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HUTCHINGS'
CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

Vol. II.

DECEMBER, 1857.

No. 6.



THE CALIFORNIA QUAIL.

CALIFORNIA QUAIL—MALE AND FEMALE.

This beautiful bird, the *Perdix Californica*, abounds throughout nearly the whole of California, if we except the more open country, entirely destitute of forest or shrubbery, and the mountain-

ous districts above the line of the winter's snows.

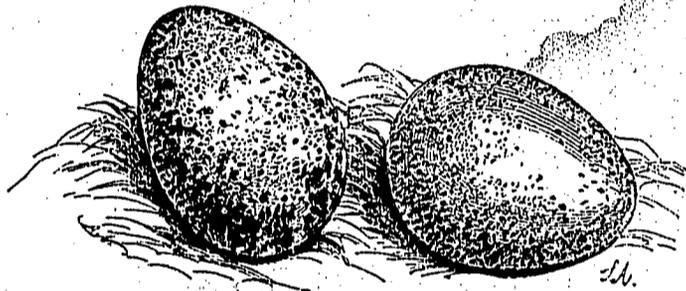
It is a little larger than the quail of the northern and western States; but as a tit-bit for the epicure, is not its equal; its habits making it a bird of harder and tougher flesh.

Its flight is always vigorous, and often

protracted, and it moves more rapidly on foot; indeed, it seldom takes cover to lie close, like the eastern bird, but rises or runs at the first approach of danger; and though usually seeking perfect cover even at the expense of a long flight, it seldom stops but for a moment, and will then continue to run as long as pursued, or make another flight longer than before; making it a more difficult bird to sport; and yet, from its great plentifulness in many districts, there is no difficulty in procuring them in large numbers for the markets of our cities.

They are birds that can be partially tamed, or to that degree, that when kept in capacious cages, or inclosures where they can get to the ground, they will lay eggs and rear their young, like domestic fowls.

Their fecundity is truly remarkable. As an instance, a single female in the possession of Mr. John McCraith, residing at the corner of Hyde Street and Broadway, San Francisco, has laid during the past summer the astonishing number of seventy-nine eggs. She is, moreover, very tame, and will eat from



EGGS OF THE CALIFORNIA QUAIL.—NATURAL SIZE.

the hand of her mistress, although rather shy towards strangers. Sometimes the male is very pugnacious to her ladyship for several days together, when she has to take refuge in a corner, or seek the protection of the tea-saucer from which they are daily fed.

This quail must not be confounded with another variety known as the mountain quail, which is about one-third larger than this, and differing in many particulars; or with another variety known in California as the large mountain quail, or grouse—the latter being a much larger bird, and far more rarely met with than either of the others, and is quite different from the partridge, pheasant, or common grouse.

The California quail is also abundant in all the northern and middle portions of Mexico—although differing slightly in the color of their plumage—and is there known as the blue quail, from the

general color of their plumage, which is for the greater part, except upon the back and wings, of a leaden or bluish colored tint.

In autumn they become gregarious to a much greater extent than is usual for its prototype in the east; as numerous distinct flocks or families unite, the aggregate of which often amounts to several hundreds; although even then, as in the spring-time, they always go in pairs. The California quail, moreover, differs from a similar variety in the east, in having a beautiful top-knot, or cluster of feathers, on the head—generally about six in number, yet appearing like a single feather—and drooping forward; while the eastern quail has no such ornament; and in the California mountain quail, instead of these hanging forward like those here represented, they are much longer and larger, and fall in a backward direction.



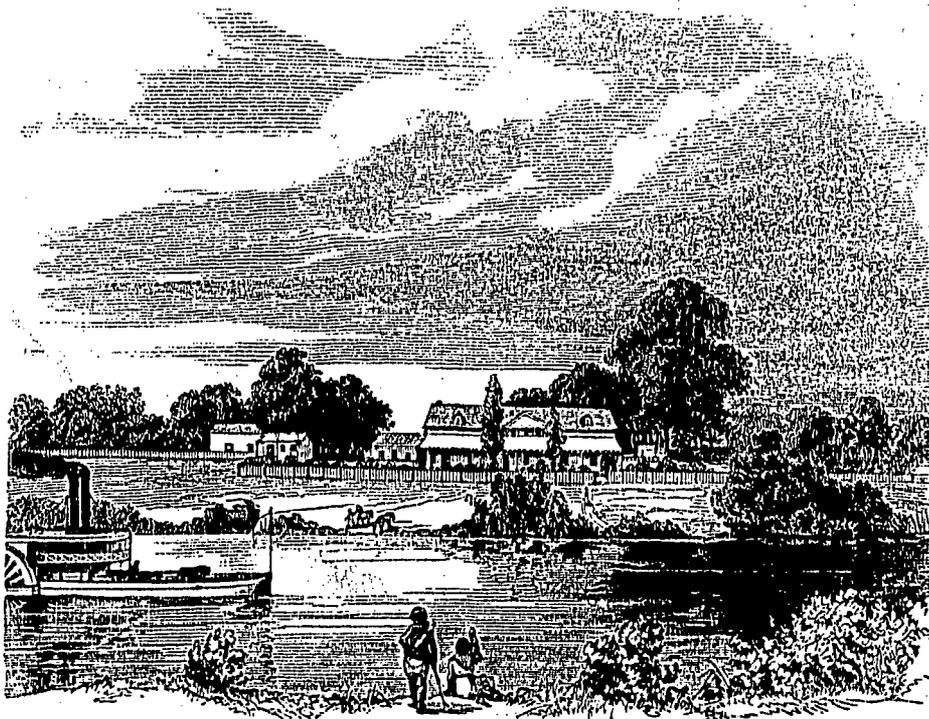
HOCK

HOMES OF THE OLD

No. 1—HOCK'S
THE RESIDENCE OF GEN. J.

As the steamboat ploughs the once clear but now dim of the Rio de los Plumas—Feathers—desecrated by A into common-place "Fe—from its deck can be seen and artistic homestead of pioneer, Gen. John A. Su on its western bank, about below Marysville. The stranger, as he passes it, is impressed by its beauty, and his curiosity leads him to inquire, "Whose charming place is this?" And when he is told, a bright pleasure lights up his countenance, and he exclaims, "I am glad to know that he invariably joins with the most of the owners goodnes do him reverence.

The broad umbrageous



HOCK FARM — THE RESIDENCE OF GEN. SUTTER.

HOMES OF THE OLD PIONEERS.

No. 1—HOCK FARM,

THE RESIDENCE OF GEN. JOHN A. SUTTER.

As the steamboat ploughs its furrow in the once clear but now discolored waters of the Rio de los Plumas, —River of Feathers—desecrated by Americanization into common-place "Feather River," —from its deck can be seen the beautiful and artistic homestead of the venerable pioneer, Gen. John A. Sutter, standing on its western bank, about eight miles below Marysville. The stranger passenger, as he passes it, is impressed with its beauty, and his curiosity leads him to inquire, "Whose charming place is that?" And when he is told, a bright smile of pleasure lights up his countenance as he exclaims, "I am glad to know it;" and he invariably joins with those who know most of the owners goodness of heart, to do him reverence.

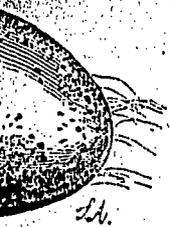
The broad umbrageous trees spread

their shade-giving and sheltering arms above and around the home of the old pioneer, as if to offer him that protection he so well deserves; but which, alas! the unfeeling creditor recently would have denied him, but for the personal sacrifices made to preserve the old homestead.

Under the superintendence of Maj. Bidwell, Gen. Sutter had this residence erected in 1842, and which he placed in charge of a major domo until 1849, when, to obtain the peace of mind denied him amid the excitements and losses which followed the gold discovery, he removed from Sutter's Fort, with his flocks and his herds and his numerous Indians, to reside at, and improve Hock Farm.

By the taste and energy displayed, the fine lands belonging to this magnificent domain have been skillfully laid out and carefully cultivated; and while ornamental trees, and shrubs, and flowers, gathered with great labor and expence, from many lands, present a wilderness of

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floral beauty in the front; a large and wonderfully productive vineyard and orchard of the choicest varieties of fruit flourish at the south and north—including grapes of the most luscious flavors, peaches, apricots, oranges, nectarines, plums, lemons, figs, pomegranates, cherries, pears, quinces, and apples; strawberries, gooseberries, raspberries, and currants; all that Pomona and Vertumnus unitedly could give—while at the back and on either side, beyond the vineyard and orchards, extend the agricultural grounds.

The proverbial hospitality of its generous owner, and the inviting beauty of the place, tempted many visitors—and while his hands were full, his heart was open freely to share them: but now, wronged (and we might add, stolen from) on every side, his means are much reduced, although his nature, with all the advantages taken of it, is still as bounteous as ever; and should he receive simple justice—all that he asks or seeks—the princely-hearted pioneer will again be ready, we doubt not, to open his generous and munificent heart to others.

TO FANNIE.

WITH A BOUQUET OF LILIES.

From thy earliest morning hour,
Like a fragile, drooping flower,
Cherished in a peaceful bower,
Thou hast ever been, Fannie;
Time has stolen, every day,
Rose-hues from thy cheek away:
Thou art like the lilies, they
Toil not, neither spin, Fannie.

Yet no king was e'er arrayed
In more glorious vesture, made
By the sunshine and the shade,
And the falling dew, Fannie;
Preachers in the open air,
Surplices of white they wear
When His glory they declare,
Who is good and true, Fannie.

Thou art like them—in thine eyes
Something of their sweetness lies,
And the morning sacrifice
Of thy spirit's bloom, Fannie,
Doth a sweeter fragrance yield
Than the lilies of the field,
In the sight of Him who sealed
In their hearts perfume, Fannie.

Dost thou marvel, as I trace
Touches of their gentle grace
In the curved lines of thy face,
That I deem thy heart, Fannie,
May a richer treasure hold—
Hidden in its inmost fold—
Than their petals, tipped with gold
Like a floral dart, Fannie?

Welcome would the guerdon be,
Of that treasure, unto me,
For a link of sympathy
Binds my heart to thine, Fannie;
Let my dewy offering
Fragrant thoughts and odors bring;
Types of thee—yet symboling
Brightest hopes of mine, Fannie.

H. L. N.



A CALIFORNIA GRAPE.

The above engraving represents the natural size of a grape, of the Muscat of Alexandria variety, plucked from one of many bunches, each bunch weighing from three to four and a half pounds, from the ranch of Capt. Macondray, at San Mateo. If the illustration given were but a trifle smaller it would then be the average size of every grape grown on that vine during the past summer.

TABLE ROCK

Table Rock part of Sierra from the town to be 7000 feet. There has been about this work connected to presume to present give you a sketch upon it the other.

A friend near about 3 o'clock and in two hours must say I never scenery as present. Far in the range looming in the north the Shasta Butte companions, most beautiful. Nearer us, thriving little Grove, Gibson importance,

art like them — in thine eyes
 thing of their sweetness lies,
 the morning sacrifice
 Of thy spirit's bloom, Fannie,
 a sweeter fragrance yield
 the lilies of the field,
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TABLE ROCK, SIERRA COUNTY.

TABLE ROCK — NEAR ST. LOUIS.

SIERRA COUNTY.

BY W. B. S.

Table Rock is situated in the northern part of Sierra county, about four miles from the town of Saint Louis, and is said to be 7000 feet above the level of the sea. There has been already so much said about this wonderful rock, and the scenery connected with it, that I shall not presume to present anything new, but merely give you a sketch of a visit which I made upon it the other day.

A friend and myself left Saint Louis about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, on mules, and in two hours we were on top, and I must say I never witnessed such resplendent scenery as presented itself to our view. Far in the distant west was the coast range looming up in the dim mist, while in the north the snow-capped hoary head of Shasta Butte was far above its surrounding companions, presenting to the beholder a most beautiful sight.

Nearer us, was to be seen the neat and thriving little villages of Saint Louis, Pine Grove, Gibsonville; beside those of less importance, Whiskey Diggings, Spanish

Flat, and Chandlerville, while the blue curling smoke could be seen arising from hundreds of miners' cabins, from nearly every ravine and flat for miles around. I was so perfectly charmed that it was with reluctance I left the spot at a late hour in the evening.

The summit covers a space of about an acre, and is almost level, which affords a fine place for pic-nics, and there have been several upon it this summer from Saint Louis, and other towns in the vicinity. I have been upon the ocean and witnessed it in all its grandeur; I have watched the sun go down behind the tempestuous waves of the troubled waters, and when that ocean was as calm as a crystal lake at summer's noon-day; but it is not to be compared with the scenery of the setting sun witnessed from upon Table Rock. It was our intention to remain until after sunset when we started, for we knew the moon would soon rise after the sun went down, and we were more than repaid for our stay. While the last golden rays were lingering about our feet, we could look down far beneath us and watch the shades of night twining around those below, and far away to the north Shasta Butte was yet clothed in the golden rays of the setting sun. It soon disappeared behind the coast range, and



A CALIFORNIA GRAPE.

The above engraving represents the size of a grape, of the Muscat of Alexandria variety, plucked from one of the bunches, each bunch weighing from two to four and a half pounds, from the vine of Capt. Macondray, at San Mateo. The illustration given were but a trifle smaller than the average size of a grape grown on that vine during the past summer.

ere twilight's last glimmering had vanished, the moon in all her refulgent beauty had climbed the highest peak behind us in the east, and sent his silvery light dancing through valleys and over mountains, and it was hard to decide which was the most grand—the scene by day or by moonlight.

American travelers are ever wandering through foreign lands in search of beautiful natural scenery, and writing volumes upon volumes in praise of those scenes, while, I believe, there is more beautiful natural scenery in California than any other spot on God's foot-stool. The wild cataracts which go rolling and tumbling down the deep craggy cañons; the crystal mountain lakes filled with a variety of fish; the beautiful valleys clothed in verdant attire, where sports the deer and the antelope the long summer's day, unmolested by the hunter's rifle, all combined make the Sierra Nevada mountains one of the most enchanting spots on earth for the pleasure-seeking world; and it is a mystery to me that there are not more visiting them during the summer months in search of pleasure and amusements, and I am certain there would be, were the romantic beauties better known throughout the world. About 9 o'clock we began to descend, and by 12 we were at home again, much pleased with our adventure. It is no hardship to go upon Table Rock, for the ascent is gradual, and we could ride almost on the top, and I believe there have been persons there with mules, although we did not try the experiment.

They are now engaged in running tunnels under this wonderful mountain. The "California Company" have already struck pay dirt, but are still penetrating further, in hopes of finding something better. It is supposed by many that the Blue Lead, which is found at Forest City and other places, runs under this mountain, and has proven to be the richest in the State. The "Bright Star," a large and wealthy company, are now engaged in running an inclined tunnel, and have in full operation a

steam engine for that purpose, and should this company strike anything good, Table Mountain will be penetrated by tunnels in every direction.

QUARTZ MINING A HUNDRED AND SIXTY YEARS BEFORE CHRIST.

Extracts from the Corpus Historian of Diodorus Siculus, of whom Justin Martyr and other eminent men, said that he was the most famous of all the great historians. Diodorus Siculus flourished about sixty years before the birth of Christ, and the period to which these extracts refer, was probably about a century before that time:

"In the confines of Egypt, and the neighboring countries of Arabia and Ethiopia, there is a place full of rich gold mines, out of which, with much cost and pains of many laborers, gold is dug. The soil here naturally is black, but in the body of the earth run *many white veins, shining with white marble and glistening with all sorts of other bright metals*; out of which laborious mines those appointed overseers cause the gold to be dug up by labour of a vast multitude of people." * * * * *

"The earth which is hardest and full of gold they soften by putting fire under it, and then work it out with their hands; the rocks thus softened, and made more pliant and yielding, several thousands of profligate wretches break it in pieces with hammers and pickaxes. Those that are the strongest amongst them that are appointed to this slavery, provided with sharp iron pickaxes, cleave the marble shining rock by mere force and strength, and not by art or slight of hand. They *undermine not the rock in a direct line, but follow the bright shining vein of the mine*. They carry lamps fastened to their foreheads to give them light, *being otherwise in perfect darkness* in the various windings and turnings wrought in the mines." * * * * *

"Those that are about thirty years of age take a piece of the rock of such a certain quantity, and pound it in a stone mortar

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vetch, then those little stones so pounded
are taken from them by women and older
men, who cast them into mills that stand
together there near at hand in a long row,
and, two or three of them being employed
at one mill, they grind it so long till it be
as small as fine meal." * * * * "At
length the masters of the work take the
stone thus ground to powder, and carry it

away in order to the perfecting of it. They
spread the mineral so ground upon a broad
board, somewhat hollow and lying shelv-
ing; and, pouring water upon it, rub it
and cleanse it, and so all the earthy and
drossy part being separated from the rest
by water, it runs off the board, and the
gold, by reason of its weight, remains be-
hind."



WE ARE ONE.

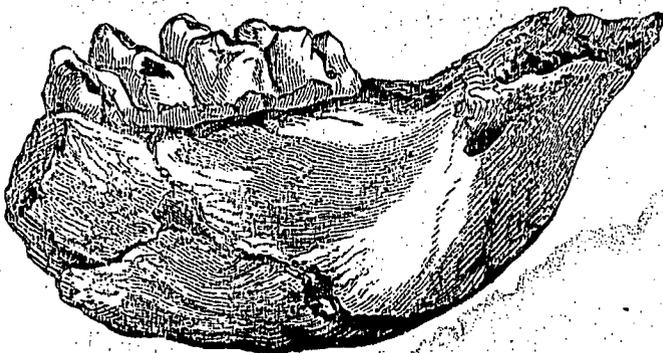
HOME MANUFACTURES.

The late Mechanics' Industrial Exhi-
bition taught California many very im-
portant facts; and, among others, that
the amount of mechanical skill within the
State was such as to encourage the hope
that at no distant day we might rely upon
ourselves for the manufacture of many if
not by far the greater number of articles
which are consumed. We revive the sub-
ject at this juncture for two reasons; the

first is, that young men may spend their
time, especially their leisure, in making
experiments in one or more departments
of industry, to see what can be produced
—not for the next exhibition merely, but
for actual consumption, that the vast
amount of gold annually taken from our
mountains may be kept at home, to enrich
our State, in preference to exporting it for
goods, to enrich others; and the next rea-
son is, in view of the large population
said to be seeking our shores from the

Atlantic States, as we have raw materials in abundance, of almost every variety and quality, to the many who would otherwise have to seek employment at mining—and thus be called to perform that kind of labor to which they are totally unaccustomed, and physically incapable and un-

habituated; that avenues of industry may be opened up by which their labor can be made available in such branches of industry as to make it less wearing upon the individual, and become the most advantageous to the State.



TOOTH AND PORTION OF JAW OF AN ANIMAL NOW EXTINCT.

The above correct engraving of the remarkable tooth and portion of the jaw—belonging doubtless to an animal of the order *Pachydermata*, of the group *Proboscidea*, and of which the elephant is now the only living representative; while the mammoth, mastodon, and others of the same group, have become extinct—was found on Twist's ranch, near Mormon Creek, Tuolumne county, (about three and a half miles from Sonora,) by Mr. James Gilbert, on the 30th of May, 1851, while mining. It was discovered embedded in the ground, within about three inches of the "bed-rock," about twelve feet from the surface, underneath an oak tree about three feet in diameter. The tooth measured six and three-fourths inches in breadth; and the longest fang or root of the tooth was eight and one-fourth inches in depth from the upper surface to the lower point, and which reached nearly through to the lower side of the jaw-bone. The jaw-bone was six and three-fourth inches in width—with the upper and lower side a little rounded, as shown in the engraving—and six and

a half inches in depth. The tooth stood above the sides of the jaw about two inches. This, with the other portions of the jaw found here, measured over three feet in length.

To the Naturalist, Antiquarian, Geologist, and Botanist, California offers a wider and more interesting field of research than is often found in newly settled countries.

PLACERVILLE.

Placerville, the county seat of El Dorado County, is situated upon a small branch of Weber Creek, a tributary of the South Fork of the American River. Originally it flourished, if it did not rejoice, under the somewhat dubious sobriquet of Hangtown, after which the creek upon which it stands was named. And though the first of California towns, or mining camps, to adopt the Lynch-law code for the speedy punishment of the murderer at the hands of a vigilance committee, it has since passed through every grade of gambling and bull-and-

bear-baiting notable position, a related and most or

Placerville is a mountain city, early as 1853 containing including the upper over three thousand and fifty-five building-houses, shops, rics. Its early a mainly attributed richness of the great vicinity; a few to an extraordinary

Situated upon a grant trail leading the plains, and by or village arrived Sierra Nevada and Valley route, it has large trade in imports from the plains, a mart of trade in chandize required in mining, farming, and regulation; a trade w

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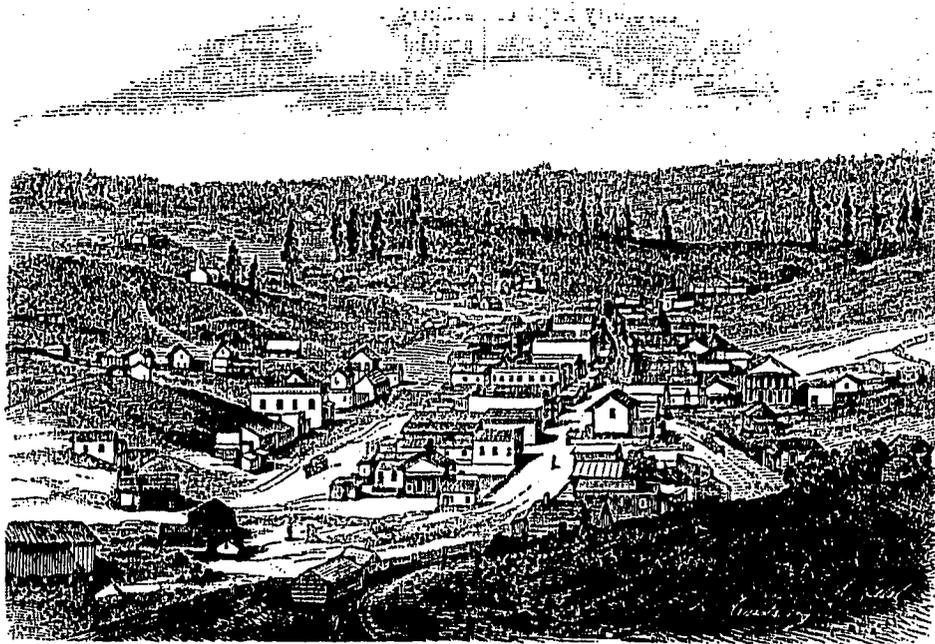
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PLACERVILLE, EL DORADO COUNTY.

[From a Daguerreotype by W. Salmon.]

bear-baiting notoriety, to its present en-
 viable position, as one of the best regu-
 lated and most orderly cities in the State.

Placerville is one of the largest of the
 mountain cities of California, and as
 early as 1853 contained a population—
 including the upper and lower town—of
 over three thousand, with five hundred
 and fifty-five buildings, including dwell-
 ing-houses, shops, stores, and manufacto-
 ries. Its early and rapid growth was
 mainly attributable to the extent and
 richness of the gold fields in its immedi-
 ate vicinity; a feature it still possesses
 to an extraordinary degree.

Situated upon the great main immi-
 grant trail leading into California from
 the plains, and being the first city, town
 or village arrived at after crossing the
 Sierra Nevada mountains by the Carson
 Valley route, it has ever been a place of
 large trade in immigrant stock arriving
 from the plains, as well as the principal
 mart of trade in many species of mer-
 chandize required by a rapidly increas-
 ing mining, farming and lumbering pop-
 ulation; a trade which has lately received

a new impulse, by the construction of an
 excellent wagon road—by the counties
 of El Dorado and Sacramento—through
 Johnson's Pass of the Sierras to Carson,
 Wash-ho, and the other great valleys to
 the east of the mountains; now rapidly
 settling by an industrious and thriving
 agricultural and mining population.

On the 7th of July, 1856, the city—
 which was principally built of wood—
 was almost totally destroyed by fire. The
 engraving here given shows the city as it
 appeared one year after that fire, (this
 view having been taken in July last,) and
 after its having been to some considera-
 ble extent rebuilt. Its locality, on a nar-
 row flat along a winding ravine, precludes
 the possibility of giving but a part of it
 in a single view. The one we here pre-
 sent is of the lower and principal part
 of the town, from a point on the hill-side
 adjacent to the lower end of Main Street,
 and is a truthful engraving of it. The
 city, as rebuilt, contains a larger number
 of fire-proof edifices, in proportion to the
 size of the place, than any other city in
 California, and is in every respect one of

the neatest and most carefully kept of any in the mountains.

It is centrally situated in the county, and from it radiate numerous stage lines that daily connect with the northern and southern mines direct; also, with Folsom, Sacramento, and, during the summer season, with Carson Valley, east of the mountains.

It contains Congregational, Methodist, Baptist and Catholic churches; an iron foundry; several quartz mills within the city limits, and a few fine hotels. There are numerous schools, with a good attendance; three newspapers—two weeklies, and one tri-weekly—which are an index of the thrift and prosperity of this, the first of California's mining, mountain cities.

During the winter of 1851, when gambling was a popular pastime, and gambling houses were places of general resort in which to while away the long evenings, many may still remember the old Trio Hall as one of the most frequented of those places. On one of these occasions, when the saloon was completely filled with gamblers and loungers, a tall, rough-looking and roughly dressed western man, with a large powder-horn hanging under his arm, walked quietly up, and edged his way—a difficult task—to the sheet-iron stove; and, after standing a few moments looking about him, he poured some of the contents of the powder-horn into his hand, and quietly poured it back again; then, again looking around very unconcernedly for a few seconds, he stepped up to the stove, took the lid deliberately from the top, looked in, and almost instantly threw the powder-horn down upon the blazing fire, as he coolly remarked, "Well, boys, let us all go to h— together; we may as well go at first as at last."

The scene of confusion which ensued must be imagined, as description is impossible. Those who stood nearest the stove, and had seen the movement, in-

stantly leaped over benches and tables, amidst gamblers and piles of money, to make for the door; others jumped through the windows; while others who were behind, seeing the excitement, and supposing that the house was falling, or on fire, rushed for the street, in their haste tumbling one over the other, in less time than it takes to recite it.

Within a couple of minutes, the large saloon was emptied of its living masses of men, with one exception; large heaps of money left upon the gambling tables; liquors, musical instruments, and everything else, were deserted, except the stove; and by that, unmoved, stood our hero.

As the expected explosion did not take place, in a few minutes some of the most venturesome of the crowd mustered sufficient courage to look cautiously in at the door, and when they saw our rough looking friend still standing there they called to him to make his escape before it was too late.

"Don't you trouble about me," was the drawling reply, "I'm all right enough—there's plenty of room now—I can have a warm comfortably—that's what I couldn't get before."

Presently several persons ventured up to his side, and inquired of him why he did not run.

"What should I run for," was the unconcerned answer, "*there—was—nothing—in—that—horn—but—Black—Sand!*"

THE PERCUSSION QUARTZ-TAILINGS GRINDER.

This is the name given by Mr. A. Chavanne, of Grass Valley, Nevada Co., to an invention of his for pulverizing quartz-tailings. The tailings to be pulverized are shoveled to the conical table on the top of the machine, to which is given a slow rotary motion; a stream of water from a small pipe then washes them into a trough—as shown in the

engraving—down into a cup, or receiver thence conveyed between plates, having a teeth face, and as the upper plate revolves about nine hundred round, six sudden drops are given it at each revolution.

The inventor affirms

THE FALL RIVER

Wishing to obtain a more picturesquely situated site for a tributary of the Fall River; and Forbestown having been represented as the nearest and best site for the course we had sufficient reason to prefer Forbestown to any other place. Accordingly we set our faces in the direction of the neck kind of road. On the roof of Brown's Hotel we slept for the night; the following morning we started on our journey. As we were on the road thither, before we had our business to inquire into, we opened that those who were on various trails to be taken to be avoided, known to us except by hearsay, and

ntly leaped over benches and tables, amidst gamblers and piles of money, to make for the door; others jumped through the windows; while others who were behind, seeing the excitement, and supposing that the house was falling, or on fire, rushed for the street, in their haste tumbling one over the other, in less time than it takes to recite it.

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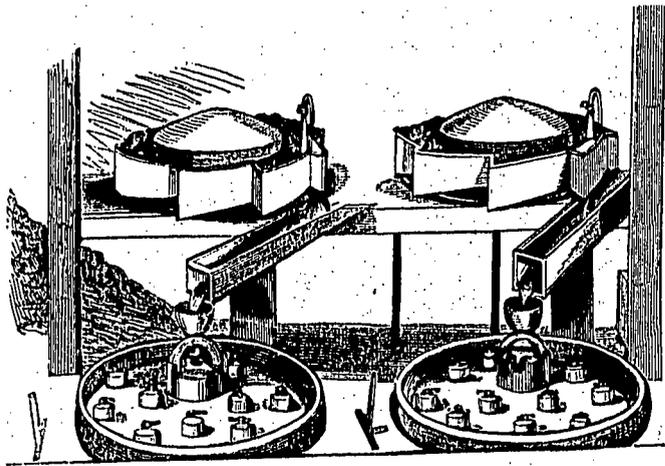
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PERCUSSION QUARTZ TAILINGS GRINDERS.

engraving—down which they are run into a cup, or receiving basin, and from thence conveyed between two cast-iron plates, having a teeth-shaped inner surface, and as the upper one, weighing about nine hundred pounds, is driven round, six sudden dropping motions are given it at each revolution.

The inventor affirms that each machine

will pulverize from five to six tons of tailings in twenty-four hours, and save twenty per cent. of gold that would otherwise be lost. We saw three of them at work in his mill at Grass Valley, which seemed to work very well; but as to their usefulness in saving the gold, we had no means of forming an opinion.

THE FALL RIVER WATERFALL.

Wishing to obtain a view of the beautifully picturesque waterfall of Fall river, a tributary of the middle fork of Feather river; and Forbestown, Butte county, having been represented to us as the nearest and best starting point for it, of course we had sufficient good sense to prefer Forbestown to any other; accordingly we set our faces in that direction, and there arrived in safety over a break-neck kind of road. Under the hospitable roof of Brown's Hotel we took shelter and sleep for the night; and early the following morning we prepared for our journey. As we know nothing of the road thither, before starting we made it our business to inquire; and it so happened that those who described to us the various trails to be taken, and the others to be avoided, knew them about as well, except by hearsay, as we did; and that

knowledge being very much confused and "mixed up" in the recital, our own remembrance of the trails thus, there and then described, became very much like a tangled skein of silk, "only more so."

One fact was however certain, the distance there was only about seven or eleven or nineteen miles; and by no means over thirty, providing we took the right trail; and "providing" we didn't! why—there could be no doubt experience might assist to teach us that it was still further. This rather indefinite explanation of distance suggested the precaution of asking in which direction Fall river lay, from Forbestown.

"Due north," was the answer.

"Then suppose we start 'due north' comrad," said we, addressing our companion, Mr. E. Jump, an enthusiastic young artist.

"By no manner of means," interrupted our informant. "Why! bless your souls,

you have to cross the south fork of Feather, and in places the banks of the stream are about a thousand foot perpendicular—did you ever travel much in these parts?"

"Never."

"Ah! I thought so; well, then, you keep down the river in this direction, (pointing west,) and cross at Bingham's Bar, and then take this direction"—(pointing a little east of north.)

"Thank you—all right—now, here's off."

Where or when to commence descending the ridge, or how to know Bingham's Bar from New Jerusalem or any other bar, we reserved inquiring until we might meet some one else, fearing lest any further questioning might result in our finding the description still more "mixed up"; but, as we did not meet any one, it was just our luck to take the wrong trail down the wrong ridge; and although easy exercise enough for us—if descending a hill rapidly can be called easy exercise—the horse every now and then seemed to be going endwise, putting us in perpetual dread, lest in some of the most precipitous places he might be induced against his will to turn a somersault. At length we reached the river at Randolph Point, and, as crossing it there was out of the question, we made our way down stream; climbing over and around clusters of large rocks; tumbling over one, sliding down another—the horse following—until in the distance we saw a flume, and some men working near it: these carefully indicated the course we should take, by mapping out the various trails upon the sand—here it forked, and there it didn't. Now we could see it exactly, and off we again started. Up, up, straight up almost, oh! such a mountain! and the day being warm, the reader can better guess than we describe our moistened condition from perspiration, for a couple of hours before we reached the top.

Here, on the ridge, we found the trail exactly as described by the men on the river, and we were in high spirits that before very long we should arrive at Frey and Foster's, a wayside house somewhere on that divide, and our intended stopping-place for the night. As we journeyed on, the trail grew smaller and less distinct, and, somewhat to our dismay, soon "run out" altogether. Here was an unexpected damper to our hopes and anticipations; several miles from nowhere, and nobody knowing where anybody lived; or ourselves, even, knowing where we were, or in what direction to go. Before and behind us, on our right hand and on our left, was one vast forest of large and lofty trees, and although to some of the largest of the sugar pines, the Indians had but very recently attached long and slender poles, by which to climb to the seed-treasuring cones depending gracefully from the branches of those trees, yet the Indians themselves were not to be found. Therefore, on, on we went, in uncertainty and doubt, without any trail, or signs of one, in the direction pointed out to us.

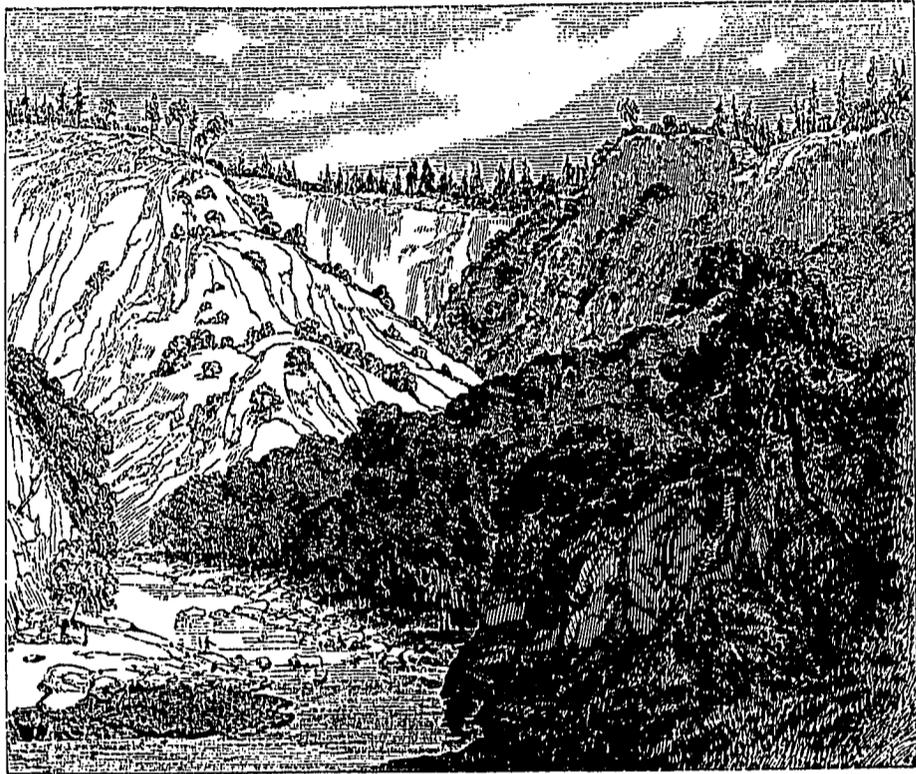
The sun was fast setting, and we began to feel somewhat desirous of breaking our fast—for as yet we had tasted nothing since early morning, beyond a few pieces of sugar which we had picked from the burnt heart of the sugar pine. Besides, the thought of being in the forest alone, and at night, without blankets, or food either for ourselves or animal, made us anxious to reach the desired haven before such a result was impossible. This idea induced us to quicken our pace, although much fatigued; and on, on we went, more rapidly, across this ravine, through that chapparal, and over that low ridge, until, while descending the steep sides of a small cañon, (it was now almost dark,) we saw the bushes moving on the opposite side, and instantly we cried out, "A grizzly! a grizzly!" but in the next moment we changed our cry and our opin-



ion, by finding the live man—a "pro and shovel on his under his arm. pleased, but faintly at such an unexpected turn. He showed pointing to some against trees, sun gets too dim to these, until you By this opportunity the Fall River Ho about a couple where, under the good things provided got the troubles of Early the follow on our way down ridge, leading to about five miles o'clock we reached Feather River.

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THE FALL RIVER WATERFALL.

ion, by finding that it was a man—a real live man—a "prospector," with his pick and shovel on his shoulder, and his pan under his arm. To say that we were pleased, but faintly expresses our feelings at such an unexpected piece of good fortune. He showed a dim trail to us, and, pointing to some dead branches set up against trees, said—"When the trail gets too dim to see it, look ahead for these, until you reach the main road." By this opportune guidance we reached the Fall River House (Frey and Foster's) about a couple of hours after dark; where, under the influence of the many good things provided by our host, we forgot the troubles of the day.

Early the following morning, we were on our way down a spur of the main ridge, leading towards the falls, situated about five miles distant; and about ten o'clock we reached the middle fork of Feather River. Climbing around here

and there, to avoid a supposed abrupt descent, we made the five miles about nine; thus spending two of the best hours of the morning unprofitably, when the best and easiest course would have been directly down the main ridge. At length, after a wearisome time of climbing, and sliding, and scratching, and tumbling, we reached the middle fork of Feather, and could hear the hissing, splashing sound from the waterfall we had come to see. Winding our way around the rocky and timber-covered point, shown on the right side of the picture, we came in sight of the falls.

On either side of the leaping sheet of spray stand bold granite mountains, worn and broken in pieces; and upon their lofty summits a forest of pines, which look, in distance, only a little larger than good-sized walking-canes. From the interstices between the rocks grow small groves of live oaks—more patches of

all I held dear, to go forth alone to meet him in that far-off land. I wished to know myself thoroughly before giving my decision. I did not, from the first, doubt what that decision would be, but the struggle was severe; the thought of leaving home, bitterness itself.

But it was over now, and my mind became calmer; a sweet peace filled my whole being, and a consciousness that I was performing no act upon which I could ask God's blessing, though I had taken the step unadvisedly. Not even to my mother had I gone for counsel. I knew a mother's fond heart could never willingly give up a beloved child under such circumstances; yet I knew neither of my parents would forbid, though they might strongly oppose the step, which I felt to be right. I knew I should not go forth from my childhood's home unblest, therefore I thought it best, for the present, to keep my own counsel, and wait for circumstances, or some favorable opportunity to reveal the fact. I could not thus early bring sorrow to the breasts of those fond parents, that precious only sister, and those young brothers who so loved "sister Mary," as some months must necessarily elapse before my departure. It was now early spring, and I should remain at home until the beginning of autumn.

One afternoon, in summer, I was sitting alone with mother. I had still delayed telling her my intention of going to California, but as the time drew near, I felt that it could be delayed no longer. Gently as possible I told her of my love for the stranger—though of that she knew before, and had approved my choice—of his request that I should come to him, and of my determination to comply. She received it with a quaint smile, thinking me only in jest, but my serious manner soon assured her of its truth. For a long time she sat without speaking, then arose and left the room, and I saw her no more until evening, when she came to my own room with father. Sitting there in the dim twilight, each clasping one of my hands, they talked earnestly and tearfully with me, telling me to think well before taking so important a step; they spoke of their own loneliness; of the dangers to which I should be exposed during the long journey, but I had considered it all before, and only asked their blessing ere I should leave their kind care for the protection the stranger offered. The blessing was not withheld, but from that

hour no word was spoken upon the subject.

I commenced making preparations for my journey. Father placed in my hand a sum of money without a word as to the way it was to be appropriated. Mother assisted me in many things without directly speaking of the object. Sister, too, was busy with her needle, and helped me select such articles as were necessary, but she, too, avoided speaking of the object of all this preparation.

The time had come!—the last morning in my girlhood's home! I had passed a restless, wakeful night, falling into a disturbed sleep just before dawn, only to be awakened by a low knock at my door, and mother's gentle voice, saying, "Come Mary, you wished to be called at sunrise." Then I heard a sob, and her footsteps descended the stairs. I started up with a strange, bewildered feeling. Was this, indeed, my last morning at home? My sister had risen before me, and I could hear her weeping in an adjoining room. That dearly loved sister! must we then part?

I cast but one glance at the brown traveling dress which was laying on a chair; to me at that moment it seemed more like a garment for the grave, than a dress in which I was to commence a journey towards the one I loved better than all the world beside.

Throwing open the window, I saw the first golden beams of the sun, gilding the tops of the tall pine trees in the grove, and glistening upon the dewy plants in the garden beneath.

A low whispering seemed to come from the pine grove, reminding me of the many hours I had dreamed away within its shady depths—but they were all past now. The honeysuckle twined lovingly around my casement, and never did perfume seem so sweet as was breathed from its few lingering blossoms; never did the gorgeous dahlias look up with so bright, yet sad a smile; never did the pure white waxberries nod their "good morning" so lovingly; never did the clustering grape vines with their purpling fruit look so inviting, and the song of a robin on the old pear tree in the garden, went through my heart with a sudden pain, when I remembered that this was the last song I should hear from that tree. I could look no longer at the garden with its familiar plants and flowers, and turned to the opposite window. There was the little blue river dancing along, seeming to murmur

as it went, of her whose image would never more be reflected upon its clear bosom; there was the bridge, beneath the overhanging branches of the old willow tree, where Neddie and I had so often stood, while he, with such a patronizing way, baited my hook and taught me how to catch the little silver fish. Poor Neddie! I heard his childish voice at that moment asking mother why sister Mary was going away, and if she did not love them any more.

Ah! Neddie, the time may come when you, too, will know *why* one can leave father, mother, and all others, for the sake of one only.

Not long did I remain at the window, for blinding tears hid every thing from my sight. Hastily brushing the tears away, and bathing my face in cold water, I descended to the breakfast-room. Mother was busying herself about breakfast, vainly trying to look and speak cheerfully; father was sitting at the window leaning his head on his hand, and his voice trembled as he gave me his morning greeting. Once more we gathered around that table an unbroken family, but for the last time. At the next meal one seat would be vacant, which might never again be filled; one voice missed, that might never again be heard within those walls.

Once again we knelt around the family altar. Oh! that last prayer,—breathed with aching heart, faltering voice, sobs and tears! Oh! God, didst thou not hear that prayer? Didst thou not lend thine ear to listen to that fervent petition from an earthly father's lips, and promise that thou wouldst be a father, ever present, ever faithful, to the child who was so soon going from his care? Didst thou not whisper to that mother sweet assurances that thou, with thine almighty arm, would shield from every temptation, protect from every danger? Long we remained kneeling, but when we arose, it was with minds calm and comforted; we felt that though we might never again meet as an unbroken family on earth, we might look forward to a reunion where parting cannot be known.

One hasty walk through garden and house; one last glance at each familiar object, and I knew I must away. My traveling trunks were all packed and standing in the hall, ready to be conveyed to the railroad depot. I ran quickly past them, up stairs to my own room. That dear, dear room! *must* I then leave

it? I locked the door and throw myself upon the bed in an agony of weeping. This room had been to me for years my "holy of holies!" None but a sister had ever shared it with me; here had been the scene of all our maiden dreams, hopes, aspirations; these walls alone had witnessed my tears when from the world I wished to hide my griefs, real or imaginary; hours and hours had I dreamed, such dreams as only a young girl can dream; from this room had I beheld glorious pictures of happiness which coming years would bring; lovely were the tints fond imagination gave the future. Here for years had sisters voices blended in the merry laugh or confidential talk, but now it was all past; the pair were now to be separated—one to go forth, trusting the whole of her life's happiness to the keeping of a stranger, the other to remain alone with a void in her heart which would not soon be filled. Again that sister stood with me there, but no word was spoken; our hearts were too full.

But I knew I must not linger here. Robed in my traveling dress, I took one long look at the dear old room, crossed the threshold for the last time, and went slowly and sadly down stairs.

My luggage had already gone, and the carriage was waiting for me; but I dismissed it, preferring to walk through the village to the depot. Brother Charlie and sister were to accompany me to the city; they, too, were ready and waiting. Charlie, with a boy's ideas of manhood, not daring to trust himself inside the house, stood leaning on the gate, trying to whistle a merry tune to keep back the tears.

Again I sat down at the dear old piano, and while "Home, sweet home" yet lingered on the keys, *the last moment* came, and with it my mother's last kiss; Oh! mother, mother, I know the agony within your heart as you clasped me in that tearful embrace; that parting was terrible—I know life has not many moments as bitter as those. Neither of us could bear it longer, and father gently, but firmly, drew me away. Mournfully leaning upon his arm, I passed beneath the swaying branches of the great willow trees in the yard; one twig swept across my cheek—I broke it from the tree and placed in my bouquet, and now preserve it among my choicest treasures.

Scarcely a word was spoken during our walk to the depot; silently I trod the streets of our beautiful village. I could not speak; memory was too faithfully

holding up pictures of past enjoyments, of which that village had been the scene.

Arrived at the depot, but few moments remained. Already we heard in the distance the shrill steam whistle and the heavy rumbling of the iron wheels. All was hurry and confusion. I was as one in a dream, scarcely conscious of what was going on around me—yet there is a picture in my mind of a tearful group, gathered around an old school-mate and friend. I have a recollection of hurried kisses, words of farewell; of the clinging of little arms around my neck, and a bright little head resting for a moment on my shoulder; of a fervent "God bless you, my child," then the cars moved slowly away from the platform, and old friends, father, Neddie—all receded from sight. That picture is indelibly stamped upon my mind, and sometimes, as now, I pause awhile before it, but it awakens painful reflections. Life has nothing more bitter than this sundering of old ties; this tearing one's self away from all the dear delights of home, to go forth alone into the wide world to meet its realities; to know that the *dreaming* time is all over, that from henceforth a waking reality must take the place of vague fancies' dim uncertain imaginings.

A ride of four hours brought us to the city, where brother and sister were to remain with me until the sailing of the steamer, which time was fixed at two o'clock the following day. (Continued.)

THE CRY OF THE SPIRIT.

Forth from the soul there wings a cry,
Far up the vault of heaven,
As mournful as the rose's sigh,
When chill the winds of even.
It floats upon the fragrant air—
The flowers of earth among—
Bearing a tale of woe and care
From hearts with sorrow wrung.
It wanders to the silver throne,
Where sits the queen of night,
Whose snow-white brow no stain has known
Since first 'twas wreathed with light,
And murmurs in her pitying ear,
That man, though lord of earth,
In hopeless anguish wanders here;—
Cursed from his very birth,
Stars, moon, and flowers bend in love—
Soft as an angel's sigh,
Floating to earth from realms above,
Comes back the sweet reply:
"Give thanks O! man, on bended knee,
Thy woes are from thee riven.
For there is one that pities thee;
He smiles on thee from heaven."

D'ORVILLE.

A TALE FO

BY

A few years ago, an orn portion of San which from its nea ance, presented a generality of dwell. But with the exter have nothing to do. ed directly into the neatly furnished ro and papered walls cheerfully from an lamp threw a ple room. Outside old est blast, and in his on, sweeping, arou sigling and moanin and door; then away, and came h rain came tumbling gled roof, as thoug wind to tear the ho tensely dark; and, unpleasant a night ley" might have be jolly.

Two females were the parlor; one, in embellishments inte able impression in would at once write the other was her ju The first was tall and were regular and al was not handsome; there was too much l and there was a son her that one felt cl The other was so un that you would hard them to be sisters: sotal and stately, he her eyes not so brig features were less re ed full of life and something which in cold, in herself seen Neither were marrie sons best known to t have no manner of They were sitting by the fire, and althou before them, they w sat absorbed in tho from old Boreas ar eldest was the first t "Ugh! What a d I wish father would

2

A TALE FOR CHRISTMAS.

BY G. F. N.

A few years ago, there was in the northern portion of San Francisco a cottage, which from its neat, picturesque appearance, presented a pleasing contrast to the generality of dwellings built in those days. But with the exterior of that cottage we have nothing to do. The front door opened directly into the parlor, which was a neatly furnished room, with carpeted floor and papered walls; bright coals glowed cheerfully from an open grate, and a solar lamp threw a pleasant light about the room. Outside old Boreas blew his loudest blast, and in his strength came rushing on, sweeping around the house-corner, sighing and moaning, rattling the windows and door; then frisked about, whirled away, and came back again. Anon the rain came tumbling down upon the shingled roof, as though in league with the wind to tear the house away. It was intensely dark; and, take it altogether, so unpleasant a night that even "Mark Tapley" might have considered it a credit to be jolly.

Two females were the only occupants of the parlor; one, in spite of various little embellishments intended to create a favorable impression in behalf of youth, you would at once write down as rising thirty; the other was her junior by several years. The first was tall and graceful; her features were regular and almost faultless, yet she was not handsome; her eye was too bright, there was too much hauteur in her carriage, and there was a something so cold about her that one felt chilly in her presence. The other was so unlike the first, her sister, that you would hardly think it possible for them to be sisters: besides, she was not so tall and stately, her hair was not so black, her eyes not so bright and piercing; her features were less regular, but each seemed full of life and animation; and that something which in her sister appeared so cold, in herself seemed warm and good. Neither were married; probably for reasons best known to themselves, and which have no manner of relation to our story. They were sitting by a table drawn near the fire, and although open books were before them, they were not reading, but sat absorbed in thought. A fresh blast from old Boreas aroused them, when the eldest was the first to speak:

"Ugh! What a dreadful night this is. I wish father would come home; if he

were only here I think I should feel happy; for after all I love a storm, and in such a night as this I find a spirit kindred to my own. But you seem sad to-night, Mary, not like yourself—what troubles you?"

"I feel sad, Edith; I have had sad forebodings all day, and to-night they are even worse. 'Coming events,' it is said, 'cast their shadows,' and these thoughts that haunt me are, I fear, the shadows of some coming evil."

"Nonsense, Mary; it has been a gloomy day—'tis a worse night; and you, like a barometer, suffer your spirits to rise and fall with the atmosphere. Cheer up, sister, 'twill be a pleasant day to-morrow."

"I would cheer up if I could, but the atmosphere, as you are pleased to term it, is too heavy. I have been thinking of little Eva."

"Little Eva! What of her?"

"That we are to lose her."

"Impossible! How can we lose her?"

She is ours—ours by every tie that is sacred; scarce was she born ere she was ours. For three years we have watched over and tended her; we have been to her all that a mother could have been, and now—but, who dare take her away?"

"Her parents."

"She has none save us; she is ours, Mary, ours, and no one can rob us of her,—oh, no; there's little danger of losing Eva; and if that be all the ground for your forebodings, they are indeed shallow."

"Edith, I have sometimes thought that Eva might be Bertha's child."

"Bertha's child! If I thought she were—if I even thought that my time, care, and attention were bestowed upon her child, or even dreamed that my heart had throbbled for, and my love been wasted upon her child, I would curse that child, and drive it from the house."

"Oh, Edith! Edith! take back those words: you do not mean them. Bertha was our sister. She erred, but she has suffered—O, how much! Had she been wiser, and, acknowledging her situation, confided in us, I am sure she would have had your sympathy, as well as mine; and although you might have children, you would have forgiven her, and you would forgive her now."

"Never! If you think I would, you do not know me. Were she alone the sufferer, I might: but she has brought disgrace upon our name and family, and you and I are bearing the burden of her crime. There was no excuse for her: she knew

ding up pictures of past enjoyments, which that village had been the scene. Arrived at the depot, but few moments remained. Already we heard in the distance the shrill steam whistle and the heavy rumbling of the iron wheels. All in a hurry and confusion. I was as one in a dream, scarcely conscious of what was going on around me—yet there is a picture in my mind of a tearful group, clustered around an old school-mate and friend. I have a recollection of hurried kisses, words of farewell; of the clinging of little arms around my neck, and a slight little head resting for a moment on my shoulder; of a fervent "God bless you, my child," then the cars moved slowly away from the platform, and old friends, father, Neddie—all receded from sight. That picture is indelibly stamped upon my mind, and sometimes, as now, I pause awhile before it, but it awakens painful reflections. Life has nothing more bitter than this sundering of old ties; this tearing one's self away from all the dear delights of home, to go forth alone into the wide world to meet its calamities; to know that the dreaming time is all over; that from henceforth a waking reality must take the place of vague fancies' dim uncertain imaginings.

A ride of four hours brought us to the city, where brother and sister were to remain with me until the sailing of the steamer, which time was fixed at two o'clock the following day. (Continued.)

THE CRY OF THE SPIRIT.

North from the soul there wings a cry,
Far up the vault of heaven,
As mournful as the rose's sigh,
When chill the winds of even
Floats upon the fragrant air—
The flowers of earth among—
Curling a tale of woe and care
From hearts with sorrow wrung.
Wanders to the silver throne,
Where sits the queen of night,
Whose snow-white brow no stain has known
Since first 'twas wreathed with light,
And murmurs in her pitying ear,
That man, though lord of earth,
Hopeless anguish wanders here;—
Cursed from his very birth,
Stars, moon, and flowers bend in love—
Soft as an angel's sigh,
Floating to earth from realms above,
Comes back the sweet reply:
Give thanks O! man, on bended knee,
Thy woes are from thee riven,
For there is one that pities thee;
He smiles on thee from heaven."

D'ORVILLE.

enveloped in the thick folds of a white collar turned up, and wearing a slouched, weather-beaten hat, entered in height he was fully up to the standard of a man; and upon removing his hat and throwing open his cloak, displayed a well-made, and features which were manly and prepossessing. He was a young man, but a certain care-worn and stern expression gave him the appearance of being much older than he really was. "Pardon me, ladies," said he, after he had closed the door, "for this abrupt entrance, but the wind is so boisterous that I could not hear my knock; and as my business is urgent, I over-stepped the bounds of etiquette. This," he continued, advancing and tendering a note, "will settle my errand." Edith received it, and Mary leaning upon her shoulder, she opened it and read as follows:

"You will please deliver to the bearer of this, which I left at your door three years ago to-day. For your kindness to the child the writer remains forever grateful, and although we never meet, yet be assured that she will cease to thank and bless you, and pray God may watch over you, as you have watched over her child."

Edith, as she finished reading, looked very pale, her features were stern, and even wore a fierce expression. Mary, on the contrary, was much agitated; she felt that her forebodings were not without cause, and that coming events did cast their shadow,—at least sometimes. "Edith," she exclaimed, "this is the substance of the shadow." Edith made no reply, but fixing those bright eyes of hers—more bright than ever now—upon the stranger, she said, with a voice so cold and hollow as to sound almost unearthly, "Who are you, sir, that demands the child?"

"I am one sent by its mother."

"Who is the mother?"

"That I am not at liberty to tell."

And you thought that by your assurance and this piece of paper, bearing neither address nor signature, to gull us and obtain the child; we are not the fools to look us for. You can go, sir! You need without ceremony, you can go by this door—there is the door." She pointed with her hand to the entrance, her tall figure stood more erect, and her bright eyes shined brighter. The stranger did not reply.

"Do you hear, sir?"

"Yes, I hear; but I shall not go without the child. I have further proof; but first, I tell you that my orders are impera-

tive—I *must* have the child. When you have heard what I have to say, you cannot doubt that I act by authority. The child was left at your door three years ago to-night; it was but slightly clothed, and wrapped in a white blanket, in one corner of which was a piece of blue ribbon; attached to the ribbon was a signet ring bearing the initial W. There was also a note worded thus: 'Do not, oh, do not send this babe away, receive and adopt it as your own—give it room in your hearts and Heaven will bless you. Its name is Eva.' Have I not spoken correctly?"

"Yes, so far as the tokens are concerned you have; but it matters not, you cannot have the child. We have done as requested; we have given it room in our hearts—aye, our whole hearts, and adopted it as our own. It knows no other parents, and it is ours and ours alone."

"I do not doubt that your love and attachment to it is strong, very strong; yet, think of its mother—'tis her first, her only child. Circumstances compelled her to part with it, and can you not imagine how her heart has yearned for her child—how she has worked and toiled and prayed, for years; and now, finding herself enabled to support it, she asks for it—and her heart even now is throbbing in expectancy.—Would you break that heart?"

"I would break no heart. The mother who would desert her babe, and leave it upon the door-step on a winter's night, abandoned to the tender mercies of strangers, is not capable of such feeling, and does not deserve the name of woman. A woman would beg, starve, suffer, do anything, aye, everything for her child, and nothing short of certain death could induce her to commit such an unnatural act."

"Circumstances we cannot always govern; but we have talked enough—once for all, will you give me the child?"

"No."

"Then I must take it." He advanced towards the door of an adjoining room—quick as thought Edith sprang to the door, and holding with one hand the latch, confronted him. He stopped; his features became stern, his voice determined—"You force me to do that which I never did before—to lay my hand upon a woman, other than in kindness. Stand aside!"

"Never!" she replied.

He was a bold man, and in a good cause, but who dare attack Edith then? for never did the tigress over her young appear more ferocious—never did human eyes flash as they did hers, and there they stood.

Without removing her eyes, Edith requested Mary to get the pistol from the table drawer. Having procured it she advanced for the purpose of giving it to Edith, when the stranger with a quick and sudden motion seized it by the barrel, and wrenching it from her, thrust it in his belt. Edith, surprised by this unexpected movement, released her hold on the latch, and the stranger seeing his advantage, threw her from the door, opened it and entered the room. The eyes of Edith and Mary met for an instant, and in that instant communications passed like lightning—each read and understood the other, and simultaneously they sprang to the doorway, and scarce had the stranger crossed the threshold when they seized him, and with their united strength hurled him back into the parlor. Edith entered the bedroom and instantly returned; in her hand she grasped the handle of a poniard. The bright steel blade glittered, and as she stationed herself against the closed door, she raised her arm. The force with which the stranger was thrown back caused him to stagger and nearly fall; upon recovering his equilibrium he saw Edith by the door with the uplifted dagger, and Mary close beside her. With the same firm and determined look he again advanced. "Back, sir!" said Edith, "or this steel shall pierce your coward heart!" For a moment he hesitated, then springing forward seized with his left the wrist of Edith's uplifted hand, and with his right he held her left—she was powerless, and thus they stood.

Mary had been agitated and nervous, scarcely knowing what she did; but now she felt her nerves become as firm as iron—her heart had ceased its flutterings—her passions, slow to rise, were mounting on, and as they gathered strength her head grew cool and clear—Eva was in danger, Edith overpowered—now was the time for her to act. Deliberately she fastened one hand in the stranger's cravat; with the other she grasped the poniard's blade. "Release it, Edith; give it to me." Receiving it, she took a firm hold of the handle, and the bright steel flashed again as she threw it up. Although calmly, it was quickly done, and it was pointed for the stranger's heart. It would have gone there, but his eye, calm and pleading, met hers, and he held it there. That saved him; the dagger did not fall. His thoughts worked like flashes; he felt that his situation was perilous, yet he did not ask for quarter, he did not speak. True, he could

free his hands by releasing Edith, but then he would have two to cope with; so there they stood, and not a word was spoken.

"Hollo, here, hollo! What's all this?" The dagger fell, but fell from Mary's hand upon the floor; releasing her grasp with the other hand, she exclaimed—"Oh, father, you are just in time; he would take little Eva from us."

"The d—l he would! I'd like to see him try it. Look ye, sir! I've a great mind to knock your brains out with this stick. You're a villain—a scoundrel, sir! What do you mean by coming here, sir?"

"I am neither a villain nor a scoundrel; but I came here to take the child."

"By what authority, sir? who sent you to take the child?"

"Its mother; I brought with me a note, and also gave verbal proof as to the identity of the child; my course was smooth and gentlemanly, until compelled to use force."

"Gammon, sir, gammon; the child has no mother but my girls, no father but me; she is ours, ours, sir, ours! Leave this house, or I'll cudgel you anyhow, and if you ever show yourself about here again you'll get cold lead, sir. Why don't you go, sir?"

"I will go, but I do not fear your cold lead, and shall return immediately, bringing with me the mother."

"Very well, sir, bring the woman, and if she really be the mother, and is poor, she can have money, but not the child—never, sir, NEVER!"

"She is not poor, and if she were, would not take your money, but wants her child, and she shall have it; I will be here with her in a very short time." Picking up his hat and cloak, which were lying on the floor, the stranger put them on and left the house.

Eva had been awakened by the uproar, and Mary was endeavoring to quiet her; having succeeded, she reentered the parlor and seated herself with her father and Edith. The girls were too much excited to converse, and the old gentleman sidged about on his chair, as with his foot he nervously tapped the carpet. He was not a corpulent man, but yet was pretty strong; his steel mixed hair was closely cut, and his beard shaven so as to have only a slight side whisker, also gray; his face, more round than oval, wore at most times a pleasant, good-natured expression; his age, although exceeding fifty, he bore well; always professing to be as "sound" as a

mackerel"—in short he was a good specimen of a fine old gentleman.

"Well, girls," said he, still tapping with his foot upon the floor, "this is a pretty how d'ye do. I should have been home sooner, but wanted to get some books and notions for you and Eva; and I thought that when I got home what a nice Christmas Eve we'd have; that while the wind and rain were cutting up so outside, and hundreds were roaming about exposed to the storm without a home or shelter, we would be here all snug, and enjoying a pleasant time by ourselves. As I passed the saloons down town I heard shouting, singing, glasses clinking, and everything that betokened joy and hilarity; and when I had walked a little further a woman stopped me and asked for charity—yes, a woman, here, in San Francisco, on Christmas Eve, and in such a storm, begging! Bless my soul, I never heard of such a thing; she had a little girl with her, too, a sweet little creature, but covered with rags. I thought she might be an impostor, one of those who make a business of begging, and so offered to go home with her—*home* did I say? why, bless me, it was only a 'crib! Why, girls, 'twas a shanty up here on the hill, and such a one that I wouldn't keep my horse in it; the hinges to the doors were broken off, and there wasn't a whole square of glass in the window; there was no fire, no wood, no provisions; and there, lying upon an old mattress on the ground floor, was a little boy, sick. I could hardly believe what I saw; I did not think it possible for anything of the kind to exist in San Francisco. The woman said that they had had neither fire nor food for two days; her husband, she said, had been unfortunate in some business matters; had taken to drinking, then to gambling, and she had not heard of him for several months. She managed to support herself and family by washing, until first she was taken sick, and then the boy; her little stock of money was soon gone, and her credit exhausted; she was not able to work; in fact is far from being well now, but she could not see her children starve, and to-night, for the first time in her life, went out to ask assistance. Well, if they're not comfortable to-night, it's their own fault. After that I started for home again, and felt so happy that I laughed all the way here, and promised myself a glorious Eve with you; and then, after anticipating so much, to find that infernal scoundrel trying to take Eva away—take her away! I'd like to see him do

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it—I'd like to see any one do it—there he is again!" An impatient knock upon the door occasioned the latter exclamation. "Brought the woman, I suppose; well, we'll see," as he went to give them admittance.

As the door opened, and the bluff "come in" was given, the stranger entered, followed by a female, who, beside wearing the usual wet weather habiliments, was closely veiled. "This," said the stranger, after closing the door, "is the mother." The old gentleman put on his sternest look, and, addressing the latter, said:

"So, young woman, you claim to be the mother of our Eva?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, suppose you are; don't you know that when you left the babe upon the door-step, here, you also left a note beseeching us to receive and adopt it as our own? and now that we have done so, and for three years loved and doted over it until it has become part of our existence, why do you come and demand it?"

"'Tis true, sir, that I made such a request, but if you knew how, during those three years, this heart has ached and yearned, how I have worked and prayed that I might be able to reclaim it, you would not refuse to give her up. Oh, sir, you cannot refuse a mother's prayer; by your sympathies as a father, I entreat you; here upon my knees I plead a mother's love.—I entreat you—you can not refuse to give her to me. Heaven will bless you for what you have done, and I—I will never cease to thank and bless you. You can not, you will not refuse to let me have her."

"Get up, young woman—don't kneel before any one but your God; and if the child is yours, you'll have enough to answer for, to Him. You talk very well, but why seek to keep so closely veiled? The mother of Eva should be a very handsome woman: come, let's see what you look like. What—ashamed to show your face? I thought there was some fooling about this." For a moment there was an awful silence in the room: the rain came down in torrents upon the roof, the wind moaned and whistled about the house-corners, the windows trembled in their casements, and the door rattled in its frame. The old gentleman sat with a half smile upon his lips; Edith and Mary hugged each other closer—the young woman stood erect upon the floor like a statue, while the stranger's gaze was fixed intent upon her. Suddenly she raised her hand to the veil, hesitated for an instant, then tore it hastily away—

"Bertha!" exclaimed Mary, as she sprang forward to embrace her sister.—"O, Bertha, Bertha! is it really you? But you will not take Eva from us: oh! no, no; you must stay with us. You will not go away again, Bertha; you will not. We will all love you, and this shall be your home again." Bertha returned her sister's warm embrace, but she could not speak; her heart was too full, her emotion too great—and leaning upon each other, the sisters wept and laughed by turns.

The old gentleman during this outburst of affection exhibited a great deal of nervousness; he coughed a little, pulled up the point of his shirt-collar, used his handkerchief to his nose, endeavored to appear easy and calm, winked both eyes excessively, and finally turned around and faced the wall. Perhaps it was a speck of dust which he was endeavoring to take from the corner of his eye: it must have been something serious, or his great chest would not have heaved so terribly.

Edith stood there erect, cold, and haughty; not a muscle of her features moved; and there she stood, like a mass of ice—cold, cold, cold.

"Father," exclaimed Mary, freeing herself from the embrace of her sister, "'tis Bertha come home again." He turned from the wall; it was not dust in those eyes, oh, no; 'twas something wet, for his cheeks were stained. Holding out both arms, he said, with a voice broken with emotion: "My child, my child!" In an instant Bertha's arms were about his neck; and she, sobbing upon his breast, "Forgive me, father, forgive me." "I do my child, I do—so like your mother, I would forgive you if only for her dear sake."

And Edith, how was it with her? Mary, laying one hand on that mass of coldness, said: "Edith, you will forgive Bertha, wont you?" Edith made no reply; her features did not change—the ice was hard. "She is our sister, Edith, and little Eva's mother; will you not for Eva's sake forgive her? you cannot refuse for little Eva." The features changed a little; her eyes met Mary's.

'Tis wonderful what power is in the eye, that monitor of the soul; power to subdue, power to control, power to make the guilty feel their guilt, the innocent to confide, to give the despairing new hope, and to soften the sternest will.

When Edith's eyes met Mary's, so warm and pleading, the ice began to melt; that heart, before so cold, now growing warm, commenced to throb; that rigid bosom to

heave; there was a choking in the throat—the ice was melting. And when Mary, taking Bertha's hand, and drawing her up placed it in Edith's, the ice had melted into tears, and thick and fast they fell on Bertha's neck.

"Oh, father, sisters!" exclaimed Bertha, "this is too much, too much, more than I can bear; but Edward," she continued, turning towards the stranger who was standing by, a silent and not unmoved spectator; "'tis for you too, you will share it with me. But—I did not think, excuse me Edward; father, this is my husband."

"Your husband! when were you married?"

"Nearly four years ago."

"Four—years—ago, and Eva——"

"Is our legitimate child."

The old gentleman shook his head as though in doubt; then, speaking in a very slow and thoughtful manner, said: "There is something very strange about all this; I don't understand it."

"Allow me to explain," said Edward, as we will now call him, coming forward, with Bertha leaning upon him, "but, be seated; 'tis a long story and I will be as brief as possible. Four years ago you had not left your home upon the Atlantic side; at that time Bertha was attending school at W——; I was at that time also a resident of W——, and engaged in the study of my profession. 'Twas there that Bertha and I first met, and our acquaintance ripened from friendship into love. When you sent for Bertha to return home and prepare to leave for California, no declarations of love had been made, no vows exchanged, but I then thought it incumbent upon me to speak; I did so, and found that my feelings were, as I expected, reciprocated; and which, under other circumstances, would have rendered me unspeakably happy, but as it was, there was much of sorrow mingled with my joy. I knew that she was to leave me, and go to a strange country, far away; I feared that absence might diminish her love for me, and meeting with others who might be gay, fascinating and rich, might forget her pledge to me. I hinted as much to her; she rated me for the insinuation, and proposed that I should return home with her, be married there, and come out with you. To that I would readily and gladly consented, but, alas! sir, it could not be. I told her so, and frankly, too, told her why. I was betrothed to another, one whom I could not love, and for whom I entertained a thorough dislike, and by whom the an-

tipathy was returned with interest. The match was not of our making; but our parents, years before, in order to accomplish certain ends, agreed that it should be so, and we when very young tacitly obeyed. At first we looked upon it as a matter of course, and, as boys and girls, were contented enough; but as we grew older, the bond became irksome, then disagreeable, and then each pledged to the other never to consummate that bond. I told my father of our determination; he became angry and threatened if I did not marry her, to disinherit me, commanding me at the same time to go back to W—— and complete my studies, and when master of my profession to return home and fulfill the engagement. When I told Bertha of this she was much grieved, and asked how I expected to avert my father's will. I then proposed that we should be married at once, but secretly; that she should go on with you, and I, remaining for a few months to complete my studies, would follow; and, in California claim her as my wife. For some time she persistently refused. I begged and pleaded until she reluctantly consented. We went to the city, were married, remained there a week, and then she returned home, and shortly after came with you to California. Some months after, I received a letter from her saying that I must come out immediately, or my absence would bring upon her ruin and disgrace. I was not a little alarmed at the nature of the letter, and determined to start at once. I had already been making preparations to follow; the money received from my father for incidental expenses, I had carefully hoarded, and upon the receipt of the letter I sold my books, room-furniture, watch, and every thing available; with the proceeds I started for New York, without intimating to any one my further intentions. Upon reaching New York I found it impossible to obtain a steamer ticket, and meeting with a party about to leave for California *via* Mexico, I joined them. Our journey was tedious, and attended with many delays and much sickness. Arriving at Mazatlan we took passage on a brig, and were four months on the voyage to San Francisco. Almost the first person I met after coming ashore was an acquaintance from W——, who left there but a short time previous to myself; he was also an acquaintance of Bertha's, and 'twas he who first told me of her disappearing from home. The intelligence filled me with the greatest distress; I made further inquiries and found that it

was only too true; all my efforts to find her were fruitless. At that time I found a letter, written a long time ago, which stated that I would find her residing with a family in Ill. With a heart fluttering 'twixt hope and fear, I hurried there; the occupants were new comers, and all the former occupants was there, but gone to the mines; thus was my search defeated. My means, small at first, were exhausted, but borrowing of money I went to the mines. As a mine was fortunate, but never happy. Bertha was my constant aim, from my mind. I used every means even advertised, stating where I was, hoping that by chance she would see it and come to me, but it was in vain. Three months ago, while I was taken sick and obliged to leave my way-side house. Judge of my joy in meeting Bertha there. Suffering as house-keeper, and long and serious illness I was cured by her. We determined upon my coming directly here, and with exacting ask forgiveness and claim our children before last we arrived in town, and the day learned that which induced me to sue a course other than first intended, the result of which you already know.

"Well," said the old gentleman, "it looks better, but I acted from the first like a paid agent, Bertha, why did you not, instead of running away, confide in and rely upon my sympathy and assistance?"

"I could not, father, for I made my own promise to Edward never, under any circumstances, to reveal our secret without his consent. By every means I expected him, and rather than hurt his feelings by my word to him I would have waited for a steamer after steamer arrived, but when news of Edward, I became alarmed, I knew that my situation would soon be discovered, particularly as Edith had questioned me; but, I determined that disgrace and shame would come, not be beneath this roof; I considered many plans, but none feasible; the day when walking alone through the Valley, I stopped at a cottage for the purpose of resting, and there I found an acquaintance in the form of a man who was at one time an assistant teacher in the Seminary in W——, and with whom I was ever an especial favorite; she was glad to see me that she fairly c-

ny was returned with interest. The h was not of our making; but our nts, years before, in order to accom- certain ends, agreed that it should be nd we when very young tacily obey- At first we looked upon it as a mat- of course, and, as boys and girls, were ented enough; but as we grew older, bond became irksome, then disagree- and then each pledged to the other r to consummate that bond. I told father of our determination; he be- e angry and threatened if I did not ry her, to disinherit me, commanding at the same time to go back to W— complete my studies, and when master ny profession to return home and fulfill engagement. When I told Bertha of she was much grieved, and asked how pected to avert my father's will. I n proposed that we should be married uce; but secretly; that she should go with you, and I, remaining for a few nths to complete my studies, would fol- ; and, in California claim her as my e. For some time she persistently re- ed. I begged and pleaded until she uctantly consented. We went to the y, were married, remained there a week, d then she returned home, and shortly er came with you to California. Some onths after, I received a letter from her ying that I must come out immediately, my absence would bring upon her ruin d disgrace. I was not a little alarmed the nature of the letter, and determined start at once. I had already been mak- r preparations to follow; the money re- ived from my father for incidental ex- nses, I had carefully hoarded, and upon e receipt of the letter I sold my books, om-furniture, watch, and every thing ailable; with the proceeds I started for w York, without intimating to any one further intentions. Upon reaching w York I found it impossible to obtain steamer ticket, and meeting with a party out to leave for California *via* Mexico, oined them. Our journey was tedious, d attended with many delays and much kness. Arriving at Mazatlan we took ssage on a brig, and were four months the voyage to San Francisco. Almost e first person I met after coming ashore s an acquaintance from W—, who t there but a short time previous to my- f; he was also an acquaintance of Ber- a's, and 'twas he who first told me of r disappearing from home. The intelli- nce filled me with the greatest distress; made further inquiries and found that it

was only too true; all my endeavors to find her were fruitless. At the post-office I found a letter, written a long time previously, which stated that I would find her residing with a family in Happy Valley. With a heart fluttering 'twixt hope and fear I hurried there; the occupants of the house designated, knew nothing of her, they were new comers, and all they knew of the former occupants was that they had gone to the mines; thus was my last hope defeated. My means, small at first, were exhausted, but borrowing of my friend, I went to the mines. As a miner I was fortunate, but never happy. To discover Bertha was my constant aim, and never from my mind. I used every endeavor; even advertised, stating where I could be found, hoping that by chance she might see it and come to me, but it availed nothing. Three months ago, while traveling, I was taken sick and obliged to stop at a way-side house. Judge of my surprise and joy in meeting Bertha there. She was officiating as house-keeper, and during a long and serious illness I was nursed by her. We determined upon my recovery to come directly here, and with explanations ask forgiveness and claim our child. Night before last we arrived in town, and yesterday learned that which induced us to pursue a course other than first intended, and the result of which you already know."

"Well," said the old gentleman, with a long breath, "it looks better, but you have acted from the first like a pair of fools. Bertha, why did you not, instead of running away, confide in and rely upon us for sympathy and assistance?"

"I could not, father, for I made a solemn promise to Edward never, under any circumstances, to reveal our marriage without his consent. By every steamer I expected him, and rather than have broken my word to him I would have died. As steamer after steamer arrived, bringing no news of Edward, I became alarmed; I knew that my situation would soon be discovered, particularly as Edith had already questioned me; but, I determined that if disgrace and shame would come, it should not be beneath this roof; I concocted many plans, but none feasible; until, one day when walking alone through Happy Valley, I stopped at a cottage for the purpose of resting, and there I found an old acquaintance in the form of a lady who was at one time an assistant teacher at our Seminary in W—, and with whom I was ever an especial favorite; she was so glad to see me that she fairly cried with

joy; I made her my confidant as far as possible without compromising my promise to Edward; she kindly offered me a home and protection, which I accepted; and, fearful of being discovered, caused the report of my death to reach you. Then was Eva born. Words further will not express the kindness I received from both my friend and her husband; after Eva's birth they were, if possible, more kind. Eva was six weeks old and Edward did not come. Have I been deceived? and am I really lost? I asked myself—but no, I could not think it—he will surely come some time, was the ever ready answer. I felt, too, that I was a burden to my friends; who, besides their own and mine, had two little mouths to feed. They talked of leaving San Francisco for the mines; for me to go with them would be only an useless expense, as Eva demanded all my time and attention; and I could not possibly render them any assistance; I thought that were it not for me they would leave immediately, and what course to pursue puzzled me much. One evening, as I sat watching over Eva and thinking of the future, I suddenly remembered 'twas Christmas Eve, and I thought of you, of the good home I had left, and of the many happy Eves we'd passed together. I had sometimes thought of leaving Eva with you, and sitting there, I thought of it again, and asked myself 'Why not to-night?' It was the best possible time, for I knew that on Christmas Eve all your finer feelings and sympathies were awakened; I determined to do so, and with the assistance of my friend, everything was soon prepared. With a throbbing heart I started on my mission, and reaching here, placed the basket upon the door-step, and taking one last look, knocked quickly and sped around the house-corner, there to stop and listen. The few moments which expired while waiting for my summons to be answered were full of intense anguish, and seemed an age; my heart had ceased its flutterings and was motionless—I could scarcely breathe. The door opened, and I heard an exclamation of surprise; then there appeared to be a conversation; but, so low, I could not catch the words; and then, father, I heard you say: 'We will rear it, no matter whose it was, it shall be ours now; and if its parents can abandon it, never shall it be said that we turned a helpless babe away at any time, much less on Christmas Eve.' The door closed, and Eva found a home; I kneeled there upon the ground and thanked you with my whole

heart; I prayed that God would pardon me, and bless you, and that the spirit of our mother pitying me, would guard my child; the bright stars looked down, and twinkling, seemed to say, 'Your prayers are registered, and shall be answered.' With a lighter heart than I had felt for months, I hurried home. But where was Edward? 'twas strange, very strange; yet I still had faith that he would come. Before leaving for the country I dropped a letter in the Office for him, stating, as near as possible, our destination; that letter he did not get. Upon our arrival in the mines, I was offered a situation, which I accepted, in the house where, as Edward has told you, we met. I should have come with him to-night, and, making myself known, sought your forgiveness; but yesterday Edward met the friend, of whom he has spoken, and who told him that nothing had been heard of me, excepting a rumor of my death, and that you had sworn that, dead or alive, I should never darken your door; Edith, he said, disowned ever having such a sister. When I learned that, my courage failed me, and I was afraid to come. Edward offered to come alone, and make the first trial; if successful, I promised to return with him; but we hoped with the note, together with his pleadings, and the holy influence of Christmas, to accomplish our desires; and at some future time, with Eva to plead for and with us, to obtain your forgiveness and be enabled to explain as we have now done. How successful Edward was, you already know; he told me that he became excited and was rude, but he did not intend to be."

When she ceased to speak her father was sitting with his elbows upon the table and his face buried in his hands; rising, he extended his hands to Bertha, and with big tears starting from his eyes, said, with tremulous voice: "Forgive me, Bertha, forgive me."

"But, father, I have nothing to forgive."

"Yes, you have; for I did—I did say it, and a great deal more; but it was not from the heart. Heaven knows that I could not have kept such an oath—I have done you much wrong; forgive your old father."

"No, father, I have nothing to forgive; all that you have said, and all that I have suffered I deserved, in just punishment for my sin and folly; it is Edward and I who ask forgiveness—but I know we are forgiven, so let us say no more about it."

"Yes, my child, freely—freely you are forgiven. You must not leave us again—

we can make room to-night, and afterward arrange for the future. But, girls, why don't you bring Eva out? Strange you didn't think of it."

Eva was brought and introduced, and although shy at first, her timidity soon passed away, and she sat in Bertha's lap, appearing quite at home, but couldn't very well understand how it was she had another mother, or why that tall and handsome man should be her father.

The rain came rattling upon the window-panes and upon the roof; old boreas was out in all his strength; he played all kinds of pranks, and proved to his own satisfaction and the great consternation of many people that he was indeed a "blower," and on a *busl*. The unroofing of houses appeared to be a favorite sport of his that night; and many a house that never leaked before was that night rendered uninhabitable; many there were that night houseless and homeless in San Francisco; many there were sighing for their good old homes on the other side of the Nevadas, and many contrasting the present Christmas Eve with that of other years; but to those beneath one roof, at least, the storm came unheeded; heart beat in unison with kindred heart, and in the Christmas rejoicings, the past, with all its sorrowings, was lost, and a happy future promised.

Never was there a happier gathering; Bertha sat beside her father, whose big heart thumped and thumped upon his ribs; ever and anon he would break out in a perfect shout of laughter, declaring he never was so happy in all his life, and that that one night was worth a lifetime. Edward chatted and joked with Edith, and Mary, who thought there never was such a fine young man, really felt proud of her sister's selection.

"Bertha," said her father, just recovering from a laughing fit, "what became of your friends?"

"I don't know; for some little time after parting we corresponded, and then my letters were not answered; about six months since I heard that they were again living here in San Francisco, and that, having been very unfortunate, Mr. Scott became discouraged and very dissipated."

"Scott!" exclaimed the old gentleman, taking a memorandum book which he hastily opened, "was the woman's name Elizabeth Scott?"

"Yes; what of her—do you know her?"

"No—that is, I mean yes—only a slight business acquaintance! but if you'd like to see her, I think I could find her to-morrow."

As the old gentleman appeared to appear very carefully closing his eyes, he turned it to his pocket, looked at Bertha with another remark, he exclaimed, "Why, girls, it's the about to-night?" He up and down again until, for want of no more.

Bed-time came late: the house was with such expanded gentleman insisted that his cot, while he was the parlor floor. Some time ere Bertha she did, sweetly dreamed of being with fruit, and flowery streams flowed that they rippled on; the music rich and full; forms were hovering and among them, one mother. This one, smiled, and settling her brow a kiss. She bending over her, and nized as Edith's, said

"Do not speak, Bertha, until I had seen wronged you more than know that I am cold, ate—sometimes, I think I can not help it. Give and love me? live, that I may be like

"O, Edith, I do for and we will pray God live."

"Thanks, Bertha, and again kissing her room.

There was not one roof. The lost was had returned: pride was was triumphant.

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 th Scott?"
 "Yes; what of her—do you know her?"
 "No—that is, I mean yes—only a slight
 isiness acquaintance! but if you'd like to
 e her, I think I could find her to-morrow."

As the old gentleman spoke he endeav-
 ored to appear very serious and wise:
 carefully closing his memorandum, he re-
 turned it to his pocket, coughed very faint-
 ly, looked at Bertha, and then exploded
 with another roar. Holding up for a mo-
 ment, he exclaimed, "This is too good!
 Why, girls, it's the very woman I told you
 about to-night!" His good old head bobbed
 up and down again, and his sides shook
 until, for want of breath, he could laugh
 no more.

Bed-time came at last, though very
 late: the house was small for so many,
 with such expanded hearts, but the old
 gentleman insisted that Bertha should take
 his cot, while he and Edward slept upon
 the parlor floor. After retiring, it was
 some time ere Bertha fell asleep, and when
 she did, sweet visions were hers. She
 dreamed of being in a garden luxuriant
 with fruit, and flowers, of every hue; crys-
 tal streams flowed through it, sparkling as
 they rippled on; the air was laden with
 music rich and full; myriads of sylph-like
 forms were hovering over and about her,
 and among them, one she knew to be her
 mother. This one, when Bertha saw it,
 smiled, and settling down, imprinted upon
 her brow a kiss. She awoke—a form was
 bending over her, and a voice she recog-
 nized as Edith's, said:—

"Do not speak. I could not sleep, Ber-
 tha, until I had seen you alone. I have
 wronged you more than all the others. I
 know that I am cold, proud, and passion-
 ate—sometimes, I think, heartless: but I
 I can not help it. Can you, will you for-
 give and love me? Teach me how to
 live, that I may be like you and Mary!"

"O, Edith, I do forgive, I do love you;
 and we will pray God to teach us how to
 live."

"Thanks, Bertha, now I can sleep;"
 and again kissing her sister, she left the
 room.

There was not one sorrow beneath that
 roof. The lost was found, the wanderer
 had returned: pride was humbled, and love
 was triumphant.

Some of our readers may have to try a
 second time before they see the point con-
 tained in the marriage notice below:—

"At Paskenta Ranch, Oct. 4th, WILLIAM
 ALLEN to ELIZA ———, both of Squawhill,
 Tehama county. The bride's maiden name
 does not appear in the certificate of the jus-
 tice, though, we understand, she is an old
 resident, and is the person in honor of whom
 the aforesaid hill received its name.—*Red
 Bluff Beacon.*

A DESULTORY POEM.

BY W. H. D.

CANTO IV.

I.

Dear friend, I joy to greet thee once again;
 I hope it is the evening's quiet hour
 Brings us together, for I then shall reign
 More gently o'er thy heart; and as the flower
 Welcomes the dew, its freshness to regain,
 So may the gems of thought I on thee shower,
 Be welcomed for the influence they impart,
 To charm thy mind and purify thy heart.

II.

I know thee not, but this I surely know,—
 Thou hast at least a kindred heart and mind,
 In which my sympathies may freely flow,
 And find a stream as friendly, pure, and kind,
 Which mingling, may produce a brighter glow
 On our hearts' flowers, there to be entwined,
 As sweet mementos of a blissful time,
 Born of the pleasing melodies of rhyme.

III.

I ne'er may grasp thee by thy friendly hand,
 Nor see the welcome beaming from thine eye,
 With the sweet smile upon thy lips so bland,
 All musical with the tones of sympathy;
 But yet our hearts shall fully understand
 And know we love each other tenderly;
 For there's a sweet mysterious charm, must bind
 Together each congenial heart and mind.

IV.

Deep calleth unto deep within our souls;—
 Have we not there a secret inner life,
 Whose silver stream o'er golden sand still rolls,
 Its peaceful tides far from the world's dark strife?
 There thought all pure, affection sweet, controls,
 Each budding flower, with promised bliss all rife;
 And there a few invited guests we tend,
 Whose inmost lives with ours most sweetly blend.

V.

We call up spirits from that vasty deep,—
 We call them up, they answer to our call;
 We send them forth to rouse the world from sleep,
 We picture the vile passions that enthral
 The souls of those who in the senses sleep
 The life within: like beasts within the stall,
 They eat and drink and sleep, and then arise,
 To do the same, while God's fair image dies.

VI.

Bless'd are we who know those joys all pure,
 And thrill with all the raptures of the mind,
 When thought and feeling with their charms allure
 Us on, to soar and leave the world behind,—
 The world of sin and sense, which can endure
 But for a time, while that bright world we find,
 Sheds glories on our reason's feeblest ray,
 And brightens ever to the perfect day.

VII.

O, who would dwell amid the things of sense,
 After enjoying treasures such as these?
 They can but seem but a weak, a vain pretence,
 A shadow in the light, a passing breeze,

That goes we know not where, nor yet from whence
It came, so restless o'er the land and seas;
A thing of naught, a meteor in the air,
That vanishes before we say, "Tis there."

VIII.

But yet the crowd is pressing on to seize
These fleeting phantoms of a fleeting day,—
These bubbles in the air—wild phantasies,
Like the mirage that on the deserts play
Deceitful tricks: like fair realities,
Before the travelers' eyes the waters lay,
A pure, refreshing, cooling, placid lake,
Which turns to sand their burning thirst to slake.

IX.

Such are the prizes that attract the world,—
Ambition, fame, wealth, power, and slothful ease;
These are the mottoes which we see unfurled
On many a banner floating on the breeze,
When armies swift are to destruction hurled;
Defeat is death, and worse their victories;
When all is grasped to which they would attain,
How bitter is their cry: "In vain, in vain!"

X.

"Was it for thee, the fatal die was cast?
For these that faith and honor, both were lost?
I sowed the wind to reap the whirlwind's blast,
I've gained the prize, but what a fearful cost
For such a toy, a bauble,—life was passed
Upon a sea forever tempest-tossed,
Whose billows filled my soul with sickening throes,
And now no haven woos me to repose."

XI.

"My youth, my manhood, energies all gone,
Affections hardened and the mind a waste,
Talents perverted, conscience turned to stone,
The sweetest fruits now bitter to the taste,
O, what can for a misspent life atone,
In which we onward to destruction haste?—
Great God! we cannot from Thy presence flee,
Our Father, thou! and yet we seek not Thee!"

XII.

Why, why should man forever be perverse?
Why will weak man with the great God contend,
And turn this life, a blessing, to a curse,
Grieving His Saviour and Eternal Friend?
O, impious wretch! ungrateful! thou art worse
Than fiends that to eternal ruin tend;
No Saviour died with woe's despairing cries,
Upon the cross before their mocking eyes.

XIII.

Thank God, there are a few, a chosen few,
Those saints of His, so faithful in His sight,
Whose pleasure is their Maker's will to do,
Forever battling nobly for the right;
They raise up virtue's standard and subdue
The wrong; they triumph in the might
Of the Eternal One whose aid they seek,
Knowing their strength alone is vain and weak.

XIV.

All honor to the brave, the nobly brave,
The great of earth, who labor for the good
Of all mankind; striving, through love, to save
The weak and erring, who have not withstood
Temptation's lures;—the only boon they crave,
That an approving God and conscience would

Bring peace within; they seek no earthly fame,
But they a higher glory still may claim.

XV.

Are not Christ's blessings from the mountain theirs,
Where from his lips those heav'nly doctrines come,
Of bright beatitudes; each follower shares
In all his deep affection's sacred flame,
Which heals their wounds, and soothes their anx-
ious cares;
They joy, in suffering for his cause and name,
They seek no pleasures of a fleeting day;
"A crown of thorns, which fadeth not away."

XVI.

In spirit poor, they heavenly kingdoms own,
And if they mourn, do they not comfort find?
While this fair earth is for the meek alone,
And for each hungry, thirsty heart and mind,
That has a yearning, fervent spirit shown,
Seeking for righteousness; God's hands most kind
For such the purest, choicest bounties spread,
And they are filled with life's immortal bread.

XVII.

And for the merciful shall mercy flow,
The pure in heart shall see the living God;
They who bring peace, shall here be named below
The children of that Father, for they trod
The paths of love, whose blissful joys they know:
They buried war and strife beneath the sod,
Where now the olive tree's green branches wave,
While doves are cooing o'er that silent grave.

XVIII.

If persecuted, striving for the right,
Theirs is heaven's kingdom dwelling in the heart,
Founded most firm in an eternal night,
Whose promised blessings never can depart,
But ever flow a stream all pure and bright;—
Reviled? falsely accused? that shall impart
A greater joy; for great is their reward,
When ranked with God's own prophet, priest and

XIX.

Most sacred theme! well might the angels sing,
"Glory to God on high!" in strains sublime,
When Christ was born, who surely came to bring
Peace and good-will to every land and clime,
And give immortal life, killing death's sting;—
O, all unworthy is my feeble rhyme,
To hymn the praises of God's only Son,
That holy, blessed, pure, and suffering One.

XX.

I close my theme while sinks the golden sun,
Midst splendors in the glorious western sky;
My task is finished, and the day is done,—
I lift my soul in prayer to the Most High.
In faith that we in spirit may be one,
And Christ be ever to my heart most nigh;
And as he's cherished in this heart of mine,
Even so I trust he finds a place in thine.

(Continued.)

COULDN'T DO IT.

In one of our interior mountain
towns lives a man whose name is Bow-
ers,—some very distant connection, I
am told, of old Mr. Joseph Bowers,—

and who
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within; they seek no earthly fame,
 Higher glory still may claim.

XV.

's blessings from the mountain theirs,
 His lips those heavenly doctrines come,
 Attitudes; each follower shares
 In affection's sacred flame,
 Their wounds, and soothes their anx-
 ieties;
 Suffering for his cause and name,
 No pleasures of a fleeting day;
 His thorns, which fade not away."

XVI.

For, they heavenly kingdoms own,
 Mourn, do they not comfort find?
 For earth is for the meek alone,
 A hungry, thirsty heart and mind,
 Yearning, fervent spirit shown,
 Righteousness; God's hands most kind
 Purest, choicest bounties spread,
 Are filled with life's immortal bread.

XVII.

Merciful shall mercy flow,
 Heart shall see the living God;
 Sing peace; shall here be named below
 Of that Father, for they trod
 Of love, whose blissful joys they know.
 War and strife beneath the sod,
 The olive tree's green branches wave,
 Are cooing o'er that silent grave.

XVIII.

And, striving for the right,
 Heaven's kingdom dwelling in the heart,
 Most firm in an eternal night,
 Divided blessings never can depart,
 Flow a stream all pure and bright—
 Wholly accused? that shall impart
 Joy for great is their reward, [hard-
 ly said with God's own prophet, priest and

XIX.

Theme! well might the angels sing,
 God on high!" in strains sublime,
 First was born, who surely came to bring
 Good-will to every land and clime,
 Immortal life, killing death's sting—
 Worthily is my feeble rhyme.
 We praise of God's only Son,
 Blessed, pure, and suffering One.

XX.

Theme while sinks the golden sun,
 Colors in the glorious western sky;
 Faded, and the day is done,
 We in prayer to the Most High,
 That we in spirit may be one,
 Be ever to my heart most nigh;
 Cherished in this heart of mine,
 Must he find a place in thine.
 (Continued.)

COULDN'T DO IT.

One of our interior mountain
 Was a man whose name is Bow-
 ers, a very distant connection, I
 Of old Mr. Joseph Bowers,—

and who by his friends is familiarly
 called Maj. Bowers. The major is
 about forty-five years of age, measures
 just five feet seven inches in height,
 and weighs exactly 213lbs by the steel-
 yards. He has—and who has not?—
 some little eccentricities, one of which
 is thinking aloud. He has also a bad
 habit, a habit acquired in those days
 by very many,—that of taking a glass
 too much: but for all that, the major
 is "one of our first men," and goes not a
 little upon his dignity.

One day the circus came to town,
 and the major determined to go to the
 circus; and as a preliminary, as well
 as to pass away a little spare time, he
 imbibed several times, and between the
 acts of the performance imbibed sev-
 eral times more. After the exhibition
 he joined company with one or two
 "old boys," and went "round" for a
 couple of hours or so,—and at precise-
 ly one, A. M., he started alone for his
 home in the "outskirts." During the
 performance the major had been par-
 ticularly pleased with the "ground and
 lofty tumbling;" also the vaulting and
 summerset acts. He was thinking of
 this as he walked towards home, and
 thought how easy it would be to turn a
 summerset. He believed that he could
 do it, and our informant overtook him
 just in time to hear the following solilo-
 quy, and to witness the overturn.—
 "Bowers, you can do it, and there is
 no better place to try it on than here."
 Divesting himself of coat and hat, he
 took a short run and threw himself for-
 ward; but, alas for human expecta-
 tions! his hands striking the ground,
 the huge body slowly ascended until it
 attained an altitude of exactly 46°—
 for an instant it poised there, and then
 fell heavily back upon the ground.

As the major gathered himself upon
 his haunches, supported with one hand
 upon the ground, and with the other
 rubbed his damaged body, solemnly
 wagging his head, he muttered in very
 broken accents: "Bowers, my boy, you
 can't do it—you can-not-do-it—you're
 not sufficiently experienced!"

THE YANKEE UROHIN'S REPLY.

Few men there are with real Yankee grit,
 And fewer still with ready Yankee wit;
 And would-be "chaps" at others poking fun,
 Oft find themselves most delicately "done."
 One of this class, a city blood, of late
 Was traveling in the rough old Granite State;
 Lacking in brains, he tried to cut a dash,
 By sporting whiskers and a huge *moustache*.
 In passing where an old black farm-house st'd
 He saw a yankee stripling cutting wood;
 Dressed in an old and tatter'd home-spun frock
 He looked a real "chip of the old block."
 His hat—a "steeple" o'er his eyes fell down
 And now was minus half its wooly crown.
 In days gone by, in good old-fashioned time,
 When his old hat was new and in its prime,
 In spite of fashion's frequent alterations
 It passed at least two curious generations.
 Once it was worn for "go to-meeting" hat.
 To weddings, parties, balls, and 'like o' that,'
 Until, in the old garret stowed away,
 Upon the urchin's head it chanced to stray.
 His scanty *trousers*, made of home-spun tow,
 Refusing with the yankee's limbs to grow.
 His slender legs projected far below
 As if in wonder which way they should go.
 The exquisite, with smile upon his phiz,
 The little stripling thus began to quiz;
 "Hullo! young Jonathan, hullo, I say,
 Have you seen any beggar pass to-day?"
 Said Jonathan "I hardly know now, I declare:
 How did he look, sir, and what did he wear?"
 "He was a raw-boned yankee, tall and slim,
 And you in fact, look very much like him,
 Through his torn pants his feet stuck down
 About a foot; his hat had lost its crown,
 His hair was red, his forehead very low,
 And he was cross-eyed, squinting so-and-so,"
 "Mister, you must feel bad, I reckon, rather—
 I guess you must be huntin' for your father!"
 S. * * * *

THE LAST MATCH;

Or, the Recollections of a Snow-Storm.

BY ALICE.

It became late in the fall before we
 thought of leaving our mountain re-
 treat for winter quarters, and the still,
 sober days of autumn were chased
 away by surly winter, ere we apprehend-
 ed any danger of the trail being block-
 aded by an early snow-storm. The
 days heretofore had been twined to-
 gether by pleasant sunshine until the
 12th of November, which was ushered
 into existence by a frightful storm,
 such as the oldest mountaineer had
 rarely met with in his rambling among

the Sierras. We had not supplied our larder for the coming rigor and severity of the season. Therefore we had only this alternative left us: to saddle our mules and take a dreary march over the unbroken trail of the nearest mining town, lying some twenty miles distant. All preparations were made for an early start in the morning, as we must go, sunshine or storm, hail or rain.

Morning came; and such a morning could scarcely be seen once in a century. I felt so much anxiety about the day's journey, that my coffee at breakfast was scarcely tasted, for the snow was drifting in every direction. We were at last in our saddles, quite ready for a start, when Ned Prescott and Kentucky Joe came out of the cabin to bid us good-bye, with faces portraying a look of uneasiness as regarded our safety on such a hazardous undertaking. They were two noble-hearted miners, who felt sincere regret at parting from us. I thought I could detect tears standing in Joe's big blue eyes, as he pressed my hand and said "good-bye" for the last time. But the snow was falling so fast and thickly, that it might have been a pure flake melting upon the honest, sun-browned face, instead of the pearly tear-drop. He bade us God-speed on our journey as we started, and on we went, or rather crawled, for the drift of snow prevented our making very rapid progress. I turned my head for the last time in the direction of the cabin, and could only see the blue smoke curling up amid the mist and storm, when all else was lost to sight, or dimmed by distance. The wind blew piercingly as I drew my thin habit about me, and which was but a scanty protection from the wild fury of the storm that raged in every niche of the cold Sierras.

I could not drive from my mind the thought of those two honest-hearted ones we had left behind us; neither could I divest myself of the thought that we might never see them again. It was the last time, the last "good-bye," the last friendly grip of the cal-

loused, labor-hardened, hand: for, in mid-winter, when the storm-god raged the most frightfully and piteously, an avalanche came thundering down from a neighboring mountain, and covered up the two long-bearded and warm-hearted miners, Ned and Joe, at the noon of night, when all was hushed save the fearful howling of the infuriated blast.

Then the swollen Yuba came in early spring-time and carried the cozy cabin down, down, into the foaming, lashing torrent, which swept away every impediment in its reckless haste. None knew that Ned and Joe were buried alive, save a few miners who lived in the ravine below, and who had found their frozen forms upon the rocky banks of the stream, after it had subsided, and its mad waters ran again in their usual channel. I afterwards learned that they were buried by their brother miners, who straightened their disheveled locks and rigid limbs, and placed them in the grave, where the night of darkness and unbroken solitude shall hover around their wasting forms, and the deep seal of death shall only be broken when the good angel of the resurrection shall come to earth to swear that time shall be no longer.

Then the eager miners went on as before, in search of the worshipped metal. The clattering noise of pick and shovel resounded in the rocky ravine in the niche of the mountain, and poor Ned and Joe were alike forgotten in the hot pursuit of wealth. No heart will ever feel the sadder for two lone graves upon the hill sides, save the old widowed mother of Joe, and the young blushing bride that belonged to Ned. They still hope for their return, and watch at the cottage gate till night, with its sable mantle of darkness, drops its heavy folds of darkness about them.

Dear me! I am digressing from my story by speaking so often of those who are beyond earth's sorrows, and the world's commiseration; forgetting that I myself figured rather conspicuously in the drama of that sad event which I

promised to tell you, nearly sunset in deep snowing ceased, and the day favored us with a smiling face and his the first time since our cabin. Its rays looked cool and the north wind occasioned by in fitful gusts, leaving little hillocks on either side. My better half had maintained silence on his part for hours, and I could plainly change stealing over his. His long, dangling beard icicles, which now and then gathered like drooping pendulae. I imagined his face commonly blue, and now frozen. His black eyes come changed to a lack-luster much so, in fact, that the first time dawned faintly wildered mind that he was ing. Oh! what a pain to reach one's heart! I own life-current congealing as this dreadful truth flashed. Drawing the sorapa from I handed it to him, that he off the piercing cold, regain own comfort; but he insisted wearing it, as "he did cold," whilst every moment intense and biting. In out his arm to receive it fingers so numb and frozen from his grasp. Seeing the my jaded mule and frankly go another step, as we were miles from our place of which I plainly saw could not that night; and, if the snow to fall it would obscure the when nothing awaited us the trail, and death by our inevitable doom. urged the necessity of pushing that night, as the morrow the trail impassable. We upon the low bench of the and it was but the work of

promised to tell you. We travelled till nearly sunset in deep snow-drifts; the snowing ceased, and the great orb of day favored us with a glimpse of his smiling face and his whereabouts for the first time since our departure for the cabin. Its rays looked cold and frozen, and the north wind occasionally swept by in fitful gusts, leaving a biting sensation, and drifting the snowy flakes in little hillocks on either side of the trail. My better half had maintained a strict silence on his part for the last two hours, and I could plainly discover a change stealing over his countenance. His long, dangling beard was frozen in icicles, which now and then jingled together like drooping pendants of a chandelier. I imagined his face looked uncommonly blue, and must be quite frozen. His black eyes had now become changed to a lack-lustre look; so much so, in fact, that the truth, for the first time, dawned faintly upon my bewildered mind that he might be freezing. Oh! what a painful conviction to reach one's heart! I then felt my own life-current congealing in my veins, as this dreadful truth flashed upon me. Drawing the serapa from my shoulders I handed it to him, that he might ward off the piercing cold, regardless of my own comfort; but he insisted upon my wearing it, as "he did not feel the cold," whilst every moment grew more intense and biting. In straightening out his arm to receive it he found his fingers so numb and frozen that it fell from his grasp. Seeing this, I stopped my jaded mule and frankly refused to go another step, as we were then six miles from our place of destination, which I plainly saw could not be reached that night; and, if the snow continued to fall it would obscure the moonlight, when nothing awaited us but to loose the trail, and death by freezing was our inevitable doom. My husband urged the necessity of pushing through that night, as the morrow might make the trail impassable. We were already upon the low bench of the mountain, and it was but the work of a moment

for me to dismount, which my husband found great difficulty in doing, as his limbs were quite benumbed and stiffened. I disengaged myself of my long riding habit, which now lay on the deep snow, and began to look about me to see what might be done. My hands were quite limber, made so by repeatedly slapping the sides of the mule, to urge it along. But my feet were so frozen they did not seem a part of my body. After I had unsaddled and tied them to a small pine, there to eat "fast-meat" for the night, I began to consider what could be done, and where fuel was to be procured. I saw my husband sink down into the snow with the blank look of discouragement in every feature. After a moment or so he raised himself into a sitting posture, and faintly drawled out these never-to-be-forgotten words: "Carrie, we must prepare to die, for if you get wood we have no matches, and it will be a fruitless attempt for you to think of building a fire; do come here and lay your head in my lap where the blankets are warm. Come quick; my sight fails me, and I can hardly see either you or the mules."

At this I gave a faint scream—"Oh, my God! I cannot let him die thus and not make an effort to save him." I felt the blood rush quickly through my arteries as I pondered upon death. The thought was maddening and my sight failed me; heaven and earth swam together; I looked about me and saw the cold-looking sun was just then going down behind a mountain-like mass of snow-colored clouds that lay piled up in the west.

I cast my eyes in the direction of an old pine tree, and saw a few dry limbs that could be easily reached from the bank of snow that was heaped around its trunk: I broke off as many as I could conveniently carry in my arms, then scraped the snow slightly with my hands from the roots of a pine and piled the boughs about it for a fire. I scarcely knew what I did, my brain was so wild; I ran to my satchel that hung upon the horn of my saddle to find, if possible,

used, labor-hardened, hand: for, in mid-winter, when the storm-god rages, the most frightfully and piteously, a avalanche came thundering down from the neighboring mountain, and covered the two long-bearded and warm-hearted miners, Ned and Joe, at the close of night, when all was hushed save the fearful howling of the infernal blast.

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the much-needed match, but alas! not one was to be found. Why had I been so dilatory, and careless, and thoughtless, as to forget that which would preserve life amid the ice and storm? Why so negligent? The one thought of getting through that night had absorbed our whole attention, and the matches had been left, in our hurried preparations.

In the twinkling of an eye I reached the side of my freezing husband and found, to my infinite joy and delight, that *three* matches were in his right-hand pocket. How my heart leaped and bounded at the glad discovery! I then had something that would thaw his poor freezing limbs to life. Snatching them more eagerly than I would the hoarded wealth of Croesus, or all the glittering rubies of the East. To build a fire upon snow looked preposterous. I hastily tore a silk apron from my waist, laid it down and placed the dry sticks upon it which I had whittled with my penknife.

Then came the inspection of the matches. Two were already too damp to burn, caused by snow drifting into his pocket; and the third only remained to seal our fate. Our lives hung upon it; and oh! what if that should not burn? I felt a fainting at heart for a moment, and all looked dark and despairing around me. I saw the shavings were damp from the snow drifting upon them. What could I do? Death was peering right into my face; I bent my throbbing temples upon my cold hands, to arrange and collect my scattered thoughts, when a new idea struck me. I had a daguerreotype of my mother in my satchel; and, quicker than it takes to write it, I cut the dry wood that encased it into many fine pieces, as I thought what a glorious idea! And now, what if the *last* match would not burn?

I struck it lightly, covering it partly with the folds of my dress, to prevent the wind from blowing it out. All of a sudden my heart stopped beating

with frenzied joy; for, it had caught the dry resin, and the tiny flame grew more bold as it communicated with a sister stick. I then placed it upon the apron, and piled on all the splinters; then my embroidered handkerchief, to make sure that the boughs and all were well protected, and every fresh gust of wind fanned the flames into a more ruddy glow, until we both felt inspirited and warmed, and in a thawing condition.

What would I then have given for a warm ray of sunlight, such as used to play on the meadow at home, where I had often romped in childhood? or see the amber light that used to linger in the little patch of flowers in the front yard? Then came again the remembrance of that steaming cup of coffee that mother used to make. The happy recollection visited me as an angel of hope to cheer us in this sad mocking deluge of sorrow. By the assistance of the moon we gathered boughs enough to last until morning. I would start out as the moon would suddenly appear from behind a fleecy cloud, converting the tall pines into hobgoblins and spectre-like forms, as the shadows of their extended arms fell aslant upon the snow. The Winter King seemed to exercise his power over us while in his dominion, for the shrieking of the blast, mingled with the howling of the hungry wolves, made it hideous beyond description.

The blue dome of Heaven seemed to shake, and the bright stars to tremble away up in the blue ether, until at last the morning star appeared, which heralded the approach of daybreak. Soon it came over the eastern hills, infusing new life and hope into our drooping spirits; and, about noon, we reached the nearest settlement, where kind hearts administered to all our wants. But the unpleasant recollection of our suffering there will ever make me more mindful to prepare for future emergencies, so as not to be caught again in a snow-storm with *THE LAST MATCH*.

THREE YEARS IN CALIFORNIA.

BY J. D. BORTHWICK.

CHAPTER VI.

HANGTOWN—FIRST IMPRESSION OF "THE DIGGINGS"—IDEA OF A MINING TOWN—GAMBLING HOUSES—THE STREET—THE STORES—JEW SLOP-SHOPS—THE JEWS: THEIR PECULIARITIES—HANGTOWN ON A SUNDAY—BOWIE-KNIVES AND REVOLVERS—GOLD-DEPOSITS—METHOD OF WASHING—LONG TOMS—ROCKERS—PROSPECTING—MIDDLE-TOWN—OUR MENAGE.

The town of Placerville—or Hangtown, as it was commonly called, [now the county seat of El Dorado,] consisted of one long straggling street of clapboard houses and log cabins, built in a hollow at the side of a creek, and surrounded by high and steep hills.

The diggings here had been exceedingly rich—men used to pick the chunks of gold out of the crevices of the rocks in the ravines with no other tool than a bowie-knife; but these days had passed, and now the whole surface of the surrounding country showed the amount of real hard work which had been done. The beds of the numerous ravines which wrinkle the face of the hills, the bed of the creek, and all the little flats alongside it, were a confused mass of heaps of dirt and piles of stones lying around the innumerable holes, about six feet square and five or six feet deep, from which they had been thrown out. The original course of the creek was completely obliterated, its waters being distributed into numberless little ditches, and from them conducted into the "long toms" of the miners through canvas hose, looking like immensely long slimy sea-serpents.

The number of bare stumps of what had once been gigantic pine trees, dotted over the naked hill-sides surrounding the town, showed how freely the axe had been used, and to what purpose was apparent in the extent of the town itself, and in the numerous log cabins scattered over the hills, in situations apparently chosen at the caprice of the owners, but in reality with a view to be near to their diggings, and at the same time to be within a convenient distance of water and firewood.

Along the whole length of the creek, as far as one could see, on the banks of the creek, in the ravines, in the middle of the principal and only street of the town, and even inside some of the houses, were parties of miners, numbering from three or

four to a dozen, all hard at work, some laying into it with picks, some shoveling the dirt into the "long toms," or with long-handled shovels washing the dirt thrown in, and throwing out the stones, while others were working pumps or baling water out of the holes with buckets. There was a continual noise and clatter, as mud, dirt, stones, and water were thrown about in all directions; and the men, dressed in ragged clothes and big boots, wielding picks and shovels, and rolling big rocks about, were all working as if for their lives, going into it with a will, and a degree of energy, not usually seen among laboring men. It was altogether a scene which conveyed the idea of hard work in the fullest sense of the words, and in comparison with which a gang of railway navvies would have seemed to be merely a party of gentlemen amateurs playing at working *pour passer le temps*.

A stroll through the village revealed the extent to which the ordinary comforts of life were attainable. The gambling houses, of which there were three or four, were of course the largest and most conspicuous buildings; their mirrors, chandeliers, and other decorations, suggesting a style of life totally at variance with the outward indications of everything around them.

The street itself was in many places knee-deep in mud [now kept very clean] and was plentifully strewed with old boots, hats, and shirts, old sardine boxes, empty tins of preserved oysters, empty bottles, worn-out pots and kettles, old ham-bones, broken picks and shovels, and other rubbish too various to particularize. Here and there, in the middle of the street, was a square hole about six feet deep, in which one miner was digging, while another was baling the water out with a bucket, and a third, sitting along the heap of dirt which had been dug up, was washing it in a rocker. Wagons, drawn by six or eight mules or oxen, were navigating along the street, or discharging their strangely-assorted cargoes at the various stores; and men in picturesque rags, with large muddy boots, long beards, and brown faces, were the only inhabitants to be seen.

There were boarding-houses on the *table d' hôte* principle, in each of which forty or fifty hungry miners sat down three times a day to an oilcloth-covered table, and in the course of about three minutes surfeited themselves on salt pork, greasy steaks and pickles. [This was in 1851.] There were also two or three "hotels," where much the same sort of fare was to be had, with

with frenzied joy; for, it had caught the dry resin, and the tiny flame grew more bold as it communicated with a sister stick. I then placed it upon the apron, and piled on all the splinters, then my embroidered handkerchief, to make sure that the boughs and all were well protected, and every fresh gust of wind fanned the flames into a more ruddy glow, until we both felt inspirited and warmed, and in a thawing condition. What would I then have given for a warm ray of sunlight, such as used to play on the meadow at home, where I had often romped in childhood? or see the amber light that used to linger in the little patch of flowers in the front yard? Then came again the remembrance of that steaming cup of coffee that mother used to make. The happy recollection visited me as an angel of hope to cheer us in this sad deluge of sorrow. By the assistance of the moon we gathered strength enough to last until morning. I would start out as the moon would faintly appear from behind a fleecy cloud, converting the tall pines into goblins and spectre-like forms, as shadows of their extended arms shrank upon the snow. The Wind King seemed to exercise his power as while in his dominion, for the falling of the dust, mingled with the howling of the hungry waters, or in hollows beyond description. The blue dome of Heaven seemed to rise up in the blue ether, and at last the morning sun appeared, which hindered the approach of daylight. Some came over the eastern hills, bringing life and hope into our dreary straits; and, abundant, we reached the great settlement, where kind hearts ministered to all our wants. But the memories and recollection of our suffering were still ever with us, and we would be prepared for future emergencies, and to be caught again in a snow-storm.

the extra luxuries of a table-cloth and a superior quality of knives and forks.

The stores were curious places. There was no speciality about them—everything was to be found in them which it could be supposed that any one could possibly want, excepting fresh beef; (there was a butcher who monopolized the sale of that article).

On entering a store, one would find the storekeeper in much the same style of costume as the miners, very probably sitting on an empty keg at a rickety little table, playing "seven up" for "the liquor" with one of his customers.

The counter served also the purpose of a bar, and behind it was the usual array of bottles and decanters, while on shelves above them was an ornamental display of boxes of sardines, and brightly-colored tins of preserved meats and vegetables with showy labels, interspersed with bottles of champagne and strangely-shaped bottles of exceedingly green pickles, the whole being arranged with some degree of taste.

Goods and provisions of every description were stowed away promiscuously all round the store, in the middle of which was invariably a small table with a bench, or some empty boxes and barrels for the miners to sit on while they played cards, spent their money in brandy and oysters, and occasionally got drunk.

The clothing trade was almost entirely in the hands of the Jews, who are very numerous in California, and devote their time and energies exclusively to supplying their Christian brethren with the necessary articles of wearing apparel.

In traveling through the mines from one end to the other, I never saw a Jew lift a pick or shovel to do a single stroke of work, (we have) or, in fact, occupy himself in any other way than in selling slops. While men of all classes and of every nation showed such versatility in betaking themselves to whatever business or occupation appeared at the time to be most advisable, without reference to his antecedents, and in a country where no man, to whatever class of society he belonged, was in the least degree ashamed to roll up his sleeves and dig in the mines for gold, or to engage in any other kind of manual labor, it was a remarkable fact that the Jews were the only people among whom this was not observable.

Almost every man, after a short residence in California, became changed to a certain extent in his outward appearance. In the mines especially, to the great majority of men, the usual style of dress was

one to which they had never been accustomed; and those to whom it might have been supposed such a costume was not so strange, or who were even wearing the old clothes they had brought with them to the country, acquired a certain California air, which would have made them remarkable in whatever part of the world they came from, had they been suddenly transplanted there. But to this rule also the Jews formed a very striking exception. In their appearance there was nothing whatever at all suggestive of California.

During the week, and especially when the miners were all at work, Hangtown was comparatively quiet; but on Sundays it was a very different place. On that day the miners living within eight or ten miles all flocked in to buy provisions for the week—to spend their money in the gambling rooms—to play cards—to get their letters from home—and to refresh themselves, after a week's labor and isolation in the mountains, in enjoying the excitement of the scene according to their tastes.

The gamblers on Sundays reaped a rich harvest; their tables were thronged with crowds of miners, betting eagerly, and of course losing their money. Many men came in, Sunday after Sunday, and gambled off all the gold they had dug during the week, having to get credit at a store for their next week's provisions, and returning to their diggings to work for six days in getting more gold, which would all be transferred the next Sunday to the gamblers, in the vain hope of recovering what had been already lost.

The street was crowded all day with miners walking about from store to store, making their purchases and asking each other to drink, the effects of which began to be seen at an early hour in the number of drunken men, and the consequent frequency of rows and quarrels. Almost every man wore a pistol or a knife—many wore both—but they were rarely used. The liberal and prompt administration of Lynch law had done a great deal towards checking the wanton and indiscriminate use of these weapons on any slight occasion. The utmost latitude was allowed in the exercise of self-defense. In the case of a row, it was not necessary to wait till a pistol was actually leveled at one's head—if a man made even a motion towards drawing a weapon, it was considered perfectly justifiable to shoot him first, if possible. The very prevalence of the custom of carrying arms thus in a great measure was a cause of their being seldom used.

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They were never drawn out of bravado, for when a man once drew his pistol, he had to be prepared to use it, and to use it quickly, or he might expect to be laid low by a ball from his adversary; and again, if he shot a man without sufficient provocation, he was pretty sure of being accommodated with a hempen cravat from Judge Lynch.

The storekeepers did more business on Sundays than in all the rest of the week; and in the afternoon crowds of miners could be seen dispersing over the hills in every direction, laden with the provisions they had been purchasing, chiefly flour, pork, and beans, and perhaps a lump of fresh beef.

There was only one place of public worship in Hangtown at that time, a very neat little wooden edifice, which belonged to some denomination of Methodists, and seemed to be well attended.

There was also a newspaper published two or three times a-week, [now there are three—one tri-weekly and two weeklies,] which kept the inhabitants "posted up" as to what was going on in the world.

The richest deposits of gold were found in the beds and banks of the rivers, creeks and ravines, in the flats, on the convex side of the bend of the streams, and in many of the flats and hollows high up in the mountains. The precious metal was also abstracted from the very hearts of the mountains, through tunnels drifted into them for several hundred yards; and in some places real mining was carried on in the bowels of the earth by means of shafts sunk to the depth of a couple of hundred feet.

The principal diggings in the neighborhood of Hangtown were surface diggings; but with the exception of river diggings, every kind of mining operation was to be seen in full force.

The gold is found at various depths from the surface; but the dirt on the bed-rock is the richest, as the gold naturally in time sinks through earth and gravel, till it is arrested in its downward progress by the solid rock.

The diggings here were from four to six or even seven feet deep; the layer of "pay dirt" being about a couple of feet thick on the top of the bed rock.

I should mention that "dirt" is the word universally used in California to signify the substance dug, earth, clay, gravel, loose slate, or whatever other name might be more appropriate. The miners talk of rich dirt and poor dirt, and of "stripping

off" so many feet of "top dirt" before getting to "pay dirt," the latter meaning dirt with so much gold in it that it will pay to dig it up and wash it.

The apparatus generally used for washing was a "long tom," which was nothing more than a wooden trough from twelve to twenty-five feet long, and about a foot wide. At the lower end it widens considerably, and the floor of it is there a sheet of iron pierced with holes half an inch in diameter, under which is placed a flat box a couple of inches deep. The long tom is set at a slight inclination over the place which is to be worked, and a stream of water is kept running through it by means of a hose, the mouth of which is inserted in a dam built for the purpose high enough up the stream to gain the requisite elevation; and while some of the party shovel the dirt into the tom as fast as they can dig it up, one man stands at the lower end stirring up the dirt as it is washed down, separating the stones and throwing them out, while the earth and small gravel falls with the water through the sieve into the "riffle-box." This box is about five feet long, and is crossed by two partitions. It is also placed at an inclination, so that the water falling into it keeps the dirt loose, allowing the gold and heavy particles to settle to the bottom, while all the lighter stuff washes over the end of the box along with the water. When the day's work is over, the dirt is taken from the "riffle-box" and is "washed out" in a "wash-pan," a round tin dish, eighteen inches in diameter, with shelving sides three or four inches deep. In washing out a panful of dirt, it has to be placed in water deep enough to cover it over; the dirt is stirred up with the hands, and the gravel thrown out; the pan is then taken in both hands, and by an indescribable series of manœuvres all the dirt is gradually washed out of it, leaving nothing but the gold and a small quantity of black sand. This black sand is mineral (some oxide or other salt of iron), and is so heavy that it is not possible to wash it all out; it has to be blown out of the gold afterwards when dry.

Another mode of washing dirt, but much more tedious, and consequently only resorted to where a sufficient supply of water for a long tom could not be obtained, was by means of an apparatus called a "rock-cr," or "cradle." This was merely a wooden cradle, on the top of which was a sieve. The dirt was put into this, and a miner, sitting alongside of it, rocked the

cradle with one hand, while with a dipper in the other he kept baling water on to the dirt. This acted on the same principle as the "tom," and had formerly been the only contrivance in use; but it was now seldom seen, as the long tom effected such a saving of time and labor. The latter was set immediately over the claim, and the dirt was shoveled into it at once, while a rocker had to be set alongside of the water, and the dirt was carried to it in buckets from the place which was being worked. Three men working together with a rocker—one digging, another carrying the dirt in buckets, and the third rocking the cradle—would wash on an average a hundred bucketfuls of dirt to the man in the course of the day. With a "long tom" the dirt was so easily washed that parties of six or eight could work together to advantage, and four or five hundred bucketfuls of dirt a day to each one of the party was a usual day's work.

I met a San Francisco friend in Hangtown practising his profession as a doctor, who very hospitably offered me quarters in his cabin, which I gladly accepted. The accommodation was not very luxurious, being merely six feet of the floor on which to spread my blankets. My host, however, had no better bed himself, and indeed it was as much as most men cared about. Those who were very particular preferred sleeping on a table or a bench when they were to be had; bunks and shelves were also much in fashion; but the difference in comfort was a mere matter of imagination, for mattresses were not known, and an earthen floor was quite as soft as any wooden board. Three or four miners were also inmates of the doctor's cabin. They were quondam New South Wales squatters, who had been mining for several months in a distant part of the country, and were now going to work a claim about two miles up the creek from Hangtown. As they wanted another hand to work their long tom with them, I very readily joined their party. For several days we worked this place, trudging out to it when it was hardly daylight, taking with us our dinner, which consisted of beefsteaks and bread, and returning to Hangtown about dark; but the claim did not prove rich enough to satisfy us, so we abandoned it, and went "prospecting,"—which means looking about for a more likely place.

A "prospector" goes out with a pick and shovel, and a wash-pan; and to test the richness of a place he digs down till

he reaches the dirt in which it may be expected that the gold will be found; and washing out a panful of this, he can easily calculate, from the amount of gold which he finds in it, how much could be taken out in a day's work. An old miner, looking at the few specks of gold in the bottom of his pan, can tell their value within a few cents; calling it a twelve or a twenty cent "prospect," as it may be. If, on washing out a panful of dirt, a mere speck of gold remained, just enough to swear by, such dirt was said to have only "the color," and was not worth digging. A twelve-cent prospect was considered a pretty good one; but in estimating the probable result of a day's work, allowance had to be made for the time and labor to be expended in removing top-dirt, and in otherwise preparing the claim for being worked.

To establish one's claim to a piece of ground, all that was requisite was to leave upon it a pick or shovel, or other mining tool. The extent of ground allowed to each individual varied in different diggings from ten to thirty feet square, [now it is more than double that size,] and was fixed by the miners themselves, who also made their own laws, defining the rights and duties of those holding claims; and any dispute on such subjects was settled by calling together a few of the neighboring miners, who would enforce the due observance of the laws of the diggings. After prospecting for two or three days, we concluded to take up a claim near a small settlement called Middletown, two or three miles distant from Hangtown. It was situated by the side of a small creek, in a rolling hilly country, and consisted of about a dozen cabins, one of which was a store supplied with flour, pork, tobacco, and other necessaries.

We found near our claim a very comfortable cabin, which the owner had deserted, and in which we established ourselves. We had a plenty of fire-wood and water close to us, and being only two miles from Hangtown, we kept ourselves well supplied with fresh beef. We cooked our "dampers" in New South Wales fashion, and lived on the fat of the land, our bill of fare being beefsteaks, damper, and tea for breakfast, dinner, and supper. A damper is a very good thing, but not commonly seen in California, excepting among men from New South Wales. A quantity of flour and water, with a pinch or two of salt, is worked into dough, and,

taking down a good lump placed in the hot ashes covered in more hot ashes two or three inches, or is placed a quantity of embers. A very little one to judge from the when it is sufficiently of advantage of a damper a certain amount of good when a week of baked. It is very solid a little of it goes a great itself is no small record one eats only to live.

Another sort of bread frequently made by filling dough, and sticking it before the fire.

The Americans do not pers. They either bake cratus to make it rise, or flapjacks, which are no pancakes made of flour are a very good substitute one is in a hurry, as the moment.

As for our beefsteaks be beat any where. A iron hoop, twisted into and laid on the fire, made iron, on which every steak to his own taste. tea I am afraid we were extravagant, throwing it handfuls. It is a favorite the mines—morning, and at no time is it more in the extreme heat of

In the cabin two bunks up, one above the other boards laid crossways, loose and warped. I tried them one night, but it was on a gridiron; the smooth was a much more easy cooking.

INTERESTING INCIDENT.—A bright eyes and gentle countenance daily visitor at the San Francisco Market, for the purpose of casting away flowers she could find her thus employed, who punctuality of her morning to ask—"Jenny, what do you beautiful bouquets, which you arrange here?" "Oh, ma'am, once had a little sister, who is and when she was dying she said, will you please put flowers when I am dead?" and I said will! So I gather up such a number every morning I place it on

raking down a good hardwood fire, it is placed in the hot ashes, and then smothered in more hot ashes to the depth of two or three inches, on the top of which is placed a quantity of the still burning embers. A very little practice enables one to judge from the feel of the crust when it is sufficiently cooked. The great advantage of a damper is, that it retains a certain amount of moisture, and is as good when a week old as when fresh baked. It is very solid and heavy, and a little of it goes a great way, which of itself is no small recommendation when one eats only to live.

Another sort of bread we very frequently made by filling a frying-pan with dough, and sticking it up on end to roast before the fire.

The Americans do not understand dampers. They either bake bread, using saleratus to make it rise, or else they make flapjacks, which are nothing more than pancakes made of flour and water, and are a very good substitute for bread when one is in a hurry, as they are made in a moment.

As for our beefsteaks, they could not be beat any where. A piece of an old iron hoop, twisted into a serpentine form and laid on the fire, made a first-rate gridiron, on which every man cooked his steak to his own taste. In the matter of tea I am afraid we were dreadfully extravagant, throwing it into the pot in handfuls. It is a favorite beverage in the mines—morning, noon and night—and at no time is it more refreshing than in the extreme heat of mid-day.

In the cabin two bunks had been fitted up, one above the other, made of clapboards laid crossways, but they were all loose and warped. I tried to sleep on them one night, but it was like sleeping on a gridiron; the smooth earthen floor was a much more easy couch.

INTERESTING INCIDENT.—A little girl with bright eyes and gentle countenance, was a daily visitor at the San Francisco Washington Market, for the purpose of picking up any cast-away flowers she could find. A lady, seeing her thus employed, who had noticed the punctuality of her morning visits, ventured to ask—"Jenny, what do you do with the beautiful bouquets, which you daily gather and arrange here?" "Oh, ma'm," she replied, "I once had a little sister, who is an angel now, and when she was dying she said to me, 'Jenny, will you please put flowers on my grave when I am dead?' and I said 'Yes, Lela, I will.' So I gather up such a nice bouquet, and every morning I place it on her grave."

STANZAS.

BY JOE.

The Moon comes up with her starry train,
Like a vision of unrest;
She stirs the floods of the far-off main,
And, by bringing memories back again,
Stirs the fountains of the human breast.

For something in her placid glow
Wakes a longing deep in me,
Whose ceaseless thrills, as they come and go,
Have a restless surge, like the ebb and flow
Of the tides of the mighty sea.

I'll let the silent waves of thought
Flow back, and each shall bring
Their treasured memories, all fraught
With the varied hues which each has caught
From the Past, with its joy or sting.

The waves roll back, and what appears?
On Memory's shore of golden foam
The images of our early years,
The beings of youthful smiles and tears,
Arrayed in light and darkness, come.

A small boy kneels by a dying pet,
The thing of his tenderest love;
His gaze is fixed on the eyes death-set,
His heart is full and his cheek is wet—
And the Moon looks cold from above.

He bends o'er the pet in his speechless woe,
And raises its drooping head;
The life in the wasted form runs low—
A struggling comes—a quivering thro—
And the noble pet is dead.

He sends to Heaven a piercing cry,
And prays, in his wild despair,
That the heart so press'd with grief may lie
Still as the pet he's kneeling by—
But Heaven heeds not his prayer.

For the ceaseless throb to this heart will stay,
Tho' it swell till seem 'twould break;
And the Spirit clings to its home of clay,
Though the sturdy Will bids it away,
Nor the brain is consumed by its ache.

Years pass'd away, and 'twas ne'er forgot,
Till thou brought it back again,
Like a stone that marketh the resting-spot
Of one we might doubt had lived or not,
But for a secret pain.

O Moon! haste on—thy brilliant glow
Lights this waif on the stormy sea,
That tells of the hopes wreck'd long ago,
Of the heart's fond treasures lying below,
Which nevermore shall be.

O Moon, O Moon! why wane so slow!
It draweth nigh to day;
And these troubled memories of long ago
Come back till the heart, when the ebb and
Would fain be worn away. [flow

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

NO. III.

MILTON, "L'ALLEGRO" AND "IL PENSEROSO."

The first great English poet who concluded to engraft the learning and poetry of antiquity on the improved and improving language, was Milton—a poet (is it not strange?) but little read. He is one who is wondered at, and whose name raises in the mind some such idea as that of Newton—one who is looked upon as out of the ordinary class of mortals, and consequently altogether too good for common use. Besides, many entertain the idea that Milton is dull and heavy reading—something like the Bible, for instance, that may be read out of a principle of duty, but not from choice. But such people have neither soul nor sentiment. There is in the Bible and in Milton a sublimity and beauty, and natural attraction, which is enough to engage the attention of humble shepherds on the steepest and most remote of the Highland mountains of Scotland, or any land; where

"Up among the clifty rocks,
Among the bonny blooming heather,"

they attend their "fleecey charge" day after day, and cultivate their minds at the same time. And that singular, sentimental, thoughtful lassie, who,

"Of melody ago held in thrall,
From the rude gambol far remote reclines,"

who is so different from everybody besides, and who,

"With looks commercing with the skies,"

is sitting with book in hand under that big tree, with only the garden between it and her mother's neat rustic cottage, in one of the loveliest nooks of merry and domestic England—that "tall ancestral tree," that throws its branches across the stream as if it loved to shelter it with its kind embrace. What book is that with which, as she sits

"The quiet waters by,"

she seems so much engaged, and which has carried her soul so far into Dreamland, that we doubt whether she is conscious of the admiring look with which she is regarded by the pale young man, who has made a hurried visit to his friends in the country during the Oxford vacation, and who with stealthy step has got close beside her without being perceived? "Milton's Paradise Lost." I am glad to hear it—glad that any one should read Paradise Lost in these degenerate days; and espe-

cially so winning a maiden, who, if we had time to follow her in her history, we should doubtless find in due time married to that pale young man, and that pale young man gradually wending his way up—up—up—till at last he reached the top of the ladder of promotion, as Archbishop of Canterbury and primate of all England, the first prelate of the holy and apostolic church, of which Queen Victoria (God bless her!) is the head.

But before I invite the reader to accompany me in a perusal of that wonderful poem, let us try to make a little acquaintance with the author. It has been said that some one asked Dr. Johnson, "Why it should have happened that Milton, who composed such a sublime epic, should have been so unsuccessful in his minor poetical productions?" and that Johnson's answer was, "He was an artist that could cut a colossal statue from the rocks, but could not carve heads on cherry stones." A truce there—I have scarcely read his sonnets—Wordsworth excepted I do not like sonnets—or his psalms; but if among his minor productions Dr. Johnson, or his friend Boswell, or all his friends together, mean to tell me that Comus, and Lycidas, and L'Allegro, and Il Penseroso, are not well written, I tell them that I shall summon a jury on the subject before I make any such admission—a jury of free and enlightened Americans, "male and female," as God made them, and not as man in his ungentlemanly exclusiveness would, from his selfish motives, distinguish and separate them. For—God be praised—woman has still the admitted right to "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" the inspirations of the Muse, and the inspirations of the Spirit, and form her own free and unbiassed opinions.

It may be a peculiarity of mine, but when any great work of a master mind is first put into my hands, it is invariably my practice, after reading the title page, to cast a look towards the latter part of the volume, to see whether there are not some little pieces on ordinary subjects by the author, on reading which I may get some insight into his mode of writing and thinking, before I proceed with the great work for which he is principally conspicuous. This is what I propose to do on the present occasion; partly on such account, and partly because if Dr. Johnson made such libelous remarks concerning Milton's *gems*, as some people would call them, I want to show that my opinions are widely different from his, and if need be, have a

able at him merely
back myself in for
what I have undertak
Watson tells us:
every young aspirant
on would be trying
and helmet.
"Hence, loathed Mel
Of Cerberus and bla
In Stygian cave for
Hence! thou offsprin
engage! for Milton is
day—let us hear his
winning rival, Milton!
and classical eleganc
introduce Melanchol
to show more brillian
happy divinity in wh
speak! but proposi
"s
Where brooding Darkne
—jealous of all
Day, and the rich
Nature, as well the
genial company sh
"In dark Clame
in some villainou
"As tra
We catch, as sh
a glimpse of her
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all Nature shall
to minister to
like Seged, Lor
lately happy.
"But come, t
In Heaven
And by me
Whom love
With two st
To fry-crow
These were more
who waked by th
Hope, according
true to Nature a
ton was
"On tip-toe watch
And fly wher'er h
To pleasure's pat
But it is not glo
day. We will
Now we want e
bring along with
"Jest and you
Quips and Cr
Nods and Bea
Such as hang
And love to l

"While the cock with lively din,
Scatters the rear of Darkness thin,
And to the stack, or barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before;
While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milk-maid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale."

Who would not take a morning excursion to witness such scenes as these? is the first question which presents itself; the second—Who says that Milton is a dull poet? I do not think it would be possible to condense more of domestic life in so small a compass, or furnish a truer picture, or give a more vivid and chaste description of it.

Would our town beauties like to cultivate the acquaintance of those who live so naturally, and so happy?

"Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyasia met,
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of herbs and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses."

"Better is a dinner of herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith," said King Solomon; but as well as the "herbs and country messes," which, like the rosy lips of "neat-handed Phyllis," by whom they have been prepared,

"So sweetly tempt to taste them,"

there is no want of good roast beef, and plum pudding too, or something as good, or better; for the farmers of California are not poor people, we must recollect, but the very bone and sinew of the country. The times are different now from what they used to be in Milton's day. The country people here live on better fare, and are better informed and more intelligent. But even in the olden time, there was a bliss in the ignorance of country folks, of which the impression still remains; and Milton has embalmed it.

"With stories told of many a feat,
How fairy Mab the junkets o'ert,
And how the dredging goblin sweat,
To earn his cream-bowl duly set:
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail had threshed the corn
That ten day-laborers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
When done such tales to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep."

After enjoying such unsophisticated pleasure from country scenes, and country reminiscences, we have less relish for "towered cities,"

"And the busy hum of men;
Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold;

With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize."

Such people we can read about in any trashy novel, any day; but a poet, like Milton is a rarity. I would rather wind up the proceedings of our little excursion party, just returned, by sitting quietly down beside our own Louisa, and turning over the leaves of her music for her, while she gives us some old tune in unison with the happy state of mind in which we all feel,

"In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
Her melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony."

Such is L'Allegro, and it is a glorious little poem, and not in any respect unworthy of the author of Paradise Lost. But Milton is not content with urging the claims of Mirth, and all those accompanying innocent enjoyments, which compose her train. He wishes also to plead the other side; like the supple lawyer in that famous case reported by Cowper, when

"Between eyes and nose a strange contest arose,
As to which the said spectacles ought to belong."

Perhaps he may have had some compunctions of conscience about having treated Melancholy with unnecessary severity, and supposed that to retrieve his own character he must be impartial, and submit Mirth to equal indignity to appease her. Perhaps he thought that he was a man of such talent that to him either side was alike. I believe he meant his L'Allegro to represent the opinions of the world, and Il Penseroso those which were more befitting a philosopher.

"Hence, vain deluding joys,
The brood of Folly without father bred!
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!"

So he proposes to banish all silly suppositions of terrestrial enjoyment, desirable merely through the senses, to "dwell in some idle brain," and occupy "fancies fond with gaudy shapes,"

"As thick and numberless
As the gay notes that people the sun-beams;
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fleet pensioners of Morpheus' train."

And such, after all, is the language of Wisdom. It is, as he elsewhere expresses it, from the "Cynic tub" that true philosophy comes. The fewer of ordinary pleasures that men can learn to live with and be happy, so much the more do they make themselves independent of contingent circumstances. But let us proceed. Now,

the poet is advocating the
choly, and he wants her to
and show herself; but now
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"Hail, thou Goddess sage and
Hail divinest Melancholy,
Whose saintly visage is to
To hit the sense of human
However, notwithstanding
brightness, he describes her
circumstances will admit, and
ular Tragedy Queen, such
of Mrs. Siddons if she w
take a pattern from:—
Come pensive nun, devout
Sober, steadfast, and demure
All in a robe of darkest gr
Flowing with majestic trail
And sable stole of Cyprus
Over thy decent shoulders
Come, but keep thy woe
With even step and music
And looks commercing wi
Forget thyself to marble
With a sad, leaden down
Thou fix them on the ear
After having given the
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her train along with her
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names very congenial, as
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 and show herself; but now he speaks to
 her, and about her, in a very different man-
 ner. One would think he had got a re-
 taining fee.

"Hail, thou Goddess sage and holy,
 Hail divinest Melancholy,
 Whose saintly visage is too bright
 To hit the sense of human sight!"

However, notwithstanding such dazzling
 brightness, he describes her as well as cir-
 cumstances will admit, and makes her regu-
 lar Tragedy Queen, such as Mrs. Stark,
 or Mrs. Siddons if she were alive, might
 take a pattern from:—

Come pensive nun, devout and pure,
 Sober, steadfast, and demure,
 All in a robe of darkest grain,
 Flowing with majestic train,
 And sable stole of Cyprus lawn,
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
 Come, but keep thy wonted state,
 With even step and musing gait
 And looks commercing with the skies;

* * * * *
 Forget thyself to marble till,
 With a sad, leaden, downward cast,
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast.

After having given the good lady herself
 an invitation, he next desires her to bring
 her train along with her (as he asked Mirth
 to do before), namely, Peace and Quiet—
 names very congenial, as Shakspeare would
 have said "to a married ear;" and

"Spare Fast, who oft with Gods doth diet,"

(apparently as bad as dining with Duke
 Humphrey,) and "mute Silence," and "the
 Cherub Contemplation;" but candor com-
 pels me to say they do not by any means
 form so interesting a group as those whom
 he proposes as suitable companions for
 Mirth, leaving out that boisterous fellow
 Laughter, whose vulgar bearing seems al-
 together indefensible. The truth is, al-
 though Milton is said to have himself pre-
 ferred Il Penseroso to L'Allegro, the subject
 does not admit of so rich and natural im-
 agery, and no one who judges the merits
 of the two pieces according to their poeti-
 cal recommendations only, would hesitate
 a moment in awarding the palm to L'Alle-
 gro. But Il Penseroso is also superlatively
 beautiful. Shakspeare tells us of charms
 "so strong as could control the moon;"
 Milton attributes a similar power to the
 music of the Nightingale, whom he repre-
 sents as a hair-dresser and toilet-woman
 for "homely-featured Night," as Cowper
 calls her—or does he mean that the old
 lady has got into the sulks, and that the
 gentle Nightingale is trying to put her in
 a better temper?

"Less Philomel will deign a song,
 In her sweetest, saddest plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of Night;"

and the notes of that song are so sweet,
 and its music so irresistible, that the Moon
 brings her team to a walk for the purpose
 of listening, as we are told in the next line,

"While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
 Gently o'er the accustomed oak."

The poor Moon apparently gets quite be-
 wildered. We know she is but a lunatic;
 but, like Sterne's Maria, there is an attrac-
 tion about her which is irresistible:

"the wandering Moon
 Riding near her highest noon,
 Like one that had been led astray
 Through the Heaven's wide pathless way,
 And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
 Steeping through a fleecy cloud."

This is extremely beautiful, but it is also
 quaint and curious. The following idea
 (though an in-door one) is fully as much
 in accordance with my taste. After pro-
 posing to send himself "on a plat of rising
 ground," where he

"May hear the far-off curfew sound,
 Over some wide-wat'ered shore,
 Swinging slow with sullen roar,"

he recollects that the weather may not ex-
 actly coincide with such an arrangement,
 and being in a compromising mood, con-
 cludes that

"Some still removed place will fit,
 Where glowing embers through the room
 Teach Light to counterfeit a gloom."

And what could be more elegant than his
 apostrophe on the power of music (in the
 minor key)?

"But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
 Might raise Musicus from his bower,
 Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
 Such notes, as warbled to the string,
 Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
 And made Hell grant what Love did seek."

The English used to talk of the "Iron
 Duke of Wellington;" a title which was
 thought peculiarly applicable, as expres-
 sive of his character, his constitution, and
 his firmness; and he was without doubt a
 big man in his way; but we feel convinced
 he was a mere nobody compared with old
 Pluto, who was iron even to his tears. We
 know it was not everything that would
 make him cry. But the powerful influence
 of Music even he could not resist. Yet
 who does not realize, in the congregating
 consonants in the last line,

"And made Hell grant what Love did seek,"

from the very difficulty we experience in
 reading it, with what reluctance he com-
 plied with the petition of the bereaved Or-

pheus? It is a line which labors as meaningfully as Pope's

"When Ajax strives some rocks, vast weight to throw,"

or Virgil's

"Ter sunt conati imponere Pello Ossam."

Thus Milton endeavors to make every thing harmonize. He even wishes to have weather to match the melancholic frame of mind in which he pretends to be. He wants to have "civil-suited Morn,"

"Not trieked and frowned as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kercheft in a comely cloud."

One cannot help smiling at such a very English prepossession, only equalled by that of the British tar, who having left his Poll of Wapping behind, for several years had been cruising in the Mediterranean. As he sailed up the Thames into that peculiar atmosphere which continually hangs over London, and through which the sun does not penetrate his heart became exultant with the delights of "home-born happiness," and he could not help exclaiming, "This is the atmosphere! None of your flaring suns and clear blue skies for me, but the regular gray mist of the Thames River!"

The following fancy is very much to my mind. He supposes the sun to have broken out after a shower:

* * * "No Goddess bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,

Where the rude ax with heaved stroke
Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt;
There in some covert, by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from Day's garish eye."

We fancy we see the old man taking to his boyish ways again, and now that like another Horace he has got away from the "profanum vulgus," having fine times with the Nymphs,

"Sporting with Amargillis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Nereus's hair."

Such is not only "a fit retreat for wooing," but also, if we may credit Burns, the very place for a poet to go to. Says he,

"The Muse, nae poet ever fand her,
Fill, by himself, he loved to wander
Down by some burnie's sweet meander,
An' nae think lang."

From "the arched walks of twilight groves," the transition is natural to

* * * "the stultous cloister's pule,
And the high embowed roof,
And antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight
Casting a dim religious light,"

such as he found in the colleges of his own Alma Mater. We are carried in imagination to Westminster or Saint Peter's; and look around with wonderment and surprise, that it should be possible merely by human craft so to induce religious feelings. But when the organ peals

"To the full-voiced choir below,
In service high, and anthem clear,"

the effect is so overcoming as to

"Dissolve us into ecstasies,
And bring all Heaven before our eyes!"

But even from such holy scenes and their inspirations, the poet longs to be again with Nature.

"And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that Heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain."

Had Milton only written these two short poems, I should have been disposed to look upon him not only as a great poet, but as a benefactor to society.

AGRICOLA.

ERRATA.—In No. 2 of this series, in the first column, line 30 from the top, for "since the days of Hume," read "since the days of Homer." In column 3, line 39, for "Assian," read "Os-sian." In column 3, line 58, for "heralds," read "heroes;" and in column 5, line 10, for "to make them *dii minorum genitum*," read "to make them other than *dii minorum genitum*."

My friend Butler is a very loquacious young gentleman, and often puts a word in out of time—but he was taken down a day or two since after the following manner:—Maj. M., in conversation with a friend upon the merits or demerits of the Rev. Kulloch case, chanced to remark that when young, the Rev. gentleman was expelled from College—"Well, supposing he was?" chimed in young Butler, "my father was turned out of College for stealing a goose, but that don't prove any thing." "No," said the Maj., "it don't prove any thing, but it goes to show that your father had an early and continued predilection for the genus of aquatic fowl generally known as "geoso."

It requires a tolerable good humor, when "jolly, creditable circumstances only took credit in the deepest of trouble that anybody could every thing around prosperous; therefore good-humor equal to keep people "jolly" the remembrance of losses by the Central's oppressive financial friends at the east.

sympathy; besides of one common bond.

Amidst all, it is in case as the following exchange, the spirit of the *Punch* of New York in the direction of Doctor's inimitable pair of fellows):—

HARD TIMES AND S it in Wall Street; cry and announce it in the least one rich man who in his head, but in his lives—where do you go— the place of v to be entirely ignorant story. His name is J. owner of many houses when the pressure came went around to his tenants twenty per cent be re-warded hereafter how hard it is for a Kingdom of Heaven's preference between the will be less in his class feeling capitalist.

From the same source stealing and confessing the bacon—the point

Morro for the *Ben Franklin*.—Have each have to suspend

As one reads the of the Central American our brethren, on the last; and mourns a bility of nature dis

Our Social Chair.

found in the colleges of his own... We are carried in... minister or Saint Peter's; and... with wonderment and surprise... d be possible merely by human... nduce religious feelings. But... gan peals

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It requires at the present time the impur- turable good humor of Mr. Mark Tapley who, when "jolly," wished to be so under creditable circumstances; or in other words only took credit in being jolly when in the deepest of trouble; inasmuch as he thought that anybody could be good-humored when every thing around them was sunny and prosperous; therefore, we say that it requires good-humor equal to his, at the present time, to keep people "jolly" and raise them above the remembrance of their bereavements and losses by the Central America, and the oppressive financial difficulty of brethren and friends at the east. Each of us suffer from sympathy; besides from our being members of one common body-politic.

Amidst all, it is well to read of such a case as the following from our ever-welcome exchange, the spirited and witty Picayune—the Punch of New York—under the editorial direction of Doesticks and Triangle, (an inimitable pair of large-souled and witty fellows):—

HARD TIMES AND SOFT SPOTS.—Proclaim it in Wall Street; cry it aloud in State Street, and announce it in Third—that there is at least one rich man who has a soft spot, not in his head, but in his heart, and that he lives—where do you think?—why, in Chicago—the place of which St. Peter is said to be entirely ignorant, according to the story. His name is James Ward—he is the owner of many houses; and the other day, when the pressure came, he spontaneously went around to his tenants and reduced their rents twenty per cent. Verily, Ward will be re-warded hereafter—for though we know how hard it is for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven—yet we think the difference between the camel and the needle-eye will be less in his case than in that of any less feeling capitalist.

From the same source we take pleasure in stealing and confessing—like the gint with the bacon—the pointed

MOTTO FOR THE BANKS—By the Spirit of Ben Franklin.—Hang together, or you will each have to suspend separately.

As one reads the sad narrative of the loss of the Central America and four hundred of our brethren, on the twelfth of September last; and mourns at the self-sacrificing nobility of nature displayed on that occasion

meeting with such a disastrous reward, he still feels a glow of pride that so many Californians should present to the world such a glorious example of manly self-possession and commendable fortitude, in the hour of danger and of death, as to see that the weak and helpless, the women and children, were first saved, even though they themselves should be lost—the unfortunate and painful result, with but few heart-gladdening exceptions.

We remember no example in history which presents a parallel to it: but then, history tells of no school for the heart's education in self-sacrifice like that of California, with all its beauties and advantages. From the first day of the first pioneer to the present, it has been one long, long day of personal sacrifices to her people. How could it be otherwise, cut off as we have been from almost every social tie, and shut out from every spirit-invigorating influence, derived from communion with personal friends? Uncheered and alone, to labor, to forego, to suffer and to wait, until fortune should favor us to visit our friends, or bring them to us, how could we become other than self-sacrificing? But the reward will come—wait.

Distressing as are the facts, yet how much of life-experience would often be excluded from the world's eye but for such events. For instance, read the following:—

A STRANGE AND AFFECTING STORY.—Some time during the year 1837—twenty years ago—when the inhabitants of the Pueblo of San Francisco dwelt in adobe houses, a couple of English sailors, belonging to a whale ship, determined to abandon sea life for the less arduous vocation of raising vegetables. They accordingly enclosed a small piece of ground with a fence of raw hides, and applied themselves to agricultural pursuits with such vigor that they soon had secured means to afford them a comfortable living. They lived quietly by themselves, and having no other object whereon to place their affections, loved each other, and resolved to pull together for the balance of their life-voyage; and so they might have done but for the discovery of gold in California, an event which has disappointed the intentions of many others besides the two old "matelots," and has caused many old friends to part company who never thought of parting before. Dave Morgan and Bob Levick were

happy and contented with their lot, and in their friendship for each other; but the times changed. It would be needless to repeat the story of the rise and progress of San Francisco. It is sufficient to say that Bob and Dave found themselves suddenly rich.

The vegetable garden was surveyed into town lots, and a portion sold, placing Bob and Dave in the possession of more money than they knew at first what to do with. They retained the best portion, comprising fifty varas of the north-west corner of Dupont Street and Broadway, and covered it with buildings. At one time the property was worth over \$100,000, and even under the present depression of real estate its value is estimated at \$50,000 or \$60,000. The sudden improvement of their fortunes effected no difference in the feelings of one toward the other, but they were becoming old, and it was a cause of mutual regret that neither had knowledge of the whereabouts of their kinsmen, nor indeed whether they had any relations living who might be benefited by their wealth. Dave became a citizen of the United States, and made a will of all his possessions to Bob and Bob's heirs forever. Bob did the same, and then they had a document drawn up in favor of the heirs of the one who lived the longest. Still, neither was satisfied with the prospect of leaving their wealth without a certainty regarding the manner of its disposition after their death. If either could have obtained a perpetual lease of life, the other would have been but too well pleased at the thought of surrendering all to the survivor; but, under the circumstances, it was necessary that an heir should be found. So it was determined upon that Dave should visit England in search of "kith and kin." Dave was among the passengers for the East who left here on the 20th of August, and consequently he was among those who went down on the ill-fated *Central America*. No doubt he was among the lost. The brave old "salt" was not of the kind of stuff likely to be saved under such circumstances. He was not one to seek safety by endangering the chances of women and children. Bob no sooner learned the intelligence of the disaster, than he became like one lost to all hope. He took to hard drinking, and at the expiration of five days joined his old shipmate. Heaven grant that they both found safe anchorage.—*San Francisco Globe*.

From the Hon. John B. Weller, with much pleasure and many thanks, we acknowledge the receipt of several valuable and beautifully illustrated quarto volumes of public documents—"Of Explorations and Surveys of a Railroad Route from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean,"—an epitome of which

we shall endeavor to place before our readers at no very distant day.—The *United States Japan Expedition*, under Commodore Perry; and several volumes of the Patent Office and Smithsonian Reports.

It would be money well spent, in our estimation, if government were to establish a rule of supplying every editorial room in the United States with such volumes. It is much to be regretted that the valuable information gathered by such expeditions should not be widely diffused, especially as the additional cost, after the type is set up and the plates made, would be comparatively trifling; and the advantages to the public would be beyond all price.

FAST EATING.—Considering the time consumed in growing the food, the care used in preserving it from decay, the anxiety often required to find the means to buy it, the skill and time and trouble required to cook it, and the commendable pride with which good wives see that it is placed upon the table, are strikingly suggestive to our mind that due time should be taken to eat and to enjoy it. Frenchmen say that a good dinner should be enjoyed three times—in anticipation, in action, and on reflection. Besides, after the pains taken to make it inviting to the palate, it is not very complimentary to the cook or host, or even to your own good wife, to swallow it in haste, as though it were so much medicine. Fast eating, moreover, as every body knows, lays the foundation for dyspepsia and many other diseases; and those who have to find time to be sick, might as well save time and sickness too, by

TAKING TIME TO EAT.

HELP ONE ANOTHER.—As I was passing through Suisun Valley, not long since, I met a man, a perfect stranger to me, carrying several very large bunches of grapes. "Hold on," said he, as I drove past in a hurry. "Hold on, there, if you please; you would not pass a man in distress, would you?" "I would not," said I. "Well then," he replied, "help me to eat these grapes, will ye?" Of course I did not pass him. G.

The statement is contradicted that a Yankee has invented a machine for taking the noise out of thunder!

There are but few on earth who feel not at influence of a kindly suggestion or encouragement sensitively than members of the literary profession. In a land where the population is not so dense as to support a paid literary advertising;—and where it is how to get rich; at the sacrifice of literary merits, it becomes a task invariably to meet the under such circumstances somewhat on the level entered our sanctum at table the following note: *Art-Journal*, and which the effect (in imagination) a couple of inches to our that we had constantly market afforded;" it gave ure to see that our effort at such a distance from good a judge as the editor without doubt the finest cal in the world.

"HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE," published by J. M. HUTCHINGS, San Francisco, California. Amid the clang of the printer's mallet, and the echoes of discordant voices that sweep across the Atlantic, there come sweeter sounds, deep and soothing influences among the strange corners of California table the first four parts of the magazine, the publication of which in July last.

We have looked very closely at these numbers, and can say that the illustrations, particularly the California Magazine, are to a London publisher; pleasantly told; and occasional poem gives evidence of a familiarity with the rough and tumble of the realities of life. The sentiments and expressions scarcely pass current in the literary world, but are a whole the publication it surprises."

Thank you, Mr. Art Journal, for your kind and encouraging tap on the shoulder. I am, as you say, much, if he is made of the

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The statement is contradicted that a Yankee has invented a machine for taking the life out of thunder!

There are but few persons on this round earth who feel not at times the inspiring influence of a kindly spoken word of approbation or encouragement; and none more sensitively than members of the editorial profession. In a land like California, where the population is not as yet sufficiently large to support a paid literature—apart from advertising;—and where the all absorbing idea is how to get rich; at the neglect, if not at the sacrifice of literary tastes and attainments, it becomes a task somewhat difficult invariably to meet the wishes of the reader under such circumstances. While ruminating somewhat on the latter theme a friend entered our sanctum and placed upon our table the following notice from the *London Art-Journal*, and which while reading had the effect (in imagination at least) of adding a couple of inches to our stature! Knowing that we had constantly given "the best the market afforded," it gave us no small pleasure to see that our efforts were appreciated at such a distance from home, and by so good a judge as the editor of that journal without doubt the finest illustrated periodical in the world.

"HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE. Published by J. M. HUTCHINGS & Co., San Francisco, California.

Amid the clang of the pickaxe of the gold-finder, and the echoes of a multitude of loud, discordant voices that sometimes one fancies he hears sweeping across the waves of the Atlantic, there come now and then softer and sweeter sounds, denoting that gentle and soothing influences are also at work among the strange community located in the regions of California. We have on our table the first four parts of a monthly magazine, the publication of which commenced in July last.

We have looked very carefully through these numbers, and can safely say that in matter, illustrations, paper, and printing, the California Magazine would be creditable to a London publisher; facts and fiction are pleasantly told; and occasionally a graceful poem gives evidence of gentle spirits mingling with the rough and stern workers out of the realities of life. Here and there we find sentiments and expressions which would scarcely pass current in a periodical circulating among a more refined people; but as a whole the publication pleases no less than it surprises."

Thank you, Mr. Art Journal—an encouraging tap on the shoulder never hurts a man much, if he is made of the right kind of stuff.

We hope that the suffering and disappointed will remember the gentle lesson inculcated in the following stanzas, which have found their way to the Social Chair:—

A SIMILE—HOPE.

Oft-times within the heart, despair
Will hold its sway despotic, there,
And with stern rigor reign;
Then to us life is dark and drear
As winter, with no hope to cheer,
To comfort, or sustain.

But Winter cannot ever last,
'Tis here to-day—to-morrow past,
And Spring—bright Spring appears.
Storms rage not ever in the breast,
The troubled soul will yet have rest,
Disburdened of its fears.

Ere scarce despair hath ceased to reign—
The future to look bright again,
Thus early, hope will bloom;
A tender flower of the heart
Most cherished, nor will it depart,
Till frosts that chill it come.

Thus we behold ere scarce the snow
Hath disappeared—storms cease to blow,
The early violet bloom;
We love the modest, fragile flower,
That comes to mark for us the hour,
Winter receives its doom. C.

San Francisco, Nov., 1857.

[Sister May's letter was unavoidably crowded out last month, but it will be but little the worse for keeping.]

LETTER TO MINERS.

NO. III.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 7, 1857.

Dear Brothers:—Of course you have grown tired of hearing about the beautiful processions and eloquent orations of the 7th and 9th ult., but the Fair! oh, you don't know what you missed by not visiting it. I am now speaking of those who did not do so. I saw every thing there, from *perpetual motion!* to the little jack-knives. But I suppose that many of you waited to go to the Agricultural Fair in order to see and ascertain who made the best bread. Right—am I not?

Ladies were requested to not wear hoops of the largest dimensions when they visited the Mechanics' Fair, (so the papers said,) as they could not accommodate near as many visitors; but they were not to be imposed upon in that way, and therefore did as they pleased, and had it not been for those crin-

olines, I believe that many persons would have suffocated or been run over.

We've had other pleasure than that since I last wrote you, brothers. You know nothing about our pretty, moonlight rides, nor of the fashionable weddings of some of our fashionable friends, nor of our private parties, pleasant dances, &c.

Then we've feasted on such delicious fruit, and had such *good times*.

How lonely you must be in your mountain homes, with no home pleasures. No mother's fear—no brother's voice—no sister's smile. How your hearts must ache when you think of those so far away; how welcome must every letter from them be.

Then you dream of them too, return their kind kisses, walk with them, laugh with them, sing with them, and live with them; but soon as the gray dawn breaks the sweet dream you do not find it "a sweet reality." And perhaps since you last saw them an angel mother, or sister, or some dear one has gone to sleep 'neath where the daisies bloom, and the long grass waves, and the green vines twine. And the old homestead may be sold, and the giant tree in the meadow cut down, and the good hunting dog grown old, and the brook where you used to fish on Saturday gone dry, and the great mill be still, and faces and hearts that were sunny now clouded with sorrow.

Perhaps some of you, and may be many, have gotten to like your mountain cabins in California so well (at least you imagine you do) that you do not want to return home, or send for your friends to come here; but, ah! brothers, is there any place like *home*? Are not your hearts with the loved? Are a few miners sitting round their fire in their cabins with dirt floors, rough logs, and nothing particularly pleasing to look at, and no woman's gentle face beaming kindly upon them, as happy as they would be were they brothers at home in the old sitting-room with its warm carpet, heavy picture frames, the pictures of which you have admired from the time that you could first remember, and the great rocking-chair, and the bright blazing fire and social talks and frolicking games?

Now which is the brightest picture? which the more preferable?

Then just think of Christmas, with its genial enjoyments! The little stockings of little brothers and sisters, that, hanging about the chimney corners, await Santa Claus's visit—and on Christmas morning those little velvety cheeks receive a kiss from you, and you slip up the back stairs with some large curly-headed dolls, and little guns and books, and hang them on the Christmas tree, and in the evening comes the merry dance. Then comes New Year's, then May-day with its greens and flowers, and many more pleasant times which here you know little of.

I don't speak in this way to you in order to make you (if such a thing were possible) dislike California, for I think it the fairest and loveliest land in America, and probably in the world; but I want you to remember those at home, write to them, and not do as many miners have done, break mothers' hearts by becoming reckless and forgetful of their love, and of the happiness that with and through them you have enjoyed.

But I hope that few are so, and that none will be hereafter, although what I write amounts to very little; but if you were here at my home I could talk a great deal about it to you.

But I'm afraid that I'll fill the "Social Chair," if I continue in this way, so I'll stop writing as soon as I say a few words to—

DEAR BROTHER FRANK,—I don't know what to say to you this time, for I suppose that you are looking for a poetical reply to your "Invitation," but it will be in vain. I had just written one stanza of one and laid it on the table, when Fred ran off with it, saying that he knew it was something containing "sentimentalities" to a gentleman. Of course I wasn't going to let him read it, so I ran after him. He flew up the stairs, and I ditto; down again through the hall, and that time I caught him and recovered the slip of paper, but finding that he was about to regain it I twisted it up and secured it in my mouth! Fred vowed that had it not been for that he would have had it *sure*, and sent it to the next Fair. *Sic transit gloria*.

After telling you that, I can say a great deal to you.

Many thanks, brother, for your beautifully composed and cordial Invitation, but withal I'm afraid that I can't come. Then I don't know where it is, nor what it is like. Can't you tell me something about your "Mountain Home?" Is it situated in a pleasant and pretty place, and how do you pass away your leisure time? Do you prefer that life to one in the city?

I never lived in the country, but, like most young persons, had a dear, good grandfather and grandmother in the States who resided on a fine farm. A lovely spot it was, too. I always tho't it the prettiest on earth. Not only because its bubbling springs and running brooks were so fresh and clear; not only because the flowers there were so delicate and smelled so sweet, nor because their great oaks and tall, graceful, waving elms were prettier to me than any other, but because of the loving hearts that dwelt there.

Borne in triumph into the house in grandfather's arms, pelted by grandmother, and tormented almost to death by witty and mischievous uncle Frank. That's his name—uncle Frank.

Although in the winter he would put my mittens and muff on and carry me over the snow to the great woods where he had his quail trap set, and would, perhaps, frighten

a rabbit out of show me how we arrived ho and black my he was pleased cess" of me; t net and cape of mer, he would great orchard, and sit perched ries, giving me would come do ones.

Oh! how tin never again si hear him sing "Doone," or any fell sweeter on world-famed so

But, grandm loving eyes stil her gentle voic again to see h know I shall in

But my thou from any thing

I am glad to in regard to pr you do, becau you are a man. No. 2, partly fe but principally about it. I ha *quaintances*, but

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DARKNESS.—

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 to very little; but if you were here
 me I could talk a great deal about

a afraid that I'll fill the "Social"
 I continue in this way, so I'll stop
 s soon as I say a few words to—
 BROTHER FRANK,—I don't know
 say to you this time, for I suppose
 are looking for a poetical reply to
 invitation," but it will be in vain. I
 written one stanza of one and laid
 table, when Fred ran off with it,
 that he knew it was something con-
 "sentimentalities" to a gentleman.
 e. I wasn't going to let him read it,
 after him. He flew up the stairs,
 to; down again through the hall,
 t time I caught him and recovered
 of paper, but finding that he was
 o regain it I twisted it up and secured
 y mouth! Fred vowed that had it
 n for that he would have had it sure,
 t it to the next Fair. *Sic transit gloria.*
 telling you that, I can say a great
 you.

thanks, brother, for your beautifully
 ed and cordial invitation. But withal
 aid that I can't come. Then I don't
 here it is, nor what it is like. Can't
 me something about your Mountain
 " Is it situated in a pleasant and
 place, and how do you pass away
 leisure time? Do you prefer that life
 in the city?

er lived in the country, but like most
 persons, had a dear, good grandfather
 dmother in the States who resided
 ne farm. A lovely spot it was, too.
 s tho't it the prettiest on earth. Not
 because its bubbling springs and run-
 brooks were so fresh and clear; not
 because the flowers there were so deli-
 d smelled so sweet, nor because their
 oaks and tall, graceful, waving elms
 rettier to me than any other; but be-
 of the loving hearts that dwelt there.
 ce in triumph into the house in grand-
 s arms, pelted by grandmother, and
 ated almost to death by witty and mis-
 us uncle Frank. That's his name—
 Frank.

ough in the winter he would put my
 s and muffle on and carry me over the
 to the great woods where he had his
 trap set, and would, perhaps, frighten

a rabbit out of his burrow, as he said, "to
 show me how it could run," yet as soon as
 we arrived home he would hold my hands
 and black my face with a coal, making what
 he was pleased to call "an Ethiopian Prin-
 cess" of me; then promenade with my bon-
 net and cape on; and, if it was in the sum-
 mer, he would probably take me into the
 great orchard, climb a tree like a squirrel
 and sit perched on a limb feasting on cher-
 ries, giving me none; but before long he
 would come down with a bat full of delicious
 ones.

Oh! how time changes all things! I'll
 never again sit on grandfather's knee and
 hear him sing "Hail to the Chief," "Bonnie
 Doone," or any of his good old songs, that
 fell sweeter on my ear than did Jenny Lind's
 world-famed songs as I sat in Castle Garden!

But grandmother—God bless her—her
 loving eyes still brighten the old place, and
 her gentle voice is yet heard there. I hope
 again to see her here on earth; if not, I
 know I shall in heaven.

But my thoughts are leading me away
 from any thing that would interest you.

I am glad to see you express your views
 in regard to *pretty gentlemen*, or *exquisites*, as
 you do, because it makes me know that
 you are a *man*. I spoke of that in Letter
 No. 2, partly for the sake of *punning* a little,
 but principally to see what you would say
 about it. I have some *pretty gentlemen ac-
 quaintances*, but no such *friends*.

Now, Brother Frank, I confess candidly
 that I laughed outright when I read that you
 believed I was a fairy; for how do you know
 that I am not the greatest *old maid* in San
 Francisco! But excuse me—perhaps you
 are particularly fond of elderly maidens.

Wouldn't you be delighted to see a real
 old maid, with great curls round her cheeks,
 and a big reticule on her arm, coming up to
 your cabin, and when she arrived there, in-
 troduce herself as *Sister May*? You'd look
 at her and think of that poetry, and your
 friend Harry would pinch your elbow, and
 with a *long face* say: "Sweet fairy *Sister
 May*," and ask you about that *Aiden*, and all
 that. Ah, you rogue! you may just say
 what you like; but I know what you'd *think*
 and *wish*.

We have had a few showers of rain, and
 the heliotrope, roses, verbenä, and migno-
 nette are much more fragrant than they were
 before, and the rain-drops are still hanging
 on the madeira vines.

Oh my! what a long letter!—isn't it?
 But of course I'll get such a one in return.
 I like to read long letters, and therefore you
 need not think that I am speaking so on ac-
 count of yours. Such an interesting letter
 could never have been too long—therefore,
 write so again.

Good-night, brothers; the rain is patter-
 ing on the roof musically, and I hope that
 I, as well as you, will have a happy night's
 rest.

Affectionately,
 SISTER MAY.

We have found room for *Sister May's*
 epistle, although it is long; but in future
 all our friends who write for our Social
 Chair, we wish to be as brief and as much
 to the point as possible. The "Chair" is
 for all kinds of fun, and for the promotion
 of sunny-hearted good feeling among us
 all. Let us have it so, every body.

Editor's Table.

DARKNESS.—The overwhelming sorrow
 which fell upon California when the heart-
 rending tidings were received, and echoed
 across every valley, and borne into every
 mountain glen throughout the State, that
 the Central America steamship, with four
 hundred of our own stalworth and noble-
 souled brethren—the very bone and sinew of
 the State—were lost, off Cape Hatteras, on
 the twelfth of September last; every heart
 was filled "with lamentation, and mourn-
 ing, and woe;" California—like Rachel—
 was weeping for her children, and would not
 be comforted because they were not.

And, as though the truthfulness of the

adage that "misfortunes never come single,"
 was still to be verified, with this sad news
 came that of a wide-spread financial diffi-
 culty; and, by the succeeding steamer the
 intelligence that it was extending from one
 end of the Union to the other—California
 excepted (with heartfelt gratitude we record
 the encouraging fact)—fully equal in ex-
 tent, if not in severity, to the fearful finan-
 cial panic of 1837. To increase the intensity
 of this business calamity, Winter, with his
 cheerless and unfeeling footsteps, is upon
 the very heels of the sufferers—so that now
 their circumstances send earnest pleadings
 to us, saying "brethren in California send

over and help us;" and we confess to knowing nothing of Californians if they hesitate for a moment when they know that "there is plenty of more where that came from."

THE CAUSE.—For steamship and other disasters we are all ready enough to censure officers and owners for their reckless risks and sacrifices of life and property; and yet, however much they may and do deserve it, if we think the matter quietly over, perhaps you and I, reader, may find ourselves somewhat implicated in their cause, and we should not seek to shirk the responsibility. That steamship and steamboat disasters, directly, result from their cheap (!) and unsubstantial construction, or from the inefficiency or great neglect of their owners or officers in charge, but few persons will entertain a doubt.

Looking, however, a little beneath the surface, we may find that you and I have never taken the trouble to look into the matter for ourselves; or, to see that persons are appointed—and such only—who are competent judges of what is right and what is wrong, in any and every department where the preservation of life and the protection of property may depend upon it. How many weak and rotten ships, steamships and steamboats; how many worn out and rusty boilers; how many unsubstantial bridges and suspension bridges, with numerous other causes have been permitted in these United States to hurry our fellow-men into eternity? More, if we mistake not, than in the whole world beside. Before our mind at this moment a long and ghastly array of steamboat burnings, boiler explosions, railway accidents, vessels foundering at sea, shipwrecks, &c., &c., are passing, almost *ad infinitum*.

The neglect must certainly be somewhere—Where? let each of us in future make it a portion of our individual business to inquire; and not place our lives in the hands of the soulless speculator, and conscience-wanting money worshipper.

The financial difficulty of course every man knows must have a cause, and each one is directly and personally interested in discovering it. At the risk of censure from our lady friends and readers, we shall make

a few extracts from Frank Leslie's New Family Magazine and Gazette of Fashion, for November; and, with but little comment, allow them to speak for themselves. On page 271, under the head of "WHAT TO BUY AND WHERE TO BUY IT," we find the following:—

The business world this season, owing to a strong combination of circumstances, presents the most curious anomaly. Notwithstanding the high price of materials, especially those composing foreign fancy goods, the preparations in France and England, and the importations into this country, were never so extensive and costly, each of our merchants vying with the other in the splendor and magnificence of their selections.

The unexampled pressure in the money market which followed obliged a sacrifice of many of the finest fabrics at less than half their value, thus affording an opportunity which ladies are not slow to take advantage of, [!] buying rich goods at exceedingly moderate rates.

Owing to this circumstance, in the midst of suspensions and failures, and a feeling of general depression, the retail trade has continued active, extensive sales being made, from which probably very little profit resulted to the dealers.

Then comes a description of the most approved pattern and style of goods for "presenting a more ladylike appearance" on the street, in the ball-room, &c., &c., with the names of prominent dry goods houses, well puffed! A few samples will suffice.

GEORGE A. HEARN, in Broadway, exhibits a superior quality of black bayadere silk at two dollars per yard, very rich India shawls at seven hundred dollars each, new and striking in pattern, and superb sable capes at three hundred dollars, very graceful in shape, and exquisite in color and quality.

[ONLY seven hundred dollars for a shawl, and three hundred dollars for a cape!—Enough to make many a man out west a fortune.]

At Stewart's, corner of Broadway and Chambers street, we found the new shade of lavender called the "Ophelia," which has been lately introduced in moire antique, with charming effect. It is a pale color, with a silvery tint, which it retains by gas-light, and will not spot or change. The price is four dollars per yard.

[Which, at thirty-seven yards for a dress, makes \$148 for the material for one garment—and if only three of this and other patterns are required per month, with making and trimming included, the cost would

not perhaps ex-
trifle!]

Here also [silk robes with plaid, alternate silk. These Others in purple plaid velvet and bright, also of silk shaded the plain silk only for carriage one hundred dollars including the

The bonnet subject of anxiety at the high price to pay for the depression, and of anything upon anxious to keep the secret,] a value of fashion their material [how distressing stylish coiffure, until the panic recourse to a pr

[So you are g has subsided, at make another? suppose!]

Then comes a description of a be

Madame R. H. of first introduction city, and entire the chapeau, from ame Alexandria is broader at the face of the Marie is black imperi blue velvet, the turning back.

of blue ostrich the sides; one graceful Marie plain bandeau at the commencement which form the exception of the trich feather. inside trimming new mode of w curls, besides upon the head. and perfectly this bonnet was five francs, except thirty-five dollars of importation. be "in the flu Alabama"?)

extracts from Frank Leslie's New York Magazine and Gazette of Fashion, November; and, with but little comment, allow them to speak for themselves. Page 271, under the head of "WHAT TO BUY AND WHERE TO BUY IT," we find the following:

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Then comes a description of the most approved pattern and style of goods for "preparing a more ladylike appearance" on the part, in the ball-room, &c., &c., with the names of prominent dry goods houses, well filled! A few samples will suffice.

GEORGE A. HEARNY, in Broadway, exhibits superior quality of black bayader silk at 50 dollars per yard, very rich India shawls seven hundred dollars each, raw and silk alike in pattern, and superb sable capes three hundred dollars, very graceful in shape, and exquisite in color and quality.

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[Which, at thirty-seven yards for a dress, makes \$148 for the material for one garment—and if only three of this and other patterns are required per month, with making and trimming included, the cost would

not perhaps exceed \$520 or \$530!—a mere trifle!]

Here also [Stewart's] are superb black silk robes with rich velvet flounces in tartan plaid, alternating with flounces of plain silk. These are a hundred dollars each. Others in purple, drab, and brown, have plaid velvet flounces in fancy colors, dark and bright, alternating with plaid flounces of silk shaded in all the different tints of the plain silk centre. These are suitable only for carriage dress, and are also sold at one hundred dollars each. [Of course not including the making and trimming.]

The bonnet for this season is no slight subject of anxiety. Milliners are in despair at the high prices they have been compelled to pay for their materials, the terrible depression, and consequent inability to realize anything upon their outlay. Many families, anxious to keep up appearances, [there lies the secret,] and alarmed at the advanced value of fashionable hats, have procured their materials and supplied themselves, [how distressing!] if not with the most stylish coiffure, with an excellent substitute, until the panic permits them again to have recourse to a professional artist.

[So you are going to wait until this panic has subsided, and then commence again to make another? Well, it is all right, we suppose.]

Then comes a delicious and tempting description of a bonnet:

Madame R. Harris & Son have the credit of first introducing a distinguished novelty, and entire change in the form of the chapeau, fresh from the hand of Madame Alexandrine, of Paris. The shape is broader at the top, with a round open face of the Marie Stuart type. The material is black imperial velvet, lined with China blue velvet, the edge at the sides slightly turning back. Round the crown is a wreath of blue ostrich feathers, the ends curling at the sides; one of which is enriched by a graceful Marie Stuart coiffure. Inside a plain bandeau crosses the front, terminating at the commencement of small side ruffles, which form the only decoration with the exception of the curling tip of a small ostrich feather. The open front and slender inside trimming adapt it specially to the new mode of wearing the hair in clustering curls, besides being much more comfortable upon the head. The effect is also becoming, and perfectly *distingue*. The first cost of this bonnet was one hundred and twenty-five francs, exclusive of duty, so that at thirty-five dollars it hardly pays the price of importation. [What then would the cost be "in the flush times of (New York or) Alabama" ?]

Next is given a glowing list of an almost endless variety of costly sleeves; dress-caps; "sets comprising only collar and sleeves are twelve dollars—including handkerchief, *thirty*"; ribbon velvets at *ten* dollars the piece; real point lace veils at *eighty* dollars; cloaks and basquines at from *fifty* to *one hundred and twenty* dollars; fancy furs, ermine and chinchilla, at very reasonable prices.

Now, we should be the last to place any blame upon the ladies, (God bless them!) but if they have not by their extravagance in dress and household appointments, and by their apeing the dress-loving aristocracy of Europe; if they have not been *directly* the cause of the present financial crisis we will make confession that in thought we have wronged them. Even the principal cities of our own glorious California are but just emerging from the financial struggle of 1851, '52, '53, and '54, brought on in a great measure by the extravagance of the fair sex. Men have earned fortunes here; women have spent them. Who can deny it? Of course there have been many heart-gladdening exceptions to that rule—to the honor of those noble wives and daughters be it spoken; and to those who stood by their husbands and fathers in the day of trial, and cheered them on by their presence and self-sacrificing economy, to renew the struggle with fortune, even though fire or any other cause should sweep away the competency that might otherwise have been theirs, there is a reward that vanity, or pride, or show can never give. These are our guardian earth-angels, and who does not love and do them honor?

It is very true that men have rushed into wild ventures and speculations, making haste to be rich—in many instances with no better motive than to surpass or support a false outside to their neighbor's eye; or, to spend it on their own or wife's extravagance; but—for the true conviction must be expressed—has not women really been at the bottom of it? Men are generally content with aught which gives pleasure to their wife or daughters; no matter how humble, if they are satisfied.

A false—aye! how false!—an estimate

has been put upon fine clothes, fine dwellings, large establishments, and much display to appear great (!) in the world's eye; and the more quiet and unassuming, but substantial happiness resulting from intelligent contentment by living within the means, has been discarded as old-fashioned and undignified.

DAYBREAK.—Not in the east, according to the laws of nature; for there, as yet, all is as dark as the last hour before day-dawn; but, in the west, according to the course of circumstances. The eye of Faith as well as Hope is steadfastly fixed towards our far off, but golden horizon, as they wait for the first streaks of light and help to fall on their storm-spread sky, that it may assist to dispel the financial night which now hangs over them with its heavy and sorrowing veil.

Well, be it so; in their day of trouble we will not remember their sins of slight which they have committed against us; and when

the two millions seven hundred thousand dollars, shipped from California on the steamer of the twentieth ult. shall arrive, it will no doubt be an acceptable proof that our hearts are in the right place, and that at this moment our position is better than that of any other State in the Union, as it unquestionably is.

We can moreover assure them that if they wish to join us in the gold land, and come "with their sons and their daughters," "their flocks and their herds," to make to themselves a comfortable and prosperous home, with just and limited expectations—and not with the idea so extensively cherished in former days of getting our gold quickly, to go somewhere else to spend it;—then, to the industrious, moral, and unemployed, California can become a second and goodly Canaan: yet, remember that hard and earnest labor will be needful to possess it.

Monthly Chat,

WITH CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

M. D. S.—What county?

W. T. G.—It is all right—we shall see. Not having had sufficient leisure this month to examine it well, we have laid it aside for next.

Old Salt, Del.—Twice have we received your letters, but each time have they been unaccompanied with the prepared wood. We shall take great pleasure in placing it where the timber worm will be sure to test it thoroughly—should it ever come to hand.

A Tale of Sutter's Butte, with the accompanying sketches, are received.

W. H. D.—We feel ashamed of ourselves for not answering your kind good letters, but we know that you will forgive us.

A. D., ditto.

C. Omega.—We have not forgotten it.

A Subscriber—Roach III.—All right, please send us one and we will engrave it with pleasure—get a good Ambrotype taken if possible.

Pick and Shovel.—Could'nt you find some

more poetical (!) cognomen to such an artistic "poem."

L., Oroville.—Photographs, &c., of the Cape Claim came safely. Many thanks.

Dr. C.—Don't forget your promise.

G. F. N.—R. G., under the circumstances, might renew unpleasant associations—in your own mind.

Ellenwood.—Yours will be found a place, as the sentiments are very pretty.

S. T., (a Subscriber), Yreka.—Bless us! don't get angry, vexed, excited, riled, put out, put about, wrathly, agitated, mad, violent, choaky, irritated, perturbed, raging, ireful, exasperated, passionate, vehement, or even threatening—about nothing; inasmuch as you might afterwards think (and very justly too) that you were certainly very foolish, and the result might be, you know, in your feeling so.

Received.—The Step Beside the Door—Murmurs of the Storm-Spirit—The True History of Hoops, and several other favors. We beg our friends to have patience with us, as they will all appear in due season.

RAZINE.

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planned from California on the
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IN TRUST FOR THEIR REDEMPTION.

TRUSTEES:
VOLNEY E. HOWARD, SAMUEL J. HENSLEY, ELI COOK.

THE UNDERSIGNED has established in the City of San Francisco a BANK, under the above name, style and title. The object is to furnish a safe place of deposit to all classes of the community, especially to FARMERS, MINERS and MECHANICS. For the accomplishment of this object there has been conveyed to

COMPETENT AND RELIABLE TRUSTEES,
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All Moneys Loaned will be upon First Class Securities,

but borrowers will be required to pay all the expenses of searching titles, drawing mortgages and other papers; the right reserved to the Bank to say who shall search the titles, draw the papers, and the manner in which they shall be drawn.

GOLD DUST will be received and deposited at the United States Mint, or any Assay Office, for assay, and the depositors of the same charged the usual market rates for doing.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC EXCHANGE purchased and forwarded, charging usual commissions in such cases; but no Exchange will be forwarded without funds or any satisfactory security in hand.

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And will be open daily, (Sundays and Holidays excepted,) from 9 A. M. until 4 P. M.; on every Saturday evening from 7 to 9 o'clock, and on the night previous to the sailing of the steamers from 7 o'clock until 11 P. M.

SAMUEL BRANNAN

SAN FRANCISCO, October 31st, 1857.