CONTENTS

THE HISTORY OF A LETTER............................................... 289

Illustrations—San Francisco Post Office and Custom House—Distributing the Mails—The Newspaper Distributing Table—Above of the General Delivery—The Drop Basket—"Rating" the Letters—"Stamping" the Letters—Making up the Mails.

ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC RAILROAD................................ 300

Illustrations—The Pacific and Atlantic Railroads, the Immediate Want of the Age, and of the People of the United States.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.......................................................... 303

QUARTZ CLAIMING.......................................................... 305

TEHANTRIE—No. 1—The Pioneer Wagon................................ 310

G. C. AST THER FORGET ME........................................... 311

LIFE PICTURES............................................................. 311

A DESULTORY POEM—Glen V............................................. 317

EVENINGS WITH THE POST.. ........................................... 319

TO MARIA LOUISA................................................................... 322

ADVENTURES OF A CALIFORNIA PHYSICIAN......................... 322

A TRUE ACCOUNT OF HOOPS............................................. 326

OUR SOCIAL CIRCLE....................................................... 328


EDITOR'S TABLE.............................................................. 334

The Senator—Profits, Common Sense, and Well-Wishers

A General Invitation to Write for the California Magazine—Meeting of the Legislature.

MONTHLY CHAT—With Correspondents................................ 336

L. & E. WERTHEIMER,
No. 2 Franklin Building,
Corner Sacramento and Daley Streets,
SAN FRANCISCO,
Importers and Dealers in
SEGARS AND TOBACCO,
 Pipes, Matches, Snuff, etc.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

These persons who are desirous of spending an ELEAGANT EVENING, should not fail to go to the above named place.

T. MAGUIRE, Proprietor.

AT THE

AMERICAN THEATRE,

MRS. JULIA DEAN HAYNE,

And other CELEBRATED ARTISTS, are each night performing to delighted audiences. Go and see them.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by James M. Hutchinson, in the Clerk's Office of the United States District Court, for the Northern District of California.

FRANKLIN PRINTING OFFICE, WASHINGTON ST., OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE.
Language is incapable of expressing the thrill of feeling which passes through the mind, when, from the outer telegraph station at Point Lobos, a telegram announces in San Francisco that "the mail steamer — is in sight, — miles outside the heads." To almost all "expectation is on tip-toe," and the welcome intelligence is rapidly passed from lip to lip, and recorded on the various bulletin boards of the city, that the "— steamer is telegraphed." After an hour or more
of suspense, the loud boom-oom-oomoomoomoom of the steamer's gun reverberates through the city, and announces that she is passing between Alcatraz Island and Telegraph Hill, and will soon be at her berth alongside the wharf.

Almost simultaneously with the sound of the steamer's gun, the newsboys are shouting the "arrival of the steamer," and the "New York Herald," "New York Tribune," "Fourteen days later news from the Eastern States." Meanwhile, all the news depots are crowded with eager applicants for the latest news; and, in order to obtain it as early as possible, small boats have been in waiting off Mgige's Wharf, to receive the bundles of "express" newspapers thrown them from the steamer as she passed; and the moment those boats reach the dock, fast horses, which have also been kept in waiting, speedily carry the bundles to the city.

Carriages and other vehicles now begin to rumble and clatter through the streets, in the direction of the steamer's wharf; men commence walking towards the post office, or gather in groups upon the sidewalks, to learn or discuss the latest news. Interest and excitement seem to become general.

On the dock, awaiting the delivery of the mail-bags, mail wagons and drays are standing; and as fast as the mail matter is taken from the vessel, it is removed to the post office.

While the loaded wagons and drays, with mail matter, are hastening to the general delivery, and the passengers who have just arrived are seeking the various hotels, in carriages or on foot, after hiring a porter to carry their luggage, or becoming their own, let us, while all the mail is on its way, turn our way to the post office of our city.

Man we find are and gathering in front of the post office; some with an eager expression on their faces, waiting to see when its time has come, to find in the mail the news they want to hear from home. In the general excitement, no one is thought to be at home, so the scene is a very public one. Who can tell the story of those who are waiting for a little news of those they love? One finds it a little, building, and in parts
in the steamer as she passed; and the first boats reach the dock, fast men, which have also been kept in waiting, equally carry the bundles to the city.

Carriages and other vehicles now begin to rumble and clatter through the streets, the direction of the steamer's wharf; a commence walking towards the post office, or gather in groups upon the sidewalks, to learn or discuss the latest news. Interest and excitement seem to become universal.

By the dock, awaiting the delivery of mail-bags, small wagons and drays are unloading; and as fast as the mail matter is taken from the vessel, it is removed to the post office.

Becoming their own for the time being; let us, while all this is going on, make our way to the post office, there to see what we can.

Men who find are hurrying to and fro, and gathering in front of their letter-boxes; some, with the doors open, are waiting to see when the first letter finds its way there, that they may not lose one moment before the contents are enjoyed.

At the various windows—alphabetically arranged, with about as many letters to each window as, in all probability, will make the number of applicants at each about equal—men are congregating in single file, forming long and crooked lines, and patiently awaiting the time when the little window will be opened, from which the treasured letter from some dear and absent one is expected. Who can tell the hope and fear, the joy and sorrow, the love and (perhaps) hate, the good and evil, that occupy the minds of those who thus stand waiting and watching for the little missives.

Further on, too, at the end of the building, and apart from the rest, is the ladies' window; and here stand a row of ladies and gentlemen, waiting as patiently as at the others. The gentleman, who form part of the line, do so to obtain letters for their wife, or sister, or perhaps sweetheart, or other lady friend; and, if they are there first, they invariably give precedence to the ladies, no matter how many may come, or how long they may be thus detained.

At the centre of the building, mail-bags are being carried in from the mail wagons and drays, one after the other, to the number of from two to three hundred and upwards; we wonder how, out of that mass of apparent confusion, order will be restored; or how, in the course of a few hours, thirty-five thousand letters and newspapers will be properly arranged for distribution to the various boxes and delivery windows. Have patience, and we shall see.

Before entering the post office with the reader, we wish most sincerely to express our thanks to Mr. Charles L. Weller, the Postmaster, Mr. John Ferguson, his assistant, and the other gentlemen belonging...
to this department, for the courtesy and promptness with which they placed the various and interesting particulars concerning this important branch of the public service, at our command.

While the mail-bags are being examined, to ascertain their contents, whether letters or papers, for San Francisco or the interior cities, let us read over the rules of the office, for our especial entertainment:

**RULES AND REGULATIONS.**

I.—General office hours from 8 A.M. to 5 P.M., Sunday excepted, on which day the office will be kept open from 9 to 10 A.M.

II.—The mailing clerks will be at their posts at 6 A.M., the box clerk at 6½ A. M., and all other clerks and employees at 7 A.M.

III.—No clerk will absent himself from the office during office hours, without the knowledge and consent of the Postmaster, or, in his absence, the Assistant Postmaster.

IV.—Courtesy and forbearance, and a spirit of accommodation, being required to efficient services, they should be extended to everybody with whom clerks may have business intercourse.

V.—Memory must not be trusted to, but when an applicant presents himself for a letter or paper, thorough search must be made in the appropriate place, and care will be taken to let the applicant see the search made.

VI.—When an applicant shall exhibit a disposition to aggravate, or insult, or even abuse, he should be met with forbearance and gentlemanly conduct, recollecting that the concern is of a business nature only, and that personalities should be adjourned to outside the office entirely. If a clerk fail to satisfy an applicant, let him be referred to the Postmaster.

VII.—Angry or excited discussions upon any subject must not be indulged in during office hours.

VIII.—Clerks will not carry from the office, letters for their outside friends and acquaintances, nor receive letters from such out of the office for mailing.

IX.—Each clerk will convey his delivery of letters to his own above, except when he may be acting as a relief for the time being.

X.—None other than delivery clerks will disarrange, hand, or deliver letters, at any above, at any time.

XI.—If application be made for letters inside the office, when deliveries are not open, the applicant will in all cases be referred to the Postmaster or his assistant.

XII.—No person except sworn clerks and employees must be permitted to handle mail matter, or come within reach thereof.

XIII.—During any absence of the Postmaster, his whole authority over the internal affairs of the office rests with his assistant, and that officer will be respected accordingly.

Now the scene around us is becoming interesting. The bustling and exciting life that first presented itself on the outside, by the arrival of the mail-bags, seems to have extended within; for on all sides great activity—systematic activity—is the order of the time. It appears that the Postmaster, on the arrival of each steamship, engages a corps of from fifteen to twenty-five extra assistant clerks, in order to facilitate more rapidly the distribution of the mail; and those, with the regular force, are all busy in the departments assigned them.

While all this is going on in one department, the mail-bags containing packages of newspapers for the different newspaper firms in the city, are being opened, checked, and removed, in another. Every part of the office is literally alive with business; slow coaches would be at an immense discount here at all times, especially when the mail has just arrived, and when it is about to depart.
Clerks will not carry from the office letters for their outside friends, nor receive letters in each others possession, except in the course of duty.

Each clerk will confine his delivery to his own above, except as he may be acting as a relief for a time being.

No other than delivery clerks will arrange, handle, or deliver letters, any above, at any time.

If application be made for letters in the office, when delivery clerks are not on duty, the applicant will in all cases referred to the Postmaster or his assistant.

No person except sworn clerks and employes must be permitted to handle mail matter, or come within reach of the public.

During any absence of the Postmaster, his whole authority over the temporal affairs of the office rests with his assistant, and that officer will be responsible accordingly.

Now the scene around us is becoming more perfect. The busy and exciting life first presented itself on the outside, the arrival of the mail-bags, seems to extend within; for on all sides is activity—systematic activity—is the order of the time. It appears that the Postmaster, on the arrival of each steamship engages a corps of from fifteen to twenty-five assistant clerks, in order to facilitate more rapidly the distribution of the mail; and those, with the other force, are all busy in the department assigned them.

All this is going on in one moment, the mail-bags containing newspapers for the different newspapers in the city, are being opened, read, and removed, in another. Events of the office is literally alive with business; slow coaches would be an immense discount here at all times, usually when the mail has just arrived, when it is about to depart.

The bags containing the letter mail for distribution in San Francisco, are rapidly selected from the others, and passed to the "examining table," where they are opened, and the contents compared with the "post bill" which accompanies them; after which they are deposited in "alphabetical cases" in the following manner: A letter, for instance, addressed "John Adams," is placed under the division A; those addressed "Timothy Brown," under division B; and so forth, to the end of the alphabet. From thence they are taken to the different alcoves, to which they belong alphabetically, and where each delivery clerk has cards placed, upon which is written the name of every box holder, commencing with letters belonging to his above, with the number of the box; and, as each letter is examined, it is marked with the box number to which it belongs; it is then sent out to be placed in a case, and distributed according to number, thus: Letters from 1 to 100 are placed in one division; from 100 to 200 in another; and so on, to the highest corresponding number of the box; and from this case they are taken by clerks to the boxes of the parties to whom they are addressed. If it is not a box letter, it is put up in its proper place in the above for general delivery, which is generally opened immediately the whole of the letters are assorted and arranged.

The scene around us is becoming more perfect. The busy and exciting life first presented itself on the outside, the arrival of the mail-bags, seems to extend within; for on all sides is activity—systematic activity—is the order of the time. It appears that the Postmaster, on the arrival of each steamship engages a corps of from fifteen to twenty-five assistant clerks, in order to facilitate more rapidly the distribution of the mail; and those, with the other force, are all busy in the department assigned them.

All this is going on in one moment, the mail-bags containing newspapers for the different newspapers in the city, are being opened, read, and removed, in another. Events of the office is literally alive with business; slow coaches would be an immense discount here at all times, usually when the mail has just arrived, when it is about to depart.
The following Table will give the same, day of arrival, and number of days out from New York to San Francisco, of each Steamer, from August 31st, 1854, to December 10th, 1856; also, the number of bags of mail matter brought to the San Francisco Post Office:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NAME OF STEAMER</th>
<th>DATE OF ARRIVAL</th>
<th>TIME FROM PORT</th>
<th>NUMBER OF BAGS</th>
<th>NAME OF STEAMER</th>
<th>DATE OF ARRIVAL</th>
<th>TIME FROM PORT</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sonora,</td>
<td>Aug. 21, 1854</td>
<td>20 315</td>
<td></td>
<td>Golden Gate,</td>
<td>Apr. 13, 1855</td>
<td>24 39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>California,</td>
<td>Sept. 19</td>
<td>29 325</td>
<td></td>
<td>J. L. Stephens,</td>
<td>May 1,</td>
<td>27 28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. L. Stephens,</td>
<td>Oct. 2</td>
<td>27 250</td>
<td></td>
<td>Golden Age,</td>
<td>May 22,</td>
<td>23 22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Golden Age,</td>
<td>Oct. 14</td>
<td>20 305</td>
<td></td>
<td>Sonora,</td>
<td>June 15,</td>
<td>26 13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonora,</td>
<td>Nov. 2</td>
<td>27 291</td>
<td></td>
<td>Golden Gate,</td>
<td>July 15,</td>
<td>26 15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Golden Gate,</td>
<td>Nov. 14</td>
<td>24 292</td>
<td></td>
<td>Sonora,</td>
<td>July 29,</td>
<td>24 18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Golden Age,</td>
<td>Dec. 14</td>
<td>24 293</td>
<td></td>
<td>Sonora,</td>
<td>Sept. 16,</td>
<td>27 39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Golden Age,</td>
<td>Jan. 20</td>
<td>24 277</td>
<td></td>
<td>Sonora,</td>
<td>Sept. 16,</td>
<td>27 39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oregon,</td>
<td>Feb. 17</td>
<td>26 317</td>
<td></td>
<td>Sonora,</td>
<td>Sept. 16,</td>
<td>27 39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonora,</td>
<td>March 2</td>
<td>25 292</td>
<td></td>
<td>Golden Age,</td>
<td>Oct. 14,</td>
<td>24 29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. L. Stephens,</td>
<td>March 17</td>
<td>25 292</td>
<td></td>
<td>Sonora,</td>
<td>Nov. 1,</td>
<td>26 20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Golden Age,</td>
<td>March 28</td>
<td>23 292</td>
<td></td>
<td>Golden Gate,</td>
<td>Nov. 14,</td>
<td>24 277</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Golden Age,</td>
<td>April 12</td>
<td>23 317</td>
<td></td>
<td>Sonora,</td>
<td>Dec. 3,</td>
<td>26 302</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonora,</td>
<td>May 1</td>
<td>25 300</td>
<td></td>
<td>J. L. Stephens,</td>
<td>Dec. 30,</td>
<td>25 200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Golden Gate,</td>
<td>May 8</td>
<td>25 274</td>
<td></td>
<td>Golden Gate,</td>
<td>Jan. 15, 1857,</td>
<td>20 307</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonora,</td>
<td>June 10</td>
<td>26 306</td>
<td></td>
<td>Sonora,</td>
<td>June 30,</td>
<td>24 29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. L. Stephens,</td>
<td>July 13</td>
<td>23 208</td>
<td></td>
<td>Golden Gate,</td>
<td>March 1,</td>
<td>25 342</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Golden Age,</td>
<td>July 17</td>
<td>23 208</td>
<td></td>
<td>Sonora,</td>
<td>July 17,</td>
<td>25 207</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonora,</td>
<td>Aug. 18</td>
<td>29 336</td>
<td></td>
<td>J. L. Stephens,</td>
<td>March 29,</td>
<td>24 282</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. L. Stephens,</td>
<td>Sept. 1</td>
<td>26 324</td>
<td></td>
<td>Golden Age,</td>
<td>April 12,</td>
<td>23 327</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Golden Age,</td>
<td>Sept. 19</td>
<td>23 314</td>
<td></td>
<td>Sonora,</td>
<td>April 22,</td>
<td>23 327</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Golden Gate,</td>
<td>Oct. 13</td>
<td>26 234</td>
<td></td>
<td>Golden Age,</td>
<td>May 29,</td>
<td>24 318</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonora,</td>
<td>Oct. 20</td>
<td>24 275</td>
<td></td>
<td>Golden Gate,</td>
<td>June 13,</td>
<td>26 316</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Golden Age,</td>
<td>Nov. 20</td>
<td>24 291</td>
<td></td>
<td>J. L. Stephens,</td>
<td>July 18,</td>
<td>25 255</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonora,</td>
<td>Nov. 20</td>
<td>24 291</td>
<td></td>
<td>Sonora,</td>
<td>Dec. 31,</td>
<td>26 316</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonora,</td>
<td>Jan. 20</td>
<td>26 2749</td>
<td></td>
<td>Sonora,</td>
<td>Oct. 1,</td>
<td>26 318</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Golden Gate,</td>
<td>Feb. 14</td>
<td>24 301</td>
<td></td>
<td>J. L. Stephens,</td>
<td>Nov. 23,</td>
<td>21 318</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. L. Stephens,</td>
<td>March 1</td>
<td>25 232</td>
<td></td>
<td>Golden Gate,</td>
<td>Nov. 17,</td>
<td>25 315</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Golden Age,</td>
<td>March 14</td>
<td>23 275</td>
<td></td>
<td>Sonora,</td>
<td>Nov. 30,</td>
<td>25 275</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonora,</td>
<td>March 28</td>
<td>23 322</td>
<td></td>
<td>Golden Gate,</td>
<td>Dec. 10,</td>
<td>26 344</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

* Only from Panama.

Now, hoping that the reader has received very interesting corresspondence from his friends, and digested the contents, let us see what is done with those large piles of bags that are as yet unopened. Some we see are marked "Sacramento Dis.," others "Stockton Dis.," others Marysville, Placerville, Nevada, Sonora, or some other "Dis." in the interior, and are placed upon the small wagons, conveyed to the steamboats plying nearest to those places, and sent away as speedily as it is possible for them to be. No unnecessary delay is allowed to detain them, nor are they in the general haste, by any means lost sight of. One would suppose that a time had arrived when no need of newspapers was felt, and when they could be dispensed with in the same manner as other "dis." But this is not the case. The demand is as great as ever, and newspapers, to the amount of 5000 copies, are being sent to this city every day.
Some other "Dis." In the in-
put and are placed upon the mail
in a drop basket. They are
then conveyed to the stamping-
blocks, and then to the sorting
cases. The mail is then delivered
at the post-office.

THE DROP BASKET.

THE HISTORY OF A LETTER.

The letter is then delivered
to the postmaster, and he
puts it into a mail-bag.

The letter is then delivered
at the post-office.
Hutcheson's California Magazine.

patched over their routes of destination.
The same process is adopted in the mak- ing up of all the mails to every portion of
the Union; and all this is done with the view of securing dispatch, and avoiding
unnecessary labor and consequent delay.

Register of Departure of the Mails for the Atlantic States, via Panama, etc.; names of the Steamers, date of sailing, and number of bags of mail matter:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NAME OF STEAMER</th>
<th>DATE OF DEPARTURE</th>
<th>NO. BAGS OF MAIL MATTER</th>
<th>NAME OF STEAMER</th>
<th>DATE OF DEPARTURE</th>
<th>NO. BAGS OF MAIL MATTER</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>John L. Stephens</td>
<td>Sept. 1, 1854</td>
<td>108</td>
<td>Golden Gate</td>
<td>May 21, 1855</td>
<td>120</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonora</td>
<td>Sept. 10, 1854</td>
<td>80</td>
<td>Golden Gate</td>
<td>June 5, 1855</td>
<td>140</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Golden Gate</td>
<td>Oct. 10, 1854</td>
<td>110</td>
<td>Sonora</td>
<td>June 20, 1855</td>
<td>120</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonora</td>
<td>Nov. 10, 1854</td>
<td>100</td>
<td>Golden Gate</td>
<td>July 5, 1855</td>
<td>142</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Golden Gate</td>
<td>Nov. 15, 1854</td>
<td>114</td>
<td>Sonora</td>
<td>Aug. 5, 1855</td>
<td>141</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonora</td>
<td>Dec. 1, 1855</td>
<td>91</td>
<td>Golden Gate</td>
<td>Sept. 5, 1855</td>
<td>140</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John L. Stephens</td>
<td>Dec. 15, 1855</td>
<td>93</td>
<td>Sonora</td>
<td>Sept. 20, 1855</td>
<td>124</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Golden Gate</td>
<td>Jan. 1, 1856</td>
<td>107</td>
<td>Golden Gate</td>
<td>Oct. 5, 1855</td>
<td>129</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonora</td>
<td>Jan. 10, 1856</td>
<td>96</td>
<td>Golden Gate</td>
<td>Nov. 5, 1855</td>
<td>116</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John L. Stephens</td>
<td>Feb. 10, 1856</td>
<td>90</td>
<td>Golden Gate</td>
<td>Nov. 25, 1855</td>
<td>122</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Golden Gate</td>
<td>March 1, 1856</td>
<td>102</td>
<td>Golden Gate</td>
<td>Dec. 5, 1855</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonora</td>
<td>March 10, 1856</td>
<td>85</td>
<td>Sonora</td>
<td>Dec. 20, 1855</td>
<td>112</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John L. Stephens</td>
<td>March 31, 1856</td>
<td>95</td>
<td>Golden Gate</td>
<td>Jan. 5, 1857</td>
<td>120</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Golden Gate</td>
<td>May 1, 1856</td>
<td>103</td>
<td>Sonora</td>
<td>Feb. 5, 1857</td>
<td>119</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonora</td>
<td>May 16, 1856</td>
<td>80</td>
<td>Golden Gate</td>
<td>March 5, 1857</td>
<td>103</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John L. Stephens</td>
<td>June 1, 1856</td>
<td>109</td>
<td>Golden Gate</td>
<td>March 20, 1857</td>
<td>110</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonora</td>
<td>June 20, 1856</td>
<td>92</td>
<td>Golden Gate</td>
<td>March 25, 1857</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John L. Stephens</td>
<td>July 10, 1856</td>
<td>97</td>
<td>Golden Gate</td>
<td>April 5, 1857</td>
<td>115</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Golden Gate</td>
<td>Aug. 1, 1856</td>
<td>94</td>
<td>Golden Gate</td>
<td>April 20, 1857</td>
<td>102</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oregon</td>
<td>May 5, 1856</td>
<td>103</td>
<td>Golden Gate</td>
<td>May 10, 1857</td>
<td>109</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonora</td>
<td>Sept. 20, 1856</td>
<td>96</td>
<td>John L. Stephens</td>
<td>June 1, 1857</td>
<td>116</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John L. Stephens</td>
<td>Oct. 5, 1856</td>
<td>82</td>
<td>Sonora</td>
<td>May 20, 1857</td>
<td>104</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Golden Gate</td>
<td>Oct. 20, 1856</td>
<td>90</td>
<td>John L. Stephens</td>
<td>June 25, 1857</td>
<td>96</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonora</td>
<td>Nov. 5, 1856</td>
<td>95</td>
<td>Sonora</td>
<td>July 4, 1857</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Golden Gate</td>
<td>Dec. 5, 1856</td>
<td>101</td>
<td>Sonora</td>
<td>Aug. 20, 1857</td>
<td>102</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonora</td>
<td>Dec. 20, 1856</td>
<td>113</td>
<td>California</td>
<td>Sept. 5, 1857</td>
<td>112</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Golden Gate</td>
<td>Jan. 5, 1857</td>
<td>89</td>
<td>John L. Stephens</td>
<td>Sept. 21, 1857</td>
<td>125</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonora</td>
<td>Jan. 21, 1857</td>
<td>101</td>
<td>Golden Gate</td>
<td>Oct. 5, 1857</td>
<td>91</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Golden Gate</td>
<td>Feb. 5, 1857</td>
<td>105</td>
<td>Sonora</td>
<td>Oct. 5, 1857</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonora</td>
<td>Feb. 20, 1857</td>
<td>103</td>
<td>Golden Gate</td>
<td>Nov. 5, 1857</td>
<td>125</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Golden Gate</td>
<td>March 5, 1857</td>
<td>107</td>
<td>John L. Stephens</td>
<td>Nov. 20, 1857</td>
<td>110</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Golden Gate</td>
<td>April 5, 1857</td>
<td>120</td>
<td>Golden Gate</td>
<td>May 1, 1858</td>
<td>110</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonora</td>
<td>April 21, 1857</td>
<td>115</td>
<td>Golden Gate</td>
<td>May 21, 1858</td>
<td>94</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Rates of Foreign Postage on Letters.

(Per ounce.)

South America—Bolivia, Brazil, and Chili, 34 cents; Peru, 22; Panama, 20 cents; and Mexico, 10 cents. Spain, 78 cents; West Indies (not British), Cuba excepted, 44 cents; Cuba, 20 cents; West Indies (British), 20 cents. Payment re- quired for all the above.

Great Britain, 20 cents; Canada and Provinces, 15 cents; France, 15 cents per
The number of stamps and envelopes sold monthly at the San Francisco Post Office will about average—of one cent stamps, 45,000; three cents, 27,000; ten cents, 82,000; twelve cents, 500. Of stamped envelopes, three cents, 120,000; of which Wells, Fargo & Co. use nearly 100,000 per month; six cents, 500; ten cents, 32,000. This statement, it should be remembered, is principally for the city of San Francisco alone; inasmuch as the principal interior offices obtain their supplies of stamps and envelopes direct from the General Post Office, Washington.

The U. S. postage on letters for each half ounce is, if under three thousand miles, three cents; over three thousand miles, ten cents. For newspapers the postage is one cent to any part of the U. S. Magazines not exceeding one and a half ounces one half cent; not exceeding

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name of Stamp</th>
<th>Date of Stamp Issuance</th>
<th>No. Stamps</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>John L. Stephens, Golden Age</td>
<td>May 21, 1856</td>
<td>129</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John L. Stephens, Golden Age</td>
<td>June 20, 1856</td>
<td>149</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John L. Stephens, Golden Age</td>
<td>July 5, 1856</td>
<td>142</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John L. Stephens, Golden Age</td>
<td>July 21, 1856</td>
<td>147</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John L. Stephens, Golden Age</td>
<td>Aug. 5, 1856</td>
<td>121</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John L. Stephens, Golden Age</td>
<td>Aug. 20, 1856</td>
<td>141</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John L. Stephens, Golden Age</td>
<td>Sept. 5, 1856</td>
<td>140</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John L. Stephens, Golden Age</td>
<td>Sept. 20, 1856</td>
<td>114</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John L. Stephens, Golden Gate</td>
<td>Oct. 6, 1856</td>
<td>129</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John L. Stephens, Golden Age</td>
<td>Oct. 20, 1856</td>
<td>113</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John L. Stephens, Golden Age</td>
<td>Nov. 5, 1856</td>
<td>115</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John L. Stephens, Golden Age</td>
<td>Nov. 20, 1856</td>
<td>122</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John L. Stephens, Golden Gate</td>
<td>Dec. 20, 1857</td>
<td>112</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John L. Stephens, Golden Gate</td>
<td>Jan. 5, 1857</td>
<td>120</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John L. Stephens, Golden Gate</td>
<td>Jan. 20, 1857</td>
<td>96</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John L. Stephens, Golden Gate</td>
<td>Feb. 5, 1857</td>
<td>121</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John L. Stephens, Golden Gate</td>
<td>Feb. 20, 1857</td>
<td>119</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John L. Stephens, Golden Gate</td>
<td>March 5, 1857</td>
<td>107</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John L. Stephens, Golden Gate</td>
<td>March 20, 1857</td>
<td>119</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John L. Stephens, Golden Gate</td>
<td>March 25, 1857</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John L. Stephens, Golden Gate</td>
<td>April 6, 1857</td>
<td>115</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John L. Stephens, Golden Gate</td>
<td>April 20, 1857</td>
<td>122</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John L. Stephens, Golden Gate</td>
<td>May 5, 1857</td>
<td>129</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John L. Stephens, Golden Gate</td>
<td>June 1, 1857</td>
<td>116</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John L. Stephens, Golden Gate</td>
<td>June 20, 1857</td>
<td>96</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John L. Stephens, Golden Gate</td>
<td>July 5, 1857</td>
<td>109</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John L. Stephens, Golden Gate</td>
<td>July 20, 1857</td>
<td>128</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John L. Stephens, Golden Gate</td>
<td>Aug. 5, 1857</td>
<td>121</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John L. Stephens, Golden Gate</td>
<td>Aug. 20, 1857</td>
<td>102</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John L. Stephens, Golden Gate</td>
<td>Sept. 5, 1857</td>
<td>112</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John L. Stephens, Golden Gate</td>
<td>Sept. 20, 1857</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John L. Stephens, Golden Gate</td>
<td>Oct. 5, 1857</td>
<td>91</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John L. Stephens, Golden Gate</td>
<td>Oct. 11, 1857</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John L. Stephens, Golden Gate</td>
<td>Oct. 20, 1857</td>
<td>95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John L. Stephens, Golden Gate</td>
<td>Nov. 5, 1857</td>
<td>125</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John L. Stephens, Golden Gate</td>
<td>Nov. 20, 1857</td>
<td>110</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John L. Stephens, Golden Gate</td>
<td>Dec. 5, 1857</td>
<td>120</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John L. Stephens, Golden Gate</td>
<td>Dec. 21, 1857</td>
<td>94</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
three ounces, one cent; over three ounces, one and a half cent.

On newspapers sent to foreign places, the following are the rates of postage: To the West Indies, 6 cents; South Pacific Coast, 6; German States, Denmark, Holland, Prussia, Russia, Sweden, Norway, Switzerland, and Italy, 6 cents; Great Britain and France, 2 cents; British North American Provinces, 1 cent.

**Schedule of Mail Departures from San Francisco Post Office.—Atlantic Countries, via Panama, 5th and 20th of every month.**

San Diego and Salt Lake, 3d and 15th of every month.

Oregon and Washington Territories, taking mails also for the Northern Coast, 1st and 21st of every month.

San Jose, S. A. M. every day.

Northern Mail via Sacramento, 4 P. M. every day, Sundays excepted.

Southern and Eastern Mail via Stockton, 4 P. M. every day, Sundays excepted.

Mails are kept open until ten minutes before the hour of departure, except for the Atlantic, in which case thirty minutes before the time of departure is required for closing the mails; though it would be better for the convenience of the Post Office, as well as for the safety of the correspondence, if letters were mailed during the night previous.

Ship Mails are dispatched by every opportunity for the Sandwich Islands, Society Islands, Australia, and China.

Postage on letters to all parts of the Pacific, by ship, to be prepaid.

**Dead Letters.—Letters technically termed “dead,” are such as have been advertised, and have remained on hand three months; including letters refused; letters for foreign countries which cannot be forwarded without pre-payment of postage; letters not addressed, or so badly directed that their destinations cannot be ascertained; and letters addressed to places which are not Post Offices. All the dead letters are returned to San Francisco at the middle or end of each Post Office quarter, which is on the last day of March, June, September, and December. Returned and dropped letters are not advertised. Every dead letter, before its return to San Francisco, is stamped or postmarked on the sealed side, with the name of the office and the date of its return.
Here the letters are opened, and such as contain articles of value are registered in the following page, which we have transcribed—of course omitting the names of the parties writing and written to:

A PAGE FROM THE DEAD LETTER REGISTRATION BOOK.

Statement from the San Francisco Dead Letter Office, showing the valuable Dead Letters.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Where Sent</th>
<th>When Sent</th>
<th>Remarks</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>4 Raffle Tickets</td>
<td>San Diego, Cal.</td>
<td>Mar. 22, '55</td>
<td>Ret'd Apr. 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>1 Daguerreotype</td>
<td>Metamora, Ind.</td>
<td>Mar. 21, '55</td>
<td>Returned to Dead Letter Office at Washington.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>1st ex. on Adams &amp; Co. for $50</td>
<td>Milton, Mass.</td>
<td>June 1, '55</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>2 cancelled notes, one for $2760 27, the other for $2750 23,</td>
<td>New York, N.Y.</td>
<td>June 1, '55</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>Power of Attorney</td>
<td>Bealestown, Va.</td>
<td>June 1, '55</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>Satisfaction of Mortgage</td>
<td>Buffalo, N.Y.</td>
<td>June 1, '55</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>American Gold Dollar</td>
<td>Campo Seco, Cal.</td>
<td>May 20, '55</td>
<td>Rot'd Apr. 20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>Daguerreotype</td>
<td>Oregon</td>
<td>June 1, '55</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>1st and 2d of exchange for $380</td>
<td>Homolua, S. L.</td>
<td>May 29, '55</td>
<td>Rot'd Apr. 29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>A note for $140</td>
<td>Sacramento, Cal.</td>
<td>June 8, '55</td>
<td>Rot'd June 9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>1st of exchange for $50</td>
<td>S. Francisco</td>
<td>Nov. 7, '55</td>
<td>Rot'd Dec. 26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>Died to Land</td>
<td>Georgetown</td>
<td>Jan. 22, '55</td>
<td>Rot'd Jan. 25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>Marriage Certificate</td>
<td>S. Francisco</td>
<td>Feb. 8, '55</td>
<td>Rot'd Feb. 9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>1 book bill on State Bank of Ohio, value $3; 1 on State Bank of Indiana, value $2</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>45 three-cent Postage Stamps</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>1 gold Briste-pin</td>
<td>Lewiston, Me.</td>
<td>Nov. 5, '55</td>
<td>Ret'd Nov. 8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17</td>
<td>1 Will</td>
<td>Nevada, Cal.</td>
<td>June 2, '55</td>
<td>Ret'd June 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td>2 Pouch Handkerchiefs and two pairs of Woolen Socks</td>
<td>Washington, D.C.</td>
<td>June 30, '57</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>Gold Specie</td>
<td>Bidwell's Bar</td>
<td>July 30, '57</td>
<td>Rot'd Aug. 7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>1 pair of gold Earrings</td>
<td>Salem, O. T.</td>
<td>July 30, '57</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Efforts are again made to deliver these valuable dead letters to the parties addressed, or to the writer; and if unsuccessful, they are forwarded to Washington, there to be filed away and preserved, subject to the order of the owner; and where, also, an "Application Book" is kept, for the purpose of registering the name of each and every person applying for the letter.

Letters from Europe and the British possessions of North America are returned monthly, unopened, to the respective Governments, according to treaty.

There are but two "dead letter offices" in the United States—one at Washington, the other in San Francisco.

Refused letters; dropped letters; letters from foreign countries, including the British possessions in North America; letters for foreign countries which cannot be forwarded; and letters not directed, or addressed to places unknown, are returned to San Francisco semi-quadruarterly— that is to say, at the middle and end of each post office quarter. When a letter is refused, the word "refused" is written or stamped upon it; and if the seal of a letter is broken by accident, or by being delivered to the wrong person, the facts are noted upon it.

The following table will give the number of dead letters received at the San Francisco Dead Letter Office, quarterly; also, the number of valuable letters found amongst them, and preserved, since Mr. C. L. Weller received the appointment of Post Master:
L.


Total

NOTE.—Of the valuable letters preserved, four hundred and twenty have been delivered by the San Francisco Post Master, and the residue sent to Washington City Dead Letter Office.

ATLANTIC & PACIFIC RAILROAD.

It is not that we present our readers with an engraving of a railroad train, about to start for the Mississippi River, as an advertisement that such an event will transpire on the first day of January, 1858; but it is to call your attention to the fact that such ought to be the case, and that, though prospective, the time is rapidly approaching when our illustration will be remembered as a prophetic truth.

National events are about transpiring, possessing an interest no less than that which pertains to the safety of a portion of our people to the government, that will be likely to hasten to some extent the consummation of the great work, long since so imperatively demanded.

The accelerated strides that civilization is making over our great central domain, with the rapidly increasing commercial necessities consequent thereon, will long create a necessity for the road that must be provided for. But to wait for the full populating and improvement of every portion of the route over which the road must eventually pass, before it can be commenced, in order to make the necessity for it continuous, would be to wait for the world's dissolution.

The deserts of Asia and of Africa in the times of the ancient patriarchs, are
will be likely to hasten to some extent the consumption of the great work, since so imperatively demanded. The accelerated strides that civilization is making over our great central domain, and the rapidly increasing commercial facilities consequent thereon, will create a necessity for the road that must be provided for. But to wait for full population and improvement of every portion of the route over which the road must eventually pass, before it can be commenced, in order to make the necessity for it continuous, would be to wait the world's dissolution.

The deserts of Asia and of Africa in times of the ancient patriarchs, are
the deserts of those countries still; and they are rather encroaching upon the fertile and inhabited portions, than receding from them. We should not wait, therefore, for the sterile portions that lie between the east and the west of our continent to be peopled and made fertile, before the connecting iron track is laid. But we should use those portions, as the swamps and marshes of the Eastern States are used, for railroads to pass over.

It is true, the construction of such a road as the real want of the nation demands, would be a mighty enterprise; but the results that would flow from it, would be mightier still; for if we now a railroad from either side of the continent to Salt Lake City and Valley, not so much as the first breath of rebellion would have been whispered by a people who now, in consequence of their very isolation, are actually defying the whole powers of the government, with a fair prospect of being the cause of a governmental expenditure—before tranquility will be fully restored between the contending parties, or the rebellion crushed.

Out—perhaps fully equal to the actual cost of building a railroad from California to Salt Lake City, or from the Missouri river to Salt Lake City or Valley.

We deem it a short-sighted policy on the part of recent past administrations, that some mode of rapid communication with the very centre of our continent, or country's domain, has not long since been projected, and by this time half if not wholly consummated—even without California's exposed position, or of her social and commercial wants being taken into consideration.

The consequences of our past morbid policy are now before the world—a rebellion in the most central, and yet most inaccessible portion of our country. But for this very remissness on the part of the government, in neglecting to lend its aid in the construction of such railroads, we should not have been the witnesses of the rebellion of a portion of our people; who, in consequence of this very neglect, have become powerful from their isolation. If no other argument can be advanced in support of the position that government ought to build the road, this alone would be sufficient.

Private enterprise puts forth its energies in advancing its own interests; and government could not do better than to adopt a like policy. Private enterprise could build the road, but whether it would prove to individuals a paying investment, in dollars and cents, is quite another thing. Government, in noting for the interests of the nation, in the construction of harbors, and breakwaters, and lighthouses, does not, or should not, ask whether this or that project will be likely to prove a paying investment; it should be a sufficient argument, that the wants of the nation demand the expenditure.

In the neglect of government to construct harbors or light-houses, millions of dollars may be lost to individuals, and no recourse had upon the government; it loses nothing. But when it neglects to provide a mode of intercommunication adapted to the wants of the country, millions of dollars must be lost to the treasury of the nation, in quelling a rebellion that never would have occurred, but for the neglect and short-sighted policy of our rulers, it not providing for the construction of this—which it ought to be—a great national thorough-fare.

It is unquestionably an enterprise legitimately belonging to the government, and ought to have an immediate beginning. The Central Railroad of Illinois is seven hundred and thirty-one miles in length, and cost fifteen millions of dollars; in one third the length of a railroad that would connect California with the State of Missouri; and whether built by private capital or not, or whether the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad would cost three times fifteen millions, or one hundred millions, the government is able to build it.

The growing enterprise and commercial interests of the world demand it; the grandeur that attaches to a government

expanding in every part and direction, and yet with an overawing energy demands its rights; and calls upon the people to make its mark upon its pages, by some grand physical demonstration, that shall be in keeping with the dignity and abode of the people.
FORMIA MAGAZINE.

have become powerful from their isolation. If no other argument can be advanced in support of the position that government ought to build the road, this alone would be sufficient.

"Private enterprise puts forth its energies in advancing its own interests; and government could not do better than to adopt such a policy. Private enterprise could build the road, but whether it would prove to individuals a paying investment, in dollars and cents, is quite another thing. Government, in acting for the interests of the nation, in the construction of 'harbors, and breakwaters, and light-houses, does not, or should not, ask whether this or that project will be likely to prove a paying investment; it should be a sufficient argument, that the wants of the nation demand the expenditure.

In the neglect of the government to construct harbors or light-houses, millions of dollars may be lost to individuals, and no recourse had upon the government; it loses nothing. But when it neglects to provide a mode of intercommunication adapted to the wants of the country, millions of dollars must be lost to the treasury of the nation, in quelling a rebellion that never would have occurred, but for the neglect and short-sighted policy of our rulers, in not providing for the construction of this as is ought to be—great national thorough-fare.

It is unquestionably an enterprise laudably belonging to the government, which ought to have an immediate beginning. The Central Railroad of Illinois seven hundred and thirty-one miles in length, and cost fifteen millions of dollars; it is more than one-third the length of a railroad that would connect California with the State of Missouri; and then built by private capital or not, whether the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad would cost three times fifteen millions, or one hundred millions, the government is able to build it.

Growing enterprises and commercial acts of the world demand it; the fear that attaches to a government expanding in every part and department, and yet with an overflowing treasury, demands it; and calls upon that government to make a mark upon its history's pages, by some grand physical accomplishment, that shall be in keeping with and worthy of the genius and ability of its people.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

BY W. H. D.

"Let the joyous minutes play
On our faces to-day,
While we banish all sorrow and fear,
And with kindly words greet
All the friends that we meet,
And wish them a Happy New Year.

The Past like a dream,
Has gone by on Time's stream,
With all that could grieve us or cheer;
But today let the hours,
Like sunshine on flowers,
Bring joy to the Happy New Year.

To our friends we'll be true,
Be they many or few,
And faithful to loved ones more dear;
And if we can rest
On some fond bosom blest,
We'll rejoice in the Happy New Year.

Let kindness and love
In all homes, like a dove, [toward
Bring the bliss that all hearts should
And like sunshine and rain,
Whose forever remain,[Year]
Crown with blessings the Happy New Year.

QUARTZ CLAIMING.

"Sit iter ad astra."

I am not certain that the above phrase is entirely unobjectionable; indeed, I have an idea that, like our own English, it partakes of the mediocrity of Babel. The sentence is rich in its signification, and will bear being Anglicized; which is, using a little freedom, "The route to gold is via quartz." Via! well, I won't trans-
...This was written in a stiff hand, upon the upper part of a half sheet of paper. The large space left below had moved some one to "encrusture" it, and so we found underneath the following:—

"Notice is hereby given that the undersigned claim by location on this quartz lead four miles square running North 2 miles, South 2 miles, East 2 miles, and West 2 miles from this tree, or at right angles or triangles as the case may be; and we warn all men from locating or trespassing on said 4 miles of ground; for if we catch a man stopping or even wishing to stop, locate, or buy, we the undersigned will consider it an insult to her Britannic Majesty."

The extent of the real claim indicated the desire of H. & Co., and the expression, "or one thousand feet square, as the case may be," their utter ignorance of the position of quartz lodes; though it has the merit of being on the safe side. Another notice, found in a ravine, concludes with—

"We also give notice that we claim the above described extent of this quartz lead, with all its dips, angles and variations."

All its dips and angles! Rather a singular claim, but possibly an extensive one. A reader of this notice, possessing a poetic turn of mind, might suppose this to be a claim upon the nymphs, and that Naiads and Dryads who may hold their festivities in this mountain ravine were among the objects coveted. But stern truth makes and work with such mythology, and reduces the angles to a misspelling of the word angles.

While many have been successful in the quartz enterprise, more have failed to realize their desires. Not a half mile from the place where I am writing, a company sunk a shaft and took out ten tons, the yield from which was just six dollars; but the cost of getting out the same, with cartage and crushing at the mill, exceeded one hundred dollars, leaving a large minus quantity. This dampened the ardor of the company amazingly; and the consequence was, the abandonment of two thousand feet, with any number of "dips and angles," and cases in the air. One of them, however, was not so easily driven off. He has some means prevaled upon a croup of gents to perform the muscular work while he supplied the head-work and a medium of the muscular; and then sank another shaft deeper than before. Arriving at the lode, some of the quartz was panned out, when the young man distinctly avowed that he saw a color, though he soon lost it. This induced the gents to proceed in the enterprise.

A few days after, the young man passing near me, added: "If you know of any body that wants to buy a quartz lead, send him to me. We've struck it."

"Ah!" I said, rather calmly, under the circumstances.

"Yes; if everybody was like me, this country would be worth more than it is now. I have been at work on the lead more than two weeks, and haven't made a cent. I thought of his landlord, with some commiseration. He added: "I have a piece with me. Come and see it."

"Bring it here, sir."

Coming up, he said: "There, sir; there's gold;" at the same time handing me a piece of quartz and a lens, first taking the precaution to look at it once more himself. I looked rather hastily, ventured a remark which might be regarded as slightly unfavorable, though I am aware that any thing savoring of alarmed, under such circumstances, is of doubtful utility. His quartz yielded but a trifle more than before, so there has been a final abandonment of the enterprise; and the country is not much the better, after all. Others are paying largely; and we still venture to say: Sic iter ad aora."

Nevada, Dec. 21, 1857.

N. K.
TEHUANTEPECO.

NO. 1.—THE PIONEER VOYAGE.

I promised to write you, on my arrival at this place, and tell you something about our trip, and about this part of the world. I am happy that I am now able, and have the opportunity; though there is so much here to divert and interest me, the scene so novel, and the disastrous termination of our pleasant voyage so annoying, still bazing me, I am furtive to collect my thoughts sufficiently to give you a fluent and interesting description.

OUR TRIP TO TEHUANTEPEC.

On Monday, March 16th, 1857, we found ourselves embarked on the schooner Mary Taylor, in company with eleven other passengers, bound for the port of Yontoso (air-hole). As we parted from the foot of Long Wharf, loud cheers went up, encouraging the first vessel bound for the above-mentioned port, from those who came to see us off.

With a sense of the enterprise at heart, our spirits were buoyant with hope and pride that we were the pioneers to this strange land: but we did not get out to sea that evening, for, on ariving opposite North Beach, we again dropped anchor, where we remained until the 19th March, much to our displeasure. This detention was caused by some negligence of the captain.

On the 20th we again set sail. The morning being fine, and the wind favorable, we soon cleared the Heads, and were running along handsomely far out to sea. Towards evening the shores of California had gradually faded from view, and nothing broke the monotony of the vast expanse of water, save a few Peligroous Islands, and the graceful sailing, shairy albatrosses. As night closed round us, I retired below to think about the future, ponder on the past, and attend to my dear wife, who was very sea-sick. From this time forward we continued sailing beautifully before a fair wind and smooth sea. Each one had recovered from seasickness, and all felt as though on a pleasure excursion. Nothing of interest occurred, worthy of remark, until the 20th, when we sighted Socoro Island, immediately in our course, and up to which we were making with a fair breeze. I had prevailed on the captain to permit some of us to go ashore, to see what might be discovered; to capture turtles, and procure some game, if any could be found.

As we neared its bold and rugged cliffs, upon which the sea dashed and was dashed with violence, we could distinctly discern the truly barren aspect of the island. No signs of animal existence could be seen. A few scrubby-looking bushes were scattered here and there, and its general appearance was inhospitable. Nature seems to have destined this lonely island for the home and resting-place of the far wandering sea birds, numbers of which we saw resting upon its craggy rocks, and flying about its vicinity. A large school of porpoises came bounding and darting beside us, followed by a large troop of sea-fowls catching up the samall-fry disturbed by them. Several large old hump-backed whales were besporting themselves quite near the shore; the whole scene was exciting and novel. After sailing round a portion of the island, and finding no land, we again stood out to sea, with a light breeze. The latitude of this island (according to the captain's chart) is 19°, longitude 111°, altitude 250 feet, and is nearly opposite the Gulf of California.

On the 29th we found ourselves all well and in good spirits, wafted along by gentle and lumpy breeze over a lake-like sea. Several tropical sea-fowls came around us, many of which were strange to me; I shot one, which proved to be a frigate pelican. A porpoise was harpooned last night, and a Bozoito was caught this morning with a hook, giving us a good fresh-fish breakfast. We were now truly in the tropics, and all felt enjoyed the change. I never experienced such delightful nights; the moon
The sun shone brightly, the sea as smooth, the air just sufficient to move our little schooner along at a fair sailing pace, making it perfectly delightful... We had not the inclination to go to bed, so, illumined, we were those nights... On the 1st day of April we saw the British bank... "Early Bird," from Java, bound for Panama... We passed, quite near, and spoke, long... The captain, a red-headed, fat-looking Englishman, answered our questions very politely... But we were apprehensive of his not answering us a single question. Therefore we said, in our usual manner, wherefrom, and a number of other (to me) interesting facts, without being interrogated... Perhaps, he was afraid of being Aprilfoiled... On the 4th of April, in lat. 11°.10'55", we passed over streaks of red water, about the color of brick-dust, and eighty, or 100 yards wide, extending from north-east, to south-west, which were perceptible a great distance off. There were numerous discernible particles in the colored water, and neither the captain nor any of the crew had ever witnessed such a similar appearance of the sea. We will attempt to describe this phenomenon, to be explained, by Louis, Mr. Marx, and will enjoy the sweet morning breeze, as it carries us to the happy land of our destination... Sunday, 12th.—Land in sight this morning, a little north of Acapulco... About noon we passed abreast the anchor, the land was so nearly discernible through the hazy atmosphere... Three beautiful tropic birds visited us to-day. This being Sunday, instead of a sermon, we had a good lecture delivered by one of the passengers, a young man from Missouri, Mr. S.—Up, upon the pleasures of travelling, dwelling largely upon the comfort of sea-travelling, in particular, and the great ocean, in general... This was the first sea voyage... This lecture, very well prepared, was received with applause, and close attention, serving to while away the hours—and thus we passed the time, merrily slopping, reading, laughing, telling stories, eating, slopping, and speculating upon what we would do when we arrived at our new home. 

On the 8th, we were in the Gulf of Tehuantepec... Unusually, the gale was violent, the wind hard, and we sailed along in this style. On the morning of the 9th we had a westerly wind, with rain... It was our first experience of this kind... As we approached the land, high and craggy, the mountains began to rise up before us like spectres through the hazy atmosphere, lifting their stern old heads for joy to the distant ships... The crags and cliffs, so craggy, so steep, so forbidding, so solitary, are more piggies. Our judges felt with anxiety and excitement, as we neared the dark and frowning shores of Southern Mexico... My pen can not describe the grandeur that Nature has prescribed to our view... You who are so fond and such admirers of her works, can well sympathize with us, and perhaps envied on our fate when I gazed with awe upon those stupendous works of God. Though you have seen wild places in California, they are but playthings, as compared to these mountains—assuming every variety of form, with a dense chaparral, from the tops to the sea-brush... No indication of any sort could we find here, and as it afterwards proved, the captain had made a mistake of a hundred miles in reckoning... Consequently, with a fair breeze we sailed along by the coast in search of Valton... This sailed was very pleasant, giving us a good opportunity of seeing the mountain scenery, which I never tired of observing, and through my glass... Running close to shore, we scented every little, indistinct eddy, by hope of finding the desired spot... As to this spot... As to the length... On the second day's sailing, we discovered a small indentation, with a fine beach, upon which the surf was but lightly breaking, and the Captain determined this to be the place, but we all felt otherwise, as appearances did not indicate a possibility of a pass through such high mountains as stretched along...
After proceeding along the coast, a few miles further, we discovered another beautiful bay, surrounded by high hills, and its smooth appearance, seemed to say, "Come in." We accepted the invitation; glided over the glassy water, and anchored within one hundred yards of the beach. The scenery around this elegant little bay was beautiful, with a large valley, covered with forest, extending from the beach to the mountains, and about two miles in width, which gave it a charming aspect. A party of the boat's crew was sent ashore in the little boat, (which had been repaired), to seek for some of the birds which we might observe on this part of the coast. "Are you remarking on shore till dark; they returned without having discovered any person, or any signs of habitation." They reported having seen plenty of wild cattle and game, among which they said were wild turkeys; "but these turkeys," afterwards proved to be the Cocias, a pianoforte bird, somewhat resembling the wild turkey, but smaller; the natives call them "cachalotes." "We remained at our anchorage till night, and it was agreed that the gentleman from Missouri (he who gave us the telescope) and myself, should go ashore early next morning, with our guns, and make our way inland, in hopes of discovering our whereabouts if possible; also, "to shoot some game." Our fresh water, too, was requiring our particular attention, as that necessary article was about failing us, and the little that remained was tolerably pure, it having been put up in large casks without their being cleaned. Indeed, our little boat's voyage had been exceedingly wearisome; impatience and discontent was stamped upon it, except the two boys who were going ashore. I had laid in a good supply of salt and vinegar, which I used as a substitute for water, therefore suffered least from the want. On Sunday, the 19th, by early dawn, my companion and myself, together with a boy's crew, were embarked in the little boat, and a few strokes of the oars landed us safely on the shore of a river, into which we afterwards entered.
excitement that completely possesses one; every thing is so novel; every shrub is so new; even the sands and shells upon the beach impart peculiar interest to the inquiring mind.

We landed our guns, and were soon in the woods, whilst the boat's crew went in search of water. As we penetrated this dense tropical forest, a thousand objects of interest were around us on every side. We plucked the beautiful flowers that grow in our way; we inhali the fragrant perfumes of the minoos; we gazed with wonder upon the huge fluted cauli, and the strange birds that came around us, as curious as ourselves, particularly interested me. We were now among the "shuhalances," which were quite abundant and tame. Beside blue-winged teals, which we found in a brackish lagoon, we also shot other game, and after two hours' sport we had bagged as many as we could carry. Everything seemed very tame, having never perhaps seen a white man before, or heard the report of a gun! During our excursion we met with a Mexican and a negro, with two of our boat's crew. They imparted the pleasant intelligence that we were only two leagues from Ventosa, and by sailing round the next point of land we would see the bay. After receiving this much desired information, we hastened back to our vessel, and, with the game we had secured, and a fine bouquet of flowers which I had gathered for my wife, we were once more on the decks of the Mary Taylor.

As the anchor was hoisted up, a gentle breeze wafted us out of this lovely little nook, each one again wore a cheerful face. The day was fine, and the delicious air, coming from the land as it did, laden with the fragrance of a thousand flowers, accompanied too with the sweet songs of birds, gave new hope and a fresher feeling to the passengers of this ill-fated vessel; for no one anticipated the sudden and frightful change that soon overtook and nearly overwhelmed us in total destruction.

We had but just reached the point of land which commences the entrance of our long-looking-for haven, when a terrible gale from the land struck us broadside, and before all sail could be hoisted, came very near capsizing our brave little sloop. There was no alternative but to run under bare poles before the wind, and put our course to sea again. As night came on, the gale increased; the moon shone brightly upon a scene too terrific for my pen to give you an idea of it. Not a cloud was seen; waves mountain high rolled over us, and threatened to swallow us beneath the angry waters; the wind shrieked and howled around us; fish were thrown upon our decks by the wind and sea. For three days and nights we were at the mercy of the gale. Many were sick, sea-sick; nothing could be cooked for those that could eat; and worse than all, our water had as it was, and failed. We were at length becalmed far out of sight of land; suffering threatened us in awful pangs caused by thirst.

But at last kind Providence guided us safely into the now beacons port of Ventosa. A southern wind, coming from the sea, carried us straight into port, and by the time we had dropped anchor, it had increased to such a gale that we were again threatened with destruction, by our anchor chains breaking, and thus risking our being dashed upon a point of rocks, too near our neighborhood to be pleasant, and upon which the breakers raged higher than I dared mention.

All night we lay in this predicament, in awful suspense. No one dared attempt to land, for our little boat, which was very frail, would have been dashed to pieces the instant she attempted to pass through the waves which broke with fury upon the only safe landing in Ventosa. When morning dawned, I made up my mind to persuade the captain to effect a landing. The bay was still very rough, and I felt our situation to be very critical from the danger of drifting upon the rocks. Being a good swimmer, I felt I should be able to save my wife and my own life should we be capsized in passing
THUANTEPEC.

The captain had the boat manned by the best oarsmen; and taking the helm himself, they made the first trial. As they neared the breakers we watched them with intense interest. Soon the boat was in the surf, at times lost to our view, then again rising high upon a huge wave. At last she capsized, but near enough the shore to allow her crew to stand upon the bottom. This enabled them to rescue themselves and the boat, which fortunately was not damaged. After searching for water, in a few hours they again launched the boat, and by the assistance of some Indians passed safely through the breakers, and were soon alongside with a bag of water. It was determined to risk our chances next in endeavoring to gain the land; for my wife, who had become much enfeebled from sea-sickness and anxiety, with a courage and coolness for which I give her much credit, determined to run the risk with me. After getting a good crew, with the mate at the helm; also, a carpet bag of clothing, some ammunition, my fowling-piece, and a few other articles, we launched out upon the rough waves, and were soon among the breakers.

By the good management of the helmsman, the oarsmen and myself jumping out up to our necks in water to steady the boat, we managed to make the beach without being capsized, with my brave wife all safe and wild with delight; she having remained steady in the boat, and obeyed orders. Though the scene was calculated to frighten away one’s wits, yet she seemed delighted that she had accomplished the feat; and amid the loud roar of the surf through which we had passed, and the strange aspect of surrounding objects, we stood once more upon terra firma, and manifested our feelings by loud shouts of exultation and joy.

The next thing that engaged our attention was the want of some habitations to which to go. It is true there was a palmetto hut a mile off, occupied by some Indian soldiers, with a white captain, employed by the custom-house at Tohuan-tepec, as look-outs; with this exception there was nothing else in Ventanilla but the wild woods and sandy beach. We soon found a good camping ground, beneath a lovely grove of mimosa and acacia trees, and made ourselves comfortable for the night. The air being very pleasant, we needed nothing but a blanket to lie on, which I had taken the precaution to bring on shore. Soon some Indians visited us, bringing us some fish and tallow, and they gazed, with wonder, upon the first white woman they had ever seen.

It being too late for the boat’s ever to hazard an attempt to return to the schooner, they remained with us, and by bright torches held by the kindly Indians we ate our supper, producing a scene in those wild woods sufficiently picturesque to satisfy any lover of the remote.

I had forgotten to state that a small Mexican schooner lay at anchor, on the day of our arrival, near the beach, and her boat assisted some of our passengers to land, soon after we had done so, among whom was our captain and a customs-house officer. The boat capsized in coming through the surf, nearly drowning the officer of customs.

Our captain with two of the passengers proceeded to the city of Thuantepec that evening, to make arrangements with the proper authorities to land our freight and baggage, a great deal of unnecessary formality being required before even the most simple article could be landed.

Saturday, 28th, the other passengers were enabled to land, the boat having capsized only once in making three trips. No one was hurt. I spent most of the day in the woods with my gun, and in company with an Indian boy as game-carrier, succeeded in killing plenty of game, and with the fish, tallow and fruits the Indians brought us, we fared sumptuously on wild chicken, ducks, curlew, rabbits, peocary and pigeons, shot by myself.

Soon after retiring for the night, about
eight o'clock, we boarded shrimps that rose wildly above the roar of the sea, and the Indians, who had been waiting for us, were preparing to leave. We set sail, and the crew, who remained with us that night, hastened down to the beach, and found it to be, what, too dark to see. We had already drifted in and grounded in the surf, which was completely, covering her decks. The crew of the, assiduous ones on board, for help, were truly appal-
ing. Unfortunately, it was not our power to aid them, farther down the tide, large rocks on the beach, and the night, time to send her near the shore, which was done before morning.

The sky, however, was peculiarly trying to remove some of the laggage, which we partly succeeded, but everything was ruined except a few light garments. All our books, drawing, writing-paper, col-

cent and other articles to add an injury, and to make a completely, demolished.

This I regretted more than all, for heaven only knows when I shall

be able to replace them; there is nothing of the kind here, and not much.

The sky was partly gray, in drying what articles we had saved from the wreck. The beach, and rocks, presented a confused, scene of trunks, boxes, wood-

books, dry goods, shirts, pants, ladies'

apron, and various individuals, These

who had come to commence business on the new route, expecting to find it nearly

completed, and seeing no indication of

such the case for any definite length

of time, felt of course, utterly disappoint-

with, and had, a great desire to return as

soon as possible. I hurried over one of

my traveling friends, having gone up to the city, obligingly, promised

himself, and said, for transporting on

this, and only on the third day, against

We spent the next day with our

friends, and finally, and, the crew of the evening to induce ourselves. At three

o'clock P.M. we departed, in company

with our young friend from Missouri, for

the city of Tehuantepec, with no regimen

of Indians following, who seemed to take

pleasure in, waiting on us, attracted, perhaps, by my wife, probably the first

white woman they had ever seen. They

seemed to commit, with another, for

We found the town excellent, and the

building, the accurate, and the sewing, of

the natives, (dressing a horse,)

satisfied, with the, hemisphere,

houses, much aoram, and times, done

her safety. By daylight, we reached the

city, a distance of, miles, from, the

port. We were, much pleased with the,

picturesque appearance of the place. The

river, Tehuantpeo, in front of it, is

this, we found, in, quite a shallow, at

this season of the year, A position for

the city, in one, the opposite side; The

houses are, far, better, than, we had any

idea of, in this, in the, walls, near, spacious,

sizable, four feet, thick, the floors, paved,

brick, the, roof, covered, with tile.

The rooms are, necessarily, large, which

makes them, very, cool. Each house, contain-

ing, a courtyard, surrounded, by, paved,

with brick, shaded, with, green, and, flower-

ing shrubbery, a large, elegant, water-

ing, a well, of, water, and, stems, thus, an

ancient, for bathing. Such in the, house, are many,

rooms, and, in, pretty, fair, samples of

the better class, among.

In conclusion, I will say, we are well,

pleased, with the country, it is remarkable,

healthy, soil, the, climate, perfection,

such as, people, have, received, with

gratitude, kindness, and, solitude, or,

which, interests us most, is, indeed,

splendid. But, there is, very little, bus-

iness, here, doing. The native, productions,

are, clean, but, imported, articles, very,

high, the, season, when the, tropic

route, will be, completely, it seems,

be, at, this, season, but, in my, humble

opinion, when, or, the, change, it

will be, the, season, on, any, account, in, part

Sedition.
the city of Chatauqua, with a region of Indians following, who seemed to take pleasure in waiting on us, attracted, perhaps by my wife, probably the first while women they had ever seen, they were accompanied with a small, but XT is a kind of legend not so loud and aloud as I had heard. They were so the scenery. Beautiful, and of the... nature. Among the birds, such was the case that I or rather to pass through the uncertainty, the monks of Mexico, perhaps you may never again resolve it from our passage will be prolonged or to Washington.

O, CANEY! CHOU! FORGET ME! CAN E VEUR OR NEVER BE FORGOTTEN, OR... a yellow bird can not be worn.

Or cast your forget-me-not, the sky is including, or the like.

The friends, the faith, or the dark way below me; the violet has bloomed in sweet eye with the paper... And my soul is wandering in visions by day.

This weight of sorrow, O, can I not longer... in the hands that we have not met yet.

May it be the wave which round the world would fling the light of gloom when it would be longer on the earth. Would tell them of me; then, O, can I not forget it.

I shall well go; and I am become agitated, O, can I not forget it? She was about to be a sight which is the best feature of the home in climate was a smug, with a whole of the air, as you go up stairs; the trees and towering... at any other end of the house, how you; no one would be so much as.

On the following morning, having a... that I left起飞; the angel being there, the angels saying, how many, I would to the world and the earth; then, shall we be:

One finger, the others are swinging on the one above, and, as our passage... it is the best of them.

O, can I not forget it? I am in the world and the earth; then, shall we be.

How often I think of the earth we have wandered. Among the spring roses and violet there; sung, how deep the soul, and as within the breast, heavy, and the gentle, woman; only hope.

I, then, I have not, one word of it? the moments passed on, but their name.

I was already on board the steamer, where you go. I could, I, now, the earth, and the earth; then, shall we be. What shall have taken place?... we are not the same, our talk; but, when I think... in my humble opinion, who takes place; when he.

The thoughts have been admired that have come from the depth of my soul, and of those who care for me. The heavens were pleased with those who care... as in the breast, heavy, and the gentle, woman; only hope.

In the first place, the tale is telling. Now, what would you have it who has, the world. I have.

Fifteen years passed since leaving that tale behind me. And, as the passage is taken, led, all other stories of interest, or favorable, having not been... and, a familiar, figure, which.
made me fairly scream with delight. Yes, there she was, dear sister Antie, and brother Charlie, too; but could they ever make their way through that dense crowd? I had seen them, that was something, though I never heard their voices again. At last, after great exertion, they reached the side of the steamer. The first word was, "Oh, Mary, what will you do, your baggage is still at the railroad depot!"

I had given directions that morning to have it conveyed to the steamer, and supposed, of course, it was safely on board, but it appeared that the railroad agent—one wearing the form of a man—had, upon some miserable pretext, detained it, refusing to give it up to sister when she called for it an hour before. In vain she pleaded; tears, remonstrances, indignation—had no effect upon his important agentship; here was an opportunity to show his power—his manhood. It was too late to resort to other means to obtain the trunk, as she was obliged to leave them, and hasten to the steamer. Here was a fresh trouble. I must either give up my baggage, and start on a long journey with little or nothing save the clothing I then wore, or relinquish all idea of going by that steamer. The case was stated by a gentleman to one of the officers of the ship, who told me my ticket might be transferred to the next steamer, and advised me to wait until that time. One moment I hesitated. How could I, a young, inexperienced girl, who for the first time in her life must depend upon herself alone, start on a journey like this unprepared, and among strangers too? Then came another thought, and that was of an expectant face far darkened by disappointment, when the eye sought in vain for the face and form of her who had so positively said, "I will come." True, two weeks would make no great difference, but this was the day on which I had promised to start, and on this day I would go, too. That difficulty was past. I said firmly,

"I am going, and on this steamer, too."

"Mary, are you mad?" exclaimed my brother. "Do listen to reason." "Antie, I am going. Do not say any thing long to mother to increase her anxiety. Goodbye, sister, darling sister—brother Charlie one more kiss. Ah! where is your manhood in these tears? God bless you—polite goodbye!"

Now the monster ship begins to move; the huge wheels commence their revolutions; the space widens between us and the wharf; I hear the splashing of the water; the hum of many voices; the roar of many feet; I know there are hundreds of people passing around me; I knew that we are speeding away—away over the dark water; the city begins to look dim in the distance, but still I stood gazing toward it, until a sort of dream-like stupor came over me; I felt alone; like one small speck floating silently, slowly, drearily over a vast ocean, neither knowing or caring whether the tide might carry me. This feeling gained entire possession of me, until I was lost to every thing around me. How long I remained in that state I know not, but I was finally aroused by a kind voice near asking if I needed assistance. I looked up and saw a gentleman standing by my side—by guarding me with mingled sympathy and curiosity; probably he thought me a fit subject for an insane asylum; perhaps recently escaped from such an institution. With his question, consciousness returned, and I began to remember where I was, and sank I was. Thanking the gentleman for his kindness, but declining his offer of assistance, I directed the waiter to take my traveling bag—by a fortunate chance I had one containing a few articles purchased that morning in the city—to my state-room.

As we were proceeding toward the room the idea of starting to California, with that amount of baggage, struck me as being so extremely ludicrous that I laughed outright. However, I was determined to make the best of it, trusting to Providence, or good luck, for the future.
After reaching my room I sat down quietly to think, but had scarcely commenced the agreeable employment when the door was unceremoniously opened, and a stout, red-faced man stood before me. I started to my feet at this unexpected intrusion, and awaited an explanation. The gentleman seemed no less embarrassed than myself, asking to be excused if he had disturbed me, but saying that he had "only come to take a look at his state-room." "Your state-room?" I exclaimed, in surprise, "excuse me; sir, you must be mistaken; this is my room." "There certainly must be some mistake about it," said the intruder, "but I believe this is No. 35." "Certainly," said I, and to prove my claim I produced my ticket, which plainly told that Miss M—— had taken "state-room No. 35, berth No. 2." Here the gentleman consulted his ticket. "Mr. Mc——," it said, was possessor of state-room No. 36, berth No. 2, for that trip. Here was a dilemma which exceeded any thing I had hitherto experienced! Was I, then, in addition to my other difficulties, to be deprived of a place to rest my weary head? I had kept up good courage through all my previous trials, but this was rather too much to bear, and there was nothing left for me to do but sit down in despair and have a real heart-sick "ery," which I did.

The gentleman, whose name I at once recognized as belonging to a somewhat famous ex-Governor, told me to give myself no unreason, as he would willingly resign all claim to the room, and begged that I would consider it my own, at least until he could seek an explanation of the affair, and make some other arrangement.

This kindness was gratefully accepted, for, from some cause, the room began to turn slowly around; the lights seemed about to exchange places with each other; ceiling and door sides; and strongly enough my brain seemed keeping time to the rotary movement of the room. Could it be possible that I was sea-sick? The question was most positively and effectually answered a few minutes after, and I was glad to throw myself into that little coffin-like recess, designed to answer for a bed, where I remained for about two hours, in quite an uneventful frame of mind.

Twilight had faded into darkness, and the lamps had been for some time lighted in the saloon, before I received any tidings from the Governor, or the success of his errand to the purser.

I was beginning to grow anxious, when there came a knock at the door, and a waiter appeared, with the announcement that he was "to conduct the lady to state-room No. 2." I arose and followed my chatty guide, and found, upon reaching the room, a note from the gentlemanly agent of the line, stating that, as I was traveling alone, he had, to make my trip more agreeable, exchanged the room first assigned me, for this, which was more convenient and pleasant. This note had, in the hurry and confusion of starting, been overlooked or neglected.

Pass we in silence over these days and nights of discomfort, when sea-sickness in all its horrors seized upon its helpless victim, for even a remembrance of that interesting time is everything but agreeable; so we drop the curtain over the past, and raise it again, when, with strength and spirits returning, we make our first appearance on the promenade deck. To secure the deck seems a rather unsatisfactory footing, although the sea is calm and smooth as a mirror; and a glance at the waves of yule, disturbed from around, recall sensations we would fain forget; but, with a determination not to be sick, a look at the broad expanse of water glittering so beautifully in the sun-light, we seat ourselves, and, for the first time, take a look at the inhabitants of our stouter vessel.

If there is a place perfectly calculated for the study of human nature in all its varieties, that place is certainly on board a California steamer. Here one can see "society" in all its different grades, from upper-ten-men, and its attendants "smo-
...Jay, to the miserable "honest
class Stanton passenger." He was
very kind.

I was alone, and the entire
time, as I had been told,
from the morning of their
arrival, must certainly
exist in your... What if
you do not shrink from
the idea of being
recognized?... Sez the
hostess down the street,
which they go
to... I have been,
preparing for... What
strange grandeur!... How
she admired her ample
skirt... how foaming,
contamination!... Well, in
this, the thing she
shoved... good, mean,
the gentlemen... I can
beard this... care for,
their... the... the deuce... Occasionally,
the miserable looking
lady passes, around
with the remains of,
what I mean... a poem,
in his hand, upon,
portraying a picture
of the orange peel,
and present, a slight,
smiling... but... with,
no request to abstain from
that... practice, which
in the present... style
of ladies' dresses, is so peculiarly
annoying.

Here is a generous public
official, standing
about in all the glory and
dignity of his high position,
but looking more... like
the representative of a
group than the
representative of an
intelligent people...

There are several of the U. S. military
officers, but who, seem remarkable
for nothing but a profusion of
beards, and... skill in tossing off
chases of
beauty, and... champagne... in... daylight.

Just before this is a newly married
couple, who, seem perfectly
oblivious of, every	hing... the... The bride,
gaily, routine, upon the
beauty of her... leg, while his arm is
affectionately thrown
around her... They... not the
mischievous smiles cast upon them; they
see not the smile of admiration... they never
the arts of rode from their
fellows...

Oh! no, into their... bliss, such trip... these... some not...

Three happy... the happiest of their
kind!... Then there... Miss... his... she, who
report says, can... Alas, with... they... by
some of the gentlemen on board... some,
the... I shall... I dream..."
heart: "I scarcely breathed, until again
unmeaning, "lo, of beauty, for it
thou, well." I trembled and died away upon
the evening skies. Then I burst into tears,
and retired hastily to my room, where I
could not bear to wrap over the
memories of that dear, ideal, happy, I
never had..."

And I became friends: friends, though
we may never meet again... Nellie, want
she her own amanuensis, I to this year, home
of miners, but we are friends still.

One day, I was enjoying the cool air
and pleasant breeze on the deck, when I
was startled by a shrill voice, "At the bow,
sir." He was in the first cabin.

Looking up, I saw a little, sharpfeatured,
sly, looking woman, holding the
hand of a little boy, four or five years of
age, perfect counterpart of his mother;
only that he was unusually tall.
Then, having a pair of eyes, which
made the word "get" rise involuntarily to
one's lips... The young gentleman was
trying to impressify hide and yells, to at
least make her understand, he could
unison again, reported her question.

I regarded her curiously, a moment,
and turned away with a single word which
I hoped would dissolve her: "Be you in
the habit of"... Well now, I do declare, I'm too bad! Every
body gets, any body, but me, could get a
first-class passage; but here I, and this
little innocent child boys, must be scared
up fin that necessary place, where
nothing, place before..."

By the way, I lived in Saratoga Springs, and
had everything I wanted, and my little
boy here too; he could along without
his playthings, I need to get him every
thing he cried for... Shy, he his very, very

..."Excuse me, ma'am," said I, rising, "I
could stand such a thing no longer, and
ought."

After, a pleasant trip of five days, arriving
in New York, now without perplexity, and
were immediately, hurried, on board, the miserable old
hulk, dignified as by the name of "Farina,"
ferry-boat, which, in the time, the jovial
singers, were all on board, seemed ready
to depart, the barrier, in the new.
I was impossible to gain a firm foothold, much
loss, and in a seat, so there we remained,
standing-closely packed, like so many
slaves, or beasts being sent to market.
The storage passengers, having, been put
on board, first, second, possession of all the
seats, which they retained, with a defiant
look, and not a few words of exclamation;
at the advantage they had gained, I tells
several onetablelooking curiosity; by whose side I, had, the misfortune, do
stand, who, constantly annoyed, up, by,
giving me a rude push every time changed
to come in contact with an old bagon
she carried. At first I looked again, that
poor creature with pity, but kept being
solace, and, work in words, as she, again,
pushed me aside, explaining: "Oh you;
cabin, passengers, think, yes, everybody
that way," then. But we've got the best of
this time, very happy. Don't you wish you
could sit down?"

Here, little girl—

with characteristic abruptness, turned to
the insolent speaker, with: "There, madam,
that is only the last thing of that
kind you are allowed to speak here. Now,
you understand what I say,..." The woman
caught the words on Lisette's ears,
and the determined look on her face, so.

..."Excuse me, ma'am," said I, rising, "I
could stand such a thing no longer, and
ought, and..."

After, a pleasant trip of five days, arriving
in New York..."
The woman from "Soratogy" was constantly annoying me with her disapproving presence. She seemed to be everywhere present, with that "grieving little boy of hers. I shall never forget one evening, after the company had been applauding the performance of a magnificent opera-singer, a sharp voice at my elbow exclaimed: "Why, for my part I can't see no beauty in sick scroochin'. I like something a body can understand—something sensible, and I guess I'll sing a song fittin' the occasion." After several attempts at "clearing her throat," she burst forth:

"O, California, you are the land for me; I'm bound to California, my true love for to see."

What a scream that was! Before the first verse was completed the company began to move off in an opposite direction to save their ears and tempers. The days passed on until there remained but two or three before we expected to reach San Francisco. It was Sabbath evening, the last we were to spend on board, but there was nothing in our little world to remind one of the holiness of the day. The gay laugh, the merry song, or jest went round as usual, but to me the air seemed full of Sabbath music. I leaned back in my seat, closed my eyes, and fancied I could hear the chiming of the old church-bells at home; to my ear was borne the swelling notes of a grand old anthem, and familiar hymn. I was sitting in the family pew, with father, mother, brothers and sister, and our voices all blended together in the worship. But when I unclenched my eyes the vision died, and I knew that thousands of miles lay between me and that clear place, and that I was hastening towards a new, untried home, and for the first time anxious thoughts, dim forebodings filled my mind.

The sun had gone down. I had watched the last red gleam fade, and die away. Great masses of black clouds began to assume terrible, threatening forms, where an hour before was light and glory: this water beneath, seemed the image of despair, or infauntable hot splashing as the waves seemed to leap and dance in awful heights, and seemed to be peeping up from the deeps of the ocean.

After the confusion of exchanging steamers was over, the state-rooms appropriated, and all the other arrangements made, our voyage again proceeded as quietly as before. My room companion was Miss W——, a young lady-like manner, and thoughtful kindness toward myself, will not soon be forgotten.

Mrs.—— had a world of trouble because she had "only a common state-room, like any common passenger." It was really a shame that she, the wife of——, could not have the bridal chamber! But Mr. S. and his beautiful young bride quietly kept possession of the coveted room, and Mrs.—— was obliged to submit, like a "common passenger," to her narrow berth.

It is amusing, as well as disgusting, to observe what means some vain creatures take to gain attention and admiration. There was Mrs. B——, who met the ship's surgeon, Dr. S., one day, with a request that he should prescribe for her fingers, which she said had been badly hurt in closing the door. The doctor, after examining the delicate little hand which the lady extended, and finding no bone broken, or serious bruises, merely replied, "Well, madam, come to my room and I will give you something to bathe it in." Oh! what a flash of indignation overspread the lady's face! She deluged no reply, but swept angrily away from Dr. S., who stood petrified with astonishment at her singular conduct. Shortly after, word came from the captain that Mrs. B. had entered a complaint against the doctor, for insults, in asking her to come to his room! Poor Mrs. B——! her plan for captivating the gentlemanly doctor had entirely failed, and this was her revenge!
of despair, of unfathomable night; the splashing of the waves seemed full of transcendental voices, and weird shapes seemed to pour up from the depths beneath. I gazed long at the water and black sky, and asked: "Is this, then, an image of life? Will all its brightness and glory thus fade, grow dark, unlovely, and finally sink into gloom and despair?"

I looked up, and there above the blackest cloud was one great star shining, casting a line of light far out upon the deep water, and its rays stopped not there, but fell down into my soul, making a lightness and beauty where there had been cloud and darkness. I thought of the ever-watchful Father above; of the assurance, "Lo I am with thee, even to the end!" I felt that He was near, and every doubt fled away.

The last night on board some of the gentlemen determined to celebrate by a "grand supper." There was Judge — whose reading of Childe Harold the evening before had so entranced his hearers, calling in half-hysterical tones to the elegant Mr. — to "come and have one more drink," which they accordingly did; but it proved just one glass too many, for a while afterward, one of the gentlemen in passing round the saloon fell to the floor, and was carried to his stateroom. Alas for poor human nature!

Morning soon came, and with it the first glimpse of San Francisco. With what emotions I gazed upon the city I was not attempt to describe. As soon as the steamer touched the wharf, commenced those joyful meetings, inquiries after absent friends, and all the confusion which usually attends the arrival of a steamer. An hour had passed, nearly all my acquaintances had left, yet still I stood alone. I do not know why it was that I felt no anxiety, no fear, but I was as calm as though surrounded by old friends. I stood at the entrance of the saloon, looking out on the wharf, when a light hand was laid on my shoulder, and a voice I well knew whispered "Mary!" — I was at home.

A DESULTORY POEM.
Behold that scene in nature years;
Behold how fair those building beauties bloom
In their unquench'd purity, - on earth
Bless those of joy or sympathy assume.
To man's eyes in whose pure depths appear
A world of love and loveliness, - on earth.
Oh, Sinner, what an influence divine
Beams from thy love, so sacred, pure, and sweet;
A sinner's love! - yes, that indeed is mine.
All blear'd in my heart, and if we meet
No more on earth, that love shall never cease.
Each thought and feeling, till at last I greet
Thy spirit, when on that eternal shore,
Where all is bliss, and portents come no more.

And Mother, who can fathom all thy love?
Intense, absorbing, holy, steadfast, pure;
Influences, like that of God's above.
Over all the earth, and must through centuries
In other worlds, and even there will prove
And forever to make our calling sure.
Its delightful constancy by prayer will in
Her children from the world, and save them from

My sainted mother! now in those bright skies,
In God's own mansions of eternal rest
I know that there thy fervent prayers rise.
For us, thy children. - Oh! may we be blest
In these sweet, memorials, and while time flies,
We never can forget the one who pres'd
In these sublimest joys, that ever were known.
A love that did such sacred joys impart

And Daughter, how the sweet infirmities,
Which are bright evidences, in the happy home,
Joy is pure, and, like in spirit's grace,
It shines a holy light, our seats to roam
From its first loves. - The world's delightful dream.
Upon this joy's pure joys should never cease.
To lend where chance, and revelry, and song,
Allure us to join the world's heavenly throng.

And Wife, that nearest, dearest friend of all,
Born of a tie that binds two hearts in one;
A holy Vetata from the pure heaven to fall,
And gives a brighter radiance to the sun.
And now, and now, - Oh! ye who can recall
That first deep joy, - the joy that reposed to run
Through all your being and ye yet still hale.
In that first joy of home, the holiest and the best

Woman, behold what lovely scenes are here,
And see how fair, how lovely scenes are here.
Why should thy heart be troubled or ringed?

At thy contract! - - - the joy beforeward.
Is not thy influence here almost divine?
Over immortal souls - - on earth from their birth,
They must begin to fashion them for heaven.
If thou wilt lead the way, I'll prove a line.

Oh, I crown myself with laurels from the throne
Of the eternal, in the heavens sublime;
God, and what are both, the joy of heaven's smile,
And therein shall I triumph over all things line.
And sing immortal songs, and not alone - -.
May the psalms in this house live for aye.
Thy children, too, shall rise, and call thee blest.
And true thee find God's mansions of eternal rest.

Rebuked thy smiling! - it is great;
And powers sublime now into thee are given;
Arius, and let thy heavenly charm create
An influence sweet to lead us up to heaven.
We almost worship thee in thy pure state.
And grace that my sins and all our wrongs have
Almost as much as a depth of views,
Dignity and influence, that only divinity can

Oh! let not worldly fallacies fill thy seat;
Let not the things of sense call thee away.
From these pure joys which may thy heart contain,
And lead thee onward to the perfect day.
Woe to silver streams and golden brooks still roll,
Where God's all influence is the only ray.
That thrills upon the path of life's pure day,
And makes them say with pleasure, "He is all our

Shy, what is fashion but a tyrant's slave?
In fashion, wealth, and ease,
The heart that seeks these things will find how false.
It is to hope for happiness in them.

When love, all pure, and consoling are,-
Two are to one, and one to two.
A close-like azure in their country's heart.

Woman, in words of song I sought to show
How bright thy charm comprehendst our rays.
And that saucy joy, sweet must appear.
And when all pure and consoling are throng.
That also shall pursue a mouth of song.
Whirl the pleasant tide with perfect concord,
To cherish in its veins which once was dead.
Bring the pure joys of a dissolution near

Fair California, may thy boast be good;
And with all sweet domestic joys be blest,
The love of parents, Wives, and sisters true.
In thy warm bosom, and heart ineffably
Their early hopes of pleasures, and enjoy.
All trials that may ever come to test

The strength and might of nature, in its utmost form.
Oh, may thy boast be good;
And may thy boast be good;
And there shall be seen.

The strength and might of nature, in its utmost form.
Oh, may thy boast be good;
And may thy boast be good;
And there shall be seen.

The strength and might of nature, in its utmost form.
Oh, may thy boast be good;
And may thy boast be good;
And there shall be seen.

The strength and might of nature, in its utmost form.
Oh, may thy boast be good;
And may thy boast be good;
And there shall be seen.

The strength and might of nature, in its utmost form.
Oh, may thy boast be good;
And may thy boast be good;
And there shall be seen.

The strength and might of nature, in its utmost form.
Oh, may thy boast be good;
And may thy boast be good;
And there shall be seen.

The strength and might of nature, in its utmost form.
Oh, may thy boast be good;
And may thy boast be good;
And there shall be seen.

The strength and might of nature, in its utmost form.
Oh, may thy boast be good;
And may thy boast be good;
And there shall be seen.

The strength and might of nature, in its utmost form.
Oh, may thy boast be good;
And may thy boast be good;
And there shall be seen.

The strength and might of nature, in its utmost form.
Oh, may thy boast be good;
And may thy boast be good;
And there shall be seen.

The strength and might of nature, in its utmost form.
Oh, may thy boast be good;
And may thy boast be good;
And there shall be seen.

The strength and might of nature, in its utmost form.
Oh, may thy boast be good;
And may thy boast be good;
And there shall be seen.

The strength and might of nature, in its utmost form.
Oh, may thy boast be good;
And may thy boast be good;
And there shall be seen.

The strength and might of nature, in its utmost form.
Oh, may thy boast be good;
And may thy boast be good;
And there shall be seen.

The strength and might of nature, in its utmost form.
Oh, may thy boast be good;
And may thy boast be good;
And there shall be seen.

The strength and might of nature, in its utmost form.
Oh, may thy boast be good;
And may thy boast be good;
And there shall be seen.

The strength and might of nature, in its utmost form.
Oh, may thy boast be good;
And may thy boast be good;
And there shall be seen.

The strength and might of nature, in its utmost form.
Oh, may thy boast be good;
And may thy boast be good;
And there shall be seen.

The strength and might of nature, in its utmost form.
Oh, may thy boast be good;
And may thy boast be good;
And there shall be seen.

The strength and might of nature, in its utmost form.
Oh, may thy boast be good;
And may thy boast be good;
And there shall be seen.

The strength and might of nature, in its utmost form.
Oh, may thy boast be good;
And may thy boast be good;
And there shall be seen.

The strength and might of nature, in its utmost form.
Oh, may thy boast be good;
And may thy boast be good;
And there shall be seen.

The strength and might of nature, in its utmost form.
Oh, may thy boast be good;
And may thy boast be good;
And there shall be seen.

The strength and mighty of nature, in its utmost form.
Oh, may thy boast be good;
And may thy boast be good;
And there shall be seen.

The strength and mighty of nature, in its utmost form.
Oh, may thy boast be good;
And may thy boast be good;
And there shall be seen.

The strength and mighty of nature, in its utmost form.
Oh, may thy boast be good;
And may thy boast be good;
And there shall be seen.

The strength and mighty of nature, in its utmost form.
Oh, may thy boast be good;
And may thy boast be good;
And there shall be seen.

The strength and mighty of nature, in its utmost form.
Oh, may thy boast be good;
And may thy boast be good;
And there shall be seen.

The strength and mighty of nature, in its utmost form.
Oh, may thy boast be good;
And may thy boast be good;
And there shall be seen.

The strength and mighty of nature, in its utmost form.
Oh, may thy boast be good;
And may thy boast be good;
And there shall be seen.

The strength and mighty of nature, in its utmost form.
Oh, may thy boast be good;
And may thy boast be good;
And there shall be seen.

The strength and mighty of nature, in its utmost form.
Oh, may thy boast be good;
And may thy boast be good;
And there shall be seen.

The strength and mighty of nature, in its utmost form.
Oh, may thy boast be good;
And may thy boast be good;
And there shall be seen.

The strength and mighty of nature, in its utmost form.
Oh, may thy boast be good;
And may thy boast be good;
And there shall be seen.

The strength and mighty of nature, in its utmost form.
Oh, may thy boast be good;
And may thy boast be good;
And there shall be seen.

The strength and mighty of nature, in its utmost form.
Oh, may thy boast be good;
And may thy boast be good;
And there shall be seen.

The strength and mighty of nature, in its utmost form.
Oh, may thy boast be good;
And may thy boast be good;
And there shall be seen.

The strength and mighty of nature, in its utmost form.
Oh, may thy boast be good;
And may thy boast be good;
And there shall be seen.

The strength and mighty of nature, in its utmost form.
Oh, may thy boast be good;
And may thy boast be good;
And there shall be seen.

The strength and mighty of nature, in its utmost form.
Oh, may thy boast be good;
And may thy boast be good;
And there shall be seen.

The strength and mighty of nature, in its utmost form.
Oh, may thy boast be good;
And may thy boast be good;
And there shall be seen.

The strength and mighty of nature, in its utmost form.
Oh, may thy boast be good;
And may thy boast be good;
And there shall be seen.

The strength and mighty of nature, in its utmost form.
Oh, may thy boast be good;
And may thy boast be good;
And there shall be seen.
EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

XVII.

The doctrine of the Reformation did not stop with exercising an influence on the religion and language of the people of England. The Catholic Church had taught autoritatively as the representative of Christ upon earth, and had at least a time-honoured warrant for doing so. But the novel dogma of Henry the Eighth, "that the king was the head of the Church," was one with the new spiritualism of England; men were not willing to submit to it. However we find, that although the doctors of the Protestant faith were distant for a while with joining in "lude" against the adherents of Rome—so long as they discovered any clashes of this party succeeding in reinstating itself as the established church of England—the free spirit of inquiry, and right of private judgment which they had set up as primary truths by which conclusions, teachings, and passions ought to be regulated, began to be exercised and influenced which they did not anticipate. All classes, unlearned as well as learned, soon claimed the right to exercise their judgment in a question of such momentous importance as the salvation of mankind, and the most efficient means of securing it. But the claim set up by Henry, and insisted on by his successors, of acting as pope in England, stood in the way of effecting these further changes which were necessary for Charles the First, (below, p. 36.)

And trudged away to cry, "No Bishop." 

every sinking reformer considered; or, she, had a right to prescribe and thus the religious dispositions of the time began to affect the civil government. The claim of being head of the Church proved every inconvenient and dangerous acquisition to English loyalty. But the claim once made could not well be rescinded from. The people of England were almost exclusively Protestants, but Protestants dividing; every day into additional sects. If the king meant to do any thing to establish a uniformity of faith, he must offend one party before he could please another, and his first adherence to the Episcopal Church was an excuse for the turbulent becoming disaffected, and dispersing all allegiance to a sovereign who was determined to maintain; in the fullest extent, the privileges of the crown, both civil and ecclesiastical.

Let protestants' corde behisther do much as they may in regard to the indulgence of their religion, those who pay the slightest attention to history are aware that mere toleration was denounced by the fathers of Protestantism. The king wished to do nothing more for the Episcopal Church, that "obbles" would have done for the Polybutyning of Independents. The struggles of those days were not so much for liberty, as for supremacy. "Eldi party maintained it was right, and in consequence was only entitled to regulate itself according to its own notions, but to pull down all other parties which differed from it.

One of the most honest of those who opposed the high claims put forth by the royalty was Milton; whose though originally intended for the established church, had become partly digested with
the vice and ambitious projects of many of her prominent leaders, who professed to be actuated solely by religious motives. His sarcastic pen spared none. It was equally indifferent to him whether the obnoxious individual was the archbishop of Canterbury, or the king himself. He only seized on the predominance of his position, to mark him out more conspicuously as the object of his bitter invective.

Happily those troublous times have passed away; and we are surprised to find a man of such elegant refinement, as Milton's poems prove him to have been, giving way to such abusive language as his prose works occasionally exhibit. Johnson refers this to his irritable temper, and the world has found fault with Johnson for saying so; but I believe him. We find it investing out on several occasions in his Paradise Lost, as if he could not help it. Let us pity him as the victim of his foibles, rather than the object of his bitterness.

I congratulate myself that I do not feel called upon to maintain the reputation of Milton as a political, or political writer, but as an English epic poet, in which position he stands unrivalled. Deeply-read in Grecian lore, and capable of appreciating the noblest flights of the Grecian Muse, he came to the daring conclusion of enlisting, as freely, the Theology of the Jewish and Christian Scriptures in his service, as the poets of Greece and Rome had done in regard to their Mythology. Of the war in Heaven, the chronological date of which, and "When they fought each other for, We can not well make out," he formed, a theory of his own; or so worked up the common belief into a harmonious system, that most christians would be as willing to subscribe it as the Confession of Faith of the Kirk of Scotland, or the Thirty-Nine Articles of the Church of England. No one since Milton's time seems to have done much about the matter. He then takes as the ground-work of his poem, the wonderful story of the fall of Man, and its sad consequences; the conversations of Adam with the messengers of Heaven, which visitings, though afterwards "far and far between," he had the frequency of Scripture woe of usual occurrence in earlier times; and the story of the garden of Eden, planted for the especial use of the progenitors of the human race by the Lord himself. He describes Heaven and he describes Hell; and we are surprised to find a man of such logical ability, as the victim of his feelings, rather than the object of his bitterness.

"Delicious is the lay that sings, Be it the lay of poet, or poetaster. Love and innocence find a harmonising chord in every human bosom, which it takes but little to attune. But when Milton, the matchless Milton, undertakes the task, and shows us Adam, unimpaired but happy, With one fair spirit for his minister," we have not time to spare, nor a feeling unengaged, for the Devil, or any one else; and when he, best on his hellish purpose, succeeds in arriving, we feel ashamed that we should, for a moment, have allowed ourselves to become sympathisers with such an infamous blackguard. But we can not help such things. When reading Milton we do not wish to help them. It has been said, that before

any stage-performer acts, he must for any one else. Any one else, to whom he addresses the stage, must act as it should be. Milton gives us a rare instance of how did all Time ing Joint, triumph quere—new kind

"Now seemed to us mere

"With one fair spirit for his minister,"
FORMIA MAGAZINE.

the fall of Man, and its inevitable consequences; the conversations of Adam with the messengers of Heaven, which visitings, though afterwards "in vain," he had the testimony of Scripture and the story of the garden of Eden, planted for the especial use of the prolegomena of the human race by the Lord himself. He describes Heaven and he describes Hell; and shows unendly that the Devil is not so black as he is painted. In fact, without his managing, he becomes the real hero of his Romance. We become spell-bound as we read of his blandishments. He enacts our sympathies in his favor; and with a perversion of feeling, only equalled by some of our American-Irish converts of the last, for the ruffians of Illinois at the present time, we prefer him to the Virginian and in distress, to the legitimate Monarch of Heaven! There is one occasion in which we fail in our opinion. If anything could surpass the majestic borrowings of Milton's heroic Muse, it is Milton's Muse employed pastorally. We forget Satan, his sufferings, and his wrongs, and his deeply-felt, justifiable revenge, when we read the poet's description of primal bliss in Paradise.

"Delicious is the lay that lays The knows of happy days,"

is it the lay of poet, or poetaster? Love and innocence find a harmonizing chord above every human bosom, which it takes little to attune. But when Milton, so matchless Milton, undertakes the task, and shows us Adam, introduced as happy.

"With ease his spirit for his estate,"

we have not a thought to spare, nor a string unengaged, for the Devil, or any else; and when he, in his hollow purpose, succeeds in arriving, we feel hymned that we should, for a moment, have allowed ourselves to become sympathetic with such an infantile being. But we can not help wishing Milton we had not wished to do it. It has been said, that before any stage-performer can become a great actor, he must for the time identify himself with the character of the ruffian whom he represents. I believe it.

"As the royal feast, when Paris won By Philip's unskillful son, Ah, in awful state, The god-like hero sat On his imperial throne,"

how did old Timon, by his bewildering lay, triumph over the mighty conqueror—now kindled to "soft desire."

"Now neath a sorrow, now madamised to crime."

"With one rude stroke he struck the lyre, And swept with hurried hands the strings!"

Such victims to some extent are we all—mere playthings in the hands of Poets and Orators, who mould us at their will. Pervaded from our infancy, from infancy, we only regret that Milton did not make Satan more his hero than he has done. Why did he not show him triumphant to the last? Let the angel point out to Adam as he chases, though he had forfeited his right to Eden and his life, in after times.

"How He who bore in Heaven the second name,"

would descend upon earth, and as a man endure the same hardships to which he had become exposed; that he would travel about disowned and disregarded,

"A weary way and full of woes, Opened by power, and mocked by pride, The Necessity, he crucified!"

and how for his sake, and for his sake only, offended Deity would be melted into forgiveness, the punishment due to his own thoughtless transgression cancelled, and should mankind obey his benevolent instructions, and live in faith, and unity, and love, the consequent felicities of Heaven entailed upon his deathless progeny, be removed. It must have been a joke in Hell. In the condition lay Satan's hopes. That the descendants of that simple pair, whom he had so easily beguiled, would be able to withstand his wiles, or choose to renounce the pomp and vanities of the world, was absurd.

"The Lord himself now forming them With passions wild and strange, And listening to their wishing voice Would often lead them wrong."

And would He, who in stern Justice had ordained it right for the mere eating of an apple to punish the whole human race, feel the smallest reluctance in condemning individuals for their own unforgiven transgressions, for whom, on the same principle, before they could be saved, it would be necessary to crucify the Lord again? Most certainly not. What a gratifying conclusion of Satan's revenge, to think that on

"That day of wrath, that dreadful day When Heaven and Earth shall pass away,"

the great Judge himself, according to orthodox belief, would feel constrained to

"Send one to Heaven untes to Hell, A for his glory!"

and that this novel project, this experiment in creation, of populating Earth with rational, half-animal, half-god, who, after being schooled and trained,

"For various causes, at times discriminative,"

so as to secure their fidelity in the service of the King of Heaven, (and who eventually, as Milton states, were intended to be removed to Heaven, to supply the vacancy occasioned by the banishment of himself and his trusty adherents,) he would be able so far to defeat, that nine-tenths of the race, instead of going to Heaven, would be legal subjects of his own to all eternity, even though the Son himself would be crucified to prevent it!

Methinks I see the fallen archangel standing in the Halls of his own Pandemonium, with his faithful chieft around him, proudly showing how useless would be that "sacrifice for sin," which Omnipo- tence deemed it necessary to exact, to recover even a mockery of the human race, or induce men to subdue their angry and sinful passions—preventing in one case of inquisitions and persecutions among the followers of Christ, for the sake of doctrines which the torturers would not understand, and for precepts which they would not follow—exhibiting the wars of
Christian nudes with each other for their own glorification, now the earnings of Waterloo, now the earnings of Sahastropol. Or, changing the scene, displaying in minute detail the crimes and vices of private life, even in the most refined circles; and proving his right in reversion to many who would be recognized as ornaments of Upper Ten society, including merchant-princes and their ladies, "weaving purple and fine linen, and furnishing quietly every day," and belles and dandies admitting no rule of life but fashion.

- It is hard to say what has been his success in other worlds, but in our planet, we get half convinced that the poet might have given Satan credit for having accomplished his object.

- AGRICOLA:

TO MARIA LOUISA.

- Dear Cous., it often makes me sigh,
To live so far away
From the bright glances of thine eye,
Which turns the night to day;
I long to see the pleasant smile
Light up thy face so sweet;
And hear thy gentle voice beguile
Away the cares I meet.

Upon the memory of the past,
I often love to dwell,
Though now they seem but shadows cast
From pleasure's sunny spell;
Yet shadows must be born of light,
And when joy's sun is set
Above the darkest shades of night,
Hope's star is shining yet.

And though I see and hear thee not,
That star shines over bright,
To tell me I am not forgot,
And cheer me with its light;
And o'er the future sends its rays,
When we again shall meet,
And find again as happy days,
As those we once did greet.

And till those happy days shall come,
May every blessing rest
Upon thy head and heart and home,
And peace dwell in thy breasts;
May no dark clouds of sorrow fall
O'er thy life's devious way,
And when life ends, O, may we all
Find Heaven's Eternal Day.

- W. H. D.

CONG HOLLINS, Calif., Nov. 5th, 1857.

ADVENTURES OF A CALIFORNIA PHYSICIAN.

- Mr. Horace: In presenting myself for the first time to your readers, it may be well to tell them who I am, and why I came to California. My name is Fe Nix—Dr. Fe Nix—and I was born in the State and town of—, in N.B. I say I was born, for I had a birth, or at least I have seen the event, which was considered of no ordinary interest, registered in the "old family Bible," where all good things are mentioned—and also in the same book is recorded the birth of one of the greatest physicians of mankind—although I do not mean to say there is any very great similarity in the two events, but simply present the facts, as I am a matter-of-fact sort of man. Well, I was born, and under the laws of progression, and without any previous arrangement or effort on my part, I continued to grow until I assumed much the appearance of a man, when my parents thought it advisable to send me to a boarding-school. Now it happened that my parents were poor, and of course I was the son of poor parents; but as the choice of parents was not left to me, and I had no control over the time and place of my nativity, I do not blame myself because they were not rich. They used to say: "Surely, the boy will make something." Well, so did I. I went to school and made some confusion in the neighborhood, and towards the close of the term became somewhat noted for my sundry innocent exploits—such as tying a rope around the timbers of an old house, (though it might have been a barn, posito end, for so I was trying to hump the building: full, primary, crack as to a state of the mind, (of night) and the building. To cut it short, but the week was, it was the week what, and a My next innocent fire to a little box wife of my plans kind to no one, and my room and the house, religious, getting to my mentor, just a migration I took and accidentally fell into a dose maniacal, to be in wards.

- Sometimes pockets of my more surprise rhymes, and some arranges a late at night baby, and in other kind, "found myself," if I were not happened this apostle was for ambulance, this, I mean by my impression.

- His house being popular, I request me to recall anything of special there, it afforded us of pruning of fruit, and with whatever means terror, awkward, certain fruit,
have been a burn,) and pulling at the opposite end, for no other purpose of course than trying the strength of the twisted hemp, when, to my great surprise, the building fell, with such a tremendous crash as to arouse the sleeping dead (of night) and make the night air tremble. To cut the rope and run away was but the work of a moment, and for many weeks it was the marvel of the neighborhood what caused the building to fall. My next innocent amusement was to set fire to a little house, the property of the wife of my preceptor, who was always kind to me, and who would often come to my room and give me lectures upon politics, and marriage—never forgetting to say she had an excellent daughter, just settled, et cetera. On one occasion I took hold of a wheelbarrow, which accidentally slipped from my hands, and fell into a deserted well, where it remained, to be discovered sometime afterwards.

Sometimes pudding was found in the pockets of my garments, and none were more surprised at the mischief than myself, and none more ready to excuse the clumsiness; and whenever I went fishing, late at night my room was sure to smell fishy, and the frying-pan and sundry other kitchen fixtures were sure to be "found missing" in the morning; and if I went walking, it most unluckily happened that the feathers of a horned snipe were found in the vicinity of my ambursements. But notwithstanding all this, I managed to gain the confidence of my preceptor.

His house was but a few rods from a popular female seminary, and he used to request me to see that the girls did not steal any of his fruit. This mark of his special favor I most readily accepted, as it afforded me a convenient opportunity of pruning the rose beds of the neighboring girls, and of acquiring the innocent fair, with whom I was not on the most intimate terms of friendship. Being an awkward grammarian, I never could define fruit, when it came in my reach; so the trees and the girls suffered while I flourished; and thus things went on during my first term at the boarding-school, until near the close, when I was found out, and my game was up. But, to the great delight of my friends, the following term I became more sensible; and, so rapid was my progress, in the next August I entered as freshman at Cambridge, where I graduated in 18—. Then my head was full of the wildest schemes for the future. Virgil and Horace for a time were held sordid, and I entered into all the gay amusements of a fashionable life with a zeal that few possess. But this did not last long: "nunc mutans, ait, aeternum cessare mutandis.

The joys and delights of the married life were ministered upon the ruins of my imagination, and the slumberers of night were the stones of zero, and I felt my place on earth would be an Eden, if with the holy of my affection, whom I could call my wife. But I had no means of gaining a livelihood, and could not indulge in the heaven-born hope of marrying soon. To select a profession was a difficult task,—much greater than to have selected a wife at that time; but I finally determined to prosecute a course of medical studies, and enter upon the practice of medicine.

During the term I was a student of medicine, somehow I got the reputation of visiting the churchyard late at night, for no very good purpose, and I often heard the good people speak about "robbing the burying-ground," "writing," "fining," "sheriff," "jail and prison," but to no effect—my mind had a downward tendency, and my body was obliged to succumb to the laws of gravitation, even though it might sink a little beneath the flowery surface of the earth upon which we tread. Now I have always had a sacred horror for ghosts, and so I planned the plan: people throughout for shocking my timid nerves, and they began to think me as honest as I was. It often happened, when one gets the name of indulging in any kind of mischief,—whether false or
true—that it follows him through life, and it has been peculiarly so with me in this case, for even in California I have been accused of disturbing le repos des les morts.

At the expiration of three years and two months I graduated, and commenced the practice of medicine. I., e., I put out my "shingle" to let people know I was prepared to cure their many ills, feeling sure they would not pass me by, and was not disappointed, for in a few years I had acquired an extensive practice.

In the fall of '48 the gold fever "broke out," and its attack upon me was most violent. I received an invitation to go to California as surgeon of a company, then sailing out, which expected to leave in a few days. The adventure pleased me. I at once accepted; sold out my effects, and, at the appointed time, was ready to leave, and bidding an affectionate farewell, got on board the noble vessel, feeling willing to go anywhere, (and this calls to mind the anecdote of the man "out west," who, being inquired of if he would not like to go to heaven, replied, "Yes! I should as soon go there as anywhere, but the rest of my family want to go to Missouri.")

Our ship made a good passage, and early in the summer of '49 we cast anchor in the Bay of San Francisco; and, kind reader, I am now before you as a narrator of the "Adventures of a California Physician."

The incidents, as shall relate them, will be strictly true; but the dates, names and places cannot wholly be relied upon.

Soon after our arrival in San Francisco our vessel was removed to Benicia, and as all things mundane have a beginning as well as ending, I will date the first of July, '49, as the commencement of my adventures in this land of modern Ophir—the great El Dorado of the Pacific; where the golden dew sparkles in morning's ray light," as the first rays of the sun come dancing over the snow-capped hills of the distant Sierra, to kiss the valleys into newness of life and clothe them with the verdure of perpetual spring. This

mirrored imagery, however, truthful; seemed far too blissful for mortals long to enjoy.

On the first of July it was determined that a part of our company should leave for the mines, and, having heard there was much sickness, it was proposed I should go out with the first party, which met with my ardent approval, for I had always supposed I was born to be a hero, and this seemed to be the beginning of a golden climax that would ultimately place me among the first of the heroes of California.

The small boats were loaded with provisions, and such tools as were considered necessary for mining,—among which was an anvil about three feet long, with three inches bore, brought along by a soi-disant geologist from Vermont, who told us that gold was often found amalgamated with the "oxide of copper," and he intended to bore for it. Where he got this idea, or what he expected to gain by boring, I could never learn. (Gold, silver, and copper are sometimes combined in the ore—as is the case in the "Boosa Venturo" lode, lack of Los Angeles, and then is sold to be alloyed, but never amalgamated.) At precisely nine o'clock A. M. we left the ship, full of life and animation—confident of returning soon, Astor in wealth, to enjoy the reward of our adventure.

Strong and merry we pulled the oars; and, although it was not required of me, I took my turn at them, and long before night the cable upon my hands presented the appearance of split umbrellas—but what to me were a few blisters to the glory of a hero! Just as the last rays of twilight died away, we entered the mouth of the slough, and rowing one hour longer, concluded to lay up for the night.

Accordingly, we made fast our towlines, and scrambled on shore. The thick growth of trees on both sides of the river made it quite dark, so that we were unable to make a selection of our landing, and found ourselves among the brush and underbrush, so thickly entangled 

that it was difficult to find a way out with the sun's rays, which supplied us with light. We started out, supposing we would find the river, and feeling the future as a time to be agreed upon, and such looking for, but driven into the

shores (of the slough) we pedled a 

shovel, and said more

ground than

we managed, and although we did not find the river, we pulled it out of which the


cord and

full, and

live at

take from

told our

this in

think abs

red not

he, halcy

fins, mo

and the

can abs

impossible

shingles

long, row

us to

brush

I shall

know th
that it was difficult to move about until we had built a fire and cut the branches away with the axe.

Then arose the question about getting supper, for we had eaten nothing since we left the ship. But who should cook the supper, and who was to do the cooking in future? This was what had not occurred to us before. It was finally agreed that we should make some tea, and each cook for himself. The fire having been built, two crocked sticks were driven into the ground; a pile laid across them, on which was hung a bucket of water dipped from the river, into which we poured a large quantity of Bohem or Cho-chong, to cook, so that our tea presented more the appearance of a dish of greens than a beverage. This, however, we managed to strain into our tin dishes, and although it was somewhat smoky, it tasted far better than the squid water of the river. We each cut a large slice of salt pork, (for the Jews were not among us,) which we stuck on sticks and held in the blaze until it was pretty well crisped and smoked, and perchance had fallen not a few times in the ashes; and this we ate, with hard bread we had taken from the ship, and which constituted our supper.

This meal being over, we began to think about lying ourselves out for "tired nature's sweet restorer" to breathe her balm influence upon our wearied limbs, and prepare us for the fatigues of another day. But as the fire died out, and the smoke blew away, the mosquitoes came about us in such swarms that it was impossible to breathe without their obtruding themselves into our mouths and windpipes, to our great discomfort; a wedge declared they had bills "three inches long." As I had heard of mosquitoes growing so large, or the lower Mississippi, as to be able to lift a horse by his back and shake his shoes off, I tried to console myself that I was among the lips.

Shaking my blankets violently, I hastily threw them over my head, and laid down to sleep—no, not to sleep, but to be annoyed; for notwithstanding my precaution, I had wrapped a coat of these tormentors in my blankets, and they began to present their bills, and sing a lullaby that to me was most unwelcome. I uncovered my head that respiration might be more free, when instantly my face became covered with these vigilant intruders.

I sprang hastily to my feet, brushed them away, built a fire, and placed myself in the smoke, until my face became blackened, and my eyes resembled the black eye of an Irish cook while preparing a dish of raw onions. Again I laid me down, but could not long remain content in my state; the condition of Dante's Venus de' Medici was not more wretched; "as la fama tra le pelli non faceva il suo zelo"—for if the features were not false, they were so bleared and swollen as to deny a friendly recognition.

During this time some of my companions were suffering with myself, while others, overcome by the fatigue, were loudly snoring, as if anxious to drown the hissing hum, and ball themselves to a swolled repose. I proposed to leave, in preference to doing penance through the weary hours of night. A part of the company being of my mind, one boatload stated, leaving the others to follow in the morning.

We left the slop just as the first rays of the sun fell upon the silver bosom of the Sacramento, and a more beautiful scene I have never gazed upon; my bosom was filled with transports of joy, and for a time the fatigue of the night was wholly forgotten. As far away to the east as the eye could see, I beheld the blue hills skirting the horizon, save where an occasional peak, rising high above the rest, glistened with eternal snows, that melting rushed down the mountain gorges, and along the smiling valleys, to commingle with the waters of the mighty deep. Along the banks of the river stood old oaks, with their pendant vines and mistletoe; the valleys stretched far away, where...
the wild ex and dear fed together, and
the wild birds made the morning glad
with their early songs; all conspiring to
make the scene one of unequalled beauty,
interest and delight. Most willingly
would I undergo the fatigues of that
night to enjoy the scene once more. But
it's changed; the river wears not that
quiet, and the banks are bereft of the old
eak — the "woodman's axe" has laid it
low — and all is changed, to bear the im-
press of thrift and civilization; thus
teaching the lesson, that all atomic
and vituose existence is changing and
passing with an unobserved stealthiness
away, and soon will leave no trace where-
by the attention of future generations
may be called to the beauty and grandeur
of the earth's present sublimest renown.
This is my first adventure. Yours,
F. Nix.

A TRUE ACCOUNT OF HOOPS.

It was in the past month, of the year
1700, that James Stockeroff, Esquire,
gave to the world, through the columns
of the Tatler, a luminous account of
the fashion which then prevailed, of wearing
hooped petticoats. That fashion has re-
turned again, and as the writings of Stock-
eroff are already old, and may not be
a hundred and fifty years longer, I pro-
pose to follow his illustrious example, and
give a new account of the same old fash-
ion, for the benefit of the people of
January, A. D. 2003. I hope this, by
warning posteriorly of the evils of enlarged
petticoats, to confer a favor (my fortune
hardly amounts to that) upon my great,
or little, as the case may be, great-great-
great-grandchildren.

Fashion, like every other thing, is the
creature of circumstances; in illustration
of which fact it is related of the enor-
 nous ruffles of Queen Elizabeth's time,
that they were at first only large enough
to conceal a deformity of her ladyship's
neck. And so, of hooped petticoats,
when they first made their appearance,
A TRUE ACCOUNT OF HOOPS.

I have said when they were no larger than deformities; if so it is now rapidly growing in the course of the 21st. The use of hoops, which have been adopted ever so far as the present or by some of the partisans of the empire out of the original constructiveness of the pocketed clothes, and are becoming extremely anxious for a collapse of the hoop itself. It has already brought upon the country a financial crisis of a most alarming character; and it is the settled opinion of Bates, Rozen, and other skilful financiers, that when petticoats finally obtain their greatest tension and explosion, a convulsion will be produced in the business world, compared with which that from the bursting of the South Sea bubble was trifling. This, however, is no time for speculations. Dame Fancy, owing to her natural bent for extravagant flights, might possibly puff up those garments to the full size of inflated balloons; but with the unreasonable dame this account has nothing to do. History should deal alone in facts.

Among the most deplorable, or, strictly speaking, heart-rending consequences flowing from the use of those enormous hoops, is the separation of families, and the constant alienation of husbands and wives. This might be supposed to be sufficiently effected by the wanting of money upon skirts; but in addition to this annoyance, the fashion itself maintains a most respectful distance between them. They are no longer able to cherish one another, and kissing is entirely out of the question, though many a husband would gladly embrace an opportunity. Indeed, to such a state are men driven in these times, that they are about to apply to the legislature to reduce the size of petticoats to a moral social standard. It is believed that the bachelor members may be enlisted in the measure, and that a petition can be fished at the door for the reduction of fare, being only for the reduction of fares.

But though inconvenient in those several respects, hoops are not without their uses. They serve a like purpose with guard-ropes in a manger, which prevent too great familiarity with the animals; and, in so far as they serve for the protection of the weaker portion of humanity, the wearing of them may well be esteemed a virtue.

From what the future reader has acquired, he will be prepared to learn that hoopsed petticoats have quite broken up the custom of dancing. This amusement, as likewise social parties, have been rendered impracticable, since not more than two or three well-dressed ladies can occupy the same drawing-room. Healthy outdoor exercise, also, and especially in cities, is trespass upon the same manner; in consequence of which, the women of this town have petitioned the mayor to have the sidewalks cleared for the space of eleven feet; the more fashionable agreeing among themselves, in that event, to pass up on the right and down on the left of streets, to avoid jostlings. It is thought his honor will refuse the request, since such as it is opposed by all such of his constituents as have no feelings in common with the sufferers. Should their prayer be denied, it is proposed, as a last resort, and for revenge, to adopt the Sacramento custom of appropriating the entire street, to the exclusion of teams and vehicles.

The in-door workings of the fashion are somewhat peculiar, and it shall doubtless relieve the curiosity of the female portion of society by informing them, that when a hoopsed lady calls upon another, she neither takes a seat upon the sofa, nor upon a chair, for that were impracticable; but she is furnished with
Our Social Chair.

Does it not, gentle reader, appear as though some wrong had been done somewhere, or by some one; or, that some great omission had been made in some quarter; that at this holiday season, we should, by necessity, be precluded the pleasure of dropping in to make one in the dear old circle of friends at the family-christmas 40in stead of our early days, or pay our New Year's visit to our eastern acquaintance! It does to us; although we are at a low where to lay the blame, while we feel very deserving of placing it on the shoulders of some one. How much do we miss the Railroad — The Pacific and Atlantic Railroad! now, when our hearts would be jubilant in merry-making with our friends.

Who would not, to-day, feel delighted, say, overjoyed, if the great highway across the continent were open, and the iron horse had come, with seasonable puffs and snorts, to publish the bonds of matrimony between the East and the West? From Eastport to Maine, to the Golden Gate, and from Cape Sable to the British possessions, the whole Union would be willing, joyously, to become bridesman. Then why should we not have it so?

There is one blessing left us, that, although that great boon, for the present at least, is denied, we can become mentally present to class away the pleasant hours, play all sorts of games in love or friendship, sing songs that will renew our youth through memories of other days; and, how naturally do we ask ourselves if we, the absent, will be remembered.

"At evening, at noon, or at night,
And by day and by moon and by light.
That only my presence can brighten!"

This reminds us that before us lies a copy of a neat and prettily-illustrated little volume from Dr. G. M. Bourne, entitled "The Snow-Storm," written by his daughter, and which, in imagination, takes us "away down east," among frost and ice and cold; sleigh-rides and mishaps; juvenile snow-balling and snow-house-building; and is suggestive of comfortable firesides and pleasant indoor amusements. We shall be much mistaken if Santa Claus does not call at the various book-stores for some of these choice little books, to stow away in his capacious pockets, for Christmas and New Year's presents to his little friends.

"LAST OF THE PILLILLERS," is the title of a new book of eighty-five pages, published by H. Sibley & Co., Sacramento, and written by W. Frank Stewart, Captain of the "Red Star Mail," the Banner Battalion of Walker's army. It is a straightforward recital of the actualities and experiences of Pillillering in Nicaragua, and gives to the reader a more life-like impression of matters and things there than all the newspaper reports yet published. There are too, no love thoughts interwoven throughout; such, for instance, as the following —

"After a careful inspection of arms and
and an ample distribution of ammunition, at an hour earlier than usual we all retired to bed—(heaven help us! we had no bed but the brick-paved floor!)—and I thought, as the poor fellows lay snoring around me, that man should be more grateful to Providence for casting an impregnable wall over the future than for any blessing which God has vouchsafed to us." 

Who does not say "amen!" to such a sentiment! This was the night preceding the battle of San George. The book is well worthy of being read by those who, like ourselves, are opposed to the principles of Fillmoreism.

A Pretty Good Joke.—An artist and member of a publishing firm in this city, who, for many months, has been engaged taking sketches of the various towns in the interior of the State, for the purpose of presenting them to the public in a series of lithographic views, recently visited a town in Pierce county, (the name of which, perhaps, we may as well not mention), with this object in view. After finishing his sketch, and receiving the names of a number of persons as subscribers, he placed his valise upon the stage, and put his farm, journey to an adjacent town; and, as the morning was cool, he concluded to walk slowly on until the stage overtook him. In this, however, he was somewhat disappointed, as he arrived at his destination some time before the stage made its appearance there. When it at last stood in front of the Hotel, he went out for his valise, when to his great surprise he found the driver in a dreadful state of wrathful excitement, and using words that were not the most refined that could be found in "Webster's unaltered," and who demanded of the artist indignantly that his name be struck from his list of subscribers. Upon inquiring the cause of all this, the artist found to his astonishment that he was the unintentional slayer of having Carroll footed, or driven the stage,—the driver considering it in the light of "a reflection upon himself and horses!"

Longfellow beautifully and poetically calls Sunday the golden day which binds together the volume of the week.

Goodness is beauty. Ladies, make a note of that.

The most discontented of men could scarcely ask for greater variety in climate than is found in California. At the time we are writing this, strawberries and green peas are growing near San Francisco, and the hillsides around are already putting on the bright .suites of early spring; yet from the correspondence of a friend residing in Sierra Valley, we learn that snow has already fallen to the depth of several feet on the mountain tops and sides which girdle in their dwelling.

From the Placer Herald we give the following extract, which tells its own tale:

A Conversation.—We received this week from Mr. John H. Bly, of LaGrange, two apples plucked from a tree in his garden in the month of September, and two more from the same tree on the second last, the last being from a second crop. In September, one hundred and twenty-four apples were plucked from the tree, which bloomed again in a short time, and is now bearing a second crop. The specimens sent us are as healthy as spring fruit. They are of the golden pippin variety. Truly, California has a fruitful soil.

There is more seed than is remembered.

The following beautiful and truthful sentiment we clip from the chaste and cheerful pages of The Lady's Home Magazine—an excellent monthly, that should be found upon the table of every lady in this State; and we commend it (we mean the sentiment, or the magazine, whichever the reader chooses) to every mother in California:

Morning that are Wasting.—It is a blessing and advantage utterly indispensable, to have for a mother a woman of sense, sagacity, and goodness; with force of character; with talents and cleverness of social information; with tact, temper, patience, and skill fitted to train and mould the mind, to imprint principles, and awaken a lofty and indelible impression; and all this prudently over and purified by religious faith, deep piety, and earnest devotion. These are the masters that the church and the world alike want. The destinies of the race depend more on the future mothers than on anything else; that is to say, on the sort of women that young girls and young ladies are to be that young men and women may make theirs, or into which they will make themselves; and the sort of wives to which young men will have the sense to prefer, the judgment to select, and the happiness to secure.
Among our exchanges this month we most cordially welcome the Atlantic Monthly, a new magazine, published by Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston. The pleasant "first impression" which it gives, is fully sustained when the contents place the author and the reader upon more intimate acquaintance with each other. Besides, the long and able list of contributors to this work, many of whom are especial favorites in the world of literature, while it gives the assurance that it will be sustained by more than ordinary ability, and become the exponent of "Freedom, National Progress, and Honor, whether public or private," it endorses the just and generous sentiment that "Literature, like Science or Art, knows no country"; and that, though in the main it will be sustained by American talent, it will also receive and welcome it from other lands. This has been repudiated by some, who, we are sorry to say, have shown no reluctance to profit, without the least pay or credit, from such sources.

We give two extracts to our readers. From one of its divisions headed Notes, read—

"What will the Muses do in these hard times? Must they cease to hold court in opera-house and concert-room, because stocks fall, factories and banks stop, credit is paralyzed, and princely fortunes vanish away like bubbles on the swollen tide of speculation? Must Art, too, bear the merchant's penalties? or shall not rather this ideal, feminine element of life, shall not Art, like women, warm and inspire a sweeter, richer, more ideal, though it be a humbler home for women, warm and inspire a sweeter, richer, more ideal, though it be a humbler home for Art, like women, warm and inspire a sweeter, richer, more ideal, though it be a humbler home for Art, like women, warm and inspire a sweeter, richer, more ideal, though it be a humbler home for Art, like women, warm and inspire a sweeter, richer, more ideal, though it be a humbler home for Art, like women, warm and inspire a sweeter, richer, more ideal, though it be a humbler home for Art, like women, warm and inspire a sweeter, richer, more ideal, though it be a humbler home for Art, like women, warm and inspire a sweeter, richer, more ideal, than the trundling of a wheel-barrow. Witness the following from one of his tales:

"That's it," exclaimed Mr. Dalton, rubbing his hands; "it may not be the fashion—"
THE ESSENCE OF BLISS.

GENTLEMAN.
The essence of bliss,
A sense of kissing—
Sweet lady, can you deny it?

LADY.
To convince me it's true,
You have nothing to do,
Dear sir, but simply try it.

Variety is the spice of kissing, as it is of life, and Alexander Smith appears to know it, for meeting a lovely being, whose sweet lips have never yet "divinized" his own, he exclaims in a bound-to-have-a-kiss-and-no-
mistake sort of style:

"Oh, unscewn lips!
I see them, as a glorious rebel sees
A crown within its reach. I'll make that kiss.
Although the price he death!"

To the Master, greeting—Allow me to make
a few additions to your "Catalogue of kisses,"
by extracts from the poems of Alexander
Smith, who, of all poets that have ever sung
the praises of a kiss, is entitled to "rule
down the permanents." Just listen to him,
and see how he enters into the luxury of
kissing:

"I cheat thy waist, I feel thy bosom's heat—
Oh, kiss me between these, sweet and thin;-
These latest in a swallow peach,
Full-juiced and mellow leasouts to the lover's reach;
Thy hair is loosed by that kiss you gave;
If bowed thy shoulders droop—
And you, oh! as a weary wave
Satirize upon the shore.
My hungry lips, with its hopes, its fears—
My heart, like moon-charmed waters, all unrest;
Yet strong as is despair, as weak as tears,
Beast lien upon thy breast; and then
I feel thy chocolate breath—my cheek is wet—
One kiss, sweet, sweet, another pet!"

What thinklest thou of that, dear Master?
And then again, he says—

"Give me another kiss, and I will take
Death at a flying leap."

Which fully proves that he rightly estimates
Kissing for a kiss. The following, I
think, exquisites in all its fulness the feeling
of ecstatic all-overlikeness one feels after
pressing the plump lips of the one he loves—

"My soul leaped up beneath thy timid kiss—
What then is and were grace?
Or pain, or death? Earth was a round of bliss;
I seemed to walk an throne."
like it. I declare I would not have stepped
my foot inside a church again, if I must
wear that thing. Do you blame me, girls?"
"No, indeed!" indignantly exclaimed both
voices.

"By the way," said No. 2, "did you see
Mrs. G.'s new bonnet last Sunday? If it
isn't provoking to see her ugly face inside
such a sweet bonnet, then I don't know what
is. Did you ever see any body put on the
air she does? I had to laugh right out
when she sailed up the side last Sunday.
Why, one would think she had always been
used to the position she now occupies; but
she knew that not six months ago she was
nothing but a poor drummer!"

"Oh! Laura," here interrupted No. 1,
"we almost forgot to tell Mrs. S. the very
thing we called for! If that is n't strange!
Who do you suppose is married, Mrs. S.?"
Here was the shortest possible pause; then
both visitors fairly shouted, in their eager-
ness to be first to tell the news—"Oh! you
seem could guess! It is that old beau of
Helen K.'s—Mr. Willie K."

"You don't tell me that?" said the jeftri-
fied Mrs. S. "Why, I cannot believe it. I
thought he and Helen were just ready to be
married. What broke off that match?"

"That is what we can't find out," was the
reply; "but they say she now looks as
lovely as his equal in mind and oaliva-
tion. She would be none the less gen-
tle, none the less lovely, none the less
womanly; but every true, noble man would
love yet more dearly, cherish yet more tend-
ery, as wife or friend, one to whom he
could look upon as his equal in mind and cul-
vination. I believe she is never a soul, if men
regard her as their inferior in intellect. She
takes that place, that rank at the other sex
for allowing her to keep it. I do not be-
lieve, with some, that man would deprive
her of a place at his side in intellectual
pursuits; but if she refuses to take that
place, is she not alone to blame? If she is
satisfied with the fashion and folly of
the day, is she not alone in fault?"

I look upon "fashionable calls" as the
greater force in existence. How much real
friendship or good feeling are in those un-
meaning compliments? Compliments are of-
ten but another name for falsehoods—yes,
downright falsehoods. How often does
"Oh! I am delighted to see you!" proceed
from a heart full of envy, jealousy and dis-
taste toward the person addressed? "I shall
be most happy to see you," more often
than he looks at the person addressed.
Our Social Chair.

We have had much ideal visions, and have not a fairy's witching influence. Would you, an old maid select four frivolous young girls to accompany her on a proposed visit to a lovely place? I think not, sister May. But, above all, could an old maid fly about with the agility which you displayed when you were clustering round Fred, to regain that stolen stanza of poetry? Verily, no. The thing is impossible, May, and I think I begin to know a little about you. Besides all this, I think I can discover a shrinking maiden timidity in your last letter, which seems to say, "Brother Frank is growing too warm; I must not encourage him: till I find out something more about him; he is rather too plain in some of his hints." Now, I don't think elderly audacity would be quite so particular and fastidious. Speaking about elderly maidens, I once, in New York city, had the good fortune to be introduced to an elderly maiden from a far country—one not unknown to fame. When I first saw her, I thought she was the handsomest woman I had ever seen; but I had not conversed with her fifteen minutes, before she began to appear beautiful. Her intelligence, her grace, and her kindliness, her sweetness, were to me the only characteristics of her person, and they seemed to clothe her with a beauty which could not be despised. That elderly maiden was Frederica Breeze; and a few such I have known, who must confess were not without their charms. So you see, dear May, there is some chance for you with me, even should you be an old maid, provided you are of the right kind. Suppose I adopt a stanza of my last invitation, to meet such a contingency: 

Come to me, chary maidens,
Come with a heart all fair;
Come, and erect an Abram
In my Western home for you.

Our editor has kindly informed us that the Chair is for all kinds of fun, and so I hope, dear May, that you will excuse me for visiting a little fun at you this time. I have been more of the same sort left; but then the chair should not hold me any longer, for others are waiting for a seat. So adieu!

Sincerely and affectionately yours,

Brother Frank.

P. S. I suppose you did not visit me because you were apprehensive that you might...
find me a rusty, crusty old bachelor; and then in common courtesy you would be bound to invite me to return your visit; and then—and then—but you can imagine all the rest. Yours ever.

BROTHER FRANCIS.

A CHALLENGE.—Some fair lady, without name, (that is, she left no name with us,) placed this on our counter, and, without word or sign, immediately walked away. Now if some “honest” gentleman of “honour” does not make a post-office of our Social Chair, by sending an answer to the following, why—well, we shall see.

I would fain look upon an honest man, and mean to do it if I can—So keep trying—and when I’ve found him I will not fail to throw around him Humanity’s garb—the stamp of honor— Hoping he will not forget the donor, Nor fail to send me back an answer, Post-paid, of course, if he is a man, sir.

M——

Editor’s Table.

THE SEASON.—We hold this as a time when the balance-sheets of human feeling should perfectly tally; and, whether debtor or creditor, that we should be willing to make our accounts in matters of friendship (and business, too, if possible) come out square. It is a time when hard thoughts against those who may have offended us should be softened; and so, for His sake, in whose remembrance we thankfully commemorate the day and season, we hope to be forgiven; that we (who, at best, are but mortal and very imperfect) should be not only willing, but anxious to extend the heart and hand to our sinning brother. May God help us, reader, if we feel less forgiving than our Maker. In lives of three score years and ten, if we cannot feel the heart’s yearning and relenting towards all, at least once a year, what ought we, in fairness, to expect?

In gratitude for favors so generously bestowed upon us, let us now and throughout the year keep perpetual holiday in our hearts by our God-like humanity to our brethren. Let us seek out the hungry, that we may feed them; the naked, that we may clothe them; the exposed, that we may shelter and protect them; the suffering, that we may soothe and comfort them; the troubled, that we may cheer and relieve them; the embarrassed, that we may aid and gladden them by our counsel and assistance; and, above all, hallowed as it requires a greater effort than all, that we take even he who has injured us (if such there be) by the hand, and say, “Let us now be friends, and forgive each other, and learn in the future to know and do better than in the past;” and thus, according to the good book, “Thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head,” and throughout the year upon which we have just entered you can become insatiable friends.

The poor extract, even, must not be forgotten or excluded, now, or ever, from our sympathies, for she is our sister, and he is our brother, however much the well-remembered image of their childhood and innocence may be effaced. We may yet be like them: then, who shall pity us?

It was a wise law of the All-wise that man should be the most happy on the earth and best of all principles, namely: that of increasing his individual happiness just in proportion as he became the instrument of happiness to others. Think of and do that, brethren all, throughout the year; then we predict for you a happy and prosperous one, for God and man will unite to bless and help you.

FRIENDS, CONTRIBUTORS, SUBSCRIBERS, READERS, AND WELL-WISHERS, we wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

To Friends. We owe a large debt of gratitude for your personal sympathy and assistance in our enterprise throughout the year. By the gentle breeze of your kindly wishes and words, our ship has been wafted prosperously along on her California voyage; and, we trust, has been the means of bearing love and good-will to all—for such
EDITOR'S TABLE

Indeed in our hearts of hearts have we desired it to do—while making the port of public favor. Our associated cargo of literary mementos we hope has proved acceptable to all—unitedly we have sought to make it so. We earnestly hope that for the year before us she may be freighted with yet more costly gems of thought, with still greater earnestness of purpose, and with much higher and more comely aspirations; that her voyage may this year be still more propitious unto all; and our wares become so acceptable to the public, as to justify, and create the necessity for, an increase in her capacity, without extra freight charges to the charter-party—the reader.

To Contributors. Without other wages of reward than that arising from your labors of love for and in the cause of literature to our own California, you have stood by our vessel through the whole year's voyage; a brave and noble crew, manifestly—the ladies included—doing duty; and we thank you.

If you are satisfied with the officers, crew, and shipping articles, and hope you are, we invite you to join us for the new year's cruise; with the earnest wish that it may prove yet more prosperous and agreeable than the last, both to ourselves and the passengers—our subscribers and readers.

May we be spared to finish the voyage through the year together; and when we arrive in port, and drop our anchor, on the last day of December next, may we feel that by God's blessing this year has been spent to some purpose, in having increased the wealth of human hearts, by making them feel happier and nobler for the intercourse held between us.

To Subscribers, Readers and Wall-Watchers. There is no essential bond of sympathy between writers and readers in a work like ours, that should be ever finely cherished. One is happily dependent on the other. However stout, fast, and well found may be the ship; however brave and self-sacrificing may be the men; however rich and varied may be the cargo; without an appreciating public and more commercial intercourse between individuals and nations is at an end.

On the other hand, all the pleasures arising from the possession of articles; all the enjoyments springing from refined and elevated relationships; all the happiness enjoyed and diffused by commercial, intellectual, or social communication, would be excluded but for the former. We hope that in this all have been satisfied. Our thought, then, may have regarded the full investment; inasmuch as our thought enjoyed will become the medium of more true pleasure and advantage than ten or even fifty times the cost of the whole. Intellectual enjoyment are too often undeveloped. Many persons, for instance, will prefer to give twenty-five cents for something to amuse, delight, or excite, the pleasure from which is lost in but a few brief minutes; while the same amount invested in a newspaper, magazine, or book, not only would give a higher and nobler pleasure, but one that is much more beneficial and lasting.

A GENERAL INVITATION. We shall be happy to receive original pieces of excellence from all persons and sources. They should be short, comprehensive, entertaining and instructive, and as spirited and lively as it is possible to make them. There is much stinging talent in the State; we should like to make it up. We have but one magazine here; that one should be excellent. Will the educated and the intellectual assist us to make it so?

MEETING OF THE LEGISLATURE. On the first Monday of the present month the Legislature will convene. It will be an important day for Californians, inasmuch as a vast amount of invaluable business requires to be well done during the coming session. We hope that a high and ennobling standard will regulate the thoughts and actions of this body, that our past disgrace may be taken away; and that every Californian may hereafter point with pride to our Legislature as an equal with the best; and, like our State, be the brightest in the glorious galaxy. While every citizen with axious eye may keep vigilant watch over every member and measure, we hope it will not be with a spirit of abusive and ill-birthfulness or suspicion, but with a high-minded and straightforward confidence in the honor, integrity and ability of the men, that the measure may be worthy of the confidence reposed, from the highest of all motives.
Monthly Chat.

WITH CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

G. Placerilla.—We have most of the particulars of that A. W. B. black sand story; but as you may perhaps furnish something additional, we shall wait to hear from you.

B. E.—Yours is correct.

II. J.—Dicto, yet not sufficiently condensed.

P. T. Mission Hill.—We give it up. Once we foolishly thought that we could read anything—at least in English; but we don't now, for yours lacks us. If six German (or any other kind of) herrings, with some hieroglyphics thrown in—accepting by any means a few coins or lozenges for caput—make one start, then yours is all right. To make the matter still worse, (if that were possible), it is written on both sides of the paper—a species of economy, believe us, not appreciated by the editorial profession.

G. W. R.—Thank you. The lines sent are not quite suitable for a magazine.

B. B.—All right.

C. A. Goodwin's Bar.—Yes, just now, especially. Mount Quince is about sixteen miles northwestern from the city of Tu-"hnatepea, and is remarkable for the immense heaps of ruins covering almost every part of it; showing it to have been at some great remote period, and before its present forests existed, thickly inhabited, where now not a soul lives. There is a vast wall of stone, several miles in length, along the very verge of several precipices, and across numerous ravines. The mountain is said to contain a remarkable cave. A few years hence, and that country will astonish us.

J. E. L.—Will be welcome. We shall try next month to give some of the opinions of correspondents about what our magazine should contain. This alone we may now say, that it would be something like the weather could every person have it made to suit his individual tastes and wishes—deeply no kind (and yet all kinds) of weather.

P. R.—The Chinese question is now very complicated, and will be much more so before it is done with, or we lose our gaze. We differ with you very much, as we do with many others whose articles we publish—but that would make no difference, providing your paper should that right spirit had dictated and defended your views. Declined.

A. A. Santa Cruz.—It is a great and by far the commonest an error in writers for the press—they think too little, and write too much. We shall be pleased again to hear from you, in some piece for this magazine. One thought, clathed in suitable language, seldom suffers from being briefly and conclusively expressed.

Joe B.—Are you a member of the old Joe B. "Major B." family?

M.—"My Ideal" has either four lines too few, or four too many. Was it an oversight?

D. T.—Then don't buy it.

Discussion.—"I saw her in the merry dance," (the only possible line in it is the first, and that is borrowed)—"The Pope's Gift," (soft as well as sectarian)—"The H. P. S. of S. F.," (too personal)—"California Morality," (in the title, only)—"The Natural Disease of different Countries," (you only mention two, and your views on those we know to be incorrect. It is an excellent subject "skipped," not treated).—"My blue-gold" (is it pig? or pot)? You might possess more personal respect than to send such silly, commonplace sentences, with threadbare many years ago, in any publication.

P. N.—We know you must be a funny fellow to write such spicy lines. We shall be pleased to publish them, if you will carefully revise them, removing all the coarse language. That spoils all.

General Remarks.—We should like all good friends who favor us with articles this year to make them better, if possible, than the past. Write carefully, and an carefully examine what you have written before sending it for publication. That is our advice; and, should you take it, you will at the end of this year thank us cordially for it.
SAMUEL BRANNAN'S BANK.

DEPOSITS SECURED BY

FOUR HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS

OF PRODUCTIVE REAL ESTATE,

IN TRUST FOR THEIR REDEMPTION.

TRUSTEES:

VOLNEY E. HOWARD, SAMUEL J. HENSLY, ELI COOK.

The undersigned has established in the City of San Francisco a BANK, under the

name of the community, and especially to PAROCHIAL, HINDUS, and MECHANICALS. For the

accomplishment of this object there has been conveyed to

COMPETENT AND RELIABLE TRUSTEES,

PRODUCTIVE REAL ESTATE,

ASSURING TO NOV. 1st.

Four Hundred and Fifty Thousand Dollars.

Certificates of Deposit will be issued for any amount, from Five Dollars upwards, but no Certificate will be issued bearing interest for a less sum than One Hundred Dollars, nor for a shorter time than six months. The interest paid upon these Certificates will be at the rate of three per cent. per annum.

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 print the names of all parties in the order in which they shall be drawn.

GOLD AND CURRENCY in the United States Mint, or any Assay Office, for assay, and the depositors of the same charged the usual market rates for so doing.

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

THE BANK IS LOCATED IN THE

CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO,

On the Northeast corner of MONTGOMERY and CALIFORNIA STREETS,

And will be open daily, (Sundays and Holidays excepted,) from 9 A.M. until 4 P.M.;

on every Saturday evening from 7 to 8 o'clock, and on the night previous to the opening of the summer from 7 o'clock until 11 P.M.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 31st, 1857.

SAMUEL BRANNAN.
FIRST PREMIUM AGAIN.

R. H. VANCE,
Corner of Sacramento and Montgomery Streets,
Has, by the superiority of his DAGUERREOTYPES and AMBROTYPES, again received

THE FIRST PREMIUM

Awarded by the STATE FAIR in 1856, being the THIRD TIME received against all competitors.

TO THOSE WHO WISH SOMETHING NEW AND BEAUTIFUL,
We have purchased the PATENT RIGHT of CUTTING AMBROTYPES FOR
THIS STATE, and are now prepared to take them in a style...

UNEQUALLED IN THE UNITED STATES,
of any size—from the smallest miniature to life size. I would say to all who have been deceived and misled with bogus pictures, not to confound this new and beautiful invention until they have seen the

GENUINE AMBROTYPES.

They are said to be the most durable Pictures known, as neither cold, water, or dampness of any kind can affect them. Those having Daguerreotypes which they wish to preserve forever, would do well to have them copied in Ambrotypes.

Having secured the assistance of another of the best artists in the State, together with all new improvements direct from New York, we are now fully prepared to execute PHOTOGRAPHIES by thousands, at greatly reduced prices. We are also prepared to go to any part of the City or State to execute views of Buildings, Landscape, Machinery, Mining Gyms, or anything of the kind, on reasonable terms and at the shortest notice.

Groups of from two to twenty persons are taken perfect. Also, persons in Regalia, and Military Dress, are taken without reversing insignias or letters. Children taken by this new process in less than one second.

We still continue to exhibit our splendid PREMIUM DAGUERREOTYPES as usual. Having made great and extensive additions to our Gallery, for the purpose of making and exhibiting our Ambrotype Pictures, we would be pleased to have our work examined.

OUR GALLERY IS FREE TO ALL.