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THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN CALIFORNIA.

GEN. JOHN A. SUTTER.
[From an Aquatint by R. H. Tuxen.]
THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN CALIFORNIA.

Ours is the age of gold,
And ours the halcyon time,—Melan.

To the lovers of history, nothing can be more welcome and valuable than the unvarnished narrative of events, from the actors themselves: therefore, we feel the greater pleasure in presenting our readers with the following statements, with which we are favored; one from the good old pioneer, Gen. John August Sutter; and the other from Mr. James W. Marshall, the favored discoverer of the gold—and who, unitedly, are the authors of The Age of Gold.

It was in the first part of January, 1848, when the gold was discovered at Coloma, where I was then building a saw-mill. The contractor and builder of this mill was James W. Marshall, from New Jersey. In the fall of 1847, after the mill seat had been located, I sent up to this place Mr. P. L. Wimmer with his family, and a number of laborers, from the disbanded Mormon Battalion; and a little later I engaged Mr. Bennet from Oregon to assist Mr. Marshall in the mechanical labors of the mill. Mr. Wimmer had the team in charge, assisted by his young sons, to do the necessary teaming, and Mrs. Wimmer did the cooking for all hands.

I was very much in need of a saw-mill to get lumber to finish my large flouring mill, of four run of stones, at Brighton, which was commenced at the same time, and was rapidly progressing; likewise for other buildings, fences, etc., for the small village of Yerba Buena, (now San Francisco.) In the City Hotel, (the only one) at the dinner table this enterprise was unkindly called "another folly of Sutter's," as my first settlement at the old fort near Sacramento City was called by a good many, "a folly of his," and they were about right in that, because I had the best chance to get some of the finest locations near the settlements; and even well stocked rancho's had been offered to me on the most reasonable conditions; but I refused all these good offers, and preferred to explore the wilderness, and select a territory on the banks of the Sacramento. It was a rainy afternoon when Mr. Marshall arrived at my office in the Fort, very wet. I was somewhat surprised to see him, as he was down a few days previous; and when, I sent up to Coloma a number of teams with provisions, mill irons, etc., etc. He told me then that he had some important and interesting news which he wished to communicate secretly to me, and wished me to go with him to a place where we should not be disturbed, and where no listeners could come and hear what we had to say. I went with him to my private rooms; he requested me to lock the door; I complied, but I told him at the same time that nobody was in the house except the clerk, who was in his office in a different part of the house; after requesting of me something which he wanted, which my servants brought and then left the room, I forgot to lock the doors, and it happened that the door was opened by the clerk just at the moment when Marshall took a rag from his pocket, showing me the yellow metal: he had about two ounces of it but how quick Mr. M. put the yellow metal in his pocket again can hardly be described. The clerk came to see me on business; after requesting of me some articles which he wished to communicate secretly to me, and as soon as he had left I was told, "now lock the doors; didn't I tell you that we might have listeners?" I told him that he need fear nothing about that, as it was not the habit of this gentleman; but I could hardly convince him that he need not to be suspicious. Then Mr. M. began to show me this metal, which consisted of small pieces and specks, etc. He told me that he had expressed his opinion to the laborers at the mill, that this might be gold; but some of them were laughing at him and called him a crazy man, and could not believe such a thing.
After having proved the metal with aqua fortis, which I found in my apothecary shop, likewise with other experiments, and read the long article "gold" in the Encyclopædia Americana, I declared this to be gold of the finest quality, of at least 23 carats. After this Mr. Marshall had no more rest nor patience, and wanted me to start with him immediately for Coloma; but I told him I could not leave, as it was late in the evening and nearly supper time, and that it would be better for him to remain with me till the next morning, and I would travel with him, but this would not do; he asked me only "will you come to-morrow morning?" I told him yes, and off he started for Coloma in the heaviest rain, although already very wet, taking nothing to eat. I took this news very easy, like all other occurrences good or bad, but thought a great deal during the night about the consequences which might follow such a discovery. I gave all my necessary orders to my numerous laborers, and left the next morning at 7 o'clock, accompanied by an Indian soldier, and vaquero, in a heavy rain, for Coloma. About half way on the road I saw at a distance a human being emerging out from the brushwood. I asked the Indian who it was: he told me "the same man who was with you last evening." When I came nearer I found it was Marshall, very wet; I told him that he would have done better to remain with me at the fort than to pass such an ugly night here; but he told me that he went up to Coloma (14 miles) took his other horse and came half way to meet me; then we rode up to the new Eldorado. In the afternoon the weather was clearing up, and we made a prospecting promenade. The next morning we went to the tail-race of the mill, through which the water was running during the night, to clean out the gravel which had been made loose, for the purpose of widening the race; and after the water
was out of the race we went in to search for gold. This was done every morning; small pieces of gold could be seen remaining on the bottom of the clean washed bed rock. I went in the race and picked up several pieces of this gold, several of the laborers gave me some which they had picked up, and from Marshall I received a part. I told them that I would get a ring made of this gold as soon as it could be done in California; and I have had a heavy ring made, with my family's coat of arms engraved on the outside, and on the inside of the ring is engraved, "The first gold, discovered in January, 1848." Now if Mrs. Wimmer possesses a piece which has been found earlier than mine Mr. Marshall can tell, as it was probably received from him. I think Mr. Marshall could have hardly known himself which was exactly the first little piece, among the whole.

The next day I went with Mr. M. on a prospecting tour in the vicinity of Coloma, and the following morning I left for Sacramento. Before my departure I had a conversation with all hands: I told them that I would consider it as a great favor if they would keep this discovery secret only for six weeks, so that I could finish my large flour mill at Brighton, (with four runs of stones,) which would cost me already about 24 to 25,000 dollars—the people up there promised to keep it secret so long. On my way home, instead of feeling happy and contented, I was very unhappy, and I was perfectly right in thinking so; as it came just precisely as I expected. I thought at the same time that it could hardly be kept secret for six weeks; and in this I was not mistaken, for about two weeks later, after my return, I sent up several teams in charge of a white man, as the teamsters were Indian boys. This man was acquainted with all hands up there, and Mrs. Wimmer told him the whole secret; likewise the young sons of Mr. Wimmer told him that they had gold, and that they would let him have some too; and he obtained a few dollars' worth of it as a present. As soon as this man arrived at the fort he went to a small store in one of my outside buildings, kept by Mr. Smith, a partner of Samuel Brannan, and asked for a bottle of brandy, for which he would pay the cash; after having the bottle he paid with these small pieces of gold. Smith was astonished and asked him if he intended to insult him; the teamster told him to go and ask me about it; Smith came in, in great haste, to see me, and I told him at once the truth—what could I do? I had to tell him all about it. He reported it to Mr. S. Brannan, who came up immediately to get all possible information, when he returned and sent up large supplies of goods, leased a larger house from me, and commenced a very large and profitable business; soon he opened a branch house of business at Mormon Island.

Mr. Brannan made a kind of claim on Mormon Island, and put a tolerably heavy tax on "The Latter Day Saints." I believe it was 30 per cent, which they paid for some time, until they got tired of it, (some of them told me that it was for the purpose of building a temple for the honor and glory of the Lord.)

So soon as the secret was out my laborers began to leave me, in small parties, as I had many halflong as these people have been, employed by me they have behaved very well, and were industrious and faithful laborers, and when settling their accounts there was not one of them who was not satisfied.

Then the people commenced from San Francisco and California, in May, 1848: in large only five men were of the women and children men locked their doors rather to keep the gold discovery from them that they have behaved the same, and when it was called. So it was not farther south would not be expected to come down in July. Dr. Wimmer's piece weighs about five dollars and the miners locked their doors rather to keep the gold discovery from them that they have behaved the same, and when it was called. So it was not farther south would not be expected to come down in July. Dr. Wimmer's piece weighs about five dollars and was taken and sold.

My tanner, which was in bad condition, and was probably, was deserted, of leather was left unfinished, and a great quantity of its value was of whatever the mill been stolen and sold.

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ers began to leave me, in small parties
first, but then all left, from the clerks to the
pool, and I was in great distress; only a
few mechanics remained to finish some
very necessary work which they had com-
enced, and about eight invalids, who con-
vinced slowly to work a few teams, to escape
at the mill race at Brighton. The Mor-
mons did not like to leave my mill unfin-
ished, but they got the gold fever like
everybody else. After they had made their
loss for me. Even the Indians had
no more patience to work alone, in har-
vesting and threshing my large wheat
crop out; as the whites had all left, and
other Indians had been engaged by some
white men to work for them, and they
commenced to have some gold for which
they were buying all kinds of articles at
economous prices in the stores; which, when
my Indians saw this, they wished very much
to go to the mountains and dig gold. At
last I consented, got a number of wagons
ready, loaded them with provisions and
goods of all kinds, employed a clerk, and
left with about one hundred Indians, and
about fifty Sandwich Islanders (Kanakas)
which had joined those which I brought
with me from the Islands. The first camp
was about ten miles above Mormon Island,
on the south fork of the American river.
In a few weeks we became crowded, and it
would no more pay, as my people made too
many acquaintances. I broke up the camp
and started on the march further south,
and located my next camp on Sutter creek
(now in Amador county), and thought that
I should there be alone. The work was
going on well for a while, until three or
four travelling grog-shops surrounded me,
at from one and a half to two miles dis-
tance from the camp; then, of course, the
mechanical trades which I had carried on;
all was abandoned, and work commenced
or nearly finished was all left, to an im-
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one of them who was not contented and
satisfied.

Then the people commenced rushing up
from San Francisco and other parts of
California, in May, 1848; in the former vil-
lage only five men were left to take care
of the women and children. The single
man looked their doors and left for "Set-
ter's Fort," and from there to the Eldorado.
For some time the people in Monterey and
further south would not believe the news
of the gold discovery, and said that it was
only a 'Ruse de Guerre' of Sutter's, because
he wanted to have neighbors in his wilder-
ness. From this time on I got only too
many neighbors, and some very bad ones
among them.

What a great misfortune was this sudden
gold discovery for me! It has just broken
up and ruined my hard, restless, and indus-
tious labors, connected with many dangers
of life, as I had many narrow escapes be-
fore I became properly established.

From my mill buildings I reaped no
benefit whatever, the mill stones even have
been stolen and sold. My tannery, which was then in a flour-
ishing condition, and was carried on very
profitably, was deserted, a large quantity
of leather was left unfinished in the vats;
and a great quantity of raw hides became
valueless as they could not be sold; nobody
wanted to be bothered with such trash, as
it was called. So it was in all the other
gold was taken to these places, for drinking, gambling, etc, and then the following day they were sick and unable to work, and became deeper and more indebted to me, and particularly the Kanakas. I found that it was high time to quit this kind of business, and lose no more time and money. I therefore broke up the camp and returned to the Fort, where I disbanded nearly all the people who had worked for me in the mountains digging gold. This whole expedition proved to be a lossy loss to me.

At the same time I was engaged in a mercantile firm in Coloma, which I left in January, 1849—likewise with many sacrifices. After this I would have nothing more to do with the gold affairs. At this time, the Fort was the great trading place where nearly all the business was transacted. I had no pleasure to remain there, and moved up to Hock Farm, with all my Indians, and who had been with me from the time they were children. The place was then in charge of a Major Dome.

It is very singular that the Indians never found a piece of gold and brought it to me, as they reported they did other specimens found in the vicinity. I requested them continually to bring me some curiosities from the mountains, for which I always recompensed them. I have received animals, birds, plants, young trees, wild fruits, pipe clay, stones, red ochre, etc., etc., but never a piece of gold. Mr. Dana, of the scientific corps of the expedition under Com. Wilkes' Exploring Squadron, told me that he had the strongest proof and signs of gold in the vicinity of Shasta Mountain, and further south. A short time afterwards, Doctor Snedel, a very scientific traveler, visited me, and explored a part of the country in a great hurry, as time would not permit him to make a longer stay. He told me likewise that he found sure signs of gold, and was very sorry that he could not explore the Sierra Nevada. He did not encourage me to attempt to work and open mines, as it was uncertain how it would pay, and would probably be only profitable for a government. So I thought it more prudent to stick to the glow, notwithstanding I did know that the country was rich in gold, and other minerals. An old attached Mexican servant who followed me here from the United States, as soon as he knew that I was here, and who understood a great deal about working in placeres, told me he found sure signs of gold in the mountains on Bear Creek, and that we would go right to work after returning from our campaign in 1846, but he became a victim to his patriotism and fell into the hands of the enemy near my encampment, with dispatches for me from Gen. Miholteorn, and he was hung as a spy, for which I was very sorry.

By this sudden discovery of the gold, all my great plans were destroyed. Had I proceeded with my mills and manufactories for a few years before the gold was discovered, I should have been the richest citizen on the Pacific shore, but it had to be different. Instead of being rich, I am ruined, and the cause of it is the long delay of the United States Land Commission, of the United States Courts, through the great influence of the squatter lawyers. Before my case will be decided in Washington, another year may elapse, but I hope that justice will be done me by the last tribunal—the Supreme Court of the United States. By the Land Commission and the District Court it has been decided in my favor. The Common Council of the city of Sacramento, composed partly of squatters, paid Alpheus Felch, (one of the late Land Commissioners, who was engaged by the squatters during his office), $5,000, from the fund of the city, against the will of the tax-payers, for which amount he has to try to defend my just and old claim from the Mexican government, before the Supreme Court of the United States in Washington.

Unfortunately our falling—confiding—largely in his confidence, were lost by stealing, public and private men were then so—he unable to pay them. Now, we have the fruit of his labor in possession and law, trying to hold and prosper.

—a spot which of an American, under the same. Recently, how at a great expense to whom we a gold discovery formed, for a the Old Place.

The following of his discovery.

Being a true was a ready
the discovery of gold in California.

Unfortunately for Gen. Sutter, he had one failing—his heart was too large and confiding. The men who shared most largely in his princely hospitality and confidence, were the first to take advantage of it, by stealing away his possessions. His generous nature taught him to feel that all men were honest—but he did not find them so—a mistake to which is attributable his present impoverished circumstances. Now, when he should be enjoying the fruit of his long and enterprising labors in peace, he is annoyed with contentions and lawsuits innumerable—simply in trying to hold his own! Even the quiet and pleasant Truck Pines—his homestead—a spot which is ever sacred to the heart of an American—was sold, not long since, under the hammer of the sheriff. Recently, however, it has been redeemed, at a great sacrifice. And this is the man to whom we are so much indebted for the gold discovery. May God forgive us Californians, for our shameful indifference to the Old Pioneers.

The following is Mr. Marshall's account of his discovery of the gold:

Being a millwright by trade, as there was a ready cash sale for lumber, I concluded to seek a location in the mountains and erect a mill, to supply the valley with lumber. Some time in April, 1847, I visited New Helvetia, commonly known as the "Fort," where I made my resolution known to John A. Sutter, son, and requested of him an Indian boy, to act as an interpreter to the mountain Indians in the vicinity of the American river—or Nido del los Americanos, as it was then called. At first he refused, because, he said that he had previously sent several companies, at various times, and by different routes, for all of whom reported that it was impossible to find a route for a wagon road to any locality where pine timber could be procured, and that it was the height of folly to attempt any such thing.

Capt. Sutter at length, however, promised me the desired interpreter, provided I would stock some six or eight plows for him first, of which he was in immediate want, which I readily agreed to do. While I was employed upon this job there was much talk at the Fort concerning my contemplated trip to the mountains; and Mayer, Gingery, P. L. Wimmer and Mc Culloch having resolved also to take a trip, with the same object in view, came where
I was working, and asked me where I expected to find a road and timber, and I promptly gave them my views and directions.

They departed, I believe in company, but finally separated, and P. L. Wimmer found pine timber and a road, on what is now known as the Sacramento and Diamond Springs road, and about the 12th of May, Gingery and Wimmer commenced work, about thirteen miles west of the (now called) Shingle Spring House.

On the 18th of May, having completed my work for Capt. Sutter, I started, with an Indian boy,—Trendor, and W. A. Graves, who is now residing in Butte county, and who had assisted me in my work, and heard the conversation between myself, Gingery, Wimmer and McAllen, accompanied me for the purpose of noting the mountains. On the 18th of May we entered the valley of Coloma [Coloma]; and on the 20th Gingery joined our company. We then traveled up the stream now called Weber creek—the Indian name of which is Pat-Pul-Mull—to the head of the creek; thence higher in the mountains until we arrived at the South Fork of the American river, where it divides into two branches of about equal size; from whence we returned by Sky Park and Pleasant Valley to the Fort.

On my arrival I gave Capt. Sutter an account of my trip, and what I had discovered. In thereupon proposed to me a partnership; but before we were ready to commence operations, some persons who had tried, in vain, to find Coloma, reported to Sutter that I “had made a false representation, for they could find no such place.” To settle matters, Capt. Sutter furnished me with a Mission Indian, who was of the Almadia of the Comusse tribe, as an interpreter and guide—trusting partly to the Indian's report, as to the propriety of the proposed co-partnership.

The report which I had made on my first trip having been fully confirmed by observations on the second, the co-partnership was completed, and about the 27th of August we signed the agreement to build and run a saw-mill at Coloma. On the third day (I think) afterwards, I set out, with two waggons, and was accompanied by the following persons, employed by the firm of Sutter & Marshall, viz: P. L. Wimmer and family; James Barger, Isaac Willis, Sidney Willis, Alex. Stephens, Wm. Onge, James Brown, and Elijah Persons.

On our arrival in the valley we first built the double log cabin, afterwards known as Farnsworth & Co.'s store. About the last of September, as Capt. Sutter wanted a couple of capable men to construct a dam across the American river at the grist-mill—near where the Pavilion now stands—sent the two Willis', as the most capable: (Wm. Cunco being in sufficient health, left about the same time;) and I received Henry Bigler, Israel Smith, Wm. Johnston and —— Evans in return; and shortly afterwards I employed Charles Bennett and Wm. Scott, both carpenters. The above named individuals, with some ten Indians, constituted my whole force.

While we were in the habit at night of turning the water through the tail race we had dug for the purpose of widening and deepening the race, I used to go down in the morning to see what had been done by the water through the night; and about half past seven o'clock on or about the 10th of January—I am not quite certain to a day, but it was between the 18th and 20th of that month—1848, I went down as usual, and after shutting off the water from the race I stopped it, near the lower end, and thence upon the rocks, about six inches beneath the surface of the water, I discovered the gold. I was entirely alone at the time. I picked up one or two pieces and examined them attentively; and having some general knowledge of minerals, I could not call to mind more than two which in any way resembled this—sulphuret of iron, very bright and brittle; and gold, bright, yet malleable; I then tried it between two rocks, and found that it could be beaten into a thin leaf, but not broken. I then collected five pieces and went up to Mr. S. (who was at work in one of the carpenter's shops making the mill wheel) with my hand, and said, "I have found something!"—"What is it?" inquired Scott.

"Gold," I answered.

"Oh! no," returned Scott, "that I replied positively, "I know nothing else.

Mr. Scott was the second person I saw the gold. W. J. Johnson, A. H. Bigler, and J. Brown, who working in the mill yard, were up to see it. Peter L. Wimmer, Wimmer, C. Bennett, and J. S. at the house; the latter two of sick; E. Persons and John son of P. L. Wimmer), were oxen at the same time. About the same morning, P. L. Wimmer came down from the house, was surprised at the discovery, and which led to show his wife, who, the next morning, some experiments upon by being strong eyes, and a tolerably good by my directions bent it very soon.

Four days afterwards I went for provisions, and carried with three ounces of the gold, which I treated with nitric acid, and tried it in Sutter's presence by silver dollars and balancing the dust in the air; then immersed the silver, and the superior weight satisfied me both of its nature.

About the 20th of February Sutter came to Coloma, for the purpose of consummating an agreement with this tribe of Indians in the September previous, to wit—with them in peace, on the middle of April, a mess of the gold, and, after a thousand feet of lumber was as all hands were interested upon it. In December, '48, Capt. Sutter
I could not call to mind more of January; I am not quite certain as above named the time. I picked up one or two opening the race; I used to go down in while we were in the habit at night of trotting across the American river at fil. with double uds Brown, and Ezekiah Persons. and family, James Barger, Iris Willis, Sidney Willis, Alex. Stephens, Wm. Cunce, Jonas Brown, and Enoch Peters. On our arrival in the valley we first built the double log cabin, afterwards known as Hastings & Co.'s store. About a last of September, as Capt. Sutter counted a couple of capable men to construct a dam across the American river at a grist-mill—near where the Pavillon now stands— I sent the two Willis, as the one capable; (Wm. Cunce being in fact, health, left about the same time) and received Henry Bigler, Israel Smith, W. Johnston and — Evans in return; shortly afterwards I employed Charles Jones and Wm. Scott, both carpenters. be above named individuals, with some Indians, constituted my whole force. While we were in the habit at night of running the water through the race till dog for the purpose of widening and opening the race, I used to go down in morning to see what had been done by a water through the night; and about seven o'clock on or about the 3rd of January—I am not quite certain a day, but it was between the 18th and 21st of that month—1848. I went down as usual, and after shutting off the water from the race I stepped into it, near the lower end, and there, upon the rock, about six inches beneath the surface of the water, I recovered the gold. I was entirely surprised at the time. I picked up one or two grains and examined them attentively; having some general knowledge of metals, I could not fail to mind more than two which in any way resembled this fragment of iron, very bright and brittle gold, bright, yet malleable; I then hit between two rocks, and found that it could be beaten into a different shape, but not broken. I then collected four or five pieces and went up to Mr. Scott (who was working at the carpenter's bench making the wheel) with the pieces in my hand, and said, "I have found it." "What is it?" inquired Scott. "Gold," I answered. "Oh! no," returned Scott, "that can't be." I replied positively,—"I know it to be nothing else." Mr. Scott was the second person who saw the gold. W. J. Johnston, A. Stephens, H. Bigler, and J. Brown, who were also working in the mill yard, were then called up to see it. Peter L. Wimmer, Mrs. Jane Wimmer, C. Bennett, and J. Smith, were at the house; the latter two of whom were sick; E. Persons and John Wimmer, (son of P. L. Wimmer), were out hunting oxen at the same time. About 10 o'clock the same morning, P. L. Wimmer came down from the house, and was very much surprised at the discovery, when the metal was shown him; and which he took home, after seeing the gold, for the purpose of widening and balancing them by the nitric acid. I then tried it in Sutter's presence by taking three ounces of the gold, which Capt. Sutter & I tested with nitric acid. I then tried it in Sutter's presence by taking three silver dollars and balancing them by the fact that he was from Australia. It is this: Mr. Marshall tells you, you may rely upon as correct." I moreover read the affidavits of several of the men who were present when the gold was discovered by Marshall, and which affidavits were affirmative of the facts which are stated. There is another fact I wish here to mention, that it may be recorded in the remembrance of the English, as well as the American public. It is this: Mr. Hargraves, the discoverer of gold in Australia, was mining in Coloma in the summer of 1849, and went to Sutter & Marshall's mill for some lumber; and as he and Marshall were leaning against a pile of lumber, conversing, Mr. H. mentioned the fact that he was from Australia. "Then why," replied Marshall, "don't you go and dig gold among your own mountains?" for, what I have heard of that country, I have no doubt whatever that you would find plenty of it there."
"Do you think so, indeed?" inquired Hargraves.

"I do," was the answer.

"If I thought so I would go down there this very autumn," was Hargraves' reply.

He went; and with what result, the millions of pounds sterling which have since poured into the British treasury can give the history.

Mr. Hargraves, for this discovery, received from the British Government the sum of £5,000, (or twenty-five thousand dollars,) and from the Australian Government £10,000, or $50,000, making $75,000.

Mr. Marshall is almost denied the credit of the discovery, by some unprincipled persons, and his reward from the United States Government is, alas! what? At this very moment wronged of every dollar and every foot of land which he possessed, he would not have, for the daily charity of comparative strangers, even a cabin in which to lay his head to rest at night; and, is this, kind readers, gratitude? to the man by whose instrumentality a new age—The Golden Age—has been inaugurated.

In August last, anxious to obtain an excellent portrait of Mr. Marshall, I journeyed to Coloma for that purpose; and, although Mr. M. cheerfully gave every information in a very simple and straightforward manner concerning the history of the country and of the men who figured in it around Coloma, at an early day, he could not prevail upon to allow his likeness to be taken. After returning to this city a letter was penned to him, urgently asking for it, and the following answer was received, which, while it denies the request, will also show the just bitterness of his spirit at the treatment he has received—

Coloma, Sept. 6th, 1857.

Dear Sir:—In reply to your note received three days ago, I wish to say that I feel it a duty I owe to myself to retain my likeness, as it is in fact all I have that I can call my own, and I feel like any other poor wretch—I want something for sale. The sale of is may yet keep me from starving; or, if may buy me a dose of medicine in sickness; or pay for the funeral of a dog—and such is all that I expect, judging from former kindnesses. I owe the country nothing. The enterprising energy of which the writers and editors of California's early golden days boasted so much, as belonging to Yankeeedom, was not national, but individual. Of the profits derived from the enterprise, it stands thus: Yankeeedom—$600,000,000 Myself Individually—$600,000,000 Ask the records of the country for the reason why; they will answer—"I need not. Were I an Englishman, and had made my discovery on English soil, the case would have been different. I send you this in place of the other. Excuse my rudeness in answering you thus.

I remain, most respectfully,

J. W. MARSHALL.
clne in sickness; or pay for the funeral of a—dog—and such is all that I expect, judging from former kindnesses. I owe the country nothing. The enterprising energy with which we carry things to perfection—on California's early golden days boasted so much, as belonging to Yankeedom, was not national, but individual. Of the profits derived from the enterprise, it stands thus—

Yankeedom,..............$800,000,000
Myself individually,........$300,000,000

Ask the records of the country for the reason why; they will answer—I need not. Were I an Englishman, and had made my discovery on English soil, the case would have been different. I send you this in place of the other. Excuse my rudeness in answering you thus.

I remain, most respectfully,
J. W. MARSHALL.

Is this, then, the reward befitting the dignity and gratitude of a great nation—people—like our own—for that discovery which has poured hundreds of millions of wealth into the laps of the people and the treasury of our country; and, in addition to giving us the stability consequent upon the establishment of a metallic currency, (which is the desire and envy of all nations) has spread prosperity across the broad acres of every State in the Union? while the individual who has been the cause of this, is allowed almost to starve of hunger and exposure in our mountains! Who of the readers among us that does not feel his cheek glow with shame at such ungrateful neglect? Let him answer, for he needs our pity. If the Executive ear is closed against a fit reward for such an important service, let you and I, gentle reader, put our hand into our own pockets, and if we find it empty, let us deny ourselves some little luxury, if needs be, that we may yet, in some measure, wipe out the disgraceful stain from our history, by seeing that James W. Marshall, the discoverer of gold in California, has at least a fertile farm which he can call his own, and where he may spend his concluding days in comparative ease,—without the humiliation of dependence upon strangers, after the benefit he has conferred upon our country, and the world.

TO A. W.

Ah! well do I remember
When first you met my gaze—
'Twas not in joyous sunshine,
Butneath a lamp's dim ray;
I caught shine eyes soft beaming—
I saw thy matchless form:
With love my heart was burning,
Alas! a love too warm.

A score of months, so fleeting,
Have passed since that sweet time,
Yet my heart is wildly beating
While I indulge this rhyme.
I have met thee in the morning
And at the evening;
And when the moon, adorning
his supper is cooking; and in the cool and quiet of the evening, with his favorite dog by his side, to take his flute, or violin, and play any favorite air, especially that of the civilized, in every land, "Home, Sweet Home!" and while his faithful guardian keeps watch that no "evil thing" comes nigh his master's dwelling; his thoughts turn naturally upon the theme and burden of the song which is still lingering upon his lips and in his heart.

The hills like some fair bride,
We have wandered by the brookside—
We have chatted by the oak,—
We have talked all kinds of nonsense,
But of love I never spoke.

Now they tell me thou'rt another's
And soon will be his bride;
But, can I endure a rival
For a moment by thy side?
O! no,—the thought is madness—
It never can be true.

Wouldst thou cause me all this sadness
And pierce my bosom through?

All other joys excelling
Would he that love of thine—
Then turn away not coldly,
But return this love of mine. J.
THE FIRST EGG.

How a hen exults in her matrinity! When she sets upon her nest with a troop of chickens about her heels, she erects her feathers and elevates her wings; she whirls in circles and semi-circles; and she clucks vigorously, just as if there was not another maternal hen on the premises. She rejoices just as much over her first egg, though the manifestation is somewhat different.

There has been a considerable time of bareness among our hens, so that we could scarce remember the date of the last egg; but one morning the sudden excitement that was manifested among the poultry, with one clear voice that sounded above all the others, was an unmistakable indication that an egg had been laid. The hen cackled most earnestly; and immediate and rapid responses were made by every rooster in the vicinity. The younger members of the flock, not yet accustomed to this family demonstration, took immediate refuge in the poultry-house, where they stood in great consternation. Still the hen cackled, and still the roosters crowed; and the flock peared about and gazed at each other, greatly bewildered.

It was a spruce, sleek little black hen that had originated all this excitement. There she stood, right over her nest, elevated above all the others, now looking down at the scene, and now upon the egg she had deposited there. It was a small egg; but, under the circumstances, this was quite excusable. She had set the example, and inaugurated the laying season.

Coppertail did specchless hen stalked about with considerable gravity, and a look that said, "I can do that." Another chubby little black hen seemed somewhat disinclined. She moved about with her head down, as if looking for a speck of something to eat; but her efforts were without success. She did now and then pick at some little things, but she could make nothing out of them. Several others of smaller patience held their heads erect with a very evident effort to appear calm, while they were almost stifled with anger. Theirs was a conflict with wounded pride, without sufficient self-command to conceal it. In about a quarter of an hour the excitement passed away; and, soon after, the flock were proceeding about as if nothing had happened—but, we had no scarcity of eggs afterwards—so much for a good example.

N. E.

THE PATTERN OF THE RAIN.

BY ANNA M. DAVIS.

Sweet is a fountain's silver chime,
Or the burn of a woodland bee,
Under the heath of the hoisted lino,
Or the hush of a wild rose-tree;
North the golden bloom of the summer morn
There's many an idler strain,
But the patter to me on the old roof-tree
Is the patter of the rain!

Long ago, when I was a child,
If I listen to its tone,
Falling as slow as the moss-tufa wild,
And the lichen blue and lone;
Strtring its purls on the brook-side grass,
And over the orchard branches.
Where the next bright-morn the wind will pass
And scatter them over our browns.

Thus when the light of day grows dim,
From its tail and rare abode,
I love to listen to the sweet lay
Of the rain-drops on the roof!
Not that the bright shower comes to fall
Over the leafy voids of glade,
Or o'er the floor of heaven's fully
Where the swallows nest is made;
Not that it blushing the roses red,
Or the violets blue and white,
Such a spell to my heart is 'twould
As I list its voice at night;
But it weeps o'er many a buried head,
Unchanged through the lonesome years;
On the bright green turf that hides the dead,
It falls like an angel's tears!

Oh, soft the light of a summer night,
When stars smile through the bush,
And sweet to watch at the young day-break,
When the early sunbeams blush;
But dimmed, when I have weary grown,
And the night shuts over all,
To list in my quiet room above,
To the rain-drops as they fall.

Not that they gins the lily's heart,
Or the rose's robe of fire,
But I muse in the evening bush apart,
Over summer's magic lyre
And as I lay, round my weary head
There gathers a vision clear,
The early changed, and the early dead,
They are here, all since again!

Therefore I love the tender voice
That the rain spirits weave at night,
Dearer far than voice and lyre in tune,
In the perfumed, starlit skies;
For over the harp that memory, plays
Though waketh many a strain,
Bringing thoughts of my dear lost days,
That will never come again!
THE PATTERN OF THE RAIN.

BY ANN M. BATES.

Forest is a fountain's silver chime,
Or the hum of a woodland bee,
Under the boughs of the hoarled lime,
Or the hum of a wild rose-tree;
Nest the golden bloom of the summer moon
There's many an Elfin strain,
But dearest to me on the old roof-tree
Is the patter of the rain.

Long ago, when I was a child,
Did I listen to its tone,
Failing on the moss-tuffs wild,
And the hyacinth blue and lone;
Bringing its pearls on the brook-side grass.
And over the orchard boughs
Fors the next bright moon the wind will pass
And scatter them on our brows.

Just when the light of day grows dim,
From its tusk and care aloof,
Love to listen to the tuneful hymn
Of the rain-drops on the roof.
Not that the bright shower comes to fall
Over the half-shadowed glade,
Or out in the forest's busy hall
Where the bird's nest is made;
Not that it bleach the roses red
Or the violet blue and white
Such a spell to my heart is given
As I listen to its voice at night:
It carries the matter to be washed in
The Rain.
(1) The parts of the Rainer must
Washed that governs the Rainier.
(2) The
Put on the lower hill of the Rainier.
(3) The place hands (or strings) on which
They fall.
(4) But that since
The heavy water from both
(5) The tub which
When from the hearth is to be washed.

Having been favored by Mr. Capp with
Drawings of engravings from an old book,
Illustrative and descriptive of the method
Of mining two hundred years ago, we are
Enabled to give them to our readers—the
Following account of which appeared in the
Columns of the Evening Bulletin:

As a matter of curiosity to our readers
And as showing how few real advances
Have been made in the art of gold-washing
Not only since the discovery of the precious
Metal in this State, but within the past two
Centuries, and notwithstanding the many
"Improvements" adopted, and the "new
Inventions" for the purpose made in
California and elsewhere, we publish the ex-
Tracts given below from a very old work on the
Subject. By the permission of Mr. At-
wood, of Grass Valley, our travelling cor-
respondent was allowed to copy the de-
scriptions of the processes used in Hungary
two hundred years ago, together with two
roughly etched illustrations, given in the
Work, and exhibiting the machinery mentioned
And the mode of using it. The work
Was published in England in 1833, and
Was merely a translation of five volumes
On the subject of mining, written a number of
Years before. The title of the work is
As follows:

PLACER MINING TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

NO. 4.

(1) The mixer
(2) The parts of the Rainier
Washed that governs the Rainier.
(3) The upper hill of the Rainier.
(4) The place hands (or strings) on which
They fall.
(5) But that since
The heavy water from both
(6) The tub which
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Was published in England in 1833, and
Was merely a translation of five volumes
On the subject of mining, written a number of
Years before. The title of the work is
As follows:
From Book 2, page 104:—"If upon search he doth find by such proof that the wash work will recompense his labor, pains and charges, then each one, according as he is best instructed doth wash the same, and make his profit thereby, among which there are some who do wash that which doth lye in the fields under the moist earth, and also the sand out of the flowing Rivers or Channels, and do wash it over a board which are cut little gutters and wrinkles, here and there, into which the heavy Gold will descend and remaineth; but part of it will wash over, especially if the work be rich and hath grain Gold; but if he doth go slow, it requires more pains.

"Some years past there was found upon such Work and Sand, by the water side, a special Work by which in one day near 300 weight of rubbish have been washed away and the Gold saved: which is done thus. There must first be made of Brass Wire a Rattar or Sieve as wide or narrow as the work requireth and it is to be tyed, from above downward, with Brass Wire, and it must be stretched fast upon Iron Stays that it may not bend or rise; the breadth of the Rattar is to be seven spans long and five wide, and in depth a good span, with a bottom that doth enter two-thirds into the Rattar, and with one-third part to be extended for carrying the matter out (which is to be done over with Tin.) The Rattar must also have, on each side, little wooden pieces fastened to it, by which he may reach to the foremost instruments that the gross matter that doth not go through may easily be employed. As also the lower bottom under the Rattar must have on each side Boards fastened to it, that nothing may fall from the Rattar; for from that place the Work passeth from the Rattar, upon the flat heart (which is to be thirty spans in length and four broad) and the channel through which the water doth run out must be wider than above, and also covered over with Tin. To this there is also Water used more or less according as the work is foul and sandy. This Wash-Work serveth only for Sandy work, but not at all for the clean and deft; yet because this work is not common to this day, therefore I have delineated it in the following Sculpture.

"Then some of the gold-washers use upon their heart's the strong Timodo black and russet wooden cloth, over which they do drive their works, because the wooden cloth is rough and hairy, so that the small and round grains of gold will remain, and not run forth (as it will from the Timodo,) whereby the gold (upon the black cloth) may apparently be known, though it be small and little.

"Others use, instead of the Timodo, or black wooden cloth's liny wooley (half linen and half woolen, wrought in the manner the Timodo is,) upon which the gold cloth stick better, and such cloths do last longer, because of the linen there is among the woollen, which doth strengthen it, therefore it is better for this work.

"But there is another way of washing (not much in use,) which is called driving and washing through the long Rattar; but according to my mind it is not so convenient a way for small works, which have great and small gold and are both sand and clay together, yet I do not much decisive from the before described Rattar work. For in this labor and washing, because of the turning in the upper and lower falls, the running gold is preserved better, and the gold gets common work over the which it is driven."

The "proff" refers to washing for a "color" part. "That which doth under the moist earth, less than the "pay gran" mixture knew as well let ourselves. River and digging were the same. The "board" was the "tom" or "sluice box" cut little gutters or w here, in which the beds and remained, as the "rifles" and. Then, as now, they float wash over,captured claim or earth be it [or fine] gold," and
When a man reaches the foremost Instruments, that the gross matter that doth go through may easily be emptied. As the lower bottom under the Rattar have on each side Boards fastened to it, that nothing may fall from the Rattar from that place the Work passes on the Rattar, upon the flat hearth (which is to be thirty spans in length and broad) and the channel through which water doth run out must be wider than two, and also covered over with Tin. To there is also Water used more or less as the work is foul and sandy. A Wash-Work serves only for Sandy-clay, but not at all for the clean and dust; because this work is not common to clay, therefore I have delineated it in the following Sculpture.

Then some of the gold-washers use in their hearths the strong Timode oak and russet woolen cloth, over which they do drive their works, because the linen cloth is rough and hairy, so that a small and round grains of gold will remain, and not run forth (as it will from Timode) whereby the gold (upon the sack cloth) may apparently be known, though it be small and little.

"Others use, instead of the Timode, or sack woolen cloth's liney woolen (half linen and half woolen, wrought in the manner the Timode is) upon which the gold stick better, and such cloths do last longer, because of the linen there is among woolen, which doth strengthen it, therefore it is better for this work."

"But there is another way of washing (as much in use) which is called driving washing through the long Rattar; but according to my mind it is not so convenient a way for small works, which have at and small gold and are both sand and clay together, yet I do not much dese the before described Rattar it. For in this labor and washing, because of the turning in the upper and lower falls, the running gold is preserved better, and the gold goeth with the small common work over the plain hearth upon which it is driven."

The "made" referred to is the trial washing for a "color" or a "good prospect." "That which doth lie in the fields under the moist earth," is nothing more or less than the "pay gravel," which the old miners knew as well how to search for as ourselves. River and gulch ("channels") diggings were the same as in California. The "board" was the bottom of a "long tom" or "sluice box," in which were cut little gutters or whirlpools here and there, in which the heavy gold would descend and remain, and the "colees," or "cleece" were used. Then, as now, they found that "part of it will wash over, especially if the work (claim or earth) be rich and hath grain of fine gold, and they also probably suffered this loss, because when "he [the miner] doth go slow it required much pains."

This and the high cost of labor here led to the devise of the sieve in California, and the introduction of sluices to wash larger quantities of dirt and more rapidly, and which is, in all probability, the same as the "driving through the long Rattar" referred to, but to which the writer, who evidently understood the business, objects whose claims (works) are small, and "have great and small gold, and are both sand and clay together." By the machinery described, the washing of three hundred weight of dirt could be washed in a day, and the gold saved, which was condescended by the writer "a big day's work."

The drawings above alluded to represent the sieve hung up by heavy chains to a frame. The dirt is thrown on it from a wheellover. A stream of water pours on it, and a man shakes the sieve and throws..."
cut the large stone. The dirt and gold falls upon a board sloping backwards, precisely like the "apron" of the common rocker, and then upon a "long tom" or " sluice," some fifteen feet or more in length, with gutters or elects in it. The "tailings" fall into a square box, where they were stirred with a hoe, and the set-
tilings were finally washed again in a large tub, as clay used to be "puddled" in the Southern Mines.

The old description, together with the fact that the bell-pump now used for draining, and the common rocker, were ancient Chinese inventions, go to prove the truth of the saying, that most new discoveries are merely recoveries of things of value from the oblivion of past ages.

YOMET, OR SOUNDING ROCK, ON THE COSUMNES RIVER.

YOMET, OR SOUNDING ROCK.

This is the name of one of the wildest and most singular scenes to be witnessed upon the rivers of California. About a mile below Bowman's Bridge, the Cosumnes river near the forks, commences to pass through a steep, deep and exceedingly rough and rocky chasm; and down which it rushes with an angry and foaming confusion at an angle of about thirty degrees, until it reaches a large oblong hole, worn in the solid rock through which it leaps, making a very beautiful waterfall, some three hundred feet in length. On its sides stand bold and broken rocks, some of them overhanging, about four hundred feet in height; and where a sound gush is echoed nine times. Hence arises the Indian name Yomet, or "Sounding Rock." In the ed-
dying pool below the falls, the Indians are very fond of fishing, and consequently it is quite a place of resort during the spring and summer months. And as they stand, dressed in an endless variety of costume, they present a striking contrast to the magnificent panoramas of beauty around them, which is indescribable.

THE TIM.

It was a beautiful day in the year 185—
on a prospecting journey to the Salmon a portion of the St. 

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tab, as clay used to be "paddled" in the Southern Mines.

The old description, together with the fact that the helter-skelter now used for drainage, and the common rocker, were ancient Chinese inventions, go to prove the truth of the saying, that most new discoveries are merely recoveries of things of value from the oblivion of past ages.

The old description, together with the fact that the belt-pump now used for the Common reeker, were inventions, go to prove the truth of the saying, that most new discoveries are merely recoveries of things of value from the oblivion of past ages.

THE THREE GRAVES.

It was a beautiful morning in May, in the year 1859, that Jo and I started on a prospecting tour on the South Fork of the Sluice river, in the northern portion of the State. Our claim having failed where we were working, and we determined to try our luck in new diggings, and as considerable had been said about the diggings on the Sluice, we thought our chance good for some of the "dust."

Jo was my first mining companion, he shared all the fortunes and misfortunes of a miner's life for many a long and lonely day, and had not been for his lively disposition, and determined perseverance, I should have left off mining long since, but he was always pointing out to me the bright side of hope, and telling me there was a "better time coming," when we should have our fortunes and return to distant friends, who were anxiously awaiting our coming. Should this little narrative fall under his observation he will recognize the scenes here portrayed, and the graves by the mountain trail.

After many days of toilsome travel over the mountains, with our blankets on our backs, a portion of the time over snow from ten to fifty feet deep, we arrived at the place of our destination, which I think was one of the most desolate-looking places I have ever seen in California. We stopped at a trading post, where they fed us on spoiled pork and beans; but we did not remain there long, as we could find nothing by prospecting which would pay us to locate.

Here let me relate a little incident, to show the affections that exist between two mining companions when thrown together in the mountains. While we were at the trading post Jo was offered an interest in a company which had just "struck" pay dirt, which prospected very rich, and they wanted another partner to complete the company to work to good advantage. I tried to prevail upon Jo to stop with them, as I believed they had a good thing, but I could not unless they would give me a situation, which they could not conveniently do. After considerable persuasion he reluctantly consented. Next morning, long before the sun made his appearance, I rolled up my blankets preparatory to retracing my steps across the mountains, but on a different trail. When I took Jo by the hand to bid him adieu I could see a tear lingering in the corner of his noble eyes, while a melancholy sigh escaped his manly bosom. The last salutation was given and I started alone on my long and lonesome road, for I had near twenty miles to go before I came to any house. As I was ascending the mountain, and about three miles distant, I heard some one calling my name, and when I looked back I saw Jo coming up the mountain. I sat down and waited until he came up to me, splatting as he came, saying, "Bill, I could not stay and see you go off alone, for wherever your destination is there shall be mine, so long as you and I follow mining!"

Jo and I spent many a long day together in the mines, but for the last year I have heard nothing from him, but presume he has gone to the Atlantic States.

We traveled, until dark that night before we came to a place to stop. The place where we put up was composed of two stores and one hotel kept by a man with a family. There were about two hundred miners around there at work doing well, as far as I could learn. We remained at this place several days, prospecting, and during our stay there I became acquainted with a man whose appearance was of a melancholy character, and whom I knew was oppressed with sorrow from some cause, which I intended to find out if he did not tell me without asking. One evening after tea he asked me to take a walk with him, which I willingly consented to do. He took me up the trail about a half a mile,
where we turned off to the left, beneath a stately pine tree, and beneath its wide-spread branches were two graves, one very small and the other the common size. After we became seated I asked him if he knew whose remains these were, interred here in this lonely spot so far from the undertakings of a sweet home. I noticed a shade pass over his countenance, and his eyes were turned to the ground,—and the first words he spoke were: "Would to God I did not!" and then he continued: "You are a stranger to me, but from what I have seen of you since you came here I take you to be a person who will sympathize with the disconsolate, and to such my heart beats in unison. These graves contain the remains of all that was dear to me on earth: all that gave life a charm, now mingled with the dust, and their spirits have gone to that sweet repose around the throne of Him who gave them, and would that mine was there to dwell with them, where the sorrows of earth would cease, and we should be united in one holy band, never more to part. I was married in 1846, and lived on the banks of the Illinois river, a few miles below Peru, where I had a little farm, and was as happy as the heart could wish; for I had a wife who was kind and affectionate, on whose bright beam ing countenance over rested a sweet smile at my approach; and then the little angel Eva, who was the image of her mother, had just begun to get large enough to climb upon my lap. Julia and Eva were all the world to me; besides them the world had no charm for me, for to be with them I wasd no happier soon, for I never cherished a happy thought that was not theirs, or spent a happy moment that I did not wish them to enjoy it with me. Thus passed four years of my life with the cup of pleasure overflowing, when, in '60, the California fever was running high in that portion of the country; I became one of its subjects, and, after long and earnest persuasion, I prevailed upon Julia to start to this country with me, much against her will and that of her relatives, who were very wealthy, and offered me many inducements if I would only give up the idea of going to California; but all would not do, go I must; and, alas! how many thousand times I have regretted the hour I started, for Julia scarcely ever saw a well day after we left home."

Here he stopped to give vent to his overcharged heart by the flowing of tears, and nothing was said for several minutes, for I could not refrain from shedding tears to see the grief of the poor disconsolate fellow. The brightest hopes of a fond heart had been crushed, the last object dear to the soul had been swept away, and now the dark and mysterious future only remained, with no bright spot to which he could point, and say there is a happier time coming on earth, for his hopes were buried in those two graves.

He continued—"Julia said when we got aboard of the river steamer, and our little cottage was fast disappearing in the distance, that she felt as though she should never see that happy home again. Little did I think so then; but, alas! how true was the saying; for her remains now rest in the narrow chambers of death by the side of that of our dear little Eva, here in the wild mountains, far from their native land, where the meanest winds whisper the last requiem over their lonely graves; in those graves is buried my last hope of earth, and may I soon meet them beyond the stars, and join with them in singing the praises of Him who is the dispenser of all that is good."

We returned to the hotel, but sleep came not to my eyes until the night had far advanced, so excited had I become at the recital of his melancholy narrative.

Jo and I remained a few days more and then started on our journey, since which time I never heard a word of Theodore Worthington until a few days ago I heard that he had been dead over a year, and that he was buried, as requested, by myself. And little death is what my piece is.

I have oft wondered what became of those he left in a distant land; but I have never heard of them. Their return have long since eluded our knowledge. A

They live there. So young, such a life! Bath up one. Angola is.

They stood beneath the shade. Oh! God! Of agony the shade.

One spoke.

Of forty four. And while I.

The breeze

But I have a note in the last. Unconcealed. When ye have. And bear.

Tell her I. On a fer

Tell her my. Tell her for. Went up.

Tell her to. Though I.

Let it not be.

Lest on my.

And fear.

He ceased.

Shut and close. And strong.

Who never. At that.

He ceased—With their.

As in the rest.
EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

NO. 11.

The supernatural machinery of the Greek Epic was entirely unsuited for the spirit of the age, and besides was objectionable on the score of religion; but the Eastern stories which detailed the adventures of errant youths, who, leaving their fathers' roof had strayed into foreign lands, where all manner of incidents befell them, in which magicians and genii performed a principal part, were not so discordant with popular opinion. The alchemists, who, according to common belief, could transform the baser metals into gold, were also supposed to possess other arts no less powerful and equally mysterious. The prediction from horoscopes of the future fortunes of those scions of nobility, for whom astrological observations and calculations were chiefly made, was believed in by all, and the power of the devil and his angels was universally admitted to be much more extensive than it is now supposed to be—an opinion which was fully supported and confirmed by the legends of the saints, as promulgated by the authority of the Church herself. There was a supernatural machinery belonging to themselves, which afforded to writers of fiction opportunities of becoming conspicuous with a facility which, since the days of Hume and his contemporaries, the world had not possessed. It only wanted to be ignited by this spark of oriental origin to be taken advantage of, especially as they had in those oriental stories a good precedent for having their romances reproduced. An excellent ground-work was also afforded in the Crusades, furnishing a fit cause to make the noblest of the land leave their homes, and visit countries with whom the inhabitants of Europe were entirely unacquainted; whereby any amount of wonders, might be introduced, and their heroes made to meet with any sort of supernatural adventures, and perform any amount of supernatural achievements, without risk of detection. Thus the introduction of Romance, as a species of literature exactly suited for the times, followed almost as a natural consequence of the peculiar circumstances of the age.

So far Romance, by which for a time Poetry was eclipsed and confined almost exclusively to pastoral life, boldly undertook to discharge one of the principal duties of the Epic Muse, in furnishing stories equally interesting, and equally abundant...
in incidents, both natural and supernatural. To make up for the apparent defect of the want of poetical numbers, the inventors of this species of writing introduced a peculiarly wild and hyperbolical kind of style, which is more or less in favor with people of a romantic turn of mind to this day. Looked at philosophically, this species of writing seems highly ridiculous, adopting, as it frequently does, an affected air, never to introduce a substantive without logging in an adjective along with it, to give it a certificate of character—a fact which chaste writers now-a-days generally leave to be discharged by verbs, if they deem it worth their while to take any notice of the gentleman at all, except to let him do his work quietly without saying a word about him. Though this species of writing, which has received the appropriate designation of "prose run mad," may now seem perfectly ridiculous, it effected an improvement on language of which even Poetry might have despair'd. Writers of Romance were no less careful in finding words of proper length and sound to suit the roundings of their sentences than the poets had been; and as they wrote in prose, their writings were more suitable for common conversation than it is true their language was pompous and unyieldy, but its chief defect was that it was richer in words than in ideas, and aimed at having an excess of gorgeousness and beauty which was inconvenient and absurd. But these defects which the increasing intelligence and common sense of mankind could not fail to curtail; and the more fact that society was then set to setting their words on end, and selecting those which were most suitable for display, had a wonderful effect in improving the languages of Continental Europe; and another of the advantages which Poetry confer'd on the world was for a time so less efficiently discharged by our new depots.

In England, owing to various causes, native literature was not of so early growth as on the continent. Britain was the most remote of the Roman colonies, and among the first from which she withdrew her soldiers. The domination of the Romans had turned their former wildness, spirit, and on their departure, though the number of the inhabitants of England greatly exceeded that of Scotland, they found themselves unable to contend with their hardier and less valiant neighbors, and for the purpose of enabling them to resist their daring intruders, they were glad to procure the assistance of the Saxons. Like the horse in the fable, which courted the alligator to enable it to humble the offending bear, they found in their new allies associates who were no less scrupulous and more tenacious than the highland brigands whom they had helped to expel. To the sturdy Saxons, the green fields of Britain, divided into a prospect of rural felicity to relinquish to the feeble natives, who, without their aid, seemed unable to preserve the look for which, the advantages which they had obtained by stealth, they were destined to lose by violence. The same attractions which had tempted them to violate the laws of honor and hospitality, had equal influence over the hardy Britons; and thus within a comparatively short time, in England four different races successively had the ascendency—British, Roman, Saxon, and Norman.

The literature of the ancient Celts, by whom Great Britain and Ireland were originally peopled, in whom may believe the glowing accounts of the remnants of the race who still retain their original language, was superior to that of their Continental neighbors. But as those who are loudest in its praise affirm that it also exceeded that of modern times, we have good reason to respect the soundness of the opinion. The specimens which they produce, even admitting Assian to be genuine, (whom the investigations of the Highland Society have left with scarcely a foot to stand on,) would warrant us in arriving at a very different conclusion. The poems exhibit a gorgeousness of display but a sameness of incident; a faint and dreamy, but also gloomy delineation of Gods seen only through the haze of mist, and whose voices could only be indistinctly heard through the louder peals of the storm. Then the Gods of the Irish Muse were merely Titans, in whom brute force supplied the place of wisdom. We may often be amazed, in reading Homer, at the intermeddling spirit of the Grecian Gods, but they display an energy of character and intellectual action, which we look for in vain in the bulky and clouded divinities of the Western Islands. Their heralds, as was natural, partook of the character of their Gods; and in the crude compositions of those simple barbarians (of the genuine nature even the most little to admit its unearthly much on the scene, they score.

The Saxons, living in barbaric parliac of the less in France, are peculiar ab Scandinvia which we rode on in lonely bolder in their plain but French from refined literature. In the preponderant the contrary to the pure society, who was so little in England, and the conglomerate to the pure, hopeless, in Relief, or the coming from gardens of men for a statue of any sort of material, a latter our fathers of Aby out of the production trans still Latin and grace at the form of the art, he sits not in the upper we suppose any so I have had the world which was noted.

The English have aim
The Saxon were merely continental races, living in England, and their literature partook of the continental character, but with less of the more refined ideas of France, Spain, and Italy, than the peculiar absurdities of the remains of Scandinavian superstition—the source from which we derive our traditions of witches riding on broomsticks, and fairies stealing lovely babies and leaving their own brats in their place. The Normans were French, but French about the farthest removed from refinement; and consequently their literature was merged in the same nature.

In the jumble of races, and conflict for preponderance, the language of the Saxons, though considerably modified by being introduced into such miscellaneous society, maintained its supremacy. But it was so clotted and clogged that it bore but little resemblance to spoken and written in England, to the purer language from whence it sprang. It was a more convenient and useful one to turn such a nucleus to the purposes of Poetry seemed perfectly hopeless. The construction of the Grecian Bole, or the Grecian Ode, was like chiseling from Parian marble, in all the elegance of Corinthian Architecture, a palace for the Gods; or with still more blood, a statue of the Medicean Venus. To make any sort of doggerel out of such grotesque matter, was like attempting to do the latter out of granite. It is true, the good folks of Aberdeen, my native city, probably out of wantKick. for one of their staple productions, have erected such an equestrian statue of "the last Duke of Gordon," but in no other respect could the workmanship of his Grace's features, as seen at the festive board, where with the brilliancy of his wit and drollery, like Hamlet's Yorick, "he kept the table in a roar," be sitio a perpetual monument of his folly, in pick-pockets deformity.

How could we suppose that Chaucer, the earliest of any who undertook the task, should have been able to do more than show to the world, that he was possessed of talents which no perversity of circumstances concealed?

The next great poet who crossed the English muse was Spenser, who seems to have aimed at forming a sort of minor mythology of his own, more especially suited for Christian curiosity. His Muse is Allegory, and the virtues and the arts by him introduced more unreservedly than were the Gods of the Greeks, by their poets. But his poems, though quaint and sometimes elegant, labored under the objection, that the character of his dramatis personae being subordinate, renders it impossible to make them other than ill-mannered geniuses." This prince blunder necessarily prevents the legitimate correctness of his Muse; and we regret that the invention of that particular stanza which bears his name, which has been used with greater success by Thomson in his Castle of Indulgence, and Belli on his Minstrel, and latterly so triumphantly by White Harriot, should not have turned his own talents in a different direction.

The productions of Chaucer and Spenser perspicuously show the composition of Poetry under difficulties, rather than the subjection of those difficulties in the language (which were all but insuperable) so as to free it from its encumbrances and defects, and make it the plant servant of so graceful a mistress. It was not so much that the English language owed principally its escape from barbarism, if the Reformation followed fast at the heels of the invention of printing, the Reformation, in its turn, was the immediate progenitor of an improvement of "the vulgar tongue," produced by ordinary means. During the earlier times of English History, the language of the people was not the written language of the learned. The Church was confined in her services to the use of Latin, which was also the language used by learned men in their compositions; and though after the Norman conquest the monoglot Saxons of the people was too securely rooted to be subdued, not only was the influence of the court used in favor of the language of the people, but in some instances its use was enforced by special enactment. But after the Reformation, the language of the learned and of the people became the same; and the Book of Common Prayer, which was the composition of the most learned men of the day, being used in the morning and evening service of every church in the land, was an example of pure, plain, and elegant English, such as no production which as yet had been placed before the public had attained.

In this interesting period, when the disenchanted language, in all the vigor of youth, seemed only in want of some man
of genius to turn his attention to Poetry to render its beauties perfect. Shakespeare was born and educated—than whom, by his own avowal, no company could be greater. If we look at the extent of his capabilities we are bound to admit it; but if we take perfection in any particular part, or the depletion of any particular passion, as the rule by which we ought to try his talents, there might be found many who might have much to say in favor of other poets. The truth is, he was more the poet of Nature than of Art. He only toyed and trifled with his Muse. We feel conscious that he had strength in reserve for which he could not find employment, so rich and ready are his ideas on even the commonest subjects.

When we take a retrospective view of poetical literature before the time of these prominent pioneers of English Poetry, we find, as in the ramifications of a family chart or tree, that of one age growing out of the former. We discover members of the same family, and lineal descendants of the same Greek parentage, mingling and marrying among themselves, and occasionally with congenial mates of other origin, but still in every instance retaining the same family features, and traceable of the same age adding something to the great masse which either Science or Literature generally inspire. But this is not the way from which they also derived their imagination unsuitable for the English stage, and consequently went to Nature. But this is not the way from which they also derived their imagination unsuitable for the English stage, and consequently went to Nature.
A DISCURSORY POEM.

BY W. H. D.

As many Californiaans are not well alive of the "suns-burning hot," the following may subserve in place of a nation.

CANTO III.

I.
It is the morn, the bright excelling morn,
And God's own balmy dawn of drowsy rest;
It is the morn when angels soar and soar,
When all the empyreal hosts the sun o'er sea;
The glorious morning has the envy slumber;
Expelled all vengeants from the monarch's court;
Shine all the stars, and sparkles bright be seen;
And may our spirits be as bright as they.

II.
Hast day, in which our bodies rest from toil,
Bliss day, in which our souls aspire to heaven;
The Soul that Christ and the hustherness has given,
And wafted without the bounds of earth's
The enemy whom from the feet of his strings
Then to nations the amissous words and tears,
And clothe the golden grain with passion's dews,
All smiles.

III.
Why should our souls be filled with służb and fear?
Or man feel anxious in his present state?
Each child of God, and whilst with his face
With an affection deeper and more dear
Will He, who took the press of the air
Not make His slipstrep His peculiar care?

IV.
Thus let the soul rise to the Eternal One,
And let His holy praises pour
Bless the morning angels as they soar;
Thus shall the mind dwell in heavenly peace,
And all its cares and bitter sorrows cease.
V.
If, like the prophetic, thy wandering feet
Have from thy Father's house gone for apace,
And there, in the bosom of his love,
Repose, and rest, thy childish soul;
Thy head shall bow, and should not weep
Thus as thy Father; for in thee is all;
That sun was lost—lost! aye, much more than that
Was dead and is alive again—around
Let all rejoice, and in the general bliss
Shall all partake; now let the feast abound,
Blessing forth the filled table, the rose, the ring:
Such joys in heaven repeated sources bring.

VI.
When from our earthly homes art we weary,
Where sainted loved ones wait for our return.
Oh, happy, more than happy is the day
Wherein we meet, and embrace the hands that brought
So sweet a Zinc which fills loves's merest turn;
But purest joys are filling all the skies.
When the repentant say's, "I will arise."

VII.
It is the noon, the Sabbath's holy morn,
The sun has reached the zenith of his power,
The golden thread of day will shorten soon,
Adorn the glowing sky, as hour by hour
So's chance dissimulate, the moon,
Hid, reflects the beauty of his power;
Thus from each soul where shines God's holy light,
Reflected rays shall beam serenely bright.

VIII.
The day is passing like the dews away,
Who can stay the flying spires of time?
The time that can dimenion's short delay;
On all the earth, in every varied clime,
"For ever flowing, and in cages we wend our way,"
Our rapture, our thinning clouds but shine
Each moment's death-like, nor a minute to be,
Till time is swallowed in eternity.

IX.
Why should we mourn that time so quickly flies?
The shortest life is all too long for sin,
And if we virtues fit us for the skies.
Through death a bliss eternity we win,
Where the immortal spirit never dies,
And all our joys celestial then begin,
In our good Father's mansions of the blest,
Where his sweet peace shall forever rest.

X.
There, shall no bitterness from sorrow flow,
There, shall the rottlings of the wicked cease,
There, shall be no sin, nor a tear,
There, shall the bond and free a release
From all oppression, their just God shall show
There no respect of persons, but honor
The love of all his suffering saints of earth,
Whose cruel words could not reach out their worth.

XI.
O, who would wish to live this life again,
To chaste our bodies, and soul and soul;
Ah, why not see, and feel, and joy and pain,
Raise from the graves their fleshly forms?
Immortal langhings tell us all is vain,
It is not in our nature here to rest,
Contest with any thing else earth can give—
Costured in God alone the soul must live.

XII.
Thus let our lighter thoughts to his aspire,
And to his love the best soul's crown.
Our hearts shall yield thansom no vain desires,
But on the pulses of our joys attend,
Trusting in God, with a tempest fire
Our hearts shall bear and know he is the end,
And consummation of all peace and joy,
Which nothing transient ever can destroy.

XIII.
It is the Sabbath evening's quiet hour,
The passive scene with her transmuted shawls,
Shine mildly down; on every skil and flower
Her silvery light of love rests all serene;
Fair earth, thy heritage is beauty's throne,
Wherein the smiles of God is ever seen
Seven Lanters, God's creation more then art,
The dead to responsive to my loving heart.

XIV.
And ye bright stars adorn the auro sky,
What rays of beauty pierce the titan soul,
From the imbibation of space on high,
Which countless stars more countless stars control;
How grand is your magnificence! we try
To raise to your divined mysteries eternal,
Are we the great eternal mind,
The great eternal mind.

XV.
Once more, Oh, let us solely adore
The eternal Father, with his glory bright;
He formed this universe we see, and in
The immortality of peace on high,
Where countless stars more countless stars control;
How grand is your magnificence! we try
To raise to your divined mysteries eternal,
All the world is covered with their light.

XVI.
Great God, we see as nothing in thy sight,
But dust, a worm, yet we aspire to Thee,
Who art encompassed in the celestial light,
Of wisdom infinite; and shall we over see
Thy bright allomenent, and with pure delight
Adore and praise Thee through eternity?
O, bless them thought, that we are thine own,
Purified in the image of the Eternal One.

XVII.
We see thy children here upon the earth,
Of every race, color, clime, and nation,
No matter what our station, name or birth,
By Thine creation, Thou the eternal soul
From whence we sprung, and an eternal word
Shall be the source, and canst not be destroyed.
For an endless life beyond the grave.
Again in the ship drawing in a close, 
Sweet day of peace, and rest; Pitter to Thee.
My prayer sincere, before I slept again; 
O, what an ever comforted to be
My strength and portion here. Thy wisdom knows
If taught I further need, and Thou will see
That all is added, if I first, with weak
And humble mind, Thy righteous kingdom seek.

X.

Once more, dear reader, must I say adieu;
Again we part, but still I hope to meet
Thee again in kindness, and renew
My confessions, which I trust may meet
A kindly welcome, and if not a few
Pure kindness learnt to mince responsive heat,
And good sincere pleasure in my Sabbath lay,
Then in vain I've spent this blessed day.

THREE YEARS IN CALIFORNIA.

BY J. B. BONIFACIO.

CHAPTER V.


I remained in San Francisco till the worst of the rainy season was over, when I determined to go and try my luck in the mines; so, leaving my valuables in charge of a friend in San Francisco, I equipped myself in my worst suit of old clothes, and with my blankets along over my shoulder, I put myself on board the steamer for Sacramento.

As we did not start till five o'clock in the afternoon, we had not an opportunity of seeing very much of the scenery on the river. As long as daylight lasted, we were among smooth grassy hills and valleys, with little brushwood, and only here and there a few stunted trees. Some of the valleys are exceedingly fertile, and all these sufficiently watered to render them available for cultivation and already been "taken up."

We soon however, left the hilly country behind us, and came upon the vast plains which extend the whole length of California, bounded on one side by the range of mountains which run along the coast, and on the other side by the mountains which constitute the mining districts. Through these plains flow the Sacramento river, receiving as tributaries all the rivers flowing down from the mountains on either side.

The steamer — which was a fair specimen of the usual style of New York river-boats — was crowded with passengers and merchandise. There were not berths for one-half the people on board; and so, in company with many others, I lay down and slept very comfortably on the deck of the cabin till about three o'clock in the morning, when we were awaked by the noise of letting off the steam on our arrival at Sacramento.

One of the most striking wonders of California was the number of these magnificent river steamboats which, even in that short period of its history, had steamed round Cape Horn from New York, and now, gliding along the California rivers at the rate of twenty-two miles an hour, affording the same rapid and comfortable means of traveling and sometimes at as cheap rates, as when they plied between New York and Albany. Every traveler in the United States has described the river steamboats; suffice it to say here, that they lost none of their characteristics in California; and, looking at these long, white, narrow, two-storied houses, floating apparently on nothing, so little of the hull of the boat appears above water, and showing none of the flaws which, in a ship, convey an idea of buoyancy and power of resistance, but, on the contrary, suggesting only the idea of how easy it would be to smash them to pieces—following in imagination these fragile-looking fabrics over the seventeen thousand miles of stormy ocean over which they had been brought in safety, one could not help feeling a degree of admiration and respect for the daring and skill of the men by whom such perilous undertakings had been accomplished.

In preparing these steamboats for their long voyage to California, the lower story was strengthened with thick planking, and on the forward part of the deck was built a strong wedge-shaped screen, to break the force of the waves which might otherwise wash the whole house overboard. They coast along the coast, having to touch at most of the ports on the way for fuel; and passing through the Straits of Magellan, they escaped to a certain extent the dangers of Cape Horn, although equal dangers might be encountered on any part of the voyage.

But, besides the skill and bold spirit of the undertaking, steamers required to hold a special license to enter this country, which must have been a great drawback to these enterprising men; yet they succeeded in making a profit, under all circumstances.
The transportation of coal and iron ore into California, it is not surprising that the American, as a proconsul, went in that branch of commercial enterprise, should most early have taken advantage of them. But though the speculative profits were great, still the enormous risk attending the sending of steamers round the Horn might have seemed sufficient to deter most men from entering into such a hazardous speculation. It must be remembered that many of those river steamers were dispatched from New York, on an ocean voyage of one thousand miles, to a place in which one-half the world was at that time double the existence, and when people were looking up their motions in that part of the world California was. The risk of taking a steamboat of this kind to what was then such an out-of-the-way part of the world did not with her arrival in San Francisco by any means. The slightest accident to her machinery, which there was not then as now, would have rendered her at any moment as much useless labor.

In ocean navigation the same adventurous energy was manifested. Hardly had the news of the discovery of gold in California been received in New York, when numbers of vessels were dispatched, at an expense equal to one-half their value, to take their place on the Pacific in forming a line between the United States and San Francisco via Frisco. Just from that time a frequent communication was maintained between the two countries. Thus a line was formed between the United States and the Pacific Ocean, and the commerce of the Gold-Seeking Country was opened to the world. The commercial prosperity of California was now on the increase.
try, steam-communication was established between New York and San Francisco, bringing the two places within twenty to twenty-five days of each other. It is true the mail line had the advantage of a mail contract from the United States government; but other lines, without such fostering influence, ran them close in competition for public patronage.

The Americans are often accused of boasting—perhaps deservedly so; but there certainly are many things in the history of California of which we may be justly proud, having transformed her, as they did so suddenly, from a wilderness into a country in which most of the luxuries of life were procurable; and a fair instance of the bold and prompt spirit of commercial enterprise by which this was accomplished, was seen in the fact that, from the earliest days of her settlement, California had as good means of both ocean and inland steam-communication as any of the oldest countries in the world.

Sacramento City is next in size and importance to San Francisco. Many large commercial houses had there established their head-quarters, and imported direct from the Atlantic States; many large hotels, which was also the great stage-houses, and here was enjoyed till about five o’clock, when it being still quite dark, the whole house woke up into active life. About a hundred of us breakfasted by candle-light, and, going out into the base-room while day was just dawning, we found, turned out in front of the hotel, about forty or fifty horse coaches, all bound for different places in the mines. The street was completely blocked up with them and crowds of men were taking their seats, while others were fortifying themselves for their journey at the bar. The coaches were of various kinds. Some were light-springs, wagons—more oblong boxes, with four or five seats placed across them; others were of the same build but better finished, and covered by an awning; and there were also numbers of regular American stage-coaches, huge high-mug things which carry nine inside upon three seats, the middle of which is between the two doors. The place which I had intended should be the scene of my first mining exploits, was a village rejoicing in the suggestive appellation of Hangtown; designated, however, in official documents as Placerville. It received its name of Hangtown while yet in its infancy from the number of malefactors who had there expiated their crimes at the hands of Judge Lynch. I soon found the stage for that place—it happened to be one of the oblong boxes—and, pitching in my roll of blankets, took my seat and lighted my pipe that I might the more fully enjoy the scene around me.

A scene it was, such as few parts of the world can shew, and which would have gladdened the hearts of those who mourn over the degeneracy of the present age, and sigh for the good old days of stage-coaches.
Here, certainly, the genuine old mail coach, the guard with his tin horns, and the jolly old coachman with his red face, were not to be found; but the horses were as good as ever galloped with her Majesty's mail. The teams were all headed the same way, and with their stages, four or five abreast, occupied the whole of the wide street for a distance of sixty or seventy yards. The horses were restless, and pawing, and encroaching, and kicking; and passengers were trying to navigate to their proper stages through the labyrinth of wheels and horses, and frequently climbing over half-a-dozen waggons to shorten their journey. Grooms were standing at the leaders' heads, trying to keep them quiet, and the drivers were sitting on their boxes, or seats rather, for they scorn a high seat, and the drivers were swearing at each other in a very shocking manner, as wheels got locked, and waggons were backed into the teams behind them, to the discomfiture of the passengers on the back seats, who found horses' heads knocking the pipes out of their mouths. In the intervals of their little private battles, the drivers were shouting to the crowds of passengers who bothered about the front of the hotel; for there as elsewhere, people will wait till the last moment; and though it is more comfortable to sit than to stand, men like to enjoy their freedom as long as possible, before resigning all control over their motions, and charging with their precious persons and property power of a man would be sufficient to start him on his journey; but in this go-ahead country, people who had to go were not allowed to remain inert till the spirit moved them to go; they had to be "hurried up"; and of the whole crowd of men who were standing about the hotel, or struggling through the maze of waggons, only one half were passengers, the rest were "runners" for the various stages, who were encroaching all their persuasive eloquence in entrusting the passengers to take their seats and go. They were all mixed up with the crowd, and each was exerting his lungs to the utmost. "Now then, gentlemen," "about one of them, "all aboard for Nevada City! Who's again? only three seats left — the last chance to-day for Nevada City— take you there in five hours. Who's there for Nevada City?" "Then catching sight of some man who betrays the very slightest appearance of helplessness, or of not knowing what he is about, he pounces upon him, saying, "Nevada City, sir?—this very — just in time," and seizing him by the arm, he drags him into the crowd of stages, and almost has him bundled into that," for Nevada City before the poor devil can make it understood that it is Coloma he wants to go to, and not Nevada City. His captor then calls out to some one of his brother runners who is collecting passengers for Coloma—"Oh Bill! oh Bill! where is he?—are you?" "Hullo!" says Bill, from the other end of the crowd. "Here's a man for Coloma!" shouts the other, still holding on to his prize in case he should escape before Bill comes up to take charge of him.

This sort of thing was going on all the time. It was very ridiculous. Apparently, if a hundred men wanted to go anywhere, it required a hundred more to separate them. There was certainly no danger of any one being left behind; on the contrary, the probability was, that any well-minded man who happened to be passing by, would be shipped off to parts unknown before he could collect his ideas.

There were few opposition stages, except for Marysville, and one or two of the larger places; they were all crammed full—and of what sort the "runners" or "locutors" were to anybody, was not very apparent, at least to the uninitiated. But they are a common institution with the Americans, who are not very likely to support such a corps of men if their services bring no return.

In the States, to blow your own horn, and charging the public to avail themselves of certain opportunities, by repeatedly and persistently representing to them that they have it in their power to do so. In the States, to blow your own horn, and make as much noise as possible with it, is the fundamental principle of all business. The most eminent lawyers and doctors advertise, and the names of the first merchants appear in the newspapers every day. A man's own personal character is not sufficient to keep the world aware of his existence, and without advertising he would be to all intents and purposes dead. Most men seek, and wait for its reward—it is rather too smart for
that—it chimneys for it, and consequently gases is all the sooner to look at, and some of my neighbors who took my attention. As far as the seated around me a varied assortment of human nature. A New-Yorker, a Yankee, and an English lad—each were my immediate neighbors, and a general conversation helped to beguile the time till the "runners" had succeeded in placing a passenger upon every available spot of every wagon. There was no trouble about language—that is an article not much known in California. Some stray individuals might have had a small carpet-bag—almost every man had his blanket—and the western men were further encumbered with their long rifles, the barrels poking into everybody's eyes, and the butts in the way of everybody's toes.

At last the solid mass of four-horse coaches began to dissolve. The drivers gathered up their reins and settled themselves down in their seats, and cracked their whips, and swore at horses, and road in the streets like mad. No hedges, no rows of a small isolated community, with out all directions to every point of a semi-circle, and in a few minutes I found myself one of a small scattered community, with which four splendid horses were galloping over the plains like rain. No hedges, no fences, no road in fact—it was all a vast open plain, as smooth as a calm ocean. We might have been swimming by compass, and it was like going to sea; for we emerged from the city as from a land-locked harbor, and followed our own course over the wide wide world. The transition from the confinement of the city to the vastness of space was instantaneous; and our late neighbors, rapidly diminishing around us, and getting hull down on the horizon, might have been bound for the uttermost parts of the earth, for all we could see what was to stop them.

To sit behind four horses tearing along a good road is delightful at any time, but the mere fact of such rapid locomotion formed only a small part of the pleasure of our journey. The atmosphere was so soft and balmy that it was a positive enjoyment to feel it brushing over one's face like the finest flax.

The sky was clean and cloudless, the bright sunshine warming us up to a comfortable temperature; and we were travelling over such an expanse of nature that our progress, rapid as it was, seemed hardly perceptible. On one side was the vast disappearing chimney tops of the city, or by the occasional lamp of trees we left behind us. The scene all round us was magnificent, and impressed one as much with his own insignificance as though he beheld the countries of the earth from the summit of a high mountain. Out of sight of land at sea one experiences a certain feeling of isolation; there is nothing to connect one's ideas with the habitable globe but the ship on which one stands; but there is also nothing to carry the imagination beyond what one does see, and the view is limited to a few miles. But here, we were upon an ocean of grass-covered earth, dotted with trees, and sparkling in the sunshine with the gorgeous hues of the dense patches of wild flowers; while far beyond the horizon of the plains there rose mountains beyond mountains, all so distinctly seen as to leave no uncertainty as to the shape or the relative position of any one of them, and fading away in regular gradation till the most distant, though clearly defined, seemed still to be the most natural and satisfactory point at which the view should terminate. It was as if the circumference of the earth had been melted into air.

Such was the view ahead of us as we travelled towards the mines, where vague outlines of mountains appeared one above another, showing taggards as they vanished, and at last indistinctly the sky with the snowy peaks of the Sierra Nevada. On either side of us the valley, appearing above the horizon, were hundreds of miles distant, and the view behind us was more clearly terminated by the coast range, which lies between the Sacramento river and the Pacific. It was the commencement of spring, and at that season the plains are seen to advantage. But after a few weeks of dry weather the last sun burns up every blade of vegetation; the ground presents a cracked surface of hard-baked earth, and the roads are ankle-deep in the finest and most powdery kind of dust, which rises in clouds like clouds of smoke, saturating one's clothes, and ingraining one's whole system.

We made a straight course of it across the plains for about thirty miles, changing
was clear and cloudless, the air being as up to a temperature, and we were such an instance of nature, might be seen, seemed unless damaged by the wide plains of the city, and deep trees. The scene all round us and impressed one as gave the character of the place of a high mountain.

And at one experience of elevation; there was one on the left and in the rear, in which one, and it is also nothing to carry beyond what one does too, limited in a few miles. Upon a descent of gently with its unchangeable tints, and sparkling with the green hues of wild flowers; while trees of the plains there passed, in a tinge, all so to leave it, as uncertainty and fading, to the moody and desolate, though again of the most poetic that which the plains. It was as if the world waited for the range of vision, and there were in the midst of the tree line apparent the one above the mountains and valley tilling the plains of the Sierra. On this mountain, appearing were hands of miles behind as was more by the coast range, the mountain river ascension o'clock, and time to advance few words to run up to the upper, and spread a Pretty of the earth, and the most peaceful, which rise in clouds also, the most green of the whole right course of it across thirty miles changing horses occasionally at some of the numerous wayside inns, and passing numbers of wagons drawn by teams of six or eight males or oxen, and laden with supplies for the mines.

The road from the plains was very gradual, over a hilly country, well wooded with oaks and pines. One pace here was not so killing as it had been. We had frequently long hills to climb, where all haste was obliged to get out and walk; but we made up for the delay by gliding down the descent on the other side.

The road, which, though in some places very narrow, for the most part spread out to or three times the width of an ordinary road, was covered with stumps and large rocks; it was full of deep ruts and hollows, and roots of trees spread all over it.

To any one not used to such roads or to such driving, an upset would have seemed inevitable. If there was safety in speed, however, we were safe enough, and all sense of danger was lost in admiration of the coolness and dexterity of the driver as he circumvented every obstacle, but without going one inch farther than was necessary out of his way to save us from peril.

He went through extraordinary bodily exertions, which would have shocked an English coachman out of his propriety; but, at the same time, he performed such feats as no one would have dared to attempt who had never been used to anything worse than an English road. He first got his carriage in the right of the road, and getting up at the ruins with both hands, he swung his body from side to side to preserve his equilibrium, as now on the right pair of wheels, now on the left, he cut the "outside edge" round a stump or a rock; and when coming to a spot where he was going to execute a difficult movement on a piece of road which slanted violently down to one side, he trimmed the wagons as one would a small boat in a squall, and made us all crowd up to the weather side to prevent a capsize.

When about ten miles from the plains, I first saw the actual reality of gold-digging. Four or five men were working in a section by the roadside, digging holes like so many grave diggers. I then considered myself fairly in "the mines," and experienced a disagreeable consciousness that we might be looking over huge masses of gold, only concealed from us by an inch or two of earth.

As we traveled onwards, we passed at intervals numerous parties of miners, and the country assumed a more inhabited appearance. Log-cabins and clap-board shanties were to be seen among the trees; and occasionally we found about a dozen of such huts grouped together by the roadside, and dignified with the name of a town.

For several miles again the country seemed to have been deserted. That it had once been a busy scene was evident from the upper earth in the ravines and hollows, and from the numbers of discarded cabins; but the cruel of such digging had already been taken, and they were not now sufficiently rich to suit the ambitious ideas of the miners.

After traveling about thirty miles over this mountainous region, ascending gradually all the while, we arrived at Fingertown in the afternoon, having accomplished the fifty miles from Sacramento City in about eight hours.

(Continued.)

SAN FRANCISCO.

San Francisco, then best seen like a meteor,
On the wide Pacific's shore;
Where for ages loth the Indian listened to its solemn roar,
Like a meteor, thou hast risen;
But unlike the stars not fall,
Only when a wise Creator,
Overwhelmed with ruin, all.

As if by a Genii's power,
Palaces at once arise,
Vessels crowd thy glorious harbor,
Church-spires point up to the skies.

Gold and jewels without measure,
Fruits and flowers most prized and rare,
Can he had by working for them,
Are rewards of toil and care.

Those who lily stand and wonder,
They will meet the dreamer's light.
See the substance fill before them,
Know and grasp when far too late.

Here the man of birth and station,
Enters here hero's soul,
His robes are gay, his armor bright,
And to toil, is not to sin.

Those whom elsewhere he would shrink from,
Those whom he would not despise.
But he dares not—work is noble.
And to till, is not to sin;
For the man who ranks the highest
Is the one who works to win.

Andrews.

The young lady who "caught a cold"
has, we learn, decided to retain it for "home consumption."
AN OMNIBUS RIDE.

Jump in—only a shilling from North Beach to Rincon Point—the whole length of the city: twelve tickets for a dollar. Gentlemen, jump in—make way for the ladies—and, bless us! do crowd closer for the babies. One, two, three, four! actually seven of these dear little humanities. Here we go, right through Stockton Street. Four years ago this was one long line of mud in the rainy season—not such a luxury as an omnibus thought of—Trump went the pedestrian the length and breadth thereof; thankful for sidewalks. But now note the handsome private residences, the new flower gardens, the fruit stands, the elegant stores in Virginia Block, the display in the windows both sides the way—dry goods, toys, stationery, tin ware, &c., &c.

But let us get in at the starting point. Leaving the promenade which makes Muir's wharf so pleasant of a summer morning, we step into one of the coaches, which are ready every eight minutes, according to the advertisement; run along Powell street a few squares, catching glimpses here and there of the greatest variety of architecture in the residences, and remarking upon the neatness of those recently erected; thence down a square into Stockton street, where the attention is distracted between the outside prospect and the protection of one's own limbs from the fearful thumping into divers holes which the ponderous vehicle encounters every few minutes.

Steady now—we have passed the worst part, and there is the State Marine Hospital—quite a respectable amount of brick and mortar, patched at the rear with appurtenances of lumber, and which in its time has used up more "appropriations" than would comfortably have supported three times the number of sick within its walls. It is at present in the hands of the Sisters of Mercy.

There I make room for the lady in hoops! only a shilling for all that whalebone! so now—let out the thin spare man, he fears suffocation—and the nervous gentleman too wants to sit tight; that baby has whooping cough, and annoys him. Poor bachelor! he cannot begin to comprehend infantile grace, and he votes the whole race a bore; while glancing satirically at the lady, he observes to his friend, the spare man, "Poor little sufferer, how it hoops!"

Rows of pretty cottages on one side the street—handsome brick buildings on the other—and at the corner of Stockton and Washington, a private garden laid out with exquisite taste and neatness. A refreshing fountain sends its spray over the blossoms of the sweet roses and verbenas, while the graceful mulva trees stand sentinel at the gateway. Only a passing glance, however, for the turn is accomplished, and down to Washington Street to Montgomery is generally a pretty rapid descent.

That is a family market near the corner of Washington—quite convenient these—the nicest of vegetables, the best of meats, procurable at market prices. We up-towners could scarcely dispense with them. Past the Plaza—how well I remember that formerly as a receptacle for old clothes, cast off boots and shoes, cans, bottles, crockery ware, skeleton specimens of the feline race—dogs who had had their day—rats whose race was run, and various other abominations; but a treasure heap to who knew what it was not. But now the Plaza has been smoothed into shape, and if the green things within its borders are perfected by sun and rain, it may yet flourish into grace and beauty.

Montgomery street—look down the long avenue. Where can be found more substantial edifices? more elegant stores? a gayer promenade? Handsomely dressed ladies—gentlemen of business—gentlemen of leisure—mechanics—laborers—children—dropping the side-walks; glitter, and show, and wealth in the windows; equipages, omnibuses, horsemen, in the streets.

Hundreds of human beings passing, and in every nation made. The Frenchman greets you; by the Chinese, Grr rose, each in their ways. These many religions are compressed throughout one street.

Past the fine stores; past the jewelry; past of dry goods, establishments, and buildings, here are, turning by the little drive down at the observatory, and part of theDTO prospect than that business. At the corner, there are a few places. At the corner of this street in the sight, and the quiet 'bus is in the, and the thing was the rising Folsom, where the Mountain Clinic.

Adjoining him another street, another level, another flower garden. In any season of the year the site is Hawkins associations on, and the eye rests on the line of prettiest cafes.
Hundreds of human beings passing and repassing in an hour, and from almost every nation under heaven.

The Frenchman with his "bon soir" greets you; the Spaniard and Italian, the Chinese, German, Mexican. The rose, the thistle, and shamrock have each their representatives, and beside these many others born in remote regions are congregated in this great thoroughfare of cities.

Past the fincantly arranged drug stores; past the tempting exhibitions of jewelry; past the attractive displays of dry goods, book and stationary establishments, banking houses, express buildings, lawyers' offices, and here we are, turning into Second street. Whirling by the Metropolitan markets, we drive down as far as Folsom street, and observe that the neat cottages in this part of the city have a more rural aspect than those in locations nearer to business. A few are seen here and there, and vines clamber over the porches, and drop over the windows. At the corner of Second and Folsom a garden in luxurious bloom refreshes the sight, and the questioning stranger in the bus is informed that the house and grounds were formerly owned, and were the residence of the late Captain Folsom, whose remains now lie in Lone Mountain Cemetery.

Adjoining this, on Folsom street, is another stately private residence—another lovely garden, where luxuriant flower growths may be seen at almost any season of the year. Nearly opposite is Hawthorne street. All the associations of "Seven Gabled Houses" are connected with that name. But the eye rests upon none such—only a line of pretty cottages are peeped at ere we are driven past into Third street.

Another long avenue—grocery, dry goods, fruit, market—ever-recurring reminders that humanity has numberless wants, and that, for a golden boon, the supply is always equal to the demand. There are few handsome residences on Third, but many comfortable-looking ones.

South Park—a passenger stops.

There is a homely appearance in this soliitary row of uniform houses, charming to one who recalls images of long streets, whose "white marble steps" have no parallel in San Francisco. But beyond us is Rincon Point—and in view of the blue waters, the omnibus stops. Nurses and babies doubtless, and the inquiring pedestrian asks, "Where? Perhaps I may tell you in my next."
this gave me amongst them—they numbered some hundred and fifty—was almost incredible. I passed them serenely as we passed the keener vigilance and perceptive power of the toadies. Your after year brought complaints after complaints from the parents of the pupils, that their sons were always without a dime in their pockets, and were always crying money from their friends, to satisfy their extraordinary wants. The income of this college was so small and precarious that I believed I was something very considerable for a bad, and yet so wry was I, that no one suspected me of being even possibly rich. I passed as a 'careful, economical fellow, but nothing more; and my apparent generosity in forgiving a debt when I had no prospect of receiving further instalments from him, earned me the praise of being a liberal, good fellow. My father had known nothing of these proceedings, as I feared his stern anger, he being well aware that acts of usury, borrowing or lending were amongst the prohibitions of the institution. Three months did not elapse after I had left the college, before I was engaged in a partnership concern, for which I paid down the half sum of $80,000. I knew that it was a favorable change, and had enriched the two preceding parties in an extremely short space of time. I examined the books with a keen eye, and found, to my delight, that a sort and ample fortune in a few short years lay before me. But my father's advice—"Get it,"—prevented me from hastening the whole amount to my own care and expenditure, and cent per cent. was no way adequate to its demands. I breathed no other atmosphere than my counting-house, and took no other pleasure than poring over every cash-book. My partner, in time, seeing my close application to business, threw off all restrictions that the business imposed upon him, and became, in a short time, a confirmed voluptuary. It was then I saw my time was come to act alone; to cast him off, and engross the whole sphere of our enormous profits. Resuming over the future, one night, alone—it was dead midnight—the thought struck me that by one act I might get rid of him, and yet secure the amount of his share of the capital. I laid my plans accordingly, as I supposed, and in due time the newspapers had to record as foul and barbarous a murder and robbery as ever disgraced the annals of crime, extensive as it was of the pages of the lamentable catalogue may be. His aged mother, and only relative, received from my hands most thankfully an annuity of as many tents as his income had been tens of thousands, almost, and the world resounded with this deed of charity. So far well, thought I, and now my father's dying protest was to be realised: "If you would have honor and happiness in this world, get wealth." The honors came rushing in with full tide, but the happiness—alas! where was the smallest particle of it? Although I was too old a practitioner in deceit to be caught in any fit of abstraction of thought, yet, at night, when all the busy world around was in sweet repose, my thoughts gave me no peace; the hell within forbade my heart to cease aching, even while the demands of nature pressed heavily on my credulity. My dreams were constant of my father: at one time he would assume the appearance of "The shadow of a fallen angel;" another would cry, "Scream on him, Puries; take him to your torments;" when my father's horrible shadow would exclaim, "Not so; he is not rich enough, glare him. This would fill of riches, and then—" I would awake and comfort myself that if there were a hereafter, on him would be my curse. I had now become half a millionaire; the other half remained to be accomplished. As yet, no human being supplied me with money, and yet I was not the happiness—alas! where was the smallest particle of it? Although I was too old a practitioner in deceit to be caught in any fit of abstraction of thought, yet, at night, when all the busy world around was in sweet repose, my thoughts gave me no peace; the hell within forbade my heart to cease aching, even while the demands of nature pressed heavily on my credulity. My dreams were constant of my father: at one time he would assume the appearance of "The shadow of a fallen angel;" another would cry, "Scream on him, Puries; take him to your torments;" when my father's horrible shadow would exclaim, "Not so; he is not rich enough, glare him. This would fill of riches, and then—" I would awake and comfort myself that if there were a hereafter, on him would be my curse. 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I had now become half a millionaire; the other half remained to be accomplished. As yet, no human being supplied me with money, and yet I was not
The hour was come—the banquet over—and the only piece of real wine, filled with the truth

crout wine. This was no other than the most

coarse Moscato, from the cellar of Messrs.

s**s** of **s**, to which I, in common

with many other wine judges and tasters,

as a great compliment had free access. I

had noticed months before a particular

cask bearing a high price and had selected it

for some such occasion. I was a whole

year or more watching an opportunity, and

at last succeeded, when no human eye was

upon it, of pouring in a subtle poison that

requires only a little time to swallow itself

with the wine, and to produce its certain
deadly effect.

I repeated, the flagon filled with this wine,

was presented to me as the loving cup to

drink of, and to invite these presents to join

in the health. Without the smallest repudiation of votes

or hand, or eye, I took the cup, made an

eloquent speech and raised it to my lips; and

after keeping it there awhile opening and

shutting my jaws, but with my lips pressed
tight to the brim so that not a drop could

pass into my mouth; (I had well practised

this feat beforehand.) I pledged them thus

and soon six of the greatest

would cry, “Sieze him, take him to your torturers;

your worst horrible shadow would

not so; he is not rich enough.

This world full of riches, and

—would awake and comfort

if there were a heretic, on

still be my curse.

now become half a millionaire; I

had need to be accompanied

by human beings suspected in

and if I remained but true to

my ambition it would be grand.

As so on, I comforted myself with

theason that great heroes could be

with the murder of thousands,

was only the hero of one; and this

on one of the greatest events

accomplishing life—that of descending

into every friend that I had.

Police Life Insurance Company,

had established, soon been to the

most enterprising. My best

friends, when they saw the capital I

agreed to it with my own hand,

some few of them also, in all directions;

disapprobation of a popular

and soon six of the greatest, not

lived, and soon six of the greatest

New York joined many more.

On such easy terms did the

state the institution became

became an immense, and my management

was obvious that the rich and the

had suddenly begun to rush in

to give me a banquet. Colleagues

occasion succeeded in no less
delighted to make the event

of New York, as to the

happened, and I held their purses

for amounts varying from $1000 to $6000.

Afflicting the greatest alarm and surprise,

which, by sober habits I knew so well how

naturally, I faced up the authorities and

the whole of it was sold New York,

was in consternation. The news spread like

a prairie fire; every one at the grand

hotel the day before had been pointed out

one excepted; and while expressing my

surprise of the circumstances before a magis-

tate, he announced the illness had

detained, I thought it judicious suddenly to

lose my senses, and fell down in a swoon,

and was taken home to my house in a litter,

and as every body thought, dead. I thought

proper to recover after three days, and by

so doing, paved the way for a fortune to a

young, inexperienced homoeopathic doctor;

and after the several examinations consequent

upon a host of coroner’s inquests, cleared,

by this matterly strokes, sufficient

to convince even that full

which is said never to sleep,

even granted me a truce.

It was on the anniversary of my father’s

death that I was sitting alone in the library

of my splendid mansion, which had been

just finished, about eight o’clock in the

evening, as near as I can guess; the wind

howled so long and loud that I could just

distinguish a knock at the front door; of

such a sound as compelled me—why I do

not know—to open it myself. I never can

forget the sight of the picture the doorway

presented. A man, half savage half
demon, put into my hands a letter containing

dead words:

“Mr. Hurdwell is formed that the riter

is in session of a circumstance that will

place a rope round your neck, but he will

cease of a few thousand dollars as he has

paid without delay. The bearer is to be

trusted with the first payment of one hun-
dred dollars, and will give the dress of the

present to me, filled with the treach.

With a smile—'Contrary to my first inten,

I will see the writer, and here are the

hundred dollars he demands.” The fellow

took up the money, let himself out of the

front door, and departed without a word.

I took up a dirty piece of paper which

he had placed beside his dirty alitared white hat

when he first entered, and read, “6 o’clock

at Hauger’s house Tuesday inquire for

Long Bob.” Surely I knew I was not

handwriting. It was really familiar with

the day preceding this appointment, which

I was resolved to keep, I was in a

of perplexity and perturbation.

When the time came I set out, well

ambed. I had hastened to the appointed

place ten minutes before the time, and

something prompted me to enter a chapel

just by. It was years since I entered any

place of worships—with in fact, I was late

at school. The minister was just giving

out his text, which was from—"Be

3
sure your sins will find you out." I was so
engraved in the impression of eloquence of
the divine that I could not, despite the
impending evil of neglecting my engage-
ment, tear myself from him. In glowing
colors he described the triumph of the once
holy David, the man who is his own God
was pleased to choose as one after his own
heart, but now a murderer before Zadok.
Yet, said the blessed man, God forgave
him all. O, what consolation was that!
This shot through my heart with such force
as to lead me, bound hand and foot, to the
purpose of disclosing, regardless of conse-
quences, my whole guilt to him. I intro-
duced myself to him in the vestry, very
briefly told him how his words had found
their way to one to my heart, and how
my crimes stood out for God's vengeance.
I bowed my knees, 'his prayers, his pardon, his for-give-
ning us his hands in anguish, "I can only
pray for your soul's life; your body belongs
to the outraged laws of your country."
It was in vain that I solicited, on my
knees, his prayers, his pardon, his forgiven-
ness. "Not till you have delivered your-
self into the hands of justice, as a mur-der-
er," continued he, earnestly. "Then, and
only then, your poor boy, can your poor
prayers avail.
There was no hope for it—my conscience
was awakened, and I thought, as there was
no more peace for me in this world, I were
to commit suicide. Then did I resign to him all—and
then, only then, did I receive any re-
lief from the stabbings of a guilty con-
science.
The important hour arrived—with a
calm, firm step, resigned to my fate, did I
walk behind the old man, repeating, in a
solitary tone, the impressive service of the
burial of the dead—"I AM THE RESURREC-
TION and the life." He gave me his last bless-
ing, assured me of his free unconditional
forgiveness of my Maker, as I had made
all the reparation in my power, agreeable
to his wishes. The rope was adjusted, the
ugly white cap enclosed my devoted head,
and the last signal was given, to withdraw
the fatal bolt, that was to separate this life
from eternity. I gave a convulsive start,
and I was—dead!—asleep!—but broad
awake—standing, bolt upright, in my bed,
around by the thunderings of my house-
keeper at my door, who had awakened me
at this juncture.
"Mr. Goldspin, here is old Mr. Olden at
the door, and I was—his room—sleeping, but broad
awake—standing, bolt upright, in my bed,
around by the thunderings of my house-
keeper at my door, who had awakened me
at this juncture.
"Mr. Goldspin, here is old Mr. Olden at
the door, and I was—his room—sleeping, but broad
awake—standing, bolt upright, in my bed,
around by the thunderings of my house-
keeper at my door, who had awakened me
at this juncture.
"Tell him directly," said I—"he shall
have a year longer—I will come down to
him and tell him—no—yes—tell him I
have heard something that has induced me
to give him as much time as he pleased."
This was my first blessed reform, and to
show my gratitude to Almighty God for
that timely arousing me from the destruc-
tion of my soul, into which I was rapidly
falling, that as my past endeavors have been spent in follo-
wing the advice of my worldly father respecting this world's
wealth—get it, honestly if you can; but
get it—so shall it be my future endeavor
to adopt that of my spiritual father, kindly
visiting me in my dream—honestly always
to get it for my own sake, and, for the sake
of my poor fellow man, I will spend this
world, gratefully and irreproachably al-
to SPEND IT.

MY MOTHER.

What name in the whole vocabulary of
words can bring back the scenes of one's
happy, joyous childhood, like the mention
of that magic word—mother! How hard
and callous has that heart become, when
that musical sounding word will not
awaken the holiest sentiment of one's na-
ture. Lingering around the bosom of
love, the very thought makes the heart
butter with delight, and my whole being
thrills with feelings of ecstasy, veneration,
love, and kindness.
Oh! my mother! what a debt of grati-
tude and boundless love I owe thee, under
how many deep and lasting obligations hast
thou placed thy wayward child? And who
like thee, in all these hollow-hearted
years, hast joyed in my pleasure and sorrowed in
my woe? No tender, counselling, admon-
ishing voice has ever fallen upon my ready
ear with such a sweet melody and so rich

a cadence as
get how vo
has pillows
there are
fledgeling,
pointments
fruitful
gusts
though not
the distance
visible—she
and ill's of

Years, ye
since I last
written
through the
gently child
still in the
burns as if
when—I as-
tilicated the
mother.
A distant shore
of the
mourners
and out
the hand
of the
member
"when sleep
is so
at the
eyes, golden
riped you
so
numbered
that were,
comes float
words, as
beside me,
that "Our
would
hand the to
child? he
some
of experience
in youth's
with his
through the
sting of
godness,
by his
ears. All
of earing,
sheds a
me, falling
my triumph
the fresh-grown
Old Sol of
the heart.
How et
have I this
neglect, a
The rope was adjusted, the signal was given, and we stirred from the couch. As we lowered the bed, the companionship of the shipmates around the ward was the last to go. The nurse, with her gentle touch, helped to soothe the patients, who lay quietly, waiting for their turn to be relieved.

I gave a careful inspection to the new surroundings. The bed was placed in the center of the ward, with the windows on either side. The curtains were drawn back, revealing a view of the sea outside. The air was fresh and cool, and the sound of the waves was comforting.

As we settled ourselves, I noticed the gentle smile on the faces of the patients, who lay quietly, content with the care they were receiving. The nurses went about their work with skill and precision, tending to each patient's needs.

The ward was quiet, with only the sound of the waves breaking against the shore. It was a peaceful and serene setting, a place of healing and recovery.

As we sat there, I couldn't help but think of my own life, and the journey that lay ahead. I had been brought up in a strict upbringing, and had always been taught to follow the rules and obey the authorities. But as I looked around me, I realized that there was a world outside, a world of freedom and possibility.

I knew that I had to make a choice, to either stay on this path and follow the expectations set for me, or to take a chance and follow my own path. It was a difficult decision, but I knew that I had to make it for my own sake.

The sun began to rise, casting a warm glow across the ward. The patients stirred, and the nurses went about their work, ready to begin another day of care and dedication. As we sat there, I knew that I had made the right decision, and that I was ready to face whatever challenges lay ahead.
MR. CHARLES DICKENS,*

BY R 조그.

Nineteen years ago a very respectable authority stated that Mr. Charles Dickens was "the most popular writer of his day." His popularity was then based upon the success of "Sketches by Boz," the "Pickwick Papers," "Nicholas Nickleby," and "Oliver Twist"—the two last novels of that time in course of publication in monthly numbers. Nineteen years—and during which Mr. Dickens has held continuous intercourse with the public of Europe and America,—has but added to the truthfulness of the Reviewer's opinion, and in the preface to "Little Dorrit" he informs us, as on previous occasions, that he "never had so many readers." In the United States—notwithstanding a temporary prejudice, caused by some sharp hits in the "Notes on America," which for the moment wounded our national vanity—Mr. Dickens has won upon the affection of the people more than any other author and, owing to the numerous and cheap reprints of his works, has, probably, five times as many readers as in Great Britain. In Germany, France, and other parts of continental Europe, translations of "Martin Chuzzlewit," "Bleak House," etc., are almost as common as the originals and, with their author, are thoroughly appreciated; in fact "Boz" has attained a celebrity more universal than even that of Sir Walter Scott.

Mr. Dickens is remarkable for keen perception of character, and strong and forcible style—joined to descriptive faculty unequalled since the days of Smollett and Fielding. He is also a humanitarian in the strictest sense of the word, and has ever before him the object of reforming existing abuses. Like Thackeray or Jerrold, he possesses great sarcastic power, but his sarcasm is never used merely for display or as a vent for bitterness of spirit; his attacks are invariably directed against foolish or dangerous social or individual habits, or grievous wrongs which are the result of bad legislation or an illegitimate Public Opinion. Mr. Dickens always respects the poor and oppressed—his skill and facility for them he has gentle words and bright hopes; he touches their hearts with the overflowing sympathy of his own.

* Little Dorrit, by Joss.

We regret to say that Douglas Jerrold has lately paid the great debt of nature in the latter country.
I~, Mvses it; he paints a rough,
cess, but neat and

he adopts with ease: the "moth.

always good--always be-

escapes him; his melodies all

Sounds and seems of the glee

gates in the city more nat-

He never, maudishly sen-

at his rascality: his aim is al-

He has been an acute observer

in the most striking contrast with good, and

and governments for incompetence or neg-

in the most striking contrast with good, and

the public. No, in 1835 a distinguished

by himself and

 الآخر, addresses the great heart of hu.

then, that softens and refines his whole

powers, the garment of con-

man of the road," or a "shrewd specula-

Stout, melancholy and ai-

as hatred of evil, love of the humorous, and

and governments for incompetence or neg-

for the benefit of the family of the late Douglas

in the same perfect sympathy between

and spectators, but for the "public;" he

he is without conceit: in proof of this we

while fond of rational approbation, he is with-

proves his sincerity: in proof of this we

and his admirers by millions.

that he has successfully inaugurated an original style of

Ike for the wrong to universal ben-

his gratification was as innocent and un-

feels for the wrong to universal ke,

Darker, madder and blin-

the individual in all classes is the slightest peculiar-

of composition. He holds colloquiul In-

Tastes, they are, like their author, immor-

One of the highest claims of Mr. Dick-

to a shrewd but opti-

breeds...

Daffy' exposed

genuine democrat; his stories are

the work

the scent of the flowers, and lets in the

and his readers

restained as a child's—entirely without

It is this earnest simplicity, joined to a

of Charles Dickens' high reputation.

His spirited delineations of English char-

especially in low life—more perfect

is perfectly familiar, yet his familiarity

He is a genuine democrat; his stories are

but for the

"he

"feels for the wrong to universal ben

daily exposed, were thus unembroidered lies;

And seeks the sufferer in his darkest den.

He is a genuine democrat; his stories are

in which he wrote "all men are born free and equal."

He is no Radical; has no theoretical no-

in the most striking contrast with good, and

and thus producing the greatest abhorrence of the

and the strongest desire to root it out. He

is never ungrateful task to express any opin.

of composition. He holds colloquial In-

though his sound sense has ever saved him from

and displays some trait of instinctive del-

ity that softens and refines his whole

was the pleased expression of a

He chooses his subjects that had long ex-

between "Bos" and his readers—

his gratification was as innocent and un-

of composition. He holds colloquial In-

He is suggestive without the

He is suggestive without the

with his writings and his history, for his

in which he wrote "all men are born free and equal."

of it; but in our times, and especially in

He has been an acute observer

et in himself and

tions of general equalization; does not

The popularity of Mr. Dickens is not

he is the man who, above all others, addresses the great heart of hu-

style; a short, he is the man who

and his readers

displayed some trait of instinctive del-

that softens and refines his whole

and displays some trait of instinctive del-

It is this earnest simplicity, joined to a

and displays some trait of instinctive del-

great popularity is

But for the

"the slum," the "sacari-

more of people—vividly

his personalities of character—form

and his readers

and his readers

his sound sense has ever saved him from

as hatred of evil, love of the humorous, and

and Little Dorrit ever perish so long

Scrooge and Fagin, Sam Weller and Mark Tapley, Little Nell

the most

of all others, addresses the great heart of hu.

of composition. He holds colloquial In-

at his rascality: his aim is always

as hatred of evil, love of the humorous, and

his admirers by millions.

lish—"Charley and the Gang," "Mr. Pickwick's Adven-

though his sound sense has ever saved him from

timents—such as the

key,—are

"traces" of all; not a word, nay, no ex-

his own effect of

though the light

others ashes in open flames."

but for the

and displays some trait of instinctive del-

at his rascality: his aim is always

and his admirers by millions.

of composition. He holds colloquial In-

has always retained his mod-

the whirl of popular applause, and, though fond of rational approbation,

in which he wrote "all men are born free and equal."

his graduated crescendi, especially in the rougher

his own effect of

though the light

to express any opinion

though "preemptive evidence"

of it; but in our times, and especially in

and displays some trait of instinctive del-

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as hatred of evil, love of the humorous, and

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He is suggestive without the

He is suggestive without the

with his writings and his history, for his
shaken, where he had formerly been a visiting angel to her old father;—how she saw the world and its gossips, and flew like a Nightingale to his side,—how at last the clouds cleared away and the sun shone bright and warm again, and how the "little woman" and Arthur were married "with the sun shining on them through the painted figure of our Saviour on the window," and how her feet were set into a modest life of usefulness and happiness;—she is described in the author's happiest style. Such heroines, born in such prisons, and educated amidst such associations as "Little Dorrit," are never found in real life, and the tendency of indulging the imagination by elevating a woman into a sort of angel in low life, however beautiful and free from the idea of "angels with wings" which an extensive class of modern literature is infested with, the picture may be, is to create a false estimate of the purity of human nature. "Little Dorrit," also in some respects a reproduction of Little Nell, Arthur Clennam, though not so attractive, is a far more reasonable character. His generosity, his strong sense of principle, his benevolence of heart, and his amiable weakness, we see sometimes illustrated in more experience; but we must protest against the conception of Mr. Cheapside, Artillery, and Mrs. Clennam—their eccentric, unaccountable behavior; the "mysterious notion in the old, the agitation, the suspicion of the narrative by their curiosity. An old woman, sitting bolt upright in a chair for fifteen years, professing a hard and gloomy Christianity, and keeping within her breast the secret of a crime, which she justifies to the last upon the score that she is a dealer-out of God's vengeance upon earth—these are caricatures, even upon the most stolid and rigid of religious fanaticism. Besides, the character is a mere skeleton, surrounded with a repelling atmosphere of blackness; and that of Mr. Dick is still more misanthropy, while Artillery is incomprehensible. The two closing ones" by no means add to Mr. Dick's or Artillery's cleverness. The "Circumlocution Office" and the "Barnacles" family are admirable entities; the present social avarice of certain branches of the British Government and the monopoly of numerous offices by influential aristocratic families. "Whatever was required to be done, the Circumlocution Office was beforehand with all the public departments in the art of perceiving—HOW NOT TO DO IT."
Mechanics, natural philosophers, soldiers, sailors, petitioners, memorialists—people with grievances, people who wanted to redress grievances, jobbing people, jobbed people, people who couldn't get rewar ded for merit, and people who couldn't get punished for demerit—were all indiscriminately turned up under the fishhook paper of the Circumlocution Office, and "numbers of people were lost in the Circumlocution Office." "The Barracoe family had for some time helped to administer the Circumlocution Office."

The Zito Barracoe Branch, indeed, considered themselves in a general way as having vested rights in that direction, and directed that ill if any other family had much to say about it. Daniel Doyce, an excellent specimen of the intelligent, patient, and practical mechanic, was foolish enough to "perfect an invention (invoking a very curious secret process) of great importance to his country and his fellow-creatures." Instead of coming to the United States, or some other country where there is no Circumlocution Office, he added to his folly by attempting to secure a patent in his own country. Consequently he got into the Circumlocution Office, and thereupon he was referred by that Mr. Barracoe to his Committee to that Committee—subjected to rigid examinations before powdered Barracoes and St职能lings, who glanced at the business, added the business, tossed the business in a wet blanket," and finally left the business practically where they had found it. It was only after years of perseverance, and then more through good luck than any thing else, that poor Doyce—who had grown weary and worn, though he was always cheerful—realized the benefit of his genius. The whole conception is admirable, and, we observe, has considerably ruffled the feathers of the Barracoes and St职能lings of Great Britain.

Old Mr. Dorr is an exaggerated delineation, but, on the whole, a good one. His desire to keep up his family dignity, while in the Marshalsea for so many years—his pompous, though childish pride when he became wealthy; his constant fear of the past; his return in his delirium, just before death, to the scene of his long imprisonment; to his old clinging to Little Dorrit, and the close of his life and that of his brother

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* See a late number of the Edinburgh Review.
MOUNTAIN MEDITATIONS.

How charming 'tis in pensive mood,
To ramble o'er mountains wild and high,
Whose lofty peaks, sublime though rude,
Seem intercalated with cloud and sky—
To learn the philosophic lore
They teach—to go on and admire
Splendors which wake now, as of yore,
Truly sublime, the poet's lyre.

How cheering 'tis, this mountain land
Is vastly rich in virgin gold,
And we enameled, among the sand
May find and gather wealth or compassion.
May henceforth reckon "troops of friends,"
To be ready at our call,
For past neglect to make amends—
Our pleasures to enhance within.

How sweet, how backward trace
The course we've trod in days gone by,
And seen in thought, each fair young face
Once reposed to look upon!

To think how full of hope and joy
Our hearts were in our youthfel years,
Ere bliss accorded mild with care's alloy,
Or smiles had given place to tocsin,

And how it is, alas! to know,
That she—my true love—beaus, on whom
My first young love I did bestow,
For so is mourning in the tomb!
The bright blue eye, the shining brow,
Were my delight—but now 'tis o'er;
My heart, o'erjoyed at her presence,
Gave smile so more—ah! savoymore!

Oh, van't no more the worth of gold,
Nor of the landscape's beauty kings,
Though there be sources, as we're told,
Whence many valued blessings spring.
No blessing, horseor divine,
And seemed to come from realms above,
Is treasured in this heart of mine,
Like virtuous woman's tender love.

PIONEER'S THANKSGIVING.

BY DOING.

Here we are again, my pen and me—
But I am wrong, so far as the pen is concerned, in saying again, for it is the first appearance of this pen, which will introduce itself to you through this communication, and I trust will prove an agreeable and pleasant acquaintance. My old pen, the one that has stood by me so long, and has so often spoken to you, my unknown friends, in all its words, performed its last duty yesterday. Although disabled and maimed, in consequence of a fall which it received some time since, it would not give up; and, in fact, from an attachment which I always entertain for an old friend, I did not wish it, and so we worked away together until yesterday, when it became subject to spasmodic fits, and I then knew that we soon must part. I disliked even then to give it up, but as I looked upon its almost helpless condition, my compassion overcame the attachment, and I have laid it away where it shall rest in quiet undisturbed. And now, with my new pen, I propose to write Thanksgiving, and, what has a few words of the Magazine, for there another number of the Magazine is issued this year's Thanksgiving day will have passed.

Sitting here I chanced to think that Thanksgiving day would soon come, and in my mind I was led to draw a comparison between Thanksgiving day at home and in California; and as I sat and thought, I remembered how, during the past nine years, as our annual Thanksgiving day came 'round, I had often done the same thing, and hope that last year I said to myself, "Doing, we'll hav'n Thanksgiving dinner any how!" and how I went without lunch in order to get up a big appetite; and, about five, P.M., feeling sufficiently shankish, I entered a restaurant, and, ever so much of overcoat, hat and cane, dropped into a chair beside a little table, and, spreading out as large as possible, rapped for a waiter; a young man with a dirty napkin in one hand, and several delicate dishes in the other, answered the call, and stood beside me. "Turkey," said I, and the young man soon returned and covered my little table with dishes, one of which contained quite a quantity of

The man who "footed his bill," is said to be a businessman.
THE PIONEER'S THANKSGIVING.

BY DOVES.

Here we are again, my pen and me—but I am wrong, as far as the points concerned, in saying ago-s, for it is the first appearance of this pen which will intro-
duce itself to you through this com-}munication, and I trust will prove an agreeable and pleasant acquaintance. My old pen, to one that has stood by me so long, and seen so often transferred, my home to-
her, and been the acting medium be-
 tween myself and others, and which has so often spoken to you, my unknown friend, in silent words, performed its last act yesterday. Although disabled and retired, a consequence of a fall which it received once since, it would not give up; and, in fact, from the attachment which I always entertain for an old friend I did, at least, wish it, and so we made way for another to fill its place. The old pen gave it to give us, but as I looked upon its cost helpless condition, my composition became the opposite, and I have said away where it shall rest in quiet, indiffer-
t. And now, with my new pen, I intend to write of Thanksgiving days, and, as the old pen said, a few words of home. My other pen, a.cs a matter of news, in this Magazine, is published every year, and its Thanksgiving day will have used.

Sitting here I glanced to think that Thanksgiving day, so soon com-
ning, and my mind I was led to draw a comparison between Thanksgiving day at home and in the city. I was not thoughtfully re-

tablished in the past nine years, our annual Thanksgiving day, took the same sort of place in my mind as the last year I said it had. However, during the waiting, according to the usual habit, we will have a Thanksgiving dinner, and how and when I went without instal-

t to eat a big apple, and at five, P. M., feeling sufficiently ab-

t to enter a restaurant, and, dining off of overcoat, hat and cuss, dropped a chair beside a little table, and taking on as large as possible, rapped on the waiter a young man with a dirty face in one hand, and some cuss in the other, answered the call, and beside me. "Turkey," and I, and there's plenty of it.

The young man soon returned with my little table with dishes, of which contained quite a quantity of bone and a very little of—it might have been turkey—perhaps it was, but I couldn't eat, my appetite had vanished, for as I surveyed the dish before us I could think of famine, and of the sufferings of that poor turkey when alive, of how fi-
tigue he must have often been when taking his daily rounds about the barn-
yard, and what an immense exertion it must have required for that small amount of flesh to have propelled such a proportion of bones. I felt really sorry for that turkey, and had he died a natural death, I would have liked to have written his epitaph, something like the following:

I died, and here I lie—yet try, do not lie—
Observation warns me only—lie; I really was not fit to save my life by dying.

But the best and finest turkeys in the world—and I am sure California can boast of them—do not make Thanksgiving. To eat a piece of turkey and call it Thanksgiving is a jest—a force—a mockery—a slander upon that glorious institution Thanksgiving! what is it? Why it is the re-union of friends, the annual gathering of families, the meeting of parents and children, of our best, our dearest friends—the old and young—generations are gathered together, and, throwing aside all cares, meet with smiles, and light and happy hearts—such is Thanksgiving! Good old New England—and what more beautiful than a whole generation gathered about the festive board, from the aged grand-dame to the lisp ing lads—extreme to meet-
ing—every eye beaming with a joyful lustre, and every heart beating with a happy thrill of pleasure—every home—every heart, and every eye beaming with a joyful lustre, and every heart beating with a happy thrill of pleasure—every home—every heart, and every eye beaming with a joyful lustre, and every heart beating with a happy thrill of pleasure. And there is Thanksgiving—no for the best, no for the worst.

But the feeling is only smothered—no, change)...
many of the feelings, and cheat ourselves into the be-

f y of restlessness, that uneasy spirit, that cloud occasioned by the loss of home; but we pioneers on a land where nature has showered her richest blessings, and where we but pursue the same course that we would of home if we were to the pasture we instilled into our youthful minds, if we follow in the same paths we trod in early days of home, if we are endowed with the same spirit as we were our homes, but a good moral tone to society, and to rectify the evils already done, shall prosper and live happy.

And may we live that such shall be our end—live as our children grow up to honor, love and bless us; and if we cannot feel that this is our home, it is theirs, and in them we live again, and with them we can help to form the circle around the festive board Thanksgiving days.

What is bigger than a whale? Why, a whale, to be sure!
The Lord's Prayer, in Several Languages.

The following versions of the Lord's Prayer, we doubt not, will afford considerable interest to our studious readers; and the long winter evenings are coming fast, will be a source of considerable gratification to our young friends, to examine the construction of different languages, and perhaps not only tempt them to commit each of the following to memory, but induce them to usefully employ their leisure by studying one or more of the ancient or modern languages. In this age of money-hunting, the accomplishments of a progressive age, like the present, are apt to be overlooked by the young, — a mistake not easily corrected in after years.

ENGLISH.

A. D. 1138. — Father, or in heaven, hallowed by thine name, etc. Amen.

A. D. 1300. — Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name, etc. Amen.

A. D. 1370. — Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name, etc. Amen.

A. D. 1524. — Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name, etc. Amen.

A. D. 1611. — Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name, etc. Amen.

GRECI.

Патер лемпи η ευ ους ου και νεανια εσται ειναι η ημερα πολλα η ματαιωσεις ευς εις και νοημα του τον ανθρωπον αυτου λογισωσειν ευς εις και νοημα του τον θεον 

LAZAR.

Патер ностр, ки в сак и хор, иногахис номен това. Славослови грешницем вир. 

ITALIAN.

Padre nostro, che sei nel cielo, santificati il tuo nome. 

SPANISH.

 Padre nuestro que estás en los cielos, santificado tu nombre. 

FRENCH.

Notre Père qui es aux cieux, te nom saint.
Our Social Chair.

FELIXANDER DOINS REPLIES TO EUGENIA.

GEVENTE EUGENIA: I have not the smallest fragrant of a doubt but "you wish you'd have been there," and I can readily imagine how you felt when perusing that "sympathy seeking" detail of my adventure. Memory doubtless wafted you back to those blissful days, long ago, when I was a young and attended parties; and I am confident that those "cherry lips" (what strange fancies some people have) of yours, troubled with envy toward those young ladies who so dizzily regarded themselves at my expense. I certainly did not expect that any one could be so heartless as to reject over my sufferings upon that occasion, and I firmly trust that you are not so serious. But since you have thought proper to become indignant, and cast reflections upon the bachelor fraternity, allow me to speak for one—and, Eugenia, pray be calm while I pour into your attentive ear a portion of my reasons for believing that marriage does not begot happiness.

It is possible that even I might, at this time, have been an affectionate and dutiful husband—perhaps a parent—but for the unfortunate example continually before me. My dearest and best friends have been sacrificed, and it would be more than I can bear, with the benefits of their experience, and with their melancholy and heart-rending fate ever in view, to enter into your sentiments upon this subject. In short, you are right, I am not happy. I could not have been otherwise.

Our Social Chair.

1211. Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen. 1217. Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.
HUTCHING'S CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

"Owing himself he spoke with a voice more than earthly, 'twas inspiration!" — As you see, happiness before of females.

Tom Brook — one of the liveliest and best humanized fellows that ever lived, he was married about a year since, and yesterday I saw Mrs. Brook, sitting majestically alone, and poor Tom followed dragging a Upon that carriage. He looked like a man going to his own funeral. I nodded to him, and he returned it with a sad smile — poor fellow.

John Roberts, another of our fellows, was married three years ago, and has now two children, who, together with wife, are, and always have been, sick. Since his marriage I have rarely seen him on the street; but he was either going to the apothecary shop or for the doctor — he seems (?) the comforts of a home — a sick wife and squalling babies.

Charles Hartwell is near my "fellow;" he lost his wife some six months since, and for the space of two weeks was inconsolable; he repeated to me, until I felt like kicking him, her many rare virtues, and the very many excellent points in her character which he said he had discovered. A month ago he told me that he was happier than he had ever been in his life; and last week, when I joked about Mary Ann, (over the way), he placed his right hand upon my shoulder, and looking the street in the eye, said, with voice and manner so impressive that I shall never forget it; "This, near again, joke with me about subject of marriage. I have been there. I have no joke!" Said Coffin, too, last his wife. She ran away with her partner, and left Sam with a little girl of five years, and an infant aged six months. Who would not be a bachelor? Soo, careless, and happy! I would not say there are no happy marriages, but, on the contrary, with some, married life is a pleasant day — perpetual sunshine. The occasional clouds which drift across the path are but the coloring to the picture. But with the majority — eye, sits out of every ten I but end a miserable existence, with them, life is ever clouded, dirty, and dreary; and if perchance a playful sunbeam pierces the gloom, it flickers for a moment, then dies out, and the darkness seems darker yet.

I consider that I have been particularly fortunate, and that, by a special dispensation of providence, I have been permitted to avoid the many sorrows which have been laid to repent me. I do not object to being called a Benefactor, but I do object to being called old. I trust that I am too much of a gentleman to retaliate, and for the kind(?) wishes you so profusely shower upon me in the closing of your epistle, I forgive and pity you. You have probably always lived on the side of the shadow of maidenhood, that your present disposition has become acrid, and your nervous system excited. Go into the country, Eugenia; breathe for a while pure air; commune with nature; drink milk, and read a few chapters of the New Testament every day. I'll keep your mind; and a mind at rest will produce a better composition than all the cosmetics ever made. Plain features may become animated, and even interesting; and when you succeed in altering some young man into the harbor of matrimony, use him kindly, and prove, by constant practice, that there are charms about the bedside, and that a sick bed may be even pleasant; that arm-chairs, slippers, and clean linen with the buttons, oh, are not altogether imaginary. As for myself, I am content and happy as a bachelor; subduing myself...

ALEXANDER DOUGLAS.

Doingsville, Sept. 5, 1897.

NOVEL LULLABY FOR SICKS. — A friend of ours has been an invalid for several months, and has been accustomed to the haunts of the city for a short distance in the country where everything around is remarkably quiet — too quiet, she affirms, to allow her to fall asleep o’ nights. Recently, however, she has hit upon a plan, somewhat novel, we admit, as a remedy; namely, the watchful hours belonging to our own personal partialities.

"Let her thoughts fill up with flowers in the twilight of the night, and musings and contemplations that are healthful and beneficent, and that which is the most important, no unholy thoughts, no scowling spirits, or evil imaginings.

"To my mind, her plan is admirable; and if you have ever been in the midst of a thoughtless and careless life, you will find that her plan is one that you will not easy resist.

"I believe that this plan is one of the best that can be adopted, and that it will be found to be the most efficacious, and that it will do her better than any other plan that she has ever attempted.

Worth Hay Jr. — John K. Lovejoy was the very model of an independent editor, says the present editor and excellent friend of the Star and Union, whose praises over the Old Mountain, from which he has recently retired. His name having been announced.
In that same paper, a short time ago, as an independent candidate for the Legislature, he meets the announcement of the gratuitous nomination in one of the most comic articles (published as such) that is, however, read with the whole-some smack of truth which is always to be relished. We give the following extract as a specimen:

"San! San! why persecutest thou me!" What dirty tricks have we been guilty of, that our old friends should wish us to sacrifice our clear consciences of mind, and what repugnance have we, by going to a California Legislature, more than we know! Shiten of Clay and Whitter forgive them! We feel, however, grateful for their supposed kind intentions, and their confidence in us, but log leave to decline the most distinguished honor they so kindly would bestow upon us; and at the same time, in justice to ourselves and them, give a few reasons, and pray they may prove satisfactory; should they not, we are sorry.

Were we thoroughly qualified, the people of our county are so completely joined to their leaders, in the shape of party drift, that their votes are the veriest ass in the world to receive a nomination at the hands of a "stocked" convention, he would be elected over us, and that would wound our pride.

We have told too many truths, during our editorial career, to be popular among party leaders of any party whatever, and the more severe they are, the better, in the shape of party drift, that their votes are the veriest ass in the world to receive a nomination at the hands of a "stocked" convention, he would be elected over us, and that would wound our pride. We have told too many truths, during our editorial career, to be popular among party leaders of any party whatever, and the more severe they are, the better.

Let her thoughts fold up like flowers In the depths of the mind," proceeds upon her other half to compose the unspeculated butt (to her amiable payment of printing coffee) until the subs. As this invention might be supposed to have some value, we admit, who is busy; as, when the valuable housewife.

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Every body knows that Leigh Hunt wrote many very sweet and very pretty pieces, and but few more delicious than the following:

Jenny kissed me when we met,
Leaping from the chair she sat in;
"Time, you thief, you love to get
Honesty in your list—put that in!
Say I'm worthy, say I'm sad,
Say health and wealth have missed me,
Say I'm growing old, but add—
Jenny kissed me!"

While upon the subject of kissing, we give from our friend Folians And Dobins—

The First Kiss.
One hand stole gently round her waist,
The other held her own;
My lips were yearning for a taste
Of nectar from the throne.
I drew her closer, closer still,
I held her to my breast;
Her eyes met mine—ye gods! the thrill
I had her to my breast;
Of nectar flew the throne—
Ny lips were parting for a taste—
The other held her own—
To hang upon those lips forever,
And free from every care?
Gould I but pillow there,
What cared I then for death or life,
Inspiring every vein
Its liquid fire from heart to heart,
Throngs through every pore, and run
Poured raptures, such as angels sip,
And melting into one,
Now soul met soul upon the lip,
Oar lips together drew—:
We like occasionally to
Great the civilized world, because we are never

In the following, that we know our readers will admire it, although it is

An Old Song.
I once had money, and a friend
By whom I set great store;
I lost my money to my friend
And took his word therefor:
I asked my money of my friend,
But snatches but words I got,
I got no money from my friend,
For see him I would not;
Last came both money and my friend,
Which pleased me wonderless well;
I got my money, but my friend
Away quite from me fell.
If I had money and a friend
As I had once before,
I'd keep my money and my friend
And play the fool no more.

It will no doubt amuse some of our eastern friends to know the way some ladies decide matters in our mining town. A correspondent from Campville finds us with an account of a "good man." A few days ago a little fighting spree (as the boys call it) "came off" in Pike City, under the following circumstances: Mr. A. hired Mr. B. to work for him, and after six or eight months' labor Mr. B. thought that he should like to obtain his money therefor. This, however, Mr. A. refused to pay, and continued to refuse, until Mr. B. was tempted to pounce upon A. and give him a good drubbing. This led A. to seek redress from the Justice of the Peace; and, after a "full and impartial trial, before a jury of his countrymen," the following verdict was given: "Mr. B. is cleared from the charge against him by Mr. A.; and, moreover, the privilege is granted Mr. B. of whipping Mr. A. again! providing he does it a little better the next time." 

Editor's Table.

Home and Land. We like occasionally to turn a thought to the present, and probable future, of our Pacific home-land. We like to compare the progress of California in her various phases, with other portions of the civilized world, because we are never anomalous by the result of such comparisons. Isolated as is California from the great body of the Union, it is not surprising that in addition to the great interests she possesses as a part of the Union, she should also possess interests peculiar to her location—the
The "signs of the times," as indicated by the political tremblings of the nations of the great Asiatic coast, clearly point to a dissolving of present dynasties and ancient governmental forms, giving place to new and enlarged systems, adequate to the wants and exigencies of an advancing civilization.

That California, from her position, if not acting an important part in the great drama of barbaric dissolution, will reap an immense benefit from this convulsion of Asiatic institutions, needs not the voice of prophecy to affirm, or the hope of time to demonstrate.

When her nearly four millions of mouth, the surplus of her industry and earnings of her people, shall be retained within her own borders, for the development of her vast resources; when her people, from the multitude of their ships, shall command their own, the whole and other faculties, and the general commerce of the Pacific sea; when her agriculture shall have passed from uncertain experiment to a positive system; when her counties unexpectant acres, teeming with fertility, shall be brought under cultivation; when her mineral wealth shall have been fairly "prospected"; then, and not till then, can we begin to realize what it is to be the future of our own land.

Emigration.—The present season has been characterized by a larger over-hand emigration to California, than any previous one since 1852. The main incentive to emigration by this route has ever been, and ever will be, the facilities it presents to families for reaching here, at the lowest possible cost; while they bring with them their flocks and their herds, which can be done by no other route, and which are so much needed by them on their arrival, and which add so greatly to the real wealth of the State.

The time occupied in making the trip, is thirty to fifty days more than by steamship; but this difference in time is more than made up by the advantages it possesses.

There is not a doubt but that the determination of government to open an wagon-road along, in the vicinity of, the great emigrant trail, has had its influence in promoting to some extent the increase of this

variety and truly monomous properties and value of her great staple products.

We would not make any invidious comparisons; we have no desire to excite the envy of other lands, or other portions of our own land, but simply to show that California, with all her fruits, has charms that are coveted world wide. There is not a State in the Union that would not like to possess the sunny sides and the salubrious climate of California. No other land so little removed from the follies of its infancy, can show a more rapid or noble progress than California.

The inventive genius and skill of her artists and mechanics, as exhibited at the late Fair of the Mechanics' Institute in this city; and her progress in agriculture, as shown from year to year in our State Agricultural Fair—the two interests constituting the great basis of her prosperity—are already her proudest boast.

But still there is another interest, of which we may well be proud, for the world covets it. For when, by an electric shock, the great East is vibrating with a panic that is shaking the monied and "merchant princes" from their propriety, and the masses are writhing under the great pressure, it can not but be gratifying to our pride to see with what earnest solicitudes they turn their eyes upon the younger sister of the Republic, as though she held the promises of the nation. And twice every month does she unlock her niggard vaults, and pour into the laps of her ancient sisters her millions of golden treasure.

California, too, not only excludes "Europe" to the Pacific, but, from her position, must ever hold the keys of our vast and rapidly-increasing commerce. Do not China, India, and the vast populousness of the Pacific, lie at our very gates? When the peaceful employments of older States shall content our people, and the love of gold become secondary to that of a pleasant home, as an incentive to the emigrant, we can then make the Pacific alive with our fleets of ships, bearing manufactures, base manufactures, and civilization to the numberless islands of Oceania, and the continent of Asia.
year's emigration, over that of late years, from the supposition that it would doubtless tend to ensure the safety of emigrants from molestation by the Indians; the greatest obstacle to overland transit. And yet it never has been so much the actual annoyance as the fear of it; and this fear has, without doubt, kept back a large emigration.

There are thousands of families at this moment, that would come to California overland—but who never will by any other route—if they could but be freed from the fear of attack from the Indians of the plains. The sacrifices necessarily made in the disposal of animals and farming equipments, to enable them to make the journey by steamship, they will never submit to, attended as it must invariably be, with great loss, in procuring a reftiment on arrival.

It becomes, therefore, a matter of the greatest moment, to the prosperity of California, that government annually exhibit along the line of the great wagon-road, a force at least sufficient to command the respect of the few Indians that at times infest it. There is not a doubt but that the increase of business throughout the middle and northern portions of the State, the effects of which have been felt by every large city in it during the last two months, can be attributed mainly to the sudden arrival among us of nearly forty thousand immigrants by way of the plains. The immigration by this route, this season, has mainly consisted of families, and their presence can not but be felt for the good of our social relations. It is the kind of immigration that should be fostered, by every reasonable effort in the power of the people of our State to make.
To the prosperity of California annually exhibit the great wagon-road, a point to command the region that at times infest the heart, but that the increase against the middle and of the State, the efforts of every large city in one season, forty thousand in the plains. By this route, this succession of families, and not but be felt for the relations. It is the kind of increase that should be fostered, by the power of the to make.

G

O

now and Fortunately prize for childlike nature; not in a man, as affectionate a woman.

Dear Miss Letter, are ready, for next month, are not quite good yet; but, keep trying. Light our Havana with written.

If is good enough—but we've the rush. Try

We is not to be found; but "trifles, light as

With much chagrin that his signature had been too late to insert.

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of any size—from the smallest Miniature to life size. I would say to all who have been deceived and swindled with bogus pictures, not to condemn this new and beautiful invention until they have seen the

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