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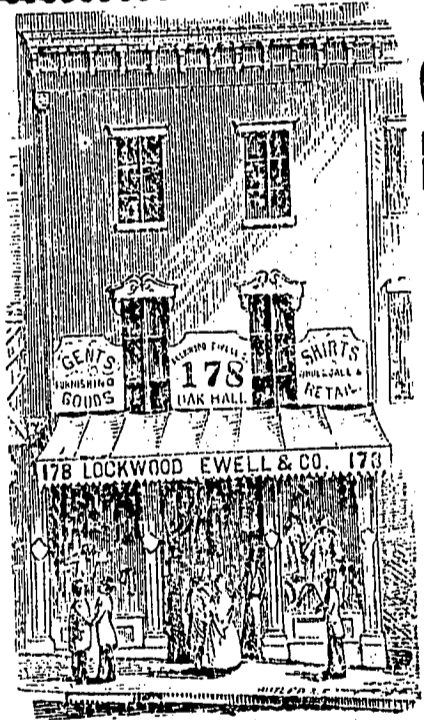
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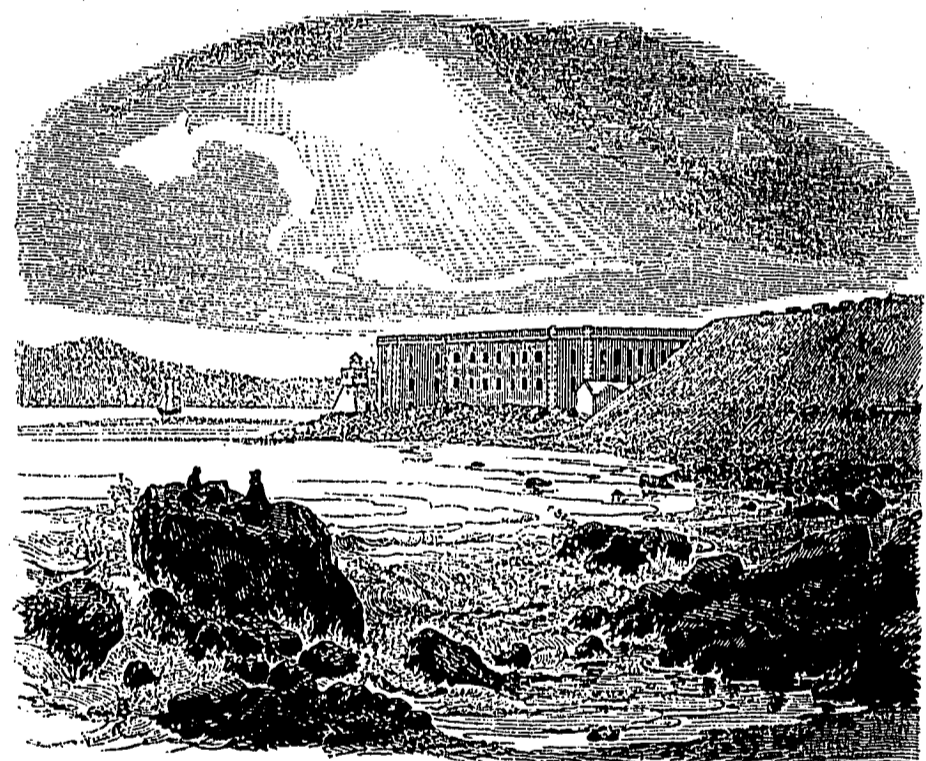
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HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. III. JUNE, 1859. No. 12.

A JAUNT OF RECREATION,
 FROM SAN FRANCISCO, BY THE MISSION DOLORES, TO THE OCEAN HOUSE
 AND SEAL ROCK; RETURNING BY FORT POINT AND THE PRESIDIO.



SOUTH VIEW OF FORT POINT AND THE GOLDEN GATE.
 [From a Photograph by Hamilton & Co. San Francisco.]

Out of a population of from sixty-five to seventy thousand persons—the number estimated to be in San Francisco at the present time—it is to be expected that for health, change, business or recreation, a large proportion, at convenient seasons, will make a flying visit to localities of interest that can be easily and cheaply reached, beyond the suburbs of the city. Of these, one of the most interesting and

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pleasant is that from San Francisco by the Mission Dolores to the Ocean House, and Seal Rock; returning by Fort Point and the Presidio. Upon this interesting jaunt we hope to have the pleasure of the reader's company; for it is almost always more agreeable to visit such scenes in good companionship than to go alone.

As these places are visited by all classes of persons, whose means and tastes widely differ, it is not for us to say whether it is better to go on horseback, or in a buggy; by a public omnibus, or a private carriage; or, on that very primitive, somewhat independent, but not always the most popular conveyance, technically denominated "a-foot." We must confess, however, that inasmuch as our physical and mental organization are both capable of enduring a large amount of comfort, as well as pleasure, our predilections decidedly incline to the former. Yet, to those who, to be suited, would choose even the latter, we can most conscientiously affirm that "we have no objection!" This point, then, being duly conceded, with the reader's consent, we will set out at once on our jaunt, each one by the conveyance that pleases him best.

Let us now thread our way among the numerous vehicles and foot-passengers that crowd the various thoroughfares of the city, to Third street, at which point we can take one of three routes to the Mission Dolores; namely: by the Old Mission road, Folsom street, or Brannan street, but either of the former is now by far the best. The Old Mission road, as its name would indicate, was the first made road to that point; although in 1849 and 1850, we had to thread our way among the low sand hills, and across little valleys, by a very circuitous and laborious route. In 1851, this road was graded and planked; but as the planks wore rapidly away, it was found to be very expensive to keep it in repair.— Within the past year, it has been macad-

amized nearly its entire length, and now is almost as good as the far famed Shell road, between New Orleans and Lake Pontchartrain.

It is difficult to give the actual amount of travel on either of these roads, as much of this is regulated by the state of the weather; yet the following will give an approximate estimate:

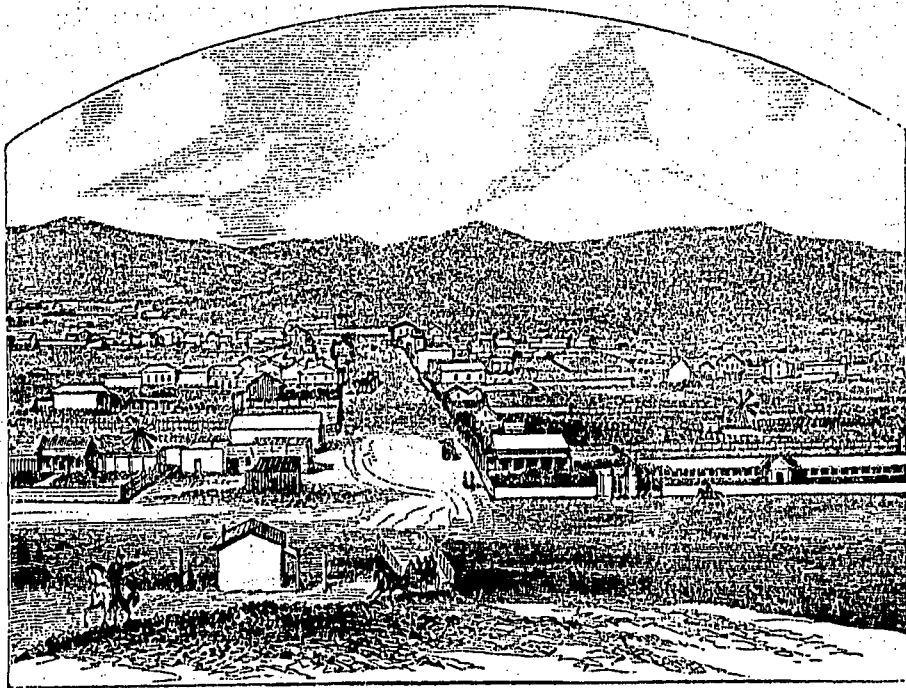
On the Old Mission road, an omnibus passes and repasses fourteen times daily, with from 1 to 30 passengers, and will average 12 each way; leaving the Plaza on the even hour, from 7 o'clock, A. M., to 8 P. M. The San Jose stage, which leaves the Plaza at 8 A. M., and the Ocean House omnibus, which leaves the Plaza at 10 A. M., passes and repasses daily; the Overland Mail stage, *via* Los Angeles, which leaves the Plaza every Monday and Friday, at noon; is due, returning on the same day, but it generally arrives three or four days before time; Dorlin's express runs twice a day to the Mission and back; in addition to these, there are 5 water carts, 10 milk, 12 meat, 18 bread, 40 vegetable, and from 20 to 30 express, or parcel wagons, daily. On the 24th ult., there were 34 horsemen, 66 double horse, and 177 single horse vehicles, such as carriages, buggies, sulkies, &c., in addition to those above mentioned.

On the Folsom street plank road, an omnibus passes and repasses twelve times daily, with an average of 12 passengers, each way, leaving the Plaza on the half hour. There are also, 40 milk, 20 vegetable, 20 lumber, liquor, bread, and meat wagons, of single and double horse; and about 80 buggies, single and double; besides foot passengers. On Sundays, no less than 40 omnibusses, and from 150 to 200 buggies, pass and repass, besides from 1 to 3,000 people, a large proportion of whom are bound for Russ' Gardens.

With this preliminary explanation, and the reader's consent, as we cannot very conveniently journey together on both



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VIEW OF THE MISSION DOLORES, FROM THE POTRERO.

[From a Photograph by Hamilton & Co.]

roads, we will take that which, of the two, is rather the most pleasant, namely, the Folsom street. The sides of this road, like those of the other, are adorned with private residences, and well cultivated gardens and nurseries; among the latter, the first which attracts the traveler's attention, is the "Golden Gate Nursery;" then the "United States;" then "Sonntag's;" and at the corner of Folsom and Centre, the "Commercial Nursery."— But after passing the former of these, and before arriving at the latter, a large building to the south attracts our attention; that is the French Hospital. Next is the celebrated Russ' Gardens," a popular resort for Germans, especially on Sundays. Here let us digress for a moment, to relate a somewhat amusing conversation that took place on California street, between the servant of a friend, and a German woman whose husband makes a comfortable living by mending boots and shoes, in a little wooden house on the side walk.

German woman, to Irish servant:

"Bridget, why don't you get married, and live in a comfortable house of your own?"

"Faith, and I don't see that ye's very comfortable ye'self, for ye's slaving ye'self from Monthay marning until Sathar-day nite, washing clothes for other peoples, while ye'r husban' is mending boots and shoes, in that box, on the side walk."

"O yes, but what of that; you know we must all work for a living; and besides, I and my husband are very happy the whole of the week, for if I wash clothes, and he mends old boots and shoes, from Monday morning until Saturday night, we always go to Russ' Gardens on Sunday's!"

Now, if this does not preach a sermon on contentment, it is of no use our trying. So we may as well pass on to say, that the next object that attracts our attention, is the black volumes of smoke, that roll from the chimney-top of the San Francisco Sugar Refinery. In this

refinery, some 4,200 tons of sugar, is refined annually, consuming about 1,600 tons of coal, 400 tons of bones, (for making ivory or bone black for filtering purposes,) 1,300,000 staves, 1,100,000 hoops, and 200,000 heads for barrels and kegs.— Within, there are about 60 men employed; and without, from 75 to 80 more, in getting of staves, hoops, heads, making barrels, freighting, teaming, &c.

But we must now pass on, and as quickly as possible, for two reasons; reason first, the hog-ranches by the road side are not as fragrant as the roses in Sonntag's nursery; and reason second will appear when we arrive at Center st., and, turning to the right, cross the bridge over Mission Creek, and on the new San Bruno turnpike, turn to get a general view of the Mission, that may enable us to forget reason first.

The beautiful green hills, and pretty houses that here dot the landscape; with the fine nurseries in the foreground, will explain why the Mission Fathers chose this fertile and well watered valley in preference to the bleak and comparatively barren Lagoon for their semi-religious and semi-philanthropic object.

In the hollow, some three hundred yards below the Nightingale hotel, is the Willows, a shady retreat for pleasure seekers and parties; from which spot let us now go at once to the Mission.

Now we have arrived at the quaint, old-fashioned, tile-covered adobe church, and buildings attached; part of which is still in use by the Mission, and a part is converted into saloons and a store. This edifice was erected in 1775-'76, and was completed and dedicated, August 1st, 1776; and was formerly called San Francisco, in honor of the patron saint, St. Francis, the name given to the Bay by its discoverer, Junipero Serra, in October, 1769.

While the church buildings were in course of erection, the Fathers had great

difficulty in keeping the Indians who performed most of the labor at work. The earthy clay, of which the adobes were made, had to be prepared by the Indians, who, after water had been thrown upon it, jumped in and trampled it with their feet, but soon growing tired, they would keep working only so long as the Fathers kept singing.

The visitor will notice a number of old adobe buildings scattered here and there, in different directions; these were erected for the use of the Indians; one part being used for boys, and the other for girls, and in which they resided until they were about seventeen years of age, when they were allowed to marry; after which other apartments were assigned them, more in accordance with their condition.

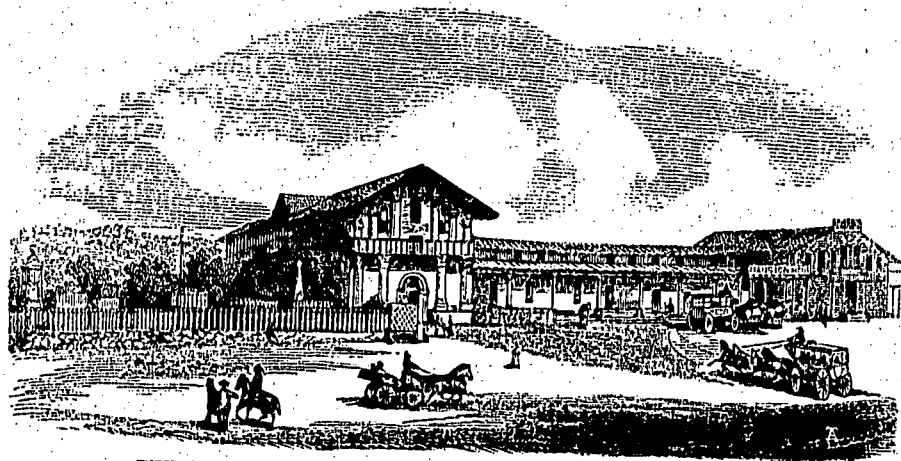
As late as 1849, there were two large boilers in the buildings back of the church; and as meat was almost the only article of food, an ox was killed and boiled wholesale, at which time the Indians would gather around and eat until they were satisfied. Of course, most of our readers are aware that Catholics are not allowed to eat meat on a Friday, but owing to this being the only article of diet to the Indians and native Californians, around the Mission, they were not required to abstain from it, even on that day.

According to Mr. Forbes, a very careful and accurate writer, who published a work in 1835, entitled the "History of Lower and Upper California," the number of black cattle belonging to this Mission in 1831, was 5,610; horses, 470; mules, 40; while only 233 fanegas (a fanega is about 2½ bushels) of wheat; 70 of Indian corn; and 40 of small beans, were raised altogether. At that time, however, the missions had lost much of their former glory; for in 1825, only six years before, that of Dolores, alone, is said to have had 76,000 head of cattle; 950 tame horses; 2,000 breeding mares;

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THE OLD MISSION CHURCH AND BUILDINGS, BUILT IN 1776.

[From a Photograph by Hamilton & Co.]

84 stud, of choice breed; 820 mules; 79,000 sheep; 2,000 hogs; and 456 yoke of working oxen; and raised 18,000 bushels of wheat and barley. Besides, in 1802, according to Baron Humboldt, there were of males, in this Mission, 433; of females, 381; total, 814. And yet, according to Mr. Forbes, in 1831, there were but 124 males, and 85 females; and now, there are—none. Truly, "the glory has departed."

At that time, the Indians and native Californians, for many miles around, would congregate at the Mission Dolores, about three times a year, bringing with them cattle enough to kill while they remained, which was generally about a week, and have a good holiday time with each other.

Before the discovery of gold it was the custom here to keep a tabular record of all the men, women and children; members of the church; marriages, births and deaths; the number of live stock; and amount of produce in all their business details: but since then everything has changed for the worse. Even the lands devoted to, and set apart for, the use of the Mission, have nearly all been squatted upon, so that now but a few hundred varas remain intact; and as to where the stock of all kinds have gone, "deponent saith not."

It is quite a pleasurable curiosity to examine the old Spanish manuscript books, still extant at this mission, and look upon their sheep-skin covered lids, and buckskin clasps. Besides these there are about six hundred printed volumes, in Spanish, on religious subjects; but being in a foreign language they are seldom or never read.

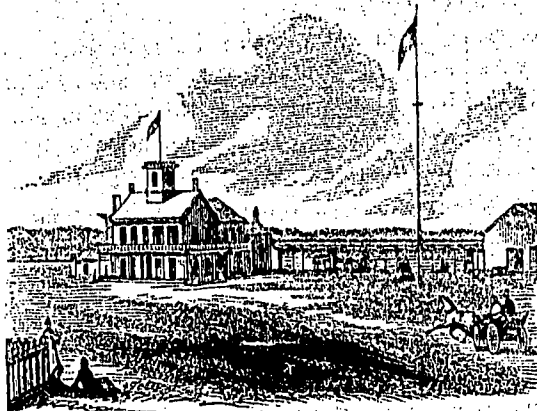
At the present time the only uses to which this Mission is devoted is to give public instruction in the Catholic religion, the education of some seventeen pupils; the burial of the dead; and an occasional marriage. Of the last named, about eighteen have taken place within the past four years.

The great point of attraction here to visitors from the city, is its quiet green graveyard; and but for its being so negligently tended and slovenly kept would be one of the prettiest places near the city. In this last peaceful home, from June 1st, 1858 to May 20th, 1859, the following will show how many have been laid—June, (1858) 52; July, 67; August 55; September, 55; October, 65; November, 57; December, 56; January, (1859) 35; February, 45; March, 38; April, 33; May, up to the 20th, 28.

It seems as though we could never weary in looking upon these interesting

scenes; but as we have far to go; and we trust, many more to look upon, let us again set out on our jaunt, and visit this spot at our leisure.

Between the Mission Dolores and the Ocean House there are no objects of striking interest, except, perhaps the San Francisco Industrial School, recently erected for the benefit of depraved juveniles, situated near the top of the ridge we are gently ascending, about six miles from the city and three from the ocean. About this school we shall have something to say at a future time.



THE OCEAN HOUSE.

Upon reaching the top of this ridge you perceive that we get a glimpse of the Pacific ocean; and shortly afterwards find ourselves comfortably seated in one of the parlors of the Ocean House, where, while our animals are resting, let us say that this house is about eight and one fourth miles from San Francisco, and was erected in 1855 by Messrs. Lovett and Green; when, if report speaks the truth, they were just beginning to reap the reward of their labors they were cheated out of it.

From this point we have a commanding view of the surrounding country. The hill in front of us, and at the back of the Industrial school, contains a quarry of the finest of sandstone, and which, were there but a railroad upon which to

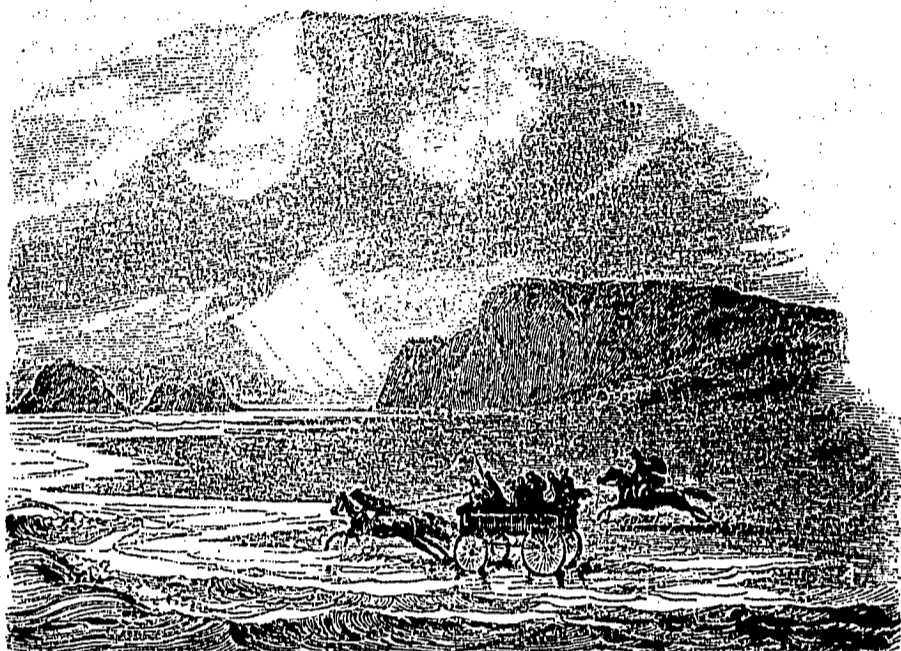
convey it to the city, could be delivered there at from two to three dollars per ton. South is the Lake House, and Rockaway House, at the east end of lake Merced, but the latter is now used only as a private residence. From this point, too, an excellent view of the ocean is obtained, where the ships and steamers are plainly visible.

One would scarcely suppose that here, where the winds sweep over the lands with such fury, that stock of all kinds flourish better than in many of the favored inland valleys, yet such is the fact; for owing to the dense masses of heavy fog-clouds that roll in from the ocean the verdure is perpetual, while in other localities it is parched up. The gardens around produce from fifty-five to one hundred sacks of potatoes to the acre, although the soil is very light and sandy. Besides, vegetables are taken to the San Francisco market from this section, at an earlier time than from that of any other part of the State.

About two miles north of the Ocean House, is a lake, known as the Laguna Honda, at which a distressing accident occurred in 1855, as the reader will call to memory, when two ladies and their two children were all drowned together, under the following circumstances. In the back part of a carriage, built in the rockaway style, were seated Mrs. Opeinhimer and Mrs. Urzney, each lady holding a child. On the front seat were two servants, a man and woman, the former of whom was driving. Having taken the road up the Rock House ravine, instead of that to the Ocean House, they arrived at the edge of the lake, above named, and the road not being wide enough to admit their carriage, they drove into the water a little, on the edge of the lake. They could have passed here in safety, but unfortunately, the wheel struck a stump,

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THE DRIVE ALONG THE BEACH TOWARDS SEAL ROCK.

and by some unexplainable means, the horse was thrown round, and he fell into deep water; when the carriage was immediately turned upside down, and the forepart striking the water, was forced down upon the two ladies and their children, shutting them completely in, and they sunk to rise no more. The servants being left free, in the front of the carriage, succeeded in reaching the shore, and were saved.

Snugly ensconced beneath the hill, about half a mile from the Ocean House, and within a quarter of a mile of the sea, is the Beach House. This was first built on the shore, near the edge of a small lake that we pass, but the high tides flowing in, washed away its foundations, and compelled the alternative of their removing it at once, or of allowing the sea to do it for them; and as the owners considered themselves the best carpenters of the two, they undertook, and succeeded, in the task—but here we are, on the beach. There is a never ceasing pleasure to a refined mind, in looking upon or listening to the hoarse murmuring roar of the

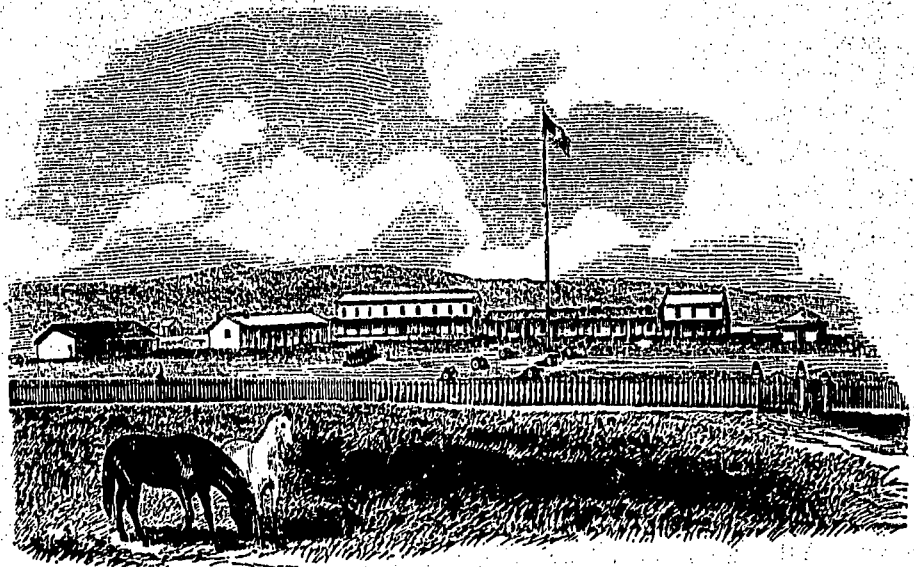
sea; and an unexplainable charm in the music of its waves, as with a seething sound, they curl and gently break upon a sandy shore, during a calm; or dash in all their majesty and fury, with thundering voices upon the unheeding rocks in a storm. This is sublimity. Besides, every shell, and pebble, and marine plant, from the smallest fragment of sea-moss, to the largest weed that germinates within the caverns of the deep, has an architectural perfection and beauty, that ever attracts the wondering admiration of the thoughtful. Yet we must not now linger here, or night will overtake us.

This beach extends continuously from Seal Rock to Muscle Rock, about seven miles. Near the last named place is a soda spring, and several veins of bituminous coal; to obtain which shafts have been sunk to the depth of 124 feet, in which the coal was found to grow better as they descended; but like many similar enterprises, when means to work it failed, it was abandoned. Other minerals are also found in this chain of hills.

Having had our ride along the beach as

far as Seal Rock, and watched the movements, and listened to the loud shrill voices the sea-lions, let us take up the sand-bank south of the old Seal Rock House, (now tenantless,) and we shall find the road from the Fort, as sandy and as heavy as we could desire it; yet, with the consolation that we can endure it, if the horses are able, until we reach Fort Point.

When this was first taken and occupied by American troops belonging to Col. Stephenson's battalion, under Maj. Hardie, in March, 1847, they found a circular battery of 10 iron guns, 16 pounders, mounted upon the hill just above the present works, and which was allowed to remain until a better one was ready to occupy its place.



VIEW OF THE PRESIDIO.

[From a Photograph by Hamilton & Co.]

The present beautiful and substantial structure was commenced in 1854, and is now nearly completed. It is four tiers in height, the topmost of which is 64 feet above low tide; and is capable of mounting 150 guns, including the battery at the back, of 42, 64, and 128 pounders; and during an engagement, can accommodate 2,400 men. There have been appropriations made, including the last, of \$1,800,000. The greatest number of men employed at any one time was 200; now there are about 80.

The Lighthouse adjoining the Fort, can be seen for from 10 to 12 miles, and is an important addition to the mercantile interests of California, although we regret to say, it is only of the fifth order, and known as the "Fresnel Light," and is

the smallest on the coast; the lantern is 52 feet above level. Two men are employed to attend it. Connected with this is a Fog Bell, weighing 1,100 pounds, and worked by machinery, that strikes every ten seconds, for five taps; then has an intermission of thirty-four seconds, and recommences the ten-second strike. This is kept constantly running during foggy weather.

In the small bay south of the Fort, have been two wrecks, the Chateau Palmer, May 1st, 1856, and the Gen. Cushing, Oct. 9th, 1858; both outward bound, and partially freighted.

Between Fort Point and (the celebrated political hobby) Lime Point, is the world-famed Golden Gate, or entrance to the Bay of San Francisco. This is one mile

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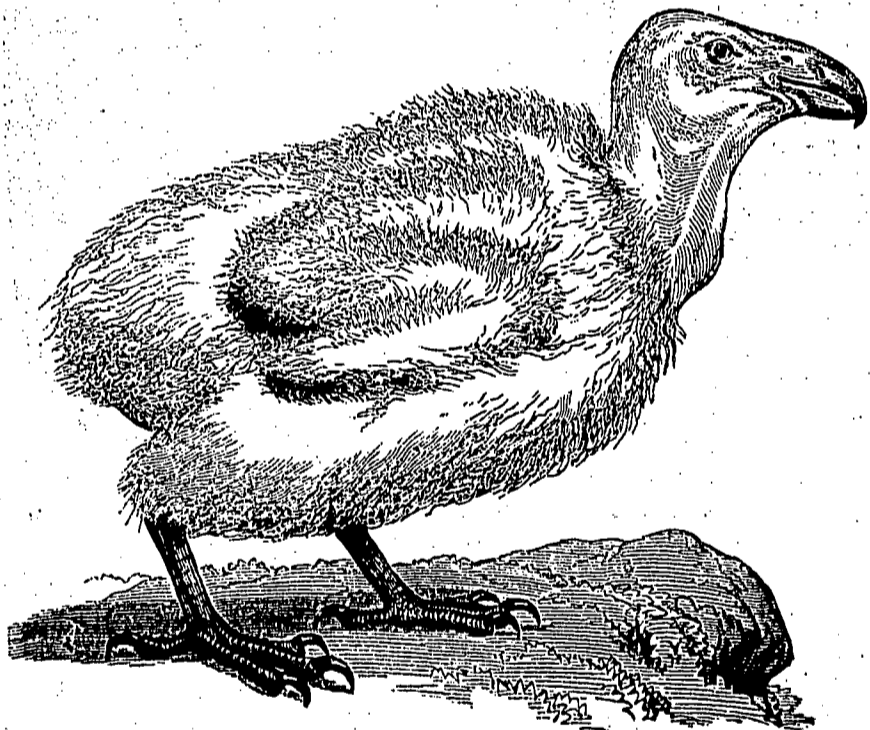
and seventeen yards wide. The tide here varies about seven feet.

From this interesting spot, and on our way to the city, we pass the Presidio. This is a military post that was established shortly after the arrival of the first missionaries, mainly for their protection; and was originally occupied by Spanish troops, and afterwards by Mexican, until March, 1847; when it was taken by the United States; at which time the whole force of the enemy was a single corporal. At this time also there were two old Spanish brass field-pieces found here; and two more near the beach about where the end

of Battery street, San Francisco, now is, and from which that street derived its name.

The original buildings were constructed in a quadrangular form; these having fallen into decay, but three remain, two of which at the present are used as store rooms. At the close of the war, this post was occupied by a company of dragoons, who were relieved by a company of the 3rd Artillery, under Capt. Keyes, who kept it continuously for ten years. Its present garrison consists of two companies of the 6th Infantry, numbering about 180, officers and men.

THE EGG AND YOUNG OF THE CALIFORNIA CONDOR.*



From Nature.

W. M. Ord, painter, Monterey, April, 1859.

YOUNG OF THE CALIFORNIA CONDOR, SEVEN DAYS OLD.

It is a strange fact in the natural history of our Pacific domain, that though the California Condor (*Sarcoramphus Cal.*)

* Published also in the *S. F. Herald* of May 5th, 1859.

has been known to the scientific world since mentioned by Shaw, in 1779, the eggs have never been met with nor properly described from nature, but simply from hearsay. Both Douglass (1827) and Town-

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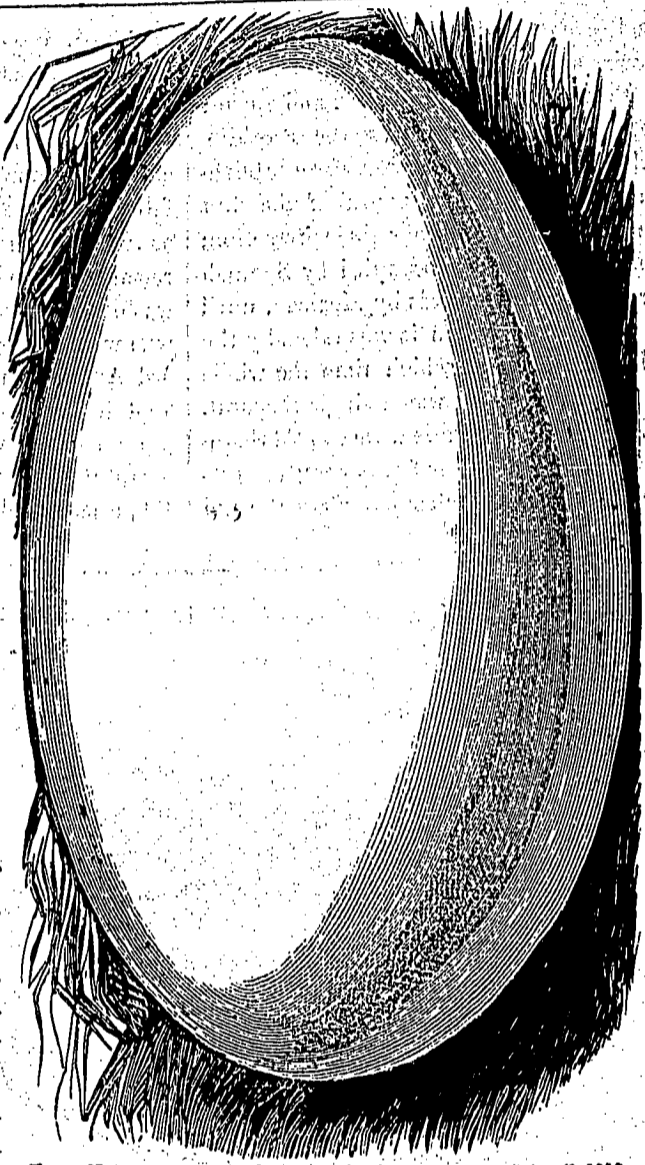
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send (1837), as related in Audubon, failed in discovering its nest or ever getting to see its eggs; nor (as far as we are aware) has any person since their time described it from nature. Consequently its identification and description, from undoubted specimens, becomes a great desideratum among naturalists, from its being the egg of the second largest of flying birds, and hitherto unknown, from the extreme difficulty and expense of pursuing the parent bird to its incubating haunts. In this note we shall be enabled to clear up all doubts on this mooted point; for Douglass assumed and stated dogmatically, that the color of the egg was "jet black"—from some Indian conversations which, probably, he did not understand, or was purposely deceived by the Indians. All the orders sent from Europe and the United States, to procure the eggs for the Cabinets and

Museums of the curious, learned or rich, or of Governments, seem to have hitherto failed.

One of the rancheros of the Carmelo, in hunting among the highest peaks of the Santa Lucia range, during the last week of April present, disturbed two Condors from their nests, and at great risk of breaking his neck, etc., brought away a young bird of six or seven days old, and also an egg—the egg from one tree, and the chick from another. There



From Nature.

W. M. Ord, pinax, Monterey, April, 1859.

EGG OF THE CALIFORNIA CONDOR, NATURAL SIZE.

was, properly speaking, no nest; but the egg was laid in the hollow of a tall old robles-oak, in a steep baranca, near the summit of one of the highest peaks, in the vicinity of the Tulareitos, near a place called Conejos. The birds are said, by some hunters, not to make nests, but simply to lay their eggs on the ground, at the foot of old trees, or on the bare rocks of solitary peaks; others say they lay in old eagles' and buzzards' nests, while some affirm they make nests of sticks and

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moss; but the truth seems to be, they make no nests. The entire egg weighed ten and a-half ounces, and the contents eight and three-quarter ounces. The color of the egg-shell is what painters call "dead, dull white;" the surface of the shell is not glossy, but slightly roughened, as in the sea-pelican's eggs, but not so much. The figure is very nearly a perfect ellipse, being a model of form and shape in itself. It measured four and a half inches in length by two and three-eighth inches in breadth (diameter), and was eight and three-quarter inches in circumference around the middle. The egg-shell, after the contents were emptied, (which were as clear, fine, bright and in-

odorous as those of a hen's egg, with a bright, yellow yolk,) hold as much as nine fluid ounces of water. Before the egg was opened it sunk, on being placed in water—probably from its being very recently impregnated. Some of the old hunters say the egg is excellent eating—this one certainly had not the faintest musky odor, nor the slightest foreign smell.

The collection of birds' eggs in the United States and Europe, by savans, and the rich and curious who are bird-bitten, has become as much a rabia and rage as was that of shells; and, rather curiously, it centres more in collections from the California birds, just now, than those



From Nature.

W. M. Ord, pinat, Monterey, April, 1859.

THE OLD FEMALE CALIFORNIA CONDOR.

Monterey, April, 1859.
 NATURAL SIZE.
 no nest; but the
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 the mountains, near
 The birds are said
 to make nests, but
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 birds' nests, while
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from any other country. Any one, with a fully identified and arranged series of California birds' eggs, could get a handsome figure for the set in New York, Boston, Paris, or London. Only think, there are schools of philosophers who make a study of birds' eggs; they call it Oology, and threaten to make very big books out of it.

The young Condor mentioned above is from five to seven days old, and weighed ten ounces. [The weights used in this paper are avordupois.] The whole skin of this chick is of an ochrous yellow, and covered with a dull white, fine down; the beak was colored, the same as in the old birds—the skin of the head and neck entirely bare of down, and of ochrous yellow—the color of the legs of a deeper shade than that of the body; it had the musky smell of the old birds; the size and appearance similar to that of a two-month old goslin; it had only been dead a couple of hours.

The young is a male; the craw or dilatation of the gullet, filled with some kind of comminuted meat. The stomach was filled with undigested fibres of oat-straw, oat grains, pieces of acorns, excrement of mice or squirrels, small pieces of stones, wood and earth. It is not known how the parent bird feeds the young.

The egg is a little smaller at one end than the other—in fine, an egg of elegant shape and form. The egg shell is about three times the thickness of a turkey's egg.

My old friend, Capt. John B. R. Cooper, who knew David Douglass, when he was in California, in 1829-30, says that Douglass searched in vain for the eggs of the Condor, in all his travels in California.

We are thus particular, in describing this egg and the young, as they are of great interest among naturalists, from not having been described before, at least so far as we can ascertain from the latest authorities in reach, all of which are par-

ticularly directed to California subjects. The above detailed description is from nature, at any rate; if it has been noted from the same mirror heretofore, it has not come under our cognizance.

ALXR. S. TAYLOR.

Monterey, 28th April, 1859.

THE GREAT CONDOR OF CALIFORNIA.*

BY ALEXANDER S. TAYLOR.

The following notes of Nov. 1854, in the *California Farmer*, have been revised and corrected to the date of March, 1859, on the great Condor of Northwest America:

A fine specimen of this bird was killed on the beach at Monterey, a few days ago. As it has never been described before (to our knowledge) with accuracy, and as the scientific books of Natural History are as unsatisfactory and incomplete as the tales of peripatetic hunters, we shall take Mother Nature as she shows herself in this huge, feathery embodiment of creation, as our guide and pattern.

An imperfect description was given by us of this bird in the *S. F. Herald*, of December 12, '52. The present specimen being killed near our house, we are enabled, with a more extended knowledge of its habits, to give a careful and detailed history of the creature.

The bird before us is a male, and weighed when killed, 20 lbs. avoirdupois. The following are its dimensions and proportions: From beak to the end of tail feathers, 4 feet 6 inches; from tip to tip of wing, stretched out, 8 feet 4 inches; one wing, 3 feet 3 inches; tail feathers, 12 in number and 15 inches long; from ruffle on the neck to vent, 2 feet 9 inches. It has 32 brachial feathers on each wing; the 5 long outer wing feathers measure 2 feet 5 inches each; its breadth across the breast bone is 8 inches; under the wings it has a long triangular layer of white

*Published simultaneously in the *Cal. Farmer*.

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feathers, and the outside of the lower part of the mid wing feathers is also tipped white.

The head, down to the commencement of the beak, is covered with a beautiful lemon-colored loose skin. The beak, which is a horny white, is 1.6-8 inch long, and curved over the lower bill, with a point as hard as iron, having a waved edge, toothed like the Condor of Peru, sharp as a knife; the under mandible is a perfect half cylinder, into which fits with the nicest accuracy a hollow tongue of the same shape. This tongue is a curious feature, being 1.7-8 inch long by $\frac{1}{2}$ an inch broad, and is serrated with a hardened edging inclining down the gullet, which the bird uses with great force and power in reducing its food for digestion previous to swallowing.

The head is 7 inches long, and is barred over with a triangular shaped band of black featherets like small, short camels, hair pencils, on a naked white skin.— Across the crown, it measures 3 inches, and is 3 inches from edge of skull to edge of lower jaw bone. The neck is bare of feathers, is of a pale, dirty flesh color, and is 7 inches from base of the skull to the ruffle at the root of the neck. This ruffle is composed of stiff, broad feathers, having elongated points, into which its neck is buried when at rest.

Its legs are of a dirty white color and scaly, and measure 10 inches from the knee joint to the end of the claw of the main toe. The feet consists of blunt claws, four toes, which are armed with strong, black claws; its middle toe is $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, which includes a claw of $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch in length; the hind toe with claw is only $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch long. The breadth of the foot across the palm is $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The length of the legs from the hip joint to the end of the middle toe is 15 inches.

The egg of the bird, as I am informed by a fifteen-year resident of California, is 3 inches broad by 5 inches long; about one-fifth larger than a goose egg. Its color is a pale blue, spotted brown, and is nearly as thick as an ostrich egg. The same person informs me that the female lays only one egg during a season, (others inform me it lays two) and makes its nest on the ground in the ravines of the mountains, and generally near the roots of the redwood and pine trees. It is three months before the young bird can fly. The eye of the bird is 1 inch long by 1 inch broad, and weighs $\frac{1}{2}$ an ounce;

the iris is a beautiful light pink. The brain is shaped like a heart flattened, and weighs 1 ounce; it measures $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch in breadth and length. The heart, lungs and liver are nearly the dimensions of a year-old pig; its gut is short and white; the gall bladder is 6-8 of an inch long.

The bird when erect stands over 4 feet from the ground, and, from its huge wings, when spread out or even closely folded, looks a mountain of dark feathers. The feathers are of a uniform dusky brown black color, with the exceptions mentioned. The body is covered closely with a long lead-colored feathery down, with a thick skin (or hide rather) which is underlaid over the whole body, and particularly its under part, with a compact layer of bright yellow fat of a strong musky smell. The meat is of a bright arterial red, and with large flakes of air cells under the wings and breast sides, copiously fills out the contour of the animal. The muscular and bony development of the wings, neck, head and legs, is intense, which gives it immense strength and power in flight, and in attacking its prey or devouring its food.

Such is the description from nature of the "Sarcorampus Californianus," or Condor of the Rocky Mountains and the Northwest.

This bird is closely allied to the Condor of the Andes, but is distinct in features and habits from the Cathartes tribe, with which it has been confounded, and which are rarely more than one-third its size. It soars at elevations of six to sixteen thousand feet, and is found throughout the length and breadth of the Rocky Mountains, both Californias, Sonora, Sinaloa, and Pacific Mexico, the Sierras of both Californias, the Northwest Coasts, and is often seen near San Francisco. It is particularly fond of fish, and is often found on the sea-shore watching for fish thrown on the beach, or even steals from the Indians when catching salmon and mountain trout in the lakes and rivers of the Great Plains and of the Coast. A dead whale thrown ashore is sure to bring some of them in sight, and a hunter killing a deer in the mountains is confident of their appearance as soon as the beast is wounded. They are also said to attack wounded deer and other animals, and kill them, and sometimes to carry off alive smaller creatures. They are also stated to carry off fish caught in river, sea and lake shallows; and though they will eat

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R. S. TAYLOR.
1859.

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dead meat, they will not, like the buzzard, eat carrion—but this last is a mistake. When hungry they are exceedingly difficult of approach, but when gorged with food they are stupid, and fly or move with slow unwieldy motions. They soar at great heights in circles, like the Buzzard, without moving their wings; but on a straight line, they fly and sail by starts and flaps at intervals of two or three minutes. Its range of vision is probably as extensive as that of the Andean Condor, which is said to sight its objects at a greater distance than any other living creature.

There is said to be another species of the California Condor or Vulture, which is stated to be of the same size and general features, and is found in Southern and Lower California, and Northern and Middle Mexico, in the arid or elevated districts. This variety is described as having a brownish red carbuncle or comb on the head, like the Condor of the Andes. It is asserted by some of my friends who have hunted over the first mentioned districts, to be sometimes seen in the neighborhood of Los Angeles and San Diego; but as yet we have never met with it. Some writers on Natural History have assumed that the California Condors are stray members of the Southern flock, who have escaped North from their haunts in Ecuador and Peru; but this evidently is a mistake, as the Great Condor of the Andes is figured in the work of Cuvier, on the "Regne Animal," as having long outer white wing feathers, and with a carbuncle, which makes it entirely different in plumage and appearance from ours.

The Condor family has this difference from the Vulture tribe, inasmuch as it is an inhabitant of the volcanic, elevated prairie and arid districts of the American continent; whereas, the true Vulture is more an inhabitant of the stinking, alluvial forest and coast districts of the tropics and intertropics. As scientific travellers extend themselves over the world, doubtless they will find in the elevated waterless countries of Australia, Asia and Africa, and the mountains of Borneo and New Guinea, analagous varieties of the American bird, which are peculiarly fitted by nature for living in regions where no dense vegetation of the earth's surface obscures the vision. We have often thought that the great Roc of Captain Sinbad—who fortunately dropped him, in a happy California mood of treasure giv-

ing, in a valley of lustrous diamonds—as an Arabian Night's exaggeration of some unknown and undescribed class of Asiatic Condors. As more than one of Sinbad's fables are beginning to be looked upon as truths, in disguise since the discovery of California gold, it may perchance be considered a wise hint to our dissatisfied and restless prospectors, to train our native Roc with chunks of glutinous fresh meat, sufficient to bear the weight of a bristled miner, and soar away into the upper regions with man and camp equipage, to voyage on until he can descry the secret valley at the bottom of which lie those celebrated crystals of egg-shaped diamonds, which have haunted the imaginations of philosophers and Californians since the year of grace, 1848. At any rate, if the rich valley is not found, the voyager, if he can get down, will have the honor of seeing and feeling more than any other of the sons of Adam, and be a constant object of admiration to the daughters of Eve, to whom belong, by prescription, the descendants of adventurous Sinbad, and the sons of hairy Neptune and Nimrod, the famed hunter before the Lord, when giants dwelt on the earth; the bones of whose earthly tabernacles may yet be found in some of the curious caves near the mammoth trees of Calaveras. Thus it will doubtless be found on trial, that there is nothing even in feathered animation but may be subjected by the Lords of American Creation, to some purposes of use or gain.

Since writing the foregoing, some other points have been gathered from old hunters and trappers, which as they generally agree, are worthy of record.

One of those Robin Hood men informs me, that three years ago he caught two young Condors in the Redwoods of Santa Cruz county, and kept them over a month. When young, they are covered with a dirty white down, and have a strong smell; and are three months old before they fly.

The female lays two eggs in a year, which are hatched in about six weeks, near the middle of March; the eggs weigh about twelve ounces, and are the best kind of eating of the egg kind.—They sometimes lay on the ledges of high rocks, but quite as often on tall trees, in the old nests of hawks and eagles. The placer diggers of Northern Mexico use the quills for putting their gold dust in. Three of these birds will eat a deer, and

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when they attack a man or animal in defence, will nick a lump of flesh out in a minute. The barrel of the outer wing feathers is four inches long by three-eighths of an inch in diameter; when the bird is standing, the long wing feathers will overlap those of the tail more than 6 inches.

The upper beak is of a horny white, with a thick, sharp, solid curved-down and pointed end, and overlaps the lower by $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch. The beaks are fully 1-16th of an inch thick. The ear is $\frac{1}{2}$ an inch long, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch from the eye at the termination of the upper jaw bone.

When flying, the white band of the wings does not extend over the breast, but the breast and belly appears as an intermission of black. They float in the air, rather than sail, and their motions aloft form the most elegant and graceful feature of the bird's habits—fit object for any fair lady to ride a hundred miles to see.

On the 13th inst., at one o'clock in the afternoon, some object attracted a flock of the Condors. At first, one suddenly appeared, but in the course of fifteen minutes I observed twenty of them, circling at an altitude of some four thousand feet, and immediately over the beach. When in the air, they may be distinguished with a spy-glass from the Buzzard, by the white band under the wings. They are generally seen on the sea shore at Monterey, in the latter fall months, in clear weather; but sometimes they make their appearance in a foggy atmosphere. As they come, so they go—a company will be out of sight in fifteen minutes. They appear "to drop from some cavern in the sky," as described of the Vulture of South Africa, by Le Vaillant, many years since.

Never stoops the soaring vulture
On his quarry in the desert,
On the sick or wounded lion,
But another vulture, watching
From his high aerial look-out,
Sees the downward plunge and follows:
And a third pursues the second,
Coming from the invisible ether,
First a speck and then a vulture,
Till the air is filled with pinions.
So disasters come not singly,
But as if they watched and waited,
Scanning one another's motions,
When the first descends, the others
Follow, follow, gathering flock-wise,
Round their victims, sick and wounded,
First a shadow, then a sorrow,
Till the air is dark with anguish.—*Mawatha.*

[To be Continued.]

THE PIONEER SCHOOLS OF CALIFORNIA.

Our young State has sprung into maturity with a rapidity that renders her an anomaly in the history of communities. A decade of years has witnessed her settlement, an immediate admission into the confederacy without a preliminary territorial organization, and an unprecedented development of institutions which has been the result of an age in the old States. In agriculture and commerce, she has already outstripped many of the original thirteen, which had upwards of seventy years for advancement, before California commenced her career. The future historian will trace, with much interest, our origin and singular progress; and the antiquarian garner up, as choice treasures, the early incidents of the golden era, which to us may now appear common and trivial. It may, therefore, be a sufficient apology, to notice, at this early day, the origin and rapid maturity of one of our most important institutions, upon which, by its elevating influence upon our entire population, will mainly depend the successful operation and perpetuity of our republican form of government. We refer to our Free Common Schools.

The history of our institutions for the last seventy years, has taught us that they cannot flourish in the absence of intelligence and sound morality among the people. Hence the importance of our Free Common Schools cannot well be exaggerated. By them, the key of knowledge is placed in the hands of every American youth, and these rudiments of knowledge will form the basis of a thorough practical education to thousands, who may by poverty or secular pursuits, be deprived of the advantages of higher seminaries of learning. An examination into the early life of a great number of the prominent men who have in this country held

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high positions in the State, and adorned the learned professions, will be found to have been graduates of our Common Schools; in other words, to have been self-made men. This result could never have been obtained where the rudiments of learning were not universally enjoyed.

It may be interesting to examine the early educational efforts in this State, and particularly the origin of the free school system established in this western portion of our country, on the New England model. And this review is the more desirable, as, from some unaccountable cause, the facts in regard to this matter have been most singularly misstated by speakers on several public occasions, and also by writers, who certainly had the means within their reach, of obtaining a correct knowledge of the character of all our pioneer schools. The writer of the article on education, in the "Annals of San Francisco," is incorrect in some important particulars relative to the origin of our Common Schools.

The subject of education was first publicly discussed here about the commencement of the year 1847, and the attention of the public was called to the importance of establishing a school; but no effectual action was taken for the accomplishment of this object for more than a year afterwards.

In the meantime, during the following April, a private school was commenced by a Mr. Marston, in a small building towards the North Beach, which numbered some thirty pupils, and was continued about a year. It was supported by receipts for tuition. This humble beginning, though perhaps not very efficient, deserves the credit of being the first English school in this city, and probably in the State.

Immediately after the organization of the first town council, in September of this year, a committee was appointed by that body, consisting of Wm. A. Leidesdorf, William Glover, and Wm. S. Clark, to take measures for the erection of a school house. As the result of this movement, the newspaper announced its completion about the last of December, and which early residents will recollect as standing on the south-west corner of Portsmouth square. Although a sad looking piece of architecture, yet it eventually

served many useful and important city purposes for several succeeding years.

At a town meeting, convened on the 21st of February, 1848, a board of trustees was elected, composed of the following citizens: Dr. F. Fourgeaud, Dr. J. Townsend, C. L. Ross, J. Serrine, and Wm. H. Davis. In the following March, they engaged the services of Mr. Thomas Douglass, as teacher, who, on the 3d of April, opened a school in the house erected for the purpose. His salary was fixed at \$1,000 per annum, to be paid mainly from receipts for tuition. The council appropriated \$400, one-half to be paid at the end of six months, and the remainder at the close of the year, provided there was a deficiency. The school contained about forty scholars. Mr. Douglass was a graduate of an eastern college, and was an efficient and well qualified teacher. At the commencement of this school, the number of children in the town, between the ages of five and sixteen, was about sixty, in a population of 850. This school, so auspiciously commenced, was interrupted, and finally broken up, by the intense gold excitement of that memorable era, in about two months from its commencement.

During the fall of 1848, a small school, of about fifteen or twenty scholars, was again commenced in the school house, by Mr. C. Christian, which continued about ten weeks.

The town remained without school privileges until April 23d, 1849, when Rev. Albert Williams opened a private school, in the same place, containing about twenty-five scholars, and which continued until Sept. 20th.

The foregoing is believed to be a correct enumeration of all the schools which had existed in this city up to the time of the close of that of Mr. Williams. They were all supported by tuition fees, and however beneficial they might have been in that emergency, they have no claim to be styled free schools. Indeed, that taught by Mr. Douglass, was the only one of a public character. The honor of establishing the first Free Common School, strictly on the plan of the New England system, belongs to Mr. John C. Pelton, who, by his exertions and sacrifices to effect this cherished object, justly deserves this enviable distinction. In a future number, we shall notice the efforts made in successfully introducing this feature into our Pacific schools.

TWO FAMOUS WOMEN;
CLEOPATRA OF EGYPT AND JOAN OF ARC.

BY MRS. M. HOSMER.

FAR away in that dim and pleasant region, into which we can journey any twilight, when our hearts are still, and we can hear the tapping of Memory at its door,—Memory, that patient guide, that waits ever to lead us through the past,—there live always two famous women, famous both in their beauty and in their power, and in their glory, being lifted up above and beyond the people of their day; and in the manner of their death, they having thereby paid the inevitable debt incurred by all of womankind, who drink the "charmed cup of Fame," and died by violence.

From that sombre wood amid whose boskage their shadowy forms gleamed in the dream of Fair Women, let them arise and stand before us. The Queen of Egypt and the Maid of Orleans. The one, in all the gorgeous magnificence of the East, the dark splendor of her beauty dazzling and delighting; the other, calm and severe in face and outline, an armed figure, firm and defiant; a woman's face, gentle and fair, wrapt in heavenly visions, and dreams of more than mortal import.

Egypt saw troublous days in Cleopatra's childhood. It was an envied possession, on which the Roman conqueror cast a longing eye. Ptolemy Auletes was to be its last regal sovereign, and a foreboding shadow, the coming dissolution of a great power, hung like the sword of Damocles above his trembling throne. There had been exile and bloodshed; Berenice had worn her father's crown, and yielded up her life in payment for the borrowed bauble. There had been schism and treason among the people, groaning and complaints beneath an unwelcome yoke, and rebellion under a forced submission. The times were dreary and changeful; the Egyptians trusted

neither the Romans nor their king. Auletes, they knew, had bought with gold the friendship of Cæsar and Pompey, and they neither feared or respected the purchased power. In these days the king died, and Cleopatra was fatherless, and joint ruler of Egypt.

Joan of Domremi, was a little dreamer; a child who listened breathlessly to catch her mother's chanted legends of olden time, as she plied her busy distaff. One who neither joined in the dancing or singing of the villagers, but watched the mists that rose from the fairies' fountain, or lay dreaming at the base of the image of Our Lady of Domremi, in the hillside chapel.

A timid, shrinking girl, she was, and yet a bold, fearless, and undismayed enthusiast; such an one as might, in the days of a nation's peace and prosperity, have lived a quiet, unmarked life, full of earnest piety, and deep devotions, but in the hours of darkness and trouble, arose like Jacl of old, to deliver her people. France, like Egypt, fourteen centuries before, lay in abeyance. Besieged by English forces, divided within by contending interests, and but poorly defended by native valor. Its trembling monarch yet uncrowned, grasped a sceptre, half wrenched from his hand by the English king. In the heart of his dominions he sought refuge, whilst his villages were pillaged, and his rivers flashed red in the sun with the blood of his slaughtered subjects. When all was confusion and fear, when the horrors of war were abroad, and every eye turned appealingly to the weak and powerless monarch, surrounded by his weak and thoughtless court, then, Joan of Domremi arose, and sought the royal presence, to lay before the king her mighty visions, that foretold and pointed the way to victory and achievement.

Cleopatra's, and her brother's claim, were to be judged by Cæsar. They did not trust his unswayed justice, but sought

an advocate; one whose eloquence might shape the thoughts of Cæsar, and guide his decree in their favor. A learned Egyptian pleaded the cause of Ptolemy; Cleopatra stood before him in her own defence, and beguiled the Roman's ear, and wiled away his heart.

Joan and Cleopatra, two brave and fearless women, stand before a king, and there the likeness ceases. Both had dared much to gain admittance there. The Queen of Egypt, in a little boat, crossed a wild sea, tossed by the fierce Etesian winds. Joan had withstood her mother's prayers, her friends' entreaties, the unbelieving scorn of those whose aid she sought, repulses, doubt, and disrespect; but like the Egyptian, she had much to gain, and like her, knew no fear.

In coming there, both left behind them a part in life never to be resumed. The royal robes of Egypt, Cleopatra laid aside, and wrapt herself in foreign merchandize, being borne upon the shoulders of Apollodorus, as a gift to Cæsar.

Joan put off her peasant's dress, her cap and petticoat, forever, and donning the martial trappings of an armed man, thenceforward lost all outward semblance of womanhood.

As the leader of an army, and the inspirer of bold men's hearts, dashing through the heat of conflict, and waving aloft her gleaming sword, she had no more to do with shy and timid maiden grace, or the quiet duties of her hamlet life. Nor was Cleopatra any more a free untrammelled queen, being ever after, the slave of passion.

When Charles of France received the Maid of Orleans, he stood among his courtiers, and beheld a girl, with all the innocent loveliness of youth about her, dressed as an armed knight, enter, and come towards him. Unawed by the magnificence around her, with no touch of faltering or irresolution, (her mission and its sanctity threw over her the conscious-

ness of dignity and power;) and so she knelt before the king, and showed him how to win his coronation, and the people peace.

At the feet of Cæsar, Apollodorus laid his lovely burden, and kneeling, he unrolled rich silks and tapestry from the looms of Tyre and Sidon, scarfs from Babylon, and cloth of gold, and gossamer drapery from Coa. Up-springing from their midst, in all her ripe and glorious beauty, rose Cleopatra, and smiled at Cæsar as one who would not be resisted.

From Troyes to Rheims, to fulfil the promised coronation of Charles Seventh, rode Joan of Arc, at the head of her victorious army, and people thronged to greet her. She sat on a black charger, dressed in bright and glancing armor, bearing in one hand her sacred standard; the other grasped her consecrated sword, from the altar of St. Catharine. With all the power and inspiration of courage and genius, she had led on her soldiers, and dashed through danger as a mist, that dissolved in the gleaming of her upraised sword. The impulsive troops hailed her as something almost divine, and followed in impetuous admiration wherever she led. What had seemed at first her wild disordered fancies, had from her success, become celestial visions and prophetic warnings. All bowed in reverence before her snowy banner, with its golden lilies, and she rode on amidst acclamations and rejoicings.

She was young and beautiful, and journeying to the goal of her desire; the massive gates of Rheims swung open before her, and she entered the ancient city as a conqueror. In the old Cathedral, the pride and flower of France assembled together, to consummate her mission and crown their sovereign. At the Altar, amid lofty pealing strains of music, the flashing of armor, the glittering of jewels, floating of plumes and trailing of rich velvet and royal ermine, at the king's

right hand, stood the peasant girl, who had fed her flocks on the hillside, and lay dreaming in the summer sun. She stood, and as the ascending shout rent the still air, and echoed through the dome, she bowed her head, and felt her task fulfilled. Her lord, the king, was crowned, and truly a sovereign; the siege was raised; the English were repulsed from their strongholds; and she was content. She tasted the few delightful drops in the exhilarating draught of glory, and trembled with the wild electric thrill, that responds in every heart to the intense enthusiasm they have excited. They shouted her name; they blessed her; they knelt to her; they adored her as a saint. As for her, she wept and prayed. Aye, she besought the king to let her go back to her father and her mother, and tend again the herds that browsed on the plains of Domremi. With one voice, the people cried out against it, and bending before her, the king entreated that she would continue to aid them. Her family were ennobled; gifts were lavished on her; the people hailed her with lofty titles; and she trembled at the greatness bestowed upon her. Thus she reached the hill-top of her destiny, and began to descend again on the other side.

Cleopatra journeyed in splendor along the bosom of the Nile to Tarsus. Her silver-oared galley, her cloth of gold canopy, her rich robes, wrought with diamonds, pearls, and sapphires, have been the theme of song and story. Her gorgeous beauty, the splendid lustre of her eyes, her rich hair's dark magnificence, the lithic grace and luxuriant mould of her exquisite form, are known to all, just as we know that flowers are lovely, or that there is perfume in a rose.

All her grandeur was of her own creation, there was nothing noble, so there was no simplicity about her. She gloried in rich raiment, and grand spectacles, because in all this witchery of the senses,

lay her power. To charm the eye and lure the heart, these were her attributes.

She journeyed to meet a warrior, a Roman hero, "the man Marc Antony;" and she came armed with all the deep subtlety of her bewitching smile, and the dark glances of her glorious eyes, as true and keen as any javelin. He met her at "the silver Cydnus" brink, and thence she led him captive, bound in invisible chains.

Feasted and flattered, lulled with soft music, charmed with brilliant pageants, astounded by wild profusion, and mad prodigality of wealth, pledged in pearl draughts, and served on plates of gold, he was no longer a free Roman, being ruled and beguiled by the Egyptian Circe.

Cleopatra, to gain this supremacy, became herself a slave, laboring ceaselessly, lest one link in this chain of fascination should break, and he escape her thralldom.

Through Tarsus, Tyre, and Alexandria, they went, still revelling and banqueting, and their days flew by like butterflies through a rare garden; till the Parthian war in Syria called him, and she loosed the chain, or lengthened it, and let him go, for her fortune had not gained its zenith yet, and she strove not altogether for pleasure, but for power also. Returning to her after years had given him extended power, he laid the trophies of his battles at the feet of Cleopatra, and all their joyous revelry resumed, she reigned supreme. Once more the wondering world beheld their gay magnificence. Invention and ingenuity were taxed to yield them new delights; there was no thought but for pleasure and enjoyment. From this dalliance, Antony roused himself to conquer Armenia, and brought back its captive king. Laden with chains of gold, he dragged him at his chariot wheels, to pleasure Egypt's dark-eyed queen, who ruled his heart.

Then Cleopatra reached the point,

around which all the hopes and dreams of her life centered—her coronation. In the court of her Alexandrian Palace, on a massive throne of solid gold, she sat at the right hand of Antony. The asbeston robes of Isis were gathered round her; the diadem of Persia wreathed with lotus, crowned her head, and her hand held the rattling sistrum.

She heard the heralds proclaim her queen of Egypt, Cyprus, Syria, and Libya. Her sun had reached its height in the heavens, her life was at its mid-day, and all was brightness. The world of Alexandria was dazzled by its beams, and the streets rung with victorious shouts and triumphant acclamations.

In the crowded market place of Rouen, on a scaffold formed of faggots, the Maid of Orleans, chained to a stake, stood ready to die. She had yielded, despite her own presentiments, to the entreaties of the king, and led the army to the relief of Paris. Her self-imposed task ended on the day of the coronation at Rheims, but though a warrior, she was still a woman; so when they prayed her not to forsake them, she listened to their petition, and sacrificed herself. Through doubt and danger, she struggled on, till at the closed gate at Compiègne, she was torn from her horse by a Picard archer, and delivered to the English. By them she had been tried for sorcery, and failing to convict, they had condemned her. After long months of weary pining in a noisome prison, they led her forth to a death of torture. "Rouen, Rouen, and must I die here!" she cried, as the full warm sunlight of its crowded streets dazzled her unaccustomed eyes; but nevertheless, she quailed not, but with a firm step ascended the death-cart, and passed onward with an undaunted mien towards the place of execution.

A death pang, or great agony, precedes the parting of every soul, and standing

by her funeral pyre, it fell darkly upon Joan. She remembered her old home, the green and sloping hillside, where she had lain dreaming beside her browsing herd; the sunny valley through which she had wandered; the little stone chapel where she had knelt, praying in the fulness of her young, happy heart; and all the fond companions of her girlhood. Her martial triumphs, seemed a vague and floating dream, and a dizzy doubt seized her mind as to the truth of all the horrors that surrounded her. "They will pass away," she prayed, "and I shall find myself in the old cottage, listening to my mother's evening hymn." 'Twas but the moment's wavering, e'er she could compass the dread reality, that from its very terror, grew indistinct before her. Sight returned, and she beheld the armed troops, her stern, relentless judges, her dread accusers, the stake, and its pendant chains. Lifting up her voice, she wept aloud, and wrung her hands in desolate misery. But this, too, passed away, and she grew strong again. Aye, she died bravely, and her last words, to those who strove to wring from her tortured lips, a recantation of her inspired trust, were in defiance and rebuke. "Though they should tear off her limbs, and pluck out her soul from her body," she cried, "they could force her to say nothing else." She died in all humility and faith, a trusting, prayerful christian. She knelt amongst the faggots that were to consume her, and implored pardon for her sins from God and man. She forgave her enemies, and entreated the priests that stood about her, that they should say a mass for her poor soul.

When the tormenting and devouring flames flashed up around her, wrapping her in their pitiless gleams, with a crucifix clutched to her lips, her yells of mortal anguish were stifled into prayers, and she sank down on her glowing death-bed, with her poor scorched eye-balls turned

in a last heaven to path.

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in a last wordless orison to the bright heaven to which she wended such a fiery path.

And thus she died, far away from her own home and kindred, in the midst of a mocking multitude, and in deadly torture. Where she died, an armed statue of her now stands, and her name is a sacred watchword to every heart in France. Her old home is a shrine at which pilgrims rest to pray, and every trace of the holy maid is preserved, and held most highly.

Cleopatra, drunk with power, and sated with gratified pride, lost the keen subtlety that had guided her ambition, and in very folly, lured Antony from his warrior bent, when their fortunes were at stake.

At Samos, and at Athens, they feasted and reveled, whilst at Rome, all was warlike preparation; and Octavius and young Caesar, with mighty fleets, swept the sea. At Actium where Antony gave them battle, she knew that all was lost, and fled back to Alexandria; where, after a last desperate struggle to impede the progress of the advancing conquerors, Antony died by his own hand and sword. Then she hid herself within a mighty tomb, which she had built by Isis's Temple. In the gloomy depths of its sombre shade, she arrayed herself in queenly robes of rich magnificence, bordered with gold and studded with jewels. Seated there, in awful, solemn grandeur, she looked back drearily on what was past, and shrunk fearfully from what was yet to come. Alone and friendless, robbed of pomp and power, her youth and beauty nearly sped, her charms and allurements darkened by the "deadly sorrow characterized in her face," nothing was left her but to add to young Caesar's glory as a conqueror, to walk in chains through the streets of Rome, after his mighty chariot. Rome, to be whose mistress, was the dream of her soul, the great ambition of her life! This could not be. She had "ridden on

fortune's neck" like an immortal goddess. Her life had been one blaze of splendor; it could not pale, little by little, till its weakened ray expired in the darkness of death. Far better quench it suddenly. And so, as amongst her other lore, she was a cunning alchemist, and knew the power of every poisonous thing, she bade a faithful slave fetch her an asp. Reclining in splendor, her brows crowned with the insignia of her vanished royalty, the flash of wondrous gems adding lustre to her dimmed beauty, and the priceless robes of the immortal Isis floating round her, she folded death, in the asp's form, to her bosom, and was content to die. In a lofty tomb, surrounded by funereal splendor, Cleopatra perished, although "unqueened a queen." They found her lying there, "her crown about her brows," though cold and dead, still stately, and magnificent. The pure and sainted maid of Orleans, whose guiltless memory has neither speck nor stain, died not so grandly.

Both were women of intense enthusiasm, and undaunted courage; but where cunning aided the Egyptian, a lofty inspiration was the guide of Joan's life. Grandeur, luxury, and lavish splendor, were the auxiliaries of Cleopatra's success, whilst a severe and martial simplicity of dress and manner, a perfect absence of art or allurements, an earnest fervor and exalted devotion, shone like a halo round the "Light of ancient France."

Beautiful and unscrupulous, Cleopatra sacrificed herself in her victories, and in every flight of her ambition, first trailed her pinions in the dust of sensuality. Joan, pure as the lilies embroidered on her snowy banner, passed through the smoke and din of battle, with the unblemished courage of a brave warrior, and the tempering mercy and pity of an angel. Attending the wounded and praying with the dying, with the gentle sympathy of womanhood, then vaulting on her black

charger, waving aloft her unsheathed sword, and rushing into danger at the head of armed troops, with as free and martial a bearing as any knight in Christendom, an already noble cause, through her, became exalted. For herself, she claimed nothing but the lowly home she had left to lead her king to his coronation.

In her victory and renown, Cleopatra forgot at once her wisdom and her courage, and yielding to folly and base pleasure, proved herself wanting in the genius of ambition. Nevertheless, although not noble, she was very grand, and could not be degraded, so she died. A quiet, gloomy death, a slow pain eating into her cold, despairing heart; no throes of agony, no cries or tears, but a numb, cheerless waiting at Death's awful portal, till the gate should be opened to her, an unbidden guest. As there was no conflict, so there followed no peace, and they who found her robed and crowned, saw no gleam of light upon her stark cold face, save the sad triumph of despair.

Joan bewailed her doom, as bitterly as did Jephtha's daughter, that highest pattern of woman's courage and devotion. She was young and innocent, and life being without wrong and remorse, was full of sweetness to her. Therefore, she wept and lamented; that by such fierce agony, she should be deprived of it. Yet clinging to existence as she did, she prayed ceaselessly that Heaven would receive and pity her unwilling soul.

Art, cunning, and subtlety, marked every achievement of the Queen of Egypt, and her death, which was in some wise a victory, more distinctly than all. By it she foiled Octavius, and robbed the conquering pageant of Caesar, of its chiefest ornament, and most desired possession. Walking in chains behind his chariot, through the streets of Rome, she, the enslaver, led a captive, would have lent an unequalled grandeur to his victory. She died to rid herself of an existence, charm-

less, since powerless; but still she grasped death, as a weapon wherewith to stab the pride of Caesar, and give a last blow to his pomp and glory.

Joan gave her innocent life to satisfy the cruel bigotry of her day, and as her death gained nothing for her beloved France, she shrunk from its terrible tortures, yet in necessity, died bravely; and what is better, full of hope and faith; leaving behind her a memory like a violently crushed flower, full of rare perfume, that fills the air with wondrous odors, when the petals that held them are shrivelled and bloomless.

A DREAM OF THE WILDWOOD.

BY S. H. DRYDEN.

How beautiful, how beautiful the blending
light and shade!

The shadows slept so tenderly, the sun-
shine softly played.

How glorious was that sun-light, as it fell
on leaf and rill—

As it crept so softly, stealthily, along the
green-tuft hill!

I thought, how sad and holy was that
darkly-shaded spot,

Made sweeter by the perfume of the blue
forget-me-not;

And memories came stealing, soft as a
whispered dream,

And, in my spirit kneeling, bowed o'er the
lovely scene.

I listened to the music of nature soft and
sweet,

As the falling leaflet, quivering, came rust-
ling to my feet.

The zephyr-music blended with the wave-
song in the rill,

And in my spirit trembled, with a voice of
"Peace, be still."

But wearily I've wandered, and years have
passed away

Since from my dreaming girlhood have
gone those hours of May;

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And dull and changeful shadows are on
 my pathway now,
 And world-worn thoughts have gathered
 within my aching brow.

But when I come, with memory, to view
 that spot once more—

To hear the shining ripples come lisp-
 ing to the shore—

I rest me 'neath the vine-leaves, with the
 shadows o'er my head,
 And that dimly blending sunlight; the
 violets for my bed.

And fond, sweet thoughts come o'er me,
 and my eyes are filled with tears,
 For my heart is linked to loved ones, who
 blest my girlhood's years;

Their smiles and loving voices would greet
 me as before,
 But their smile and tender greeting will
 never bless me more.

O, thou dark and tangled wildwood! do
 glad, free voices come?

And lightly-fleeting footsteps seek out the
 floweret's bloom?

Do they wake the sleeping echoes with the
 same sweet joyous lay,

As they rest beneath the vine-leaves? and
 I so far away!

O! keep thy silent shadows, thy music and
 thy flowers,

For I love to link thy beauty to vanished,
 faded hours;

To dream, in lonely moments, when tho'ts
 lie deep and still,

Of that dimly blending sunlight, and the
 wave-song in the rill.

(Concluded from page 521.)

GEORGE SOMERVILLE.

BY ORDELLE C. HOWK.

CHAPTER III.

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
 But in battalions. *Shakespeare.*

He reached Downieville in safety, and
 hired out at a hundred dollars per month,
 to work in a paying claim on the North
 Yuba; and in the fall, sent down, wil-

lingly, all his summer's earnings, only
 keeping enough to buy a few mining
 tools, as he had bought into a claim that
 partly belonged to the renowned Major
 Downie, which was supposed to be im-
 mensely rich. His heart beat high with
 hope at such a glittering prospect; and
 then, Ilda wrote such good, cheering let-
 ters; he would soon be able to visit them;
 and who, on terra firma, had as good a
 wife, or such pretty children, as George
 Somerville. "What a lucky dog," some
 disconsolate miner would say, who had
 left his home and all he prized, beyond
 the two dark treacherous oceans. George
 had told them all about Ilda; and they
 already looked upon her as a divinity.
 But "a change came o'er the spirit of his
 dream," the winter set in boisterously,
 with snow and hail. What was worse,
 his claim entirely failed; and he wan-
 dered from place to place, suffering from
 cold and exposure, and the lack of the or-
 dinary comforts of life. And where was
 Ilda? who used once to write such good
 letters to her husband? and why had she
 now ceased to write at all? Pride, alas!
 was changing the good wife into an art-
 ful coquette; and now for days not a line
 of remembrance did the jolly expressman
 carry him, from her, to cheer his exile,
 and his loneliness.

Ilda was much improved by the climate,
 and was really more fascinating than
 ever. While Maggie, her mother, was
 cooking in the back room, she used to
 serve customers at the bar. (This was
 considered nothing for a woman to do in
 those days.) Then, too, Ilda was beauti-
 ful and fascinating, and old Maggie knew
 very well that such charms would draw
 customers to the house. Among the
 many that were lured to the canvas grog-
 gery, was Herbert Lincoln, a dashing
 young gent, with a good share of conceit,
 manly beauty, and an easy, insinuating
 address. He belonged to a well known
 mercantile firm, on D street, Marysville,

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 her innocent life to satisfy
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OF THE WILDWOOD.

S. H. DRYDEN.

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and his income amounted to thousands, at the year's end. Women, then, were quite scarce in the north of California, and Lincoln was soon in love with Ilda. He presented her and the children several costly dresses, and valuable jewelry, and Maggie thought it was all right. Her motto, under all circumstances, was, "get all you can, and keep all you get."

There was to be a grand Masonic ball in town, and Lincoln prevailed on Ilda to accompany him. She went, knowing that George would not blame her for indulging in any little pleasure it would afford her. She wore a lownecked, moire antique dress, (a present from Herbert,) and her plump shoulders, neck and face, and luxuriant growth of hair, would have been a fine subject for an artist. Her tiny feet were incased in white satin slippers, and she moved, or rather floated, in the giddy dance like some airy form. Ilda Somerville was voted the belle of the room. She was the target for all eyes; and wherever she went, a murmur of applause greeted her car. A few only dared to think how presumptuous, or how blameable it was for a married lady to act the coquette. But then, it was California, and you could not wonder at anything! She was flattered by the marked attention shown her, especially by Lincoln, and the more she danced, the more she was praised, and the more excited she became. Her eyes sparkled as brilliantly, under the bewildering glare of the costly chandelier, as did the diamond bracelet upon her bare and finely rounded arm; and when tired with the fatigue of the whirling waltz and quadrille, Herbert Lincoln drew her arm within his own, and led her to an open balcony that was quite deserted. He had drank Ilda's health too many times that night, and the wine made him so excited, that his manner was bordering upon familiarity. He gently led her to a seat, and, unobserved, he clasped one willing arm about her pretty waist,

and with the other, he nervously clasped the jeweled hand that listlessly lay by her side, and before she could extricate herself, or offer a remonstrance, Herbert Lincoln had kissed the pouting lips; and convulsively clasped the timid wife to his beating bosom. She could not believe her senses—she seemed unresistingly impelled down the wild maelstrom of ruin and destruction. A strange fatality seemed, to her, to be weaving its blinding spell about her. She would have arisen and retraced her steps to the ball room, but, alas! she hesitated, and her feet refused to carry her, and she remained a willing slave.

This was the first time the devoted wife and tender mother had stepped aside from the paths of rectitude, but she could never retrace them. She listened to Lincoln's burning words of love, like one in a trance, as she heard him distinctly say, "Ilda, I love you, nay, madly worship you; I love you with all the wealth of love with which my heart is freighted; George Somerville! forgot him; he cares nothing for you, or he would not desert so lovely a being—he has not the capacity of loving you, as he ought; Ilda, dearest Ilda, tear his image from your heart, and return the affection of one, who, if banished from your presence, would pine and die of a sorrowing—lacerated heart." He clasped her form still tighter, and looked down into her bright, bewildered eyes, saying, "speak to me Ilda, but one word, and that will make me the happiest of mortals, and seal my fate forever. Your approval will transport me to the seventh heaven, and your refusal send me to a torturing purgatory. Forget George, the cruel and thoughtless husband, forget him, Ilda; he is not worthy of such purity and loveliness."

At any other time she would have spurned the wretch with loathsome hatred and disgust, who dared to associate George Somerville's name with anything

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dishonorable; but he had not written of late, nor sent her any money; and it might be just as Herbert said, "he was not worth remembering;" and had, perhaps, ere this, taken up with some Spanish señorita, and was now lavishing his money on some one that was not as worthy as his wife and children. "Ilda! Ilda! be true to thyself," an inner voice was whispering. "Oh, Ilda, if you could only look upon a ragged, houseless and wandering miner, struggling with poverty, in cold and wet, and hunger, with the lamp of hope growing dimmer and dimmer in the distance; and know how very much he loved you, or how nervously he started in his dreams, on a hard earth bed, with a sack of straw for a pillow; or at that moment could know how vague and wild, yet fond, were his dreams of home, as an incubus was pressing down his heart with a nameless pain; if you had seen and known all this, you would not have hesitated in giving Herbert Lincoln an answer as quick and as decisive as the lightning's flash—given it to him on the balcony, under the stars whose heavenly eyes looked down upon the inconstant other and wife, reproving her, who even in thought could wrong so loving a husband as George Somerville."

She began to think with Herbert, that George had wronged her, and that she was no longer the day-star of his existence. It is useless to give in detail the circumstances that followed. Lincoln bribed the Judge with money, and a bill of divorce was fraudulently obtained; and Ilda, with her mother and children, moved into a fashionable house in the suburbs of Marysville, where servants obeyed her slightest wish, and a fine carriage bore her along amid the wondering throng. Some admired and thought her happy; and others thought folly and fashion filled up the vacuum in her pining heart; but where was George Somerville? We will show you in

CHAPTER IV.

"When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charms can soothe her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?"

While Ilda was trying to forget herself in the maelstrom of gaiety and fashion, George, the forsaken husband, had heard of Ilda's desertion; but, in the trusting goodness of his fond heart, he could not believe it. He had now struck some good diggings, taken in a partner, and built him a nice little cabin on the north side of the Yuba; everything looked brighter and more prosperous, and all he now thought of was his wife and children.

One night he was sitting more thoughtful than usual, with his head upon his hands, looking into his own heart and the future; there was only two shadows reflected upon the wall, those of himself and his partner, when the stillness was broken by a shrill blast from the expressman's horn as he came down the hill. What an important fellow is this expressman. He brings glad tidings to some, and the death-knell of misery to many a brave heart; and so thought George Somerville, as he sprang to his feet. He seemed intuitively to know that something was in the ponderous saddle-bags for him, and many times asked himself, "is it good or evil tidings I shall receive?" He hardly noticed the heavy stamp, stamp, of the expressman's feet, as he shook off the snow; or the jingle, jingle, of his ponderous Mexican spurs, so lost was he in this uncertain reverie. In another moment the expressman had strode into the cabin, and handed each of the two men a bundle of papers, periodicals and letters, promiscuously together, and before they could scarcely weigh out the amount of express charges in dust, he was off again, his spurs rattling, and his horn tooting, to make others beside George Somerville and his partner, happy or sad, as the mail was just in from the eastern States.

While George's partner was examining his packages from "the old folks at home," George unrolled those for himself: a delicate letter with a well known handwriting made him start; he felt the incubus that had been pressing on his heart, with the nameless pain, was gone; and he was so happy that he unconsciously stroked his long beard, and felt at that moment kindly disposed toward all mankind, and could have taken the world in his arms, providing Ilda and the girls were included. We can, perhaps, picture how his mind was wrought up to maddening frenzy, when he broke the seal, and read as follows:

MARYSVILLE, January 16th, 185--.

George, my injured husband, I am lost to you in this world, and the world to come. Have you made up your mind to forget me? I thought you meant to forsake and not provide for me—but, when it was too late, I knew of your hardships and toil, and your great love for me; forget me; pray do; and I am heartily sorry for the *circumstances* over which no mortal seemed to have any control. George, remember me only as a beautiful dream, too transient, too vapory, to last. If I can atone for the past, I shall do so, by praying for your welfare. The court gave me a divorce, but would not give me the girls; and God only knows, whether you will spare this last and only earthly solace to me. Good bye, and may you forget the old love vows of

ILDA LINCOLN.

Alas! how poor a consolation was this to him whose heart was thus made desolate. Forget her! that could never be. He pressed his hands heavily before his eyes, as though he would shut out the revolting scene that rose before him. When he had calmed himself sufficiently, he handed the fatal note to his partner, and told him to read the miner's doom. Then he reproached himself for all his heavy misfortunes. "If he had not been

lured away by the voice of the golden syren, he would now have been living in domestic bliss." After this tumult of contending emotions had somewhat subsided, there came a reaction, and he felt, keenly and justly felt, that he had been abused. He tore the letter into shreds and stamped it beneath his heel; despair was rousing the demon within him, and it gave him a fearful strength. Yes! he would see her; he would let her see that he cared nothing for such a perfidious wretch; and Herbert Lincoln, the seducer, who stood cursed before God and man, he would slay him before Ilda's eyes, and make her tremble with horror and fear, at his mangled and bloody corpse; and the girls, his own dear children, he would wrench from her grasp, and place a rankling thorn in her side, that would poison the fountain of her life. Yes, he would see her starving, and shake large bags of gold in her face, and refuse to give her a dime, to buy that which would keep soul and body together. Ah! this would be sweet revenge—and he laughed like a maniac.

The following Spring, he sold out his interest in the claim, which was the richest in that whole section, for \$14,000, and started for the valley to execute his well matured plans. He was surprised to see what a change three years could make in a new country. On the site where once stood old Maggie's tent, was now a large house, and adjoining were large and well cultivated fields of wheat and barley, that waved in rank luxuriance; and Marysville, once but a little hamlet, was now a large and populous city, and every avenue of business crowded with men in the hot pursuit of wealth, each one pursuing his favorite scheme for money-making, and every man riding his own hobby. No one in the little suburbs of that city felt more lonely and down-hearted than George Somerville, as he walked the streets in the shadowy moonlight.

Now he had wealth in the wide world him?

He now learned in business, and on dollars a month for in the same house been an equal prodered all in useless show, and now Ilda most rigid economy.

One evening, after lighted and the g ended into night. George left the M heavy heart, and to the end of D resided. He pas house several time still the wild bea felt strong, so tha would not fail.

door, he gave the and a young Bida asked what he wcoln within?" " or; they're in the or like to see thin and followed the d the Emerald Isle were the idols o would have know so many changes. He took in the se glance. Ilda was tle thing, who la helpless innocenc of jealousy shot he discovered the coln in its young Ilda looked sadd when he last sav bosom, and Kate ditty upon the op Lincoln sat cool a chair, wrapped wondering who th George could bea

Now he had wealth and position, and who in the wide world came to share it with him?

He now learned that Lincoln had failed in business, and only received some fifty dollars a month for his services as a clerk, in the same house where once he had been an equal partner. He had squandered all in useless trappings and empty show, and now Ilda had to practice the most rigid economy to enable them to live.

One evening, after the street lamps were lighted and the grey twilight had deepened into night's oblivious darkness, George left the Merchant's hotel, with a heavy heart, and threaded his lonely way to the end of D street, where Ilda then resided. He passed and repassed the house several times, to calm himself, and still the wild beating of his heart. He felt strong, so that he knew his courage would not fail. Walking firmly to the door, he gave the bell a nervous twitch, and a young Bidy opened the door and asked what he wanted. "Is Mrs. Lincoln within?" "Yez sir, plaze your honor; they're in the parlor; would yer honor like to see them?" He nodded assent, and followed the double-fisted daughter of the Emerald Isle into the parlor, where were the idols of his heart. Nobody would have known him, time had wrought so many changes upon his face and form. He took in the scene before him at one glance. Ilda was rocking a winsome little thing, who laughed and cooed in its helpless innocence. What a sharp pang of jealousy shot through his heart when he discovered the features of Herbert Lincoln in its young face, instead of his own. Ilda looked sadder and sweeter, than when he last saw her sobbing upon his bosom, and Kate was practicing a little ditty upon the open piano, and Herbert Lincoln sat cool and collected, in an easy chair, wrapped in his dressing gown, wondering who this new comer might be. George could bear the agony of suspense

no longer, and raising his hat from his head, walked across the room where Ilda was sitting, and in tones that felt their way down into the dark avenues of her soul, he said, in slightly tremulous tones, "Ilda—your injured husband." That was enough; the words burnt like molten lead in her tortured soul; she gave a faint scream at the recognition, and throwing herself on her knees, she clasped him and implored his forgiveness, in the most supplicating tones. The girls, much affected, sprung forward into his arms. He then bade Ilda get up and dry her tears, and live to atone for the wrongs she had done him. Looking with soul-searching gaze into Lincoln's eyes, he said, "never cross my path, as I am the wretch who stands between hell and heaven to you; this is the little *joker* that settles all difficulties in California," mechanically laying his hand upon a silver-handled knife. He then took the two girls by the hand, and stooping over the half-lifeless Ilda, imprinted a burning kiss upon her forehead—the last he ever gave her—and rushed from the apartment.

Learning of the excellent progress made by the young ladies in the Benicia Seminary, under the intelligent superintendence of Miss A., he repaired there immediately, and placed them under her care. By attention to their various studies, as much as by their gentle and lady-like manners, while they were astonishing their friends by the stores of knowledge they were treasuring up, they were winning the affectionate regard of both teachers and fellow-students. The hero of this true story, is one of the popular captains of the California Steam Navigation Company's boats, on the Sacramento, and justly merits the confidence of his employers, and the good will of every passenger that may come in contact with him.

Broken-hearted, without money or means, Ilda and her family were moved to a small ranch in the country, where

Lincoln spent his time in drinking and horse-racing, wholly neglectful of the woman he had thought he once loved. She was fast going into a consumption. To atone for past transgressions, she sent a likeness to her daughters, but which was only a shadow of her former self, when the enraged father dashed it to pieces before his daughters' eyes, telling them they had no mother now, as she was dead, both to herself, and them.

George never saw Ilda but once after that; he had promised his daughters a ride to Marysville, and on one occasion, when an eminent actress was performing a brilliant engagement at the Marysville theatre, he took them with him, that they too, might see in the drama, all the different phases of life. In the dress circle, just in front of them, sat Ilda and her perfidious husband, who had sought the glittering crowd to drown their own sorrows. That night the "Stranger" was played, and at the closing scene, where the husband recognizes, in Mrs. Haller, his deeply repentant wife; and "Adelaide, Oh! Adelaide," greets the ear, George and his daughters heard a shriek, and looking up, saw Ilda, who, half swooning, was carried from the theatre, out into the darkness and gloom, which is ever around about her.

THE RAIN.

The rain! the rain seems never tired of falling,
And these poor weary eyes of mine
Have looked, and watched, and waited,
Through the dull grey clouds of morning,
Through the twilight's early gloaming;
The bright sunshine never coming.

But in this stranger land—the sad tears
falling,
Faster e'en than those from yonder clouds
Which just now drop their silent dews—
I hear the voice of God unto me calling,

In gentle accents with the soft rain falling,
Trust Him, aye, alway.

I will—though darker hours and stormier,
brings

To me the dreary winter's night—
Sad, motherless, yet not *all* alone,
The Angel he hath sent, so brightly flings
The shadow 'round me of her silver wings
I cannot weep—nor grieve for earthly
things.

May, 2, 1859.

JOSIE.

BOOKS AS CIVILIZING AGENTS.

BY W. R. FRISBIE, A. B.

As in the case of individuals, the education of the heart and intellect imparts a charm to the coarsest exterior; so literature is educating the masses, imparting a like refinement to the body politic. It will be acknowledged that the writings of a people are an index of the kind and extent of progress they may have attained. They reflect, as from a mirror, the nation in all its aspects, exhibiting both the interior and exterior life. What the public reads, accords in general with its tastes and opinions; as these tastes and opinions change, a corresponding change occurs in books. It is also true, on the other hand, that opinions—the exponents of character—so prone to fluctuations and wanderings, assume thence their decision and permanency.

There are grades to all advancement, and as by the objects on a river's bank, we observe the increase of its waters, as the tide sets in, so we note a nation's progress by beholding its superstition and bigotry submerged in the advancing tide of knowledge.

Civilization has been well defined the complete and harmonious development of man's nature as a social being; the expansion and cultivation of his higher characteristic faculties; the refinement of manners, tastes, and feelings. This im-

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provement is primarily an *internal* work—a work which is accomplished for the mind and the heart. Good laws and a well-regulated government, are indeed requisites; but the influence these exert on the *inner man* is comparatively trivial. Theirs is a negative power, inefficient for the moulding of character, and useful only as a curb upon its evil manifestations. It is a peculiar mission, assigned in part to Literature, to bring out the latent powers of the soul, eradicating or correcting the evil, but fostering with jealous hand, the True, the Beautiful and the Good. A prevalent, efficient Literature, results in a general education; and this produces improvements in social condition and laws, which enhance progress; but Literature underlies all.

Inspiring lofty elevation of soul, and expanding the intellect, it is capable of conferring pure enjoyment. Fragility and decay are the general characteristics of human allotments. Homes are made desolate by the chilling hand of death; superb edifices crumble into dust; the richest colors of the painter fade, and the sculptor's most perfect handiwork moulders into ruin. Literature alone remains an unchanging source of delight, defying the reverses of time and fortune, and attainable alike in social and private life. By the fire-side, and in the tranquil retirement of the study, by the sick bed and amid the troubles of adversity, is felt and acknowledged its magical sway. From that feeling of despair engendered by misfortune, one is rescued by the living impression of noble feeling and generous affections. For the mind, called away from considerations of self, is created congenial society and communion. Language of consolation is found, seeming to be addressed, individually, to all it consoles, because drawn from an intimate acquaintance with the human heart.

"We never speak our deepest feelings;
Our holiest hopes have no revealings,
Save in the gleams that light the face,

Or fancies that the pen may trace.
And hence to books the heart must turn
When with unspoken thoughts we yearn,
And gather from the silent page
The just reproof, the counsel sage,
The consolation kind and true,
That soothes and heals the wounded heart."

Works of genius, like magic spells, make to pass before the mind's eye panoramas of beauty. Every volume is a landscape. Hence, to appreciate the charms of Literature, the reader must possess an inward eye of taste. Who is there but after careful perusal of works of acknowledged merit, feels more competent for future criticism, and better qualified for original composition? Taste is nothing else than a sense of the beautiful, refined by cultivation, and rendered capable by genius of its reproduction. The possession of this intellectual vision is an acquisition no less desirable than the reception of enjoyment. The culture of taste, and the growth of refinement, furnish sources of real and enduring pleasure.

So intimately connected are all the human faculties, that from our former position is manifest the tendency of Literature to elevate and dignify character. This is but a result of the natural affinity existing between the Beautiful and the Good. Deep and pure expressions of thought generate a kind of moral enthusiasm, which incites to the performance of generous and noble actions. Who ever reads of noble and successful struggles for Truth and Right, without longing himself to buckle on his armor, and go forth to similar contests? Hence, the pursuit of virtue becomes at length almost a passion of the soul. Thus is it with the individual; but the State is but an aggregate of which individuals are the component units. What more welcome prospect for the philanthropist and the patriot, than that of his countrymen striving for pre-eminence in virtue?—When this bright vision shall have become realized, then at length may we look for a millenium; and who doubts but that an enlightened and purified press, a refined

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Literature educating the world, are powerful engines to accelerate its advent?

Good taste, or the ability to appreciate the intellectually beautiful, naturally inspires a repugnance for whatever is degraded. This aversion is a moral protector, almost as truly as fixed principles of conduct. Vice seldom controls the judgment, though it may the acts of men; hence writers, as a general rule, give preference to the purest and most delicate expressions of thought. All experience unavoidably a certain moulding of the disposition from what they hear or read. Where the nicest form for the purest ideal is employed, the images conjured up in the soul contribute to its better modification. Lamb says, with truth, that a man may lose himself in another's ideas, as really and easily as in a neighbor's grounds.

That Literature only which is characterized by the purest morality, exerts a wide and permanent influence. Mankind are virtuous from ignorance even less frequently than they sin unwittingly. The excellence of virtue, even as an *ideal*, fails to be appreciated by a people unless illustrated. "Bad books," the excrements of depraved minds, leave merely a superficial stain, easily washed out by better influences. If read, they serve only as a temporary dissipation for the reader, who rarely preserves any remembrance of them. Works which tend to cultivate those germs of the soul which are of divine origin, alone acquire a lasting reputation and exert any wide influence. It is fortunate for society that immorality never acquires esteem. Those immutable sentiments which enlighten every age, are founded on Truth in its widest significance. In searching for manifestations of character, which shall excite the sympathies of a reader, the author explores the very *arcana* of virtue and brings forth her richest treasures. Virtue perfected, is the sublimest concep-

tion of intellect. Aspirations after superiority kindle the thoughts into a purer flame, as it were by scintillations from the Divine Perfection.

The pursuit of Letters diverts the attention of a people, in no small degree, from foreign and civil dissensions, and at the same time, contributes to the formation of a well-directed popular ambition.—Where the intellectual predominates over the brutal and selfish; more attention is paid to the arts and sciences. There is no occasion, on the other hand, to fear a degeneracy into cowardice. One peculiar province of the writer is to perpetuate the remembrance and characterize the nature of noble deeds; thus keeping alive the martial spirit, and at the same time, checking its undue manifestation. A nation can thus appreciate, as well as reward, its real benefactors. When indifferent to literary pursuits, it becomes callous to grateful emotions. Great deeds, embalmed in history and poetry, are a people's inheritance, and an example for emulation. As Horace says:

— "Neque,
Si chartae silicant quod bene feceris,
Marecedem tuleris."

Happiness, virtue, and incentives to action, have thus been shown to be the results of a prevalent Literature. That true dignity of man, of which these are the characteristics, can never be realized under a despotical form of government. A presumption is thus established that a general diffusion of intelligence is favorable to the founding and maintenance of democratic institutions. Men who think and reflect, sooner or later, solve the problem of self-emancipation. Free thought leads to free deeds. Free minds make free institutions. The education of the masses is in no less degree a necessity as well as pledge for the permanency of liberty. The character of government, and the conduct of legislators, is under their immediate control.

The pen is mightier than the sword. God speed it! It shall usher in a moral, intellectual and political millenium.

I know whose r
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And so do yo
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I know whose l
And fr: fro
As day is free
No sorrow th
I know a voice
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EFFIE DEE.

I know whose ringlets curl,
Whose eyes are blue—
I know whose teeth are pearl,
And so do you!

I know whose cheeks are red—
Whose breath is sweet—
What small feet lightest tread
A down the street.

I know whose heart is light
And free from care,
As day is free from night,—
No sorrow there!

I know a voice whose tone
To kindness given,
Would make the earth alone
A part of heaven!

I know a soul as pure
As angels' prayers;
Its faith in God as sure
As even theirs.

That heart and soul and voice,
Those mild blue eyes,
Would be a seraph's choice
In Paradise!

I wish that gentle form
Might never know
The cold world's cruel storm
Of hate and woe!

I would those beaming eyes,
As bright to-day
As stars in cloudless skies,
Might ne'er decay.

I wish that child-like life—
A living prayer—
Might never feel the strife
Of mortal care.

"Vain man! forbear thy thought!
Beneath the sky,
However fairly wrought,
All things must die!"

I saw a star at night
Fall from its throne;
Its mild and gentle light
Was not its own.

Some distant, far-off world,
Some central sun—
New glories there unfurled—
Had called it home.

I saw a rose to-day,
So fresh and fair,
I dreamed not that decay
Could linger there.

Yet ere the evening tide
Had kissed the shore,
It withered in its pride,
And bloomed no more.

I mourned that rose's death,
But on the air
A sweet and perfumed breath
Seemed lingering there,

Chiding my unbelief,
Soothing my fears,
Dispelling all my grief
And woe and tears.

And now when beauty dies,
In all its bloom
I know it shall arise
Beyond the tomb!

And her whose praise I sing
In friendly lay,
Pale death can only bring
To endless day!

ELBANA, THE MEXICAN BEAUTY.

BY CLOE,

[Authoress of "The Redeemed Haikerkchief"]

* [Concluded from page 527.]

Simmons, much excited and pleased with the course matters were taking, made the best of his way to the residence of Mr. McAdams. After his arrival in Charleston, and upon introducing himself and making known the object of his visit,

he handed over the money due Elbana from the sale of her cattle, a large proportion of which was promptly offered to the honest-hearted Simmons, for his trouble, but which he positively refused to accept. The conversation then turned upon Alfred, and McAdams enquired if he had sent no message to Elbana; when Simmons, in as delicate a manner as possible, related the interest her name had created in him, at the same time intimating his fears concerning the improper conduct of Elbana.

McAdams, with flashing eyes, answered immediately.

"I expected better things of Alfred Bruner, than casting such imputations upon one to whom he has expressed such devoted attachment. If he has any insults to offer, I am the man to satisfy his curiosity."

Poor Simmons, quite alarmed at the dilemma in which his words had just placed him, took up his hat rather hastily, and hid the exasperated McAdams, "good day."

Mrs. McAdams sought Elbana, and found her engaged in her favorite employment of training grape vines over a little grotto, in the corner of the garden.

"Elbana, there was a gentleman called just now to settle some business for you with John, and also to give a Mr. Bruner's compliments. John asked if that was all he had sent, or something to that effect, and he replied by way of apology, that Mr. Bruner somewhat doubted your propriety. Do you know this Mr. Bruner?"

"Yes, my friend, and this unfeeling message, from *him*, is as unexpected as it is cruel?"

Unable, longer to control her wounded feelings, she wept aloud.

"Why, Elbana, are you weeping for such an unworthy acquaintance? If he were here, I would make John thrash him into better sense."

But Elbana wept on, until the old lady wept also in sympathy.

"Come, my child," said Mrs. McAdams, putting her motherly arms about Elbana's neck, and wiping away her tears, "do not feel so much wounded about it, you are in no way deserving of his slanderous imputations; see, you are already making me cry also."

"Dear madam, your kindness overwhelms me; your motherly sympathy is a balm to my sinking heart."

"Come, dear, go in, as there comes John—he hates to see you in tears."

Elbana, glad to be alone, quickly retreated to her own room—then throwing herself on a chair, she sobbed in secret, "Oh! Alfred, did you only know how you have wounded a faithful heart, you would at least spare me this needless sorrow.

Oh! that I could withdraw my heart from one that has ceased to respect me. Oh! where are his promises of undying love? Alas! they have long since been driven from his heart as unworthy intruders! Dear Mr. Bullard, how true your words have proved, that I know little of this world—but oh, how many scenes of sorrow I have passed through within the last two years; when will troubles cease?"

The first supper bell now called her to make her toilet. At supper, her pale and troubled countenance, could not escape the diligent observation of her solicitous friends.

"What say you, John, to a visit to Boston, to see your aunt; I have not seen her this five years," observed Mrs. McAdams; "Elbana and I would like the jaunt very much."

"Do you think you could endure the fatigue of the journey, mother?"

"Yes, and it will do Elbana good."

"Then I think that you and Elbana had better spend the remainder of this day in preparing for the journey."

Trunks were accordingly packed, and

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Rose and Ann duly notified that they were to accompany them as servants.

We will now leave them for a time and allow them to prosecute their journey, while we take a look at another party.

Mr. Simmons, agreeably to promise, penned the few following lines to Alfred:

MR. BRUNER—*Dear Sir:* Miss Elbana is with McAdams and his mother, as you supposed; but as to her position, I know nothing. The old lady spoke well of her. McAdams settled her business with me. They are not married, certain; for there are several beaux at her heels, who are as attentive as McAdams himself. This is the sum total of all the news I gathered concerning Miss Elbana.—McAdams was quite exasperated at your 'compliments' to Miss Elbana.

I am, with respect, yours truly,

DAVID SIMMONS.

When Alfred received this note, he was still at a loss to understand why Elbana kept with McAdams—certainly, he reasoned to himself, "she would not remain with them if he were rejected; my fondly cherished hopes are vain. Oh! how I suffer, in the death of such fond anticipations; I will try and think no more of thee, thou idol of my heart, my cherished; lost Elbana."

Mr. Bullard was a distant relative of Mr. Bruner's, and a knowledge of his death made it necessary that some one should look after his effects. He had a good farm in the vicinity of Boston, besides some money in the bank, and as Mrs. Applebury, a niece of Mrs. Bullard, was left in abject poverty, her husband dying of intemperance, leaving her penniless, and with two small children, it was for her the benevolent Mr. Bruner wished to secure the Bullard property. Mr. Bruner's father's health was much better, still he now had a horror of having his children out of his sight; however, it became necessary that Alfred should go to Boston to investigate the matter of Bul-

lard's property. Properly empowered, Alfred set out for Boston, and on arriving, soon ascertained that Mr. Bullard had made a will in favor of Miss Miramontes.

Alfred was about to return home, when he received a pressing invitation to attend a party, given by an old acquaintance of his father, and which he promptly accepted. Sallying forth, he arrived rather late. The large room was brilliantly lighted up; Mr. Wilder received him kindly, and introduced him to his wife and two lovely daughters, who proved as agreeable and as communicative as he could wish. As dancing was not permitted by these good people, social intercourse was the order of the evening. Seated upon a large sofa, near Miss Wilder, Alfred inquired, "who are those benevolent looking old ladies yonder?"—"Oh! one is aunt Rebecca, as she is familiarly called—one of the best ladies alive;—the other is her sister, from Virginia, the relict of Judge McAdams; and, as far as excellence is concerned, there are not many her equal. Do you see that princely looking young man? that is her son?"

Alfred's eyes followed hers; it was McAdams, sure enough. His easy manners and self-possession, together with his tall, handsome person, showed him that he was not mistaken. A lady hung gracefully on his arm; could it be Elbana? he dare not ask.

"That young lady leaning on his arm," continued Miss Wilder, "is of Spanish descent; she is the most beautiful and accomplished young lady I ever met."

"Your account of your friends is quite angelic; if all your friends suffer as little from your description as they have, I shall pride myself on being considered one of them."

"How extravagant you are, Mr. Bruner, to waste so many words—but look! that Spanish beauty and Mr. McAdams have been scrutinizing us as closely as if

they were going to take us by storm; let me introduce you to them, Mr. Bruner."

"For once, my dear Miss Wilder, I must refuse a lady."

"Dear me, how odd you are—see, she is the belle of the evening among the beaux."

A young man was now leading Elbana to the piano. The exquisite sounds of her voice, with the effect of her pretty fingers on the elegant instrument, caused a deep sigh.

"Why, Mr. Bruner, such heavenly sounds should not cause you a sigh."

"No, my dear Miss Wilder, but sometimes it brings fresh regrets for treasures lost."

"I do not comprehend you, I believe."

"Perhaps not," replied Alfred, affecting a laugh.

Miss Wilder now excused herself, and Alfred was left alone. He sat in dejected silence, when McAdams approached him, and extended his hand, saying, "Mr. Bruner, I believe; it was sometime, sir, before I was sure I was correct in my supposition that it was you; in fact, I thought if it were you, you would, ere this, have recognized Miss Miramontes; but, perhaps, Mr. Bruner, you do not wish to renew the acquaintance?"

"That is owing to circumstances, Mr. McAdams."

"I understood by your friend, Mr. Simmons, that you were fearful of Miss Elbana's respectability; all I have to say, Mr. Bruner, is, that Miss Miramontes is worthy of the esteem of the most fastidious patrons of excellence; and I would further add, that if you cast any further insinuations relative to her, I will demand satisfaction."

"Good heavens!" Mr. McAdams, what can you mean? I cast slurs on Elbana Miramontes! sooner would I sever my right arm from my body."

"Then you have been much belied by Simmons."

"Our conversation may attract notice here; let us retire, and I will explain all," said Alfred, exceedingly distressed.

McAdams leading the way to a private room, Alfred continued:

"When I tell you that I still entertain the warmest affection for Miss Elbana, you certainly will see the improbability of my ever having a desire to participate in contaminating her dear name; no, McAdams, in her is centred all my worldly happiness—at the same time, I would say, that I have probably been wrong in my surmises. I believed you to be an accepted lover, as in no other way could I conciliate reasons for her remaining with you and your mother. It looked improbable that she would remain with a discarded lover. Do you admit that you come under that head in relation to her?"

"Certainly, Mr. Bruner, I will not deny that the time has been when I was a lover of Miss Elbana; and improbable as it may seem, she has remained with a discarded lover. You never loved her with a fonder passion than I have done, but you preceded me in her affections, and her constancy to you excluded me from any participation in her affections; still I am her friend, and will be to her a brother, as long as I am permitted to share in her confidences. That she loves you with all the strength of her ardent and changeless nature I am convinced; therefore, Mr. Bruner, I resign to you your prior right; to me there is another objection, it was my hand that robbed her of a father, and it would cast a shadow on our mutual happiness were I to marry the child."

"Your generosity, my dear McAdams, is without a parallel, and I admire, while I love you as a brother, and do not now wonder that she remained under your kind and noble protection; words cannot express my gratitude, and from this time you have a brother's place in my heart."

"I acknowledge, Alfred, with your future prospects yours. Coming to the rescue of Elbana's endeavours of coxcombs in one night."

She was of the name and Alfred pressing through as they passed all was explained, and was cordial reception.

"You are bringing your dear friend's deification."

"I acknowledge, friend, but even at a distance."

"Indeed, give the debt your debt, and now, as I go to comfort Wilder."

Elbana, it had been proffered."

"Elbana, charmed day of my morning dearest to McAdams all that came from me from."

"Oh! pain you, it was one."

"May, tender at beloved."

"I have very excellent pronunciation."

"No, to express."

"I acknowledge the relation, dear Alfred, with pleasure, and rejoice in the future prospect of Elbana's happiness and yours. Come, let us seek her." Proceeding to the reception room, they found Elbana endeavoring to entertain half a score of coxcombs, who exhausted all their wits in one night's entertainment.

She was quite surprised to see McAdams and Alfred approaching, arm in arm, pressing through the crowd that gave way as they passed. She was convinced that all was explained satisfactorily to McAdams, and was prepared to give Alfred a cordial reception.

"You are a debtor to me, Elbana, for bringing your old friend, Mr. Brunor, to your delectation."

"I acknowledge the debt, my dear friend, but am unable to pay the half, even at a discount."

"Indeed, then I'll turn pious and forgive the debt; so Elbana, please consider your debtor account receipted in full; and now, as we are even, excuse me while I go to converse with the charming Miss Wilder."

Elbana, whose heart was happier than it had been for many a day, took Alfred's proffered arm, and joined in a promenade.

"Elbana," said Alfred, as he broke the charmed silence, "this is the happiest day of my life; how little did I think this morning of meeting the one that was dearest to me on earth; your friend, McAdams, has by his kindness explained all that seemed so ruthlessly to separate me from my adorable Elbana."

"Oh! Alfred, you know little of the pain your doubts of my conduct gave me; it was one of my severest trials."

"May I have many years, in which by tender attention, to pay due penance, my beloved."

"I hope your sufferings would not be very exoruciating while performing those penances."

"No, dearest, but language would fail to express my excessive felicity."

Elbana now led Alfred to the side of "aunt Rebecca," giving him an introduction also to the venerable Mrs. McAdams. These ladies were now getting tired, and they sent Alfred in quest of McAdams, and as he returned with the captive, Miss Wilder accompanied them, and caused much amusement by her railery at Alfred's expense.

"Ah! hah! so you did not know Miss Miramontes? Did'nt wish an introduction, eh? No, no, and yet you have vanquished all others, and taken and kept the fortress."

"If I have gained laurels, I will have to yield them to you, Miss Wilder, as by you, I consider myself beaten."

Aunt Rebecca gave Alfred a cordial invitation to visit her friendly home. Alfred promised to call early. He then assisted the ladies into the carriage, and shaking McAdams warmly by the hand, wished them a hearty good night, and returned to his hotel.

Early the next day, Alfred was ringing the door-bell at aunt Rebecca's, when Elbana received him, as the old ladies had not yet sufficiently recovered from the effects of the evening party to leave their rooms yet.

"Elbana, this is a pleasure that I once thought I should never enjoy again," said Alfred, as he held her again to his throbbing bosom. "When, my dearest girl, shall our happiness be consummated? I cannot now think of again leaving you, lest something snatch the blessing from my lips."

"I leave that entirely to yourself, my dear Alfred; set the time yourself."

"Will one week from to-day meet with your approbation?"

"Yes. I shall need but little time for preparation, as I can have all the assistance required."

After this delightful interview, Alfred took his leave, to give Elbana time to make all the necessary arrangements for their nuptials.

Aunt Rebecca was now in her element, preparing for Elbana's wedding. A week of bustle and shopping passed in buying of silks and laces, and the employment of milliners and dressmakers, for fitting the Mexican beauty for her intended connubial party.

The wedding day at length arrived; a few particular friends were invited; an Episcopalian minister officiated; and a more beautiful pair never stood on the threshold of God's altar to consummate their happiness. McAdams and Miss Wilder were the two who stood as bride-man and bride-maid, while Mr. Wilder gave the bride away. All were merry and happy, and as the minister pronounced them man and wife, the youthful bride received many warm, congratulating kisses. Mrs. McAdams arose, and in an impressive tone, wished them many years of happiness; then in presenting them with a large gilt family bible, said: "In giving you this book, my dear young friends, I wish to manifest my interest in your welfare in this world as well as in that which is to come; may you never be separated; let this ever guide you in this world of cares, and if you are blessed with young dependants, write their names in this Bible, and may God write them in the Lamb's Book of Life." Then addressing Elbana, she continued: "Mrs. Bruner, you have in a short time, by your superior merit, won a daughter's place in my heart; may you find a similar place in the heart of your mother-in-law."

These interesting ceremonies over, they returned to aunt Rebecca's house to participate in the magnificent entertainment provided; and after dinner, they bid adieu to Boston, and in company with McAdams and Miss Wilder, were off for New York.

A telegraphic despatch having informed Mr. Bruner's father of his son's marriage, a splendid entertainment was prepared and ready on their arrival, to com-

memorate the union. The guests were waiting, the house was illuminated, and the feast was smoking on the table. All eyes were opened to get a sight of the bride as she entered; and now they came, ushered in by a band of music. A fond and proud father, was Mr. Bruner, when he beheld his charming daughter-in-law, and with tears of joy, her mother and sister-in-law greeted her, and folded her, as Alfred's wife, to their hearts. McAdams and Miss Wilder were as fondly caressed as the bride and bridegroom. Mr. Simmons was one of the guests, and laughed heartily at his mistakes; then, having nothing better to do, fell desperately in love with Miss Wilder.—McAdams was equally impressed with Miss Persis Bruner, who seemed as prepossessed in his favor as he could wish.

"Is he not a noble looking fellow?" said Alfred to his wife, as McAdams was bending over Persis, as she was playing her guitar.

"Yes, Alfred, and he is as noble as he looks."

The evening passed joyously away, and the retiring guests prophesied another wedding in the Bruner family, before very long, and the prophecy was verified sooner than was anticipated, for being naturally frank, McAdams at once proposed, and was accepted. Mr. Simmons was equally successful, so that one short week from this splendid entertainment, there was a double wedding in the Bruner house.

The hardest trial now awaited them; the farewell must be taken. Leaving Elbana and Alfred in the care of the homestead, the father and mother accompanied their darling daughter to Boston, taking the widow Applebury with them; as Elbana had presented her with the Bullard farm, and she is now in a fair way to retrieve her hopes. Her two fine children were often entertained with the history of poor Fanny Bullard, whose faultless picture hung beside her venerable father's, in his library.

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Elbana and Alfred often talk of, and sometimes think, of again visiting Montes Valley; and as all of our noble little party are as happy as they could wish; and as aunt Rebecca persists that the family names are in a fair way to be perpetuated, we will leave them in the enjoyment of their good fortune, and with the hope that the reader is similarly blessed, will say—FAREWELL.

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

Translated from the German of UHLAND.

BY PROFESSOR JOHN COCHRAN.

Hast thou e'er seen the castle,
The great one on the strand?
In fleeces rosy and golden,
The clouds above it stand.

It seems as if 'twere bending
Down to the crystal main,
And yet its towers are rearing
The azure vault in twain.

Oh! I have seen the castle,
The great one by the sea,
The morn aloft in lustre soft,
And fogs upon the lea.

Tell me, did winds and Ocean
Send forth a freshening sound,
And in the lofty chambers,
Did mirth and song abound?

Ah! no, the winds and billows
Were silent as the dead,
Within the hall was wailing all,
And tears I also shed.

Nay, tell me, on the terrace
Saw you not king and queen,
Come forth in purple vestments,
With crown and jewels' sheen?

And led they not with rapture,
A gentle maiden fair,
All glowing like the morning,
And bright with golden hair?

I saw the royal parents
In sable weeds arrayed, [bright light,
But quenched in night was the crown's
I did not see the maid.

REVERIES OF AN OLD MAN.

BY G. K. GODFREY.

I am an old man, standing alone at the end of life's journey; the winds of many years have deeply scarred my brow with furrows, and manifold burthens have bent the form that used to move about so stately. As I lean on my staff, I look back through the deserted vale of dead years, and oh! how changeful and dim is the moonlight track of past existence, and with what a magic power the memory of the olden times steals over me!

I forgot life's heavy cares and disappointments; I heard not the moaning winds, or rain, that like tears distilled from heaven, and fell on the sin-stained and desert earth! I was far away, reveling in the happy past, the days of youth's innocence and bright visions. On the banks of phantom rivers, flowers, long faded, grew again in immortality of youth, and I walked by cool streams, whose waters sent echoes through the hazel brake. The trees on the river bank swayed about, nodding to their images in the water, while their leaves trembled with the gentle surges of the air which brought up the low, sweet melody of the waters. I trod through the waving grass as green and fresh as though sixty years had not burned and frozen it to annihilation.

Far back in my pilgrimage I sought happiness by wandering through many lands. I have visited countries celebrated in history and song—I have walked in places where the renowned in ancient and modern days stood in statuary before me; warrior, orator, poet and statesman; I have lingered among the tombs of viceroys, kings and emperors, famed in history's page. I have traveled among the ruins of classic Greece and Rome; and trod the awe-inspiring grounds of Palestine; counted stars on the mellow skies of Italy; and felt the perfumed breath from Indian groves on my face, now

scarred and withered and hoary with age and frost. To these time tracks, shown only by dim, expiring tapers, here and there, my heart turns now, when age, poverty, and sorrow have become my traveling companions.

With summer memories of childhood and youth fresh in my heart, the white hairs of age are falling by my side and yet it seems but yesterday that I leaped and laughed with a childish band, whose horizon of years was far away and unthought of. It is but a step from thence till now, though a broad battlefield lies between. Now I am old; these grey hairs, and this crooked back, came not without sorrows and burdens.

There is sorrow in my heart that must not be told; and tears in my eyes that I dare not explain. All life's bright hopes have been crushed; I am without friends, or home, or sympathy. Let me tell: I had a good old mother, but her heart was eaten out by grief, and she is hid in the grave; I had a beautiful wife, with a heart as faithful and true as ever guarded and cherished a husband's love; but every fiber was wrung and crushed, like dry reeds and rushes where wild beasts tread! I had a noble boy, but he was driven from the ruins of his home—and oh, how my old heart yearns for him now! How every string quivers and contracts round his memory! I wonder if ever he thinks of me! We had a sweet babe—but she went to the house of refuge beyond the river. Oh curses on the desolator of our house who made a catacomb of an old man's heart! Curse him with a curse for which mercy has no intercessor. Follow him down through the cavern of despair, until the avenger shall quail at the torturing fiends that have never had a victim. Let the maledictions of mother, wife, and child, fill the chambers of mercy with discord when intercession is made for the destroyer of their peace.

But no! it was I! God help me, how my brain burns! How this poor old frame trembles with the mighty energy of a soul shrinking at the trembling gates of death! Why, I have been dreaming, and it is not so! It's my mother calling the prodigal son; my wife is beckoning me to the chamber; my child is singing herself to sleep; my brave boy's footstep is at the door and I, and I—am young again! Ha! ha! it was—a—dream.

THE SINGING SHELLS.

The singing shells that lie
On the ocean's pearly shore—
How sweet to wander there at eve,
When the toil of the day is o'er;
And gather up the shells,
Scattered the sands along,
And press them to the ear, and list
The sound of their fairy song!

Along the sea of Time,
By the still and solemn shore,
How sweet to wander, where the Past
Rolls its waves evermore;
And listen to the song,
Sounding so sad and low,
Of the sweet, holy memories
Of the dreamy "long ago."

G. T. S.

DEATH OF PETER LASSEN.

Peter Lassen—a portrait and biography of whom will be found on pages 351, and 512 of this volume of the California Magazine—the old mountaineer and California pioneer of 1839, whose life here, for the most part, has been spent among Indians, was shot dead on the morning of the 26th of April, under the following circumstances, as described by Mr. F. N. Spaulding of Honey Lake Valley—the residence, in late years, of the old pioneer—in a letter to the Mountain Messenger, dated—

HONEY LAKE VALLEY, April 30, 1859.

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citement by the arrival on Tuesday morning, of Mr. Wyatt, one of the Black Rock silver hunters, having narrowly escaped massacre by the Indians.

The circumstances are as follows:— There has been a party of men stopping in this valley all winter, to be ready as soon as spring opened to prospect Black Rock Canon for a supposed silver mine. This canon and watering place is about one hundred and twenty-four miles distant from this valley, towards the Humboldt, on the emigrant road. Messrs. Jameson, Weatherlow, Lathrop and Kitts started on Sunday, the 17th inst.; Peter Lassen, Messrs. Wyatt and Clapper following two days later, and were to rendezvous at Black Rock Springs, at which place the prospecting was to commence. Lassen, Wyatt and Clapper arrived at the appointed place on Sunday, the 24th inst., and not finding the advance party, concluded to await their coming.

On Monday, Mr. Clapper rode on to Mud Lake, eight miles distant, to look for the other party; but, not finding them, returned, and during the day found the signs of two white men in the vicinity of their camping-ground, and believed them to be those of Capt. Weatherlow and Mr. Jameson, one being a large and the other a small track. They also saw the tracks of shod horses, which the Indians have not. They then arrived at the conclusion that the advanced party were over the mountain at another camping-place, and concluded to go there the next morning and see them, having encamped at the mouth of the canon, within one hundred yards of some projecting rocks. In the evening they saw an Indian, on horseback, making the circuit of their camp, then disappearing. After a while he made his appearance in another direction, and dismounted. With much difficulty he was induced to come into camp. He could not speak English, but Lassen said he spoke Piutah. While he

was in camp, they heard the report of a gun, when the Indian immediately said "Piutah," and gave the whites to understand there were six of them.

The Indian then left them, and they retired to rest, supposing themselves safe anywhere in the Piute country. Just at daylight they were fired on from the rocks near by, killing Mr. Clapper in his bed. Lassen and Wyatt sprang upon their feet and commenced gathering up their things; and not knowing that Clapper was killed, seeing he did not rise, supposed him asleep. Wyatt put his hand on his face to wake him, but found it covered with blood. Turning him over, he saw that he was shot through the head. Lassen said, "I will watch for the Indians while you (Wyatt) gather up the things." While doing so, the Indians fired on them again, and Lassen fell to rise no more.

He spoke but once. "They have killed me," then fell on his face and gasped but once. Thus fell the "old pioneer," whose whole history and life almost is connected with the exciting and wild scenes of the west; and when this and other generations shall have passed away, the traveler will look on the snow-clad buttes, and hear of the fertile meadows, that bear his name, and remember with reverence the venerable *voyageur*.

When Wyatt saw Lassen fall; he dropped everything but his rifle, caught his horse, and fled with precipitancy. He arrived here on Thursday morning, without having taken food or rest.

A party of twenty men start this morning to recover the horses and property, if possible, and ascertain the whereabouts of the other party. Great fears are entertained for their safety. Another party will follow immediately, with a wagon, to bring in Lassen and Clapper's remains. The advance party will proceed, if possible, to trail the Indians to their lurking place and chastise them.

F. N. SPAULDING.

Our Social Chair.

If the reader will point out to us either man or woman who does not enjoy a good joke, we shall take it as an especial favor; inasmuch as we shall feel it a duty that we owe to our social and physical organization to pass by on the other side. Such we would avoid as we would a pestilence, considering them the enemies of our happiness and health: as by a glorious law of nature those who can laugh the heartiest are generally well in body and mind. Besides, any person being convalescent, and cannot enjoy a good laugh is generally depraved at heart; and as a consequence would make others like himself, in which we beg to be excused. If at any time a fit of the blues is making itself apparent, seek to have a good laugh, or you will be morally as well as physically sick. In order to avoid this read such as the following:

THE WAY HE GOT OVER IT.—Among the first settlers of Kentucky, says the *Mountain Messenger*, was one John Drake, who was afterward elected justice of the peace. Now John did not profess to be skilled in all the mysteries and intricacies of the law, neither did he think it necessary that he should be, for, as he understood it, his duty was simply to preserve the peace and dispense justice, which he intended to do at all hazards, whether he did it legally or not. He had books containing the laws of the State of *Vermont*, also several decisions, forms of deeds, mortgages, warrants, etc., which were of much service to him in the discharge of his official duties. One day his neighbor A. came to him in great haste, saying he had missed a handsaw, which had probably been stolen, and suspected B. to be guilty of the theft, as he was the only man in the neighborhood who would be likely to do such a thing, consequently he wanted to search the premises of the said B., whereupon the squire turned to his books for a form of a search-warrant for a handsaw. He was quite sure he had one somewhere, but after seeking for an hour, without finding anything about a handsaw, he concluded it must have been mislaid. However, he found something relative to *stolen turkeys*, which would answer every purpose, so he issued a search-warrant for *turkeys*, instructing A., at the same time, if he found the saw while looking for the turkeys, to take it, and it would be all right!

MY SWEETHEARTS; AND HOW THEY REFUSED ME.

The first was Miss Nancy,
I thought she would fancy,
And pity her lover forlorn;
But she tossed up her head,
When I asked her to wed,
And said, "yes-sir-ree,—in a horn."

I then asked dear Kate,
With a heart quite elate,
For I loved her as sure as you're born;
But her heart was quite free,
And felt no love for me,
So she would not acknowledge the corn.

I appealed to sweet June,
While my tears fell like rain;
I was almost of reason bereft;
"I'll have you," she cried,—
How my heart bled and died
When she added, "but over the left."

I next went to Em,—
She was surely a gem,
And never would flout me or scoff;
When I asked, "would she love
Me all others above?"
She said "yes—when a long distance off."

I then tried dear May,
Who was fair as the day,
And always seemed gentle and kind;
But my plain-looking face,
Without beauty or grace, [blind.]
Made her whisper,—"twill be when I'm

I at last tried Louise,
She seemed easy to please,
And I thought my misfortunes were o'er;
So the question I popped,
But my hopes they all dropped,
When she said, "I can't wed such a bore."

But now I don't care,
I'm as free as the air,
To wander in pleasure's sweet bower,
And the girls as they pass,
They may all go to grass,
For I cannot like grapes that are sour!
Emory's Bar, Frazer River. W. H. D.

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If the reader, after marking, learning, and inwardly digesting, the following good joke, from the *Sacramento Democratic Standard*, thinks that he can tell us and our readers a better one, we conjure him to send it instant to the Chair:

Several days ago, an Irishman from the mountains, covered with dust, stepped into the Metropolitan bathing and shaving saloon, and inquired the price of a bath. On being told by Nelson, the proprietor, that it would cost him fifty cents, he concluded to indulge the luxury. Nelson took him into one of the bathing rooms, and showed him two running streams of water, one hot and the other cold; and told him that he could graduate the temperature of the water to suit his wish. He (Nelson) had already turned the water on, without explaining the manner in which the operation was performed. This proved to be a great mistake. Some ten or fifteen minutes afterwards, observing a stream leaking into the main passage of the saloon, he hurried to the door of the bath room, and knocking against it, enquired of the Irishman to know what was the cause of it. That gentleman, from within, informed him that he could not shut the stream off. He had used every effort, while in the "cossin," as he termed the tub, by stuffing his socks into the cock, without being able to accomplish his purpose. Nelson turned the knob and opened the door, when a flood rushed out upon him, bearing with it the Irishman's clothes, his boots, his hat, and also a chair, so great had been its accumulation in the room after overflowing the tub. He was considerably incensed; but the bather's fright disarmed him of anger; and after mutual satisfactory explanations, the whole affair ended in a hearty laugh by the parties interested, and several spectators to the scene, who describe it as having been exceedingly rich.

The following from the *Red Bluff Beacon*, we "scissors" for the especial benefit of those eastern cities, where there are seven ladies to one gentleman; and for Red Bluffs and other points equally destitute of "the comforts of life," that they may take steps (as well as courage) to remedy single evils, by making them double, in a similar way to that by which "two negatives make a positive."

SCARCITY OF YOUNG LADIES.—Who would think that the prosperous little town of Red Bluff, with a population of about eight hundred; has only three or four single la-

dies in it. If there is any place in this State overstocked with the fair sex, let them send a few here, and we will warrant that they won't be single long. We offer the scarcity of ladies as an excuse for the melancholy aspect of the young men.

THE *Yreka Union* is informed that there are only about fifty unmarried ladies between the age of twelve and upwards, in that county, which contains probably a population of ten thousand—whereupon the editor, who is an incorrigible bachelor, goes off thus:

Forward, the Bright Brigade!
Is there a 'gal' dismayed?
Not though the maidens know
Many have blundered,
Theirs not to sit and sigh,
Theirs not in vain to try,
Theirs but to win or die,
Into the silken snare,
Rush the half hundred.

Beaux to the right of them,
Beaux to the left of them,
Beaux all in front of them
Simper and flatter.
Strove for with honeyed words,
Flattering like timid birds,
Charmed by the serpent's wile,
Charmed by a winning smile.
Yield the half hundred.

Flash all their arms so bare,
Flash all their shoulders fair,
Clinging to the gallants there,
Waltzing the 'Spanish,' while
Lookers on wonder.
Balls are their chief delight,
Dancing through all the night,
Arch and coquetting.
Presto! the knot is tied,
Easily sundered—
Do not be terrified,
Go it, half hundred!

From Carrington's "Commissionare" we purloin the following business transaction, for the readers of the Chair.

SOLD.—A Sandwich Island friend, and client of ours, gets off a "sell" at our expense, which is good enough to tell. *Tout le Monde et Madame sa femme* are aware, or ought to be, that Carrington & Co's General purchasing Agency professes to procure for anybody, anything procurable by purchase, either in this city, or through our agents in Europe, from London to Constantinople. Our Hawaiian friend, taking us at our word, thus writes, without preamble or preface:

HONOLULU, August 24, 1858.

Dear Sirs:—Referring you to Hunt's Merchants' Magazine for May, page 651, last paragraph, I beg that you will procure one costing about £10, and send to me here by first opportunity.

Your obedient servant,
W. W. SKAINS.

"Certainly," said we to ourselves, "we'll do that," not doubting that the ten-pounder wanted was a vest-pocket telescope, a screw-propeller balloon, or something with a long advertising description too tedious to copy. It so happened that press of business delayed our ascertaining the precise *what*, and kept our partner's anxious curiosity, not to say our own, in check for some days. At length we had an order for the magazine itself, and rushing forthwith to Hunt's office, climbed to the third story, and asked first for a copy of the May issue, paid for it, and turned to page 651. We found an article referring to a certain staple in the markets of Turkey. This was the last paragraph:—

"In former times, a 'good middling' Circassian girl was thought very cheap at £100 but at the present moment the same description of goods may be had at £5 to £10."

We were "sold" for less than the "middling" price.

MEM.—"Commissions" are our side of the joke. Skains keeps a balance to his credit in our hands, so *we have ordered the girl*.

N. B.—Such jokes not taken except from regular customers.

A SINCERE friend is among the most valuable of human blessings, and whenever an editor has such a friend he ought to be duly grateful for the privilege vouchsafed. The conductor of an excellent journal, "away up north," during a trying season, found such a friend, whose name was Scissors.

Oh Scissors.—Let no one by this heading be deceived into the idea that we have something alarming or even funny to relate. The fact is, we are not of the "funny kind," and are opposed to all false alarms, but have a word—only a word to say in praise of a tried and valued friend. Domestic matters, it is true, should not be paraded into public print, and the old saying—"What are your troubles, your likes and dislikes to me?" is applicable to the editorial fraternity, as well as to others; but "fidelity" is ever worthy of mention, and when we speak of a friend who has never forsaken, but in every instance when

sickness, stupidity, trouble, fatigue, or even frivolity has beset the pathway of our duties, has cheerfully lent a ready aid and succor, readers cannot think indifferently on the object of such merited gratitude and esteem. Such a friend is "Scissors."—"Scissors" has done much for us this week. "Scissors" will please accept our thanks.

Now, how could you, Mr. Scissors, in the precious exercise of your calling, cut out two articles from our columns, for that self same issue of your paper, and then neglect to say that they were from the *California Magazine*? Echo answers, "How!" But we forgive you! "Go, and sin no more."

While upon the subject of such "appropriations," we will mention others that have already come to our knowledge; and, as they were made without any credit whatever, we think there is but little to redound to the "appropriators." In an article entitled "Rambles in California," which appeared in one of the numbers for this year of "Frank Leslie's Family Magazine," there are several articles from this Magazine. One, an illustration of the "California Road Runner," from an original sketch, by A. J. Grayson; another, of two illustrations, on the "Poison Oak," a third the "Ascent of Mount Shasta Alone," by Mr. I. S. Deihl. Indeed, the material for the entire article, was for the most part, stolen from this Magazine. In a work entitled "California and its Resources," compiled by Earnest Seyd, and published by Trubner & Co., London, out of twenty-four illustrations, no less than nine have been stolen from this work. Now, while we do not wish to complain, we nevertheless think that if the illustrations are worth re-engraving, and the articles deemed worth reprinting, it is nothing but fair that the source should be accredited, as the views of the Yosemite Valley alone, some of which appear in the work above alluded to, were obtained with great difficulty and at a cost of over \$350 to us, without our time being taken into the account. Since then, the *London News* has taken and engraved them from that book. *Ab uno disce omnes.*

It appears that religious people are not only becoming more and more liberal in

their views, but are gradually becoming more liberal-sided ideas, and have been abbreviated by an occasional even find a religious organization. western Christian Advocate following ludicrous incidents with infinite yet sensible

At L—, one Saturday by his long journey, a young man John, drove his team and determined to pass through a season of worship of the village.

When the time for work was set to watch the team, one went in with the carriage, had hardly announced for the old man fell and sat against a partition in body slip; just against by the very low lady, who seemed all a mon. She struggled, until, unable to she burst out with a shout at the top of the old man, who, but his arms around her soothingly:

"Won't Nance! Here, John,"—calling belly-band and loose or she'll tear everything. It was all the work the sister forgot to slip the thread of his dising came premature deeply mortified, the away, determined again until he could senses by remaining

Operatic

For some time we have been enjoying an opera of Italian Opera, a season was opened by distinguished Signor and Signora Mr. Leach and others of this opera is of the most brilliant school, always producing fine effects, and powers. We very much enjoyed it, and one can sing very well without undergoing operation of voice and have so frequent and it unnecessary

their views, but are gradually losing their sombre-sided ideas, and having their faces abbreviated by an occasional laugh. We even find a religious organ—the Northwestern Christian Advocate—relating the following ludicrous incident to its readers, with infinite yet sensible gusto:

At L—, one Saturday evening, fatigued by his long journey, a wagoner, with his son John, drove his team into a good ridge, and determined to pass the Sabbath enjoying a season of worship with the good folks of the village.

When the time for worship arrived, John was set to watch the team, while the wagoner went in with the crowd. The preacher had hardly announced his subject, before the old man fell sound asleep. He sat against a partition in the centre of the body slip; just against him, separated only by the very low partition, sat a fleshy lady, who seemed all absorbed in the sermon. She struggled hard with her feelings, until, unable to control them longer, she burst out with a loud scream, and shouted at the top of her voice, rousing the old man, who, but half awake, thrust his arms around her waist, and cried, very soothingly:

"Woa, Nance! Woa, Nance! Woa! Here, John,"—calling to his son—"cut the belly-band and loose the breeching, quick, or she'll tear everything all to h—!"

It was all the work of a moment; but the sister forgot to shout, the preacher lost the thread of his discourse, and the meeting came prematurely to an end; while, deeply mortified, the poor old man skulked away, determined not to go to meeting again until he could manage to keep his senses by remaining awake.

Operatic and Dramatic.

For some time past our citizens have been enjoying an unusual treat, in the way of Italian Opera, and Dramatic entertainments by distinguished "stars." The operatic season was opened by the production of Verdi's popular creation "Il Trovatore," in which Signor and Signora Bianchi, Madame Feret, Mr. Leach and others appeared. The music of this opera is of the modern and more brilliant school, always striving after astonishing effects, and severely taxing the vocal powers. We venture the assertion that no one can sing Verdi's music for five years without undergoing a very sensible deterioration of voice. Many of our readers have so frequently heard the Bianchis, that find it unnecessary to say anything in

regard to them at this time. Madame Feret possesses a sweet harmonious contralto voice, without any great strength or compass, but full of pathos and sympathy. Her management of it is very good, and the lady would become a favorite with most publics. Mr. Leach lacks power, and sometimes exhibits huskiness. He sings with seeming effort; but plays with decided merit. "Il Trovatore" was followed by Verdi's "Ernani," the most popular of that author's works. The views above expressed in reference to "La Trovatore" will apply equally to "Ernani." The chorus is very defective, and lacks spirit, force and sweetness. As a *Chef d'Orchestre*, Mons. Feret was admirably posted. In grand instrumental concerts, Mons. Herrold is superior; but we give the palm to Mons. Feret in leading for the Opera. The *mise en scene* was respectable, and the Opera house has been crowded on each occasion.

During the month we have had an important accession to our Operatic entertainments by the arrival of the Durand Troupe, English Opera singers. The two most important ladies connected with this troupe, Miss Rosalie Durand and Miss Hodson, have had their Photographs, or Lithographs, widely disseminated among our public, and if their likenesses are faithful, they are certainly two very beautiful women. This is all we can say on their behalf at this time, not having yet had the pleasure of hearing the troupe.

Dramatic.

The success of the opera did not seem to disastrously affect the drama, which enjoyed its full share of patronage. Our citizens have rarely been treated to so much of real dramatic excellence as during the past month. Mr. James Anderson, a first class "Star" of world wide reputation, and Mr. James Stark a young "Star" of rapidly rising celebrity, played in conjunction, assisted by a large and good stock company; and, on one occasion, by Miss Avonia Jones, decidedly a lady who possesses a greater amount of native genius and talent, than any who have yet visited us in the line of tragedy; the entertainments consisting of Shakespeare's great master pieces, in which Mr. Anderson and Mr. Stark alternated the principal characters. It is difficult to award a decided inferiority to either of these gentlemen. Both possess great ability and both commit gross blunders. Mr. Anderson frequently sacrifices the effect of fine passages in order to make "points" in others, as if it were too much of a labor to keep up and sustain the character in its integrity. He is also some-

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Mr. Stark's great defect is false emphasis. He places the stress upon words of inferior import and thereby destroys the force and pith of the text. He also speaks too much from the throat, utters his words indistinctly and with too much rapidity in passionate sentences. But his acting is chaste and really elegant at times. In "Othello," Mr. Anderson's "Moor" was at times marked with that great ability, so universally conceded to him; and again betrayed the defects we have mentioned. The same is true of Mr. Stark's rendering of that famous character. In some acts Mr. Anderson was the more preferable, and in others, Mr. Stark. This remark will apply to all the other characters presented by these admirable artists. Nevertheless it can be truly affirmed that our public have never before enjoyed a richer dramatic treat, when considered as to the completeness with which the several parts were filled.

The Fashions.

Misses Toilet.

The fashionable material for girls of ten and thirteen is "challie," white ground chintz pattern, or colored ground, when found most becoming. The skirt is made double, with two rows of brocade ribbon, two inches wide, and full a little; the body is high, with a shawl bertha in front, reaching nearly to the waist; the sleeves are two bias ruffles, one reaching nearly to the elbow, the upper one two inches shorter and gaged down, half way. Finish the sleeve and bertha with the same ribbon trimming.

The pantaletts are to be finished with two ruffles of embroidery—fawn colored gaiters, with white ground dress; if of colored, the boots are to match.

Hats.

Leghorn flat, with drooping brim; where found to be becoming, the brim on the left side is caught up, and an ostrich feather, long and curled, depends nearly to the shoulder; broad white ribbon, with stripes, plain, around the crown to the opposite side from the feather, where it is finished with bows and long ends. The inside is finished with rosettes of illusion and flowers, rose buds or small button roses.

Sacque of fawn colored silk, with two ruffles of the same, fluted; black picnic mits, white parasolett, with colored border to correspond to the ribbon of the hat; hand-

kerchief of grass linen, with plain hem half an inch wide.

Having this month devoted the entire space allotted us to the Girl's Toilet, the Boys will be obliged to wait. We are sorry, but cannot help it.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

A MAN named Shields fell into an old shaft near Angel's Camp, Calaveras Co., where he remained without food or water for four days. He was finally discovered by some Indians. Fear, hunger and thirst had driven him to madness.

A lump of gold weighing 62 pounds, says the Marysville *National Democrat*, was taken from the Willard Claim, near Dogtown, Butte County, on the 22d of April. Including the above lump, one hundred and fifty pounds of gold, worth \$32,400, was taken out from the above named claim the same day.

The bankers throughout the State have refused to receive all kinds of foreign coins above their actual Mint value. By this course a large amount of light money has been justly depreciated, and driven from circulation.

According to the *Trinity Journal*, a Mr. Engelfried, who resides at Weaverville, has succeeded in extracting an excellent quality of sugar from the sugar pine tree, (*Pinus Lambertiana*.) About 160 pounds were extracted from five trees, and which were tapped very late in the season.

A large number of miners in Nevada county have for several weeks been on a strike, for the reduction of the price of water from 25 to 15 cents per inch.

The Sacramento River was seventeen feet above low water mark for several days during the month.

The Chinese population of California has been much augmented during the month, by the arrival of large numbers from various Chinese ports.

Col. Fremont commenced suit against the Sheriff of Mariposa County, (Mr. Crippen,) for the sum of \$25,000 damages, sustained through the Sheriff failing to put him in possession of the Josephine Vein.

The books of the State Treasury, on the 30th of April, showed the following balances:—In favor of the General Fund, \$319,609 59; Hospital, \$197,991; School, \$22,436 36; Military, \$2,318 88; Library, \$2,108 52; Interest and Sinking Fund of 1858, \$148,746 57; Swamp Land, \$52,780 82; State School Land Funds, \$11,465 06;

Registration Fund, \$210
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Registration Fund, \$210 51; Estates of deceased persons, \$8909; H. Smith, Jr., \$3,119 29.

A fire occurred in Yreka on the 1st ult. Loss, \$6,000.

The John L. Stephens arrived on the 1st ult., with nearly 2,000 passengers. The agents acknowledge about 1,600, but this is far below the actual number that came by this steamer.

Dr. Cooper, Professor of Anatomy and Surgery in the University of the Pacific, gave the introductory lecture of the first annual course, at the hall of the College, on the 2d ult.

From estimates given by the Sacramento Union, the current expenses of the State of California for the last fiscal year amounted to \$916,040 64, without including the interest on the State Debt, of \$273,000.

Mrs. Estelle McDonald, after two years of retirement from public life, reappeared at the Marysville Theater, on the 2d ult.

On the 5th ult., the Golden Gate sailed for Panama, with 781 passengers, and \$2,401,268 in treasure. On the same day, the Orizaba carried away 778 passengers; total, 1559.

The Uncle Sam arrived from Panama on the 7th ult., with 891 passengers.

A man by the name of Williams, who had been employed as head miner in Martin & Co.'s quartz claim, Mariposa, left on the steamer of the 5th ult., with pickings and stealings to the amount of \$15,000.

A tournament of the Metropolitan Chess Club has been carried on with great spirit during the past month.

The Overland Mail via Los Angeles has been exceedingly regular in its arrival and departure for the month past, anticipating in nearly every instance the news brought by the steamers.

The ladies of Yreka collected \$437 towards the Mount Vernon Fund.

The keel of a new steamboat was laid at Steamboat Point, on the 7th ult., for the California Steam Navigation Co. The following are the dimensions of the vessel:—Length, 260 feet; breadth, 40 feet; breadth across guards, 64 feet; depth of hold, 10 feet; draught of water, 3 feet 8 inches, light; tonnage, 930 tons;—the largest steamboat ever built on this coast. She is to be constructed altogether of California timber.

The new dollar, worth \$1.04, was issued at the San Francisco Branch Mint on the 6th ult.

A very young gentleman, in exceedingly primitive costume, made his first appearance in a stage-coach, on the 7th ult., while some ladies (one of whom was a very near relative,) were traveling from San Antonio to San José.

A new German paper, entitled the San Francisco Journal, made its first appearance on the 10th ult.; Julius Korn, editor.

The new ditch at Columbia, Tuolumne County, which is said to have originally cost \$1,319,475, was sold at Sheriff's sale on the 9th ult., for \$78,000.

Rich and extensive diggings were discovered at Brockliss' Bridge, on the Johnson's Cut-off to Carson Valley.

The Overland Mail from San Francisco via Los Angeles, on the 9th ult., took 1,627 through letters, and 123 way letters.

The residence of Col. Stevenson some three miles from Red Bluffs was burned to the ground on the night of the 11th, consuming his wife and three children; with Mrs. Krouk and her two children. This is supposed to have been the work of Indians.

The Golden Age arrived from Panama on the 16th with 1,020 passengers.

Thirty-six Mexican exiles arrived in the Santa Cruz, from Mazatlan on the 13th, because of their fidelity to the Church party of Mexico.

Six men were murdered by Indians, on the trail leading from Jacksonville to Klamatie Lake.

Two performing Elephants, named "Victoria" and "Albert," arrived in the ship Wanderer on the 17th, in 158 days from New York. These are the first ever imported here, although many persons (figuratively) aver that they have often seen "The Elephant" in California.

The total amount of goods exported from San Francisco to Victoria, for the first quarter of this year, was \$503,933.

The Nevada Journal entered upon its 10th volume, and the ninth year of its existence on the 13th.

A Grand Floral Exhibition is announced to take place at Oakland on the 14th inst.

The number of letters sent from San Francisco by the Overland Mail, for the month of April was 8,330.

A large Panorama entitled "The Tour of Europe" has been successfully exhibited in Vernon Hall, San Francisco, during the month.

A new democratic newspaper, entitled the "Daily San Francisco News," made its first appearance on the 17th ult.

The proprietors and publishers of the San Francisco *Evening Bulletin*—however ridiculous it may appear—were arrested on the 14th ult., charged with publishing an obscene and immoral paper, in giving Mrs. Sickles' confession in full, as telegraphed to them from San Jose, per Overland Mail.

The San Francisco Industrial School, built for the reclamation of depraved boys and girls, at a cost of about \$25,000, was formally opened on the 17th ult.

The John L. Stephens sailed on the 20th with 420 passengers and \$1,791,727. The rates of passage were \$175, \$150, \$100 and \$50.

Editor's Table.

DEAR, kind friends, this number will complete the third volume of the California Magazine. For three years many of you have kept us faithful and soul-cheering company. Some that were very dear to us have been called home; others, alas! have changed; a few have grown weary, and have fainted by the way; yet others have overlooked our failings, borne with our weaknesses; and, when the horizon of our fortunes was gloomiest, and hung about with clouds of darkness, they have whispered "be of good cheer" as they pointed us to the small streaks of light that seemed dimly breaking upon the distant future, and kept with us until now. With a heart full to the brim with grateful emotion we thank them; and say—God bless you.

It is almost a matter of impossibility for friends whose sympathies and tastes are congenial; or whose labors and disappointments are in common, to be often in communion with each other without feeling the silken cords of kindly affection drawing them closer together; and if trials of patience, or of temper, or of friendly faithfulness should come,—as come they certainly will—after they are past we seem to remember them only as heavenly messengers who pointed out virtues of which perhaps until now we were totally unaware; and discovered to us the real friend from the counterfeit; and the result is we are bound the closer together for it. We trust it has been thus with the writers, readers, and friends, as well as with the editor of this Magazine. To the former we would tender our unfeigned, most cordial, and heart-felt thanks, for their valuable and voluntary

assistance to the present time; all of which has been entirely without other remuneration than that which they have experienced in the pleasing welcome accorded to their articles by a generous public. We have been longing for the day to dawn when literature could be substantially remunerated in this as in other States, but as yet without its realization; and the only reward we can at present hold out, is the pleasure given and received from their labors. If it be any consolation to such for us to make a similar confession, we can do it most conscientiously. To those who are willing to enter with us upon our fourth volume we most sincerely extend our hand; hoping that our labors together will be mutually pleasant. To others, if any, who, as contributors, may wish to withdraw, we present our thanks for past favors; with the hope that they may soon re-unite with us, and renew them.

To all others who may be willing to give a helping hand in establishing, elevating, and refining California literature, we extend a cordial invitation.

The present is the time for holding the various primary elections throughout the State, for candidates to the different party conventions shortly to be held; and we would give a word or two of caution, that the disgraceful frivolousness and frittering away of public time and money, manifest to the most thoughtless, in the last session of the Legislature, may be avoided in the next.

However much human nature may be disposed to question, or show itself desir-

ous of hiding, or seeking an unwilling party to fact, it is none the less a majority of cases, if a forehead, an attempt to cover it up; if the individual who obtain on all occasions may be pardonable; ining to circumstances such a question at may mention an im the foregoing is the or unpleasant or inco to the egotistical "elector," we affirm a large majority of them are but the puppets of the office-seekers and party mongers; many and party mongering instance will illustrate the fullness of which we A gent. known v previous to the cle political convention the party, or the went up to one of thus addressed his show will you give ed sheriff of this half of all that I can make out of awer. "Will you of days to think the end of that same mind, I will "Very good." At the end of t posed candidate mind, a bargain them, and the in by button-holing at a primary election to the convention of extraordinary ed in securing th this man was incapable and that could ha for his lying dr

ous of hiding, or seek to avoid becoming an unwilling party to the admission of the fact, it is none the less true that in a majority of cases, if a scar is cut upon the forehead, an attempt is immediately made to cover it up; if the hand is deformed, the individual who owns it is almost certain on all occasions to wear a glove. This may be pardonable, or it may not, according to circumstances. Without discussing such a question at the present time, we may mention an important fact, of which the foregoing is the prelude: that, however unpleasant or inconvenient it may sound to the egotistical "free and independent elector," we affirm it as our belief that a large majority of the voters in this State are but the puppets of political wire-workers and office-seeking demagogues, at primary and party conventions, as the following instance will illustrate, and for the truthfulness of which we will vouch.

A gent. known very well to the writer, previous to the election of delegates to a political convention, (we need not mention the party, or the names of the individuals,) went up to one of his acquaintances, and thus addressed him: "F—, what kind of show will you give me, if I get you elected sheriff of this county?" "One entire half of all that I, by hook or by crook, can make out of the office," was the answer. "Will you? I'll give you a couple of days to think the matter over, and if at the end of that time you are still of the same mind, I will see what can be done." "Very good."

At the end of the time fixed, as the proposed candidate remained in the same mind, a bargain was concluded between them, and the individual first mentioned, by button-holing one and treating another at a primary election, was sent as a delegate to the convention, and when there, by dint of extraordinary exertion, he succeeded in securing the nomination of F—. Now this man was one of the most glaringly incapable and unscrupulously dishonest that could have been found; and but for his lying drunk in the streets of a pop-

ulous precinct on the day of election, he would have been successful; and, as it was, out of some two thousand votes polled, he lacked but forty-one of his election. Had his friend (?) taken the precaution to lock him up in some room during the polling of the votes in the precinct alluded to, F— would have been elected by a considerable majority.

Therefore we say to the high-minded and honorable citizens of every party, if you would have laws that do credit alike to the law-maker and the law-obeyer, you must be upon your guard that none but good and capable men are selected at primary elections, as delegates to conventions; or do away with the convention system altogether; else you will be the same submissive and easily used instrument you have been, and the interests of the State will suffer in the future as they have done in the past. "A word to the wise is sufficient." Be upon your guard.

THE month of April had fairly left us "the delicate footed May with fairy fingers full of fruits and flowers," stepped in; and in her train brought May festivals, parties, and pic-nics, to young and old, in nearly every village, town, or city, throughout the the State. To us these exhibitions are of all others the most pleasing as being in such happy and innocent unison with each other—spring-time and youth—flowers and joyous hopes, all of which possess a charm not known in other circles or at other seasons.

The first we had the pleasure of attending was that prepared under the superintendence of Mr. John Swett, the excellent Principal of the Lineon Point Public School, and which, for greater convenience to the pupils and their friends, was held at Russ' Gardens. Here the imposing and graceful ceremony of crowning the Queen of May was duly celebrated; after which she led off in the dance, followed by her maids of honor, and her juvenile subjects and their friends. At intervals, the boys performed their exercises on the gymna-

sium, and astonished the spectators with their feats of strength and agility.

Next in order, was the Festival of the Powell St. Public School, Mr. H. P. Carlton, Principal, held in Musical Hall, Bush street, and which was one of the most pleasing of the whole, and will long be remembered by the numerous throng, which greeted the intelligent pupils with frequent manifestations of approval.

On the evening following, the Hyde St. Public School held its Festival in the Turn Verein Hall, Bush street, under the direction of Mr. J. C. Pelton, Principal of the School. The large hall, beautifully decorated with flowers and evergreens, was filled to overflowing with the pupils and their friends. After the ceremony of crowning the Queen was concluded, the scholars presented Mr. Pelton with a gold watch, as a testimonial of their grateful remembrance of his assiduous and untiring labors in their behalf.

One fact that should ever be kept in grateful remembrance by the friends of the young in California, is this: Mr. Pelton has the honor of being the founder of the first Public School in California, nearly ten years ago. And one of the most pleasing features of the Festival, was that of a young lady, who being one of the three first pupils of Mr. Pelton's first school, having completed her studies, stepped forward and presented to the school a beautiful silk banner, the work of her own hands, as a memorial of her grateful esteem. Such events must have sunk deep into the heart of their earnest teacher, as in language the most forcible and impressive, they whispered, "these are thy rewards."

On the same evening, the pupils of the High School, Mr. Holmes, Principal, assembled in Musical Hall, and in the graceful movements of the dance, spent a very pleasant evening. We never remember seeing an assemblage of more intelligent and noble looking young ladies and gentlemen, than were there present.

The next we visited was that of the Spring Valley public school, under the able superintendance of Mr. J. C. Morrill, Principal. The school-room in which it was held, was tastefully decorated with wreathes of evergreens and flowers, giving the visitor a pleasing introduction to the room, and to the interesting ceremonies of the coronation. The bright eyes, and happy faces of all, showed that pupils, parents, and friends, were alike delighted at the exercises. Nearly the whole of the compositions used were original, and written for the occasion. It must have been exceedingly gratifying to the feelings of the teachers, to witness so

large a company of the parents and friends of the pupils as were then present, and which must have repaid them in some measure for the many hours of anxious care and study spent while seeking to instruct those committed to their care.

Others were given, but as we were not present we are unable to make further mention. May such seasons bind teachers, parents and children in a happy union.

One of the most complicated and beautiful specimens of California art that we have ever seen, is a new and well executed model of the far famed Temple of Solomon, now nearly finished, at the old Mechanics' Pavilion. Its well studied arrangement and workman-like construction proves that while a master mind has devised and planned it, very skillful workmen have been employed to make it as much a wonder for California as was the original in Jerusalem. This model was projected by a lady of great taste as well as means; and the architectural designs show a familiarity with the subject in all its interesting and numerous details that will recommend the author to a high position in public estimation; as the joiners work, moulding, carving, painting, gilding, turning, fringe-making, and gold-beating (from California gold) are all and, altogether Californian employing some fifty men for several months. We intend to allude to this astonishing work of art at some future time.

To Contributors and Correspondents.

S. F. T.—The drawing came safely to hand, but owing to its being out of California somewhat uninteresting; and unaccompanied with any description, it is of but little value to us.

S.—You did right.

W. T.—What think you of the proposal.

A. W.—Thank you. The story is equal to any published in Harper or the Atlantic Monthly; but being of "home manufacture," to those who never judge for themselves—and they are legion—it will not of course be as acceptable.

O.—We shall do our best; but although it is very interesting, as it must be divided, we could not begin it in this number.

RECEIVED.—Without and Within—Lives from the Forecastle—I am near you—California Manufactures—My Brother Peter—&c., &c.

CALIF

JUL

HUTCHIN