After the vote of the legislature to remove the capitol from Sacramento, it is necessary to remove the old block of buildings which stand there. It is necessary, therefore, to have a new one constructed.

Mrs. John Wood

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE

THOMAS MAGUIRE, Proprietor.

Hutchings, California, Magazine.

Materials for silks, cottons, linens, etc., writing papers, stationery, in large variety, books, musical instruments, &c.

FRANKLIN PRINTING OFFICE, WASHINGTON ST., OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE.
THE STATE CAPITOL AT SACRAMENTO.

After the vote of the Legislature of California had passed, Feb. 25th, 1854, to remove the Capitol from Benicia to Sacramento, it of course became necessary to have some suitable building in which to meet, and as the court-house, the use of which was tendered by that city to the State, was too small and inconvenient, on the 27th of September, 1854, the foundation stone was laid for the present Capitol. It was erected with so much vigor as to be completed and dedicated on the 20th of December following. The building, with the portico, is one hundred and fifty feet in length,
by eighty feet in width, and contains two large halls; the Assembly Chamber being seventy-two feet in length by forty-two feet in width, and twenty-five feet in height, with a gallery capable of holding one hundred and fifty persons; the Senate Chamber is seventy feet in length by thirty-five feet in width, and the same length as the Assembly Chamber, with a gallery capable of holding one hundred persons. In addition to these halls there are fifteen large rooms suitable for offices and committees.

The building was erected by the city of Sacramento, at a cost of $200,000; for the use of which the State is paying, as rent, $4,000 per month, or at the rate of twenty-four per cent. per annum, as interest.

EXECUTIVE AND STATE OFFICERS OF CALIFORNIA.

1813, in the County of Hamilton, State of Ohio, and received his education in the Miami University at Oxford, Butler Co. At the age of eighteen, he commenced the study of law, under Jesse Corwin, (brother to the distinguished Tom Corwin, Secretary of the Treasury under President Fillmore,) and at twenty was admitted to the bar. At twenty-one he was elected by the people of his county as Prosecuting Attorney, his tutor in the law being his competitor; and at the close of his term was re-elected to the same office. At twenty-four, and before his second term had ended, he was elected to represent the counties of Butler, Preble, and Darke, in Congress, and took his seat with that body in December, 1830. He was twice re-elected to the same honorable position, closing his career in the House of Representatives, March 4th, 1845; peremptorily declining again to become a candidate.

Upon the null being made, upon Ohio, for volunteers for the war with Mexico, he raised a company in his county, called the "Butler Guards," of which he was chosen Captain; and at the forming of the first Regiment of Ohio Volunteers, he was elected Lieut. Colonel. Being on Gen. Taylor's line of march, he actively participated in the battle of Monterey; when, the Colonel of the Regiment being wounded, the command fell on Lieut. Col. Wellor; when he led his command into the heat of the action; at which time a considerable number of his men fell to rise no more.

At the close of the war he returned to his family, and again commenced the practice of his profession; but was not long allowed to remain in private life; for, on the 8th of January, 1849, the Democratic Convention of Ohio nominated him as their candidate for Governor; when he entered spiritedly into the campaign, which was one of the most exciting that ever occurred. He, however, failed of his election by 220 votes, in a poll of over 300,000.

In January, 1849, he was appointed by President Polk.
President Polk to run and mark the boundary line between the U. S. and Mexico; and in May of the same year he arrived at San Diego for that purpose. In a few months he had surveyed a large portion of the line, when he was recalled by Gen. Taylor’s administration, and Col. Fremont appointed in his stead; but as Col. F. was at the time a candidate for the U. S. Senate, he did not relieve Col. Walker; and, succeeding in his election, he finally declined the appointment.

In 1850 Col. W. was relieved by Maj. Emory, when he repaired to San Francisco and again commenced the practice of his profession.

In 1851, when a successor to Col. Fremont was to be elected, Col. W. was pressed by his friends upon the Legislature, but on account of various dissensions in the democratic party, no election took place.

The following year Col. Walker and D. C. Broderick were the principal candidates to the U. S. Senate, from California; and after a long and excited struggle, Col. W. was elected, and took his seat in Washington City, April, 1852.

From the first he seems to have taken a prominent position in that body, becoming Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, and a member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

While thus engaged, he secured the passage of many excellent measures; and, among others, the Wagon Road and Overland Mail Bill; and came within two votes of securing the passage of the Pacific Railroad Bill, and several large appropriations for the benefit of California.

In January, 1857, D. C. Broderick was elected his successor, from the 4th of March following, by a vote in the Democratic caucus of forty-one for Mr. B. to thirty-five for Mr. W.; and which, considering that the latter was absent at Washington, was certainly very flattering. Upon the intelligence of his defeat reaching Washington, nineteen of his old colleagues in the Senate introduced and recommended him to the attention of Mr. Buchanan, for a seat in his Cabinet.

In May, 1857, he returned to California, and was nominated by the Democratic State Convention, for Governor, over J. W. McDowell, by a vote of two hundred and fifty-two to sixty; and at the September election he received a majority of 32,082 votes over Stanley, 33,042 over Bowie, and 12,601 over both.

For the future history of John B. Walker, we must refer the reader to his acts; they will tell it faithfully, and, we doubt not, to the honor of himself, and the benefit of California.
August of the same year, and settled in Auburn, (now the county town of Placer,) where he engaged in merchandising, until 1851; at which time he sold out his store to reside on a ranch in the western portion of Placer county, where for the last six years he has followed the peaceful arts of agriculture, and the raising and dealing in stock.

While in his native State he took an active interest in political life as a working democrat, and has continued so to do in the State of his adoption. In 1851 he was chosen president of the board of commissioners to organize the county of Placer. The same year he was sent as a delegate to the first Democratic State Convention. In 1852 he was elected State Senator from Placer county on the democratic ticket; and in 1856 was re-elected to the same position. This he filled up to the time of his nomination for Lieut. Governor, in 1857, when he resigned his senatorial charge and was elected to his present honorable post; the difficult duties of which he seemed well qualified to discharge.

Mr. W. is now thirty-five years of age, and single; but, in our opinion, if he wishes to set a good example to the young people of this juvenile State of a State, he will not omit to appoint a committee of one, (and that one himself,) to inquire into the policy and chances of his becoming a Benador at as early a day as may be deemed convenient and expedient, when we hope his report (to himself,) will be extremely favorable for so desirable a consummation.

FERRIS FORMAN,

SECRETARY OF STATE.

Is a native of the State of New York, from which he emigrated in 1855 to Illinois, where he was appointed U. S. District Attorney. In 1846 he was elected to the Senate of his adopted State, where he served for one session; but, on being chosen Colonel of the 8th Regiment of Illinois Volunteers, he resigned his seat, and repaired to Mexico. He was present, with his Regiment, at Vera Cruz during the siege, and at the battle of Cerro Gordo, where, on each occasion, he behaved himself as became a soldier and a gentleman. In 1850 he emigrated to California. He was Post Master of Sacramento city for four years, during the whole term of the late Administration,

and was successful in discharging the duties of his office to the satisfaction of the public. In January, 1858, he was appointed to the position he now occupies; and in which he possesses the fullest confidence of those who know him best, that his duties will be performed with honesty and ability.

THOMAS FINDLEY,

TREASURER.

Mr. Findley is by birth a Pennsylvanian, and is now twenty-seven years old. His parents being Covenanters he was educated under the rigid teachings of their principles. He was somewhat unlike many other young men—who unscrupulously trample the moral and religious teachings of their parents beneath their feet, with servile indifference if not with open contempt,—for, with him, it has been his highest aim and greatest pleasure.
ure to follow the advice of his excellent mother.

In 1852 he came to California and went to Rough and Ready, where he submitted to the by no means agreeable introduction of a three months sickness. Upon his recovery he was nearly one thousand dollars in debt, and, like others, he saw the necessity of taking off his coat to commence work in earnest; and, although unaccustomed to labor, he began it with a will. His first employment was teaming; at this he continued, without losing a working day, until he had saved sufficient to open a store on his own account, which he did, at Grass Valley, Nevada county. Having succeeded well, and taken good care of his own business, in September last he was elected, on the Democratic ticket, to take care of the money of the State. The men who became his bondsmen for Treasurer never knew him before coming to California; but as he never gambled one cent, was never intoxicated, and never loafed around saloons or other places, (very different is he to many prominent California politicians of the past,) there was some guarantee that neither themselves nor the State run much risk in having such a man in such an important and responsible position.

It is a sign, expressive of the improved condition of California, when moral and honorable men are elected to positions of honor and trust, instead of gamblers and bar-room brawlers; through whom we have paid so high a price for inefficient legislation, and whose actions have for a brief moment cast a cloud of disgrace upon our fair land and fame. Unfortunately, too, this has been done by men of various shades of political faith, so that one party alone can not charge dishonorable personal acts upon the other.

The only charge that we have against him is, that he is "single" (1) instead of double, for we think as his first main pride and glory has been never to disgrace his mother and his friends, that,

---

THOMAS H. WILLIAMS,
ATTORNEY GENERAL,

Was born in Monticello, Kentucky, on the 18th of May, 1828. He studied law with his father, Sherrod Williams, of Louisville, Kentucky. Started to this country by way of the plains, in 1849. Reached here in 1850, stopping at Placerville, El Dorado Co., in which county he has since resided, with his family. He was elected, in 1851, to the office of District Attorney, which office he held for two years. Since that time he has been in the practice of his profession until he was elected Attorney General of the State, on the Democratic ticket, in the fall of 1857.
have suggested this as the better course for him to pursue under the circumstances; and, among others, that the cloud may be effectually removed which, for a time, rested upon his honor and fame by the apparent complicity of his accounts with those of Bates and Rowe. To defend himself against this charge doubtless very much imprecated him; and, having a large family to provide for, he must feel anxious that a double purpose may yet be accomplished: first, fully to establish his former honorable reputation; and next, that his family should not suffer from the necessity he was under of using the means that he possessed, in his defense, which, by right, should have been devoted to their support. From our past personal knowledge of him, we confess that we are much mistaken if some praiseworthy motive is not at the bottom of his action now.

---

Is forty-six years old, a native of Greenbush County, Virginia, where he resided until the age of seventeen, when he removed to Chillicothe, Ohio; from whence, after a two years residence there, he emigrated to Wayne county, Indiana, and where, for fourteen years, he followed the trade of a cabinet-maker. After this he studied and practiced law, and for three years was Judge of the Probate Court of Indiana, which office he resigned in the spring of 1840, to come to California. Arriving here via Cape Horn, he made his way to Mariposa county, where he followed mining until 1853; and then removed to Tuolumne county, to engage in mining and lumbering, until his election to the State Controllership, on the American ticket, in September, 1856. His term of office expired January, 1858; but J. W. Mandeville, of Tuolumne county, not accepting the office, to which he was elected in September last, no successor was chosen as provided by law; and although Gov. Wallis has appointed A. R. Moloney, of San Joaquin, to the Controllership, Mr. Whitman declines vacating his office until his successor is duly elected. Many reasons may perhaps...

---

ANDREW J. MOLDER,
SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION,
Is a native of Washington City, D. C., and is now thirty-two years old. He was educated in Columbia College, Alexandria, Virginia. At the age of sixteen he was a teacher of mathematics in the largest Academy in Virginia; in which State he continued to teach for eight years; but bringing his inheritance for work done, in a tried quarter, such ends were disband. The San Francisco Herald at times to be seen in San Francisco, by a man the court defeated the great Vignola fortune at the elections for the office of the Superintendency of Public Instruction, he being a Democrat, citizen, in the office of the City of Washington, D. C. to make the taking it amongst the Militia with public import State to have...

---

W. 1838;

D. 1848;
years; and, during that time sedulously
worked. In 1850, he emigrated to California, bringing extensive machinery across the Isthmus (in company with seven others) for working quartz, and arrived in Mariposa, in July of the same year. Having tried quartz mining with the usual fate of such enterprises—at that early day—the mine was abandoned, and the company disbanded. Mr. [name] settled in San Francisco and became attached to the S. F. Herald as Assistant Editor, and so continued for six years. In May 1856, he was elected Comptroller of the City of San Francisco, on the Democratic ticket, by a handsome majority, when half of the candidates on the same ticket were defeated; and after holding office through the great excitement occasioned by the Vigilance Committee, he had the good fortune to perform his duties and retire at the close of his term, with commendations from the press. In November, 1857, he was elected Superintendant of Public Instruction, and although in the heat of the Vigilance excitement, and somewhat obnoxious to many, from his connection with the Young Men's Democratic Club, he received the largest vote of any on the Democratic State ticket, from his fellow citizens of San Francisco. His term of office commenced Jan. 1st, 1858, and expires in January 1860.

Among other improvements proposed, to make education more efficient, he has taken strong grounds in favor of establishing a University in California, on the Military plan, and which seems to meet with favorable consideration from the public. His office confers upon him an important mission to the young of our State; and, when his term ceases, it is our earnest wish that every parent may have cause to say of him "well done."

HORACE A. HIGLEY,
SURVEYOR GENERAL.

Was born at Pensacola, Florida, May 1828, and consequently is now in his thirtieth year.

Having completed his studies at Lane,
TEHUANTEPEC.

By the way, some of our enterprising Californians have already commenced operations on an extensive scale. A couple of gentlemen, who came down recently, have purchased the land lying around the Bay of Ventoso, which is the Pacific terminus of the road, and laid it off into a city, called “Compostela.” The Mexican who owned the land is also interested. I looked upon this scheme as one destined to be of great interest and importance. Those gentlemen, who are the first to undertake the foundation of a city, where one is already so much needed, will ultimately be well paid for their trouble, and they have gone to no little expense, in finding out the proper owners, and obtaining satisfactory title deeds to the property; one of whom had to go to Mexico before every thing could be completed.

The locality of this embryo city is invested with many natural and commercial advantages. The plan is laid on the bay of Ventoso, the northern portion resting upon the Tehuantepec river, which here discharges into the sea; and the south-west upon the bay or inlet of Salina Cruz, whilst the land extending back is level, rich, and covered with the most beautiful trees; altogether, the locality is advantageous, healthy, picturesque and pleasant. The Bay of Ventoso is ample and safe; except when a southwest gale blows immediately into it, which causes the landing to be rough; but this rarely occurs. I am told, and although it happened when our vessel came in, I have not seen it so since. The breakwater, however, which is to be built by the Tehuantepec road company, will remedy this defect. The company are pushing about the work to be done upon the road before its completion, the most important of which are the bridges, and they have already been contracted for, and the workmen are engaged upon them. The largest one will be at this place, Tehuantepec city; the road in every other respect is completed. These bridges will, I am informed, be constructed for the railroad,
TEHUANTEPEC.

The city of Tehuantepec is most picturesquely located on the eastern shore of the Tehuantepec river, twelve miles from Ventoso bay; in the rear rise the hills, overgrown with perpetual verdure; leading off to the right and left are extensive wooded valleys, interspersed by gardens, orchards, orange-groves, and small fields called "milpas," cultivated by the Indians. Throughout these valleys traverse pleasant roads and paths, lined with flowers, and over-arched with the branches of different kinds of trees, mingled with the bright plumage of the many songsters—diffusing freshness which is perfectly delightful to the traveler. From some locations in the city, the view is surpassingly grand. Looking west with the winding river, and its beauteous shores, with its hundreds of bathers—men, women, and children—in the foreground; the village of Santa Maria upon the opposite side, with its churches and domes; the dark green valleys, with towering pines sheltering the river's banks; then the mountains, covered with eternal verdure, rising one above the other in the background, till they are lost in the distance, or mingle with the blue of the sky; the picture has a charm which one never tires of gazing upon.

The road from here to Ventoso is equal to any tampika, being level, smooth, level, and dry, and shaded all the way by the natural growth of the forest; it is thereby rendered doubly attractive to the passenger. The women of this place think nothing of walking to and from Ventoso upon this road in a day, with a basket of fruits or fish upon their heads.

The climate is everything one could desire, and the health of the place is good; disease is brought on only by imprudence, and the use of bad liquor, in which the natives are prone to indulge too freely. Intemperance and revolutions are fast thinning out the men, whilst the women are on the increase; and outnumber them considerably at this time. The population of Tehuantepec is about thirteen thousand, and composed mostly of Zapoteco Indians, a remnant of the once powerful Aztecs, who inhabited this region at the time of the conquest; two-thirds of which are women—gentle, inoffensive, docile, and, to all outward appearances, cheerful and happy; but the influences of oppression and private
vast have made them deplorably igno-

rent, superstitions, and blindly fanatical.
The women, as a general thing, are good
looking and cleanly, and some we might
call handsome. Their dress is excep-
tively primitive and original; a piece of
cotton cloth of their own manufacture,
containing about six yards, is confined to
the waist, and falls down to the ankles;
whilst the breast is covered with a loose,
thin piece of calico called kuppi. Their
head-dress is indescribable, but, at the
same time, an important part of their at-
tire. The cotton cloth, which they manu-
ufacture on small hand-looms, is a very
good article of the kind, and on account
of the rich dye with which it is colored,
is very expensive. The women do all the
vending in market—in fact, almost all the
traffic in the place; and it is not an un-
frequent occurrence that you will see the
streets full of women, passing and re-

front view of the paroqui, a venerable church, built by cooker, calico of the
raptores, in the year 1590.

passing to and from market, carrying on
their hands (upon which they carry every
thing,) their purchases, or their wares to
sell, to the entire exclusion of men. There
seems to have been no interest taken in
advancing the civilization of these truly
ap people; on the contrary, they have
been kept back; and it is really to be
lamented, that they have regressed from
that progress of civilization which they
had attained under the rule of the Mon-
tezumas. If a different race of mankind,
with a different religion, had settled
among those people, and instituted a
beneficial process of culture, how far
they might have been advanced in the
progress of the age, let those who now
witness their degradation judge. Under
the guise of friendship to the poor Indi-
ans, the priests, who claim to be of the Holy
Catholic Church, keep them in the deepest ignorance, and as subject to their will and commands, as the veriest slave. It is a disgrace to the name of religion that they should wield such power upon any part of this continent; which should be free and enlightened. Their own examples of base immorality are enough to make any enlightened Catholic blush for his religion, and in a civilized community would never be tolerated.

Tehuantepec contains sixteen churches, and numerous good and solid buildings, that were erected many years ago by the early Spaniards. There is one church still standing, that was built by the last Cacique of the Zapotecs, in the year 1530; it is yet in good preservation. But they are all becoming much dilapidated; no repairs are ever made, and when a building begins to fall to ruins, the owner retires to a cave near, somewhere in the suburbs, which is easily constructed, and costs nothing, and where he continues to dream away his days in useless idleness, thinking of nothing as suggestive of caring for the morrow. Will not some kind hand awaken them from this lethargy?

The market-place on the principal plaza is not the least important feature of Tehuantepec. It is a popular place of resort for women, children, dogs, donkeys, pigs, and loafers. There is nothing particularly interesting about the market-house itself, which is a long tile-covered shed; but to see from fifteen hundred to two thousand women, mostly seated on the ground, with their different articles to sell before them, dressed in their peculiar fashion, with their snow-white and curious dresses, with scarlety a man among them, all jabbering at the height of their voices, presents a scene novel in the extreme.

There are several places in the place, besides some very pretty flower-gardens in the outskirts, beautiful walks, and drives, too, (if there were any carriages and horses to drive,) leading off in different directions from the city, free from annoying insects or bad air.

About five leagues in a westerly direction from Tehuantepec, and towering far above its neighbors, is Mont. Guadalupe, upon whose summit are the ruins of an ancient Aztec city, of which the present generation know nothing. Shortly I shall visit these ruins, and tell you what I saw there.

With my gun, and an Indian boy to carry the game, I ramble about in the woods; and which, over gives me the greatest of pleasure and satisfaction.

There is so much that is interesting, novel and wonderful in nature about this re-
region, that I never tire of wandering among the primitive forests, some portions of which are scarcely ever trodden by man in these days. The ruins of

ruined cities. I frequently stumble upon, overgrown by the most dense of

forests, speak in a sad and voiceless lan-

guage of a mighty people long since

passed away.

The Indians of the present day, who
claim to be converted to the Catholic faith,
are as singular in their ideas of religion as
their forefathers were; their minds are
clouded with superstition, and the images
which we find in the churches tend to in-
crease that disposition. I frequently
meet with indications of such in the rules
and doored crosses, made of rotten
branches of trees, fastened together by
wires, and stuck up in some secluded spot
in the woods; where, strown around the
foot of these, will be found offerings of
different articles of pottery, some broken
and dilapidated, withered branches of
plantain leaves, flowers, corn-bushes, and
dried fruit. How long such a state of
things will continue in this neglected
land remains to be seen; a limit, too, for
which the beautiful bond of Nature has
done so much. The material is here: re-

sources that have lain for ages be-

neath a climate so pure and so genial to
the happiness of man, cannot remain
much longer in this turbulent state; the
time is drawing near when the veil will
be lifted, and this land awakened from its
dreams"—The rose will be made to bloom
where the wilderness grew"—and this
change must be wrought by the

Americanos del Norte. So says

Wanderer.


One would suppose that ours was becom-
ing a strong common sense, but to read
the following difference of opinion, (from
the Santa Republicans) he might hesitate to
affirm such an oath:

A Wanderer as is a Wanderer.—A rather
amusing Coroner's Inquest recently held
at the Half Way House, between Bridgeville
and Cottonwood, on the body of a colored
man, by the name of James Edmonston. A

coroner's jury was summoned, and witnes-
ses (attendants through the richness of deceased) of, whose evidence being reduced to
writing, clearly showed that deceased died
a natural death. The evidence being care-
fully weighed by the jury, they returned
the following verdict:

We find, after careful and due investiga-
tion of the evidence given in regard to de-
censed, that deceased came to his death
by the violence of God.

The Coroner, probably, being of a dif-
f erent opinion, returns the following as the

verdict:

James Edmonston died a natural death;
but under symptoms of inflammation of the

ears.

[The following devout and feeling lines
are the first fruits of remembrance, from
an esteemed friend, after one year of
severe suffering, the writer of which,
our readers will immediately recognize as
being among the very first of our con-
tributors, and, with us, will again give
her a most cordial welcome and heartfelt

greetings.]

I breathe once more the free, fresh air;
Look again at the world, so bright and fair;

And my heart goes up with a song of praise;

To Him who, in mercy, prolonged my days.


Long weeks I've lain on a couch of pain,
And hoped for relief, till I hope seemed vain,

Heard were loved voices, darkened the room,

And sweetest names meant the echoes of the

tomb.

But a cry went up to our Father, God—

"Divine Creator, spare the soul!

And He, who listens when mortals pray,
Nor ever turns his ear away,

In answer to 'th' that heart-felt prayer"—

From burning hearts love pouring there,

Spoke the glad words—"Arise, and live!—

Now ines of life to thee I give."—

I breathe once more the free fresh air,
And look on all things bright and fair;

But a still, soft voice is whispering to me,

"Live for a purpose, Christian D.

O ye, who for me paused forth prayer,

When near my Home—yes, almost there—

Pray for me now. Amid life's cares,

Piloring and work, I need your prayers.

Sea Present, Feb. 15, 1862.

This valley the propriety great, while

portion of it is generally situated in

between & about thirty miles from

The Napa is a spur of the

walled in range of the

Potala, of the valley range of the

tending to east, and

hills on the

been settled

tongue. The

near the

mountains of the

place, on

summits soon

and rich
VACA VALLEY.

This valley takes its name from one of the proprietors of the Yaca and Peña grant, which grant includes the greater portion of it; abroad, however, it is more generally known as Barker valley. It is situated in Solano county, about midway between Sacramento and Benicia, being about thirty miles in a north-easterly direction from the latter place.

The Napa range of mountains, which is a spur of the Coast Range, extends along the valley on the west; while it is walled in, on the east, by an isolated range of mountains, which extend from the Petah river to the southern extremity of the valley. South and east, from this range of mountains, is a vast plain, extending to the Sacramento river on the east, and the Protrufie and Montezena hills on the south. This plain has lately been settled up very rapidly, and, are long, the whole of it will be under cultivation.

The grand land-marks, Monte Diablo, is nearly all visible from the southern portion of the valley; whilst, from the same place, can be distinctly seen the far-off summits of the Nevadas. Thus it will be seen that this valley possesses an extent and richness of scenery unsurpassed by any in the State, and presents that variety, which so animously characterizes California scenery; and which, forms a principal element of the pleasing. There is a creek on either side of the valley, and the resources for water are good. Yacaville, from which the above view is taken, is a small town, consisting of two stores, saloons, blacksmith and wagon shops, a hotel and several dwellings. It contains a high school, numerouslly attended. A move is on foot to have organized a Lodge of Odd Fellows, there being a fine hall in the place suitable for the same. This is the most convenient place of trade for the citizens of the valley and adjoining county, and so bids fair to be a considerable place in the future.

The timber, seen on the mountain-side, is principally scrub oak or chaparrel and Manzanita—but in the valley is but a large growth of the scrub and white oak; there is also much live oak.

The greatest width of Yaca valley is about three miles, whilst its average is about one and a half miles, and length eight miles; making an area of about twelve square miles, nearly the entire amount of which is at present in cultivation. The growing of wheat and barley occupies the attention of the farmers generally, but other products are extensively
The average yield of small grain per acre is from thirty-five to forty bushels, which can be disposed of by buyers on the ground, or transported to the nearest shipping point—Sacramento city—which is eight miles from Vacaville—and thence shipped to San Francisco or Sacramento.

The farmers are all flourishing, and the only possible drawback is the unsettled state of the land titles. Whilst these remain as they are, little or no permanent improvement can be made; the citizens being unwilling to risk the loss of their time and means in improving that land which they may not reasonably hope to obtain in any other way other than by the payment of exorbitant prices.

The population of the valley proper is about three hundred; but within a few miles south there is more than double that number. If the population be judged by the number of Christian denominations, they can certainly at least be considered a church-going people; as there are Reformed, Mennonites—North and South—Missionary Baptists, and Presbyterians. These churches are well attended. There are two public schools in the valley, in addition to the one at Vacaville; so that, amid the general prosperity, the intelligence and education of the young are not neglected.

In short, Vacaville Valley is possessed of all the advantages which can be enjoyed by any other in the State. A line of daily stages passes through it from Napa to Sacramento, thus connecting it with all the points below and above. The salubrity of the climate and fertility of the soil, taken in connection with its other advantages, will continue to make it one of the most desirable localities in the State.

Never wait to ask yourself the consequences of performing a good act—do it like a man, and leave the result itself to acquit or condemn you.

A NIGHT ON THE SACRAMENTO.

It was about the middle of November, '59—how well I remember it. I was at the time a resident of San Francisco, and business calling me to the upper country, I bid my friends an affectionate farewell, and jumped on board—no telegraph—that the good steamer——

A few turns of the bell—a few turns of the wheel, and we were off, bound for Sacramento. Steamboat traveling is sometimes pleasant, but often tedious—to be one of a mixed crowd; knowing no one, and no one knowing you—caring for no one, and no one caring for you—to be alone, yet not alone—and perhaps jostled upon every side, is anything but pleasant—and even if one feels disposed to sit aside and commune with himself, the confusion of many voices, mingled with the din of machinery, makes one nervous, and renders it next to impossible.

Upon this occasion I worried the time away till past midnight, when I found myself one of about seventy-five in the lower cabin, the greater proportion of whom had "turned in" of the balance, some were reading, and others enjoying a little game of—I think they called it "Poker"—and there was something said about a small amount, but I didn't see her. Near the table, and with a white apron tied around his little waist, his left hand resting upon his hip, while in his right he held a small silver salver, stood little "Bob." He was an attaché of the steamship, and by his attentive and gentlemanly deportment, had become the pet of every one who traveled upon it. I would, I should judge, stand about four feet in his shoes, and it was said that he had seen the frost of thirty winters, and that he had a wife, and I don't exactly remember how many children, but I know that at the time the number struck me as being large, for such a small man.

It was about one o'clock, and all was still; an occasional murmur from some unhappy sleeper, such as might be supposed to issue from the lodging place of
A NIGHT ON THE SACRAMENTO.

The literary portion of our party were apparently lost to all outside their books—the little game was very interesting; one of the players had just remarked that he would go "fifty better"—when, lo! both books and cards were simultaneously dropped, and every eye was turned towards the larboard tier of berths, from one of which was emerging the body of a gentleman whose countenance bore a strong resemblance to a cork-screw, and who, with voice immensely loud, and full of pathos, exclaimed—"I shall die, I know—I shall die—Oh, my God!—it is dreadful—horrible—Oh! dear, dear, dear!"

"What's the matter?" exclaimed half-a-dozen at once. "What ails you?" "Can't stand what?" "What are you making such a confounded noise about?" "What?" shouted rather than spoke the man, "I'm airtor! why, there's blood there—the bed is full of 'em—I can't stand it, and—" and, I won't."

Little "Bob" had remained a silent spectator, but he now ventured to ask if the berth was 40, for there only last trip that another man—"Bob could say no more; the man had seized him by the throat, and shaking him violently, exclaimed, "You infernal dwarf! how dare you! I'll shake your liver out." And I believe he would have done so had we not taken him off, and told Bob to "put." I think he did. The poor gentleman, who so nearly became a victim to the voracious appetites of hungry bed companions, completed his dressing, and left the cabin, muttering imprecations more or less than about seventy-five other heads, thrust from their respective berths, when all, simultaneously exclaimed, "What's that?" As first I thought they meant me; but I had made some smooth noises; and felt considerably cheap—but Bob put us all to rights by saying, "Nothing but the Hog's-Back—he's fetched." Immediately the heads withdrew, and now the spasmodic splashing of the wheels, as they endeavored to "back her off," or "force her over," was all that broke the silence. Again asleep,
morning, and I heard the familiar voice of Little Bob, saying, "The past eight! the passengers have all gone ashore, and we would like to make this bunk up." Here ends my story, and here say I goodbye.

THE LAKELET.

By W. H. D.

It was midnight: A lakelet lay reclining in quiet beauty in a valley; the graceful willows near its brink stood like sentinels guarding its placid joys; the white lilies on its margin bent lovingly over it, and their images overshadowed by the willows, were seen clear and distinct, in its pure water below; the moon had sailed high up into the heavens, that its amorous rays might beam more directly down into its pure depths, and the lakelet welcomed the morn, and its images were seen quietly reposing in its bosom; the stars sent their bright rays into its placid bosom, and were soon like diamonds studding her fair breast. Just then a maiden came with faltering footsteps to the lakelet and stood upon its brink; she was robed in pure white, and the image of her fair and graceful form was seen enfolded in the crystal waters below; her face was pale; her eyes beamed with an unearthly radiance; her features were calm, but despair was in her heart; she gazed upward to the moon and the stars, and then down on the lilies; and then fixed a more intense look on all so peacefully imaged in the bosom of the lake; a wild yearning filled her soul and the lakelet seemed wooing her to calm repose; she stepped to its margin and gently glided down into its pure depths; the bosom of the lakelet for an instant seemed tremulously with a new sensation, and then its waters closed quietly and lovingly around her fair and graceful form, which soon rested in its last peaceful repose; the willows still sent their breath to the brink, the lilies still bent lovingly over its margin; the moon and stars still gazed fondly down from the heavens, and all their images still rested calmly in its calm bosom; but the pure form of the maiden seemed enfolded most tenderly to the lakelet's heart, and rested most quietly in its sweet repose; I gazed long and silently upon the scene with deep emotion, but at last suddenly turning myself from my reverie, I reflected for an instant, and thought,—it is all moonshine.

THE DESERTED WIFE.

How dreary is the midnight, Johnny,
When you, my love, are gone;
It's like an age of daylight, Johnny,
To watch one night alone.

Our Little one is sleeping, Johnny,
Uneased in her arms;
A weary watch I'm keeping, Johnny,
Trembling with alarms.

Mary startles when I kiss her, Johnny,
Her lips and cheeks are white;
O think, would you not miss her, Johnny,
If she should die to-night?

And it's very ill she comes, Johnny,
Her eyes are half ajar;
And she murmurs in her dreams, Johnny,
'O where is my papa?'

I look out at the window, Johnny,
This night my prison bars;
I only hear the wind blow, Johnny,
I only see the stars.

I've listened long to hear thee, Johnny,
Unbitch our little gate;
How lonely, Oh how weary, Johnny,
It is to watch and wait.

I've heard the clock strike one, Johnny,
And now it's almost two;
What have I ever done, Johnny,
To merit this from you?

When you wed'd me for your bride, John,
I had not long to wait;
'Ne, come home, I will not chide, Johnny,
For our sweet baby's sake.

A. J. N.
OLD BLOCK RESURRECTED;
OR, A VOICE FROM BELOW.

And pointing to the shanty, said he, "there is the Mountain which covers my earthly remains; I died there in '52, and my bones repose in the north-west corner. I went in on Quarts." Placerville Argus.

It is generally supposed "that when the breath is out, the man is dead," but there are exceptions to all cases. We have read of men being buried and rescued by those friends of mankind, the body-snatchers: the hangman, too, after having performed his arduous duty to the public, has lost the results of his honest labor through the meddling propensities of the thoughtless surgeons, who, under color of love of science, have restored the subject to life and turned him loose to prey upon the citizen of the world again: and how many, too, have taken the pains to place themselves in a comfortable trance, got nicely enshrouded for a nap in the spirit-land, and just before the coffin was lowered into its last resting-place, some inquisitive and curious individual would observe signs of life, and by restoration of the pulses, prevent the enjoyment, for a time, of ages of bliss in the abode of Heaven. It is strange, then, that this fact should be written upon my head-board while I was on a prospecting tour down below? True, the time of absence seemed long to those on earth, but philosophers in search of new lands in earth, "take no note of time," and if the man who placed "here lies," on my tomb-stone, meant I would "lie" under ground, why, he himself lies above ground.

In 1852 I was a dweller in the mountains, with the reputation of being an honest miner. Honest I know I was, for others were so much smarter than I, there wasn't the shadow of a chance to steal, and the only alternative left me was to dig or starve—I did both. I dug first, and as I had neither money or credit, I starved afterwards. I owned one sixth of Massachusetts Hill, at Grass Valley—a splendid quartz lode, which paid the workman admirably—the owners nothing. We held the honors of ownership, our men held the traps, and while they filled their stomachs and pockets, we filled our heads with future hopes—good while they lasted, but mangrove dust for the stomach, and absolutely deplored to the pocket. In this condition of things, I added to the business of mining, the study of Political Economy, and became intensely absorbed in the chapter on Ways and Means. I had but one red shirt left, and it became apparent one day, while I was washing it, that unless I struck a new lead soon, the threads of my shirt, as well as the thread of life, would not hold together long. What was to be done? Nakedness of body and soul are cheerful subjects of contemplation, as cold weather approaches, and something is necessary to impart warmth to both. The wind howled mournfully one night through the gloomy pines; the clapboards on my weather-beaten cabin played a doleful yet clattering accompaniment, as the gust loosened them from their fastenings; the coyotes were singing an unearthly requiem in the darkness without, as solitary and alone I spread my thin and dilapidated blanket in the north-west corner of my cabin to snatch a little respite from the toils of thought, and try in fitful, shivering sleep to forget the world with its cares, and hunger with its cravings, and dream, perhaps, of a rich strike in Massachusetts Hill, with no danger of anybody's jumping my claim. It was a capital night to commit suicide. I thought of it; but then I thought there was gold in the hill, and if I gave it up somebody else would get it, and I resolved that if my stomach would hold out a little longer, I wouldn't waste the powder on my brains, for the benefit of another party, and so I1eshowed self-destruction. At last tired nature yielded, and I sank to sleep.

How long I lay, I have no recollection. I didn't even dream, but I have a vague, indefinite remembrance of apparently passing downward through a dark, damp, narrow passage, and as near as I can judge, was prospecting for quartz at
great depth under ground. At times, there was an oppression for breath, as if arising from the dreaded dampness; then it vaguely seemed as if something was striking my head, as if clouds and mists of earth were falling on me from above. Still, I cannot remember with sufficient distinctness, to tell whether it was a dream, or the occasional fitting of thought as the scene became more or less oblivious to external things. I suddenly came, to my senses, by finding myself in a large, well-furnished and furnished room, with immensely high ceiling, lighted with a monthly glare, as it seemed to my eyes, unused to a strong light. Everything around bore the marks of wealth and comfort; beautiful flowers in jars ornamented the windows, but their rich colors seemed strongly and strangely blended with sulphuric gas; large mirrors adorned the walls, which reflected the image of somebody else beside you; immense chandeliers were suspended from the ceiling, arched from blocks of hirastone metal, and burning without oil or gasphane; sideboards made of quartz, richly covered with golden dishes laden with oranges and tropical fruits, which I subsequently found tasted strongly of the atmosphere in which they were grown. Altogether there was a display of wealth, ease, and comfort that I had not seen for many a day, and contrasted strangely enough with my simple cabin which I had so recently left. On one side of the room was a large grate where a roaring fire of bright lamps of yellow coil was burning, with a strong odor, and loating over it was a middle-aged man of small stature and a singular cast of countenance, who held over the blazing fire with his naked hand an open retort, as if he was in the act of returning a lump of amalgam. He had a round, ball-shaped head, entirely bald except a long tuft of stiff black hair, sticking straight from the crown; his eyes, full and glaring, seemed absolutely to stand out from their sockets; his nose, a long, sharp, hook-like, protruded over his mouth, which was of immense dimensions, and exhibited, when he laughed, two rows of teeth that looked more like the incisors of some ferocious animal rather than those of a human being, while his chin seemed to fall away into a long, long, and lean neck, which appeared to be rather stuck on to his trunk than forming a graceful component part of his body, while his hands looked more like the claws of an eagle than the digits of a man. He was dressed in a plain suit of black, fashionably cut, while behind dangled something which I could not exactly tell whether it was a tail or a Cimmerian's cape.

I had fallen from the ceiling through what appeared to be a trap-door; but notwithstanding I alighted, by good luck, upon my feet, in the centre of the room, the jar of the fall made me utter a loud "hump!"

At the sound of my ejaculation the gentleman in black turned round, still holding his retort over the blaze, and with a smile which I cannot describe—a sort of a grin—exclaimed:

"Hello! Old Black; come at last—I've been expecting you; you've been a long time on the road; but down here you are welcome!"

"Where am I?" was my first and most natural inquiry.

"Why, where should you be, but down below?" he replied, with a significant leer, making a motion with his claw-thumb.

"You don't mean to say that I'm in—"

"Pahaw!" he interrupted, "you might be in a worse place."

"A worse place than—?" I raised his finger in token of exclamation. "Walls have ears," he added; "speak not the name—but it rests in the shade. There's many a place worse than this."

"Where?" I asked, in astonishment.

"In California!" he added, significantly. "Your own experience should tell you that. You've lived in San Francisco and Grass Valley."

"California, sir, is the finest country in the world; with such a climate, such a soil, it has—"

"True; highway to—"

"The exchange, then—"

"No;—say no such—"

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a

"As a matter of fact, it is not a
old, when
that looked
fierce
ous
he
most
present
be
fall
away
which
me to
it
is
enough;
man finds his
than—he
_for
here, his
us
vast—pay
nothing;
no
care
no
breakdown;
no
unbelievable
his
gets
even
and
in
the
exehange,
thing
these
and
in
making
no2
—above.
Here,
his
business
is
regular—pay
nothing;
no
care,
no
disappointment;
no
breakdown;
no
unbelievable.
He
exactly
gets
all
he
expects,
and
that
is
more
than
even
you
may
say
of
California,
with
all
its
beauties.
But,
come,
sit
down
in
the
rocking-chair.
You've
had
a
hard
road
to
travel
in
getting
through,
and
need
rest.
I
shall
soon
be
done
with
this
experiment,
and
will
give
you
my
attention."

I
sat
down,
pondering
how
I
got
there,
trying
to
collect
my
thoughts,
and
intently
watching
the
gentleman
in
black,
to
see
if
I
could
divine
what
he
was
doing.

Directly,
he
took
the
cigarette
off,
and
stirred
the
contents
up
with
his
finger,
as
if
it
had
been
perfectly
cold,
uttered,
in
an
under
tone
to
himself,
"Not
worth
a
—
; not
a
single
redening
quality
in
this
political
soul."
He
opened
a
side
door
and
hurrying
it
out,
called
some
unseen
persons—"Show
it
away
among
the
defaulter,
Moloch;
there's
nothing
in
it
that
can
be
redeemed."
Turning
round,
he
drew
a
large
arm-
chair
directly
in
front
of
me,
and
sitting
down
looked
me
steadily
in
the
face
for
a
moment,
and
then
horriously
inquired:
"So
you've
been
engaged
in
the
Quartz
business?
"

"Yes,
sir.
"

"Made
money,
I
suppose?"

"Well,not
exactly;
have
a
first
rate
lead
and
excellent
prospects,
though."

"Ha!h! Fine
country
for
prospects
—got
splendid
prospects
from
the
highest
peaks
of
mountains."

"I
mean
the
lead
will
pay
when
we
get
at
it—prospect
of
paying,
eventually,
good."

"All
the
same;
when
you
get
on
the
summit
of
one
hill—you
see
another
be-
yond
which
you
wish
to
dig;
but
before
you
get
to
it—you
unexpectedly
find
deep
gullies
in
cross
and
stupendous
rocks
to
move,
and
you
may
become
exhausted
by
the
way,
and
fall
desperately
before
you
begin
to
dig
the
summit,
eh?"

"There
is
truth
in
your
metaphor,
sir,
and
I
confess
it
applies
to
me;
but
I
have
not
lost
hope,
and
thoughts
I'd
go
a
little
deeper
to
find
a
richer
vein,
if
I
didn't
quite
starve."

"Yes,
so
you
kept
digging
with
a
jack-
ol-lantern
before
you
till
you've
dug
through,
and
found
yourself
in—Below,
and
gone
to."

"The
Devil!"
I
exclaimed,
voluntarily,
as
the
truth
of
his
remark
flashed
upon
me.

"And
so
you
kept
on,
and
on,
and
on,
with
a
kind
of
gambling
hope,
till
you've
'gone
in!' Well,
it's
the
daily
history
of
California.
You
are
not
the
only
man
who
has
fallen
through
the
Trap.
Some
go
in
to
Quartz,
some
on
Politics,
some
on
Merchandise,
some
on
stealing,
and
in
various
ways."

"But
you
don't
class
me
with
thieves
and
politicians,
surely?"

"By
no
means—only
among
bad
calculators.
You
undertook
a
business
you
didn't
understand.
You
were
dazzled
by
a
few
precious
specimens,
and
jumped
to
the
conclusion
that
you
had
a
fortune
in
your
group,
and
insured
expenses,
and
went
into
extravagant
improvements,
upon
hope
which
your
lead
would
not
justi-
fy,
which
you
would
not
have
done
had
you
understood
the
business;
for,
if
prop-
erly
managed,
it
will
pay
now,
and
the
result
will
be,
it
will
fall
into
the
hands
of
more
prudent
men,
who
will
realize
a
fortune;
while
you—have
gone
in."

His
words
cut
me
to
the
quick.
I
felt
their
truth,
and
shuddered,
when
too
late,
for
that
prudence
which
might
have
saved
me,
and
prevented
my
going—below.

"Do
not
be
offended
with
my
frank-
ness,"
he
continued.
"Men
often
charge
their
misdemeanors
at
me,
when
I
have
had
nothing
to
do
with
them.
How
often
do
you
hear
them
exclaim,
'Uhe
Devil's
in
my luck!" when the truth is, their failures have been solely the result of their own bad management. In fact, the Devil's vocation is gone. Men, if left alone, rain themselves fast enough by their own headstrong wills, their own evil propensities, their inordinate love of gain, their lust of the flesh, their covetousness of others' property—in fact, a propensity to prey upon one another. And sooner or later they are bound to meet that much-abused individual, the Devil, who sits calmly smoking his pipe, waiting for mankind to present themselves, as they are sure to do, through their own evil passions."

What could I say? There was too much truth in the words of the gentleman in black. I forced myself to remark, "You are a close observer, sir."

"The result of ages of experience. It has always been so, it always will be, in spite of Brigham Young, Fred Douglas, Lucy Stone, or any self-styled philanthropist." There seemed to be so much common sense in the gentleman in black, that I began to feel a respect for him. The idea of asking advice from one who always had been looked upon as an Enemy of Mankind, was repugnant to my feelings; but upon reflection I considered, that as he had had much and long experience in the world, he might possibly give me some valuable hints without endangering my soul. I at last ventured to ask—

"What would you advise me to do?"

"Hum!" said he, with a merry twinkle of his eye, "you are not the first who has consulted me. I can and will give you more honest advice than men will do; for, having no occasion for money, I do not want to pick your pocket. You were bred behind the counter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, as you were bred a counter-jumper, be a counter-jumper still. If you can ever succeed in any thing, it will be in the business for which you are qualified by nature and education. Some men are fitted for one thing, some for another. You may be an excellent merchant, but a miserable miner; a good lawyer, but a poor statesman; a crafty politician, but a bad financier; and one thing is morally certain, that when you attempt to combine and monopolize all trades—when you are banker, miner, merchant, lawyer, politician, dancing-master, tailor, toiler and mountebank—you are sure to go in, sooner or later, and bring up all standing—down below. In few words, stick to the business you do understand, and let the others alone."

"Then you would advise my giving up my quartz?"

"Your quartz? Why, since you have been on your way here, your claim has fallen into the hands of practical miners, and they have made a nice thing of it."

"The Devil!"

"Don't call names—he had nothing to do with it. It was the result of good calculation and a knowledge of the business on their part."

"Jo Woodworth to jump my claim, and make the money! I'll haunt him!"

"Poli! Envy, jealousy for another's good luck, when you hadn't capacity! You'll do no such thing. Just congratulate him, for he'll do more good with it than you would."

"How?"

"By building mills, putting up pumps, and putting money into circulation, which you would have been afraid to do. Besides, Jo on a pinch can chew more tobacco, spin better yarns, blow off more gas, and drink more liquor, than you can—proving his disposition for enjoying the money he does get, is better than yours."

"Well, I see—all right—I won't haunt Jo. Let him alone."

"But come," said the gentleman in black, rising, "we've talked long enough for this sitting. As you are not a permanent boarder yet, I wish to show you the town, so that you will not feel entirely like a stranger when you take up your abode permanently with me."

He opened a door leading to a plaza, where a most extraordinary scene pro-
OLD BLOCK RESURRECTED.

It was an open lawn, extending as far as the eye could reach, with illuminating rows of trees of all climates, covered with inextinguishable fruits and flowers. Lamps brilliantly lighted alone from among the branches, emitting a strong sulphurous odor; while the fruits and flowers, so pleasing to the eye, partook to a nauseating extent of the taste and smell of the thick atmosphere of the place. Immense crowds, of both sexes, seemed to be engaged in dancing and various voluptuous amusements; some singing or shouting in high glee and revelry; some cutting up high antics; some rolling dice boxes, and going through various and insectant motions, as if in excessive excitement; some quaffing liquids from yellow goblets made of brimstone, apparently with the most repulsive gracias, yet strange to say, with all this apparent glee, with all those outward signs of enjoyment, not a sound was heard! Seated upon raised platforms, richly canopied, were bands of music, apparently discharging rich melody, to which the dancers were keeping time; yet, while they went through the motions of playing, not a note was omitted—not a sound reached the ear, or cheered the heart. They were silent bands—silent in rich attire—in silks and crimson, in blue and gold, in crimson with gold and blue; and as occasionally a whirl raised a dress and threw it back, the beholder with strange emotion. The violin player drew a spectro bow; the trombone performer swelled and puffed, with distorted visage. In vain; the drummer rattled his sticks upon air; even the shell pipe disturbed not the ear with a single note.

Dressed in rich attire—in silks and laces, while diamond rings, and crosses, and golden chains, glittered on their lifeless fingers—the women walked through the many dance; and men and women, although glittering with jewels, presented to the eye gaudily, pale, emaciated, wasted, anxious, and sunken countenances, and as occasionally a whirl raised a dress, is exhibited to my wondering gaze a shrunken, wretchedly, a naked bone—the last and relics of humanity. O, it was horrible!—too horrible to gaze at, and instinctively I hid my face in my hands. "Such they were in life," said the gentleman in black, solemnly. "It is the path they chose for themselves, above; so will they continue here, till the end comes."

"And how long?"

"Till eternity ends," he replied. "Although the wife left the husband, and the husband the wife, in California—though the wanton and the road were seeking new mates and new excitements in the Golden Land—there is no changing partners here, till the dance is ended; the fickleness of men or women on earth does not extend to—below; and they are now enjoying all the actual realities of their fancied pleasures before they had actually gone in."

"Doubtful enjoyment," said I. "What they feel now is positive," he replied, seriously; "there is no doubt about it. But come this way and view another scene."

He led me through another door, and from is a magnificent Pantheon was presented. A city upon an island in the sea. There were towers, and temples, and palaces, glittering in the sun-light, and ships at anchor or pressing forward with sails all astounds; there was active bustle on shore and busy life upon the wave; ferry-boats and small craft were busily plying upon the waters; there was no rest, no quietness; all scorned upon

As the waves rippled in the breeze, or gently rolled before the prow of some stately ship, lurid flames of fire seemed to flash up, ever and anon, as if the sea itself was inflammable, yet there was no smoke to darken the air—no hissing or crackling as of a burning element. Anchored in the stream was a stately ship, of beautiful proportions, with everything about her to make her a model for the world. She was surrounded by various small craft, and there appeared to be many passing and repassing over her sides, and at times there was apparently much confusion, as if a struggle was going
on on board. The distance was too
great to read the name upon the pennon,
but, charmed with her fine proportions, I
turned to the gentleman in black and in-
quired:
"What beautiful ship is that which
sails so trim upon the water?"
"The Californian—but lately arrived in
the road. She has but just dropped her
anchors, and a mutiny has broken out
among the crew. She was badly officered,
the crew were overworked and subjected to
unusual hardships, and are destitute of
changing their commanders."

As I watched, the confusion increased;
a black flag was flying as the mast-head;
in a moment the ship was deserted by
the small boats which surrounded it—va-
rious persons were either thrown or jum-
ped overboard—a bright splash, a wrench
of flame followed, and they disappeared
forever. It was apparent that the mutin-
neers had triumphed—the black flag was
hoisted down, and soon the Stars and
Stripes were waving in the breeze, and
order appeared to be restored.

Not long after, I noticed a splendid
barge running down towards the ship,
under a full bank of sails, with the words,
"The Bates," painted in glowing letters
upon her stern, when suddenly a wild,
un优惠ly melody broke the awful still-
ness which hitherto had reigned, etc.—
"Row, brothers, Row, the stream runs fast.
The wretch's salute. Work is past;
There's gold in the mine—let the 'key' in my
fist. Work with a will, we'll be paid for the job.
Row, brothers, Row, Row!"

As the symphony ceased, the barge
nearied the ship; in a moment the chain
snapped from the anchor, and the gallant
ship swung round, and was drifting help-
lessly towards the rocks. Destruction
seemed inevitable. I closed my eyes in
dismay, as I thought of the end of the
hopeless crew; but the gentleman in black
touched my arm, when, looking again, I
saw that the crew were awakened, an-
other anchor had brought her up before
she grounded, and the broad pennant of
W**** and F******* was flying from
and aft, with a three times three from the
crew for the safety of the gallant ship,
which seemed to defy the machinations
of men and demons. I could not help
feeling some enthusiasm at the result,
but it was checked by the gentleman in
black spontaneously exclaiming—
"Paul! what you witness is but an
every-day affair. 'So the upper world is
governed—a continual struggle for place
and power; and those in the ascendant
today may 'go in' tomorrow.' With
man it is unceasing struggle, incessant
strife; and as he chooses his course on
earth, so will be his career below—
without rest, without content, with no
satisfaction to himself; the very restlessness,
which absorbs him above, continues here
below, forever ending but with eternity.
Give him wealth, he is not happy; pov-
erty is but the cause of increasing fam-
ination; power is but the means of
stirring evil passions; and though his
bones may moulder in the grave, his
spirit is still indulging its wild career
and unhappy propensities here below."

"Do all men then find a—a home in
your dominions?" I asked, with some
hesitation.

"'Il no," he replied, briskly. "Some
are such hard cases, that I won't admit
them; and then some are not fit for our
society."

"Hum! What then becomes of them?"

"O, they are sufficiently punished
abore. Indeed, there are tortures there
worse than any we have below, and that
entails a man to consideration, when he
'goes in.'"

"I cannot comprehend."

"'Why, for instance, there's B*******,
a noted politician of the upper sphere—
one whom I never could do anything with
—but has received the reward of his crimes
and transgressions from the people them-
selves—and the gentleman in black
seemed delighted.

"How, if I may presume to ask?"

"'Why, things become so bad, they
could not stand it any longer, and ban-
ished him.'"
"Banished him!" I innocently repeated.

"Yes, they had the heartlessness to send him to Charagrown?"

"Gracious heaven!" I involuntarily exclaimed, "can human beings be guilty of such cruelty?"

"Then there is God! Agh! whose political aspirations have met their reward."

"Pray enlighten me."

"Why, the General is in fact no politician. He climbed the ladder of his hopes, but was found sadly deficient for the times."

"In what respect?"

"He couldn't steal—and actually left his post as honest man, and poorer than when he went into office. Of course I could do nothing with such a man here, so I left him to the tender mercies of mankind."

"And they?"

"Most inhumanly condemned him to continue editor of a newspaper."

"Barbarous! I blush for my species."

The gentleman in black led me back into his parlor, and was in the act of ordering refreshments, when a distant sound reached my ear, of "Old Block! Old Block! where the devil are you?"

"Just as I expected," said my companion, "you are sent for."

"Why, who in the world can be calling me?"

The trap-door suddenly opened above, and a tall, slim, and not ill-favored individual dropped down, with the usual "Humph!"

"Old Block," said he, "I've had a deal of a chase after you. I found your bones in your cabin; the flesh was gone, the old blanket worm-eaten and rotten; but without the spirit to animate the body, the bones wore no account, so I determined to have that if I went to—down below—for it. I know I should find you here, unless you were annihilated. Mr. Block, you're wanted above."

I looked at the stranger in some surprise, scarcely comprehending his meaning; but I was relieved by the gentleman in black, who came to my aid with—

"Ha! ha! ha! Old Block, permits me to introduce to your favorable acquaintance Capt. [Name], the Last of the filibusters."

Intuitively we grasped each other's hands, and were friends from the moment. And he not brought me out, I might have been boarding still below; for the gentleman in black seemed both to part with me. Of him, however, candid compels me to say, that I found him a gentleman, with more honesty of heart than many I have found among men; and I made up my mind that he is a splendid individual, and that mankind are too apt to charge their own delinquences upon him, when his chief offence has been in leaving them to themselves.

The gentleman in black politely escorted us to the front door of his mansion, where we found a huge steam-wagon; a recent invention, as he assured us, of a Sacramentoian, of whom he had purchased a right to run on his roads; and seating us properly, set on the steam, and in an instant the last of the filibusters and Old Block were standing beside the old cabin in the upper world, where I picked up my bones, and with Frank walked off, none the less worship for my prospecting down below. Old Block.

---

TELEGRAM.—From news items of the other side, it appears there are many who object to this word as an innovation too great for endurance. Now it seems to me to be just the word we need, for the beauty of any language is conciseness and perspicuity; and this word is brief, clear and comprehensive, meaning the same as "telegraphic despatch." Because it is of Greek derivation (tele and graphein), is no reason why it should not be used. The same reason would lead us to discard hundreds of words, now in common use, as geography, from ge and graphein, and theology, from theo and graphein; and in fact it is so with all words ending in '-graphy.' Hence I am entirely satisfied that "telegraph" is far preferable to the confounded " telegraphic despatch," and will, in spite of opposition, come into general use.
A DESCRIPTIVE POEM.
BY W. H. H.
CANTO VI.
I.

There's naught so difficult as a beginning,
Was written by a worshipper, not mine,—
To quote from others surely is no sinning,
I'm acknowledged in the following line:—
I trust I am your kind attention winning,
Or my poor Muse may die and give no sign—
But I forget,—Dear reader, how d'ya do?—
Pray what's the news? I'll tell you—I must woe.

II.

My Muse to sing in rather a different strain,
From that she gave in the preceding canto;
For too much serious thought is all in vain,
And much of her lost time is all in vain;
And such has been her long continued strain—Oh, Dear! that strain was very hard to obtain,—
And almost maimed my Muse, as did Lopafitoi's strain,
Its hattla Imean,) an author known to faro,
Who wrote " Don Quixote."—Cervantes is his name.

III.

There's naught so pleasing as a gentle variety,
In earring, drinking, and in rhyming too—
You moralized the public to society,—
At least twice hinted so by one who knew,
I hope my change may not bring in impious,
And make the marquise look rather blue,—
My Muse is rather sober when she sings, Lo! I wish she had a lamp of a thousand strings, Ah!

IV.

Her strains might then soar up to high heaven,
And deeper than the bowing of the sea;
Grappling new thought as did the famous Newton,
Who was noted also for humility—
And have the interminable space to boot, in
Which to find a varied melody,
And prove that she could sometimes truly sing,
Without forever harping on one string.

V.

Now what shall be the subject of this stanza?
De lile, dear reader, for I do not know—
No answer well, I'll tell you that the Musa,
Nim is a splendid shrub to show
In blooming early—Now come, Sodome Panama,
Then faithful servant, though you come in show,
Lend me your aid but once to make a rhyme,
And I'll not call on you a second time.

VI.

Perhaps you think these rhymes still are quite easy,
And if you do, why then I hope you'll try it,
That is, to write them, and find how many
It rather is—I'm sure you want deny it,—

Though they may glide like ships in weather green,
Jas the port, yet that does not imply it
Is not still quite difficult to do,
Requiring skill, if not some genius too.

VII.

Somebody told me that I praised up women
Too much in my fifth canto of this poem,
Making them beings pure and superhuman,
And said this kind was never known to grow omen,
To me this sex are more or less than human,
And in such lights I only tried to show 'em—
That some are angels, I think very true,
And since I think so ye ve devils too.

VIII.

I gave my best impressions at that time,
And I shall not take back what I have said,
The ladies no doubt think it quite sublime,
And wonder where I became so well read
In all their many virtues, which in rhyme,
Choose in so sweetly, and such intense shed.
Upon their beauty and their charms so fair,
Like flowers perfuming all the passing air.

IX.

These lines may roam but trifles light as air,
There's an idea I have stores too,
But I acknowledge it, so all is fair—
I'll try this trifling I must try and woo
My Muse to say or sing, "begone dull care,"
A song, though old, to her 'twill be quite new—
Perhaps in time she may become quite gay,
And be as cheerful as the light of day.

X.

I have but little humor and less wit;
I can't be funny—this is only trying;
I think a cry and falls might well add
A face that when it smiles, is half a crying.
Upon my brow dull care will ever sit,
And if I laugh it always ends in sighing.
Ach, a day! I wish I had a wife,
To break up this monotony of life.

XI.

A wife! an wish, for who would have a poet,
A watchful being, stayed, neglected, poor;
Half crazed, too—and don't the women know it?
They do in my case I am very sure;
Their cold indifference must ever show it,
For all my beloved persons could not have
A single one to give me any sign
That I might hope to call her only mine.

XII.

They know full well which side their bread is
Butted;
They know where bread and butter comes from,
Too;
A GLIMPSE AT OUR CHILDHOOD.

They are no fools, and here my praise is stored For their revered judgment, for I hold it true, Though woman's heart by love is sometimes scattered.
She keeps the more important things in view, And if she does not hear some money jingle, Concludes to live a little longer single.

XIII.
Posts are always steeped in some deep sorrow, And ever suffering from some grievous wrong, And if they have no real evils, sorrow Imaginary ones, and let them go.
They shine and cry from midnight till to-morrow.
I'd rather hear it thunder loud and long.
And then they write their precious tears and sighs, Thinking their agates are quite sublime.

XIV.
Now all such conduct is quite mean and selfish; Why should they dim the sunshine of their hearts, All joyous, calm and happy as a shell-fish—
The cliam I mean, when a full tide imparts Billows of joy, yet like those baking fishes, With souls devoted to the charming arts.
They take the beds of those same happy fishes, To make for some vile glutton one more dish.

XV.
That smile is rather too poetical, Its meaning you perhaps cannot define—
'Tis made up in a manner quite synthetical,
And if you cannot dissemble each deep line, Or pick up anything through the caustion, I can't acknowledge that the fault is mine;
I furnish words; if you cannot apply The ideas out, why, then your brain is mushy.

XVI.
But I digress—"return we to our subject," Which simply means our subject we'll renew,
'Tis a French saying, and you can use it, I hope, wishing to feast upon rogues.
And if you can, I do not care a button; But how can I ask you to dissemble?—
The only dish I have in this one hash,
A medley of the most insipid trash.

XVII.
The more I write the fiercer I digress— Well! 'tis a privilege we poets claim. Upon our thoughts we sometimes lay great stress, As others have in parochial smite.
Or end in view, and then cannot impress One truth eternal on the scroll of fame—
I now am writing to amuse myself, And you, dear reader—yes, for fame or pelf.

XVIII.
Now all that I would here essay to say, Is, that a poet is but a poor fellow—
He does not live, he only hopes to stay, Up in a lonely garret there to revel,
With cold and want and hunger all the day, And curse his fate as full of every evil,
While through the night he reads and lonely sings, And weeps our all his vain imaginations.

XIX.
O, fond gifts divine, why should the inspired By heaven's high oracles, so oft be found Despairing, suffering? Have the Poets required That truth divine should rise from bloody ground, Where martyrs souls with heaven-born instincts stood Have tried to shed a better light around, And died amid despairing woes to sing Those truths from which unifying glories spring.

(Continued.)
The brook that meandered along through hollows and over rocks—its waters as clear and sparkling as crystal—enabling the flowers as we went, and putting them in our aprons and hats for future use. The flowers were so sweet and scented; but they seemed to grow and in a moment where we plucked them from the parent stem; just as we would have done, had we been taken from our parent. But some of the flowers we could not have the heart to pluck; they seemed such things of life. We talked to them, and sang to them, and they would nod their heads in the breeze as if in acknowledgment of our love; and seemed to smile still more sweetly if we talked to them of heaven and the angels, or modestly wondered why they did not speak and answer us. Then, when we were wearied, we would sit down beneath the willows, and weave them into wreaths for our heads; stepping now and then to gaze at the river as it sparkled, danced, and sang, or, zipping along, caught up a falling leaf or flower, and carried it far, far away, out of our sight forever.

And then we would wonder to ourselves where the brook went to; if it always kept flowing onward just the same, or if it would die, as the flowers did, or our little baby Willis? So one day we asked father about it; one bright warm day, when the birds caroled merrily, and every thing, even to the cold rocks and leafless branches, seemed to look joyous and smiling; a day when we had received permission to accompany him into the forest, where he was going for a load of firewood; and he told us that it emptied into a great river, many times larger than itself, and that the river poured into a great ocean, thousands of times larger than our little lakelet. And then he told us about the sea-birds that flew upon, and large whales that lived in the ocean. Then gave us food for imagination during many a ramble afterwards. What strange ideas we had about them! Indeed, what we then thought about them clung to us for years after we had grown older and learned differently. And so the time sped onward; and as we grew older, we attended school and, learned—O, momentous requirement!—and learned to read. Then in our walks we always had a companion in the shape of a story-book, generally about fairies, which we would read until the whole world seemed full of the "little people." Sometimes we would imagine that we were fairies, too, and waving a magic wand, command the river to cease its constant running, and the flowers to sing and dance.

But then there was the dread school-room, and the dark-browed teacher! How we hated study, and still worse the ferule. Oh, that ferule! How many fingers have ached and shoulders smarted from the cruel and unjust application of its smoothly-worn surface; and how many a little heart has it ceased to echo and throb! We feel sure we should know it now, after the lapse of many a year. But we have no desire to see it, for we should certainly feel just as we did when we saw it rapidly approaching us, or felt it applied to our hands for some slight fault. And then, as we still grow older, there was dread composition day always staring us in the face. So our troubles grew with our growth, and increased with our knowledge; and we now look back upon our childhood as a happy dream, and almost wish it could have continued so through life. And such is life—a dream!—"a moment stolen from eternity"—a continuance of scenes, some of almost perfect happiness, and others of such complete misery that the joyous ones are as nothing arrayed against them. Still, if we always looked upon the bright side of a scene, there would be nothing to mourn about; for there is a bright side to every thing, be the other side ever so dark. Perhaps by always searching for the bright side when a dark scene presents itself, life may still continue as a happy dream; at least, it will not be made any worse by trying. Ye who are yet dreaming—let us make the attempt.

Ruth Woodville.
SONG.—THREE YEARS IN CALIFORNIA.

BY W. H. B.

[DEDICATED TO EMMIE.]

I.
Thine eyes are brightly beaming
Upon me now, upon me now;
And Beauty's rays are streaming
From thy fair brow, from thy fair brow;
While rosy lips displaying
Thy smiles so sweet, thy smiles so sweet,
Where happy joys are dwelling;
O could I greet, O could I greet
Those lips with love's pure kisses,
And call thee mine, and call thee mine,
I'd sing how sweet such bliss is,
Almost divine, almost divine.

II.
My heart with love is beating
For only thee, for only thee;
O, welcome its fond greeting,
And thou shalt be, and thou shalt be
Its Star, its Hope, its Heaven
Upon the earth, upon the earth,
While unto me is given
Thy charms and worth, thy charms and worth
Then come to those sweet bowers
Where love is found, where love is found,
There pleasure wings the hours,
And joys abound, and joys abound.

III.
O come, there's no denying,
My heart is thine, my heart is thine,
Now let thy own replying
Respond to mine, respond to mine.
Come, for the time is flying
Swiftly away, swiftly away;
Come while my heart is sighing,
Make no delay, make no delay.
O come, and be forever
My angel bright, my angel bright,
And let my heart forever
Dwell in thy light, dwell in thy light.

YEARS IN CALIFORNIA.

BY J. D. NORTHWEST.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MISSOURIANS—PIKE COUNTY: THEIR
APPEARANCE—HUMANIZING EFFECTS OF
CALIFORNIA—DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE
OUTWARD-BOUND CALIFORNIANS AND THE
SAME SEX ON THEIR RETURN HOME—THE
ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF THE MISSOURIANS
A PHILOMENA—A GROUP OF MINERS
A CIVIL SUIT—WE RET A CLAIM—A
"BRUSH-HOIST"—HINTS: HOW TO CIRC
CURRENT TIMES—EAT-SHOOTING.

The miners on the creek were nearly all Americans, and exhibited a great variety of mankind. Some, it was very evident, were men who had hitched only worked with their heads; others, one would have set down as having been mechanisms of some sort, and as having lived in cities; and there were numbers of unmistakable backwoodsmen and farmers from the Western States. Of these a large proportion were Missourians, who had emigrated across the plains. From the State of Missouri the people had flocked in thousands to the gold diggings, and particularly from a county in that State called Pike.

The peculiarities of the Missourians are very strongly marked, and after being in the mines but a short time, one could distinguish a Missourian, or a "Pike," or "Pike County," as they are called, from the natives of any other western State. Their costume was always exceedingly old and greasy-looking; they had none of the occasional ornaments of the miners, which shows itself in brilliant red shirts, boots with flaming red tops, fancy-colored hats, silver-handled bowie-knives, and rich silk sashes. It always seemed to me that a Missourian wore the same clothes in which he had crossed the plains, and that he was keeping them to wear on his journey home again. Their hats were full, of a dirty-brown color, and the shape of a short conical cone. Their shirts had perhaps, in days gone by, been red, but were now a sort of purple; their pantaloons were generally of a muddy-brown color, and made of some wooly home-made fabric. Suspended at their back from a narrow strip looked round the waist they carried a wooden-handled bowie-knife in an old leathern sheath, not sheathed, but riveted with slender nails; and over their shoulders they were strips
of cotton or cloth as suspenders—mechanical contrivances never thought of by any other race as the nations of all for their boots, there was no peculiarity about them, excepting that they were always old. Their cases, a surprise not frequently seen in the nations for at least six months of the year, were very extraordinary things exceedingly tight, short-waisted, long-skirted surtouts of homespun frieze of a grayish-blue color.

As for their persons, they were mostly long, gaunt, narrow-chested, round-shouldered men, with long, straight, light-colored, dandruff-looking hair, small thin sallow faces, with rather scantly beard and moustache, and small gray sunken eyes, which seemed to be heavily perceptive of every thing around them. But in their mercantile the men were slow and awkward, and in the towns especially they betrayed a childish astonishment at the strange sights occasioned by the presence of the divers nations of the earth.

In some respects, perhaps, the men of California were as wild a piece as any part of the Western States of America; but they were peopled by a community of men of all classes, and from different countries, who, though living in a rough backwoods style, had nevertheless all the ideas and amenities of civilized life; while the Missionaries, having come direct across the plains from their homes in backwoods, had received no preparatory education to enable them to show off to advantage in such company.

And in this they labored under a great disadvantage, as compared with the lower classes of people of every country who came to San Francisco by way of Panama or Cape Horn. The men from the interior of the States learned something even during their journey to New York or New Orleans, having their eyes partially opened during the few days they spent in either of those cities en route; and on the passage to San Francisco they naturally received a certain degree of polish from being violently shaken up with a crowd of men of different habits and ideas from their own. They had to give way in many things to men whose motives of action were perhaps to them incomprehensible, while of course they gained a few new ideas from being brought into close contact with such sorts of men as they had hitherto only seen at a distance, or very likely never heard of. A little experience of San Francisco did them no harm, and by the time they reached the mines they had become very superior men to the raw lumbermen they were before leaving their homes.

It may seem strange, but it is undoubtedly true, that the majority of men in whom such a change was most desirable became in California more humanized, and acquired a certain amount of urbanity; in fact, they came from civilized countries in the rough state, and in California got licked into shape, and polished.

I had subsequently, while residing on the Isthmus of Nicaragua, constant opportunities of witnessing the truth of this, in contrasting the outward and inward emigrants with the same class of men returning to the States after having received a California education. Every fortnight two crowds of passengers rushed across the Isthmus, one from New York, the other from San Francisco. The great majority in both cases were men of the lower ranks of life, and it is of course to them alone that my remarks apply. Those coming from New York—who were mostly Americans and Irish—seemed to think that each man could do just as he pleased, without regard to the comfort of his neighbors. They showed no accommodating spirit, but grumble at everything, and were rude and curtly in their manners; they were very raw and stupid, and no genius for doing any thing for themselves or each other to assist their progress, but perfectly delighted in acting in opposition to the regulations and arrangements made for them by the Transit Company. The same men, however, on their return from California, were perfect gentlemen in comparison. They were orderly in their behavior; though rough, they were not rude, and showed great consideration for others, submitting cheerfully to any personal inconvenience necessary for the common good, and shewing by their conduct that they had acquired some notion of their duties to balance the very enlarged idea of their rights which they had formerly entertained.

The Missionaries, however, although they acquired no new accomplishments on their journey to California, lost none of those which they originally possessed. They could use an ax or a rifle with any man. Two of them, would chop down a few trees and build a log-cabin in a day and a half, and with their long five-foot tarred-rods, which was their constant companion, they could "draw a line."
on a deer, a squirrel, or the white of an Indian's eye, with equal coolness and certainty of killing.

Though large-framed men, they were not remarkable for physical strength, nor were they robust in constitution; in fact, they were the most sickly set of men in the mines, fever and ague and diarrhea being their favorite complaints.

We had many pleasant neighbors, and among them were some very amusing characters. One man, who went by the name of the "Philosopher," might possibly have earned a letter right to the name, if he had had the resolution to abstain from whisky. He had been, I believe, a farmer in Kentucky, and was one of a class not uncommon in America, who, without much education, but with great ability and immense command of language, together with a very superficial knowledge of some science, hold forth on it most fluently, using such long words, and putting them so well together, that, were it not for the crotched ideas they enunciated, one might almost suppose they knew what they were talking about.

Phrenology was this man's hobby, and he had all the phrenological phrases at his finger ends. His great delight was to paw a man's head and to tell him his character. One Sunday morning he came into our cabin as he was going down to the store last night, and was whipped; and I deserved it too." As he was so poutious, I did not press him for further particulars; but I heard from another man the same day, that when at the store he had taken the opportunity of an audience to lecture them on his favorite subjects, and illustrated his theory by feeling several heads, and giving very full descriptions of the characters of the individuals. At last he got hold of a man who must have had something peculiar in the formation of his cranium, for he gave him a most dreadful character, calling him a liar, a cheat, and a thief; and winding up by saying that he was a man who would murder his father for five dollars.

The natural consequence was, that the owner of this ostentatious character jumped up and pelleted into the phrenologist, giving him the whipping which he had so candidly acknowledged, and which probably he would murder him without the consideration of five dollars, if the hypocrites had not interfered.

Very near where we were at work, a party of half a dozen men held a claim in the bed of the creek, and had as usual dug a race through which to turn the water, and so leave exposed the part they intended to work. This they were now anxious to do, as the crock had fallen sufficiently low to admit of it; but they were opposed by a number of readers, whose claims lay so near the race that
the many feet of ground one man was entitled to hold in a ravine—how much in the bank, and in the bed of the creek; how many such claims he could hold at a time; and how long he could abuse himself from his claim without forfeiting it. They declared what was necessary to be done in taking up and securing a claim, which, for want of water, or from any other cause, could not be worked at the time; and they also provided for various contingencies incidental to the peculiar nature of the diggings.

Of course, like other laws, they required constant revision and amendment, to suit the progress of the times; and after weeks of this trial, a meeting was held one Sunday afternoon for legislative purposes. The miners met in front of the store, to the number of about two hundred; a very respectable-looking old chap, being the "officer" here alluded to, it is but just, perhaps, that we challenge Mr. B. to pistols and coffee for at least a dozen, for using the term "old" of a party he did not approve of, as almost all miners, from their dress and employment, look prematurely old at any age—yes, and grow so, too.—So was called to the chair; but for want of that article of furniture, he mounted an empty pork-barrel, which gave him a commanding position; another man was appointed secretary, who placed his writing materials on some empty boxes piled up alongside of the chair. The chairman then, addressing the crowd, told them the object for which the meeting had been called, and said he would be happy to hear any gentlemen who had any remarks to offer; whereupon some one proposed an amendment of the law relating to a certain description of claim, arguing the point in a very neat speech. He was loudly seconded, and there was some slight opposition and discussion; but when the chairman declared it carried by the ayes, no one called for a division; so the secretary wrote it down, and it became law.

Two or three other acts were passed, and when the business was concluded, a vote of thanks was passed by the chairman. From it there was no appeal; a jury of miners was the highest court known, and I must say I never saw a court of justice with so little humbug about it.

The laws of the creek, as was the case in all the various diggings in the mines, were made at meetings of miners held for the purpose. They were generally very few and simple. They defined how,
When I bought this claim, I had to give up my cabin, as the distance was so great, and I now could not afford to erect a brush-house. This is a very comfortable kind of abode in summer, active colonists. Hardly was a cabin built in the most out-of-the-way part of the mountains, before a large family of rats made themselves at home in it, imparting a humanised and inhabited air to the place. They are not supposed to be indigenous to the country. [We think differently. In 1850, in company with several others, we were first in entering a cabin between two large streams, many miles from any trading-post whatever, and before our paws were sorely off the ground. But we saw a rat make his exit from a hole but a few feet from the water, and deliberately go down to drink.—Ed.]

They are a large black species, which I believe those who are learned in rats call the Hamburg breed. Occasionally a pure white one is seen, but more frequently in the cities than in the mines; they are probably the heary old patriarchs, and not a distinct species.

They are very destructive, and are such notorious thieves, carrying off letters, newspapers, handkerchiefs, and things of that sort, with which to make their nests, that I soon acquired a habit, which is common enough in the mines, of always rummaging my stockings tightly into the toes of my boots, putting my neckerchief into my pocket, and otherwise securing all such matters before turning in at night. One took these precautions just as naturally, and as much as a matter of course, as when at sea one fixes things in such a manner that they shall not fetch way with the motion of the ship. As in civilized life a man winds up his watch and puts it under his pillow before going to bed; so in the mines, when turning in, one just as instinctively sets to work to circumvent the rats in the manner described, and, taking off his revolver, lays it under his pillow, or at least under the coat or boots, or whatever he rests his head on.

I believe there are individuals who faint or go into hysterics if a rat happens to be in the same room with them. Any one having a like antipathy to rats had better keep as far away from California as possible, especially from the mines. The inhabitants generally, however, have no such prejudices; it is a free country, as free to rats as to Chinamen; they increase and multiply and settle on the land very much as they please, cutting up your dear, and running over you when you are asleep, without ceremony.

No one thinks it worth while to kill individual rats—the abstract fact of their...
existence remains the same; you might as well wage war upon monkeys. I often shot rats, but it was for the sport, not for the mere object of killing them.

In shooting is capital sport, and is carried on in this wise: The most favorable place for it is a log-cabin in which the chimneys have not been filled up, so that there is a space of two or three inches between the logs; and the season is a moonlight night. Then when you lie down for the night, (it would be absurd to call it "going to bed" in the moonlight,) you have your revolver charged, and plenty of ammunition at hand. The lights are of course put out, and the cabin is in darkness; but the rats have a facility of running along the tops of the logs, and occasionally, standing still, showing clearly against the moonlight outside; then is your time to draw a bead upon them and knock them over—if you can. But it takes a good shot to do much this sort of work, and a man who has two or three lives before going to sleep has had a very splendid night's shooting.

[Especially if some poor wandering homely tMercy should happen to be passing, he might get a share of the half, if not of the sport.]

(Continued.)

MY TEACHERS...No. I.

The declining sun is shining pleasantly into the deserted school-room, and I sit musing at my desk. The busy hum of the day is succeeded by unbroken stillness, and I feel a pleasure in being free from the searching eyes of a hundred and fifty scholars. The evening hymn was slowly sung, and it touched a chord in my heart which is vibrating like the strings of an organ in the soft breeze of summer. The bustling boys hurried off while the last stroke of the bell was dying away on the ear; but the little girls lollcd down the aisle, and stopped to clint in the hall; and some of them, with their silvery voices, sang and wished me "good night" very sweetly!

Pleasanter than the sunbeams is the smiles of those little girls. They are pictures of beauty hung all around the school-room—surpassing in loveliness the richest works of the old masters of art. The school-room, plain though it be, is rich in beauty.

All day long the eyes of those little ones have been fixed upon the teacher—what are the impressions which their trusting hearts have carried away? Do they think of me? no information, placed in the school-room to govern them, as the "regulator" controls the steam-engine? Or do they feel that I have a soul to sympathize with their joylessness, and a heart that, conscious of their true sympathies, keeps time to the grateful offerings of happiness?

The Physicroner with which children test their superiors is a delicate instrument, and seldom fails to give an accurate measurement. Do they never dream of that often, while gazing on them, I throw off the burden of years, and grow young again!

And then I think of my own early teachers, and the Impressions which they left on my mind. I am a little barefooted boy again, to-night, and I may indulge in childish reminiscences; for he who would deal gently with childhood, must often revert to his own childish joys and sorrows, else he will measure boys and girls by the standard of men and women.

Of many of my teachers I have no impression whatever. They were of the supercile class. They taught me to read and spell, and nothing more. My first teachers were a village "summer school," and my first teacher a lady. I remember but little about it. I must have been very young then. My mother used to tie on my straw hat, and send me off with a cousin about my own age. I had no brothers and sisters to take me to school.

We passed close by a large mill-pond, where great dragon-flies—known to us by the terrible name of "devil's darting-eyes"—Buzzing about, or alighting in the middle of the road, frightened me out of my wits. It was told me they would sew up my eyes; and I—poor little simpleton—I believed it all. I thought, too, they could sting, and were very poisonous. Many an hour of terror did these foolish stories cause me—and I was no coward, either.

I remember one lantern-jawed, big fellow, who used to scare me by threatening to eat me. It was his daily sport to torment me. Ulysses and his men could not have felt greater terror when old Polyphemus seized and devoured some of his number, than did I when that ogre ran after me. That
My Teachers.

Boy had the countenance of Cain. I hated him after I grew larger. I always thought I would dog him if I grew to be a man; were I to meet him now, I should be almost tempted to do so.

I remember when I was some ten years old, as a boy was frightening a wee bit of a girl by opening his mouth and threatening to bite her head off; how my heart burned with indignation till I gave him what he deserved, a good "licking." That was the only fight I was ever engaged in during my school days, and it was in a just cause. The great lubber never told the girl again.

The "school-ma'am" was a small, pale-looking lady. I only remember that when a boy did wrong, she shook him up on a high seat, and then all the scholars stood up, and pointed their fore-fingers at him, and hissed, and cried "Eh! for shame!" I never was "set up"; it would have broken my heart. I was sent out of the room once for some little thoughtless act, and how mortified I was as I slunk down the aisle! I took an instinctive aversion to that teacher, afterwards.

The incident may seem trifling, but it was a great event in my life. I was at church one Sunday noon, sitting quietly in my grandmother's old-fashioned square pew, and the "school-ma'am" and another lady stood at the stove near by. Suddenly she turned round, and pointing her finger at me, said—"There is the little boy that told a lie." I felt proud of the praise—yet I think I suspected me once. I remember I was in the old garden, trying to knock some cherries from a tree, by throwing stones at them. Close by the cherry tree stood an apple tree, whose fruit my father had forbidden me to touch. He called me up to the gate, and asked me if I was stealing the apples? I told him I was trying to get some cherries; he said nothing, and walked away. But I thought he doubted my word. I went down into a corner of the garden, behind the currant bushes, and cried bitterly. Then came the thought of the "school-ma'am," who had pointed her finger at me, and called me a liar. I only wonder I did not become a liar.

This "school-ma'am" called no names, and this will never meet her eye—is now married to a boy, who, in school, sat in the same desk with me. At the time of their marriage he was twenty years old; she must have been thirty-five. Wonder if she didn't "tell a lie" in that playmate's mind—foolish young fellow.

Will some GEOLOGIST or ANTHROPOLOGIST EXPLAIN THIS—On the nineteenth day of November last, (1857,) while some men were drifting in the "Keystone" tunnel, at Smith's Flat, Sierra county, they found a human collar-bone, perfectly sound, with the exception of a small portion at either end, which was somewhat decayed. This bone was in the gravel of an old river's bed under the mountain, known as "the great blue lead," similar to others, and which consist of nearly the whole of what are known as "hill diggings" in every part of the mining districts. It was not less than a thousand feet beneath the forest-covered surface of the mountain, and as many feet more above Calaus and Oregon creeks.

Now the question naturally arises, at what era of the world's changes could this bone, and that particular kind of gravel formation have been deposited there? And to what class of the human family does that collar-bone belong? Will some one learned in such matters please inform us?
ADVENTURES OF A CALIFORNIA PHYSICIAN.

No. III.

"Man never is, but always to be linear."

We are often disappointed in the fruition of our most ardent anticipations, for our pictures of future happiness are far too beautiful and brilliant to be realized; and the heart is not satisfied saving that treasure's it never enjoys.

It would be far better for man, if he would stop to enjoy the present; but ill at ease, and not satisfied with the comforts about him, he looks a "little beyond" to the Archimedean stand-point, where brighter prospects spring up before him; and in his haste to reach some ideal court, with gilded corridors and garden walks, where fairy feet have trod, he kills the gooses that daily yield his golden egg, and then awakens only to behold, too late, his folly, and exult to lament the untimely death of his noble and generous bird. Such, at least, has been my experience in my search for gold. While at Nevada, I was in the vicinity of the richest placers in the State; but news came to our company, (with a pledge of soreness on our part), that far richer discoveries had been made a little further on—somewhere on the South Yuba, and of course I was ambitious to be first in the new field of discovery, and in a few days arrangements were made to follow the ignis fatuus to the promised treasure, and had it been located a "little beyond" some unknown region, either in Heaven or——where good pawns tell us the wicked go, I presume I should have been born too wise to have followed the golden phantoms.

Away with your philosophy—away with your omnia esse az celo, and your mechanted-call-theory of organic development, for I was not developed in any such an arbitrary manner, but early in my life the mystic wand of the hero's god pointed to the goal of my future greatness, and my guardian angel has since been whispering in my ear—"weary delusions, phantoms and dreams"—beckoning me to enchanted halls and great wealth.

It told me I was born for a hero, and I felt it, though I have often wished some power to "strike the electric chain, whereby I am darkly bound," and set me free ever free. But excuse this Quixotic protest, and we'll again to the "adventure." On the first of February, 1850, I left Nevada with my very excellent friend, Charles, and four others—each with a pack upon his shoulders, weighing from twenty to forty pounds, besides his bedding, for such was the prevailing custom in those days that a man was considered insane who traveled without taking his bed along with him; thus, in native style, we trudged along in single file, following an almost invisible Indian trail over and around several high hills, across many rapid streams on fallen trees, that stretched from bank to bank, and before night found ourselves traveling upon the hard crust of snow. We continued our way until night came on, when we halted, consulted a moment together, then laid aside our packs and commenced digging a long trench in the snow beside an old cedar, which gave evidence of having been blown down many years before. This being done, we managed to build a fire in our snow-house; melted snow enough to make coffee, which we took with our raw pork and sailor's bread, with good relish. Then, laying down a thick carpet of pine leaves in the trench we had dug, we spread out our blankets and turned in for the night, regardless of the danger which surrounded us. There, united together, quite hidden from the wind, and with our feet towards the fire, which by this time had caught the dead tree, we slept soundly and awoke fresh for our journey the next day. It was snowing when we got up, so we took a hasty repast and hurried on, and at three o'clock, P. M., arrived at a point on the southern slope of the mountain, where we determined to spend the remainder of the winter. One little cabin stood near...
The ground was covered with about three inches of damp snow; the dark clouds hung heavy about the mountains; the majestic pines waved to and fro their stately branches in mournful silence, while the deep moan of the wind gave warning that a fearful storm was hovering about us. How gloomy and sad was the hour! A thick melancholy came over me; such as feeling alone makes description's self, while words sink back upon the faltering tongue, too feeble to convey the meaning; and I felt as if that part of the earth was but half made up, and that Heaven was sighing and weeping over the deformity.

It was but for a few moments I allowed these feeling to weigh heavily upon me; for cold and damp as I was, I felt necessary to bestir myself. So taking an axo, I went to felling trees with the rest of the company, and so mercifully did we all work that in two hours we had the frame work of a log house erected and covered with pine limits, in such a manner as to afford a fair shelter from the storm. The damp earth was then thrown out of a little hole we opened a door, and pine leaves spread down to protect our blankets from the dirt; then a fire was built in one corner, ten made, supper over, and we began to prepare for retiring, when one of our neighbors peeped in and kindly invited me to spend the night with him, enquiring me his place was dry and far more comfortable than my own. After asking my companions if one of them would not like to go (for I did not like to be selfish), I accepted his kind invitation; but when I learned that three others were to occupy this dog-kennel of a hut, I secretly repented, though unwilling to give any signs of my dissatisfaction, for I hoped to mix in some obivious manner with the various scenes that the memories of the day and the cares of the morrow might soon end in happy dreams. While sitting upon our hammocks, with our hands firmly clasped below the knees, we managed well, but when we came to lie down, there was not room for more than two pairs of legs to lie straight; consequently one of the men ran his feet up chimney, and elevated his body in such a manner as to make me fearfully apprehensive for his safety, lest his brain should all run into his head, as Mrs. Burlington said of Ike.

Not willing to incur a like danger, I coolly thrust my pliangnant extremities through an aperture, and in a short time they were buried beneath the drifting snow without.

But here an incident occurred that disturbed our arrangements. Just as the waters of Lethe were rippling over my lids and lulling me into sweet forgetfulness, the accumulated snow upon the tender roof caused it to fall in upon us, and rob us of the intended repose. Ah! thought I, if I had an Inca's wealth, no dire obstruction would be made upon my slumbers; for

"Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep, He, like the world, hisReady Visit pays Where fortune smiles, the wreathed hefontsize Swift as the clarity tapers from the west And lights on head disassembled with a roar!"

Many and bitter were the complaints, and more than once I thought of returning to my own camp; but pride forbade me doing so. We groped about in the darkness and storm a long time, but finally succeeded in repairing the roof, and again retired.

The somber hours of night gilded inly into the more welcome hours of morning, until the cycle was completed; when a vague joy "came o'er the spirits of my dreams," and I hastened to join my own party; rather delighted that the night had been thus passed, for the incidents seemed happily uneventful, and just adapted to fill up the little vacuums that otherwise would have rendered my adventures incomplete.

I found George snoring, Smith smoking, Jim preparing to cook breakfast, while Charley was industriously at work topping out the chimney. (This spirit
of industry has made him one of the wealthiest merchants now in the city of San Francisco.) My adventure was soon told. A hearty laugh burst from all hands, except George, who seemed peculiarly to enjoy his scoring prophecies. In short, he was one of Caesar's men—"stole-headed, such as sleep o' nights"; and, with all the pathos of a Sancho Panza, could explain, even from the depth of his great coat and woolen shirt, "Blessed is the man who first invented sleep!"

The day was spent filling up the spaces between the logs, and when night came we found ourselves securely protected from the wind and snow; and once more a melancholy joy filled my bosom, as I bounded along among the bushes, the better to conceal myself; when suddenly a huge grizzly rose upon his hind feet before me. We eyed each other a few moments, apparently in mutual suspense, when I "drew a bead" upon him; but the ball struck upon his grizzly hide, and glanced off. Stung, but not otherwise hurt, he became enraged, making the mountains echo with his hoarse and savage growl.

Deeming "prudence the better part of valor," I made a hasty retreat through the tangled bushes, closely pursued by old Bruin, and climbed the nearest tree, leaving my gun standing by my side; but had scarcely got beyond his reach, when he seized it, as by instinct, and threw it with such force as to break the stock and bend the barrel. Then raising himself upon his hind legs with the quickness of a cat, he caught the limb on which I was standing, and pulled it to the ground; and had I not had a firm grasp upon the limb above me, I might not have been spared to write this narrative. He now seemed satisfied I was beyond his reach; and after scratching the bark from the tree to the height of several feet, he commenced gnawing at the body, then digging at the roots—occasionally looking up to watch my movements—meanwhile manifesting no little anxiety for my safety.

Finally, walking around the tree several times, he sat down—occasionally looking up to watch my movements—meanwhile manifesting no little anxiety for my safety.

Finally, walking around the tree several times, he sat down—occasionally looking up to watch my movements—meanwhile manifesting no little anxiety for my safety.

Finally, walking around the tree several times, he sat down—occasionally looking up to watch my movements—meanwhile manifesting no little anxiety for my safety.

Finally, walking around the tree several times, he sat down—occasionally looking up to watch my movements—meanwhile manifesting no little anxiety for my safety.

Finally, walking around the tree several times, he sat down—occasionally looking up to watch my movements—meanwhile manifesting no little anxiety for my safety.
I had strayed my chase after a \(\ldots\) upon a., and I thought it at first, the bow and arrows of the scenery. Those were my happiest hours, and awakened in my bosom feelings justly belonging to the herbivorous animal, who runs his die.

I was quite out of sight, when I listened with almost breathless anxiety until he was discovered by my men again to attack a grizzly single handed—and I have kept my promise.

After my encounter with old Bruin, I lost my zeal, and grew weary of hunting; and being tired of the monotonous life of eating and sleeping, with apparently no purpose in life than that, which justly belongs to the herbivorous and omnivorous animal, I used to spend many hours in the woods, walking, listening to the crackling of the bushes and the falling of small trees that happened in the way, until the sound was slowly echoed back by the surrounding hills.

When I became tired of this amusement, I climbed to the highest point of some rugged cliffs, and sat for hours contemplating the grandeur and sublimity of the scenery. There were no happenings, no events, much like school-boy books, to read, to while away the tedious hours. We sat outside of these logs, and hitched ourselves along upon our hands, much like school-boys at a game of "leap-frog," and in a few moments we were again on terra firma at the opposite side of the river.
My companion became still more disheartened, and insisted upon lying down in the snow to spend the night, cold and wet as he was, rather than make further efforts to reach some human habitation, where a more grateful shelter could be enjoyed; and it required all my energies and remonstrances to dissuade him from such a foolish and dangerous resolve. Being now obliged to grope my way in the dark, the points of the compass soon became confused in my mind, and I knew not in what direction I was traveling; yet my heart failed me not, and I resolved to keep moving.

In such an emergency one requires a stout heart, and a truer courage than that of the brave school-boy, who goes whistling through some lone church-yard, with his ears open to catch the slightest sound, and one eye turned over his shoulder to see if some goblin is not skulking behind the dilapidated tomb-stones. Though I do not boast of courage that finds no companion, I was nevertheless determined to surmount every obstacle; believing that to a great extent what man with man may perform.

After wandering about several hours—often finding myself brought to a sudden stand-still, by coming in contact with large trees; at other times stumbling over logs, or sinking deep into the snow, I fortunately discovered the faint light from a fire far down the mountain. Following the direction of the light, at ten o'clock I found myself and companion in the tent of an American, a true white man—who had retired to rest, regardless of the fearful storm about him. Our story was soon told. He got up, baked us a cake, and made some coffee, of which we eagerly partook with grateful hearts. He then furnished us with blankets, which we wrapped around us, and laid down.

Hutchings' California Magazine.
"THE GIANT JUDGE." 423

"Like a warrior taking his ease,
With his martial cloak around him,"
and soon were in "slumbers most profound"—dreaming perchance of a happier morrow.

In the morning we learned we were six miles from camp; so I proposed that we should wind our way about the mountain until we had passed a high and rugged cliff that projected into the river, when we would again descend, and walk along the bank until we reached the crossing, about three miles beyond.

While struggling through the deep snow with the pack upon my back, (which, being wet, weighed not less than sixty pounds,) and just as I had gained the steepest point of the mountain, the snow began to move about me; slowly at first, but soon it bore me with the velocity of the wind down the steep slope, and for a few moments I seemed doomed to inevitable destruction. But, fortunately and almost miraculously, that portion of the avalanche on which I was borne broke from the main body, and, turning a little to one side, rushed against a projecting rock, where it stopped, and rolled itself into a huge drift; thus leaving me upon the verge of a precipice where I could look down upon the tops of tall trees, and the foaming waters of the river below. A more perilous situation could not well be conceived of.

As I looked down upon the dizzy, whirling, and foaming river, my eyes grew dim—sudden was my horror—whirling snow, light, fast falling to the snowdrift, my eyes grew dim—a misty curtain rose before them—my head became giddy, and a sensation as of falling came over me; when I started, like one suddenly awaked from a frightful dream, half-conscious for the moment of the danger I was in.

I turned my eyes to learn the fate of my companion; yet fearful to move, lest any motion should prove my destruction. To my great delight I saw him standing above me upon the firm snow, with a long pole in his hands, which he pushed towards me. I grasped it firmly, and with his assistance, in a few moments found myself by his side, secure from danger.

Two hours after, we found ourselves in our own cabin, by a comfortable fire, and felt that, "As it ever so humble, there's no place like home," even such a one as we called "ours."

Loudly Dated, Feb. 1, 1858.

"THE GIANT JUDGE." 424

A new work with the above title, from the pen of W. A. Scott, D. D., has been recently published by Whitson, Tovno & Co., San Francisco, which in its typographical execution (if we except the engravings) is fully equal to any similar work issued from the press of New York or Boston. The binding, by A. Buswell, is in embossed cloth, and is the first of the kind, we believe, that has been attempted on the Pacific coast.

This work contains a series of admirably written sermons, or lectures, upon the birth, life, and death of Samson, one of the most remarkable of the Judges of ancient Israel.

We see but few faults in the character of the work, as a moral, religious, or literary production; nor do we question the motives that prompted the author, in giving his lectures to the world, in their present enduring form. But we do believe him in fault in one particular; and it becomes the greater, when the objectionable feature is such, that in its place, is entirely gratuitous, if not quite insincere in sentiment, though we do not believe it to be intentional so; yet, if not insincere, we must question the author's taste in reference to the specimens of art with which his book is illustrated, not embellished.

We allude to the closing remark of the author's preface, in which he says—

"Our artists have, I think, admirably succeeded in giving us illustrations eminently suited to the text. All the ple-
I remember to have seen of Samson and Delilah, even those of Rubens, Guido and David, are absolutely incorrect.

Now it is well known that for a considerable time previous to the appearance of this book, no little effort was made to prepare the public mind for the reception of a work, that, in the design and execution of its Illustrations or engravings, was to be a little, if not greatly superior to anything that had ever preceded it, as a California book. The engravings were to be spirited, life-like, and, as we had supposed, "eminently suited to the text." And the author says:--

"Our Illustrations are strictly in conformity with the history and customs of the country, and of the times, as explained by the best interpreters, and by the latest researches of antiquarians and monument readers."

It is to this assertion that we take exception, for we can hardly look upon it in any other light than an attempt to forestall the judgment of the reader, and turn it into a channel not warranted by the facts. And, in our opinion, it would have been far better for all concerned, to have let the work stand entirely upon its own merits, than for the author to have attempted to cover up its palpable defects, by an undue, out-of-place eulogy of the very merit it does not possess.

Let us take the engraving in which the angel is seen ascending in the flame, and compare it with pictures upon oriental monuments. We never recollect to have seen, "in our journeys upon the banks of the Nile," or in any portion of "Ancient Egypt," a monumental picture, representing a burnt offering, that did not, to some extent, show the nature of the offering, whether of animals or fruits, as well as the wood for the fire; neither of which appear in the engraving; the flame evidently deriving its insinuation from the smooth surface of the rock. But while the artist has neglected to show us the wood, or even the half consumed semblance of the kid then being offered, he has been exceedingly lavish of long fingers. We do not believe there can be found a monument in all Egypt, or elsewhere, that, in a group of only three persons, so many awkward fingers can be seen.

It may be said the artist has chosen the time for the ascent of the angel, when the wood and the offering were quite consumed; but then there would be but little or no flame, and Menasseh and his wife, "strictly in conformity" with the text, should by this time have fallen on their faces to the ground. We think the artist not in fault, but the author; he should have consulted with the artist, and by so doing produced a picture "historically" correct.

Passing over the "Capt of Gazel Tales from Sakkara,"--for we never illustrate pictures from oriental monuments; but take it for granted they were probably the best that the people of the times could produce, under the then existing state of the arts--we pass on to the picture of "Samson Killing the Lion." And which we are led to believe he is doing, in the same way that the lion tears the kid--

"Who tore the lion, as the lion tears the kid?"

By stretching open his mouth, and very likely breaking his neck or back-bone; for this is evidently the only tearing he gets, though Samson may have broken his head against the tree, found in the real picture; but that he was in any other way rent or torn does not appear from the engraving. There is not a doubt, however, but that Samson looked upon the lion's teeth as the most dangerous feature of his antagonist, and that tearing his jaws apart would be an effectual way to render him harmless, if not to kill him. Thus we conceive the artist has not only chosen an admirable attitude and moment, in the progress of the encounter, but has given, in connection with the engraver, the very best picture in the book.
We come to "Samson finding honey" in the carcass of the lion. The author says, (page 174)—"It must have been, as we have shown, about a year after the lion was killed, that the bones were found in its skeleton frame. This was quite time enough for the birds and beasts of prey to have eaten the flesh off from the bones, and for the hot sun and parching winds of Asia to have completely dried them."

Now we can hardly imagine how it could have been possible "for the birds and beasts of prey to have eaten the flesh off from the bones," without disturbing his hair or hide; nor do we find him even with his jawbone and sandal. Here, again, we think the fault lies with the author, in not directing the artist to produce a skeleton, with a swarm of bees in and about it, instead of a sleeping lion, slightly troubled, perhaps, with ants or flies about the mouth; and yet it may be an "Illustration eminently suited to the text," and we not see it.

The next engraving is that of the foxes with a fire-brand between their tails. This is a spirited conception certainly. These foxes are evidently running very fast; it was in the heat of summer, and as they were engaged in a fiery expedition, all must have conspired to render their expedition a luscious and heating one; yet we look in vain for a lolling tongue, or any tongue at all, in either of them; but as they seem to be heading towards the engraver, who, if they ever had any tongues, very cruelly cut them out, we leave them to settle the difficulty with him, strictly in conformity with oriental usage.

"Samson carrying away the gates of Gaza." In this engraving, we are happy to see that Samson has been provided with a pair of sandals—not shoes or sandals—for, until now, he seems to have gone about barefooted.

"Samson in Delilah's lap." Here we have a group, though perhaps "historically" correct, and "strictly in conformity with the history and customs of the times," is nevertheless one, that if it had been presented to the public to illustrate any event in the life of one of our governors or judges, or any citizen of San Francisco at the present day, or even Brigham Young with one of his concubines, would be deemed an objectionable picture for a show-window; but because it is illustrative of the acts of one of Israel's Judges, in soft dalliance "with a celebrated beauty of great historical interest," though there is no "reason to believe she was Samson's wife"—page 251—the picture is doubtless considered unexceptionable.

Nor do we find any fault with the picture; we really like it: it is just to our taste, as doubtless it is to the author's—page 253—"We think our engravings of Delilah with Samson asleep in her lap, and as she appears when he is taken by the Philistines, both happily expressive of her character and surrounding circumstances."

So do we; Samson wholly denuded to the waist, and Delilah nearly so, besides presenting a well developed leg, bare to the top of her knee; certainly, very "happily expressive of her character." We should not have spoken of her leg, only that the author says—page 253—"The woman sits on a throne, or mat, or carpet, crouched, and the man lays himself down with his head in her lap," and then quotes the following—"And she gently taps, strokes, sings and soothes him to sleep!" but whether this information was derived from inscriptions from oriental monuments does not clearly appear.

Here again we think the author in fault, in not hinting to the artist the necessity of presenting Delilah crouched, and not as she appears in the engraving.

We have spoken of this picture just as it is presented to the youth of our land, for whose benefit these lectures were especially intended. And as "The child
should be taught what he is to do when he is a man"—page 144—and as such teachings can be imparted by pictures as well as by printed books—page 95—we cannot but look upon this engraving as highly but dangerously instructive; "happily expressive" as it is, of the sensual voluptuousness of the chamber of a beauty, whether "of great historic interest" or not.

In proof that there is something wrong in the picture to the eyes of the young, without a word introductory, or a remark upon the nature of the book, we opened it and asked a little girl of ten years and three months to look at this picture. She looked at it for a moment, then, with a haughty look and curl of her lip, turned indignantly away saying—"I'll tell my pa of you, for showing me that picture." Therewith we say—as on page 150—from the influence of such pictures "Oh, spare our homes!"

We will pass over the picture "copied from the monuments of Egypt, showing how Delilah could weave his locks to the loom," and pass on to one "copied from the monuments of Egypt." It doubtless took more than one monument to furnish it; and is supposed by the author to represent "barbers operating." But from my own personal researches and observations in the East, and from the latest readings of oriental monuments, I am quite certain the picture was intended to represent a phrenologist examining a head, whilst he holds a small mirror in front, the better to point out to the person examined the exact position of his bumps!

As we have before remarked, we have no criticism to make upon the style of the drawings upon the monuments of Egypt; but when the author has evidently misinterpreted their meaning, it comes within our province to make such corrections, as from our own researches we feel justified in doing.

The next engraving does not require any comment from us; the eye, doubtless, is just what the king is aiming at.

Yet it would seem our author, or artist, or both, would make his prison-house to be the whole of outdoors; but from my own personal observation of the prison-houses of oriental nations, this is "historically incorrect," notwithstanding the author thinks his "illustrations eminently suited to the text."

We repeat, it is this wholly gratuitous remark on the part of the author, tending to palm off upon the reader a series of engravings as "historically correct," when the most casual observer cannot but see in them the most palpable defects.

The conception or selection of a design, lies with the author of a work, that it may comport with his texts and the facts; the execution of the design, and the engraving, with the artist.

True greatness in any direction can only be attained by patient and long-continued thought and toil; it is by such effort that the artist wins his forms of beauty to glow upon the canvas; that the sculptor fashions the dull, cold marble into shapes of vital loveliness; and by such means does the poet pour forth the melodies of unifying song.
Lively, piquant, pointed, and social may the sitter be in this our Social Chair. To make the gloomy cheer, the dull bright, the sad pleasant, the disconsolate hopeful, the sorrowful comforted, and the unhappy happy, was the aim and end of this same Social Chair. Moreover, it has somewhat of a cosmopolitan spirit in many respects, as it in no way prejudices any person whatever on account of country, politics, religion, sex, age, or circumstances; whether married and with a family of juveniles, or single without any; spinster or bachelor—except such as have the blues, and they cannot have a seat here on any pretense whatever. If, however, they should carefully "march, learn and inwardly digest" the good intended for them in this very Social Chair, we hope they will be prepared to occupy it by degrees—as lawyers are said to get to heaven—a very doubtful simile, no doubt.

We have received many answers to M's challenge, in the January number, some of them pretty, others funny, and others but "so, so." Upon the whole, the following is, we think, the best, and will give the lady in question something to think of, and, perhaps, wipe away a tear or two. As is in the saying all the truth to be.

DEAR SOCIAL CHAIR,—Some envious persons might begrudge "Brother Frank," and "Sister May," and many others, contributors to the "Social Chair," the good time they are having; but such persons possessing none of the elements of happiness themselves, are always miserable in the same ratio that others are happy. Not so with Nelau. He not only likes to see the enjoyment of others, but is determined just to "walk in" and have a good time with the rest.

You need not be jealous, Brother Frank, if I am about half in love with Sister May—or was, for I have something else to think about at this present writing, so I would not interfere with you if I could. So we'll be friends, will we not?

We not only fear funny sayings in the mountains, but often so many things, too. For instance, the schoolmaster sometimes goes nuts, and the result is some rich specimens of orthography, as the following (which I discovered, in flames characters, baked to a tree on Kanaba Creek, and copied verbatim et litterem,) will testify:

NOTES

we under Sine to claim this ground for miners were the writer is in this gulch from this note to the un below.

Kanabt Krsk January the 6th 1858

(Signed) C— and Company.

This almost beats the Honesdale Shop in a neighboring town; the worldly son of Vulcan, who does his own sign lettering, being better versed in "forging" than in orthography. I wished to speak of some other little "items," but the fair M—is waiting for her "answer," and it would be ungrateful to delay; so I will at once proceed to inquire—

Hast thou long sought, fair M,—this porgeny,

As honest men, to rest thy hopes upon!

And is an honest man so very rare,

To vainly seek, I pray the gods may save,

A man to make thee happy.

One of the three chief constituents of happiness, Brother Frank—sister May—so I am told. However, I must not intrude.

The while the world is running to and fro,

And is an honest man so very rare,

To vainly seek, I pray the gods may save,

A man to make thee happy.

One of the three chief constituents of happiness, Brother Frank—sister May—so I am told. However, I must not intrude.

The while the world is running to and fro,

And is an honest man so very rare,

To vainly seek, I pray the gods may save,

A man to make thee happy.

One of the three chief constituents of happiness, Brother Frank—sister May—so I am told. However, I must not intrude.

The while the world is running to and fro,

And is an honest man so very rare,

To vainly seek, I pray the gods may save,

A man to make thee happy.

One of the three chief constituents of happiness, Brother Frank—sister May—so I am told. However, I must not intrude.

The while the world is running to and fro,

And is an honest man so very rare,

To vainly seek, I pray the gods may save,

A man to make thee happy.

One of the three chief constituents of happiness, Brother Frank—sister May—so I am told. However, I must not intrude.

The while the world is running to and fro,

And is an honest man so very rare,

To vainly seek, I pray the gods may save,

A man to make thee happy.

One of the three chief constituents of happiness, Brother Frank—sister May—so I am told. However, I must not intrude.

The while the world is running to and fro,

And is an honest man so very rare,

To vainly seek, I pray the gods may save,

A man to make thee happy.

One of the three chief constituents of happiness, Brother Frank—sister May—so I am told. However, I must not intrude.

The while the world is running to and fro,

And is an honest man so very rare,

To vainly seek, I pray the gods may save,

A man to make thee happy.

One of the three chief constituents of happiness, Brother Frank—sister May—so I am told. However, I must not intrude.

The while the world is running to and fro,

And is an honest man so very rare,

To vainly seek, I pray the gods may save,

A man to make thee happy.

One of the three chief constituents of happiness, Brother Frank—sister May—so I am told. However, I must not intrude.

The while the world is running to and fro,

And is an honest man so very rare,

To vainly seek, I pray the gods may save,

A man to make thee happy.
Still I'll dream she loves me as I 'tis she loved,
When first we met; and in the quiet of my heart,
When eyes to his own dear face in a close,
And when I feel I'm going to the presence of my
God,
My last and prayer from earth to heavens be, will be,
God's richest blessings may descend on her.
And if we ever wander from this home
Where angels low in humble love and praise,
And hide their faces in deep reverence
From Him who sits upon the Eternal Throne,
Writing in her messages from Heaven
To lead earth's wandering children back to God,
The only hope I'll ever crave will be
To wander over by her side, and lead
Herinterior footsteps up to heaven, to God.
Charley has a bright future before him.
For me there is naught left but a handful of
nails. I would that the winds would spring
up which shall strew them on the bosom of
erenity.

Amy S. W. Eng.
Mr. Per So., we must say that we think
your idea is rather a hard case; but it always
grues me when, in addition to a man hav-
ing a soft place in his heart, there should be
a corresponding one in his head. "It has
been very common," says an eminent living
writer, "to speak of those whom a first
has filled, as her victims. This is a grave error
—her real victim is the man whom she ac-
ccepts." She is not, believe us, worthy of
your devotedness, and we would suggest
that you (to use an expressive California
phrase) "let her go!"

A lady has sent us the following enigma,
which may amuse some of the young folks in
finding an answer—

ENIGMA.

I am composed of twenty-seven letters.
My 5, 15, 3, and 16 is a division of time;
My 19, 11, 7, 17, and 25, is an article of food;
My 4, 27, 5, and 3, is a denomination of money;
My 14, 12, 5, 13, 22 and 15, is a musical instru-
ment;
My 13, 10, 2, 8, 9, and 27, is a piece of furniture;
My 14, 19, 10, 35, 22, and 27, is used for exca-
mental purposes;
My 6, 10, 91, 19, and 10, was the father of two
nations;
My 18, 6, 11, and 23, is the most important per-
son in the world;
My 24, 27, 15, and 16, is nothing;
My 20, 23, 1, 19, and 17, was an ancient prophet;
My whole should be found in every California
drawing-room.

I. ...
OUR SOCIAL CHAIR.

How seldom are the publishers of a country newspaper appreciated as they really deserve. They commence on Monday morning, never ceasing until Saturday night; to gather all the news and write all the words for the districts in which their lot is cast; and if, perchance by any misadventure of slip of the tongue, a word should drop, or a sentence should find its way into their journal, that Mr. Bigman—and every town has such an one—is expected to make his usual especial business to say that such and so, "our little one-horse paper don't amount to a very large sum," or other language equally disparaging: when that very paper has been the herald of every incident that has transpired, which possesses interest, throughout the country around, and made known the merits of the district abroad, and perhaps borne the honor by which the individual in question has been raised from utter insignificance and obscurity.

Then the time which should be spent in the sanctum has to be devoted to setting up type, or working at the press, or collecting the where-with-all to pay for paper, ink, firewood, assistant labor and a hundred other incidental and necessary expenses about the newspaper office, simply because the circulation of the paper is not sufficient enough to pay its own way without such labor.

Every man that is possibly able (and who that reads this is not) should become a subscriber, without resorting to the contemptible expedient of "borrowing," his neighbor's paper—and thus subserve his own interest while helping the interests of others. But read the following:

"The Way It Happens.—This week we have not a very good variety, it is going to be just as next week. The fact is, we have to work like galley slaves to do as well as we do; and if we are getting rich at it, it is not very much. Here we are, all this coming rather hard. We have been working at the press this blessed Christmas day, working at the press this Christmas day, working at the press this Christmas day, working at the press this Christmas day, working at the press this Christmas day, working at the press this Christmas day, working at the press this Christmas day, working at the press this Christmas day, working at the press this Christmas day, working at the press this Christmas day, working at the press this Christmas day.

And then our New Year's day will be just such another holiday!"

—Placerville American.

To which the Sacramento Age feelingly replies:

"Morn, not, worker! say not and think not that yours is the toil of the galley slave. Let not your pen write it, let not your press print it, that for the "hardest of all labor" there is no compensation. Pull away at the world-moving lever; every time you bring the astounding pressure upon the types, you do something for civilization, something which none around you cannot do, something which helps to sustain the mobility of the moving holidays; what are they except to the reveler and the child? Keep hold of the great dispenser of enlightenment, and forget not, that, in consideration of his privileges here, the printer may be given the freedom of the Celestial City, having lodgings in the grand mansion and feasts on the joys of an eternal judiciary.

Now reader, if you do not go straight to the office, this very day, and subscribe for the paper which is published in your district, you don't deserve to share in the progress which that paper advocates—you don't.

RESPONSES FROM THE MINES.

NO. IV.

In the Miner, Feb. 10, 1858.

Dear Sister May,—I believe you are trying to please me, (as you should), for in your last letter you talk about scolding me—me, your Dear Brother Frank—and tell of my being ingrateful and selfish; and all that sort of thing, and you have even gone so far as to call me mean, and the next I suppose it will be stranger, and the next after that you will deny all knowledge of me, and then I shall have to sing:

"Time tends on the graves of affection—
Sweet fancy is turned into bone—
And Dear May she has no recollection,
That ever she loved me at all.

I can't feel a bit interested in what you say about eating bear meat, and sauce, and doughnuts, and gingerbread, and all that, neither do I like your ginger without the brand, for it is too hot and spicy; and as for what you did to "pay little boy" for his jokes, I can only sympathize with the poor fellow, for I have been paid in the same kind of coin, and I consider it very poor currency; it will not circulate at all in my system of exchanges, and is of no kind of..."
Sincerely and affectionately yours,

[Signature]

This month we have to greet with a most cordial welcome an old (we mean no offense Mrs. M., but apply the remark "old"

Mr. Barrows.—Dear Sir,—It is a long time

I have heard from you not that I meant to

I think the duty of the rich and

offered to help them that have been so

I know that my literary reputation and name is worth a great deal to you or any other Magazines—Haven forbid

I shall deplore your being of the benefit of it these

time. I shall offer you some device about the Magazines—Which you didn't then think worth while to follow—No

cant you have repented it? Since—At any rate I

ain't wan to bare hard feelings to another one

cant do as I devised them to—My experience in life forbids it—My censure forbids it—and my persuasion in Society

forbids it. Believe me I shall always take a deep interest in the Magazine as I do in all literary works.

I suppose you've heard tell of the Panick

—well dear me Lawyer Lofty was one of

our fashionable authors took the Panick a month

ago, and he has lost every thing so altho he

had—his wife pare dearer was wan of

the most fashionable women of our Set—You

never see her with any thing on that wasn't

fashionable—But now what a change. She

hasn't had a new dress for a half month past. She

does nothing but cry and read little, yeller,

and she was very poor before she married

Lawyer Lofty—She used to preside at the

house of Cornel Common-Sense and amused

his wife to the house warr, far which they paid her Sixty dollars a month and she

ever see but with any thing that wasn't

always dressed butiful. She takes it very

hard and says she can't tend her own lady

nor do her own work—Thinks she will aply

for a divorce, then she will give herself ent

tirely to literature.

Dear me what a hugh letter I have had—

Darther lucky and her lady is well and I

must hasten to prescribe myself your very

patronizing friend

Mrs. Mary Merwin,

Mutter in law to Judge Swindon.

Men sometimes gaze long and lovingly

into the eyes of a beauty—but it is only to

see their own dear face reflected there.
Editors Table.

SAN FRANCISCO. San Francisco is a great city, yes, a great city in the truest and highest sense of those words. We do not here mean to say that it is very great in its extent, or in the number of its inhabitants; but, when the short period of its growth is considered, it is even great in them; but, like “a city that is not on a hill (which) cannot be hid,” it gives indications of the characteristics of the people who set it there that cannot be mistaken. A city may have a much higher order of greatness than either extent or population, merely, could confound upon it. Such has San Francisco. In every point of view it is truly Californian; and as such it stands as a living witness of the intense energies, the unbounded enterprises, the vigorous life and earnest activity of those who projected it and are building it upon the magnificent site which it occupies. Look at the grandeur and nobility of the scenery which surrounds it: it is sublime in its beauty, in its variety, and in the almost boundless extent which may be taken in at one view. Now form and behold a city bearing upon its front ideas as sublime as may that its ennobling surroundings could suggest; let us take you to the high ground near Rincon Point, or Telegraph Hill, or Russian Hill, when it may be seen to advantage, and there survey its position; see how it rises to the summit of the highest and steepest elevations of its towering hills, incurring our eyes heavenward in admiration of its beauty as we gaze upon it; to ennoble these rows of men would build a city of dwellings upon such hills; but your true Californians—from the miner to the merchant—glories in overcoming difficulties; he would not even reach his home after the labors of the day, without some effort or toil, and so he purchases it on a steep hill-sides, or higher summits, knowing that the enjoyment of any good increases in proportion to the difficulty of obtaining it; he therefore rightly concludes that he will be a little nearer heaven in every sense of the word, after reaching the home of his nearest joys through some struggling aspirations upwards; and does it not accord with the eternal fitness of things that men should ascend up to the pure and elevating influences of their homes? from thence, too, they look down on their business, placing it in its true position, not making it the absorbing interest of their every thought, but regarding it as a means to an end in which their energies and affections should daily aspire to the rewards of a higher and better social and intellectual life. Show us the men that glory in surmounting difficulties, and who are not afraid of effort and toil, and we will point out indications of greatness in their surroundings, which shall shine with all the splendor of the noon-day sun, and give forth a light even more glorious and sublime; and while they may neglect the crowning greatness of their authors, they shall indicate to the world that they are the pride and hope of any people.

Book Close.—The many disadvantages under which the newly arrived, and often the older resident laborer in the gold land, fro a lack of his familiar and favorite friends, his books, is much—very much—to be regretted. The haste and improvidence with which housekeeping is broken up, when men and women conclude to seek a fortune—not a home—In California, leads them to discard, sell, or leave behind them, the thousand and one little articles of luxury, or conveniences, that ministered so much to their measure and comfort in the old homes which their books, when they miss their home, they could have brought with them, or sent them round the Horn as well as not?

Unfortunately, in the interesting catalogue of cast-aways, that are their books. Those with many, are missed more than all the others; and inferior entertainments is too often made the unworthy substitute. In a country where the refining influences of an elevated literature are most enjoyed, and where new books are constantly making
their appearance, it becomes a question of importance to persons of limited means, how they can secure their reading, when their purchase of such books is almost an impossibility. How much too, is this the case in California! To meet this want, we propose to every little circle of intellectual and book-loving acquaintance, in every settlement, village, town and city, throughout the State, that they may form themselves into some cases, of from ten to fifteen members, (a larger number in one club is not desirable,) let each member's contribution, at the formation of the club, be from one to ten dollars, or according to their means and wishes, and a monthly subscription of from about fifty cents to any amount needed, which shall become a fund for the purchase of the best, and newest (or any other kind) books, magazines, reviews, &c., that may be desired by the members. The club should meet together at least once a month, (at each member's residence in turn, if agreeable and convenient,) when the books to be purchased and the magazines, &c., to be subscribed for should be agreed upon, and any interesting matter arising therefrom be conversed about. This being done, certain rules and regulations, stating the number of days each book or periodical should be kept by each member, with all others that might be deemed necessary to make the club efficient, should be decided for its government. At the end of each quarter a spirited sale of the books bought during the past quarter could be made at auction among the members; and when, as each member would no doubt have a desire to own some particular book which he had read during that time, in most cases they would, perhaps, command nearly, and, in some instances, more than their first cost. Clubs of this character, liberally conducted, would ensure an excellent supply of the best books and periodicals at a low cost to the members, and become the means of a select circle of intellectual acquaintance and friends in every district. We would earnestly commend this subject to the thoughtful attention of the reader.

**Monthly Chat.**

**WITH CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.**

J. H. L., Frederickburg, Pa.—All right.

S. A.—We regret that candor compels us to give it in our opinion that you cannot write poetry. We judge of your style by the samples sent.

Timothy Tate.—Your composition, although quaint and racy in places, is spread out so much as to give too large a quantity of chaff in proportion to the amount of wheat. If you will give us the grain by itself, we shall be pleased to find room for it.

A. H.—We cannot publish long articles of poetry unless they are ex-ceedingly good. One of two or three thousand, would just suit us and our readers.

Adventures as a Dark Night.—Must have been "true orf" to a nervous man like you. We shall try to find them a corner in our Social Chat one of these days.

A ****.—But for yours coming just as we were going to press last month, we should have found a portion of it a place, as we like the spirit, and feeling, and principle contained in the sentiments. This month, being one of season, it is of course left out. We shall be pleased to hear from your cabin-house again, and if your piece is not just right, why, never mind; it is the large-heartedness of the author that will make it welcome.

C.—We wait somewhat impatiently for the fulfillment of your promises.

E. Irwin.—Yours has been mislaid until now. Are you still of the same mind? We like them anyhow, not will give them a place.

A Miner's Dream.—Will be examined in turn.

B. R.—Several other communications in prose and verse, but too late for examination this month. To insure a place, every article, however good, must reach us early in each month. Devolity and point should always be observed.
Hutchings' California Magazine, ILLUSTRATED.

Containing a Variety of Original Articles on Literature, Science, and Literature. Illustrated.

Only 25 Cents per Month, or $3.00 a Year.

And just the book for the times!

Whitton, Towne & Co.
San Francisco.

On Monday, February 22d inst.,
The National Wagon-Road Guide.

From the Missouri River on the North East of the Rocky Mountains to California, with all its branches, and every place from Point Loma, Santa Clara, Santa Fe, and San Francisco, mountains, canyons, valleys, towns, cities, 


If you would like to estimate the movements and operations of Uncle Sam's around the lake, to his attempts to establish an economical road, buy, buy, buy.


If you would know all about the current and near coasts between the Atlantic States and California, and all the shipping and commerce along the way, buy, buy, buy.

Read the Guide Book.


If you would know all about the current and near coasts between the Atlantic States and California, and all the shipping and commerce along the way, buy, buy, buy.

Another California Book!

And just the book for the times!

Will be issued from the publishing house of

Whitton, Towne & Co.
San Francisco.

On Monday, February 22d inst.,

The National Wagon-Road Guide.

From the Missouri River on the North East of the Rocky Mountains to California, with all its branches, and every place from Point Loma, Santa Clara, Santa Fe, and San Francisco, mountains, canyons, valleys, towns, cities, 


If you would like to estimate the movements and operations of Uncle Sam's around the lake, to his attempts to establish an economical road, buy, buy, buy.


If you would know all about the current and near coasts between the Atlantic States and California, and all the shipping and commerce along the way, buy, buy, buy.

Read the Guide Book.


If you would know all about the current and near coasts between the Atlantic States and California, and all the shipping and commerce along the way, buy, buy, buy.

W. Wadsworth, Agent, San Francisco.
FIRST PREMIUM AGAIN

R. H. YANCE,

Corner of Sacramento and Montgomery Streets.

Has, by the superiorities of his DAGUERREOTYPES and AMBROTYPES, again received

THE FIRST PREMIUM

Awarded by the STATE FAIR in 1850, being the THIRD TIME received against all competitors.

TO THOSE WHO WISH SOMETHING NEW AND BEAUTIFUL.

We have purchased the PATENT RIGHT of CUPPING'S AMBROTYPES for

THE UNITED STATES, and are now prepared to take them in a style

UNEQUALLED IN THE UNITED STATES,

of any size—from the smallest Miniatures to life size. I would say to all who have been

observed and admired with human pictures, not to condemn this new and beautiful invention

until they have seen the.

GENUINE AMBROTYPES.

They are said to be the most durable Pictures known, as neither acids, 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 PHOTO-

GRAPHIAS by this means, 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

Chains, or anything of the kind, on reasonable terms and at the shortest notice.

Groups of from two to twenty persons are taken perfect. Also, parties in Regalia

and Military Dress are taken without penciling insignia or letters. Children taken by

this new process in less than one second.

We shall continue to execute our splendid PREMIUM DAGUERREOTYPES as usual.

Having made large and extensive additions to our Gallery, for the purpose of making and

exhibiting our Ambrotypes Pictures, we would be pleased to have our work examined.

OUR GALLERY IS OPEN TO ALL.