the amount of quartz is ground by them than by the smaller ones; but of course they require a proportionate increase in power to work them.

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Before commencing to grind again, the crevices between the stones covering the floor of the rastra, about one and a half inches wide, are tightly packed and filled with clay, level with the stone.
This mill, as used in Chili, and from whence its origin and name are derived, is nearly as simple in its construction as the rasra. It consists of a circular inclosure somewhat resembling the rasra, with the walls a little higher, and more regular; and, instead of the "drag-stones," a large stone wheel, attached to the horizontal shaft, is used for grinding the rock. Into this mill a small stream of water is constantly running, a portion of which is forced out at each revolution of the wheel. The gold is saved by means of quicksilver on the bottom of the mill, in the same manner as in the rasra.

To make this principle more subservient to the purposes of quartz mining, and better adapted to the requirements of a faster age and people, the "improved Chili Mill" was invented. This consists of two heavy cast-iron wheels, from three to five feet in diameter, and from ten to fifteen inches in thickness; these, revolving on an axle, moving steadily round in a circular iron basin about a foot in depth, into which the tellings from the blanket tables are conveyed, and ground to powder. As these improved mills are generally worked by steam, the speed attained, and the work accomplished, of course far exceeds the old process.

On the first page of the present number of the Magazine, in the foreground of the picture, will be found several small amalgamators in use at Mr. Chavanne's mill. The methods of saving the gold which passes over the blankets in the tellings, are almost as numerous as are the mills where the quartz is crushed. The principle, however, is to allow the tellings to run down a series of inclined tables, or sluices, at the end of each of which is often placed a wood trough, or iron pan, containing quicksilver, into which they flow, when the gold falls into the quicksilver on the bottom, and is there retained; while the lighter material floats over the edge of the trough or pan into another sluice, at the end of which is another pan, where the same process is repeated. The sluices, or inclined tables, are generally fitted up with "patent riffles" across the bottom, filled with quicksilver. After the tellings have passed through the whole series of sluices they are sometimes worked through the improved Chili Mill, or other machine; but are often allowed to run into a large vat, from which the water flows off while the tellings settle at the bottom. These are then thrown into a heap and allowed to "rust," preparatory to other processes at some future time.

As California is one vast network of quartz leads, a thousandth part of which have never even been prospected; and as the bottom of a single lead has not yet been found, it is not an uncertain venture to say that this department alone is capable of giving employment to several millions of people; and, when people hazard the opinion that mining in this State is but in its infancy, we hope (with their consent) that they may live fifty or sixty years, when we are assured the inspiration of that time will confer certainty upon them, be the same confusion.

GRUMBLING IN A RAILROAD DEPOT

| Vanity of vanities,  |
| Climax of vexation,  |
| Waiting for the cars,  |
| At a railroad station, Little Yankee clock,  |
| Waggling very slow,  |
| Worries off an hour.  |
| In a small depot!  |
| Sultry summer day,  |
| Hot Sahara weather,  |
| Crowds of melting people, Bubbled up together, Ladies flutter fans, |
| Men all talk to smell, Cool as salamanders, Really, 'tis provoking. |
| Tall, uneasy Yankee Bobbing up his head, Wonders if the cars "Couldn't go ahead. Good old maiden lady Says the train is late, But we all must learn Patiently to wait. |
| Corpulent old fellow, Looking very wise, With a yawn quite close, Closes up his eyes, Waiting for the cars, It is no wise odd, That he took a train To the land of Mud! |
| Every one impatient, Every body grumbling Cars at length come in, With tremendous rum General stampede |
GRUMBLING IN A RAILROAD DEPOT.

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Clumsy vexation,
Waiting for the cars
At a railroad station.
Little Yankee clock,
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Worries off an hour
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Men all take to smoking,
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Really, 'tis provoking!

Tall, uneasy Yankee,
Bobbing up his head,
Wonders if the cars
"Couldn't go ahead."

Good old nation lady
Says the train is late,
But we all must learn
Patience to wait.

Corrupt old fellow,
Looking very wise,
With a yawn quite lazy,
Closes up his eyes.
Waiting for the cars,
It is no wise odd,
That he took a train
To the land of Nod!

Every one impatient,
Every body grumbling;
Cars at length come in
With tremendous rumbling.

General stampede
Made for every door,
Half a dozen children
Sprawling on the floor.

That they may live fifty or a hundred years (1) as we are assured that at the expiration of that time they will, with greater or certainly than now, be willing to make the same confession.

Worst of little miseries
Which in life beset us,
Worst of travelling troubles
That forever fret us,
Worrying out the hours—
Hours of idle wo—
Dusty, cross, and crusty,
In a hot depot.

In a "Way Station."

THE EAGLE AND THE WREN.

BY MRS. C. W. WEBER.

A young wren lay cooly in its soft nest, almost hidden in the moss of the cottage roof where her parents had made a resting-place long before little Jenny was born.

She was the youngest of the third and last brood of the season—a durt-eyed elf with shining plumage and slender figure, and now as she lay so snugly in that wee-bit cradle, her sturdy sisters and brothers were down by the spring, playing hide-and-seek with the locusts. Now and then, as a shrill, screaming rattle, rattle, arose from one or the other of them, Jenny would raise herself on tip toe to see what the matter could be; and she more than once joined her sweet voice to their tumult when she discovered the cause of the excitement:—a white-winged locust, just emerged from its hard shell, still clinging with empty claws to the rough bark of a tree, while the ghostly pre-occupant slowly climbed onward and upward to the strengthening sunshine.
But Jenny had other thoughts than of breakfasts of young bugs, and games at the spring. Before her rose a proud hill, whose brow was bathed in misty shadows, whose face the full moon exalted with their wildest embraces; and the flowers that robed its side, clustered like lakes of gold, and studded its tresses of matted vines, with here and there white, starry diamonds, until to Jenny's fancy, the hill became a Princess, and above her, in the form of a stern crate, on which was set for a crown an eagle's nest, to which, the frowning father of the Princess! And the little wren, Jenny, with eyes so glancing upward, marveled if an angel guarded that crown, that showed so seldom and so weirdly against the morning star, and left her so long unvisited. She could not endure all the hardships of the journey, and question if she could ever find her way through it. She knew if indeed she had seen the wings of the Angel-Wood, as she did, but with which makes the fire-light, she did not know if they were death, or could but see the misted wings, and sheltered from storm and cold, where she released her panting form. At the nearest tree at the foot of the hill, where she rested, for a crown nestled, and so white as the crown jewels, or the dazzling fire-light, she saw if an angel guarded that nest? She could at least view them from afar! Should she return to the nest? She could not look at the Angel-Wood, and shield it from the wonder of the Wonder's embrace. Ah, little Jenny ad ast, she should not be able to reach the nest so sheltered if the storm and cold.

The broad wings of the Angel-Wood widened into a radiance of wreaths, and the mist-draped hill-tops, but were as the darkness of the gloom. She looked down, around, and all, all was one unbroken, vast wilderness of leaves. Her head sank upon her shoulders. She felt only the tempest desolate. She did not open the misted windows, but only a wilderness of green foliage. Could she ever find her way through it? Her heart sank! It grew cold and heavy in her breast. Above her she saw no longer the mist-draped hill-tops, but only a wilderness of green foliage. She stood from the Angel's Nest, and the whole mountain tops with the gladness of the valleys, now rising, now falling, and the glistening stars of the world. Jenny began to mope, when day after day the same tantalizing mist-months tortured her expectant vision; and dimmed her heart against the coming Angel of the crown! That might of flight could only be his. Those light wings were only made to surpass the Guardian of the Mysterious. And the sunlight he bore with him into the shadowed wilderness, did it fall from his wings, or did he bear two diamonds to illumine the darkness of the gloom?

Poor Jenny shut her timid head, an of light that poured over the Angel-Wood, and on her head, but with which makes the fire-light, she did, but with which makes the fire-light, she did not know if they were death, or could but see the misted wings, and sheltered from storm and cold, where she released her panting form. At the nearest tree at the foot of the hill, where she rested, for a crown nestled, and so white as the crown jewels, or the dazzling fire-light, she saw if an angel guarded that nest? She could at least view them from afar! Should she return to the nest? She could not look at the Angel-Wood, and shield it from the wonder of the Wonder's embrace. Ah, little Jenny ad ast, she should not be able to reach the nest so sheltered if the storm and cold.

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Poor Jenny shot her eyes in very bewilder-
ment. When to l the Angel-Wonder
said gently: "Whither, little Jenny, do
your aspiring wings tend?" She raised
her timid head, and her eyes met a blast
of light that poured in floods from the brow
of the Angel-Wonder. She knew not what
she did, but with an impulse like that
which makes the moth seek the devouring
fire-fly, she darted forward. An out-
stretched wing received her trembling form,
and shielded from the blast, she nestled
close and closer, while the warmth pene-
trated her chilly frame, from the great
heart against which she leaned. Soon she
closed to tremble, yet faster clung and clo-
er nestled, and now she lay securely em-
veloped in the strong, soft-folds of the
Wonder’s embrace.

Ah, little Jenny had indeed found a par-
dise! She no longer doubted that she
should ever reach those proud mysteries
and ah, happy little one if she could always
rest so sheltered from the cold glooms of the
dreamy earth.

The broad wings slowly expanded; the
rustle widened into a sound like storm-winds
swooping calm in the bosom of seas-waves—
and now they roar like the very Demon of
Tempests, and rise and fall in gigantic
sweps, now sinking deep into the shadowy
valleys, now rising majestically above the
clouds, ever moving with a mighty pride,
as if the elements were its minions. And
now up! up! with slow, grand ascent, the
Wonder bears its tiny burden. The
wren grows out from its protection, and lo!
the Princess! Once more she gladdens
Jenny’s heart till itutters at her fair
aspect!

Ah, grand sight! The storm Craig
King lifts his mighty crowned head, and
Jenny almost dies with joy as the Wonder
swoops among the embroiling mists
v breasts, and she, the little wren, discovers
the mystery.

Her Angel has borne her upward to the
chance. The crown is his resting-place be-
side his heart; and the jewels he bears al-
ways with him, to illumine all earth’s shad-
ows. His eagle-eyes shall hereafter dia-
pel the glooms of wildernesses; the mists of
mountain-tops will melt before the gleam,
and the earth will bear beauties as in
broad-fold to her, enkindling from the
warmth of his glance.

Happy Jenny worn? and did the Eagle-
Angel rise for her? And ask the stars that
shine, if they live for the rivets in comet-
glue? Ask the northern blast if his icy
spars are sped for the wind-dover on the
plains? Yet he, the Wonder, grew gentler,
aye, far less stern, when he felt the tender
pressing of the little wren’s heart against
his grand breast.

Hath, then, Jenny! no more outward
glances! Thy path to God and Love are
one! What! art ambitious? Not yet at
peace? Wouldst win the throne? Pre-
suppositions! See the wild glances of
those orb-jewelled, marvellous eyes; feel
then the strong beat of that mighty heart;
listen to the subdued anthem that voice
chantz for thee, and turn thy rebellious
restlessness to quiet and joy again.

Ah! that I should have it to relate!
That wren so loved, so honored, the com-
paign in many a glad flight, the only love
of that magnificent Eagle-Soul, madly
thrust been, needle pointed daggers at his
heart, till one gloomy day, when the earth
was shut in by rain-clouds, the Angel-Won-
der gently severed the unworthy wren from
his side, gazed lovingly and pityingly at
her, then shook his noble plumes, and van-
ishcd “in lofty cied,” leaving her upon his
coast of the — the gray crown of King
Craig.

And there the stunned birdling sat,
stunned with grief at her own wretched
Will the Angel ever come again? asks her
agonized heart. Or,— and she gazed
down the steps up which he bore her—
shall she descend to the obscure nest from
which she took her first, short, faltering
flight?

Unless the sobbing sight,— worse than
stainless all thy struggles,— only his invis-
able presence may help thee; but thy and
is weak, thy strength but tiny. His pitying
thee, poor wren—the magnanimous One—
whom thy presumptuous pride has drawn
on from thee! He still sends down to thee,
from the clouds, rays from his eyes to light-
the glooms of storms that sting rudely
about thy little form. Even yet his earnest
struggles may upbear thee, and ye may in
the Coming Time rest equally, in purest,
humbled loving, upon his breast! Keep
then, thine eyes uplifted! Watch and work
faithfully for this reward!

Poor Jenny! her loved head very slowly
lifted itself above the shadows her own heart
has nurtured, but as her languid eyes open
in startling, they suddenly flare joyously,
wide and bright! She springs to the edge
of the crown-seat, and her voice rings in
mellow, heart-sweet songs. The fairy figure
vibrates to the melody her soul
outpour: and the bleak, threatening storm-
clouds away, and all, all, as the hymn
fills the atmosphere, until a silvery haze
vells Craig, and hill, and
flowers and trees; and
the sudden dash of
vessals in the valley-
spring, startles the fam-
ily of wrens, who set up
with opposing voices, a
shril, rattling headlong
pippings, that made the
very wild-flowers toss
their dainty heads in
dancing measure to the
chorus.

And Jenny—what
had roused the despair-
ing one? Above her,
in the clear space be-
ond the clouds, a dis-
tant sound of sweeping
wings,—and a wondrous Voice chanting
prophecies, and a broad path of light,
as from Heaven, that penetrated the nar-
rowful gloom! and she knew, then, that
her Wonder-lover, with watchful, never-
dimming, eagle-eyes, guarded still her
champion, and the New Gem which
should henceforth beam mildly in its bor-
der.

This is the true story of Happy Jenny
Wren; and now that the Angel has forgiv-
en her, we may any day hear her singing
in wild, melodious strains ; her little l~ead
en her, we may any day hear her singing
Wren; and now that the Angel has forgiv.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE LATE
EXHIBITION OF THE ME-
CHANICS' INSTITUTE.

In 1742, James Watt, a poor boy in
whose creative mind had just dawned a
brilliant idea, the application of which was
to effect a peaceful revolution, which
should extend over the whole civilized
world, and penetrate and finally destroy
the barbarism of ages, when, engaged in
his dreamy way in experimenting on the
condensation of steam by holding a spoon
or cup over the spout of a tea-kettle, was
sharply rebuked by his matter-of-fact aunt
for what she termed his "idleness." "Take
a book," said she, "or do something use-
ful. You have done nothing for the last
hour but take off the lid of that kettle and
put it on again; are you not ashamed of
spending your time in this way?" "A
century later the glorious idea of that
quiet, thoughtful boy had been frustrated,
and man, from his cradle to his grave,
all for his swaddling-clothes and his
shroud, was indebted to the power of
steam. About this time, the world of
thought realized the fact that the exercise
of bone and sinew is not incompatible
with the possession of mind; and that the
dignity of labor had been re-
looked. It was conceded that
worker in any department of
art, might be possessed of
that he might quicken the
and derive information by a
sensation, and that the natural ability and acquired knowledge
the control of practical experi-
ence with applications of
discoveries and inventions, or
benefit to civilization than
from the analytic thoughts
platitude of those who are
ers in the theoretical intrici-
y or from the flowing facul-
tians, who feebly roam a
and woeful flow-
rate the fields which have been
harrowed and sown and which
mind and the classic must
the results of this important
spread out before us from
the poles; the effect upon
philosophy, education, politics,
religion, which calmly and
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exhausts the full powers of the
standing; it seems as though
been suddenly awakened for
dreamless sleep, during which
prepped for a complete meta-

But vast though the subject
is limited, and yet we must hasten
our reflections. It is for us
—at this critical period of
an organized community,
cement immediately attac-
covet of mineral wealth has
by Anglo-Saxon reason; who
manufacturers, and the many
branches of mechanical indus-
y in our own lands; as gradually
connection to the mines, to
interests of the country; who
meurs are streaming to drive
porters from the market, and
ted laws of supply and demand
stuid and applied; when suc
philosophy of the late exhibition of the mechanics' institute.

2. James Watt, a poor boy, in creative mind had just dawned a dream, the application of which was a peaceful revolution, which extended over the whole civilized and pastoral and finally destroy barbarism of ages, when, engaged in any way in experimenting on the union of steam by holding a spoon over the spout of a tea-kettle, was rebuked by his master-of-art as not he termed his "idleness." "Take it," said he, "or do something useful; you have done nothing for the last but take off the lid of that kettle and on again; are you not ashamed of using your time in this way?" A try later the glorious idea of that thoughtful boy had been fruitlessly, re- from his cradle to his grave, for his swaddling-clothes and his "idleness," was indebted to the power of James Watt. About this time, the world of light realized the fact that the exercise done and done is not incompatible in the possession of mind; and that the dignity of labor had been too long overlooked. It was conceded that the daily worker in any department of mechanism or art, might be possessed of intelligence; that he might quicken that intelligence and derive information by study and observation, and that the exercise of his natural ability and acquired knowledge under the control of practical experience, might eventuate in applications of principles, in discoveries and inventions, of far greater benefit to civilization than could result from the chaotic thoughts and conflicting platitudes of those who are mere wanderers in the theoretical intricacies of science, or from the glowing fancies of the enthusiasm, who tirelessly roam amidst the fragrant and many-tinted flowers that decorate the fields which have been ploughed, harrowed and sown by men of stern mind and less classic mould. In 1857, the results of this important discovery are spread out before us from the equator to the poles; the effect upon art, science, philosophy, education, politics, society and religion, when calmly and deliberately reviewed and even partially appreciated, taxes the full powers of the human understanding; it seems as though the world has been suddenly awakened from a deep and dreamless sleep, during which it had been prepared for a complete metamorphosis.

But vast though the subject is, our space is limited, and we must hasten to conclude our reflections. It is for us of California—at this critical period of our existence as an organized community, when the excitement immediately attending the discovery of mineral wealth has been subdued by Anglo-Saxon reason; when agriculture, manufactures, and the many and various branches of mechanical industry, though yet in embryo, are gradually assuming in connection with the mines, the substantial interests of the country; when home producers are beginning to drive foreign importers from the market, and the well-settled laws of supply and demand are understood and applied; when society is assuming a permanent organization; it is for us now, above all other periods, to acquire, as near as may be, a perfect conception of the progress of past events, with their train of important results, and by the aid of those direct the present with a view to the most perfect development in the future. The utility of the late Mechanics' Fair in San Francisco will consist in its effect. More admiration of the articles exhibited, of the mechanical genius or scientific ability of the contributors, will amount to nothing unless coupled with the determination, by material assistance and individual exertion, to aid in the proper and successful application of the talent and ingenuity which the exhibition proved to be so plentiful in the State. Those beautiful and improved models of steam engines—so exquisite in their proportions, so perfect in construction—must create patronage, not alone directly, but through the medium of intelligent conversation and writing, for their designers and constructors, and so on through the entire catalogue of contributions. The philosophy of these displays is not in the momentary feeling of gratified vanity excited by them, but in the practical lesson taught, and onward impetus given to each person who witnesses or reads of them, and to the community in the aggregate. We look to grand results in the Future, growing out of the results of the Past, and justified by the prospects of the Present.

how i painted john smith's picture.

the people of california are accustomed to send little mementoes to their friends in the states, which indicate the attachment that neither time nor distance are able to sever. these tokens are of every conceivable variety; and often, as in the case I am about to relate, they represent one's home or place of labor in the mines.

one day as I was sitting by my easel with brushes in hand, and a pallet on which
were arranged mandrake bite of pain, my friend John Smith came in. He admired the colors as he saw them distributed over the canvas, and declared I must paint a picture for him.

"What shall it be?" said I.

"My house. I want my house painted."

Poor fellow he did not mean to make me a house painter in the common acceptance of the term; he meant, that he wanted a picture of his house. Now John had a dwelling-house which he rented; and, as it was all the real estate he had, he esteemed it highly. The house was small, one story with the side to the street, and a small addition on the end. The side and one and were painted white. The windows were small, even for so small a house. There was a capacious yard in front inclosed by a fence in an extreme state of dilapidation. These were the premises I was desired to portray, and it will appear how near I came to it.

"Well!" said I, "I will make a picture of your house; but you need a new fence."

"Oh! I am going to have a good one. Make one in the picture; and I want you to make a porch along the front side of the house, for I am going to have one there."

"Very well; but in that case, you ought to have larger windows."

"Oh! yes, I am going to have French windows, put in French windows. — And I am going to paint it again."

"Then John, since you are going to have a nice place, I would paint it some other color than white."

"All right; I tell you I am going to make a fine house of it. I want you to fix it up right."

"In such a capacious yard you should have some ornamental trees, and some shrubbery, and a fountain."

To this he assented, and I went to work and completed a painting representing a colored house with porch, French windows, a yard full of flourishing trees, and shrubbery, and besides, a tempestuous little fountain — not resembling his place in a single particular save in the relative size of house and lot. I showed it to him and he exclaimed,

"Oh! that is first rate! I will send it home by the next steamer."

This was a compliment. I had supposed that it was to hang in his house, and that, since it was not like his place, he would make his place like it; but away to the states went the picture, and the place remains as it was to this day, excepting some improvement in the fencing. Words may tell stories, appearances deceive, type tell lies, and little pictures do, grosslyfalse — greatly, because they have the endorsement of a seemingly disinterested hand.

N.K.

— LECTURE UPON "MINNIE"—ROGUE—By Engle Wing. Mineralogy is generally supposed to be the science of stones, rocks, ledges, pebbles, etc., etc., but strictly defined it embraces every object in the visible world excepting vegetables and animal matter; hence the air we breathe is a mineral, and we ourselves are mostly made up of rocks and minerals, because the same chemical substances that go to make up minerals constitute the larger portion of our bodies. I do not know that I am scientifically correct, but of late it seems to me that every thing is "Minnie"-ral and how I do love to study and gaze upon the subject! I have determined to give a lifetime of devotion to it. A "Minnie"-ral has become my hobby; this "cabinet" set where it is found is a sacred spot to the study and research it presents. Other mineralogists have found and described "faults" among the rocks and minerals, but after the severest scrutiny I am unable to find any fault whatever in mine; and when I touch my lips to it, to determine by the taste the class to which it belongs, it adheres to them with a tenacity altogether unexplainable, while it acts as a magnet of such power, that no sooner are they separated than they as naturally seek to renew the touch and taste. How singular! Who, then, would not like the delightful study of "Minnie"-ralogy?"
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L. N.

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and in this case not like the delightful study of "Minoralogy!"
follow without difficulty—and now we
were on route for Foster’s Bar. The
summit of the hill leading to the Bar
was gained,—how the two long yoke
of oxen were unhitched, a tree felled,
and tied to the tail end of the wagon;
and the passengers requested to trim
ship, by standing on a summit in dan-
gerous age, and we commenced the
descent. By the aid of a great deal of
"Whoo-hawing," "Gee-buckings," and
my given quantity of shouting and
profanity on the part of the driver, we
weathered the hill, and landed safely
on the Bar.

It being near night when we arrived,
and feeling very tired, we determined
to at once pitch our tent and turn in,
which we did. Early the following
morning we unloaded the wagon; and,
 bidding the driver and his boy "good
bye," commenced a fruitless search for
old Gingerly, and which we persevered
in for two days. There had been no
t Time there, we were told, excepting
those bringing freight, and which after
unloading, returned to Marysville. Even
the name of the illustrious Gingerly
was unknown, and his friends had never
reached that place. The fact of our
having so lately seen a woman, and
being then in search of one, rendered
us very conspicuous personages—but
"Madam Rumor," as she often does,
mixed the story up entirely, and it was
generally understood that we had a woman
with us, and our little tent the second
day was surrounded with men and boys,
who were curious for a peep at her.
In vain were our attempts at explana-
tion; in vain did we deny the charge,
and endeavor to refute the base insin-
uation; sooner demonstration was de-
manded, and we pulled down our tent
and trampled over its fallen folds.
The crowd began to disperse, satisfied,
but disappointed, when one very tall
and slender young man with a very
pale face, long, light colored hair, and
difie colored eyes, approached, and
taking me by the arm walked me a
short distance from the scene of the
late besiegement, and with a very weak
voice commenced the following conver-
sation:—"O, sir, the woman, how
did she look?" "Look!" I said, looking
at him with strong doubts in
my mind as to his honesty, "well enough—
or excellent health I should judge.
"No, I don’t mean that—you don’t un-
derstand me—what did she look
like?" "Look like—why a woman,
to be sure—what did you suppose she’d
look like?" "Oh, I wish that I could
see one — do you think she’ll come this
way? I have not seen one for eighteen
months."
Here the young man fell
into a series of hysterical sob, and
proceeded with spasmodic efforts to
ferk out the following:—"Not since
I left my—no.—no.—mother.—(ob)
mother.—(ob) Mary Ann (ob) Sum-
ners (ob) promised to write (ob) but
she (ob) him.—(ob)—(hysterically)—
hasn’t." "Poor fellow," the boy, as he
with eyes dripping wet, with tears, and
beams always burning, walked away
and disappeared behind a pile of rocks.
"When you are older, and have had
experience, and become better acquaint-
ed with the ways of the sex you now
so much adore, you will look back to
to those eighteen months as the oak of
your life, and then will know what a
simpleton and fool you are making of
yourself now."

The third day we voted ourselves
out, concluding that the old man had
played it very low down, and that
we must commence to prosper for
ourselves. In accordance with this
view we took pick, pan, and shover, and
strolled along down the bars of the
Yuba, and had not gone far when we
overlooked a fine looking, hard-rusted
miner, and, after entering into conversa-
tion with him, we walked along together,
and soon sat down to rest. After a
general conversation, our new acquain-
tance asked us where we were going.
To this we could give no definite reply,
and merely answered by saying, "that
we were looking around, in hopes of
of getting a good chance to pick some
distance, think they are rich; there
the same with us, he told me. "What old
we—fall man—
home I am," his name was. "That
rejoiced the strangest
ions! I was impossible
made a map for his
very near we are after
for old Gingerly," a
"The old woman
our little Captain. The
didn’t please. Then
explanations, and told
whom he was, as he
Underwood—"the
agreed to be ready to
night." To leave in
said,—"is necessary
throwed!" He also
to keep along the ridge
down the hill, we went
old Gingerly—but a
he, "you only a
and 'twas hard just as
Upon our return to
fortunate, enough to
which had just cast
Forks, and which
government to pay
place of our destination
might be. Night had
thickest mouth, and
Foster's Bar were suffer-
ing perhaps golden
onous diggers—perel
but little of the
desire stuck out for
while their numbers
exit front. The
as to the position of
of our own
no boner's with,
ot gain us up the hill, but
ated as pilots, told
two or three stars,
we followed.
It has always been
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MAGAZINE.

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"Poor fellow, that I, as he
with eyes dripping wet with tears, and
most astonished, walked away
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When you are older, and have had
experience, and become better acquainted
with the ways of the sex you now so
much adore, you will look back to
those eighteen months as the crisis of
your life, and then will know what a
simpleton and fool you are making of
yourself now.

The third day we voted ourselves
sick, anticipating that the old man had
"played it very low down," and that
we must continue to prosper with
ourselves. In accordance with this
view we took pie, pan and shovel, and
viewed the whole of the place to
the bottom, and that we would
soon set down to rest. After a

When we arrived at the
we were looking around, in hopes of
finding something." "Well," said he,
"I like the appearance of you, fellows,
and I think I can put you in the way
of getting a good claim. I have dig-
gins some distance from here, and I
think they are rich; no one knows of
them besides my company, and one
other man, who discovered them in
company with us; he is an old moun-
taineer." "What! old mountaineer, did
you say—foul man—long hair—tumors
—coughs tobacco—Gingerly! Is that
his name?"

"That's the very man,"
rejoined the stranger. "Good graz-
cious! Is it possible!" said we, and all
made a grasp for his hand, "Tis the
very man we are after." "Three cheers
for old Gingerly," shouted the Col.
"The old woman you mean," suggested
our little Captain. The Col. blushed but
didn't cheer. Then we entered into
explanations, and told our new friend
whose name, as he inferred us, was
Underwood—the whole story, and
agreed to be ready to go with him that
night." to leave in the night," he
said, "was necessary, to prevent being
tricked." He also told us that had we
kept along the ridge instead of coming
down the hill, we would have overtaken
old Gingerly—but never mind," said
he, "you are only a day or two behind,
and 'twill end just as well.

Upon our return to the Bar we were
fortunate enough to find a peck-train,
which had just come in from the
"Forks," and which we at once en-
gaged to transfer our "traps" to the
place of our destination, wherever that
might be. Night had drawn down her
thickest mantle, and the denizens
of Foster's Bar were slumbering—dram-
ing perhaps of golden nuggets and two
ounce diggings—premonish of home;
but little did they dream of an expedi-
tion starting out for secret diggings
while they slumbered. We made our
exit from the Bar at a point nearly op-
posite to that of our entry. There was
no beaten path, not even a trail, to
guide us up the hill; but "Underwood"
acted as pilot, and, taking the bearings
of our tents, led off while we
followed.

It has always been my impression
that I stumbled up that hill. I know
that I was stumbling most of the time,
and once or twice came very near going
back to the Bar, by an entirely new
route—rapid but not safe. Having
surrounded the hill we went on quite
rapidly till near day, and then camped.
About noon of the second day after
leaving the Bar we struck snow, and
soon found ourselves traveling over
what appeared to be a vast prairie cov-
ced with snow. The first time it was
as, the snow was soft, and every
step plunged us to the knees; we
became thirsty, and eating snow only
increased our thirst—the perspiration
rolled from us in big drops, and, as for
myself, it seemed as if every step would
be my last; but night was coming on,
and we were anxious to reach a growth
of timber a few miles distant.

A column of smoke rising above the
trees inspired us with fresh courage,
and we plodded on. Upon entering the
grove the cheerful blaze of a camp-fire,
glimmering on ahead, was just discern-
able; with light hearts we hurried to-
ward it. There was a wagon, and be-
side the fire a man, and—yes! by all
that's good—a woman! "Was need-
less to say that we had found them.
The old lady welcomed us warmly, but
her partner looked very savage, and
mattered tobacco at a fearful rate, nor
would he grant us even a nod of recog-
nition. We flattered ourselves that he
would be in better humor by morning,
and go on with us, but morning brought
no change; he then swore "he would
not budge an inch 'til after we had
gone," and so we went without him.
After traveling some eight miles fur-
ther we came to a spot upon the moun-
tain free from snow, and here "Under-
wood" told us we had better stop and
make this peak our head-quarters, for
it was as near to the creek as we could
get with mules.

This place we named "Peak,"
and it was our home for two months.
We took up a claim upon the creek;
but the water was very high, and we
were not able to do anything, and so we lived
upon the Peak; making out from that
he made his appearance, very much exhausted, and but little disposed to answer our inquiries regarding Nelson Creek—he laconically replied “I am busy.”

“Then we had better move down to our claim on Sota Creek, and commence the dam?”

“Your Creek.”

Down upon the claim we went, where a great deal of time and hard labor was uselessly expended. For several weeks previous to the completion of our dam, people were continually coming down the hill, crossing the creek just above us, and ascending on the other side. At this we were much surprised, and upon inquiring learned that they came from the “Forks of the Yuba,” and were bound for Nelson Creek. Wishing to be of some service to our fellow-men, we stopped all that we could, and advised them to return to the “Forks,” telling them that we had been to Nelson’s, and it was a “humbug;” but not a single man could we induce to turn back, and we were yet more surprised to find that none came back.

Having finished our dam, turned the creek, and made the unhappy discovery that the “beel-rock” was “destitute of gravel,” and that the “creevies pitched down stream,” we shouldered our blankets, and started out for Nelson’s, via Grass Valley. The Col. desiring to go no further than the Valley, we left him there and proceeded on. At the Creek we found every inch of ground claimed, and every claim paying handsomely.

Here we learned that old Gingerly, when at Marysville, had been offered fourteen thousand dollars to find a route by which the emigration, by way of Nelson’s Pass, could come into that place; and we also learned that the old man having offered the Col. half to assist him, they, instead of prospecting Nelson’s, crossed it and prospected the mountains above for a waggon road.

We returned to the Valley, had a premium with the Colonel, hired mules, went to Sota Creek, picked our provisions and household goods over to the Valley, sold them, and disbanded the company.

The Colonel started a little grocery in the Valley, my other partners returned to Marysville, and I, joining another company, went further into the mountains, was fortunate enough to have a “street of luck” and “strike a good thing.”

Later, in the fall I passed again through Grass Valley, on my way to San Francisco. This time, I found that Gingerly had erected a log house, and that Mrs. Gingerly “furnished meals to strangers.” The old man amused himself by setting as guide to such as desired his services. The following, I learned, was a common practice with that gentleman: He had in his possession several very fine specimens of pure gold—the same, probably, that were used to entice Mrs. G. from Marysville. These he represented to new comers as from secret diggings of his own, and would stipulate, providing they would make up a party of eight or ten, to guide them to the place for the sum of fifty dollars each. The party made up, and the cash paid down, they would start out; but, their guide entertaining an aversion to highways and better paths, would lead them through immense fields of chaparral, up and down the roughest and most abrupt mountains, and by altering his course each day, would, in less than a month’s time, manage to lose them; and, leaving them lost amid the mountains, return to the valley. When these unfortunate men, exhausted, nearly famished, and almost destitute of clothing, came struggling in, he would be out with another party, and thus far managed to elude for the time that punishment he so justly deserved; and surely would have received, could those men have met him.

The spring following, I met my old partner, the Colonel, in San Francisco, and from him I learned that Old Gingerly, with his blankets upon his back, started out the morning to go to some air. He was never heard of afterwards. In the mountains, he was never known as his friend, and it is probably part wise perhaps the best course of a person who was so cruelly deserted by government. I am bound to say that the old man had the air of a gentleman.

Mrs. Gingerly’s Valley, some ten miles distant, and have to believe herself out her establish business of Gingerly’s Valley, thoroughly disintegrated forms, because steamer bound but was landed safely in some portion of country, making the best of the woods and mountains of the Valley.

A DISMAL

Again Pass you by a
1 men, inclined to see
2 Door polished, but not
3 And independent think
4 Man of age ye
5 And I will back you
6 I don’t mean with a
7 You soldier death
8 But in a war of words
9 He to prove the
10 I like a mind well
11 On all the questions
12 To make a flight or
13 But Red, he’s called it
14 Of all the visible ones
15 Some people think he is
A DETURBATORY POEM.

BY W. H. H.

CANTO II.

I.

Again I wish you, are you not with me? I sate, on and read what I may write, Dear public, lest you tell you, I am free, And independent thinker, and bold. My own opinions as you here may see, And I will back them up in a free fight; I don't mean with a pistol, sword or fist, I'm neither sheeted or pledged. H.

But in a war of words, I'm ever ready, Beshy to prove the truths of what I say. I like a madly ground, fine and steady, Or all the questions that entrance the day— I shall not be called the returned runaway; Of all the villain oot of the namne, Some people think he is the next internal.�

II.

At least, as those honored vigilants, Who governed San Francisco for a time, They made some very hardened scoundrels unedge, Acted like devils to their citizens. Justice was swift and more severe than Dante, Free land was sold, and bids went whirled; Through fear that round his head a noose might spin, He despairs game, by being too much frightened; How true it is I don't pretend to say. The game was high, the odds, was double, But turned his luck upon a game of chance.

III.

Some or his face and muttons both were blackened, And in disguise he took his sudden flight, As if the scene was after him, and whirled him His piece till he got in a woofed plight. He was so running that they never reckoned His presence after he got out of sight. The tale of all his sufferings I decline, Solely, "The way of the transgressor's hard." H.

IV.

He left in haste and he returned at leisure; To leave was not according to his nature. But he returned because it was his pleasure, And since, his presence our fair Stanislaus granted, Or rather desired, he went beyond the Jordan. Hence in on the dry and his feet were waked. Naught could be persuaded on the earth and air.

V.

Others the said committee had to publish; It would have been much better to have been Ten as up by their nokes, for they but vanish. From this vanity to go unming. In other cities for fresh princes, like Spanish Bolivia the delicious woods running, Who daily rise and ever go and free, Because the laws cannot enforced be.

VI.

I'll change my judge—for this epic poem, Or, 'st supe, which I meant to say; Have on her clothes, in my view. I should have told you, that for every day, I'll have a new name, and I say I'll be up in time, in my displaced way. I certainly was busy in the collision, Nor can I now proceed by tradition, These daily heroes though are only super. And I'm the chief of all the spirited band, At times they'll come up singly, then in groups, Some good, some bad, just as I may command, From hence, my friends, who are mere super, When finished teaching every thing as usual, Myself shall often occupy those stanzas, To swell the evidence and give deeper chances.
I think in the next storm I'll reign.
I'll make the effort, and I'll win.
Your voice, attention, it is not for self.
Above, I was lost in an island.
The tears of the storm from off the mountain side
Of my poor brain; I sometimes sigh for home,
And hope to win at least in honored name.

I love to see the first flowers of dawn,
While fair Amaryllis walks there.
In meadow flowers, their beauty endures.
A nest of fragrant butterflies in spray.
In meadow flowers, their beauty endures.
While nature's joyous colors shine.

I love the fragrance of the dewy grass,
And roses, I love the glory of the flowers.
I love to see a flower in bloom,
Reflecting all the glory of the morning.
I love to watch the tryst of the sweetly swinging flowers.
From field to field, after refreshing showers.
While nature's joyous colors shine.

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THREE YEARS IN CALIFORNIA.

By J. D. Northwick.

CHAPTER IV.


A most useful quality for a California emigrant was one which the Americans possessed in a pre-eminent degree—a natural versatility of disposition, and adaptability to every description of pursuit or occupation.

The numbers of the different classes forming the community were not in the proportion requisite to preserve its equilibrium. Transplanting one's self to California from any part of the world, involved an outward beyond the means of the bulk of the laboring classes; and to those who did come to the country, the mines were of course the great point of attraction; so that in San Francisco the numbers of the laboring and of the working classes generally were not nearly equal to the demand. The consequence was that laborers' and mechanics' wages were ridiculously high; and, as a general thing, the lower the description of the labour, or of service, required, the more extravagant in proportion were the wages paid. Sailors' wages were two and three hundred dollars per month, and there were hundreds of ships lying idle in the bay for the want of crews to man them even at these rates. Every ship on her arrival, was immediately deserted by all hands; for, of all people, sailors were the most unremunerable in their determination to go to the diggings; and it was there a common saying, of the truth of which I saw myself many examples, that sailors, riggers, and Butchersons, were the luckiest men in the mines: a very drunken old salt was always particularly lucky.

There was a great number of young men of education, who had never dreamed of manual labour, and who found that their services in their wonted employments were not required in such a rough-and-ready, every-man-for-himself sort of a place. Hard work, however, was generally better paid than head work; and men employed themselves in any way, quite regardless of preconceived ideas of their own dignity. It was one intense scramble for dollars—the man who made most was the best man—how he got them had nothing to do with it. No occupation was considered at all derogatory, and, in fact, every one was too much occupied with his own affairs to trouble himself in the smallest degree about his neighbour.

A man's actions and conduct were totally unstrained by the ordinary conventionalities of civilized life, and, so long as he did not interfere with the rights of others he could follow his own course, for good or for evil, with the utmost freedom.

Among so many temptations to err, thrust prominently in one's way, without any social restraint to counteract them, it was not surprising that many men were too weak for such a trial, and, to use an expressive, though not very elegant phrase, 'the devil.' The community was composed of isolated individuals, each quite regardless of the good opinion of his neighbors.

There were, however, bright examples of the contrary. If there was a lavish expenditure in ministering to vice, there was also munificence in the bestowing of charity. Though there were gorgeous temples for the worship of mammon, there was a sufficiency of schools and churches for every denomination; while, under the influence of the constantly-increasing numbers of virtuous women, the standard of morals was steadily improving; and society, as it seemed to be in a shape and form, began to assert its claims to respect.

Although employment, of one sort or another, and good pay, were to be had by all who were able and willing to work, there was nevertheless a vast amount of misery and destitution. Many men had come to the country with their expectations raised to an unwarrantable pitch, imagining that the mere fact of emigration to California would insure them a rapid fortune; but when they came to experience the severe competition in every branch of trade, their hopes were generally destroyed by the difficulties of the reality.

Every kind of business, custom, and employment, was solicited with an importance little known in old countries, where the course of all such things is so well-worn a channel, that it is not easily divert

"Editing a newspaper or magazine is a great deal like making a fire. Everybody opposes it or do it—a little better than anybody else. We have seen people duped their friends for money-thinking, owning land, and losing property, and, in all our experience, we never knew a man who thought he could shake the circulation of any paper or periodical two months."
place in the crowd required an unremitted exercise of the same vigour and energy, which were necessary to obtain it; and many a man, though possessed of qualities which would have enabled him to distinguish himself in the quiet routine of an old country, was crowded out of his place by the multitudes of competitors, whose deficiency of merit in other respects was more than counterbalanced by an excess of unscrupulous boldness and physical energy.

A polished education was of little service unless accompanied by an unwonted amount of democratic feeling; for the extreme sensitiveness which it is otherwise apt to produce, united a man for taking part in such a hand-to-hand struggle with his fellow-men.

Drinking was the grand consolation for those who had not moral strength to bear up under their disappointments. Some men gradually obscured their intellects by increased habits of drinking, and, equally more calculated to tickle the American ear), such as the Jack Daniel House and the American Saloon, gradually reached the lowest stage of reckless and want; while others went at it with more force, and drank themselves into elegantly-dressed damsels in company, and all the arrangements were in Parisian style.

The principal American houses were equally good; and there were also an abundance of places where those who delighted in corn-bread, buckwheat cakes, puddings, griddlecakes, molasses, apple-sauce, and more, etc., could gratify their taste to the fullest extent.

There was nothing particularly English about any of the eating houses; but there were numbers of second-rate English drinking shops, where John Bull could smoke his pipe and savor his ale coolly and calmly, without having to gulp it down and move off to make way for others, as at the bar of the American saloons.

The Germans too had their larger bier cellars, but the noise and smoke which came up from them was enough to deter any but a German from venturing in.

There was also a Mexican quarter of the town where there were gross-looking Mexican fandans, and crowds of lusty Mexicans lying about, wrapped up in their blankets, smoking cigarettes.

In another quarter, the Chinese most did congregate. Here the majority of the houses were of Chinese importation, and consisted of long, low, and dark, with their false lights, and all sorts of curiosities. Suspended over the doors were brilliantly-colored bands, about the size and shape of overshoes, and with several yards streaming from them; there were also with long, slender, dangling nooses from the lower eaves, and stalls were established in the Chinese hill shops, winding windows, and the shop windows, which in other countries, were a Chinaman's paradise, were also filled with advertisements public and private, and the best rates, and good the Chinese did washing and ironing dozen... Inside these there were or even Chinese, drinking flat-bottomed copper pots, charcoals, and buried in clothes, half a dozen more drinking away.

The Chinese tried to be rest of the world. They lived and their dwelling rooms, small dirty places, badly paved, papered. They liked game. The dealer played several hands of muck with squared holes in the middle of it, and the ali, divisions, marked the table, and away from the boys, and played accord one, two, three cards, or four, or more, and that is why the interesting game thing they jass, and rings, and such articles, in small rooms and teams. The Chinese theatre gods-looking edifices, built self-made for the Chinese, in an extreme manner. The perfect without participation, and equally of singing and dancing. The most when the Chinese, and stood up dozen others
had a peculiarly nasty smell pervaded this locality, and it was generally believed that rats were not so numerous elsewhere.

Owing to the great scarcity of water there was a considerable amount of water available, and the Chinese household would have ample room to display itself in the washing and ironing business. A large American ship might be seen occasionally on some small house at a distance, and in the placard announcing that they were to come off, appeared conspicuously the intimation of "No weapons admitted!"
"A strong police will be in attendance."
The company was just such as might be seen in any gambling-room, and, beyond the presence of half-a-dozen muskets in female attire, there was nothing to carry out the idea of a ball or a masquerade at all. The officers were in attendance, to whom each man as he entered delivered up his knife or pistol, receiving a check for it, just as one does at the door of a picture-gallery. Most men drew a pistol from behind their back, and very often a knife along with it; some carried their bowie-knife down the back of their neck, or in their breast; demure, pious-looking men, lifted the bottom of their waistcoat, and revealed the butt of a revolver; others, after having dreaded division, pulled up the leg of their trousers, and abstracted a huge bowie-knife from their boot. If any man declared that he had no weapon, the statement was so incredible that he had to submit to be searched; an operation which was performed by the doorkellers, who, I observed, were occasionally rewarded for their services.

ABOUT THE SIZE AND SHAPE OF A HEADBOARD

The Chinese theatre was a curious pagoda-looking edifice, built by them expressly for theatrical purposes, and painted in all the colors of the rainbow. The doorkellers were in attendance, to whom each man as he entered delivered up his knife or pistol, receiving a check for it, just as one does at the door of a picture-gallery. Most men drew a pistol from behind their back, and very often a knife along with it; some carried their bowie-knife down the back of their neck, or in their breast; demure, pious-looking men, lifted the bottom of their waistcoat, and revealed the butt of a revolver; others, after having dreaded division, pulled up the leg of their trousers, and abstracted a huge bowie-knife from their boot. If any man declared that he had no weapon, the statement was so incredible that he had to submit to be searched; an operation which was performed by the doorkellers, who, I observed, were occasionally rewarded for their services.

THE THREE YEARS IF CALIFORNIA.

Three years if California.
their diligence by the discovery of a pilot
secreted in some unusual part of the dress.

Some of the shops were very magnifi-
cently got up. The chemists' and jewellers' shops especially were very
numerous, and made a great display of
innominate wares, especially gold
rings and chains, with gold-headed cases,
and diamond pins and brooches of a most
formidable size. With numbers of men,
who found themselves possessed of an
amount of money which they had never
before dreamed of, and which they had no
idea what to do with, the purchase of gold
watches and diamond pins was a very favor-
itive mode of getting rid of their spare
cash. Laboring men fancied their coarse
dirty shirts with a cluster of diamonds the
size of a shilling, were colossal gold rings
on their fingers, and displayed a massive
gold chain and seals from their watch-
 pockets; while hardly a man of any conse-
quence returned to the Atlantic States
without receiving from some one of his
friends a huge gold-headed case, with all
his virtues and good qualities engraved
upon it.

A large business was also done in Chi-
neseshawls, and various Chinese curios-
ties. It was greatly the fashion for men,
returning home, to take with them a quan-
ty of such articles, as presents for their
friends. In fact a gorgeous Chinese shawl
seemed to be as necessary for the retur-
ning Californian, as a revolver and bow-
knife for the California emigrant.

On the arrival of the fortnightly steamer
from Panama with the mails from the At-
lantic States and from Europe, the distri-
bution of letters at the post-office oc-
curred a very singular scene. In San
Francisco no such thing existed as a post-
man; every one had to call at the post-
office for his letters. The mail usually
consisted of several wagon-loads of let-
ters and packages; and on its being re-
ceived, notice was given at the post-office, at what hour
the delivery would commence, a whole day
being frequently required to sort the let-
ters, which were then delivered from a row
of half-dozen windows, lettered A to H,
and so on through the alphabet. Indepen-
dently of the immense mercantile corre-
spondence, of course every man in the
city was anxiously expecting letters from
home; and for hours before the ap-
pointed time for opening the windows, a
dense crowd of people collected, almost
blocking up the two streets which gave ac-
cess to the post-office, and having the ap-
pearance at a distance of being a mob;
but on coming up to it, one would find
that, though closely packed together, the
people were all in six strings, twisted up
and down in all directions, the commence-
ment of them being the lucky individuals
who had been first on the ground, and
now impatiently waiting for their mail at their respective windows, while each new-comer had to
fall in behind those already waiting. Not-
withstanding the value of time, and the
impatience felt by every individual, the
most perfect order prevailed; and no one
was attempting to push himself ahead of those already waiting, nor was there the slightest respect of
persons; every new-comer quietly took his
position, and had to make the best of it, 
without the prospect of waiting for hours
before he could hope to reach the window.

Smoking and chewing tobacco were great aids in passing the time, and many came
provided with books--and newspapers,
which they could read in perfect tranquil-
ity, as there was no unnecessary crowding
or jostling. The principle of first come,
first served was strictly adhered to, and
any attempt to infringe the established
rule would have been promptly put down
by the conspicuous majority.

A man's place in the line was his indi-
vidual property; more or less valuable ac-
sording to his distance from the window,
and, like any other piece of property, it
was bought and sold, and converted into
cash. Those who had plenty of dollars to
spare, but could not afford much time,
could buy out some one who had already
been several hours in keeping his place.
Ten or fifteen dollars were frequently paid
for a good position, and some men went
there early, and continued in the hope of
getting letters, but for the chance of turning their acquired advan-
tage into cash.

The post-office clerks got through their
work briskly enough when once they com-
manded the delivery, the alphabetical sys-
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up to it, one would find it drawn together, the six strings, two directions, the commissioner, the lady in her chair, and the position at their respective seats already occupied. Not a second wasted. The few minutes which elapsed would still have thought there was something wrong. I am myself, upon one occasion deeply impressed with the spirit of unbelief in the infallibility of the post-office oracle, and tried the effect of another application the next day, when my perseverance was crowned with success.

There was one window devoted exclusively to the use of foreigners; and here a polyglot individual, who would have been a useful member of society in the Tower of Babel, answered the demands of all European nations, and held communication with Chinamen, Sandwich Islanders, and all the stray specimens of humanity from unknown parts of the card.

One reason why men went to little trouble or expense in making themselves comfortable in their homes, if houses they could be called, was the constant danger of fire. The city was a mass of wooden and canvas buildings, the very look of which rendered it more inflammable. Floors and walls, put together, and covered with any sort of material, which happened to be most exclusive, as the very look of which, the panic of which, the shouts of the excited crowd. The cry of fire acted like the touch of a magician's wand. The vitality of the whole city in an instant arrested, and turned from its course. Theaters, saloons, and all public places, were emptied as quickly as if the buildings themselves were on fire; the business of the moment, whatever it was, was at once abandoned, and the streets became filled with men, women, and children, running hither and thither, in every direction—not all towards the fire by any means; few thought it worth while to ask even where it was. To know there was a fire somewhere was sufficient, and they made at once for their houses or their store, or wherever they had any property that might be saved; while, as soon as the alarm was given, the engines were heard thundering along the streets, amid the ringing of the fire-bells and the shouts of the excited crowd.

The spirit of alarm is very strong, and connected with the different engine-houses are reading-rooms, saloons, and so on, for the use of the members of the company, many of those places being in the same style of luxurious magnificence as the most fashionable hotels. On holidays, and on every possible occasion which offers an excuse for so doing, the whole fire brigade parade the streets in full dress, each company dragging their engine after them, decked out in flags and flowers, which are presented to them by their lady-admirers, in return for the balls given by the发动机 for their entertainment. They also have field days, when they all turn out, and in some open part of the city have trials of strength, searing which can throw a stream of water to the greatest height, or which
can hold the other, by pumping water into each other's lungs.

As freemen they are most prompt and efficient, performing their perilous duties with the greatest zeal and resolution; they might, indeed, be expected of men who undertake such a service for no hope of reward but for their own love of the danger and excitement attending upon it, assisted, at the same time, by a chivalrous desire to save other life or property, in trying to accomplish which they gallantly risk, and frequently lose, their own lives. This feeling is kept alive by the remonstrances with which the public pay honor to any individual who conscientiously distinguishes himself—generally by preventing him with a gold or silver speaking trumpet, while any freeman who is killed in discharge of his duties is buried with all pomp and ceremony by the whole free-brigade.

Three miles above San Francisco, on the shore of the bay, is the Mission Dolores, one of those which were established in different parts of the country by the Spanish. It was a very small village of a few adobe houses and a church, adjoining which stood a large building, the abode of the priests. The land in the neighborhood is rich and fertile, and was being rapidly converted into market-gardens; but the village itself was as yet but little changed. It had a look of antiquity and completeness, as if it had been finished long ago and as if nothing more was ever likely to be added to it. As is the case with all Spanish American towns, the very style of the architecture commemorated an oppressive feeling of stiffness, and its gloomy solitude was only relieved by a few hillocks unoccupied-looking Mexican and native Californians.

The contrast to San Francisco was so great, that on coming out here one could almost think that the noisy city he had left but half an hour before had existence only in his imagination; for San Francisco presented a picture of universal human nature boiling over, while here was nothing but human stagnation—a more violent extreme than would have been the wildness as yet unadorned by man. Being but a slightly reduced counterpart of what San Francisco was a year or two before, it offered a good point of view from which to contemplate the miraculous growth of that city, still not only increasing in extent, but improving in beauty and in excellence in all its parts, and progressing so rapidly that, almost from day to day, one could mark its steady advancement in everything which denotes the presence of a wealthy and prosperous community.

The Mission, however, was not suffered to remain long in a state of torpor. A brick road was built to it from San Francisco. Number of hotels sprang up around it—and good hotels, a race-course, and other attractions soon made it the favorite resort for all who sought an hour's rest from the excitement of the city.

At the very head of the bay, some fifty miles from San Francisco, is the town of San Jose, situated in an extensive and most fertile valley, which was all being brought under cultivation, and where some farmers had already made large fortunes by their onions and potatoes, for the growth of which the soil is peculiarly adapted. San Jose was the headquarters of the native Californians, many of whom were wealthy men, at least in so far as they owned immense estates and thousands of wild cattle. They did not "hold their own," however, with the more enterprising people who were now effecting such a complete revolution in the country. Their property became a thousand-fold more valuable, and they had every chance to benefit by the new order of things; but men who had passed their lives in that sparsely populated and secluded part of the world, directing a few half-savage Indians in herding wild cattle, were not exactly calculated to foresee, or to speculate upon, the effects of an overwhelming influx of men so different in all respects from themselves; and even when occasions of enriching themselves were forced upon them, they were ignorant of their own advantages, and were inferior in manners to the men with whom they had to deal. Still, although too slow to keep up with the pace at which the country was now going ahead, many of them were, nevertheless, men of considerable sagacity, and appeared to no disadvantage as members of the legislature, to which they were returned from parts of the State remote from the mines, and where as yet there were few American settlers.

San Jose was quite out of the way of gold-hunters, and there was consequently about the place a good deal of the California color days. It was a town, however, the seat of government, and, consequently, a large number of Americans were long assembled, and gave some life to the town, which had also been improved by the addition of several new streets of more modern-looking houses than the old
THE REDEEMED HANDKERCHIEF.

CHAPTER IV.

Things remained in this situation for two or three weeks; they were polite and considerate of each other's feelings; they were strangers to each other in every respect; they were men and wife only by law; not in heart. These were the terms upon which Charles consented to have her come to his home. They both thought much of this, neither wishing to break the bounds first. Charles had been to the city and did not return home until late in the evening; and having seen Adaline, he again heard many reports derogative to his wife's virtue. He thought that his conduct perhaps was the cause of Kate's falling in love with Bently; but said to himself, if I find Bently interfering in this affair, I will call him to account for trying to bring disgrace on my house. I can bear nothing better than disgrace, by my wife.

While these thoughts were passing in his mind, he raised the old curtain, when he saw the door open and a man pass out, while he held the hand of a female; he guessed in astonishment, could that be Kate, whom he thought secure in heart, even if he did not love her? He thought her his honorable wife, and as his wife he would not see her dishonored in any way. For the first time in his life, he felt the annoying pains of jealousy corroding a heart naturally unsuspicous. Keeping his eye on the figure of the man who had just left the house, he soon came up with him, and seeing him close, was almost sure it was Bently, but was not certain. On going near the house, he heard Kate singing and playing a favorite piece of his, in a sweet and plaintive voice; he stood transfixed to the spot until the voice ceased, and it seemed to his heart low notes. He knocked, and Dinah opened the door to admit her young master. Charles's eyes immediately sought Kate, and one look was sufficient to tell him that she had been weeping. His heart smote him for his unkind suspicions and cold, unseemly conduct towards her.

"Are you not sitting up quite late, Mrs. McChure?" he enquired.

"Yes, rather late," said Kate; and immediately rising from her chair, she bid him good night, and retired; glad to be alone, where she could weep undisturbed by any one.
"What could that old sailor mean by his singular attitude? He is a relative of my mother, and I must see him before he leaves for California; and I promised to call on my mother, and tell her my unpleasant situation. Poor Jack, he is honest, or the tears would have flowed down his cheeks when he said good by, just before Charles came to. I wonder who my enemies are, about whom Jack has told me so often, and with such evident concern. I can do nothing right, and I have no fear of, and I am not a failure in life, so she retired to rest.

For several days Charles watched Kate with feverish impatience to find out her every thought, as he had begun to feel a peculiar interest in Kate.

Things were in this state, when Charles received a note from Mrs. Milford, requesting the pleasure of his and his wife's company at her house at nine on the evening. Charles handed it to Kate, and asked her if she would like to attend.

"I feel very much honored by the invitation," answered Kate; "but unless you very much wish me to go, I would prefer remaining at home.

"Your are at liberty to decide for yourself," Charles replied, evidently much disappointed at her not accepting the invitation.

In the evening he attended the party, that pleased him like the old woman, and the company in her house at night in the evening. Charles handed it to Kate, and asked her if she would like to attend.

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"Yes, and what of him?"

"Why," said Kate, "his sister adopted a child that was illegitimate, belonging to a young lady in Charleston, and with the young lady devices the child, and its support; and the woman has become sick and destitute, and in her extremity I thought of your aforesaid mother's charity, and called on her for aid, not knowing that she was dead; but I did not send her away empty. This morning she became worse, and the doctor told her that she would not live through the night; and she begged him to come for me, as she wished to leave that little helpless babe to my charity. She died a few moments before I left, and I engaged the woman to take care of the child until I could consult you in the matter."

"You have relieved my heart of a heavy load; indeed, but there is still a mystery that I shall wish cleared up."

"A mystery! what is it?" enquired Kate.

Charles pulled the handkerchief from his pocket which he found in the saloon, and told her where and how he found it, and all the particulars of his suspicions; and, added he, "they were unreasonable suspicions to my heart."

The big tears gathered in Kate's eyes, and rising, she attempted to go to resume her duties.

"Charles, I am innocent of the heinous crime you would impute to me. Handkerchief is mine, and I will—must confide to you."

Charles referred to the letter you have, Charles," said Kate.

"I have been so anxious to see you, myself, as I have long wished to thank you for your kindness.

"Oh, Kate! what was it?"

"It is a mistake, I assure you, that you will ever be a well-doer at the present. "I assure you, that you will ever be a well-doer at the present."

"Are you satisfied with your arrangement?"

"Kate was the most indignant, I am sure, that I have known;

"Kate was the most indignant, I am sure, that I have known; and I hope it will give me the privilege of explaining to you the wonderful story of the handkerchief, which I have to tell you."

"Kate was the most indignant, I am sure, that I have known; and the manner of your marriage; and that I feel that there was hope for me; but I was false, and I plighted my love in vain. Adaline Gray, I do not love you; I am truly in love with your wife by stratagem, but I could not force one that was beloved by me; she has forgiven me, and I hope she will not believe me."

"The lady you saw was no other than Adaline Gray; we met by appointment; and I found her absolutely ailing. Since she knew that she could not deceive me, I told her plainly that I would not marry her; and she knows also that I will not expose her. She is going to be married in a few days to a rich merchant of Philadelphia; and furthermore, my friend, I think you have reason to thank your lucky stars that you redeemed that handkerchief, for it was a better bargain than the one you contracted for; and I heartily wish you much joy. As I can not obtain the prize, give me back my pledge, that precious handkerchief!"

"No, Bentley," said Charles, "I have the best right to it; but I will give you a pledge better bedding you; here is my hand, and I assure you, that you will ever be a welcome guest at our house, so good by, for the present."

Charles returned home, and found that he was aware he was sound asleep; nor did he awake until morning, on hearing some one near him. He saw that it was Kate. She thanked him for coming, and me to approach the sofa. Charles did not move, as he felt very anxious to see what she would do or say; and was affected to be asleep. She approached him nearer and nearer, and at length stopped over him and the large tears dropped on his face as she almost inaudibly whispered—"How beautiful, and yet how pale and troubled he looks? Oh! did he but know how I love him, he would at least not believe me guilty of any attachment to Bentley?"

Charles moved a little, and Kate immediately darted into the other room. He arose quite refreshed, and breakfast being ready, he took his seat beside his wife, with a better appetite than he had known for some time.

After breakfast he sought Bentley, and at once demanded explanation and satisfaction for his conduct towards his wife.

"I have no way injured you, Mr. McClure," said Bentley, wistfully. "The fact that I love your wife, is known to many, and I firmly own that it is true; I feel for her what I never felt for any other woman, and being informed by Adaline of the manner of your marriage, and that Kate was not loved by you, I sought to feel that there was hope for me; but I was false, and I plighted my love in vain. Adaline Gray, I do not love you; I am truly in love with your wife by stratagem, but I could not force one that was beloved by me; she has forgiven me, and I hope she will not believe me."

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Charles returned home, and found that
Kate was already in the drawing-room awaiting his return, to hear what he had to say, and he was so lovely in his life. Scouting himself by her side, he addressed her thus:—

"Kate, are you willing to be my wife, my bosom wife? Can you forgive me for my indifference to you during these long months of affliction? Believe me, my dear wife, that none is more fondly loved than you are; and I truly feel that I never knew what it was to love before—"

"Can it be possible that you love me, Charles? Then you make me the happiest of women. The prayers of your mother indeed are answered."

He pressed her long and fervently to his bosom. Their lips met for the first time, and Charles felt it the happiest moment of his life.

A few months, and we see in a rich parlor at the old mansion, Charles is sitting with a young and beautiful lady; they look upon each other with the fondest affection.

"I hope, my dear wife, that your sister will come soon, as your anxiety seems to pall your cheeklets; how glad I shall be to see her."

"It has been long since I saw my dear sister, and at this time it will be doubly pleasant; don’t you think so, my dear Charles?"

"Yes, but there is some one ringling; go, Dinah, and see who is there."

"Bless me, missus, it is Mr. Beatty and a young lady."

"Show them up here, Dinah."

Mr. Beatty hastened to ascend and procure Mrs. McClure for the pleasant visit of her sister’s arrival.

"Where have you been, Bently, these three months?"

"To California, to rid myself of loving Mrs. McClure; and I found that I could love your sister a great deal better. So you see that she was better hearted towards me than yourself, and has become my wife."

This was pleasant news indeed and a happy meeting. Bently soon had a little name-sake—as they called their first-born Bently McClure—a beautiful child.

The old mansion was again the site of pleasure; as happiness filled the hearts of its inmates to overflowing. There was one little inmate there that Kate felt all the love of a mother for; it was the cutest child of Adaline. She was a beautiful little girl, and Kate never let her know that she was not her own child, Charles often with pride, related the story of welcoming the handkerchief; and it was kept as a sacred relic.

Jack was ever a favorite at the mansion for the interest he manifested towards its inmates. Old Dinah lived to nurse several of her young master’s children; she was loved and treated more like a mother than a servant.

Adaline was leading a fashionable life, as Mrs. Williams: dissipation and intrigue were her course. She knew that Kate had returned good for evil, and had taken the child that she had cast off, to hide from the world, her shame; and now she dare not own it. She still lived a lie to herself and others.

When years had passed and the children of McClure and Beatty and Milford had grown up to know and revere each other, the old people would often collect in the mansion and talk over their early trials and early friendships, and discuss the future prospects and bright hopes of their happy-hearted children.

EXTRACTS FROM A MINER’S JOURNAL.

A LETTER FROM CHARLEY.

Lilac Cottage, July 13th.

Dear Joe,—Knowing, among your peculiarities, your liking for long letters, I have resolved to commence a whole week before hand and write a page each day of such trifling things as I can find, in order to gratify your taste for lengthy epistles.

I described in my last letter the sensation I felt as I approached my long wandered-from home, and saw the familiar line which marked the boundary of the sky, stretch out before me—and hills and dales that had been trodden so oft by my boyish feet, disclose themselves to view; and at last, when I had gained the little hill that overlooked the vale of my birth, and saw Lilac Cottage lie before me, the same beautiful sunny place that I had known it during all my childhood, how I pressed my heart to quiet its wild beating.

The meeting, the welcoming, the renewal of the family circle in my hasty walk to the [illegible]—I began to muse over the scenes and the changes which time would bring in, those who my mind as to how I had been, years; were changed and assumed the name of others. But I have for some time been busy in the mine, and cannot stop to describe all that I have seen. I will tell you in the future, when I am more free, and when you will not mention the necessity of my journeying so far. 

Yours truly,

CHARLEY.

P.S. Mr. Beatty has brought me a letter from you, and I have done his bidding, he has been here.

The simple facts is, that Mr. Beatty and his parents were the last to visit the Cottage. Nettie was the only one who knew her heart of old, at school and in California, the youthful, impetuous Nettie herself has been in the life, as all the objects of a young man’s thought is, the fairest girl of the vicinity. The same vixen of an old acquaintance, only more good-natured and more affectionate.
The same vivacity and joyousness that marked the first girl to the beautiful woman. Who saw her again, on my return, all the objects of my early home. I could not possibly sit cooped up in the house; and so I took my bowing-piece and strolled out over the fields in search of game. But by some strange chance, I found myself, as not infrequently I do, in the vicinity of Doctor Allen's mansion, and sauntered up the lawn with all the familiarity of a neighbor. The Doctor was sitting on the porch enjoying himself in the cool morning air with a book; he welcomed me warmly, and we soon engaged in a very interesting conversation.

Miss Allen shortly after joined us, looking as ever, remarkably beautiful, and took a lively part in the conversation. I might enter into unbounded eulogies of the sweetness of her voice and the refined thought and feeling she evinced in all her observations, but I will simply say she expressed her opinion on every subject with uncommon good sense and taste.

The Doctor's professional business called him away, and with a kind wish that I might find my visit interesting, he left us to ourselves.

But strange to say, the situation, which you would think of all others I would deem most desirable—conversing with Miss Allen alone—soon became embarrassing.

Young persons when left to their own inclinations, are so prone to talk on abstract subjects—and the most abstracted of all subjects are the passions and sentiments—and consequently they generally form the theme of discourse; and on this occasion the conversation had such a manifest tendency to turn to one particular passion, that we both, as it were by tacit agreement, simmered and hesitated when we should have been most fluent. I know not in...
what scene of confusion it might have ended, had not Miss Allen relieved us from the embarrassing topic by taking us to the conservatory to see her plants.

She entered into a long and eloquent discussion of the comparative beauty of roses, geraniums, fuchsias, and more other hard names than I could ever remember, displaying, I should judge, a very extensive knowledge of her subject, and certainly treating it with much taste and originality. Of course, I expressed myself passionately fond of flowers, and especially of the rose, not more for its matchless beauty, than its emblematical significance, and feeling the action of the wind, I selected, thoughtlessly as it might seem, a beautiful budding one, and begged her to accept it, as my favorite. She took it and twisted it with such provoking innocence as she continued her remarks, that I should have doubted her comprehending my meaning, but for the rich color that suffused her face, as she received it from my hand.

But although I seemed to listen with the most profound attention, and did listen with the most profound pleasure, I assure you I did not heed one half that she said. I heard the musical tones of her voice, and saw the beautiful, ever-varying expression that played over her intelligent features—that was all.

Flowers are very pretty in their place, and find but few more enthusiasts admirable than myself; but their hues appear sombre when placed in contrast to a flower of such surpassing loveliness. Stars are charmingly bright when seen alone, but they fade into insignificance when the Queen of Night comes forth in all her beauty—as Captain Bunby says, "The bearing of this observation lays in the application on it."

Wednesday, the 15th.

There is an unusual sense of sadness on me as I sit down to write;—a feeling that with all my happiness, there is a void somewhere—a desire for something I know not how to gratify—a restlessness,—a wish to be somewhere, anywhere, the wish longing for which fills my breast with a vague pain, almost like the agony of suspense.

I sat at my window and watched the sun go down in all his gorgeous beauty,--he never looks so glorious as when he sets,—and I thought as I followed in fancy, his course to the west, that he reserved all his splendor for your own favored California. And when he had set, and the rich hues were fading from the twilight sky, my heart wandered away, where it wanders so often—to the old cabin, there, among the mountains.

I thought I came up the trail to the cabin, my heart beating high with suppressed emotion, and not your greetings, frank and hearty as ever; the meeting was such as is only seen when two friends meet; and yet when our delight should have leaped so high, it was subdued and saddened by the thought we both felt, though we expressed it not, of one to whom we had given our last greeting, and who would have shared this with so much pleasure. And then, as some sound recalled my favorite, I heard a deep sigh, such as a dreamer might breathe when awakened from some beautiful vision. Ah! Joe, there is some charm about the freedom of that miner's life—the pleasure of association, without the restraining conventionalities, that is never found elsewhere;—and often, very often, my mind turns from all that surrounds me, to keep you company in your lonely home, and I'll not do you the injustice to think, although you have not to regret your absence from scenes enshrined by beloved associations, that you never turn to dwell in your thoughts upon one who will ever remember you as the best of friends and brothers.

Friday, the 17th.

We had a gentle shower this eve, but that's not all I'm going to say; at last the lowering heavens cleared; and when the storm had passed away, a few last sprinkles lingering yet, like drying tears in beauty's eye,
A rainbow sprang across the sky.

But that's not all I'm going to say.

As I gazed upon the arch,

The sun shot in a brilliant ray.

I thought upon the child's belief

That spanned the darkened eastern sky.

But there's no earth a place

Where I had rather see it rise,

Than where, like harbinger of peace,

It harbour'd yet we vaulted blue,

Where dwell'd the hope of one heart content.

Far more than all that Childhood dreams.

And then a spirit in my feet

And my heart wandered o'er

Where, 'mid the mass of drooping bloom

She stood the loftiest flower—

Her breast with gentle sadness filled,

And longings which the hour instilled.

We gazed in silence on the scene—

The passing shower, the glorious bow,

The sun so brilliant for its sea;

How—

The flowers that drooped with moisture—

And then our gaze a moment met,

And like the flowers, drooped lower yet.

My tongue grew eloquent,—I spoke

Words which our feelings breathe not:

"Darest, thy gentle smile can make

The humbler into the happiest lot—

This sun—this storm—this changeful scene,

Are emblem of a checkered life,

Which but a word of time makes ribe

With endless joys and peace serene—

Oh! let you bow which bends above,

The tokens of a pledge divine,

Horseshoe to a deeper sign,—

The witness of our plighted love!

She spoke not, but a gentle sigh

Danced and hoarded her bosom fair;

And then a tear stole in her eye

And glanced like a diamond there;

That, like the storm now far away,

Twas followed by a smiling ray,

And deep within that liquid sky,

An rainbow seemed to play;

And if the tongue my dare attempt

To speak the thought our features prove,

The words had been, "I behold these signs,

The tokens of my endless love.

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

INTRODUCTION—PROGRESS OF POETRY.

It is said that the lady of a certain black-leaved house, whom she was explaining the magnitude of her husband's establishment, as a climax to her argument, and to put the truth of her assertion beyond a doubt, announced as incontestable proof—"vo

keeps a poet." If we may judge from the number of aspirants to poetical fame at the present time, when every family is not only supposed to be able to manufacture enough for its own use, but also to supply the poet's corner of half the newspaper of the State, if the authors' fame exceeded as far, we may have our doubts whether it was proof at all. The boys and girls of the present age seem bent on poetry. It makes the petty scribblers look upon it as little prodigies; whilst they and their friends feel perfectly independent of the bawdy productions of other times and places; as they can furnish, "orient pearls" with half the trouble it takes to collect the diseased concoctions of dirty muscles from the muddy craters of New Jersey, and string them with neatness and precision, for public or for private exhibition, with a facility which the most fadistic critic ought not to have the cruelty: to find fault with.

But it is not for the purpose of taking from these helpless innocents the thin covering with which the deformity of their limbs and pitchless shelves is enveloped, that I introduce them on the present occasion. God help them, let them scribble on. Burins and Murrays had their admirers of old, why should not they have theirs now? But let them shun those ostentatious, those hurrying Rushlights of the literary world, in their kindness and courtesy, thought it to shine forth in such profusion, if not of brilliancy at least of numbers, for the purpose of enlightening our "Cimmerian desert."
take my own definition, short and sweet—
words suitable for singing.

On the ground that poetry means words suitable for singing, it must have been co-
equal with the human race. One can scarcely suppose the nightingale,

In her sweetest and softest flight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,

and the madding mocking-bird not yet asleep, aroused by her earliest mate, at-
tempting in vain to imitate her, without believing that Eve in her innocence would also try whether she could not imitate her better, and after having practiced the art of singing for some time in gamut form for a primary lesson, as she got a little more perfect, aspiring next to have words for her music, and wanting some rudely-constructed
ditty in praise of Adam's manly beauty, or telling what she thought of her own softer features as she saw them mirrored in the fountain. But my purpose is
not to write a romance based on probabilities.

Let us inquire into the history of Poetry after its wings were fully feathered, its claims recognized, and the uses to which it might be put well known to those who were adepts in the art. Let us pass over what it may have been among the Egyptians and Pho-
icians, and what it was among the He-
brews. Their Poetry had little influence over the English Muse. Poetry comes to us as it came to the Romans, from Greece; where the Muses held their court on Parnassus, and the poets, who were equally their priests and those of Nature, first learned or re-introduced the harmonies of Nature, adapted and "married to immortal verse" which remains to this day.

Let not the philosophical reader imagine that Poetry is an idle art unattended with great results. When the poet attempts to weave into verse the deeds of some great man, or the praises of some youthful heroine, "the censure of neighboring eyes," to make the picture true to nature, or rather to make nature excel herself, he has to address the passions and feelings skillfully, so as to impress his hearers in the most successful manner. None of the ancients were so perfect in this respect as the Greeks, or at least so much pains in culti-
vating the art. The choice of words for their sound, and the adaptation of mono-

length, may also convey the idea intended with the greatest impression. From this cause, a language at first smooth and harsh gradually becomes harmonious, those words which are discordant and not gen-
erally admirable in positional compositions being dropped, and exactly in proportion as poetry and rhetorical compositions are cherished. Among the Greeks poetry ex-
creted a much greater influence. The heroes of whom the poets sung, through the magnifying power of their eminent art, became the tutelars of the gods. But the aid of the muse was donated to the country's service. Mankind then was young—the art of poetry was young. Whate-
ever became conspicuous among them as a great improver or inventor was defiled by the poets. The village blacksmith, on his becoming, when necessary required it, an armorer, also became a god. The man who, first abandoning the pastoral life, set to cultivating his fields and to obedi-
ing his countrymen the practice of culture, was raised by the poets to be chief of all the gods; and his brother, who probably extended his original calling of a fisherman to transporting the productions of one little island to another within sight of it, and for such purpose constructed vessels of a superior sort to those generally used in catching fish, became the god of the seas. Thus, the poets held out to the deserving, not only an immortality of fame on earth, but of praise in heaven. Ma-

homed lays it down as a proof of the divine origin of the Alkoran, that the lan-
guage in which it is written is beyond the reach of human art. The enthusiastic Greeks, whether their poets told them so of their affusions or not, seem to have yielded to such an impression. Their songs were irresistible; their romance was admitted as reality; and those very men with whom their own grandfathers had been on terms of intimacy, within a cen-
tury after their deaths, by common consent were regularly installed as gods. Once admitted to the rank of Gods, ev-
ery little incident in their former lives became of new importance, and was woven into new stories which, through a similar magnifying and modifying process, (though many of their deeds have nothing to recommend them, and were not of palliation on the ground that those who did them were only in a semi-barbarous age) they were made gods. The art of poetry is the art of life, and as the creed of the

Thus Poetry among the Greeks implied
two principal ob-
jects, the one the cultivation of the art, the
other the fostering of the dramatic art; the

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two principal objects, which they triumphantly achieved. It taught the art of constructing from scanty materials, and the occurrences of every-day life, a highly-finished story; and also, with the minutest nicety of perfection, the different kinds of versification requisite for the purpose of exciting the passions, so as to constrain them at the poet's will; embracing the art of suiting and shaping his sentences harmoniously by the selection of proper words,—by which means the language was necessarily improved, not only for the purpose of Poetry, but also for prose composition and common conversation; as well as the manners of the people refined, and their ideas exalted by the story itself.

The Romans never used Poetry for the purpose of amusing heaven with new divinities. Those of Greece they stereotyped in their catalogue, as they found them. They were content with modelling their Poetry also after the Greeks, whom they looked upon as masters of the art. But they were a wittier people. They had a keener sense of the ridiculous. Hence we find in Horace and others a refinement in the feelings of the Roman age a pernicious revolution, so great as to produce a species of wit that was dearer, and more refined, and more delicate. There was a greater propensity and pleasure in the check. They eluthered in the feelings of the impression. From this warlike enthusiasm had been produced, so it was only in detailing their heroic deeds, and the constancy of their wives and sweethearts during their absence, that it found vent on this occasion. The transfigurations of France were fomented in this new era of Poetry; to which the additional charm of rhyme added new beauty, especially for those soft and tender emotions which were in greatest favor. They affected in the feelings of the improving age a perfect revolution, so great was the influence of their songs and music, particularly on the excitable temperament of the French, and the chivalrous Spaniards. Now was the age of chivalry, and it was by such means that it was produced.

The Epic was the grand achievement of the Geatian Muse, being a highly wrought historical romance wherein, as I have mentioned, the gods were introduced as freely as the other performers—a harmless which, Horaces wisely proposed to his countrymen to curtail. It was a perfect poem, in metre and construction—poetry which required an English blank verse; and thus the composition of an epic poem involved two principal objects, a high degree of skill at the poetical art and a poetical skill partly of a mechanical character. But the Crusaders in their wars in the East had met with a literature of a different kind. The oriental epic or re-
Their influence, joined to the chivalrous feelings of the age, eventually superseded the reviving literature of Europe, and for a time supplanted Poetry—at least literature was turned almost entirely into another channel.

Our Social Charms.

California is a wonderful country—says the American Phrenological Journal—every arrival of the steamer conveys us a new edition of its multifarious marvels. To my nothing of its golden plains, its quanta mountains, and its silver creeks, it boasts of the largest trees, the biggest fruit, and last not least, the most remarkable dogs. The following article, which we take from the California Magazine, gives an account of a native Neapolitan whose rare genius pleases him high in the list of noble dogs. Our readers will not only be amused, but instructed by reading his biography; and whether they do or do not come to the conclusion that dogs have souls, they will certainly agree that "Jerry" has a heart to be admired, and a head which many a human of the genus Homo might reasonably envy.

Then follows the portrait and biography of our canine friend "Jerry" given to our readers, page 485, in the L. Y. Vol. of the California Magazine. We have given the above for two reasons: reason number one is to let our friends see that the good folks "East" think enough of our articles not only to copy them, but expressly to make new engravings to accompany them—and reason number two being to say that California not only has all the great and good things for which the American Phrenological Journal gives her credit, but to assure those that the inventive skill of our people is fully equal, if not superior, to the famed land of wooden nutmegs; which is saying much. Lost the contributors to the Interesting Industrial Exhibition of the Mechanics's Institute might begin to think that we alluded to some of their handiwork, and thereby do our enterprising individuals unintentional injustice, we shall at once introduce the subject by saying that any one acquainted with the "San Jose Express" is tolerably well aware that the "culture-man" will, if he cannot find "within" money for his readers, be sure to invent "within." This time, however, a correspondent relieves him of the task by sending the following account of:

Jerry—We have got an enterprising turner up this way. He has discovered a new way of gathering hay, which is much cheaper than the old way; besides, he gains a much greater quantity off the same amount of ground. He sowed a piece of ground with oats, intending to cut it for hay. The ground was so dry that it did not grow more than ten or fifteen inches high, and would not pay for cutting. It occurred to him that he could get the Indians to pull it; so he went to see "Captain" Noll, who took the contract for a quarter of beef and a half dozen sacks of meal. The Indians about 80—went to work the next morning—old gray heads, squaws, little ones and all—taking a scroll some twenty yards wide across the field. In two days they finished the job, and by this means my friend has puffed some eighty tons of good hay in his barn. The ground was very dry when the hay was pulled, and the dirt was therefore all easily knocked off the roots. A horse will eat the roots in preference to the top. The farmers elsewhere will profit by this.

Who could have thought that the quiet little man who presides over the editorial columns of the San Jose Tribune, would be guilty of circulating the report, and taking pleasure therein, however true, of the division and back-stabbing of any church; and yet he has had the unchristian ridicule of printing and publishing the following:

SPLIT IN THE METHODIST CHURCH—There has been a very serious division in the Methodist Church north of San Jose, about half of the church having seceded. We presume, however, that there is a prospect of speedy healing of the breach. The separation was owing to a quarrel of carpenters, who saved the house in two from top to bottom, and caused it to be back-stabbed about fifteen feet. We hope that the christian demonstion who worship there, may have grace sufficient to forgive and to forget.

This reminds me of a case at the point of the friends to receive of a christian minister. When the bell-side he took the bell as he made the list:

"My friend, you soon grow like the tree you feel at the press.
"Muddle;" was the reply.

"No; I cannot answer.

"It is very wretchedly good morning; such unholy things just before—

"Well, I cannot answer my enemies through life.

"But we are equal to loss of minister."

"I can't do it.

"Have you no name and charm?"

"None what I know, so I say yet another:"

"I don't like the sick man."

"Oh! why do you mouth my lips?"

"If you please I will," gently knew my truth.

"Yes?"

"I have been ill!"

"Yes?"

"Well, why did you keep the list?"

"If the date I can I had but just presented my cut about my way, I remain given them to forget.
given them to forgive him—but we cannot

never—

This reminds us of a carpenter, who, being
at the point of death, was desired by his
friends to receive the comfort and prayer of
a minister. In the act of the ceremony, a fish
was offered him to eat by way of relish, and
he refused it—"I cannot eat fish," was the
answer.

"It is very, very wrong, and very sinful," con-
tinued the good man; "for you to encourage
such unholy feelings at such a solemn time,
just before—"

"Well, I cannot help it, as they have been
my enemies through a long and illustrious
life."

"But we are commanded to forgive, even
even to love our enemies," suggested the
minister.

"I can't do it; I can't, never, never."

"Have you any objection to naming the
name and character of your enemies?"

"None whatever."

"Well, then, tell me all, and peregrination
I may yet assist you to a better state of
mind."

"I don't like to do it, after all," persisted
the worthy man.

"Oh! why not, my friend? It shall never
occupy my lips—not to—"

"If you promise me that, then I—I will,
I will," gasped the dying man. "You know
my trade; I am a carpenter."

"Yes.

"I have been a hand working man all my
life."

"Yes.

"Well, shortly after I was apprenticed I
was required to keep my tools in order. I
tried to do so; but, on one particular day
date I cannot exactly now remember—
I had just filled my saw—a new saw, presented
me by my master,—when I had
out about seven inches down the plank—it
was, I remember, an old plank— I—"

the dying man made a pause, and ground
his teeth as though in great mental agony.
"I—I cannot go on."

"Oh! yes, proceed my friend," returned
the good man, encouragingly.

"Well, then, as it was speaking, I had cut
about seven inches down the plank, when
suddenly, and just after I had drawn the
nail up through the plank nearly to the
point, I gave one shake down— and almost
out went the saw, and instead of the plank,
I had saved a nail! Now, I ask you as a man
possessed of human feelings, if, under such
circumstances, you would ever forgive such
enemies? Your smile assures me that you
would answer—do-so."

The following, from an exchange, we think
worthy of a place in our Social Chair,
although of little comparative utility in
California at present, but

"There's a better time coming, boys."

THE LAW OF THE FINGER-RING.—If a gentle-
man wants a wife, he wears a ring on the
third hand; if he's engaged, he wears it on
the second finger; if married, on the third;
and on the fourth if he never intends to get
married. When a lady is engaged, she wears
a diamond ring on her first finger—if
engaged, on the second; if married, on the
third; and on the fourth, if she intends to
be a maid. When a lady presents a fan, a flower, or trinket, to a lady with the
left hand, this, on her part, is an overture
of regard; should she receive it with the
left hand, it is considered as an acceptance
of his castamen, but, with the right hand, it
is a refusal of the offer. Thus, by a few
simple tokens explained by rule, the passion
of love is expressed.

FEMALE INFLUENCE.

I gave her a rose, and I gave her a ring,
And I asked her to marry me then;
But she sent them all back— the intemperate thing,
And said—she'd no notion of men.

I told her I'd seek her money and goods,
But she wouldn't be thought of in the woods.

I called her his baggage and every thing bad—
I slighted her features and form,
Till at length I succeeded in getting her read,
And she raged like a seas in a storm;
And then in a moment I cared and I smiled,
And called her my angel and all;
And she fell in my arms like a venerable child,
And exclaimed— "we will marry next fall!"

As the ensuing lines are very old, they
will now be comparatively new, (speaking
RESPONSES FROM THE MINES.

NO. II.

IN THE MINES, Sept. 3, 1857.

DEAR SISTER MAT: Your Letter No. II. is before me; it was a pleasure to reply to your former letter, but it is a greater pleasure to respond to this, for now, we are not entirely unknown to each other. We have exchanged the kindly greetings, and our sympathies have mingled together; there is much that is congenial in our tastes and feelings, and it is a joy to let the sentiment of the heart bow out in streams of tenderness, when we know that they will be appreciated, and that they will make flowers of beauty and fragrance bud and blossom in the garden of other hours.

I see that you have an eye for the beauties of Nature, and that the loneliness and magnificence grandeur of the scenery which has spread out before your pleasant home is as unmeaning picture of material things—it is a picture of life and light which brings joy and beauty to your soul. Truly has the poet said, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

You wish some of us there were here to go church with you; it would be a happiness indeed for many a lonely miner, to have such a home to visit occasionally, and we should then love our adopted sister more tenderly, because her love and goodness would awaken memories of kind and loving sisters far away. You take it as a matter of course that we are all good, but I must frankly confess that it is not so; some of us are very bad, and none as good as we should be, and therefore we are grateful to you who have taken an interest in us and are trying to make us better. You say that if you are pretty, too; perhaps, now, as the lawyers say, I take exception to the term; it would be properly applied to some of your San Francisco compatriots—the thorough-bred dancers—they are pretty, and pretty good-looking, too. I trust we miners are many of us in appearance, and some of us good-looking, but I don't think we are pretty.

And now for a few remarks about that stoic-stoic look of the pretty young ladies. I hope they are not pretty in the same sense the ladies are; I certainly will not be so ingenuous as to blink it. "Young ladies in church," they do indeed set me to thinking; I don't, myself, take a stoic-stoic look for anything, with the most subtle admiration; I think of their modest innocence and their modesty; I think of their kind and tender hearts, filled with all the Christian charities and graces—of their immortal spirits loving the Savior and seeking after his perfection, and aspiring up unto their Father and their God, and angels of the choir.

And now, dear Sisters, I must ask you of your letter about the weather. You mention the snow and the cold, and the cold sound, whose vileness cast a gloom over the face of the earth. Death envelopes the last and closes the grave open to all, as the cold sound whose vileness casts a gloom over the face of the earth. How blessed it is if the miner can look up into the face of one there, and see the light in his eyes; so his life has been kept sacred, and he has given his belief to God.

And then to have over all the kindly feeling of the century.
RESOURCES FROM THE MINDS.

O UR SOCIAL CHAR.

and their God, and then I imagine they are
angels of the earth, as indeed they are, and
that heaven itself is about them, a sacred
hymn in praise of poverty, of hollowness and
love.

And now, dear Sister, I come to the part
of your letter directed more especially to
me: my first letter did indeed accomplish
its mission, not from calling forth these res-
pos, only, but by bringing Brother Joe
back to those scenes, in great joy, to give
me new thoughts that will be appreciated,
and that heavenly beings may be more
than pretty in the same manner.

And therefore we are altogether a work of
supererogation, a superiority; a superfluity,
too much of a good thing; it would be like
"selling flesh upon Ones, or "selling re-
luinos, and in the latter case it would be
like perfuming a perfume to the violet;"
I should be laughing in a fountain of honey,
I should be overwhelmed in an ocean of
aud sweetness.

And then, dear Sister, I want to make
flowers beautiful, and all the other sweet
flowers, and all the other sweet influences,
would be quite more than a console;
so when you come, pray don't mention that.

But I should like that game of blindness
and hearing nothing more than to play the
child at times; I like to go into a room
with about a dozen children and join
with a hearty spirit in their plays, and be as
wild, uproarious and noisy as any of them;
for it is good for us sometimes to become
as little children, and it is always good to
me to add to their pleasure and fun,
and when I can find small children: I like to play
with those of a larger growth; and then,
Dear Mary, I should like to hear the music
of your voice, falling on our ear like
voices from the skies, in the melody of
the songs you have mentioned, which are
dear and beloved to us.

And now, sister Mary, while you seemed to
know so well what would give me pleasure,
you altogether miss the mark when you
propose to annoy me. You might overset my
memories of the past.

And now, for a few remarks about the
flowers.

And this delightful look at the pretty little
flowers, I hope they are not prettier
than the flowers away. I certainly am
not unequal in that respect, and I
think you would like it if I wrote to you
and say that I am under the impression
that your last letter did indeed accomplish
its mission, not from calling forth these
responses, only, but by bringing Brother Joe
back to those scenes, in great joy, to give
me new thoughts that will be appreciated,
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propose to annoy me. You might overset my
memories of the past.
light and length and breadth and depth of an absurdity in all possible directions, and I must say, May, that you have succeeded very well in the attempt. You know that the chances to court in the mines are like angels' visits, and if I were courting ever so earnestly, you well know I would refrain under such circumstances.

You wish to know whether I would stay angry long; no, May, it is not in my heart to stay angry long with any body; and I don't think it would be possible for me to be angry with a sister so good as you seem to be. But this is a letter unconditionally long, and when I have added my invocation to it, I am afraid it will fire your patience, and that of all who may read it.

BROTHER FRANK'S INVITATION TO SISTER MAY.

Come to my cabin so lonely,
Come to my mountain home,
One heart awaits thee only,
Come, my sweet sister, come.

Come, for the time is fleeting,
Swiftly forever away,
Come, to the angels being,
Come, my sweet sister May.

Come, with thy fun and laughter,
And we most joyously will be,
Come, and forever after
I'll freely think of thee.

Come, with thy heart o'oriented
With mirth and love and glee,
Come, and create an Abode
In my cabin home for me.

Come, for alone I grow stupid,
Come, with those bright-eyed girls,
But before you come, let God
Hide swiftly away in their ears.

Come, while the birds are singing,
Sweetly on every tree,
Come, with thy passions bringing
A heaven on earth to me.

Come, and my heart shall never
Have a desire to core,
Come, and with thee forever,
I'll live in a sister's love.

Come to my cabin so lonely,
Come to my mountain home,
One heart awaits thee only,
Come, my sweet sister, come.

Sincerely and affectionately yours,

BROTHER FRANK.

From Parker's Monthly — a Magazine fully equal, if not superior to Harper's—and this month much more beautifully and extensively illustrated than the latter—we select the following expressive stanzas:

LOVE.

Take back your gold, and give me love—
The earnest smile,
The breath that was so pure and pure
And care beguile.

Take back your silver, wherein it came—
It steals so soft;
A woman's cause leads us on love—
Love is in life.

Take back your silver and your gold—
Their gain's it loses,
But bring me love—for love is heaven—
A woman's purest treasure.

Old Black has written a play — a California play—since 1850. One thing is certain, that it is put upon the stage half as well as it is written, it will be the most successful minor drama that has yet been introduced to a California audience. We are tempted to steal the following, with the hope that the author will not sue us for an invasion of copyright:

FROM GAME AND DICE, L

Cash. How much did you pluck that goose?

 Dice. A cool five thousand.

 Cash. Five thousand! you are in capital luck. How did you come it over the gentlemen so nicely?

 Dice. Why, the moment he came in I had my eye on him. I saw he was a green 'un, just from the mines, and therefore proper game. I leisurely began talking with him, and found out that he was on his way home; told me a long yarn about his father and mother; old man was crippled, and the old woman supported the family by washing; and all that sort of thing; let out that he had dug a pile by hard labor, and had the money in his belt. Well, of course I rejoiced with him, commended him as a dutiful son, and to show him my appreciation of so much virtue, I insisted on his drinking with me.

 Cash. Ah! Ah! Ah! You're a perfect philanthropist — well:

 Dice. At first he rather backed water, but I told him he must go on. He was so excited, and told me all that settled the matter back. So decided him out.

 Dice. Dry as a plum. I knew he was dry.

 Dice. Dry as a contribution box. I wished at Tim, so he made Sutter's Fork's smallest good and strong, and somehow forgot to put any liquor in mine.

 Cash. What monstrous partiality!

 Dice. Directly he began to feel the second dose, and he grew friendly and confidential. Well, I offered to show him around among the girls, in the sight he was, and told him to come to me for he might be my husband.

 Cash. Good father.

 Dice. Yes, and he was.

 Cash. Ah! that hit him.

 Dice. Only when s'posed.

 Dice. California temperament.

 Dice. Well, I wanted a rich man in California to smarten my infant. Invited him up to play. He asked if he had the money to begin with. I told him I did not care how I got the money, but I did want a man that could stand a dollar slip on the game. And we —

 Dice. Of course that he should try, but I told him I did not want a man that could stand a dollar slip on the game. And we —

 Dice. To be sure. Bravely, when two to two. He then wondrously Fortnight by the bank changed, or because excited, that settled the matter back. So decided him out.
You’re a practical illustration of a California temperance society.

Dice. It wasn’t long before he was the richest man in California, and a d-d sight the smartest. Of course he was, so I invited him up to the table to see the boys play. He asked me if I ever played. I told him I seldom played anything, but what I did was sure to win, so I threw a dollar on the red.

Chess. And won, of course.

Dice. Of course. And then I proposed that he should try it. He demurred, but I told him a dollar was nothing—if he lost I would share the loss—so he finally let a dollar slip on the red.

Chess. And won, of course.

Dice. To be sure! our Jake knows what he’s about. Since I’ve been absolutely surprised when two dollars were pushed back to him. He then doubled his stakes, and went on winning till he thought he had Fortuna by the wings, when suddenly his luck changed, and he began to lose, and became excited. It was my treat now, and that settled the matter, for he swore he wouldn’t leave the table till he had won the money back. So he staked his pile, and we foreclosed him out of every dime, and a happier man than Slats Box is at this moment doesn’t exist.

Chess. How, at being robbed?

Dice. Not that exactly; but, by the time his money was gone, he was so heavily drunk that Tim kicked him out of the room till into the gutter, where he now lays fast asleep, getting ready for another trip to the Mines, instead of helping his mother wash at home, and piecing up his father’s torn slacks.

Chess. Jeez! but the fools are not all dead. We’ll go it while we’re young—(Sing)—’O, California, that’s the land for me.’

The moral is excellent—as every one might expect, who knows ‘Old Block’.

Success to the author and the play. So note it be.

Then again there is a very neatly printed and pleasantly named and well written little Odd Fellow’s monthly called Tim Governor, which we are happy to see has found its way to our table. We sincerely hope that it may long live to be the messenger of friendship, love, and truth to many hearts; and, as it pours the healing balm of help and sympathy into the wounded spirit, we trust that its able and warm supporters may feel the result of its generous blessings, and, as expressed in its rare pages, prove that “A word of kindness is never spoken in vain: it is a seed which, even when dropped by chance, springs up a golden-petaled flower.”

The young lady who deliberately “cut an acquaintance” and was afterwards filled with remorse, we are happy to say, soon “balled out.”

Editor’s Table.

Portrait.—It is a matter of some congratulation that the excitement in political affairs is for the time being ended, and we are certainly glad of it. The election over, there are duties for the citizen-patriot yet to perform, which involve his constant watchfulness, support, and sympathy.

Regularly.—By a vote—an overwhelming vote—of the people, the idea of “reputation” has been indubitably repudiated.

A vast majority of the people have written the foils for future history, that they have no sympathy with dishonesty, even though the money made which created the debt was but little better than stolen. Let not future legislators attempt to repeat the experiment. We hope they are honest, but it is barely possible that they will bear watching.

The Instructor. Examiner of 1857.

This exposition of the multitudinous kinds
The State Agricultural Fair.—It should not be forgotten that for several years past the Committee of the State Agricultural Fair have been earnestly engaged in developing the wonderful resources of the soil, and in encouraging every department of industry,—and at a time, too, when they stood almost alone in the enterprises. To their indefatigable exertions very much of California's present prosperity is attributable. It is therefore our earnest hope that the great interest manifested in the Industrial Exhibition of San Francisco will in no wise detract from the progress and prosperity of the State Agricultural Fair now held in Stockton.

A The First Overland Mail.—From San Antonio, Texas, to San Diego, California, the first overland mail has arrived in thirty-four days, traveling time. This, no doubt, will be a very expensive way of finding out something concerning one of the suitable routes for the great Pacific Railroad; but for encouraging and protecting immigration and opening up settlements upon the great highway of travel, every one knows it to be utterly useless. It is true that the public wish to be better informed concerning the vast territory lying between the Gulf of Mexico, the Mississippi River, and our Pacific possessions; but the question very naturally arises, Is this the most suitable method of obtaining it? We think not.

FURTHER

and variety of articles produced by the taste, skill, and industry of our young State, is altoe creditable to the institution which brought it into being, and to the people who so cordially and unstintingly fostered and supported it. It is a glorious triumph as a beginning; and the question now arises, what is to be in time to come? The gratifying success of this experiment imposes additional responsibility upon the director, suggestive of large and comprehensive ideas of their duty and mission in the future. Self-sacrifice now for the development of our resources and the encouragement of home manufacture, requires only a leader. Will the Mechanics' Institute become that leader? We would suggest immediate preparation for an active and self-reliant future, and an onward course. No hesitancy, no delay. Let them take immediate steps to secure a suitable site for the erection of a permanent exhibition hall, where at all times the genius of the young and enterprising may find sympathy and encouragement—and where, too, the curiosity and wonder of the State may form a permanent museum. A place of public resort of this character, for instruction and amusement, where either citizen or stranger could spend a leisure hour, would, at the same time, become a constant monitor to the visitor for the production of something useful or ornamental. Perhaps, too, there could be an advantageous union of the Academy of Natural Sciences with the Mechanics' Institute, for such purposes.

MCCONNELL.—The Andean or an ancient animal feeder, and both mate prototypes of the or American Jaguar, only so called by the,—is much smaller Asiatic Tiger, though in other respects most ravenous and North American. T. S. Scimitar.—Be a man right, write right, in "let her work." X. S. Self-sacrifice, and monthly income for the treat them as Made "novel continued."
just and common-sense decision, a few
neighbors would answer much better
than a host of lawyers.

A. T., Salmon Falls.—We are persuaded
that you have not done yourself or subject
justice. Give us some of those earnest
feelings of the soul, that will either make
us laugh or weep, and we don't care
which. But oh! save us from any thing
flat or insipid.

A Subscriber, Rock's Hill.—Thank you. We
shall hear it in mind.

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF MR. JOSHUA FILMPHINS.

We last saw Mr. Filmpkins with his friend
Mr. Simplex on their way to the West; but
they arrive just three minutes too late, the
consequence of their start at the "Frog Lough
Institute."

Mr. Filmpkins again resolves to cut the
acquaintance of all city institutions.

Mr. Simplex takes it upon himself to show
Mr. Filmpkins something more of the city.
Hires a cab to take them to the Pavilion of
the Industrial Exposition.

Mr. Filmpkins prefers an outside seat, as
he wishes to see what is going on. Mr. Sim-
plex prefers the inside, but from the extra-
ordinary speed makes the comment, "Stop her!...Stop her!" He, too, is desirous
of seeing what is going on.

Mr. Filmpkins enough of what is going on,
is perfectly sure he will go in, the next
time he has a cab.

Mountains.——The American Lion is entirely
a distinct animal from the American Ti-
er; and both materially differ from their
prototypes of the eastern continent. The
American Jaguar, or "Tigre,"—improperly
so called by the Mexicans and natives
—is much smaller than the African or
Asiatic Tiger, though its characteristics
in other respects are identical, and is the
most voracious and destructive animal in
North America. The Puma, or American
Lion (Ate dosel) is much larger than the
Jaguar, but not so ferocious, and preyed upon much smaller animals.

T. S., Sioux.—Be a man in all things, think
right, write right, and act right, and then
"let her wag." Keep earnestly your own
self-respect, and you need not care a
mouth-pot for the balance. We should
treat them as McCorty did his cold—with
"servum contemptu."
rather short of funds, suggests the expediency of quartering himself upon the hospitality of his friend Mr. Simplex.

Mr. Simplex is not averse; but is horrified at the idea, and determines to cut his acquaintance the first opportunity. Saron a favorable moment, he thinks; but Mr. Filmphus thinks differently.

**EXCITATION TO CUT HIS ACQUAINTANCE.**

And thus they go it, Simp. and Filmp., through Montgomery and up Washington. Simp. backs good his distance behind, and Simp. about the same distance ahead; but Simp. becomes desperate; desperate emergencies require like efforts, or remedies; must shake him off at all hazards; nen the corner off from a half-filled street-reservoir; must get rid of him, or plunge in with the cry of Murder! Police and news-boys above water, just in time to hear Filmp. arrested—after an accidental somersault—and started off for the admission-house.

**A TURN A SOMERSETTE.**

-No one appearing against him, he is discharged. Makes inquiry for his friend Simp. Hasn't been heard from; begins to fear the hole he went in at has some connection with city institutions; therefore will hear of Simp. being "dead and drowned," before he'll go near to look after him.

He now arranges with his landlord till he again receives visits from his friends in the country. The coin arrives, all right, and Filmp. is now Mr. Filmphus again. He visits North Beach; here he concludes to take an omnibus ride—his first—as far as the Pavilion of the exhibition; gets in; congratulates himself on having the 50th time all to himself; thinks differently before he reached the Pavilion; arrives safe, finds so do six other men, nine women, eleven children, six puddle-dogs, and about the same number of musical instruments.

Goes in a fifty-cent ticket, is a single man, never married, not he; so is well pleased with the exhibition that he resolves to stay a few days; expresses a willingness to purchase a season's ticket; hopes some gentleman will be kind enough to introduce him. The first appearance of a lady, he judges her to be seen, and proves himself to be rather more than same, on an introduction.

**IS SOME AS AN INTRODUCTION.**

Mr. Filmphus is horrified, and the lady terrified, at the reception he has occasioned. Takes advantage of the confusion of the moment, escapes undiscovered from the Pavilion and rushes for the boat, which, however, has left just one hour before; resolves never to leave the dock till he does it on a steamboat; is perfectly disgusted with city life and institutions; and to get as far from all of them as possible, under the circumstances, attains to his present elevated position, where he remains twenty-four hours, benighted by the boat, on board, and off for Sacramento.
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R. H. YANCE,
Corner of Sacramento and Montgomery Streets,
has by the superiority of his DAGUERRÉOTYPES and AMBROTYPEs again received
THE FIRST PREMIUM
Awarded by the State Fair in 1856, being the third time received against all competitors.

TO THOSE WHO WISH SOMETHING NEW AND BEAUTIFUL,
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THIS STATE, and are now prepared to take them in a style
UNEQUALLED IN THE UNITED STATES,
of any size—from the smallest Miniature to Life size. I would say to all who have been
deceived and satisfied with bogus pictures, not to confine this new and beautiful invention until they have seen the

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They are said to be the most durable Pictures known, as neither oil, water, or dampness
of any kind can affect them. Those having Daguerreotypes which they wish to preserve
forever, would do well to have them copied in Ambrotypes.
Having secured the assistance of another of the best Artists in the State, together with
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part of the City or State to execute Views of Buildings, Landscapes, Machinery, Mining
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and Military Dress, are taken without reversing insignias or letters. Children taken by
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