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O. G. NEWSTEAD, Editor and Proprietor.

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Poetry.

DAYS OF CHILDHOOD.

BY C. D. STUART.

The pleasant days of Childhood,
How swiftly have they flown,
Like young flowers in the wilderness,
When Autumn winds have blown;
They're gone, they're gone forever,
They will no more return,
Though memory holds them in the heart
Like ashes in the urn.

The happy day of Childhood,
When innocence and glee
With gentle fingers, tuned the heart
To music wild and free;
They're gone, they're gone forever,
Like rivers to the main,
Their dancing waves of joy and mirth
Will ne'er return again.

The holy days of Childhood,
Ere evil thoughts came near,
When in the heart no sin was found,
And on the cheek no tear;
They're gone, they're gone forever,
Like foot-prints on the shore,
Washed out by time's relentless waves,
They will return no more.

The pleasant, holy, happy days,
Life's only blossom time,
Where are your buds which promise gave
Of flowers in summer's prime?
Though gone, though gone forever,
Ye haunt the heart and brain,
And memory keeps you to unmount
Life's after years of pain.

Select.

EXECUTION.

By a Man who was Hung.

In Blackwood's Magazine, is an article entitled La Revenat, purporting to be written by a man who has been hanged and is now alive. The writer confesses that he was guilty of the act for which he suffered—and states the particulars of his arrest, committal to Newgate for trial, and his conviction of the crime at the Old Baily Session for 1826. He then proceeds to describe what were his sensations after receiving the awful sentence of death. After painting in touching colors, the interview he had with Elizabeth Clare, to whom he was strongly attached, he thus proceeds with his narrative:

"It was now four o'clock in the afternoon when Elizabeth left me, and when she departed, it seemed as if my business in this world was at an end. I could have wished then and there to have died on the spot. I had done my last act, and drank my last draught of life. But as the twilight drew in, my cell was cold and damp, and the evening was dark and gloomy; and I had no fire nor any candle, although it was in the month of January, nor much covering to warm me, and by degrees my spirits weakened, and my heart sunk at the desolate wretchedness of everything around me; and gradually—for what I write now shall be the truth—the thoughts of Elizabeth and what would be her fate, began to give way before a sense of my own situation.—This was the first time—I cannot tell the reason why—that my mind had ever fixed itself upon the trial that I had, and as I reflected on it, a terror spread over me, almost in an instant, though it were that my sentence was just pronounced, and that I had not known, really and seriously that I was to die before; I had eat nothing for 24 hours.

"There was food which a religious gentleman who had visited me had sent from his own table, but I could not taste it, and when I looked at it, strange fancies came over me. It was dainty food, not such as was served to the prisoners in the jail.—It was sent to me because I was to die tomorrow, and I thought of the beast of the fields and fowls of the air that were pampered for slaughter. I felt that my own sensations were not as they ought to be at this time, and I believe that for a while I was insane. A sort of dull humming noise that I could not get rid of, like the buzzing of bees sounded in my ears. And though it was dark, sparks of light seemed to dance before my eyes, and I could recollect nothing. I tried to say my prayers, but could only recollect a word here and there, and then it seemed to me that these were blasphemies that I was uttering: I don't know what they were. I cannot tell what I said; and then on a sudden, I felt as though this terror was useless; and that I would not stay there to die, and I jumped up, and wrenched at the bars of the cell window with a force that bent them, for I felt as if I had the strength of a lion. And I felt all over the back of the door with my shoulder, though I knew it was plated with iron, and heavier than that of a church: and I groped about the very walls, and into the corners of my dungeon—though I knew very well if I had my senses, that it was solid three feet thick, and that if I could, have passed through, crevice smaller than the eye of a needle, I had no chance of escaping. And, in the midst of all this exertion, a faintness came over me as if I had swallowed poison: and I had just power to reel to the bed place, where I sank down in a swoon; but this did not last—for my head swam round with me, and I dreamed—between sleeping and waking—that it was midnight, and that Elizabeth had come back as she promised, and they refused to admit her. And I thought it snowed heavily, and that the streets were covered with it, as if with a white sheet, and I saw her head—lying in the fallen snow and in the darkness at the prison gate. When I came to myself I was struggling and breathless. In a minute or two, I heard St. Sepulcher's clock strike ten; and knew that it was a dream that I had. The chaplain of the prison came without sending. He exhorted me solemnly to think no more of the cares of this world, but to bend my thoughts to that to come, and to try to reconcile my soul to heaven, trusting that my sins, though they were heavy, under repentance, might have hope and mercy.'—When he was gone, I did find myself for a little time more collected: and I sat down again on the bed, and thought seriously of my fate. I recalled to my mind that I had but a few hours more, at all events, to live—that there was no more hope on earth of escaping—and that it was at least better that I should die decently like a man Then I tried to recollect all the tales I ever heard about death by hanging, that it was to be the sensation of a moment, to give no pain: and so on to twenty other strange ideas. By degrees my head began to wander and grow unmanagable I put my hands tightly to my throat, as though to try the sensation of strangling; then I felt my arm at the place where the cord would have to be tied. I went through the fastening of the rope, the tying of the hands together; but the thing that I felt adverse to was the white cap muffled over my eyes and face. If I could avoid that, the rest was not so very horrible! In the midst of these fancies a numbness seemed to creep over my senses. The giddiness that I had felt gave way to dull stupor, which lessened the pain that my thoughts gave me, though I still went on thinking. The church clock rang midnight; I was insensible of the sound, but it reached me indistinctly, as though coming through many closed doors, or from a far distance. By and by I saw the objects before my mind less clearly, then partially, then they were gone altogether. I fell asleep.

I slept until the hour of execution. It was seven o'clock on the next morning, when a knocking at the door of my cell awoke me. I heard the sound as though in my dreams, for some moments before I was duly awake: and my first sensation was only the dislike which a weary man feels at being roused; I wished to doze on. In a minute after, the bolts on the outside of my dungeon were drawn: a turnkey, carrying a small lamp, followed by the master of the jail and the chaplain, entered. I looked up; a shudder like the clock of electricity, like a plunge in a bath of ice ran through my veins; one glance was sufficient. Sleep was gone as though I never was to sleep again: I was conscious of my situation!

"'R——,' said the master to me, in a subdued but steady tone, it is time for you to rise."

The chaplain asked me how I had passed the night, and proposed that we should join in prayer. I gathered myself up and remained seated on the side of the bed-place. My teeth chattered, and my knees knocked together in spite of myself. It was barely daylight, and as the cell door stood open, I could see the small paved court beyond; the morning was thick and gloomy, and a slow but settled rain was coming down. "It is half-past seven o'clock, R——,' said the master. I just muttered an entreaty to be left at me until the last moment I had thirty minutes to live!

"I tried to make another observation when the master was leaving the cell; but this time I could not get a word out; my tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth, and my speech seemed gone. I made two desperate efforts but it would not do: I could not utter. When they left me, I never stirred from my place on the bed. I was benumbed with cold, probably from the sleep, and at the unaccustomed exposure, and I sat crouched together as it were, to keep myself warmer, with my arms folded across my breast, and my head hanging down, shivering; and my body felt as if it were such a weight to me, that I was unable to move it, or stir. The day was breaking yellow and heavily, and the light stole by degrees into my dungeon, showing me the damp stone wall and the desolate, paved floor; and strange as it was without, I could not keep myself from noticing these trifling things, though perdition was coming upon me the very next moment. I noticed the lamp which the turnkey had left on the floor, and which was burning dimly, with a long wick, being clogged with the cold and bad air, and I thought to myself, even in that moment, that it had not been trimmed since the night before. And I looked at the bare, naked iron bed frame that I sat on; and the heavy studs on the door of the dungeon, and at the scrawls and writing upon the wall, that had been drawn by former prisoners; and I put my hand to my own pulse and it was so slow that I could not feel, though I tried to make myself feel it: that I was going to die. In the midst of this, I heard the chimes in the chapel clock begin to strike, and I thought: Lord take pity on me a wretch! It could not be three-quarters after seven yet! The clock went over three-quarters; it chimed the fourth quarter, and struck eight. They were in my cell before I perceived them. They found me in the place and in the posture they had left me. "What I have further to tell will lie in a very small compass: my recollections are very minute up to this point, but not at all so as to remember what occurred afterward. I scarcely recollect very clearly how I got from that cell to the press-room. I think two withered men, dressed in black, supported me. I know I tried to rise when I saw the master and his people come into my dungeon, but could not."

"In the press-room were the two miserable wretches who were to suffer with me:—they were bound with their arms behind them and their hands together; and were lying upon a bench, hard by, until I was ready. A meagre-looking old man, with thin white hair, who was reading to one of them, came up, and said something. 'That we would embrace,'—I did not distinctly hear what it was.

"The great difficulty that I had was to keep from falling. I had thought that these moments would have been all of fury and horror, but I felt nothing of this; but only a weakness, as though my heart was sinking under me. I could just make a motion, that the old white haired man should leave me, and some one interfered and sent him away. The pinioning of hands and arms was finished; and I heard an officer whisper to the champlain that all was ready.—As we passed out, one of the men in black held a glass of water to my lips, but I could not swallow.

"This was the last moment, but one, of full perception, that I had in my life. I remember our beginning to move forward through the long arched passages which led from the press-room to the scaffold. I saw the lamps that were still burning, for the daylight never entered there; I heard the quick tolling of the bell, and the dead voice of the chaplain, reading as he walked before us:

"'I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though we were dead, shall live And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh I shall see God.'

"I felt once more: and saw! I felt transition from the dim, close, not lamp-lighted subterranean passages, to the open platform, and steps at the foot of the scaffold, and I saw the immense crowd blackening the whole area of the street below me The windows of the shops and houses to the fourth story, choked with gazers. I saw St. Sepulchre's church through the yellow fog to the distance, and heard the pealing of its bells. I recollect the cloudy, misty morning, the wet that lay upon the scaffold, the huge dark mass of buildings, the prison itself that rose beside, and seemed to cast a shadow, the bold, fresh breeze that, as I merged from it, broke upon my face. I see it all now—the horrible landscape before me The scaffold, the rain, faces of the multitudes, the people clinging to the house tops: the smoke that beat heavily downward from the chimnies: the waggons filled with women, standing at the inn opposite: the hoarse ring that ran through the crowd as we appeared. I never saw so many objects at once, so plainly, and so distinctly in all my life, as at one glance; but it lasted only for an instant.

"From that look, and from that instant, all is a full end, is a blank. Of the prayers of the chaplain, of the fastening of the fatal cord, of the putting on the cap which I so much disliked, of my actual execution and death, I have not the slightest recollection. But that I know that such occurrences must have taken place I should not have the smallest consciousness that they ever did so. I read in the daily papers an account of my behavior at the scaffold; that I conducted myself with decency, but with firmness; of my death, that I seemed to die almost without a struggle. Of any of these events I have not been able by any exertion to recall the most distant remembrance With the first view of the scaffold all my recollection ceases. The next circumstance, which, to my perception, seemed to follow, is having awoke, as if from sleep, and found myself in a bed, in a hadsome chamber, with a gentleman, (as I first opened my eyes,) looking attentively at me. I had my senses presently, though I did not speak at once. I thought directly that I had been reprived at the scaffold, and had fainted. After I knew the truth, I thought I had an imperfect recollection of having found, or fancied myself, as in a dream in some strange place lying naked, and with a mass of figures floating about me; but this idea certainly presented itself not to me until I was informed of the fact that it had occurred.

"The accident to which I owe my existence, will have been divined! My condition is a strange one. I am a living man and I possess certificates of both death and burial! I know that a coffin filled with stones, with my name upon the plate, is buried in the church-yard of St. Andrews Holborn. I saw from the window the undressed hearse that carried it; I was witness to my own funeral. My damages, however, and I trust my crimes, are over forever. Thanks to the bounty of the excellent individual whose benevolence had recognized the services which he did me for a claim upon him. I am married to the woman whose happiness and safety proved my best thought, so long as reason remained with me, in dying. And I am about to sail on a far voyage, which is now only a sorrowful one—that parts me forever from my benefactor.

The Wife.

I have often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune.—Those disasters which break down the spirit of man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity.

Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to trivial roughness while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in force to be the comforter of her husband under misfortune, and abiding with unshrinking firmness, the most bitter blasts of adversity.

As the vine which has long twined its graceful foliage and been lifted by it into sunshine will, when she hardy plant is rived by the thunderbolt, cling around it with caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs; so it is beautifully ordered by Providence that woman, who in the more dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace, when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into the ragged recesses of, his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.

I was once congratulating a friend who had around him a blooming family, knit together in the strongest affection. "I can wish you no better lot," said he with enthusiasm, "than to have a wife and children. If you are prosperous they are to share your prosperity; if otherwise they are to comfort you."

And indeed I have observed, that a man falling into misfortune, is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one; partly because he is more stimulated to exertion by the necessities of the helpless and beloved beings who depend upon him for subsistence: but chiefly because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments, and his self-respect kept alive by finding that though all abroad is darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little of love at home, of which he is the monarch.

Whereas, a single man is apt to run to waste and self-neglect; to fancy himself lonely and abandoned, and his heart to fall to ruin like some deserted mansion for want of an inhabitant.—*Washington Irving.*

Treating A Case Actively.

BY JOHN JONES, M. D.

I was once sent for in great haste, to attend a gentleman of respectability, whose wife—a lady of intelligence and refinement—had discovered him in his room, lying senseless on the floor.

On arriving at the house I found Mrs. H——in great distress of mind.

"What's the matter with Mr. H——?" I asked, on meeting his lady, who was in tears, and looked the picture of distress.

"I am afraid it's apoplexy," she replied. "I found him lying on the floor, where he had to all appearance, fallen suddenly from his chair. His face is purple and though he breathes, it is with great difficulty."

I went up to see my patient. He had been lifted from the floor, and was now lying upon the bed. Sure enough, his face was purple and his breathing labored; but somehow the symptoms did not indicate apoplexy. Every vein in his head and face was tinged, and he lay perfectly stupid; but I still saw no clear indications of approaching congestion of the brain.

"Hadn't he better be bled, doctor?" asked the anxious wife.

"I don't know that it is necessary, I replied. I think if we let him alone, it will pass off in the course of a few hours."

"A few hours! He may die in half an hour."

"I don't think the case is so dangerous, madam"

"Apoplexy not dangerous!"

"I hardly think it apoplexy," I replied.

"Pray, what do you think it is doctor?" Mrs. H——looked anxiously in my face. I delicately hinted that he might possibly have been drinking too much brandy; but she positively and almost indignantly objected.

"No, doctor, I ought to know about that," she continued. "Depend upon it, the disease is more deeply seated. I am sure he had better be bled. Won't you bleed him doctor? A few ounces of blood taken from his arm may give life to the now stagnant circulation of blood in his veins.

Thus urged, I, after some reflection, ordered a bowl and bandage, and, opening a vein from which the blood flowed freely, relieved him of about eight ounces of his circulating medium. But he still lay as before, much to the distress of his poor wife.

"Something else must be done, doctor," she urged, seeing that the bleeding had accomplished nothing. If my husband is not quickly relieved he must die."

By this time several friends and relatives had been sent for, arrived, and urged upon me the adoption of some more active measures for restoring the sick man to consciousness. One proposed mustard plasters all over his body, another his immersion in hot water. I suggested that it would be well to use a stomach pump.

"Why, doctor?" asked one of his friends.

"Perhaps he has taken some drugs," I replied.

"Impossible, doctor?," said the wife, "he has been home all day and there is no drug of any kind in the house."

"No brandy?" I ventured to suggest again.

"No, doctor! No spirits of any kind in the house," replied Mrs H——in an offended tone.

I was not the regular family physician, and had been called to meet the alarming emergency because my office happened to be the nearest to the dwelling of Mr. H——Feeling my position to be a difficult one, I suggested that the family physician had better be called.

"But the delay, doctor," said the friends. "No harm will result from it, be assured," I replied.

But my word did not assure them. However as I was firm in my resolution not to do any more for the patient until Dr. S——came, they had to submit. I wished to make a call of importance in the neighborhood, and proposed going, to be back by the time Dr. S. arrived; but the friends of the sick man would not suffer me to leave the room.

When Dr. S——came, we conversed aside for a few minutes, and I gave him my views of the case, and stated what I had done, and why I had done it. We then proceeded to the bedside of our patient.—There was still no signs of approaching consciousness.

"Don't you think his head ought to be shaved and blistered?" asked the wife anxiously.

Dr. S——thought a moment, and then said.

"Yes, by all means. Send for a barber; and also for a fresh fly blister, four inches by nine."

I looked into the face of Dr. S——with surprise. He was perfectly grave and earnest. I listed to him my doubt of the good that mode of treatment would do. But he spoke confidently of the result, and said it would not only cure the disease, but, he believed take away the pre-disposition thereto, with which Mr. H——was affected to a high degree.

The barber came. The head of Mr H——was shaved; and Dr. S——applied the blister with his own hands, which completely covered the scalp from forehead to occiput.

"Let it remain on for two hours, and then make use of the ordinary dressing," said Dr. S.

"If he should not recover during the action of the blister, don't feel uneasy. Sensibility will be restored soon after."

I did not call again; but I heard from Dr. S. the result.

After we left, the friends stood anxiously around the bed on which the sick man lay; though the blister began to draw, no signs of returning consciousness showed themselves, farther than an occasional low moan, or an uneasy tossing of the arms. For two hours the burning blister parched the tender skin of Mr H——'s head, and was removed. It had done good service. Dressings were then applied; repeated and repeated again; but still the sick man lay in a deep stupor.

"It has done no good. Hadn't we better send for the doctor?" suggested the wife.

Just then the eyes of H——opened, and he looked with half stupefied surprise from face to face of the anxious group that surrounded the bed.

"What in the mischief's the matter?" he at length said. At the same time feeling a strange sensation about his head, he placed his hand rather heavily thereon."

"Heavens and earth! What ails my head?"

"For mercy's sake keep quiet," said the wife, with glad tears rushing over her face "You have been very ill. There, there, now," and she spoke soothingly. "Don't say a word, but lie very still!"

"But my head. It feels as if scalded. Where's my hair? Heavens and earth, Sarah! I don't understand this. And my arm! What's my arm tied up in this way for?"

"Be quiet, my dear husband, and I'll explain it all. Oh, be very quiet; your life depends upon it."

Mr. H——sank back upon the pillow from which he had risen, and closed his eyes to think. He put his hand to his head, and felt it tenderly all over, from temple to temple, and from nape to forehead.

"Is it a blister?" he at length asked.

"Yes, dear. You have been very ill. We feared for your life," said Mrs H——, affectionately. "There have been two physicians in attendance."

H——closed his eyes again. His lips moved. Those nearest were not much edified by the whispered words that proceeded therefrom. They would save sometimes strangely in a church, or to ears polite and refined. After this he lay for some time quiet.

"Threatened with apoplexy, I suppose?" he then said, interrogatively.

"Yes, dear," replied his wife. "I found you lying insensible upon the floor, on happening to come into your room. It was most providential that I discovered you when I did, or you would certainly have died."

H——shut his eyes and muttered something with an air of impatience, but its meaning was not understood.

Finding him out of danger, friends and relatives retired, and the sick man was left alone with his family.

"Sarah," he said, "why in Heaven's name did you permit the doctors to butcher me in this way? I'm laid up for a week or two, and all for nothing."

"It was to save your life, dear."

"Save the?"

"H-u-s-h! There; do for Heaven's sake be quiet. Everything depends upon it.'

With a gesture of impatience H——shut his eyes, teeth and hands, and lay perfectly still for some time. Then he turned his face to the wall, muttering in a low, petulent voice—

"Too bad! too bad! too bad!"

I had not erred in my first and my last impression of H——'s disease; neither had Doctor S——, although he used a very extraordinary mode of treatment. The facts of the case were these:

H—— had a weakness. He could not taste wine or strong drink, without being tempted into excess. Both himself and friends were mortified and grieved at this, and they, by admonition, and he, by good resolutions, tried to bring about a reform. But to see was to taste; to taste, was to fall. At last his friends urged him to shut himself up at home for a certain time, and see if total abstinence would not give him strength He got on pretty well for a few days—particularly so, as his coachman kept a bottle well filled for him in the carriage-house, to which he not unfrequently resorted; but a too ardent devotion to this bottle brought on the supposed apoplexy.

Doctor S—— was right in his mode of treating the disease after all, and did not err in supposing that it would smash the predisposition. The cure was effectual.—H—— kept quiet on the subject, and bore his shaved head upon his shoulders with as much philosophy as he could muster. A wig, after the same mode by the blister had disappeared, concealed the barber's work until his own hair grew again. He never ventured upon wine or brandy for fear of apoplexy.

When the truth leaked out—as leak out such things always will—the friends of Mr. H—— had many a hearty laugh; but they wisely concealed from the object of their merriment the fact that they knew anything more than appeared of the cause of his supposed illness.

'A Question Arises.—Does an editor, with money in his pocket, come within the legal definition of a "suspicious character."

Why is a clergyman's horse like a king? Because he is guided by a minister.

Geographical Memoir upon UPPER CALIFORNIA:

BY JOHN CHARLES FREMONT.

(*Continued.*)

Coast country north of the bay of San Francisco.—Between the Sacramento valley and the coast, north of the bay of San Francisco, the country is broken into mountain ridges and rolling hills, with many very fertile valleys, made by lakes and small streams. In the interior it is wooded, generally with oak, and immediately along the coast presents open prairie lands, among heavily timbered forests, having a greater variety of trees, and occasionally a larger growth than the timbered region of the Sierra Nevada. In some parts it is entirely covered, in areas of many miles, with a close growth of wild oats, to the exclusion of almost every other plant. In the latter part of June and beginning of July, we found here a climate sensibly different from that of the Sacramento valley, a few miles east, being much cooler and milder. In clear weather, the mornings were like those of the Rocky mountains in August, pleasant and cool, following cold clear nights. In that part lying nearer the coast, we found the mornings sometimes cold, accompanied with chilling winds; and fogs frequently came rolling up over the ridges from the sea. These sometimes rose at evening, and continued until noon of the next day. They are not dry, but wet mists, leaving the face of the country covered as by a drizzling rain. This sometimes causes rust in wheat grown within its influence, but vegetables flourish and attain extraordinary size.

I learned from Captain Smith, a resident at *Bodega*, that the winter months make a delightful season—rainy days (generally of warm showers) alternating with mild and calm, pleasant weather, and pure bright skies—much preferable to the summer, when the foge and strong northwest winds, which prevail during the greater part of the year, make the morning part of the day disagreeably cold.

Owing probably to the fogs, spring is earlier along the coast than in the interior, where, during the interval between the rains, the ground becomes very dry. Flowers bloom in December, and by the beginning of February grass acquires a strong and luxuriant growth, and fruit trees (peach, pear, apple, &c.) are covered with blossoms. In situations immediately open to the sea the fruit ripens late, generally at the end of August, being retarded by the chilling influence of the northwest winds: a short distance inland, where intervening ridges obstruct these winds and shelter the face of the country, there is a different climate and a correspondable difference in the time of ripening fruits; the heat of the sun has full influence on the soil, and vegetation goes rapidly to perfection.

The country in July began to present the dry appearance common to all California as the summer advances, except along the northern coast within the influence of the fogs, or where the land is sheltered by forests, and in the moist valleys of streams and coves of the hills In some of these was an uncommonly luxuriant growth of oats, still partially green, while elsewhere they were dried up; the face of the country presenting generally a mellow and ripened appearance, and the small streams beginning to lose their volume, and draw up into the hills.

This northern part of the coast country is heavily timbered, more so as it goes north to the Oregon boundary, (42 deg.,) with many bold streams falling directly into the sea.

The country between the bays of San Francisco and Monterey.—In the latter part of January, 1846, a few shrubs and flowers were already in bloom on the sandy shore of Monterey bay (lat. 36 deg. 40 min.) Among these were the California poppy, and *nemophila insigris.*

On the 5th of February I found many shrubs and plants in bloom, in the coast mountains bordering St. Joseph's valley, between Monterey and the bay of San Francisco; and vegetation appeared much more green and spring-like, and further advanced, than in the plains. About the middle of February I noticed the *geranium* in flower in the valley; and from that time vegetation began generally to bloom. Cattle were obtained in February, from ranchos among the neighboring hills, extremely fat, selected from the herds in the range.

During the months of January and February rainy days alternated with longer intervals of fair and pleasant weather, which is the character of the rainy season in California. The mean temperature in the valley of St. Joseph—open to the bay of San Francisco—from the 13th to the 22d of February, was 50 deg. at sunrise, and 61 deg. at sunset. The oaks in this valley, especially along the foot of the hills, are partly covered with long hanging moss—an indication of much humidity in the climate.

We remained several days, in the latter part of February, in the upper portion of the coast mountain between St. Joseph and Santa Cruz. The place of our encampment was 2,000 feet above the sea, and was covered with a luxuriant growth of grass, a foot high in many places. At sunrise the temperature was 40 deg.; at noon 60 deg.; at 4 in the afternoon 65 deg.; and 62 deg. at sunset; with very pleasant weather. The mountains were wooded with many varieties of trees, and in some parts with heavy forests. These forests are characterized by a cypress (*taxodium*) of extraordinary dimensions, already mentioned among the trees of the Sierra Nevada, which is distinguished among the forest trees of America by its superior size and height. Among many which we measured in this part of the country, nine and ten feet diameter was frequent—eleven sometimes; but going beyond eleven only in a single tree, which reached fourteen feet in diameter. Above two hundred feet was a frequent height. In this locality the bark was very deeply furrowed, and unusually thick, being fully sixteen inches in some of the trees. The tree was now in bloom, flowering near the summit, and the flowers consequently difficult to procure. This is the staple timber tree of the country, being cut into both boards and shingles, and is the principal timber sawed at the mills. It is soft, and easily worked, wearing away too quickly to be used for floors. It seems to have all the durability which anciently gave the cypress so much celebrity. Posts which have been exposed to the weather for three quarters of a century (since the foundation of the missions) show no marks of decay in the wood, and are now converted into beams and posts for private buildings. In California this tree is called the *palo colorado.* It is the king of trees.

Among the oaks is a handsome lofty evergreen species, specifically different from those of the lower grounds, and in its general appearance much resembling birkory. The bark is smooth, of a white color, and the wood hard and close grained. It seems to prefer the north hill sides, where some were nearly four feet in diameter and a hundred feet high.

Another remarkable tree of these woods is called in the language of the country *madrono.* It is a beautiful evergreen, with large, thick, and glossy digitate leaves, the trunk and branches reddish colored, and having a smooth and singularly naked appearance, as if the bark had been stripped off In its green state the wood is brittle; very heavy, hard, and close grained; it is said to assume a red color when dry, sometimes variegated, and susceptible of a high polish. This tree was found by us only in the mountains. Some measured nearly four feet in diameter, and were about sixty feet high.

A few scattered flowers were now showing throughout the forests, and on the open ridges shrubs were flowering; but the bloom was not yet general.

On the 25th February, we descended to the coast near the north-western point of Monterey bay, losing our fine weather, which in the evening changed into a cold southeasterly storm, continuing with heavy and constant rains for several days.

During this time the mean temperature was 53 deg. at sunrise, 56 deg. 5 at 9h., a. m., 57 deg 5 at noon, 54 deg 5 at 2h. in the afternoon, 53 deg 4 at 4, and 52 deg. 7 at sunset. On the 28th, a thick fog was over the bay and on the mountains at sunrise, and the thermometer was at 38 deg.—15 deg. below the ordinary temperature—rising at 9 o'clock to 59 deg. These fogs prevail along the coast during a great part of the summer and autumn, but do not cross the ridges into the interior. This locality is celebrated for the excellence and great size of its vegetables, (especially the Irish potato and onions,) with which, for this reason, it has for many years supplied the shipping which visits Monterey. A forest of *palo colorado* at the foot of the mountains in this vicinity, is noted for the great size and height of the trees. I measured one which was 275 feet in height and fifteen feet in diameter, three feet above the base. Though this was distinguished by the greatest girth, other surrounding trees were but little inferior in size and still taller. Their colossal height and massive bulk give an air of grandeur to the forest.

Cedar trees grow thickly in some mountain lands, and prefer moist soils and north hill sides. In situations where they are protected from the prevailing northwest winds, they shoot up to a great height; but wherever their heads are exposed, these winds appear to chill them and stop their growth. They then assume a spreading shape, with larger branches, and an apparently broken summit.

The rain storm closed with February, and the weather becoming fine, on the 1st of March we resumed our progress along the coast. Over the face of the country between Santa Cruz and Monterey, and around the plains of St. John, the grass, which had been eaten down by the large herds of cattle, was now every where springing up; flowers began to show their blooms, and in the valleys of the mountains bordering the Salinas plains, (a plain of some fifty miles in length, made by the Salinas river,) wild oats were three feet high, and well headed, by the 6th of March.

During three days that we remained on one of these mountains, at an elevation of 2,200 feet above the sea, and in sight of Monterey, the mean temperature was 44 deg. at sunrise, 55 deg. at 9 in the morning, 60 deg. at noon, 62 deg. at 2 in the afternoon, 57 deg at 4, and 53 deg. at sunset. At the same hours, the dew point was at 42 deg.0, 48 deg.1, 52 deg 8 54 deg.0, 52 deg 9 51 deg 0, and the quantity of moisture in a cubic foot of air, 3.283 grs., 3.982 grs., 4.726 grs., 4 972 grs., 4.972 4.682 grs., and 4.558 grs., respectively. The weather remained bright and pleasant; fogs sometimes covering the mountains at sunrise, but going off in a few hours. These are open mountains, untimbered; but fertile in oats and other grasses, affording fine range for cattle. Oaks and pines and scattered thinly over their upper parts, and in the higher and more exposed situations the evergreen oaks show the course and influence of the northwest winds, stunted and blighted by their chilliness, bent to the ground by their force, and growing in that form.

Descending into the valley of the San Joaquin, (March 11th,) we found almost a summer temperature, and the country clothed in the floral beauty of advanced spring.

Charcoal Roads.—The people of Wisconsin are substituting charcoal for planks in the construction of roads, costing, as it does, two thirds less. One of these is now being built from Port Ulles, in Washington county, to some point in Dodge county. The contracts are let at $21 66 and $1 62½ per rod, or $480 20 and $620 per mile.—The average cost of a plank road is $1 500.

The Black Boy's Reply.—As two men were journeying together in the North western part of New York they chanced to meet a black boy, when one of the men accosted the lad as follows:

"Hallo, Jack! how far is it to Sackett's harbor?"

"How did you know my name was Jack?"

"Why, I guessed at it."

"Then guess how far it is to Sackett's harbor."

The interrogators elapsed!

Why is the late prize-fight worse than piracy? Because it is a *Hyer* offence.