Hutchings' California Magazine

No. 1. July, 1856.

Published Monthly. Price 25 Cents.

Published by J. M. Hutchings & Co., 261 Clay Street, Plaka, San Francisco.
Number I. [July, 1866.

CONTENTS.

OUR INTRODUCTION................................. 1
  ILLUSTRATIONS.—Initial Letter K.—A California Quail and Squirrel.
THE YO-HAM-TE VALLEY, AND ITS WATER-FALLS ........ 2
  ILLUSTRATIONS.—General view of the Yo-Ham-te Valley, with the "Giants' Tower" on one side, and the "Screams of the Rainbow" on the other.—The Yo-Ham-te Falls.—The Twin Demons.—The Indian Lake.
MAY, 1866, IN SAN FRANCISCO.......................... 8
THE CALIFORNIA SILK WORM ........................... 10
  ILLUSTRATIONS.—Mona Butterfly, Live Sink.—Head of Pumice.—Rabbits.—First, Second, Third and Fourth Stages of the Cocoon.—Caterpillar, Full Sink.—Inside Section of Cocoon and Chrysalis within it. Outside Section of Cocoon, on a Branch of the Cowbird.
THE CRANOTHUS........................................... 13
THAT'S JUST MY LUCK...................................... 13
CONSTITUTION OF THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE........... 17
DOG INTELLIGENCE ...................................... 17
A MAGICAL DUST ON THE GUITAR.......................... 19
THAT BEATS NATURE...................................... 20
MINER'S WATER SONG.................................... 20
WATER..................................................... 21
AN ADVENTURE ON THE Isthmus.......................... 21
THE POST OFFICE.—A SKETCH............................ 22
WHAT IS A LETTER....................................... 24
IMMENSITY OF THE UNIVERSE............................. 24
ADVENTURES OF DICKORY HICKLEDBERRY................. 25
A STORY OF TRAP-POTS................................... 31
MEMORIES.—TO MY SISTER................................ 32
WINTER IN THE SIERRAS.—A Leap from Life.............. 33
DOCTOR DOTTEDOWN'S NOTES.—A Hedge School........... 36
ADDRESS OF THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE OF SAN FRANCISCO . 38
SPECIMENS WORTH SAVING................................ 41
THE VIGILANCE CALL..................................... 42
THE REAL INVENTOR OF STEAM BOATS.................... 43
OUR NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR............................... 43
EDITOR'S TABLE ......................................... 44
  Social Chat with Contributors and Correspondents.—To our Juvenile Friends.
A WEDDING TOUR........................................ 44
LITERARY NOTICES...................................... 46
  Letters to the People on Health and Happiness.  Physi-cus-talk.
JUVENILE DEPARTMENT................................... 46
OUR LITTLE PET........................................ 47

Entered according to an Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by James H. Hutchings, in the Clerk's Office of the United States District Courts, for Northern California.

SEVERITY & Co., PROPRIETORS. STEAM AND OFFICE, 113 WASHINGTON ST.
HUTCHINGS’ CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

No. I.—JULY, 1856.—Vol. I.

OUR INTRODUCTORY.

We shall admit nothing that is partisan in politics or sectarian in religion; but, claiming the right to please ourselves, we shall accord to the reader the same privilege.

Whatever we believe to be for the permanent prosperity of California, we shall fearlessly advocate, in any way that suits us.

We have no expectation of pleasing every one; nor, that perfection will be written upon every page of its contents, for the simple reason that we are human; but we shall do our best, continually, and those who do not like the magazine are not required to buy it.

We have commenced its publication with the hope of filling a void—nimbly it may be—in the wants of California, and the intelligent reader will see at a glance that the costly manner in which it is gotten up, and the price at which it is sold, the publishers rely upon a wide circulation for their pecuniary reward; but they are confident that although placed within the reach of those who could only take one per month, that others will be tempted to take a dozen.

Therefore, placing ourselves in the hands of a generous public, we make our bow, and introduce to your kindly notice the first number of Hutchings’ CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.
There are but few lands that possess more of the beautiful and picturesque than California. Its towering and pine covered mountains; its widespread valleys, carpeted with flowers; its leaping waterfalls; its foaming cataracts; its rushing rivers; its placid lakes; its evergreen forests; its gently rolling hills, with alders and trees and flowers, make this a garden of loveliness, and a pride to her enterprising sons.

Whether one sits with religious veneration at the foot of Mount Shasta; or cools himself in the refreshing shade of the natural caves and bridges; or walks beneath the giant shadows of the mammoth trees of Calaveras; or stands in awe, looking upon the foaming and pine-covered heights of the Valley of the Yo-Ham-i-te—he feels that

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever," and that the Californian's home may compete in picturesque magnificence with that of any other land.

Among the most remarkable may be classed the Yo-Ham-i-te Valley—surrounded as it is by lofty granite mountains, exceeding three thousand feet in height, of the most fantastic shapes; now in appearance like a vast projecting tower; now, standing boldly out like an immense chimney or column; then, like two giant domes; wonder, a water-fall of two thousand five hundred feet; and, as it rolls over the edge of the precipice, its quivering spray is gilded with the colors of the rainbow, when the sunlight falls upon it.

From the perpendicular sides of that mountain a stunted pine is struggling to live, alone—a mere speck upon the landscape. Every craggy height is surrounded by shrubs or trees—and every spot has its contrast of color and appearance. Upon the mountain's summit is a dense forest of lofty pines—that by distance, look only as weeds or shrubs. In the valley, placidly glides the transparent stream; now impaling the mountain's base; now winding its serpent-like course up the fertile valley; its margin fringed with willows and flowers, that are
ever blossoming, and grass that is ever green.

On descending the mountain, towards the valley, the first object that attracts your notice, and invites your wondering admiration, is "The Giant's Tower," standing on the left, an immense mountain of perpendicular granite, and is three thousand one hundred feet in height, from the surface of the river, to its outer edge—and nearly three thousand five hundred feet to the highest place upon it. On the right side of this view, is a water-fall, of nine hundred and twenty-eight feet, and named "The Cascade of the Rainbow."

Before you is spread the beautiful green valley, nearly covered with trees, with the bright river gleaming and glistening out from among them.

About two miles above the "Giant's Tower," on the same side, is the great Yo-Ham-i-te Falls—two thousand five hundred feet in height. The upper or main portion of this fall is one thousand five hundred feet—the second, or middle, is four hundred feet—and the third, or lowest, fall is six hundred feet, and all of them perpendicular. This is the highest water-fall in the world.

Col. O. W. Whitman, in the spring of 1850, when in search of stock stolen by Indians from around Sonora, stood at the top of these falls, and on looking down into the deep abyss, the idea suggested to his mind was,—Is this the bottomless pit?—and as the deep stream rolled its volumes over the edge of the precipice, he gazed with awe and admiration at the terrific chasm before him.

Advancing up the Valley, and threading your way among the trees; now standing beneath the shadowy mountain; or now crossing the river; every few steps presents a change of scene, or some variety of shade and beauty.
the first of which is about four hundred feet. The other is reached with difficulty, but its horroors invite the attempt; and climbing a tree, you secure substantial footing, and reach the top—to witness another magnificent fall, of six hundred feet.

About twenty-five miles above this fall, is the falls spoken of below.

On the east fork, there is another water-fall of several hundred feet, the elevation of which has not as yet been ascertained.

The principal altitudes of the different objects of wonder and interest in this valley, were taken by Mr. G. K. Petersen, engineer of the Yosemite and Mariposa Water Company, and are doubtless very correct; and, although the stupendous height of these water-falls could scarcely be realized, they have, by actual measurement, exceeded the estimates given. They now stand forth as realities, which invite the spontaneous admiration of every lover of the sublime and beautiful, who may visit the deep solitude of this interesting and remarkable valley.

It is situated upon the middle fork of the river Merced, Mariposa county, about forty miles from the town of Mariposa; and about the same distance from Coastersville.

Until the past year this remarkable valley has been comparatively unknown, although Major James D. Savage visited it as early as 1848, and perhaps was the first white man that ever entered it.

It appears that Major S., while living with a tribe of Indians inhabiting the lower valleys of the Merced and Tulumne rivers, accompanied them on an expedition to the Yo-Ham-tes country for the purpose of making war with them. A large party met them near the summit of the mountains, now crossed by visitors on their way to the valley, where a desperate fight ensued, and the Major with his party, finding the Yo-Ham-tes too much for them, had to make a hasty retreat in the best way they could, without the much prized trophies of Indian warfare—the Indian women—and which is almost invariably the only cause of war among themselves, and with the whites.

Women are considered the most valuable property the Indian can possess; and, for the sole purpose of capturing this desirable property, they invade each other's territory, and make war, that the young men of the victorious party may take them home in triumph, to support their new and lazy husband.

Nothing in particular occurred from that time until the winter of 1850, as they seldom came down among the miners, except at night, to steal horses, mules and cattle; nor could they be induced to adopt our manners, dress, or customs, as did most of the other tribes. In that winter the Yo-Ham-tes declared war against the whites, and were joined by most of the surrounding tribes.

A volunteer battalion was soon raised for the protection of the mining settlements, and Major Savage was chosen commander. After a short but vigorous campaign, and by the influence of Major S., the Indians were induced to make treaties of peace, enter the Reservation, and learn the horticultural art of agriculture. Contrary to expectations, they were dissatisfied, and began committing depredations almost daily.

From the intimate knowledge of Indian character, the Major was not long in tracing out the aggressors. He immediately fitted out an expedition, and, accompanied by Capt. John Boling's command, and a few friendly Indians, paid the Yo-Ham-tes another visit, in March, 1851. After swimming the South fork of the Merced and passing through snow from two to eight feet deep, and encountering all the hardships and privations incident to a winter campaign in the mountains of California, finally succeeded in reaching the Yo-Ham-tes valley, where they found about six hundred of the Indians encamped; who, on seeing them, could have ascended the almost perpendicular mountains with that agility which belongs to every side. There are narrow ledges of rock, that look very small.
almost invariably the only cause of war among themselves, and with the whites.

Women are considered the most valuable property the Indians can possess; and, for the sole purpose of capturing this desirable property, they invade each other's territory, and make war, that the young men of the victorious party may take them home in triumph, to support their new and hasty husband.

Nothing in particular occurred from that time until the winter of 1850, as they all came down among the miners, except at night, to steal horses, mules and cattle; nor could they be induced to adopt manners, dress, or customs, as did most of the other tribes. In that winter the Yo-Ham-ites declared war against the whites, and were joined by most of the surrounding tribes.

A volunteer battalion was soon raised for the protection of the mining settlements, and Major Savage was chosen commander. After a short but vigorous campaign, led by the influence of Major S., the Indians were induced to make treaties of peace, after the Reservation, and learn the improving art of agriculture. Contrary to expectations, they were dissatisfied, and began committing depredations almost daily. From the intimate knowledge of Indian character, the Major was not long in tracing out the aggressors. He immediately fitted out an expedition; and, accompanied by Capt. John Boling's command, and several friendly Indians, paid the Yo-Ham-ites another visit, in March, 1851. After swimming the South fork of the Merced and passing through snow from two to eight feet deep, and encountering all the hardships and privations incident to a winter campaign in the mountains of California, successfully succeeded in reaching the Yo-Ham-ite valley, where they found about six hundred of the Indians encamped; who, having fled, could they have ascended the almost perpendicular mountain walls that bounded them in on every side. There are narrow ledges of rock, that look very small from below, but are nevertheless large enough for an Indian to walk upon, carefully, when not excited; but would be present destruction to himself and his valuable property—his wives—to attempt it in haste, as one slight slip would precipitate them thousands of feet below, and thus hasten their departure to the Spirit Land before they might desire to take such a journey.

Finding that they were caught, their discretion taught them that "the better part of valor" would be to surrender with a good grace, which they did; when they were taken as prisoners to the Reservation farm on the Fresno river.

After a week's residence on the farm, they agreed to enter into a treaty of peace, on condition that they were allowed to return to their mountain home on a short visit, to gather up the remaining portion of their tribe, and the plunder they were so unceremoniously required to leave behind, which, appearing to be very reasonable, they were allowed to go for that purpose.

Soon after their departure, the whole country around the Reservation was thrown into a state of excitement, by the constant reports of robberies and murders, committed by the Yo-Ham-ites. Major S. then fitted out another expedition against them, composed of about twenty volunteers, and an equal number of friendly Indians, taken from the farm. This party reached the valley about the 15th of May, (1851) and, after erecting their encampment, they sent out small scouting parties, in different directions. The Indians, however, having seen them, had moved their encampment to the shores of a beautiful lake, some thirty miles above, lying in a north-easterly direction from the valley, and near to the head-waters of the middle and main fork of the Merced.

The information was immediately taken to camp, by one of the small scouting parties that discovered them, and the whole command marched against them; and, by stratagem, surrounded the Indians, before they became aware of their presence. After killing a few, the whole party of Indians begged for mercy, and surrendered. They were again removed down to the farm, and
there kept as prisoners until the crops were all gathered in.

Their great chief Jo-o-c-e-oh, was among the prisoners. He was a man of about sixty-five or seventy years of age; and, as he cast a lingering look upon the home of his childhood—perhaps for the last time—to spend his days among strangers—apparently his council—his rage knew no bounds; and drawing his manly form to its full height, his eyes seemed flashing with fire; and with his nostrils distended, and his chest heaving, through his interpreter he gave, in substance, the following address:

"White men, you are bad people. You have killed my people, and my own dear son, simply because we have stolen a few horses—privileges granted to us by the Great Spirit. We steal that we may live; every tribe does it. I know very well that you all steal. You steal among yourselves, that you may be rich. You come and steal my country. You steal me and my people from my hunting-grounds. These were given to me and to my people exclusively, by the Great Spirit, that we might hunt and eat; and we have lived here undisturbed for many hundred moons. Yes, when these mountains, now so high, were but little hills, this was our country; and now you come and take us away, that we may look up at them no more. I am astonished at your impudence and presumption."

"When we arrived at the spot," writes Mr. John D. Hunt, late partner of Major Savage, and who accompanied the expedition,—"from whence we saw the valley for the last time, on our way home, his passion arose to its greatest height; and walking up to Capt. Boiling, in a voice almost choked with rage, he begged that he might be shot, saying, 'I had rather lose my life here, in the hunting-ground of my fathers, than to be a slave to the white man, who has ever been the mortal foe of me and mine!' Then, laying his hand upon his breast, he exclaimed, 'Shoot me! Kill me! Murder me! and the echo of my voice shall be heard resounding among these mountains of my native home, for many years afterwards; and my spirit—which you cannot tame—instead of taking its flight to the spirit-land, shall linger around those old gray granite hills, and haunt you and your posterity, as long as there is one of you or your tribe remaining.' Finding that his pleadings were of no avail, he bade the hunting-ground of his fathers an affecting adieu, and, in deadly silence, marched on, with a heavy heart, to spend, as he supposed and felt, the remnant of his days among his and his people's enemies.

"We arrived in safety at the Reservation, where he, with the others, were kept prisoners."

"The caress-worm of grief was busy at the old man's heart, and his fast-declining health, united to his constant entreaties, aroused the sympathies of the Commissioners; and he was allowed once more to go free, when he immediately returned to his favored valley, and joined the remnant of his tribe, that had been left behind."

"The poor old Indian soon found a grave, and his ashes were placed at the side of his fathers. Degraded in his own estimation, the shock was too much for him; and he died broken-hearted."

Nothing in particular occurred after poor Jo-o-c-e-oh's death, until about the middle of May, 1852, when a party of miners, from Coarse Gold Gulch—a tributary of the Fresno,—started for the upper Sierras, on a prospecting trip. They had narrowly entered the valley, when a large party of Indians, that had been lying in ambush, came suddenly upon them, and killed two of their number—one named Rose, the other Sharbon—and wounding a third, named Tucker. As this was altogether unexpected, and being overpowered by numbers, they sought refuge in flight. The Indians hotly pursued them, when luckily, on ascending the moun-
THE YO-HAM-ITE VALLEY.

and mine.' Then, laying his hand upon his breast, he exclaimed, 'Shoot me! kill me! murder me! and let my spirit—which I cannot tame—instead of taking flight to the spirit-land, shall linger around my native home, for many, many years.' Afterwards, and my spirit—which I cannot tame—instead of taking flight to the spirit-land, shall linger around my native home, for many, many years. Nothing could have been more provident, nor any place better adapted for defense.

Bravely did this little party struggle for their lives, and one by one did their savage assailants bite the dust, from the unerring aim of the rifle and revolver. Finding they were losing many of their number, and among them their best chief, without even wounding the defenders, they changed their plan of assault; and climbing the mountain above, commenced rolling down huge rocks, to try to drive them from their secure retreat; but in vain. When night was advancing, black and heavily charged clouds began to roll among the mountain-tops; and before the darkness had set in, the Indians seemed disposed to postpone any further struggle until the morning. Under cover of the darkness, that brave little band crept stealthily out, and set their face towards the settlements, where they arrived in safety, but nearly starved with hunger.

Having been five days without any thing to eat.

Their tale was soon told, and every able miner in camp shouldered his rifle willingly; and a company of forty men were soon upon the way.

Arriving in the valley, they found the dead bodies of their companions, and gave them burial, the Indians meanwhile shooting terrors of defiance.

This being the season when the melting snows swell every mountain stream, the waters of the Merced river were very difficult to cross; and before the party could reach the opposite side, the Indians had escaped. After several ineffectual attempts, they abandoned, for the present, the pursuit, and returned to their homes.

About the middle of June, Lieut. Moore, with a company of United States infantry, left Fort Miller, on the San Joaquin; and, accompanied by Major Savage, in command of a company of volunteers, started for the scene of the recent murders, to establish a military post in the Yo-Ham-ite valley, and chastise the Indians. The Yo-Ham-ites
have always been the most hostile of any of the Indians in this section; and have always refused to treat with the Commissioners; but stamped, and returned to their mountain fastnesses.

On the arrival of Lt. Moe and Major Savage in the Yo-Han-i-tes valley, with their command, they found the Indians, under the remarkable chief 'P'toopp', had crossed the mountains, and were wandering about on the eastern side of the Sierras. They immediately started in pursuit. Discovering a new pass at the headwaters of the Merced, they named it Mono Pass, after the Indians of that name. Although several bands of Indians were seen wandering about, little or nothing was accomplished for their chastisement, and the command returned.

Fearing an attack from the whites, the Yo-Ham-i-tes remained as guests with the Mono's; until the great depth of snow, which fell during the winter of 1852, prevented their return to their native valley. Early in the spring of 1853, they left their hospitable entertainers, the Mono's; but, before doing so, appropriated a large amount of their property to their own use.

Whether this was in accordance with the teachings of their Great Spirit, we do not know; but the Mono's, deeming to such an interpretation, thought their savage brethren had violated the rules of hospitality; and they immediately raised a large war party, and pursued their thieving guests, even into their own mountain fastnesses,—near extirpating the whole tribe. The few that remained, for protection, either mingled with the other tribes or lived upon anything they could, either mingled with the other tribes or lived upon anything they could, either mingled with the other tribes or lived upon anything they could, either mingled with the other tribes or lived upon anything they could, either mingled with the other tribes or lived upon anything they could.

The few that remained, for protection, either mingled with the other tribes or lived upon anything they could, either mingled with the other tribes or lived upon anything they could, either mingled with the other tribes or lived upon anything they could. The few that remained, for protection, either mingled with the other tribes or lived upon anything they could, either mingled with the other tribes or lived upon anything they could, either mingled with the other tribes or lived upon anything they could. The few that remained, for protection, either mingled with the other tribes or lived upon anything they could, either mingled with the other tribes or lived upon anything they could. The few that remained, for protection, either mingled with the other tribes or lived upon anything they could, either mingled with the other tribes or lived upon anything they could. The few that remained, for protection, either mingled with the other tribes or lived upon anything they could, either mingled with the other tribes or lived upon anything they could.
MAY, 1856, IN SAN FRANCISCO.

with almost intuitive knowledge of men and their deeds, having the advantage of a long business experience in the city, boldly charged the men with their shameless conduct. Neither money could purchase his silence, nor the threat of brute force compel it. The opening of the war in earnest, was, when parties who knew with whom they had to deal, came, the first week, to purchase an interest in Mr. King's paper. An interest in the paper might be bought, but the man was not for sale. All knew his course. He became, "A terror to evil doers and a praise to them that do well."

His assassination was plainly the result of a conspiracy. On Tuesday, the 14th of May, at evening, when he had started for his home, Mr. King was shot. The murderer, James P. Casey, was hurled to prison, as to an asylum. Villainous men could scarce conceal their glee. As the news spread over the town that Mr. King was shot, a thousand homes were filled with horror. Crowds poured from every part of the city and gathered around the building in Montgomery street, in which he lay. It was a scene of mingled grief and indignation, such as we never before saw pervade an entire community. Exhortations against the murderer were heard on every side. It was only too well known that he was powerfully guarded by those who rejoiced in his deed, and doubtless were sworn, at whatever hazard, to protect him. This conviction which called for a new organization of the vigilance Committee. The call was a spontaneous one, from the people outraged to the last point of endurance, and insulted beyond measure by the course of officers, who ought to have published a declaration of their post-ion and their intentions, which is worthy of being preserved as long as a self-governing people shall inhabit these shores; and which will ever be to the virtuous and good "like apples of gold, in pictures of silver," when the stirring events that have called them into being shall have passed away.

CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

A torrid sun, and the almost scorching heat, have not tended to cool the already fanatical excitement of the populace. All the public buildings have been occupied by a large force of armed men, who are doing their best to maintain order, and prevent any attempt at insurrection. The streets are crowded with a mob of men, who seem to be determined to maintain their ground, and prevent any attempt at interference with them. The air is filled with the sound of musketry, and the roar of artillery. The whole city is in a state of insurrection, and it is evident that the Committee will have to take strong measures to prevent any further outbreak.

On Saturday, May 10, 1856, the Committee made their first appearance in the streets, and were met with a shower of stones and abuse. The Committee, however, remained unmoved, and continued their course, undaunted by the opposition of the mob. They were soon reinforced by a large force of armed men, who came to their support, and gave them every assistance. The Committee, therefore, were able to carry out their plans, and to put down the insurrection.

On Sunday, May 11, 1856, the Committee summoned a meeting of the citizens of the city, and declared that they would not tolerate any further opposition to their measures. They announced their intention of putting down the insurrection, and of maintaining order in the city.

The meeting was well attended, and the Committee were cheered with enthusiasm. They were supported by a large majority of the citizens, who were determined to maintain their ground, and prevent any attempt at interference with them.

On Monday, May 12, 1856, the Committee ordered the houses of the insurrectionists to be searched, and their property to be seized. The houses of the leaders of the insurrection were promptly searched, and their property was seized. The Committee were determined to put down the insurrection, and to maintain order in the city.

On Tuesday, May 13, 1856, the Committee ordered the arrest of the leaders of the insurrection. They were arrested, and were brought before a military court. They were found guilty, and were sentenced to death. The sentence was executed on the following day.

On Wednesday, May 14, 1856, the Committee ordered the arrest of all persons suspected of being connected with the insurrection. They were arrested, and were brought before a military court. They were found guilty, and were sentenced to prison.

On Thursday, May 15, 1856, the Committee ordered the arrest of all persons suspected of being connected with the insurrection. They were arrested, and were brought before a military court. They were found guilty, and were sentenced to exile.

On Friday, May 16, 1856, the Committee ordered the arrest of all persons suspected of being connected with the insurrection. They were arrested, and were brought before a military court. They were found guilty, and were sentenced to execution. The sentence was carried out on the following day.

On Saturday, May 17, 1856, the Committee ordered the arrest of all persons suspected of being connected with the insurrection. They were arrested, and were brought before a military court. They were found guilty, and were sentenced to transportation.

On Sunday, May 18, 1856, the Committee ordered the arrest of all persons suspected of being connected with the insurrection. They were arrested, and were brought before a military court. They were found guilty, and were sentenced to death. The sentence was executed on the following day.
THE CALIFORNIA SILK WORM.—Saturia Uranthia

The California silk worm belongs to the class of Lepidoptera, and is raised by the discoverers of Jap Defile, a gentleman who takes great interest in everything relating to the development of the various species of silkworms, who is now engaged in experiments on the Calif. silkworm, or, as he calls it, a very extensive scale. He has erected a large house for their culture and protection, and has a large stock of cocoons from the surrounding hills. He keeps a large stock of silkworms, and is preparing to produce silkworms for the use of the silkworm industry. He is also preparing to sell the silkworms to the public. He is also preparing to sell the silkworms to the public.

The silkworm is a very small insect, and is raised by the discovery of the Jap Defile. The silkworm is reared in a house, containing a great number of cocoons, and is very valuable in California, as it is raised from the seed, although it is very difficult to transplant and is difficult to grow. In Europe, we have a great deal of silkworms, but it is often cultivated in Asia, and is reared in a house, the silkworms being placed in a series of small boxes.

The most of the worm is very hard and difficult. It is spun in August, but the butterflies do not emerge until March or April. The butterflies do not emerge until March or April. The butterflies do not emerge until March or April. The butterflies do not emerge until March or April.

The butterflies do not emerge until March or April. The butterflies do not emerge until March or April. The butterflies do not emerge until March or April. The butterflies do not emerge until March or April.
THE CALIFORNIA SILK WORM.

For the discovery of a native silk-worm in California, we are indebted to Dr. H. Bahr, of this city, a German physician and naturalist, of high standing, both here and in Europe. Experiments are now being made by several gentlemen to raise the caterpillars and watch the development of the cocoon. The Society of Naturalists of California, are also engaged in this interesting enterprise.

Soon time ago we had the pleasure of an introduction to Mr. E. Scott, a gentleman who takes great interest in everything appertaining to the development of the vast resources of California, and who is now occupied in his experiments on the California silkworm, on quite an extensive scale. He has erected a glass house for their culture, in his garden, where from cocoons gathered from among the surrounding hills, are numerous butterflies, and upwards of ten thousand eggs, beside several hundred worms, now feeding upon the connothia bush, the shrubs on which they feed.

This silkworm belongs to the class of the Saturnia, and is named by the discoverer, Saturnia-conotheus. The conotheus is an evergreen bush, growing in great abundance on nearly every hillside in California, and is easily cultivated from the seed, although it is rather difficult to transplant and preserve its life. Being an evergreen, very bushy and full of leaves, it is often cultivated in gardens, and cut into all sorts of ornamental shapes, for shades or hedges. On this plant the silkworm principally feeds, although it is also found upon the rhododendron, and several species of small oak.

The cocoon of this worm is very large, tough and durable. It is spun in August or September, but the butterflies do not make their appearance until March or April of the following year. These butterflies are large, and of a beautiful design, as can be seen in the engraving—their principal color being of a reddish brown, with white, black, blue and yellow spots and lines.

As soon as the chrysalis leaves the cocoon and becomes a butterfly, its scales its companions of the opposite sex, and they never leave each other until the male dies, which is generally about three or four days, and the female follows the example of the male shortly afterward; leaving from two to three hundred eggs, in little clusters, similar to those shown in the engraving. These are the sign of life, and although small, very much resemble the chicken egg in shape and in the hardness of its shell, and which are fastened by the female to branches of the shrub by a brown gum-like substance.

In from three to five weeks the caterpillars come out, and are about one-eighth of an inch in length, having a black body with light yellow hairs upon it. A few hours after their birth they become altogether black, when they commence feeding. After a few days they again begin to change, and show bright yellow spots upon the body.

When about fourteen days old they change their skins twice, and in color, become of a bright golden yellow, with black hair; by degrees this color again changes to a greenish yellow; and, after a few days, upon their again changing their skin, the thin changes to a beautiful green, with red, black and white spots.

When the caterpillar is fully grown, they are from two to three inches long and about one and a half inches in circumference, and are very sluggish in their movements, and not very inviting in their appearance. They now begin to spin their cocoons, first the outside, and then the inside, which generally takes from three
to five days. The cocoons, though large and firm in its outside texture has lost few loose threads upon its surface which is not the case with the silkworms of the Bombyx mori species. The cocoons, too, of the latter are spun differently to the Saturnia cecastri, or Californian species, insomuch as they are spun vertically, and the Saturnia horizontally. The threads in both terminating at the top, or small end of the cocoon, leaving a closely fitted and elastic aperture through which the butterfly escapes with demolishing or injuring then cocoon, while the Bombyx mori silks knows its way out or by the aid of a field extruding from its mouth destroys the fibre at the top, and thereby leaves the cocoon useless.

The manner in which the Saturnia cecastri spins its cocoon may be some measure retard the successful winding of the silk, although it is a mathematical truth that if the worm spins a continued thread one way, we ought to be able to wind it off the other.

Mr. S. has succeeded in winding off parts of cocoons but they being old gummy and dry, cannot be considered as a fair test of what can be done when the cocoons are fresh and new. Some species of the Saturnia—who all spin the same way—have recently been discovered in Asia; and are just like ours, and the French have not only been successfully spinning those cocoons, but give a glowing description of the beauty, strength and durability of the silk, also they are not as large as ours.

The cultivation of this silkworm in California, is a subject of importance to our young State, and we hope that those gentlemen now engaged in such interesting ex-
CALIFORNIA SHRUBBERY.

THAT'S JUST MY LUCK.

It may not be generally known that there are no less than seventeen species of this most beautiful shrub known to botanists in California; twelve of these have been noticed and described, and five have yet to be. And although they grow most plentifully upon the coast, they extend from the foot hills to the height of six thousand feet above the sea, in the mountains of the Sierras Nevada.

The following list of the names and colors of this shrub, will no doubt be interesting to our readers:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Color</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Chrysantherus</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>dentatus</td>
<td>deep blue.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>rigidus</td>
<td>do.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>papillosus</td>
<td>do.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>caecatus</td>
<td>White.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>integerrimus</td>
<td>Yellow-white.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>incana</td>
<td>Lilac.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>alginatus</td>
<td>Pale blue.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>thyrilloides</td>
<td>do.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>diversis</td>
<td>do.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hirtus</td>
<td>Blue.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>verrocoenx</td>
<td>do.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>sp., not named</td>
<td>White.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>sp.</td>
<td>Blue.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>sp.</td>
<td>Blue.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>sp.</td>
<td>Blue.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>sp.</td>
<td>Blue.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

THAT'S JUST MY LUCK.

Seated on a pork barrel, in the store of a small mining town, one Saturday night just after the rainy season had fairly commenced, we noticed that miners came in with smiling countenances to see the first fruits of their labors for the season, and pay off the little debit by which they had been run up there. Miners make it a rule almost invariably to pay their store bills with the first gold dust taken out. They did so now; and as the little parcels, one by one, were cleared and weighed, their spirits soon grew lighter, and in pleasant chat they sat them down discussing topics of particular interest to themselves. This chat looked as favorable as could be, and paid as well as it.
HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

14

I did last year," in "that the blue dirt seemed to be running out, but was believed to be deeper about ten feet from the line of the Bung Hole claim, and that pays big." The bed-rock was "rising" in one, and "pitching" in another. "This company had a deep bank of dirt to clean off, and it wouldn't pay the color," that, but struck two dollars to the pan, and soon we got there, all the claims were taken!—That was just my luck.

I was walking a pole that was lying across a fence, when my feet slipped and in I went. The force of the current took me down, and just as I reached the wheel it hit me a click on the back of my head and stunned me under, and when I came up on the other side I was pretty well "ducked," but wasn't drowned!—Now, that was just my luck.

One very hot day I was experimenting upon the theory, "can a man be his own pack mule," and had my blankets and part of a sack of flour at my back. The sweat rolled off freely without, and I believed that something moist within would be welcome enough, and seeing a bright, clear spring, bubbling up just in the shadow of a sluice under which I had passed, I took off my pack and measured my length to have a good long pull at the sparkling water; but just as my lips touched the cool-cheeked element, "bath" came the sluice, right square on my head, and gave a deep "casting" at once of my "human face divine!" in the clayey mud underneath me! Now, why couldn't that sluice have fallen some other time?—But, it was just my luck.

I was once caught in a snow-storm, on the Trinity mountains, and to improve the matter, lost my way and my reckoning, and at last "bucked up" at a town—I mustn’t tell its name—but on going to the best hotel it afforded, was informed that I could be "taken in and done for"—which I was, in a double sense.

"Landlord," said I, "let me have the best bed in your house, I don’t care what the price is; I want the best." "Very good, sir. What do you think of this?" he had introduced me to a small room, just twelve feet six by nine feet—for I measured it—[with my eye]—and, glancing around, I saw that this sort of "taking in"
was more crowded than comforting, as there were only two "banks" fixed up at the sides of the room, like so many shelves.

"Is that where you wish to lay me for the night?" I inquired.

"Well—yes—if that will suit you."

"But it don't suit me. I haven't you one room, with one, or not more than two beds in it, that I can have for to-night, by paying for it?"

"No, indeed, we have not, sir—but just step this way."

This time he led me into a room just eight feet square, with a stove-pipe passing through it.

"Now," said he, "you will find this very comfortable, and there are only six beds in this room."

"Pretty well occupied," said I, "if they all have sleepers in them."

As this was "the best the market afforded," I turned in to one at the top, and was soon fast asleep. About a couple of hours afterward, I was wakened by some one—a Frenchman—"pancake!" as me, and calling out—"Stranger! stranger!—your bank is breaking at the side: you'll soon be through."

Wasn't that hard luck? But as I did not feel it breaking, and as I, moreover, felt that if I could not get much sleep, I might perhaps be allowed a joke, I replied—"Well—let her break. I don't care— if you don't!"

"Yes, sure; but you will fall on top of me!"

"Very well. I guess that I can stand it, if you can."

"Yes, sure; but me no wish you fall on me."

"Do you suppose that I wish it? When you see me coming, just jump out of the way, if you please."

"Sure—damn it! sat is cool!"

"Not so cool as it would be for me to stand up all night waiting for the bank to break."

"Yes, sure; but if your bank breaks, you will be sure to hurt me when you drop down."

"Well, never mind that. You will break my fall, and be much softer to fall on, than would be the floor."

"Sure—damn it! sat is cool!"

"Well, now, you can save all the money that might be lost upon you, by just jumping out, when you hear your bank cracking; besides, if you only turn out, when I am turned out, I can just turn in to your bank; for if this breaks, I shall want to get another, that I may have my sleep out of the morning."

"Well, well—sure—damn it! sat is cool, but I do give you my bed."

"All right, then: when this breaks, I must hunt up another. Will you be kind enough to call me up again, when it does break. Good night!"

Now the little Frenchman must take a look up, and noticing a laugh upon my countenance, he began to chuckle; and putting his head beneath the blankets, the last sounds heard were—"Well, well, sat is cool! sat is cool!"

But as it didn't break—and as I slept soundly till morning—why—

They was just my luck!

CONSTITUTION OF THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.

CONSTITUTION OF THE COMMITTEE OF VIGILANCE, SAN FRANCISCO.

ADOPTED MAY 14TH, 1856.

WHEREAS, it has become apparent to the citizens of San Francisco, that there is no security for life and property, either under the regulations of society as it is at present exists, or under the laws as now administered, and that by the association together of bad characters, our ballot boxes have been stolen, and others substituted or stuffed with votes that were never polled, and thereby our elections nullified—our dearest rights violated, and no other method left, by which the will of the people can be manifested.

Therefore, the citizens whose names are
hereunto attached do unite themselves into an association for the maintenance of the peace and good order of society—the prevention and punishment of crime—the preservation of our lives and property, and to ensure that our ballot-boxes shall hereafter express the correct and unadulterated will of the majority of our citizens; and we do bind ourselves and each other, by solemn oath, to perform every just and lawful act for the maintenance of law and order, and to sustain the laws when faithfully and properly administered. But we are determined that no theft, burglary, larceny, arson, ballot-box stuffing, or other disturbance of the peace, shall escape punishment, either by the qualified punishment of the law, the insecurity of prisons, the carelessness or corruption of the police, or a laxity of those who pretend to administer justice. And to secure the object of this association, we do hereby agree—

1. That the name and style of this association shall be the Committee of Vigilance, for the protection of the ballot-box, the lives, liberty and property of the citizens and residents of the city of San Francisco.

2. That there shall be rooms for the deliberation of the Committee, at which there shall be some one or more members of the Committee, appointed for that purpose, in constant attendance, at all hours of the day and night, to receive the report of any member of the association, of any other person or persons whatsoever, of any act of violence done to the person or property of any citizen of San Francisco; and if, in the judgment of the member or members of the Committee present, it be such an act as justifies or demands the interference of this Committee, either in aiding in the execution of the laws, or the prompt and summary punishment of the offender, the Committee shall be at once assembled for the purpose of taking such action as a majority of them, when assembled, shall determine upon.

3. That it shall be the duty of any member or members of the Committee on duty at the Committee Rooms, whenever a general assembling of the association is deemed necessary, to cause a call to be made in such a manner as shall be found advisable.

4. That whereas an Executive Committee has been chosen by the General Committee, it shall be the duty of the said Executive Committee to deliberate and act upon such matters and questions as may be submitted to them by the General Committee, and to deliberate and act upon matters of vital importance.

5. That whereas this Committee has been organized into sub-committees, the Executive Committee shall have power to call, when they shall so determine, upon a Board of Delegates, to consist of three representatives from each Division, to deliberate with them upon matters of vital importance.

6. That all matters of details and government shall be embraced in a code of by-laws.

7. That the action of this body shall be entirely and rigorously free from all considerations of, or participation in, the merits or demerits, or opinion of acts, of any and all sects, political parties, or sectional divisions in the community; and every class of orderly citizens shall have a voice in all of the proceedings of this body, and no discussion of political, sectional or sectarian subjects shall be allowed in the Rooms of the Association.

8. That the power of the Committee, to punish any crime, the existence of which shall be proved, shall be binding, unless passed by two-thirds of those present and entitled to vote.

9. That all good citizens shall be eligible for admission to this body, under such regulations as may be prescribed by a Committee on Qualifications; and if any worthy person gain admission, they shall be on due proof be expelled: And believing ourselves to be executors of the will of the majority of our citizens, we pledge our sacred honor, to defend and sustain each other in carrying out the determined action of this Committee at the hazards of our lives and our fortunes.

A LATER Illinois paper contains the announcement of the marriage of R. W. Wolf to Miss Mary Lamb. "The wolf and the lamb shall lie down together, and a little child shall lead them," after a while.
The marvellous sagacity of dogs is a subject which engages all the enthusiasm of the naturalist and physiologist. The poor Indian, whose dog is plenty of them,——

"The faithful dog shall hear little company," is not singular in his belief. Its intellectual capacity is such as to settle at once the question that sagacity must have some process similar to human reasonings——to examine and decide." Indeed, so close is the connection, and so small the line of demarcation between canine sagacity and human reason, that psychologists have declared where humane reason ends animal sagacity apparently begins. Many of the phenomena of the human mind, dogs seem to have in an especial degree. We have often observed, after a hard day's hunting, a favorite hound, in the midst of a sound sleep at his master's feet, before a blazing fire, suddenly prick up his ears, start up, light up his eyes, and send forth a furious look and howl—the object of some dream. Almost all the moral passions, too, such as fear, hope, joy, sorrow, anger, love, &c., are as strongly developed in some dogs, as they are in some of the human species.

The following narratives, gathered from respectable authorities, exhibit the thrilling power in such a light as to render it impossible to refer its agency to any other source——

One Davis, formerly a respectable grocer of Hascroft, in Kent, wished to exchange his horse at the neighboring fair, for a more serviceable one. As a precaution against interruption, and a safeguard in his brother's shop, he took his trusty dog, a Newfoundland, with him. Coming home as usual, he departed without noticing a wrong road, miles away from home on a strange horse, he fell to the ground as one dead. His dog, after four hours' travel, judging from the distance and time he left the master and horse far, was seen at the door of the farm house leading the horse with the bridle in his teeth, at three o'clock in the morning, when all around was as dark as Erebus. The farmer superintendent, on one saw the dog's object in bringing the horse; and springing upon his back, and guided by the faithful animal running before, he arrived almost in a direct line, through hedges and ditches, to the spot at a sound sleep lay, in the middle of a wood, and in the only pathway through it.

My friend Allen, also a farmer, who lived sometimes in a Catholic family abroad, where that religion, in all its fasts and feasts, was most rigidly observed, relates that the house dog, also a Newfoundland, knew the Sabbath day as well as the inmates, and all their celebrated festivals; and assures me that this knowledge was not arrived at by any early preparation of the family, but from some unknown instinct in the animal. On Thursday, preceding Friday, he would invariably carry his superabundant meat in a favored hole, and having any prolongation for fish, upon which only the family invariably lived on that day.

An officer in the Royal Navy, stationed at Plymouth, in Devonshire, purchased a remarkable dog from a countrymonger, who had been once convicted of theft, and who, it appeared, returned to ways of honest living. This dog would follow his new master into the little shops of the neighborhood, hear the orders given, and slie them all the next day in a basket, and always returned with the right change. If the instructions his master gave with regard to money matters were most amusing. "Bring back this in money," he would say, holding up a piece of pencilled paper. A laughable incident respecting this creature once occurred while the officer was on parade. The dog had forgotten some manners which he had been written for, and on his master scolding him for his stupidity, he (as it was proved afterwards) made directly for the shop, and observing no one at hand, seized upon a long chain of them and tempested off with them tripping behind him, with cars of all sorts following at a respectable
Another incident is worth relating. Mr. French's dog, a poodle, formerly the propery of one of Astley's circus company, while in one of the provinces, had the misfortune, in his eagerness to lick the savoury remnants of some soup, left in a tin pot to slip his head in, in such a manner that the animal, with all his efforts, could not extricate it. In vain he thumped and bamped upon every stone and post in his way, the pot still clinging to his jaws. After several ineffectual attempts, accompanied by almost expressionless howls, another dog, a well known associate, was observed to coax his from the spot, pulling a part of the pot where he could get a hold of it towards the road; some bystanders followed the pair, and to their astonishment they saw the friendly dog leading his blind companion to the only innman in the village. What is more remarkable, there was a sign of his calling observable outside of his home; only the thump-a-tap-thump could signal his trade.

Many anecdotes have been authenticated of dogs starving themselves, after the death of their beloved master. The following affecting instance of canine sympathy occurred in a friend's family—

Their dog, a Newfoundland of gigantic size, quite a pet with the youngest daughter, always used to bring the baby's red shoes for her to put on before she went out to take her accustomed walk. This the animal did without bidding—a strange proceeding, otherwise unaccountable, as he only received several pats and mauls by the little one while her shoes were being put on. Sometimes after the baby died, and after the mournful ceremonies were gradually given place to things of earth, the dog was observed to be missing—no one had seen him for upwards of a week. After several inefficient searchings, he was at last discovered in a lumber-room, where the child's shoes had been removed by order of the physician, lying underneath in a state of great exhaustion, with the two red slippers between his paws, and which no one attempted to remove. The dog made this his sleeping-place to the day of his death, depositing the red slippers during the day when he might find them. And many proofs of the animal's sincerity of affection were given by sometimes withdrawing one or other of these mementoes, when the animal would become so restless as to make it observable to every one of the inmates of the house.

"During the Reign of Terror in France, a gentleman in one of the northern depart-
A MAGICAL Duet On the Guitar.

Dumas, in his *Histoire de la Musique*, gives the following extraordinary account of a mathematician, mechanician, and musician, named Alix, who lived at Aix, in Provence, about the middle of the seventeenth century. Alix, after many years' study and labour, succeeded in constructing an automaton figure, having the shape of a human skeleton, which by means of a concealed mechanism, played, or had the appearance of playing, on the guitar. The artist, after having tried in perfect union two guitars, placed one in the hands of the skeleton, in the position proper for playing, and on a calm summer evening, having thrown open the window of his apartment, he fixed the skeleton with the guitar in its hands in a position where it could be seen from the street. He, then taking the other instrument, seated himself in an obscure corner of the room, and commenced playing a piece of music, the passages of which were faithfully repeated or echoed by the guitar held by the skeleton, at the same time that the really executing the music, completed the illusion. This strange musical feat drew crowds around the house of the ill-fated artist; this sentiment was soon changed in the minds of the ignorant multitude into the most superstitious dread. A rumor arose that Alix was a sorcerer, and in league with the devil. He was arrested by order of the parliament of Provence, and sent before their criminal court *La Chambre de la Teynue*, to be tried on the capital charge of magic or witchcraft. To evince the ingenious but unfortunate artist sought to convince his judges, that the only means used to give apparent vitality to the fingers of the skeleton were wheels, springs, pulleys, and other equally unmagical contrivances, and that the incredible result produced was nothing more criminal than the solution of a problem in mechanics. His explanations and demonstrations were either not understood, or
failed of convincing his stupid and bigoted judges, and he was condemned as a sorcerer and magician. This iniquitous judgment was confirmed by the parliament of Provence, which sentenced him to be burned alive in the principal square of the city, together with the equally innocent assassin figure, the supposed accomplice in his magical practices. This infamous sentence was carried into execution in the year 1664, to the great satisfaction and elevation of all the faithful and devout inhabitants of Aix.

THAT BEATS NATURE.

I was busily engaged, tending my shilo, at White Rock, El Dorado Co., when a well built, sturdy looking man came towards me and made the following enquiry:"

"Hi, stranger, what does that ar water come from what runs in that ditches?"

"We get it from that ditch, above."

"I don't see nothing o' no ditch."

"Well, you just look in this direction. Don't you see yeader a dark line running past those tree stumps, and around those hills?"

"Wal, yes, I see that ar plain enough stranger."

"Well, then, that is the ditch, and that is where we got our water from, to work our claims."

"But, man, how does it come that?"

"Oh! we dug a ditch in the ground for about three miles, and then turned the water into it from a cistern, and it runs around those hills, in the ditch, until it gets here."

"Wal, darn me now of that ar don't beat Nature—it does, I know."

MINER'S WATER SONG.

There is joy in the miner's camp to-night,
There is joy, and the miner's heart is light;
There is mirth and revelry, shouting and song,
For rain has been falling all the day long.

Hark, hark! how it pours, pit, pit, patter, pat,
What noise to miners is equal to that?
It comes down in earnest, we've no need to pinch,
As it falls the bucketful—the short inch.

We'll have water plenty, and water to spare,
Enough for each miner to have his full share;
The skates will be full, and the ditch overrun,
And the goal of our hopes will be speedily won.

Then fly round my boys, as we need not complain,
But do our best smiles as we work in the rain—
Such beautiful blessings now drop from the skies,—
The water without seems to swim to our eyes.

To wash out our gold and pay all we owe,
Makes our hearts, like the ditches, with good overflow.—
Then hurrah, boys, hurrah! for such rainy weather,
May ourselves, wives, and sweethearts, hurrah altogether.

May 26th, 1856.

CARRIE D.
"The extent to which water mingles with bodies apparently the most solid, is very wonderful. The glittering opal, which Beauty wears as an ornament, is only flint and water. Of every ten hundred tons of earth, which a landlord has on his estate, one hundred are water. The snow-capped summits of Snowdon and Ben Novis have many millions of tons of water in a solidified form. In every plaster of Paris statue which an Italian carries through London streets for sale, there is one pound of water to every four pounds of chalk. The air we breathe contains five grains of water to each cubic foot of its bulk. The potatoes and the turnips which are boiled for our dinner, have, in their raw state, the one, seventy-five per cent., and the other ninety per cent. of water. If a man weighing ten stone were squeezed flat in a hydraulic press seven and a half stone of water would run out, and only two and a half of dry residue remain. A man is, chemically speaking, forty-five pounds of carbon and nitrogen, diffused through five and a half pints of water. In plants we find water mingled no less wonderfully. The willow evaporates one and a quarter pints of water a day and a cabbage about the same quantity. A wheat-plant exhalès in 172 days about 100,000 grains of water."

AN ADVENTURE UPON THE Isthmus.

On the 29th of Nov. 1852, we left San Juan del Norte for Virgin Bay. During the whole day, we had heavy showers at intervals of about half an hour; such showers too, as can be seen nowhere except in the Tropics. The sun would shine out through the thick clouds occasionally, and glare upon us with terrible power. The night was rainy, but the full moon dispelled the gloom that would otherwise have fallen like a dark pall upon the five hundred passengers crowded upon the boat.

Not far from two o'clock in the morning, we arrived at Castillo Rapids, where we were obliged to land, and take another boat. Having been exposed to the rain all the day, we rejoiced to see the clouds pass away and the moon shining brightly. We were not then well acquainted with the whims of tropical weather.

In passing through the place some three months before, we had noticed an old fort, nearly in ruins, on the summit of a hill, near by the boat's landing-place. As the moon shone out in her quenched beauty, we caught a sight of the old gray walls of the fort, fantomized with the gorgeous drapery that that sunny clime twines so gracefully around tree, cottage or tower.

"Water! Water! The extent to which water mingles with bodies apparently the most solid, is very wonderful. The glittering opal, which Beauty wears as an ornament, is only flint and water. Of every ten hundred tons of earth, which a landlord has on his estate, one hundred are water. The snow-capped summits of Snowdon and Ben Novis have many millions of tons of water in a solidified form. In every plaster of Paris statue which an Italian carries through London streets for sale, there is one pound of water to every four pounds of chalk. The air we breathe contains five grains of water to each cubic foot of its bulk. The potatoes and the turnips which are boiled for our dinner, have, in their raw state, the one, seventy-five per cent., and the other ninety per cent. of water. If a man weighing ten stone were squeezed flat in a hydraulic press seven and a half stone of water would run out, and only two and a half of dry residue remain. A man is, chemically speaking, forty-five pounds of carbon and nitrogen, diffused through five and a half pints of water. In plants we find water mingled no less wonderfully. The willow evaporates one and a quarter pints of water a day and a cabbage about the same quantity. A wheat-plant exhalès in 172 days about 100,000 grains of water."

AN ADVENTURE UPON THE Isthmus.

On the 29th of Nov. 1852, we left San Juan del Norte for Virgin Bay. During the whole day, we had heavy showers at intervals of about half an hour; such showers too, as can be seen nowhere except in the Tropics. The sun would shine out through the thick clouds occasionally, and glare upon us with terrible power. The night was rainy, but the full moon dispelled the gloom that would otherwise have fallen like a dark pall upon the five hundred passengers crowded upon the boat.

Not far from two o'clock in the morning,
to climb. When near the top, a stone was loosened from its place, and down we went to the bottom, rolling over rocks and bushes, one arm badly bruised, and many other contusions found upon the body. We thought a civil war had broken out in earnest—monkeys chattering, serpents hissing, and crows screaming. We had heard of the boa-constrictor and expected every moment that its cold and slimy body might wind around us, when, oh horror of horrors, a dark cloud obscured the moon, and the rain in a moment came down in torrents—erasing all hope of climbing.

After staying with them some ten minutes, we came down, of course. Informed of the way down to the Rio Sun Juan. They all came and walked with us some fifteen paces and then pointed to the path leading to the river. Thanking them, and bidding them adieu, in ten minutes, we were on the boat; having been absent over three hours. Since that night, we have never been very anxious to visit old ruins in the tropics by moonlight.

J. B.

THE POST OFFICE.

A SKETCH.

This is the goal of hope to many travelers from the sacred spot called home, and where so many meet, from every clime and country under heaven. It is the hallowed ground of wanderers, a cherished place, where so many meet, in every clime and country under heaven. It is the hallowed ground of wanderers, a cherished place, where so many meet, in every clime and country under heaven.

Upon the arrival of the semi-monthly mail from the Eastern States, and long before the busy clerks have time sufficient to distribute letters to their proper places, many lines of expectant faces gather in the lobby, in Indian file, each new comer falling into line behind, and woe to that man, who, through ignorance or daring, attempts an advance at his proper turn. Happy is he whose turn is nearest the window, for the line is over many hundred yards in length, and finally, perforce, standing in a drenching rain.

What an anxious looking crowd, whose earnest countenances too plainly tell the anxiety and fears within despite their efforts to the contrary. There are no aristocratic feelings among them; for "first come, first served," is true here.
THE POST OFFICE.

A SKETCH.

This is the goal of hope to many a lar
ers from the sacred spot called home
where so many meet, from every cl
ground of wanderers, a charred st
where men of every land repair; in
good tidings of their absent lives.

Upon the arrival of the mail, the
 jquery letters and newspapers are
distributed to their proper desti
seen lines of expectant faces piling
in the lobby, in Indian file, and after
falling into line behind, and waitin
man, who, through ignorance or d
tempts an advance of his proper j

Happy is he whose turn it is to open
window, for the line is often five
yards in length, and many peeps
standing in a dangerous rank.

As a whole looking crowd, the
careless countenances too plainly
of doubts and fears within those deep
to the contrary. There are no signs
feelings among them; for "first out is
served," is true here.

Now the long-watched little piece
board is withdrawn—the mail is ready
for delivery. The first applicant seems
to be a hardy son of the mountains, upon whose weather
bitten brow I think I can trace the
words: "Ah! there are no letters—no
taxes paid; and his hand, though rough and
impatient, pushes the pile and seeks
as he chases the precious treasures—now he
pulls his hat more closely over his eyes,
and is lost in thought. How one's heart longs
to follow him, and in secret, watch the tears
that moisten those eyes, as he reads the lines
from his much loved home. His feelings
are too sacred for the profane gaze of
strangers—so let us pass on.

The next one in pale and thin, see how
his nervous and almost transparent hands
catch at the window frame; how his knees
tremble, and his weak and weary limbs
almost refuse to bear him up. Ah! there—
he too has letters, I heard his fervent "thank
God."

But look at that aged man, whose silver
hair bespeaks the fleas of many winters.
One almost regrets to see so old a man in
so new a country. He reaches the window
and bears upon his manilla cone, for he
needs its support just now: his voice is
weak and so are his knees, as he asks the
momentous question: "What—no letters?"
—is there more for that poor old man—ah!
those words—and no wonder—have called
his aged form to the spot on which he stands.
He cannot stand,Joshua not in haste or
reluctance against that venerable and dis
adopted fatherly old man. Have you no
sympathy for him as these convulsive twitch
es come and go upon his ear-worn face?
Yes, we know you have. Nature has come
to relieve his agony, for the silent tears steal
slowly down the furrows of his pallid cheek.
No letters—mark his anguish—What has
that child of his heart forgotten him? I saw
the dear distant daughter, whose tiny foot
steps he had so fondly guided in infancy,
and watched with such parental pride to
becoming womanhood—has she forsaken
him—no, oh no, it cannot be; but, there is
no letter. Hurry-hearted he rushes to the
spot of his own room, where unseen, he
may weep, or think of his beloved and ab
sent child.

Watch the fate of that spy looking
young gentleman now at the window—judg
ing from his dignified air of self-possession,
he must be a new immigration. His hat is
of the latest fashion, and is placed jauntily
over hair that is soft, sleek and curly. His
mustache and whiskers are the objects of
such notice of his elegant figure, his suit and pants are
what we call Shanghai, and those alone—to
say nothing of his gold spectacles, immac
ulate white kid gloves, and perfumed handkerchief,
showing him an expensive. He takes an en
quiry for letters, and twirls his gold-headed
staff against that venerable and dis
adopted fatherly old man. Have you no
sympathy for him as these convulsive twitch
es come and go upon his ear-worn face?
Yes, we know you have. Nature has come
to relieve his agony, for the silent tears steal
slowly down the furrows of his pallid cheek.
No letters—mark his anguish—What has
that child of his heart forgotten him? I saw
the dear distant daughter, whose tiny foot
steps he had so fondly guided in infancy,
and watched with such parental pride to
becoming womanhood—has she forsaken
him—no, oh no, it cannot be; but, there is
no letter. Hurry-hearted he rushes to the
spot of his own room, where unseen, he
may weep, or think of his beloved and ab
sent child.

Watch the fate of that spy looking
young gentleman now at the window—judg
ing from his dignified air of self-possession,
he must be a new immigration. His hat is
of the latest fashion, and is placed jauntily
over hair that is soft, sleek and curly. His
mustache and whiskers are the objects of
such notice of his elegant figure, his suit and pants are
what we call Shanghai, and those alone—to
say nothing of his gold spectacles, immac
ulate white kid gloves, and perfumed handkerchief,
showing him an expensive. He takes an en
quiry for letters, and twirls his gold-headed
staff against that venerable and dis
adopted fatherly old man. Have you no
sympathy for him as these convulsive twitch
es come and go upon his ear-worn face?
Yes, we know you have. Nature has come
to relieve his agony, for the silent tears steal
slowly down the furrows of his pallid cheek.
No letters—mark his anguish—What has
that child of his heart forgotten him? I saw
the dear distant daughter, whose tiny foot
steps he had so fondly guided in infancy,
heart-evoking disappointment as the cautious lord now falls upon the ear.

We will not stop at the box department, where can be seen innumerable men of every country, tradesmen, and others eagerly bowing their way to the boxes which belong to them respectively. But let us go to

THE LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Here too, you see a long line of the stern or sex, who have come on the pleasing mission of seeking letters for their holy friends. There are many ladies too, who, anxious for the precious lines from dear ones far away, are melting their way to the front—for they, by courtesy, take precedence of the gentle sex, and stop fearlessly forward of every man in the ranks—but when they reach their own sex, are as careful of their turn as the men.

Now a consequential looking specimen of manhood has reached the window, and although he has no doubt heard the slight cough at his elbow, he passes on and asks for letters—the clerk calls his attention to a lady, just behind him, and with an “excuse me,” he makes way for her in front. Look at her pale cheek and sable garments, and contrast her sorrowful countenance with that of the fair young girl that has just come up behind her—one speaks of buried hopes, the other has nectar and love looking from her eyes, and her whole face has such an irresistible happiness and witchery in it that you can scarcely look at her without being affected by the merriest part of herself. They both have letters. The pleasant smile of gratitude of one, and the blushing, sparkling gladness of the other, betray the contrast in their future prospects. Let us hope that the one gives comfort and consolation to the bereaved; inspiring her with renewed courage to tread alone the thorny path of duty; that the other precious letter, she so joyfully folds to her bosom, and which evidently is from the one beloved, may lie as a fountain of living water ever gushing at her feet, and bringing perpetual green to the landscape of her young and earnest love.

Oh what a scene of contrasts is this—At this spot congregate the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the aged and the young, the joyous and the sorrowful and the determined—all wanderers from the land that gave them birth, all seeking to be rich—and, thank God, there are but few upon whose countenance there is not written, “Hope for the future, and contentment for the present.” Thus may it ever be with every dweller in this land of sunshine and of health, this land of gold and flowers, is ever the current prayer of CAROLINE D.

“Lawyer Kirby, would you please to write me a letter to my friends?” “Certainly, Mr. Harris, with the greatest possible pleasure—where shall I address it?” “Ah, there’s where I am at a loss—if I know where to address it, I could write the letter!”

WHAT IS A LETTER?

A silent language, arrest in the eye,
Which moves distance in the wind and rain:
A Morse and secret language相通
Of ticking stretched from heart to heart;
Formed by currents, like an electric state:
The magnetic fields—like the lightning of the heart.

And hear at once, of bliss and woe;
A nerve of feeling stretched out heart to heart;
A stream of love to love; like an electric state;
The magnetic fields—like the lightning of the mind.

The exultation of the one, and the smiling, sparkling, blushing gladness of the other, betrays the contrast in their future prospects. Let us hope that the one gives comfort and consolation to the bereaved; inspiring her with renewed courage to tread alone the thorny path of duty; that the other precious letter, she so joyfully folds to her bosom, and which evidently is from the one beloved, may lie as a fountain of living water ever gushing at her feet, and bringing perpetual green to the landscape of her young and earnest love.

Oh what a scene of contrasts is this—At this spot congregate the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the aged and the young, the joyous and the sorrowful and the determined—all wanderers from the land that gave them birth, all seeking to be rich—and, thank God, there are but few upon whose countenance there is not written, “Hope for the future, and contentment for the present.” Thus may it ever be with every dweller in this land of sunshine and of health, this land of gold and flowers, is ever the current prayer of CAROLINE D.

“What is a letter?”

A silent language, arrest in the eye,
Which moves distance in the wind and rain:
A Morse and secret language相通
Of ticking stretched from heart to heart;
Formed by currents, like an electric state:
The magnetic fields—like the lightning of the heart.

And hear at once, of bliss and woe;
A nerve of feeling stretched out heart to heart;
A stream of love to love; like an electric state;
The magnetic fields—like the lightning of the mind.

EXTERIORITY OF THE UNIVERSE.—As a proof of what vast looks the visible heavens are, and also of the diligence of the student, man, in turning over its leaves, Dr. Nichol, in his work describing the magnitudes of Lord Rosse’s telescope, says that Lord Rosse has looked into space a distance too enormous, that light, which travels at the rate of 200,000 miles in one second, would require a period of 250,000,000 of solar years, each year containing about 32,000,000 of seconds, to pass the intervening gulf between this earth and the remotest point to which this telescope has reached. How utterly unable is the mind to grasp even a fraction of this immense period. To conceive the passing events of a hundred thousand years only, is an impossibility, to say nothing of millions and hundreds of millions of years.
ADVENTURES OF DICKORY HICKLEBERRY.

The Life, Adventures, and Misadventures, Fortunes and Misfortunes, Scroes, and Escapes, of Mr. Dickory Hickleberry, sometime Brass and Tin Candleshiek Maker, in the city of London; in his memorable passage from the Sosse Docks, London, to San Francisco, California; setting forth way, time, and what he got there.

CHAPTER I.

DOMESTIC AND OTHER TROUBLES—FORTUNE'S VISIT.

"Please sir, mother says, the two and one-tenth you charged her for mending her sesame, don't you wish he may get it?" answered Dickory, with the greatest politeness.

"Well, where shall I address it, sir?"

"Where I am at I hope, if I have to address it, I could write the address.

WHAT IS A LETTER?

A silent language, notes to the eye.

Which can be delivered in a day's journey to a spot where circumstances will admit.

A nerve of feeling stretched from heart to heart.

Furnished in every, like a spider's web.

The mystic links in the great circle of life.

And bear at once, when each is present.

A reflection of the heart's affections in a line of writing.

IMMORTALITY OF THE ORAL.

If not a ray given from heaven's sphere, and not of God given to the student, man, in turning ten years old Dr. Nichol, in his work during the lifetime of Lord Rokeby's brother, Lord Rokeby, whose house has been left to the students of the university, was under the care of a parson at the rate of 200,000 a year required a period of 3000 years, each year consisting of 32,000,000 days, or 268,741 years, at the rate of one letter delivered a day, to pass before the parson on the subject of the page reached. How entirely useless is to imagine a person writing a letter and then having the use of it, only to grasp a few of the letters of the period. To conceive the page as a hundred thousand years only a possibility, to say nothing of other hundreds of millions of years.

Indeed this luxury, added to half a pint of porter and a pipe, for about an hour every evening, at the "Dog and Whistle," an opposition public to the "Cat and Bagpipes," where men to assemble the same three years, to hear the same three stories, and interchange the same three civilities, constituted pretty much the whole pleasure of his monotonous life.

"It never rains but it pours!" What next, I wonder!" Here the man of letters, or the "blue-collar boy," as he was called by his friends, (the postmen), being one of the trio aforesaid, made his appearance; and throwing down three letters—

"I deal you out a tray this time, old fellow!" ejaculated he, "how goes it this morning?"

"Oh, very bad, surely," replied Dickory, "the misses has been kept up all night with the tooth-ache and ear-ache, and little Adam is a cutting his teeth, and thinks it necessary that all in-doors and out-of-doors should know of it. I hast had a wink o' sleep all this blessed night, but I've been sitin' bolt upright, a, a right 'o one and consoling 'o other till I'm a most worn out."

"Some of the seeds of matrimony!" said that functionary, binding up his letters, and turning the corner abruptly, so as to cut off part of the last word, thereupon showing a manifest want of sympathy for the ordinary troubles of life.

"Three o' clock this time," muttered Dickory, and celerying the letters about, and betraying a fear of their contents,—"it never rains but it pours!" Opening one, he read thus:—

"Sir—I am desired by my client, Mr., to apply to you for two years' rent now due, amounting to the sum of £160, which, together with the cost of this application, I request you will settle by tomorrow, in order to avoid unpleasant consequences."

Yr's truly, 
"James Stower, 
Attorney at Law."

Opening the second, thus:—

"On H. M. Service,—Sir,—You are requested on or before the 17th inst. to pay into our office, the sum of eleven pounds, three shillings and seven pence, these being; interest of your past debt; amount of poor rates due last March;
or to show cause there and then, why this amount should not be levied on your property to discharge the same, etc., etc.

The third ran thus:

"Dear Dick,—If you could send me the two sumptuaries promised, in part payment of your debt, we should be obliged, as my brother is out of work, and have a most trying the winter. So no more at present from your sister-in-law,

DEBORAH DE-LIGHT."

"So no more at present—God forbid there should be!"—muttered Dickory. "One trouble's enough at a time, in all conscience; but in this blessed country, there's one down, and another come on, where you can breathe again. One hundred and eighty pounds!—Whew!—Le've um, see!—But the lodgers '11 pay sixty of that; and fifty for the 'prentice when his indentures are signed, make a hundred. Here a stamping noise over head was heard:

"Can't you keep that there child quiet a moment, while I get a bit of sleep?"—proved his wife, who was up stairs.

"He's smashed his nose again the bellows, and is now howling for the loss of them, and the pain on it. I can't keep him quiet, and what's more, I won't;" and angrily he turned to his paper again and read:

"Breach assault upon a wife—six month's imprisonment with hard labor—Suicide by jumping off London bridge." Thus he read on until his heart reproached him for the hunch expression that he had just uttered to the part of his joy and sorrow. Amidst all his vexations he was rarely heard to utter an unkind expression to her, and also knew that there must be something unusually annoying to irritate him thus, and was almost always upon such occasions: "Poor wretch I muttered to himself, after having spotted through the last event—your troubles are over for one while. You'll have no more taxes to pay:—no doubt you've paid all the debts you owe, by this last debt of nature." Turning once more the paper from him, he seized his thumbs-worn day-book; and what a dream! The account of debts was there arranged before him. "I'm earning double pause, while my expenses are certain pound's," said he. In a sort of dazed stupor, he gazed at his notes, and then, in a fit of desperation filled his pipe, thrust himself down upon his three-legged stool, leaned his back against the wall, raised his legs to the height of the counter, there depurated them, and gave himself up, (now he had silenced his wife, and the bellows, his child—who had cried himself to sleep) to a profound revulsion. But this emotion did not last long. His mind no doubt was assuaged, but not satisfied with the pipe, so matching over more the paper, his eye, after a time, alighted on a piece of information, that appeared to astound him. His stubble-like hair stood erect, his eyes opened wider and wider, and his mouth followed the example; his face grew first pale, then red, then pale, alternately. His whole frame shook with wild emotion, the hand could scarcely hold the paper, the passion last he uttered, or rather shouted—"Why, what do I see! Yes 'tis, no it isn't! It can't be! Yes it can! Let me read again—"

"If the heir or next akin to Jacob Hickleberry will apply to Messrs. Burt & Nabb, No. 25 Pearl-street, he will hear of something greatly to his advantage. This said Jacob Hickleberry, sometime about the year 18—, left London for New York, having been held in, St. Martin's House, his two sons, David and Jacob; the elder, it is supposed, was drowned in the Paddington Canal, leaving run away from his master, a shoemaker, to whom he was bound apprentice. The other son, David, left about the same time the warehouse, and was never heard more of. Any party or parties in possession of information relative to the said family, are requested immediately to apply to our office, where he or she will be amply rewarded for their trouble."
Dear Dicky, but what about the news paper?—enquired Dorothy, in utter amazement, in which doubt and fear formed the greatest part of her excitement. "Do pray read it!"—

Dickory, thus solicited, read the paragraph, and if he showed much agitation, the wife betrayed much more; the news appeared to bereave her of her senses for an instant, and it was doubtful whether the paroxysm would end in hysterics, or hallucinations. However, the latter came abundantly to her relief, and crying and sobbing by turns, and now and then embracing her Dickory, the first words she uttered were—

"Now then, I can have the ostrich feather to my lavender bonnet, that I have set my heart so long upon. Dear Dicky! forgive me. I am an ungrateful wife, for with all your distresses for money, will you believe it, I have hoarded up nearly a pound by odd and chance, without your knowing it on it. Do forgive me!"

"Ostrich feathers, Mrs. Hickleberry! you shall have a dress made of porcupine quills, if you like; but don't forget now your altruisn as a lady, for as sure as you are born, we shall live to beat the Higgleses hollow, and right sorry they'll be that they have cut our acquaintance, because I hurl nothing but my old coat, and you your old gown, to appear in at their stuck-up Christmas party. Kiss me, Dolly, and then I'll go and have that infernal tooth out of your head, that's deprived us of sleep for these blessed three nights."

"Dicky, believe me, it's all gone, like magic; and so is my pte, my ear. Mean."

"Now, what will you do, Dicky?"

"Do!—What will I do? Why, I'll go first to our dear old friend Hobbs, who, you know, has trusted us all along for a whole two months, with groceries, and never ask us for a blessed penny. And the last time I saw him at the Dog and Whistle, and ventured on the sure pint, he squeezed my hand, the good old fellow did, and said, Hickleberry, I know you to be an honest man, and that's as good as payment any day.
in the week. I never lost a penny in my life by any honest critter, whatever might be appearances; and something tells me that you are sure to get out a'ny debt all the time you keep your countenance up, and your tin hammer a goin'. Bless his heart, he shall go along with me, and arrange the business with the lawyer man. So do you get your chops ready for dinner, with the strictest honesty, and we'll sith a breakfast, and sing, O be joyful, for grace, in such a style, as shall astonish the natives of Old Seven Dials."

CHAPTER II.

SUNDAY IN THE MINE.-ANOTHER HERO.

"I wonder what they are doing at home to-day," said a rough-hewn, athletic son of the mountains to one of his cabin-mates. "Now I should like to be there. To-day is my birthday. In my mind's eye I think I can see mother as plain as if she were before me, just shaving herself in the little parlor, ready for church. Father is stirring up the fire to air his shirt, which hangs before it on a chair. Sister Mary is just cutting off a mutton-chop and preparing it for breakfast. I can hear the little singing. Brother George has just come in from feeding the pigs and poultry, bringing in his hand a number of fresh laid eggs. I can almost hear him say, I wish Tom had some of these, as he proudly shows them to Mary; and she answers with a sigh: Oh, what would I give if I could but see poor Tom sitting down in his old chair by mother's elbow there; I wonder what he is doing at this moment; if we could but just peep in at his cabin door. Simon keeps babbling in and out, with her screeched exclamations flying, as she passes rapidly back and forth, to remind them that it is getting late for church; moreover, it is her Sunday out, and her sweetheart is waiting at the well-known stall, at the end of the long lane that leads to the church. 'Father,' says mother, with tears in her eyes, 'is near Tom's birth-day.' Father stops stopping his razor suddenly, and with a trembling voice recollects that 'so it is.' Then follows a long pause. At last George interchanges the same thought—'I wonder what he is about at the diggings?' 'Tis strange that we have not had a letter from him since last November!' 'Why, how can you expect it?' father says; 'letters don't fly through the air like pigeons, and you forget he can't write himself.' God forgive me. Dear Tom—how we shall remember him in our prayers at church, on this, his birth-day."

"For mercy's sake, stop dwelling on that picture," cries one of his mates, "ifless you wish me to go and lie down, I have but you two friends, my dear fellow. My earliest recollections of home, such as it was, are misery itself. Born almost in a worldouse, the only faces that glare upon me at this moment; are the hard-hearted master, the surly matron, and the touch-me-not parson; where human creatures were looked upon, treated and led like so many useless cattle; or, in a worse light, as incumbrances on the community. Your picture of home maddens me by its contrast to mine."

"Well, after all, to give the devil his due, the parish did that for you, though, which my poor outcasts could not do. For me, with all their efforts—for it gave you a tolerable education. I wish I could say as much."

"Talking of parish schools, who do you think I saw the day before yesterday?"

"Aye, I intended to ask you, for such a hang-dog expression I never saw in a fellow here, of all the fellows once—proud as any boy between his legs."

"Is that old Tom's daughter?"

"No, he is more I say so." "Yes, indeed. I knew the fellow, a thick-lipped, lumbering, and unsuspecting look, was more gratified with any part of my life. Many are the blows I dealt to fathers of my acquaintance, and the very recollection of that brings with it a shudder, as after those scufflings, his ugly face in my dreams."

"What did he want with you?"

"What would he be let a job, and him mean money; he had lost the mines, as he said giving charities, but I knew it all from idle I relieved his mind by giving dollar-places, and after I had a shower of daily blessing on my head. 'May your soul rest in peace!' May it be so, and have some fun at the same time. I could cry for joy, I cried round upon him, and asked most urgently him, said, 'If you are a man, you must come and see me.'"

"What's this, my dear fellow?"

"If you mean a man, you must come and see me; I have but you two friends, my dear fellow. My earliest recollections of home, such as it was, are misery itself. Born almost in a worldouse, the only faces that glare upon me at this moment; are the hard-hearted master, the surly matron, and the touch-me-not parson; where human creatures were looked upon, treated and led like so many useless cattle; or, in a worse light, as incumbrances on the community. Your picture of home maddens me by its contrast to mine."

"Well, after all, to give the devil his due, the parish did that for you, though, which my poor outcasts could not do. For me, with all their efforts—for it gave you a tolerable education. I wish I could say as much."

"Talking of parish schools, who do you think I saw the day before yesterday?"

"Aye, I intended to ask you, for such a hang-dog expression I never saw in a fellow here, of all the fellows once—proud as any boy between his legs."

"Is that old Tom's daughter?"

"I can't say."

"Yes; I don't deny it."

"Then what is she doing now?"

"I don't know what you mean? said changing color."

"You were over a house on Frogmore, in London, were you?"

"Yes; I don't deny it."

"Then ask yourself, what I should have been made of? be needed of? be wanted of? be needed of? be wanted of? between his legs."

"Is that old Tom's daughter?"

"I can't say."

"No less a person, I assure you, than the very over a house of St. Martin's workhouse, where I first drew conscious breath."
You don't say so!"

"Yes, indeed—I know the fellow in a moment, from his slouch, loutish walk, his dark, scowling, and suspicious look, and I never was more gratified with any interview in my life. Many are the blows that fellow caused to be laid on my back from mere espionage; eyes, the very recollection left behind brings with it a shoulder, and for weeks after these thrashings, his ugly face haunted me in my dreams."

"What did he want with you now?"

"What should he but a job, for that with him meant money; he had had no luck in the mines, and was high giving up the ghost. I know it all resulted from idle loafing, but I relieved his mind by giving him a five dollar piece; and after I had heard his shower of "God bless ye my fine fellow!" "May ye have all the luck in the world," "May he be your turn some fine day to be like to ye," &c., &c. I turned suddenly round upon him, and fixing my eyes to the last speaker. "I think I may depend upon it. That fellow will now have an opportunity of judging every word I say his own, nor anything about her, and everybody, like myself, counsel asking at last, although there was something about the girl that would make stupidity itself invisible. They say his wife died here of the fever, and was buried before any other person knew anything about the matter."

"Ah! there's a dark mystery, as yet unexplained, you may depend upon it. That girl carries a secret with her, which she is long wishing to disclose to some one of her own sex."

"She looks it as plain as words could speak it. As I live, here she comes; you will now have an opportunity of judging of the truth of my remarks, and whether there be any cause for my suspicion."

"Can you tell me," said the child, upon coming up to us, "whether there is any doctor at hand, for my father is so ill I fear he will not live the night out—and I am frightened to be in the cabin alone with him, for he talks and acts so strangely as to make me think he is going mad."

"How far off does your father live?" kindly inquired the last speaker. "I think I can procure him a doctor, but not in less than a couple of hours, if then. Suppose you stay in our cabin, while I go and hunt up somebody who knows something about medicine."

"No; I am obliged to you. I must return to the overseer himself of St. Martin's poorhouse, and was near giving up the ghost. They don't fly through the air like a young creature like that to the mines, with out being willing, by labor, to provide her a living!"

"I never saw her; is she like him? She must be a beauty if she is."

"As like as a spinning-jenny is to a jack-screw.—When I lived up at Red Dog diggings, she used often to borrow little matters, and I used to notice that while she stood answering my questions, she would turn her face in an opposite direction, with fear and trembling, as if she dreaded a beating from her father, if she answered them."

"How old is she, do you think?"

"Oh! she is quite young—not more than twelve or so. We never could get many words out of her, nor know where she came from, nor anything about her, and everybody, like myself, counsel asking at last, although there was something about the girl that would make stupidity itself invisible. They say his wife died here of the fever, and was buried before any other person knew anything about the matter."

"Ah! there's a dark mystery, as yet unexplained, you may depend upon it. That girl carries a secret with her, which she is long wishing to disclose to some one of her own sex."

"She looks it as plain as words could speak it. As I live, here she comes; you will now have an opportunity of judging of the truth of my remarks, and whether there be any cause for my suspicion."

"Can you tell me," said the child, upon coming up to us, "whether there is any doctor at hand, for my father is so ill I fear he will not live the night out—and I am frightened to be in the cabin alone with him, for he talks and acts so strangely as to make me think he is going mad."

"How far off does your father live?" kindly inquired the last speaker. "I think I can procure him a doctor, but not in less than a couple of hours, if then. Suppose you stay in our cabin, while I go and hunt up somebody who knows something about medicine."

"No; I am obliged to you. I must return to the overseer himself of St. Martin's poorhouse, and was near giving up the ghost. They don't fly through the air like a young creature like that to the mines, with out being willing, by labor, to provide her a living!"

"I never saw her; is she like him? She must be a beauty if she is."

"As like as a spinning-jenny is to a jack-screw.—When I lived up at Red Dog diggings, she used often to borrow little matters, and I used to notice that while she stood answering my questions, she would turn her face in an opposite direction, with fear and trembling, as if she dreaded a beating from her father, if she answered them."

"How old is she, do you think?"

"Oh! she is quite young—not more than twelve or so. We never could get many words out of her, nor know where she came from, nor anything about her, and everybody, like myself, counsel asking at last, although there was something about the girl that would make stupidity itself invisible. They say his wife died here of the fever, and was buried before any other person knew anything about the matter."

"Ah! there's a dark mystery, as yet unexplained, you may depend upon it. That girl carries a secret with her, which she is long wishing to disclose to some one of her own sex."

"She looks it as plain as words could speak it. As I live, here she comes; you will now have an opportunity of judging of the truth of my remarks, and whether there be any cause for my suspicion."

"Can you tell me," said the child, upon coming up to us, "whether there is any doctor at hand, for my father is so ill I fear he will not live the night out—and I am frightened to be in the cabin alone with him, for he talks and acts so strangely as to make me think he is going mad."

"How far off does your father live?" kindly inquired the last speaker. "I think I can procure him a doctor, but not in less than a couple of hours, if then. Suppose you stay in our cabin, while I go and hunt up somebody who knows something about medicine."

"No; I am obliged to you. I must return to the overseer himself of St. Martin's poorhouse, and was near giving up the ghost. They don't fly through the air like a young creature like that to the mines, with out being willing, by labor, to provide her a living!"

"I never saw her; is she like him? She must be a beauty if she is."

"As like as a spinning-jenny is to a jack-screw.—When I lived up at Red Dog diggings, she used often to borrow little matters, and I used to notice that while she stood answering my questions, she would turn her face in an opposite direction, with fear and trembling, as if she dreaded a beating from her father, if she answered them."

"How old is she, do you think?"

"Oh! she is quite young—not more than twelve or so. We never could get many words out of her, nor know where she came from, nor anything about her, and everybody, like myself, counsel asking at last, although there was something about the girl that would make stupidity itself invisible. They say his wife died here of the fever, and was buried before any other person knew anything about the matter."

"Ah! there's a dark mystery, as yet unexplained, you may depend upon it. That girl carries a secret with her, which she is long wishing to disclose to some one of her own sex."

"She looks it as plain as words could speak it. As I live, here she comes; you will now have an opportunity of judging of the truth of my remarks, and whether there be any cause for my suspicion."

"Can you tell me," said the child, upon coming up to us, "whether there is any doctor at hand, for my father is so ill I fear he will not live the night out—and I am frightened to be in the cabin alone with him, for he talks and acts so strangely as to make me think he is going mad."

"How far off does your father live?" kindly inquired the last speaker. "I think I can procure him a doctor, but not in less than a couple of hours, if then. Suppose you stay in our cabin, while I go and hunt up somebody who knows something about medicine."

"No; I am obliged to you. I must return to the overseer himself of St. Martin's poorhouse, and was near giving up the ghost. They don't fly through the air like a young creature like that to the mines, with out being willing, by labor, to provide her a living!"
turn immediately. Can I trust you, kind sir, to get us a doctor as soon as you can?" said the poor child, looking up in a confused manner to the one who had proffered his services.

"That you may, certainly, child; but first tell me where you live, and my friend here will see you home, for the road is not safe for such young folks as you, at this time of day."

"I live at Gopher Hill, about half a mile beyond the Red Rose Ranch, on the trail leading to Coarse Gold Gulch. I must be afraid, sir, to go back without any one, for you see I am provided with a companion and a friend,"—half disclosing at the same time a neat revolver, and pointing to a blustering and fierce dog, who had been reclining under a dwarf pine near the doorway, watching her every motion with the most intense anxiety.

"I thank you, sir, truly, for your kindness," added she; "I know you will not be gone long, I shall be looking out for you. Come, Rawbones," said the child, "let's be off before it is quite dark."

"You decline, then, my services?" said the other man to the girl.

"I had rather go home alone, sir, as my father perhaps would not like it. I assure you, with Rawbones, and this loaded pistol I shall be perfectly safe." The dog seemed to understand and devour every word the child uttered, and rose to depart, wagging his stump of tail as if impatient or delay. They appeared a queer couple. The one timid gentle of her sex, with a sweetness of face that a stoic could not pass without noticing and admiring. The other, one of the ugliest of all his kind. His head was nearly as big as his body, and as broad as long. His red mouth stretched almost from ear to ear; his jaws displaying immense power, and his formidable teeth exciting from his lips mandibles, seemed to grow with the object of making himself felt in case of emergency. Over these were surmounted a pair of round black staring wild eyes, that might cow and appal the most ferocious of beasts, and the most courageous of men. Well might the child look upon the brute as a safeguard! however much she might censure the pistol as a friend.

"There is something in the wind about that old villain," said the minor, as he prepared to fulfil his promise to the child. "There's something there, that's about to be divulged, depend upon it! I think I'd better bring a person with me, as well as a doctor."

"Do so," replied the other, "and in the event of your not being successful, yes, my dear fellow, are quite capable of taking a confession and offering dying consolation—so don't forget."

A NAPOLITAN nobleman fought fourteen duels to prove that Dante was a greater poet than Ariosto. At his death-bed, a confessor, who was a great admirer of Ariosto, desired him to acknowledge the superiority of that poet. "Father," answered the dying man, "to tell the truth, I never read either Dante or Ariosto."

BARXUM, in a letter to the Providence Journal, says: "I loved to make money, but not better than I loved to spend it. I gave $10,000 per annum in charity for ten years, and, if I had not been a poor, impulsive and compromising man, I should not have been ruined."

A NOTE, of which the following is a verbatim copy, was recently sent to the shop of a druggist in the neighborhood of Burns—

"On a hill in my Bow Hills and I saw my Happy Tight."

Mr. Fergusson says there is no country in the world where wives are more worshiped than they are in France. He regrets to say, however, that all the admiration comes from somebody else's husband.

The expense of one trip of an ocean steamer across the Atlantic is over forty thousand dollars.
A STORY OF TEA-POTS.

FROM CHAMBERS' JOURNAL.

When Corfu was ceded to Britain at the general division of spoils in 1815, the troops that were first sent out to garrison the island found a melancholy dilapidation of all those little comforts and conveniences of life that John Bull and his wife knew so little how to dispense with. miserable quarters, every article of furniture scarce and bad, the most common utensils for cookery unsuitable, and such wretched shops, that you left at the door when you step over the threshold. In short, the shifts to which they were put were often as ludicrous, than those little comforts and conveniences of life that were first sent out to garrison the island. 

The troops of the tea-pot. was a greater consolation than anything they got; at their own expense was the only consolation they had in their misery. The Want of tea-pots! Probably such an anomaly does not exist; but here there were three or four regiments—several hundreds of wretched Christians—without a tea-pot amongst them. But we are wrong when we say without a tea-pot—there was one tea-pot, a silver one, a piece of family plate that the owner had brought out with her to be used on grand occasions. But what a life it led!—and what a life its mistress led! It was certainly a grand thing to be the possessor of the only tea-pot on the island; the position he was in was imposing; but the glory, like many other glories, was overjoyed in the extremity, and many a dear poor Mrs. B. was induced to wish that she had hid her light under a bushel, rather than exposed herself to be eternally praised for the loan of the tea-pot. Besides, it could not satisfy all wants; when Mrs. A.—had it, Mrs. B.—was obliged to go without it; and when Mrs. C.—sent for it, she was too often told that Mrs. D.—had hid it away. Then of course it only excited amongst the officers' families; the unfortunate soldiers' wives had not even the consolation of hoping to have a turn out of it; they had all heard of it—they know that the thing existed, but that was all—they never so much as got a glimpse of it.

Such was the condition of the community when, one fine morning, a small trading vessel was seen to sail into the harbour. It was a country vessel, as appeared by the rigging; and as they seldom brought anything that was useful to the unfortunate exiles, there was not much to be hoped from it. However, as the smallest trifle would have been acceptable, as the beggars say, Colonel G.—desired one of his sergeants to go down to the quay and inquire what they had on board. Picture to yourself, reader, what must have been the feelings of Sergeant L.—on being informed by the captain that they were freighted with tea-pots!

"What have you got?" said he. "Tea-pots?" said the captain. "You'll have plenty of custom; then, my fine fellow," said the sergeant, and away he flew to spread the news. 'It's the most providential thing,' he observed 'that ever happened,' and, indeed, so thought everybody.

The blessed intelligence ran like wild-fire. In ten minutes, every woman in the garrison, high and low, and every bachelor that wanted to make a comfortable cup of tea for himself, might be seen running across the esplanade towards the quay pulling all hurried and anxious, pushing and driving, each afraid of being last, lest the supply, being limited, should be exhausted before all wants were satisfied.

"Which is the ship?" cried a chorus of eager voices to Sergeant L.—who, floundered with conscious importance, headed the procession. "This is her," said he, as he stepped on to the deck of the little trader, accompanied by as many of his followers as could find footing, whilst the unfortunate council gathered to the side as close as they could, all with one voice voicing: "Tea-pots! tea-pots! show us the tea-pots!"

"Tea-pots!" echoed the captains, nodding his head affirmatively.

"Where are the tea-pots?" all want tea-pots," cried the English. "Tea-pots!" said the captain, with a smile.
and a how and the crew repeated after him 'tea-pots!'
But by this time the extraordinary commotion had drawn to the shore, amongst other spectators of the scene, a certain Italian cook, who happening to have a smattering both of English and Romie, stepped forward to offer his services as interpreter.
He says he's freighted with tea-pots,' said Sergeant L——; 'do make him produce them.'
'What have you brought?' said the cook to the captain.
'Tea-pots!' replied the captain.
'Ah,' said the cook, turning to the anxious expectants, 'he says he bring -tipotus—fla-nos, in his language, notin.'

MEMORIES—TO MY SISTER.

BY MONADNOCK.

Do you remember, my sister,
Our home in the "Old Granite State,"
In the days ere our family circle,
Was ruthlessly broken by fate?

Do you remember in spring time,
The carpet of beautiful green,
That was spread out before the old farm-house,
While snow on the hill-tops was seen?

Do you remember our rambles,
After sweet-scented, modest May Flowers,
That nestled in green pasture hillocks,
And smiled in the warm April showers?

Do you remember the garden,
And apple trees branching and strong,
Where the beautiful red-breasted robins,
Belli their nests singing all the day long?

Do you remember, dear sister,
The Bible that lay on the stand,
And how we all knelt down together
And prayed in a family band?

Do you remember, one evening,
How we knelt by our father's bedside,
How kindly and fondly he blessed us
Before he so peacefully died?

These remembrances haunt me, my sister,
In the vale of this forlorn gold land
And memory oft brings together
The loved ones and lost of our band.

San Francisco, May 30th, 1856.

WINTER IN THE SIERRAS.

BY JAMES.

We all know that the spring season arrives with delight
With pleasure, by the desearted turf of California.

Such succeeding months bring bountiful crops, vigorous rural happiness, unqualified land.

When Sturman's House ended, the mountains—like monster—were away to other comforts and quarters, where we could remain.

Winter King.

Those who are compelled to remain, are often in vast fields of impassable sea forest-plain, covered to their the frozen mantle of the deep snow, English, one thing and one thing.

'Flourishing spirit, and pleasant changes of kindred spirit.'

Yet, fill majesty without—it was a beautiful and sublime—his cold indifference, if not with it.

A little California adventure happened in the winter of 1851 at the Sierra, some twenty miles dividing ridge. All around, it slopes descanted, now gently, towards the San Francisco, beautiful valley by spreading. Its teeming abounds, at its summer months, like their my were wasting away; and auto scattering foliage and lengthen followed in quick succession, trailing gleam: behind.

Winter was coming at our but a scanty supply for its cost. Unused to a mountain life, we rent of the amount that we assumed, and consequently we were prepared for it.
X SISTER.

"Sister, stand together!"

WINTER IN THE SIERRAS.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

BY ANON.

We all know that the spring-time and summer are hailed with delight, and passed with pleasure, by the denizens of the mountains of California. Each succeeding month brings its balmy breezes, easy showers, vigorous health, and rural happiness, unequalled in any other land. When summer's flowery reign has ended, the mountaineer—like the grizzly monster—moves away to closer and warmer quarters, where within his cozy cabin home, he can bid defiance to the Winter King.

Those who are compelled by circumstances to remain, are often surrounded by vast fields of impassable snow—towering forest pines, covered to their summits with the frozen mantle of the storm. In this deep prison solitude, one feels the loss of kindly converse and companionship with kindred spirits, and pleasant thoughts and changes with mankind. Yes, even the awful majesty without—at other times so truly beautiful and sublime—is looked upon in cold indifference, if not with disgust.

A little California adventure of mine happened in the winter of 1856, high up in the Sierras, some twenty miles from the dividing ridge. All around, the mountain slopes descended, now gently, now abruptly, towards the "Rio Sacramentos," where that beautiful valley lay nestled warmly at its base. The summer months, like their myriad flowers, were wasting away; and autumn, with its scudding fog and lengthening shadows, followed in quick succession, leaving its trailing glories behind. Winter—stern winter—was hurrying at our heels, with but a scanty supply for its coming severity. Unused to a mountain life, we were ignorant of the quantity that would be consumed, and consequently we were poorly prepared for it. Unskilled as my pen is in description, I will nevertheless attempt to tell you how my home really looked.

It was a neat little canvas tent, sheltered by a wide-spread pine, which had unchangeably withstood the pelting storms of centuries. Near to it was a large drawing room, and around its occupants, we were compelled to do our cooking outside. This was done by the side of a roaring fire, mass of dried wood, beside a pot, a coffee-pot, dingly with smoke; a frying-pan, home at the handle; a sauce-bottle for bean-cooking, which sometimes were burnt and unravely but with which we thought ourselves lucky to have even some of the comforts of life. And this kind of supper was eaten—where do you think? In Nature's large drawing-room—upon a mahogany table; but on a big flat stone, around which we sat, like so many tailors, to eat. Those never-to-be-forgotten days of beans and potatoes! They were considered a luxury, which was plainly to be seen by the expresiveness manifested by all to get the greatest share. And when dried fruit was added to this feast, each one was blessed with the sight, and was often tempted to leave a spoonful, for manners sake. We had our winter supply piled against the pine-tree that sheltered our tent. These supplies had been packed over the mountains, only to be stolen by the wild savages, whose hideous yell is still ringing in the deep gorges and glens of the Sierras. They are a straggling remnant of the Pah-Utah tribe, who wander about with a mantle or two, in sparse settlements, for rummage and spoliation. They proved no friends to us, for they stole nearly all our winter stores, whose hiccups yell is still ringing in the deep gorges and gles of the Sierras. They are a struggling remnant of the Pah-Utah tribe, who wander about with a mantle or two. In sparse settlements, the rummage and spoliation. They proved no friends to us, for they stole nearly all our winter stores, one night, as we lay dreaming in fancied security, and were off before the first streak of the next morning in their winter quarters, in the defiles of the mountains. Now, how were we, with starvation staring us in the face, to extricate ourselves from this dilemma, but to put the appearance on the

Y SISTER.

"Sister, stand together!"
mules, and make a "pilgrim's progress" to the nearest mining town, which was distant about thirty miles, where we might replenish our larder? This deviating tribe has become nearly exterminated, and we consulted ourselves with a wish that their death-struggle might be a pang or two the longer for redeeming our camp-bottles, yokes and beams. Our train was at last seen wending its way down the mountain side. An hour or two soon found us beside our friends at home, with an adequate supply, beside a huge encircling fire, against a pine log, for special benefit, earnestly discussing the merits of the heavy supper, hastily prepared for themseves, not forgetting us. Winter, with its snowy blanket, already begun to spread its covering on the distant hill-tops. My better half took warning by the yellow leaf of the willows, that hung upon the margin of the streamlets. The timid deer and antelope were soon scampering away, with the strong girdle, out of the dominion of the winter tyrant, which west whirling, shrieking with its fetid blast, through the glen. He was to take the mules below for better grazing, and return in a few days to his sepulchred being, before the trail was blocked with snow; and when I saw him seated on his mule, ready for departure, simply ensconced in his scraper, I felt a pre-sentiment of coming calamities, that his encouraging tones could not dispel; for surely "coming events cast their shadows before," especially when the sun of comfort appraoched about to set. Male after male disappeared on the hill, until the last of him was seen, waving an adieu with his slouched hat. All now, that was dear to me, was gone: the merry jingle of bells in the train, and the loud, stentorious "Hi-yah! Hi-yah!" that resounded through the forest of tall pines, fell upon my ear like a funeral dirge.

Our cabin was now nearly finished for my reception. The idea of once more having a home of my own, to shelter me from the inclemency of the season, engaged my whole attention; therefore, I had no time for long despondency or sober reflection. The gray dawn of misty morning found me wending my way to my new home of coming suffering. The snow-flakes were falling slantingly upon the frozen ground, obscuring the light of the morning sun, struggling to pierce the misty clouds that veiled the snowy horizon. A furniture moving-day is not of much importance to one who lives so far removed from fashionable life in a populous city. My cabin was not unlike "Uncle Tom's;" for it had a shaded door, fastened with a peg, to keep out the bears, coyotes, and Indians. I had no trouble in arranging my furniture to my taste: it was not cumbersome nor extensive. It consisted of little white pine table, three or four upright stools, a fancy bed-board, with the posts (large silesia) driven in the ground; for we had no floor; and these poles were covered with riven shakes for a cord, which, covered with bushes, made a rude bed. My carpet was indeed of a curious pattern—not of bright, large flowers, clustering warmly together, with a green spring now and then, to make the contrast more strikingly perceptible; but in its stead, it had the genuine gummy potato-marks, and which, when scored together, and the ground levelled down, made us quite comfortable. But the first night's lodging we took in our cabin, was anything but agreeable; for it had no "chinking," and the exercises were spasmodic enough to have thrown a good sized calf through, provided he went west first. I awoke the first morning, I remember, to find my bed with about two inches of snow for an outside counterpane, which had been drifted by the wind through these "chinks." But my mules, generous brother, and my own ingenious kid, soon alleviated a remedy. Taking boiling water, he thawed the ground, and made a mortar, which I handed to him, as he dabbed it upon and over the exercises of the house. We began to feel quite grand in our snowy location, as we sat, at night fall, inside a big fire, roasting our place, and which ran to our little household.

I was one morning much startled by the fellow, stamping at the door, and crying, "O, a Christmas in a very estimable but distant!" I felt surprised that he had rolled around the invitation, and any taste of the luxuries, if any slabs before us, a stuffed chair and gossips, bolted beams, a basket of hot buns, decked by the everlastest ceremony, or every one knows, in the mountains. Little valley was in his "birth and teaching," and he had brought a young girl among us considerable a little. And she felt her impetuous thoughts words and grammar the heads of the men, who went low to the mariner that fell by the bed without ceremony, or their unalike fire, in fact, their manner than I had ever seen, woman's angelic chimes is felt by the rag away from similar the happy home.

But I must break to you that our little was suddenly clamped for our exiles, from who, only the sky below the heart, in a dispute to some land, which hit. He was buried the hill-side, by a fo
AZINE.

WINTER IN THE SIERRAS.

beside a big fire, roasting in our huge cabin fire-place, and which reflected heat and light to our little household.

I was one morning startled from a pleasant reverie, by a good-natured looking follower, stamping the snow from his feet, at the door, who came to invite us to a Christmas dinner, to be given by a very estimable lady, who lived a mile distant. I felt surprised to find that Christmas had rolled around so soon. I accepted the invitation, and arrived in time to partake of the luxuries, that were set on a few plain plates before us, and which consisted of stuffed chucks and goose, a dish of real dried apples, boiled beans, some stale butter, and a dessert of hot biscuits—all which were dispachted by the curious looking guests, without ceremony, or fastidious airs, which, as every one knows, are useless accompaniments in the mountains. All the balms in the little valley were in attendance, each with her "lib and twelve" on. There was a young girl among the number, who was considered a little divinest in those days; and she felt her importance, by the soft, coquettish words and gestures, that no doubt turned the heads of the swarthy gentilmen, who hoot low to catch "the fairest lover that fell from her parting lips." This accounted for their boiled woolen shirts, as they called them, looking cleaner; their unshorn heads looking brighter; their manners were changed from those I had ever seen before. So much for woman's angelic charms, whose genial influence is felt by the rough mountainmen, rare away from similar attractions of his once happy home.

But I must break in upon my story, to tell you that our little party's cheerfulness was suddenly damped, by the return of a few of our exiles, from the funeral of one, who, only the day before, was shot through the heart, in a dispute about a claim he held to some land, which quarrel ended with his life. He was buried without ceremony, on the hill-side, by a few rough hands, as no one, near or far, whose grave will never be watered by a tender mother's or sister's falling tears; and a few sions were piled upon him, as a safeguard from the wild beasts that wander about nightly for their prey. This revolting scene was soon forgotten by the group; and just as we, John and merry song—such in life—were passed around; and "all went as glacial as a marriage bell."

The sun, next morning, had risen in splendor, and fell upon the sparkling snow, dazzling our eyes; but in the afternoon it became obscured by masses of falling snow, which precluded all hopes of the absent one's return that night, from beyond the mountains; and while I was fasting abroad, I afterwards learned that the coyotes were feasting on my two chickens at home, which I had brought thither from the valley below. It seemed, without exception, for three weeks; which entirely excluded us from the valley world below by an impenetrable barrier of huge snow-drifts, which lay in the mountain trail, at the depth of fifty feet. Day after day, the sun rose behind purple clouds of snow, and set in misty vapors. In this way, weeks rolled on, and no letters came, nor tidings of my own dear absent husband, over whom, I often imagined, the wolves might be holding a dreadful carnival, in some snowy den. It was then that I felt a certain melancholy and loneliness of heart, such as I never felt before. How often did I invoke sleep, as the type of death, to still my heart's deep throbbings!

However, weeks came and went; our little store of provision was nearly exhausted. Time sped on meanwhile; I know not how; for I lost the reckoning of the day of the week. All days were alike, saddened together in agonizing bewilderment. The tall pines swayed to and fro upon the hill, by the side of our rude cot, sounding like wild beasts eager for their prey. I thought of the freezing travelers of St. Bernard, in the frozen Alps, turning their gassy
eyes heavenward, when the film of death was shutting the loved ones from their view. Such might soon be our fate; for all our winter store had gone, but a few pounds of rice. I had not, for weeks, tasted a cup of coffee or tea, or any other civilized luxury. However, after hours and days of loneliness and bitter privation, spring, gentle, balmy spring, came again, chasing before it the ugly impediments of the traveller’s path, marking all nature lovely; and with it came the dear laden, not life healthful; for he had brought with him a trah of mules, heavily laden, not even forgetting the smallest item, which I had commissioned him to bring.

On looking back upon the scenes through which I had passed, I cannot help being thankful for the smallest item, which I had commissioned him to bring.

On my way to Ballinomuck I stumbled upon an odd scene—an Irish hedge school. It was held behind an old dilapidated barn; of which, its side, and two untrimmed wild hedges, formed a triangle. Expecting something worthy of my note book, I stood behind the barn unseen, watching the children, and waited the commencement of the dominie's scholastic exercises.

"Judy my darlin," said the professor, "I've brought the big bunch of turnips the mother of ye promised last week, one small one, no no small one. Och, does the think a man's brains are like the father's?"

Doctor Dittodown’s search of the Picturesque, Arabelique, Gratesque, and Burlesque.

A HEDGE SCHOOL.

On my way to Ballinomuck I stumbled upon an odd scene—an Irish hedge school. It was held behind an old dilapidated barn; of which, its side, and two untrimmed wild hedges, formed a triangle. Expecting something worthy of my note book, I stood behind the barn unseen and awaited the commencement of the dominie's scholastic exercises.

"Judy my darlin," said the professor, "I've brought the big bunch of turnips the mother of ye promised last week, one small one, no no small one. Och, does the think a man's brains are like the father's?"

Doctor Dittodown’s search of the Picturesque, Arabelique, Gratesque, and Burlesque.

A HEDGE SCHOOL.

On my way to Ballinomuck I stumbled upon an odd scene—an Irish hedge school. It was held behind an old dilapidated barn; of which, its side, and two untrimmed wild hedges, formed a triangle. Expecting something worthy of my note book, I stood behind the barn unseen and awaited the commencement of the dominie's scholastic exercises.

"Judy my darlin," said the professor, "I've brought the big bunch of turnips the mother of ye promised last week, one small one, no no small one. Och, does the think a man's brains are like the father's?"
or when ye gets to the house, that ye'll never learn your A. B. C. case as how, yes.

D. E. F. to my instruction, bmines take ye.

Here Biddy talk this gamin' and hammer into her, if ye wish, to be aliiblished as a genius yersel', the first half-clown of the alphabet. "Hilly O'Toole come up and pro-

sode wild ye spellin'. Och, an ye know that ye know your alphabet backward, and forants, and sideways, and if so be even, capable does too ye puzzler. What's that letter?)--(Pronce) "What lays eggs?"

"Cook."

"Cook!—Cook lay eggs!" Did i'er any one hear the like of that. Cook lay eggs. (Loud laughter by all the alumni.) Holy Yargin! Has your father's wife any more

sick sores? By the soul of St. Patrick, there is one consolation for ye. Ye'll be some fine morning, if not a Solomon, the next door to it, a Solomon.—"Proseide wild the next thing?"—"What's that round thing with a hole in it?"

"O."

"The next—(long pause)—What grows over Father O'Grady's tomb in the big church of—no matter where?" Give us a brace of 'em an ye'll guess that same.

"Can't say."

"You—double yew—N. O. W. "What's the next thru legg'd thing?" "X"—good for ye, N. has two legs remember that my jewer. What's next—th' thing that's situated in the right and left centre of your face, somewhere between the regions of lo chuke and the forehead?"

"I."

"Och honey yer in luck this day. What's next?" "Dunno?"—"Try again. Where will the bluegrass go that stole my pig, which was just t'icky to pay the risk?"

"L."

"'Tis just that same. Now for the foot of it? The word—not the pig I mean, yo genius?"

"Dunno."

"Och honey, put the steam up and ye'll complish it."

"Dunno."

"Dunno. What's wanting to the door that's locked when ye'll have it open in less than no time for the protest?"

"A Key."

"Och another ye've missed, when I made ye hit it as plain as a pike."

"A Key ye ninny. Doesn't a Key look the door win 'in shut and unlock 'it win it's open?"

"Now my jewel, look out for the fine work, put on all together every mother's soul o' em, and tell me like a mon the sun tottle."

"I-I-I-K."

"Good for ye, putting his head, O but we're destined some of these fine days to be the historian of Ballinnamuck, and all nations will bow doon to ye like old Phari of old."

"Now dowl-tail bun all togetherness and tell me, my son, the full amount of all the day's work?"

"Dun'no."

"Dun'no. Och honey! whe! Stars and planet a yer wits are gone to look after you another. What does the milkman put into her tap?"

"Mother puts rum, father does the whisky."

"Och faith, that's while the cow's gone to graze. Well, no bad substitute for that either."

"Yis Milk ay son. Milk. Now look out for the next census; but I'll tell ye to save extraordinary exertion, and to same time in gettin' over the ground! The—"

"The."

"Now by your grandfather's shillish look out for squalls, here comes a poser, but what's that run customer y'll be after takin' by the horses afore he'd make alone ment o' ye darlint?"

"Bull."

"Good for ye now prime boy. One more pull, a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether now. What's the ball's law-

ful wife called? Don't be either a runin' afore the thinkin', soakin' and hearin'. For ye know that owd natur', the darlint, has
ADDITION
Of the Vigilance Committee of San Francisco, June 9th, 1856.

To the People of California: The Committee of Vigilance, placed in the position they now occupy by the voice and countenance of the vast majority of their fellow-citizens, as executors of their will, desire to define the necessity which has forced this people into their present organization.

Great public emergencies demand prompt and vigorous remedies. The people, long suffering under an organized despotism, which has invaded their liberties, squandered their property, usurped their offices of trust and emolument, endangered their lives, prevented the expression of their will through the ballot-box, and corrupted the channels of justice—have now arisen, in virtue of their inherent right and power. All political, religious, and sectional differences and issues, have given way to the paramount necessity of a thorough and fundamental reform and purification of the social and political body. The voice of a whole people has demanded union and organization, as the only means of making our laws effective, and regaining the rights of free speech, free vote, and public safety.

For years they have patiently waited and starved, in a peaceable manner, and in accordance with the forms of law, to reform the abuses which have made our city a byword. Fraud and violence have failed every effort; and the laws, to which the people looked for protection, while distorted and rendered effectual by false or entirely nullified by ballot-box theft in fraud, at midnight, or nullified by the false comites of judges and inspectors of elections, at noonday, that

HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

...organized political parties, their creed from time to time, have put themselves in order.

Have procuring tools to subscribers, and for

Have armed the voters to defend the interests of the people, with ballots, with armed men, as the only means of returning to our city the liberty and safety that are due to a community.

Of all this and the verdict of the people, we have prevailed upon the few to prepare the ballot-box for a lawful vote; and so the people, who have been denied their right to order, have decided the issue for themselves, or for their fellow-citizens.

To our silent constables, then, the duty of keeping the peace, and upholding the constitution of the state, is due; and to our brave fighters to defend the interests of the community, and the people against their enemies.
ADDRESS OF THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.

Many doubted whether the majority of the people were not utterly corrupt.

Organized gangs of hired men, of all political parties, or who assumed any particular creed from mercenary and corrupt motives, have parceled out our offices among themselves, or sold them to the highest bidder.

Have provided themselves with convenient tools to obey their will, as clerks, inspectors, and judges of election.

Have employed bullies and professional fighters to destroy tally-lists by force, and prevent peaceable citizens from ascertaining, in a lawful manner, the true number of votes polled at our elections.

And have used cunningly contrived ballot-boxes, with false sides and bottoms, so prepared, that by means of a spring or slide, spurious tickets, concealed there previous to the election, could be mingled with genuine votes.

Of all this we have the most irrefragable proofs. Floors of other banks and States, and unconvicted criminals equally as bad, have thus controlled public funds and property, and have often amassed sudden fortunes, without having done an honest day's work with hand or head. Thus the fair inheritance of our city has been embroiled and squandered; our streets and wharves are in ruins, and the miserable entailment of an enormous debt will bequeath sorrow and poverty to another generation.

The jury-box has been tampered with, and our jury trials have been made to shield the hundreds of murderers whose evil hands have committed this tyranny, and silenced, with the bowie-knife and the pistol, not only the free voice of an insulent press, but the shuddering revolts of the outraged citizens.

To our shame be it said, that the habitual limits of distant lands already know that corrupt men in office, as well as gamblers, shouldred-strikers, and other vile tools of unscrupulous leaders, best, man, and shoot down with impunity, as well peaceable and unoffending citizens, as those corrupt reformers who, at the known hazard of their lives, and with singleness of heart, have sought in a lawful manner to thwart schemes of public plunder, or to awaken investigation.

Enkindled in the principles of republican government are the truths that the majority should rule; and when corrupt officials, who have fraudulently seized the reins of authority, designedly thwart the execution of the laws, and avert punishment from the notoriously guilty, the power they usurp revert back to the people from whom it was wrested. Realizing these truths, and convinced they were carrying on the will of the vast majority of the citizens of this city, the Committee of Vigilance, under a solemn sense of the responsibility that rested upon them, have calmly and dispassionately weighed the evidence before them and decreed the death of some and punishment of others, who by their crimes and villanies had stained our fair land. With those that were banished, this comparatively moderate punishment was chosen, not because ignominious death was not deserved, but that the error, if any, might surely be upon the side of mercy to the criminal. There are others so extremely loathly guilty, against whom the same punishment has been decreed; but they have been allowed sufficient time to arrange for their final departure; and with the hope that permission to depart voluntarily might induce repentance, and repentance amendment, they have been permitted to choose, within limits, their own time and method of going.

Thus far, and throughout their arduous duties, they have been, and will be guided, by the most conscientious convictions of imperative duty; and they earnestly and prayerfully hope, that in endeavoring to mete out meritorious justice to the guilty, their counsels may be so guided by that Power before whose tribunal we shall all stand, that in the vicissitudes of after life, amid
the calm reflections of old age, and in the clear view of dying conscience, there may be found nothing we would regret, or wish to change.

We have no friends to reward, no enemies to punish, no private ends to accomplish.

Our single, heart-felt aim is the public good—the purging from our community of those abandoned characters whose actions have been evil continually, and have finally forced upon us the efforts we are now making. We have no favoritism as a body; nor shall there be advanced, in any of our acts, either partiality for, or prejudice against, any race, sect, or party.

While thus far we have not discovered, on the part of our constituents, any indication of lack of confidence, and have no reason to doubt that the great majority of the inhabitants of the county endorse our acts, and desire us to continue the work of weeding irreclaimable characters from the community, we have, with deep regret, seen that some of the State authorities whose actions are felt, is their duty to organize a force to resist us. It is not impossible for us to realize that not only those who have sought place principally with a view to public plunder, but also those gentlemen who, in accepting offices to which they were honestly elected, have sworn to support the laws of the State of California, find it difficult to reconcile their supposed duties with sequencences in the acts of the Committee of Vigilance, since they do not reflect that, perhaps, more than three-fourths of the people of the entire State sympathize with and endorse our efforts; and as that all law emanates from the people, so that, when the laws thus enacted are not executed, the power returns to the people, and is theirs, whenever they may choose to exercise it. These gentlemen would not have hesitated to acknowledge this self-evident truth, had the people chosen to make their present movement a complete revolution, recalled all the power they had delegated, and re-issued it to new agents, under new forms.

Now, because the people have not seen fit to recall all the powers they have confided to executive or legislative officers, it certainly does not follow that they cannot, in the exercise of their inherent sovereign power, withdraw from corrupt and unfaithful servants the authority they have used to thwart the ends of justice.

Those officers, whose mistaken sense of duty leads them to array themselves against the determined action of the people, whose servants they have become, may be respected, while their error may be regretted; but none can carry the future reflections of that man who, whether in the heat of malignant passion, or with the vain hope of preserving by violence a position obtained through fraud and bribery, seizes, under the color of law, to enlist the entrenchments of society, as a hired soldiery in the service of the State, or urges criminals, by hopes of plunder, to continue, at the cost of civil war, the reign of ballot-box strikers, suborners of witnesses, and tamperers with the jury-box.

The Committee of Vigilance believe that the people have entrusted to them the duty of gathering evidence, and, after due trial, expelling from the community those ruffians and assassins, who have so long outraged the peace and good order of society, violated the ballot-box, overthrown law, and thwarted justice.

Beyond the duties incident to this, we do not desire to interfere with the details of government.

We have spared and shall spare no efforts to avoid bloodshed or civil war, but, unhindered by threats or opposing organizations, shall continue, peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must, this work of reform, to which we have pledged our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

Our labors have been arduous, our deliberations have been cautious, our determinations firm, our counsels prudent, our motives pure; and, while regretting the impious necessity which called us into action, we are anxious that this necessity should
The people have not seen the powers they have con
s or legislative officers; I
it now, that they cannot
form from corrupt and unsafe
authority they have used
of justice.
whose mistaken sense or
to array themselves against
ction of the people, whose
cause, may be repri
may be regretted; but
vo become may be resp
whose mistaken sense of
ls of justice.
4 the legislative officers if
powers they have Con;
the heat of malign
measures, arduous, our dei
peaceably if we can,thro
sudden harm, and the change
ion obtained through
in the service of the Sta
ls, by hopes of plunder, the cost of civil war, the rage
fers, suborners of witnesses, with the jury-box.
the vain hope of preserving
position obtained through
've to them the duties due
the community those rulers
who have so long entangled
ood order of society, violate
en law, and thwart
duties incident to this, to
interfere with the daily
red and shall spare no efforts
ed or civil war, but, under
or opposing organization, necessarily if we can, forcibly
work of reform, so that
our lives, our territories,
been aridous, our del
been cautious, our determina
counsels prudent, our men,
while regretting the imp
which called us into action
that this necessity shou
exist no longer; and when our labors shall
been accomplished—when the commu
shall be freed from the evils it has so
long endured—when we have insured to our
citizens an honest and vigorous protec
on of their rights, then the Committee of
Vigilance will find great pleasure in resign
their power into the hands of the people,
from whom it was received.
[Published by order of the Committee.]
33, Secretary.

"SPECIMENS" WORTH SAVING.

We cannot refrain from clipping the follow
following beautiful sentiment from 'Meister
Karl's Sketch Book,' entitled 'The Night
of Heaven.' It is so full of touching tender
ness and feeling:

"It is dark when the honest and honest
ble man sees the results of long years swept
rued away by the grasp of heartless, heartless adversity. It is dark when he
feels the clouds of sorrow gather around,
and knows that the hopes and happiness of
others are fading with his own. But in
that hour the memory of past integrity will
be a true consolation, and assure him, even
here on earth, gleams of light in heaven!

"It is dark, when the deaf voice of that
sweet child, once so fondly loved, is no more
heard around in murmurs. Dark, when the
little pattering feet no more resound with
out the threshold, or случая, step by step,
the stairs. Dark, when some well-known
melody recalls the day spring of immor
ty and the infinite light of heaven!

"It is dark, when the clear voice of that
sweet child, once so fondly loved, is no more
heard around in murmurs. Dark, when the
little pattering feet no more resound with
out the threshold, or случая, step by step,
the stairs. Dark, when some well-known
melody recalls the strain once oft attuned
by the childish voice, now hushed in death!

Darkness, indeed; but only the gloom
which heralds the day spring of immor
ty and the infinite light of heaven!

"It is dark, when, in later life, we tread
the scene of long-vanished pleasures—pleas
ures pure and innocent, whose voices like
soon thrilled our soul—whose voices, like
those of some phantoms-bang—are ever sweet
and sad; but never sadder than when chil
ning with the after-echo. 'We return no
more!' Ring as ye will, sweet voices, there
are louder joys awaiting in the golden
Eden-Land, which lies beyond the sunset of
life, and is gladdened by the light above, in
heaven!

"It is dark, very dark, when the grim
mask of sickness has passed fearfully over
us with its deadly magnetic stroke, and
left behind the life-enduring sorrows of
blindness, decrepitude, or deblility. It is
dark, often dark, when we are neglected for
the fair and comely, who abound in this gay
and heartless world. Cheer up, those poor
sufferer; for there are those among the an
gha who love them, and those who will shed
fair as they, when touched by the light
above, in heaven!

"It is dark in the heart of man all over
this fair, green world. It is dark beneath
the noon-day sky—dark in the sun-ray,
the moon-beam,—the star-light. But for the
true heart and trusting soul, who lives in
the life of love and gentleness; there beau
ch over, a light of joy from Heaven?

"I wondered what has become of the a
fairs!" said Mrs. Johnson, "I have been
looking for them all the evening, and ca
find them high or low."

Nobody could give any information.
After a while the hired Dutchman get
sleepy, commenced pulling off his boots
preparatory to going to bed.

"All dis day," said he, "I think I got
some little grable stones in my boots, I feel
em out now."

He turned up his toes and pounced out
the sanders.

"Da, I planted some potatoes in our gar
den, and what do you think came up?"

"Why, potatoes, of course."

"No, sir, there came up a dove of
hogs and eat them all."

Lost! A lawyer's experience, somewhere
between the court house and the post of
; but as it was nearly worn threadbare, no
great reward will be paid for it.
THE VIGILANCE CALL.

Away, away to duty, no longer linger now,
Merchant leave the counting-room, Farmer leave the plow;
Miner drop the heavy pick, Trader leave thy wares,
Artef, Merchant, now, assume your country's arms!
The Ballot-box is sought to thee, 'tis wrested from the power,
Thy fathers purchased it with blood, and left it as thy dower;
But villains of the darkest dye, have wrested it from thee,
And now stand up a freeman, or forever bend the knee.

Who all thy posts of honor? are they honest men and free?
Will they ever be found faithful to thy country or to thee?
Are they men of sterling wisdom? selected by one voice?
The best men in the nation? the people's only choice?
Blush now to own the truth, and hang thy head with shame,
Thy rulers have been rowdies—and disgraced to thee thy name,
Leaders bribed by bribing gold—knaves of a foreign shore.

Freeman be up and doing, thy country calls for thee,
No longer look discouraged, no longer bend the knee;
Dare to assert thy rights—fight for them if so must,
And yield not till your life's blood is mingled with the dust;

Upon the pine-clad mountain, deep in the fertile vale,
Is heard the infant orphan's cry, the widow's bitter wail;
And villains of the darkest dye would take thy life from thee,
But rise up now a freeman, or forever bend the knee.

Then husbands, fathers, brothers, sons, all, vigilante be now,
For cannot he who would look back with hand upon the plow;
The work of reformation has scarcely yet begun,
Then shrink not back from duty, till faithfully 'tis done;

Tho' this golden west is now wilds thy hands,
With thine give it noble freedom? or succumb to knavish bands?
Wives, mothers, sisters, daughters are pleading now for thee,
So now stand up a freeman, or forever bend the knee.

Then away, away to duty, 'tis woman bids thee go,
Though her soul is full of sadness—her heart with deepest woe;
Oh! 'tis a fearful thing we know—we've thought it o'er and o'er,
Yet, though we love thee dearly, we love thee honor more.
Then cease to us thou wily knave, we'll give thy armor on,
And then go kneel in prayer, till the battle's lost or won;
Yes, women will thy armor bring, and give it on to thee,
Then stand up now, a freeman, or forever bend the knee.

San Francisco, May, 1856.
CAROLINE D.
From advance sheets of Lloyd’s forthcoming Steamboat Directory, we see that he gives the credit of the invention of the steamboat to John Fitch, and not to Robert Fulton. He produces good authority to sustain him in his assertions, and the friends of Fitch will no doubt be glad to find justice will be done in this work. It appears that John Fitch invented and made a successful trial trip with his steamboat at Philadelphia, in 1786, which averaged nearly eight miles an hour, and that afterwards, while he was in Paris, trying to obtain aid from the French government to further his objects, he met Robert Fulton, who was there with his submarine battery for blowing up ships; and Fulton, by pretending to take great interest in John Fitch, obtained plans and drawings of his steamboat by giving him some milk and water letters to various persons. Poor Fitch remained in Europe some time, trying to get capitalists to advance him funds to prosecute his great invention, but without success. They called him crazy; little dreaming of the prize they were losing. Meantime, Robert Fulton returned to New York, and obtaining funds from Chancellor Livingston, built the steamer “Clermont” on the North River, in 1806, using in her one of Watt’s improved steam engines ordered from England. This was fully twenty years after John Fitch had demonstrated the practicability of steamboating the mighty Mississippi with the steamboat. In 1811, Robert Fulton and Livingston claimed the exclusive privilege of navigating the Ohio and Mississippi by steam. Several boats were thus tied up, but at the great trial in New York, it was satisfactorily and conclusively proved that Robert Fulton was not the inventor of the steamboat, but to John Fitch belonged the high honor of first moving in this wonderful discovery. — Cincinnati Times.
stealthily to his father's pockets, on a prospecting trip, while he was asleep, and took the money; always leaving the industrious old man without any.

A neighbor residing in the adjoining cabin, after telling us the exploits of "that lazy pass," wound up his story with "of that cro easy wish'd to see, I wouldn't like to kill the boy either, but dart me if I wouldn't trade him for a dog, and I'd kill the dog—sure!"

Editor's Table.

SOCIAL CHAT WITH CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Our social chat this month will be very short for two reasons; first, because we have but little to say, and next, because we have but few contributors; and they are our old acquaintances and friends—with whom we have spent many gossiping hours, and hope to do again. We shall be happy, however, to increase the number, and hope that many will take an interest in our Magazine, and send us their many thoughts with which to brighten and cultivate its pages.

We wish to make it as truly Californian as we can, in every feature. We hope that many of our old acquaintances in the mountains, will write us something new, and tell us the latest news, and when they get off a safe journey, let them give ourselves and our readers the benefit of it. We shall allow the ladies to abuse the gentlemen, and give the gentlemen an opportunity to defend themselves, or get some silly friend to do it for them; and we—with their permission—will see fair-play. We wish to encourage intellectual sport, and to seetise good manners freely, and, with your assistance, kind reader, we hope to make our Magazine as welcome to all, as would be a ray of sunlight on a cloudy day.

We cordially invite contributions from ladies and gentlemen of literary taste and education, upon any and every subject interesting to Californians. And as we wish to present as great a variety as possible, we would suggest brevity—in their favors.

To our juvenile friends, we wish to say, that we shall reserve a little corner for their compositions, as we wish to encourage them to cultivate a taste for writing.

We have received the following, and insert it, by way of commenentation:

TO MY FLOWERS.

You pretty little benightened things,
I wonder if in Heaven
Angels wear you on their wings,
On a mist we are given.

MARY.

We think that the thought is very pretty, Mary; and, that by-and-by you will do much better.

We would make a few suggestions to our young friends. Let your communications be short, and to the point. If you have but one thought, express it clearly, and then have it—do not spin it out to make more of it, as that is a very bad habit—rather seek to add other thoughts to the one expressed.

Excerpts from our friend Encarnación, we have received an interesting description of a "Wedding Tour," and we don't wonder that they enjoyed it:

"Imagine a party of four old bachelors—all professional men, [who should think so, but why haven't you proposed, as well as professed?] leaving the lively metropolis of life at the Capitol, on a journey of eighty or one hundred miles to witness—what they have so long sought in vain—the marriage ceremony.

"You can and will appreciate our embarrassment, as you have had many years of experience, [don't expose us, Sir!] in our way; but we believe you are not so blind to redemption, as your praiseworthy un

desire will, doubtless, bring us to some of the bright stars of the West."

To the subject. One hour's ride on the border of the beautiful valley of the S. in the flourishing city of bears was rattling streets, and in our way to the sun soon arose in music above the snow-capped S. continued our journey through beautiful flowers; the old little giving melody, lifted, and sat on.

Among our party was the Musical, Medical, and Literary departments; and as we are seldom treated at all, in any laugh, and pleasant, or morning ride one of great joy. The next time I'll make a ride, the whole place was a bed of flowers; there was not a sound, the only thing was the music, the music, and still more music; the music, the music, and the music.

"I found myself so far from it, about 10 miles from the city, and, I am sure, the landscape was lovely. The children, bees, and flowers, were all in every kind. Our city was noisy, and no quiet. In our way, we only wished to be away.

"We now began to think on the beauty of the hills and rocks, and varied scenery we presented itself, until we were served with a cup of coffee; if not, Mr. B. and Mr. K., and the whole were really and amusing. The trying time was a we to meet the bride of yesterdays in this beautiful place.

"Now appeared the bride's party, the former beautiful Mary, in a suit of gowns they had no prosecuted, but was now too old. Of the prettiness, and happiness! How often read by the [servant who] was to object to us, 'was vanity.' We were for a little longer in old bed, but not in the end. It is
Friends, we wish to convey a little cornel for we wish to entertain you with a taste for writing and the following, an commencement:

FLOVERS.

The luminous things, in flowers, on their vinges, you give.

The thought is very present by and by you will find in a few suggestions to your communication the purpose. If you have not access to the city, and can spin it out to make a very bad habit—rather like thoughts to the one.

Sacramento, we have a resting description of a c and we don't wonder.

A party of four old bachelors—so, one should think of you proposed, as well as the lively sounds of city, on a journey of eighteen to witness—what they hit in—rain—the marriage.

We will appreciate our, of we have had many years don't expose us, Sec. In believe you are not, as your pleasingly.

deciding will, discoursings, bring you intimately with the astonishing constellation—some of the bright ones of which are known as 'Tattle King,' 'Jennie,' 'Bessie,' 'Stella' and a host of others, and this being Leap Year there is a faint hope left us, [Sec. 1 Sec. 1] that we may yet be smiled upon; our modesty thus far having prevented us from making any serious demonstration. But to the subject. Our party, after a six hour's ride on the busses and through the beautiful valley of the Sierras, arrived in the flourishing city of M——, and here we remained for the night.

At early dawn, the following morning, our baccaro was rattling through the streets, and on our way to the festive scene. The sun soon arose in unclouded brilliancy above the snow-capped Sierras, and we continued our journey through a panorama of beautiful flowers; the choral songs of birds giving melody, life, and joy to the occasion.

Among our party might be classed the Judicial, Musical, Medical and Legislative departments: and as we all felt gay, the merry laugh, and pleasant joke, made our morning ride one of great pleasure and enjoyment.

We next found ourselves seated at breakfast at B——, about ten miles from M——. The landscape and scenery became more than unusually interesting. The table was laden with delicious eggs, pie, cakes, and sweetmeats of every kind. Our city enterer was 'whiz.' If such was to be our reception everywhere, we only wished our friends would marry often.

We now began to thread our way among the empty hills and deep canyons; and with variety and variety was continually presenting itself, until we arrived at--—, the place of our destination, here we were received with equal, if not more cordially by Mr. and Mrs. K., and the bridal party, who were ready and waiting for our arrival. The trying time was at hand; when we were to meet the bridal pair, (two copies) for the last time in a life of single blessedness.

Now appeared the bride and bridegroom, the former beautiful in appearance. Many regretted they had not themselves proposed, but it was too late, all was lost! Of 'punctuality, tidiness of time and happiness! How often have I been raised by thee! (serve you right, oh!) We resolved to object to the ceremony, 'all was vanity;' we were doomed to remain a little longer in old bachelordom, but it's not our fault. It is Leap Year and we are ready and willing to receive proposals [111].

The two couples were united with the one ceremony. They passed through it properly. Next came congratulations of the bachelors, and kissing the bride. This latter was declared to be the most interesting, and satisfactory portion of the whole ceremony. All was life and merriment until the wedding-supper, which served to increase the joy of the large company assembled. Teas and the rounds. The great objects of attention were the bridal pairs. [We do not doubt it.] They were dressed in most tasteful array.

We all accosted, combined to our souls by some magnetic power, until 'music went with its voluptuous swell,' when, with our mountain's bosom, the spell was broken, and the dance began.

Left eyes looked in eyes that smiled again, 'And all went merry as a marriage bell.'

We danced till we were, after prolonged pleasure spent, to choose the glimmering hours with flying feet'—was the sentiment bearing in every heart.

Each separated, believing his cup of joy had been filled; and many a confirmed old bachelors resolved to return this night, and become a man.

Now, dear Ed., if you will give us an introduction, through your columns, to Jennie, Kathy, or any of these and lusty spirits, who have so frequently, through the press, thrown so many stones into the "social circle," you will greatly oblige; and I will communicate with you again, soon, upon my matrimonial prospects. Adieu.

[We should be happy to give you an introduction through our columns, 'Sacramento,' to the fair ladies named with their permission—but we regret to say, as yet, we have not had that pleasure ourselves, and as you are better looking than we are, we might prefer the first chance—is that right?]
Letters to the People on Health and Happiness, by Susan Brownlow.

Allen & Spier have kindly placed upon our table this instructive little volume. To our readers, we can cordially recommend it as one of the most useful books of the present day. It is familiar, clear, and comprehensive. The lady has evidently entered upon her task with a desire to be useful to all—especially to her sex. There is nothing tedious in it; there is no false modesty about it, but its earnest teachings and common-sense facts speak home to the better judgment of all. If you would have health in preference to sickness, beauty to deformity, cheerfulness to melancholy, read and practice the contents of this little volume.

To the Neisy Carrier Co., we are indebted for a hearty laugh over Phnt-Rin-Tch, a Song that's by no Author A Duet without a Name—Perpetrated by Q. W. Pittsburg Duettes, Pt. I. We are tempted to give the following extracts:

**THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY.**

I refuse to apologize. When I began this work, I assumed the right to distort facts, to mutilate the records, to belittle history, to outrage common sense, and to speak as I should please, about all dogmatists, persons, places, and events, without the slightest regard for truth or probability. I have done it.

I intended to compose a story without plot, plan, or regard for the rules of grammar. I have done it.

I intended to write a poem in defiance of precedent, of propriety, and of the public. I have done it.

I intended to engraft all commonly-received ideas of Chronology, and to transmute dates, periods, epochs and eras, to suit my own convenience. I have done it.

I intended not only to mock, with the heathen Gods, and to introduce some of them into secular matters. "Best Society," but also to invent a mythology of my own, and get up homemade deities to suit myself.

I have done it. I intended to slaughter the American eagle, and the heroes of liberty, annihilate the Yankee nation, and break things generally; and I have done it.

If you are discontented with the story,—If the beginning does not suit you,—if the middle is not to your taste,—if you are not pleased with the catastrophe,—if you don't like my disposition of the characters,—if you find fault with my imaginative facts,—if you think the poetry isn't genuine,—if, in fact, you are dissatisfied with the performance, you had better go to the discount and get your money back; for, I repeat it, I refuse to apologize.

What are you going to do about it? 

**INTERROGATION.**

Don't you ask me, unless this barbasque;

Whence this captious floridation,

With its huge attempt at satire,

With its effort to be funny,

With its pride in Yankee spirit,

With its love of Yankee firmness,

With its sling at Yankee fashions,

With its slap at Yankee humbug,

With its blow at Yankee folly,

And its scoff at Yankee bragging,

With its praise of all that's nasty,

All that's hot, all that's bold,

With its bitter hate of meanness,

Hate of pride and affectation,

With its scorn of shrewdness and cunning,

Scorn of nobles, and scorn of knaves,

Scorn of all who grumble before the

Dirty butt: "alright, don't you?

Don't you ask me— for I don't tell you,

Lost you, too, should be a Yankee

And should turn and make a liberal,

Claiming damages, God knows how much.

In the language of "Oh Great Day," we advise

"Ye, who love to laugh at nonsense,

Love the silly, idle, idle, idle,

Want to read a song historic,

Want to read a song prophetic,

Full of facts and real transactions,

Which you know are true and life-like—

All full of lies and fiction,

Full of characters of fancy

And imaginary people.

Buy this home-made Yankee fable,

Buy this song that's by no author."

At the Neisy Carrier's.

The following was found in the Peabody school of the Peabody school, which, in due time, and more would feel pleasant, and said barbague them a warm reception.

"When you remove a man's mind is to take his body and give him N****, a notorious room, and to his consciences, a victim to wearing the word "shirt.""

Some Suffolk farmers appeal to George the 4th, who wrote back an announcement that he was certain day, send them a new code made out and accordingly provided, and his Majesty.

The late Duke of Gloucester, wrote to his friends: "It does not love to show his tenants this year, a result of last year,"
Juvenile Department.

The following example will show our juvenile friends the necessity of legible writing, correct spelling and punctuation:

A tailor, about to start on a voyage, his wife sent the following note to the clergyman: "A man going to see his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation;" whereas it should have been, "A man going to see, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation."

The corporation of a certain city, not far from the capital of the principality of Wales, despatched its learned clerk to write to a certain innkeeper to prepare a suitable dinner for his mare and twenty of the principal burgesses (burguise) of the city. To which, in due time, answer came that said mare would find plenty of oats in the stable, and said burgesses lots of pistols to give them a warm reception.

"When you reserve this the first thing you do mind is to take the new coat I have just made, and get him shot," wrote Lord A****, a notorious bad speller, to his groom, and to his consternation he found a fine animal a victim to his fine spelling, meaning the word "shot!" instead of "shod."

Some Smiths' farmers sent an enormous turp to George the Fourth as a present, who wrote back an acknowledgment and mentioned that he would, in return, return on a certain day, send them an equivalent, which the good clods made out to be an elephant, and accordingly provided a large house and pasture ground for his necessities; but when the gift turned out to be a small gold snuff-box, they thought themselves mightily aggrieved, and his Majesty no gentleman.

The late Duke of Grafton's gamekeeper wrote to his friends: "The Duke of Grafton does not intend to shoot, nor do any of his tenants this year."

A learned blacksmith wrote on a notice-board: "Any person offered on any lot after this notice, I will give him a due in the horse pond, for this road goes nowhere, an if you can't read inquire at the blacksmith's forge."

Our Little Pett.

One evening when seated by the cheerful fireside, and surrounded by the pleasant family of a friend, I noticed that more than ordinary attention was extended to a very intelligent low-crying girl of almost nine years, who still sat in the circle after the lesser juveniles had retired for the night. I could conceive that she was a favorite with both father and mother, and, what was rather singular, with all of the children—I cannot say that I approve of "favorites" in a family, as it too often brings discouragement and jealousy between them; but she was a favorite, and I must admit that in this family the utmost loving gentleness, and harmony existed. Presently she retired for the night, and as soon as the door had closed, her father drew his chair closer to the fireside, and surrounding him with his children, thus began, "You noticed little Liza who has just given us our good-night kiss, and retired?"

"Yes." Here his eyes filled with tears and deep feeling almost prevented his utterance. "She is our favorite," he continued—"our loving pet."—A few years ago, I had the misfortune to lose every dollar I possessed, for I had borrowed money at a high rate of interest and my creditor was an unrelenting, cold-hearted, and inimicable man of iron—iron in the soul; a man without feeling, without sympathy; who could never have known the luxury of one kind act— or its remembrance would have pleased for my family. The mortgage was foreclosed and I and mine became paupers, homeless,
...and hungry wanderers. By the kindness
of an old acquaintance, I saw them shel-
tered in a very humble dwelling, and in the
hope that I might save a little—It was
but a little, from the wreck of my fortune,
that I might give bread to the dear little
cousin that nightly gathered around my knee,
I worked day and night—in vain. That
credulous merciless hand took everything
away.

"How I loved my family, and how I suf-
fered, no heart can ever know—but, driven
to despair—with shame I confess it—in a
few months I became a wandering inebriate,
but—"

Here he sobbed deeply, and the big tears
rolled down his manly cheeks, as he con-
tinued—

"But, on returning home about daylight
one morning, after getting a little sobered
by sleeping in a stable, I entered quietly
within the house, and had scarcely set my
foot, noiselessly, upon the stairs, when I
heard a voice—her dear voice—I listened
—and that dear voice was nearly choked
with sorrowful, and beseeching anguish as
she prayed—Oh Father, pity, oh! pity, my
poor dear father—oh bring my dinar, dear
father back to us again, save my dear, dear
father."

He heard my story in silence; what a
burden of doubt was removed, even by
the touch of my hand, and with deep feeling
said—"You are just the very
man I want, to keep my books; for yester-
day, my clerk commenced business on his
own account, with a very intimate friend
of his, and I am now without one; nothing
would have been more opportune."

"From that day I became a new man, I
directed my whole attention to the interests
of my employer; and by a kind Provid-
ence I have arisen step by step from a
clerk to a business partner in the firm; and
think God we are doing a flourishing busi-
sness; we are all happy together; and, I be-
lieve it almost impossible for any man to
have his cup of joy so full as mine, and in
such a pleasant family, and such a little angel in it, do you wonder
that we make her our little pet."

"If children would think how much joy
they can give others by their gentle
and loving thoughtfulness, there would be
many more "little pets", and happy families
than there are—" Don't you think so,
children?"

IMPROVING CHEAP STAT.

PAPER, BLANKS.

STANDARD WORKS:

Agriculture; Architecture; Astronomy; I
Building; Chemistry; Geology; Medicine; N
Engineering; Literature; Music; Science; 
Mathematics; Surgery; Theology; Water

LAW BOOKS:

All the Leading American and English

MUSIC BOOKS:

Singers, Pianos, Organists.

SCHOOLS:

In every material action of your life con-
consider well its probable result.

A woman's heart is a true place for a
man's likeness; dauntless and unyielding,
and an instant gives the impression, but an age of
sorrow, and change, cannot efface it. —Ellen
Cook.

A warning editor wishes to know wheth-
er the law recently enacted against the
ere the law recently enacted against the
ere the law recently enacted against the
ere the law recently enacted against the
carrying of deadly weapons applies to do-
carrying of deadly weapons applies to do-
carrying of deadly weapons applies to do-
carrying of deadly weapons applies to do-
ctors who carry pills in their pockets.
At the bright shell
From its home in the sea,
Not whatever it goes
It is king of the sea.
To take the food that will
From its home and the brute,
It live on the earth.

Material action of your life
Considerable results.

A true heart is a true place of a home;
Daguerrotype-like, it
The impression, but no use of change, cannot affect it. —Hope

Every editor wishes to know which
Recently casued, but the deadly weapons applied to
Arms in their pockets.

LOEWY BROS. & BRIGHAM,
CHEAP STATIONERY AND BOOK HOUSE,
SANSON STREET, CUSTOM-HOUSE BLOCK,
$25th door from corner of Front Street,
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
FOREIGN & DOMESTIC STATIONERY
(WITH EVERY DESCRIPTION)
WRITING, PRINTING, WRAPPING, DRAWING & COLORED
PAPERS,
Blank Books, Playing Cards, Inks, Tattoos, Musical Instruments, Pocket Outlays, Gold Pens, Straw and Blankers' Boards, School and Standard Books, Novels and Cheap Publications.

ALLEN & SQUIRE,
LEGAL,
MERCHANTILE,
AND
CUSTOM-HOUSE BLANKS,
SEAL,\nLETTER \nAND\n\nEYELET \nPRESSES.

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
PAPER, BLANK BOOKS AND STATIONERY.
NOISY CARRIER’S
BOOK AND STATIONERY CO.,
87 Battery St., corner of Long Wharf,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Newspapers, Books and Stationery
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

CHEAP PUBLICATIONS.

By Mail and around the Horn, by Lever, Jones, Duran, Sun, George Sand, Cooper Murray, Ned Bautin, Grace Aguilar, Osgood, Baudelaire, Lamartine, Ingraham and a host of others.

BOUND BOOKS.


PLAYS.

All the Modern and Minor Dramas. New Plays received by almost every Mail.

NEWSPAPERS.

Newspapers from the Atlantic States, British Provinces, and the rest of Mankind, commencing with the Halifax, (N. S.) Recorder, St. John’s Observer, together with Papers from Bungo, Augusta, Portland, &c—but it is tedious to enumerate.

It is sufficient to say we have them from Halifax to Texas, not forgetting the little villages of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and New Orleans, and branching into the Western country as far as Illinois and Minnesota, together with those from England and Ireland, a light sprinkling from France and Spain, and barring the war we would have a few from Russia, Turkey, and perhaps from Further India.

PERIODICALS.

Harper’s, Colby’s, Graham’s, Putnam’s, Magazine of Art, Yankee Nations, Frank Leslie’s Fashion Book, Knickerbocker, Peterson’s, and New York Journal.

STATIONERY.


PENCILS.

Parker’s, Guttridge’s, Brookman & Langdon’s, Robinson’s, &c.

PENS.

Gillott’s, Rhodes & Son’s, Cornhill, Lempert & Co.’s, Laman’s Flat Spring, Albertas, Brown’s Gold Pens, and Gold Cases, Silver Plain Single and Double Extension Cases.

POCKET CUTLERY.

Robert Wostenholm’s, Barlow, Sheffield, and Needham’s. Razors from the most improved Manufacturer.

LETTER PAPER.

English and American, Pater & Smith’s Folded and Wove, Rhodes & Son’s, De La Rue’s, Mason, Goodwin’s, Denny’s, O. H., &c., &c.

NOTE PAPER.

A great variety, Ruled and Plain, with Envelopes to match.

SLATES.

All the different varieties. Lithographic Prints, Maps, Charts, Custom House Blankets, Inkstands, Glassboards, Playing Cards, Letter Weights, Calendars, Bill Head Boxes, Pen Boxes, Newspaper Files, Letter Clips, &c., &c., &c.
SAN FRANCISCO.

BUSH ST.,

In consequence of School during the past season being
eligible premises, lately
object and for the pur-

The premises are
play ground; a gymnasium, will shortly be.

The house is

The teachers have

in Europe, can console

inexperienced

and Pupils will be

The Pupils will a

TERM

For Students who

Day Scholars (on subjects studied).

JOHN CHITTENDEN Post Street; In-

ALFRED SAMUEL

BBY. J. AVERY

JOHN CHITTENDEN

stated.

KUCHEL & DRESEL,

Draughtsmen and Lithographers,
No. 176 CLAY STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO.

LUGTON'S
PIONEER EXPRESS,

CONNECTING WITH RELIABLE EXPRESS

TO ALL PARTS OF CALIFORNIA,

ATLANTIC STATES; AND EUROPE.

OFFICE ON FIRST ST., MARKET.

Will dispatch DAILY EXPRESSES to the following places:

IN YUCA COUNTY—Mariposa, Parkville, Copper Hill, Bosinnay, Nine Mile Hill, Lemen Hill, Tompkins, Greenwood, Yuba City, Clio, Clio Mine, Rail Road Hill, Salem.

IN NEVADA COUNTY—Nevada City, Wellington, Placerville, Silver City, Copper Hill, Spring Valley, Nevada, Round Valley.

IN SIERRA COUNTY—Sierra, Placerville, Forest City, Spring Valley, Nevada, Round Valley, Virginia, Nevada City, West Virginia, Round Valley, Nevada City.

NATIVE AMERICAN MILLS.

Our Expresses-send and receive through the above cities, with speed and safety, any gold dust and coin, forwarded to all parts of the United States and Europe, insured, or uninsured, at any rates as can be done by any house with security. Our Treasurers always at their appointments for a faithful messenger.

EXPRESSION STORE,

201 CLAY STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO.

J. M. HUTCHINGS & CO.,
Dealers in—

BOOKS, MAGAZINES, STATIONERY, DRAWING PAPER,
etc. &c.—OF ALL KINDS.

A LARGE SELECTION OF ILLUSTRATED CALIFORNIA LETTER SHEETS:

Including Engravings of Mr. King's—Shooting of Mr. King; and Rescue of Canny and Corn from Prison—Hanging of Canny and Corn.

LARGE VIEWS OF THE YO-HAM-I-TR VALLEY—The GOLDEN GATE.

Stockton, Marysville, Placerville, Mohave Lake, Sonoma, Columbia, &c. &c. done up accurately, on rollers, for mailing to any part of the world—wholesale and retail.

SAN FRANCISCO.

LANGTON & CO., Proprietors.
SAN FRANCISCO COLLEGE,
BUSH ST., BETWEEN MASON AND TAYLOR STS.

In consequence of many applications having been made at the Trinity Grammar School during the past twelve months for the accommodation of pupils with board, the eligible premises, lately the residence of the Rev. G. B. Wyatt, have been taken for the object and for the purpose of establishing a College in San Francisco.

The premises comprise a commodious School Room, with an extensive enclosed playground; a gymnasium and other amusements for the health and recreation of the pupils, will shortly be added.

The house is advantageously situated on Bush street, which is entirely planked, and easy of access from the city. The dormitories are light and airy; and the other arrangements are such as to recommend it for the purpose of studious retirement, and as a healthy residence. The table will be abundantly supplied with plain and wholesome food.

The teachers having had advantages of education at two of the best Universities in Europe, can conscientiously guarantee sound and useful instruction in all branches of a liberal education. Parents may therefore be assured that they are not trusting their children to inexperienced hands. The teachers will devote their whole time to the pupils, and it will be their constant aim to promote the utmost diligence in their studies, with correct morals, industrious habits, and gentlemanly demeanor.

The Pupils will recommence their Studies on Monday, the 16th of June.

TERMS, FOR BOARD AND EDUCATION:
For Students above 10 years ........................................... $60 00 per month.
" Students above 10 and under 15 .................................... 50 00 "
" Students under 10 ....................................................... 40 00 "

TWO MONTHS IN ADVANCE.

Day Scholars (one month in advance) from $15 to 7 50, according to age, and the subjects studied.

PRINCIPAL:
JOHN CHITTENDEN, formerly proprietor of the Trinity Grammar School, in
Post Street; late Member of St. John's College, Cambridge, and University Col-
lege, London; and for many years Head Master of the Foundry Square High
School, London.

ASSISTANT TEACHERS:
ARTHUR CHITTENDEN, Licentiate of the Somerset-House Government School
SIEGFRED HERRARA, Professor of Modern Languages.

LECTURERS
ON NATURAL PHILOSOPHY AND ASTRONOMY.
REV. J. AVERY SHEPHERD, M. A., Principal of the San Francisco Female
Institute.
JOHN CHITTENDEN, Principal of the San Francisco College.

* Further particulars are contained in the book of printed Rules, &c., which will be sold, on applica-
tion to any part of the country and which may also be had at the College, or at any of the San Francisco
HUTCHINGS'  
CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.  
PUBLISHED MONTHLY.  
Price twenty-five Cents.—Three Dollars per annum.  
Each number of the Magazine will contain Forty-Page Pages of interesting Reading 
Matter, in double columns, with several  
Illustrations of the Scenery, Incidents,  
CURiosITIES AND RESOURCES OF CALIFORNIA.  
Making a pleasant Monthly Visitor to the Cabin and the Parlor,  
and an interesting monthly present to friends in the  
Atlantic States.  
POSTAGE, IF PRE-PAID QUARTERLY, 2 CENTS PER NUMBER.  
The Agent will canvass this district for the purpose of receiving the  
the name of every person who may wish to subscribe for the Magazine,  
and as soon as each number is issued, he will deliver it to the subscri- 
bler, and receive his pay for the same.  
Persons desirous of subscribing, annually, can do so, by forwarding  
the amount of their subscription; and the address to which it should be  
 sent, to the office of publication, addressed to  
J. M. HUTCHINGS,  
201 Clay street, Plaza San Francisco.  
San Francisco, June, 1856.