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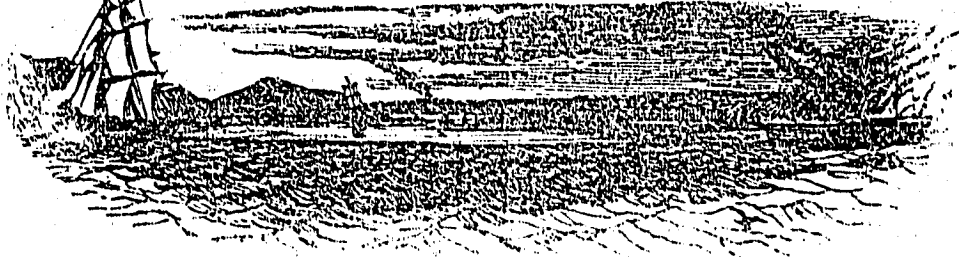
HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA

MAGAZINE



No. 38. . AUGUST, 1859.



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146 Montgomery Street, second door north of Clay, San Francisco.

If ten or more persons will form a Club, we will send our Magazine, Postage-paid, to any address in the United States each one may name, at Two Dollars each per year.

THE CALIFORNIA SILVER FIR, *PICEA BRACTEATA*,..... 49
 ILLUSTRATIONS: View on the Santa Lucia Mountains—Cone of the Picea Bracteata.

CROSSING THE NORTH FORK OF THE AMERICAN RIVER—ILLUSTRATED,.... 52
 IOWA HILL, PLACER CO., CALA.—ILLUSTRATED,..... 53
 THE GOLDEN GATE,..... 55
 ILLUSTRATION: Clipper Ship at anchor on the Bar, waiting for a breeze.

THE SOLANO MINERAL SPRINGS,..... 57
 ILLUSTRATIONS: View at the Solano Mineral Springs—A Scene in the Foot Hills near Suisun Valley.

THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL OF SAN FRANCISCO—ILLUSTRATED,..... 59
 THE GREAT CONDOR OF CALIFORNIA,..... 63
 ILLUSTRATION: The Male California Condor on the Wing.

LYRICAL POETRY,..... 65
 BRIEF MEMORIALS OF ALEXANDER MALASPINA,..... 67
 A SUMMER MORNING,..... 71
 FUN POETRY,..... 71
 LIFE'S FLEETING DREAM,..... 74
 A MEMORY,..... 75
 THE MOUNTAINEERS OF CALIFORNIA,..... 75
 AN EVENING ON TELEGRAPH HILL,..... 79
 THE MILL WHEEL,..... 82
 THE ARTIST AND THE MAY QUEEN,..... 83
 OUR SOCIAL CHAIR,..... 88
 Warm Weather; "Copy" in Warm Weather; Letters to the Social Chair from "Chair of State," "Camp Stool;" "Invalid Chair," and "Sewing Chair"; Fashionable Clothing; A Chapter on the Times; You Kissed Me.

THE FASHIONS,..... 93
 MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS,..... 94
 EDITOR'S TABLE,..... 95
 A Proposition for a Thanksgiving Reunion of our Contributors; Improvements in Progress; State Industry and the Fair of the State Agricultural Society; The Pacific Expositor.

TO CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS,..... 96

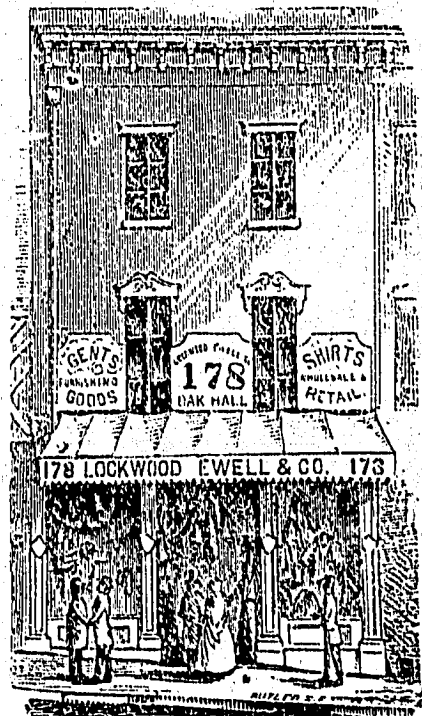
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CALIFORNIA
 VOL. I
 THE OAK



August, 1859.

..... 49
Picea Brac-

TRATED,.... 52
..... 53
..... 56

..... 57
the Foot

..... 59
..... 63

..... 65
..... 67
..... 71

..... 71
..... 74
..... 75

..... 75
..... 76
..... 79

..... 82
..... 83
..... 88

Chair from
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..... 93
..... 94
..... 95

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..... 96

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HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV. AUGUST, 1859. No. 2.

THE CALIFORNIA SILVER FIR, PICEA BRACTEATA.



VIEW IN THE SANTA LUCIA MOUNTAINS.

THIS view of a portion of the Santa Lucia mountains, was sketched on the spot, by Mr. Wm. Peebles, and kindly furnished us by the politeness of Mr. W. Murray, of this city.

It presents one of the most singular scenes in this, or perhaps any other country. These mountains are most remarkable for their unparalleled steepness; being sharpened up, without the least allowance, to the very last limits of the laws of nature.

We have chosen to direct the attention of the reader more particularly to its characteristic and rare arborea, on

account of the great scientific and rural interest it possesses, in being, so far as now known, the sole monopolizer of one of the most beautiful and symmetrical *Silver Firs* in the known world. We refer to the *Picea* (or *Abies*) *bracteata*.

We prefer the sectional division of Conifers into the order *Picea*; or those firs with erect cones; a difference readily recognized at a great distance. So very manifest is this practical distinction, that when seen for the first time, the cones are apt to be mistaken for birds standing upon the branches.

Picea bracteata, or the *Leafy-bracted Silver-Fir*, may be technically described as follows:—Cones, egg-shaped, studded with a glistening terebinthinate exudation—size as exhibited in drawing; sitting down upon the branches; they are densely clustered upon the almost inaccessible tip-top of the tree. Scales somewhat kidney-shaped, rounded on the upper margin. Bracts, wedge-shaped, three-lobed, the middle lobe slender, 1 or 2 inches long, curved over, somewhat of the color and appearance of ordinary leaves, the lateral lobes short, barely extending beyond the scales. Seeds, wedge-shaped, soft and angular; the wing shortish, broad and membranaceous.

Leaves solitary, two rowed, alternate, bright lively green above, two white silvery lines below. The branches are in whorls, slender and spreading, the lower ones drooping. Trunk very slender, and as straight as an arrow; commonly clothed to the ground, although often naked on the lower third; 2 or 3 feet in diameter, 120 feet high. First discovered by Douglas, on the mountains of the Columbia River. (Why have not collectors been able to find it in this locality?) In Upper California, on the San Lucia mountains, it is found at an elevation of about 3000 feet above the level of the sea.

Mr. Murray, in his notes, remarks: "This species of Fir was discovered by

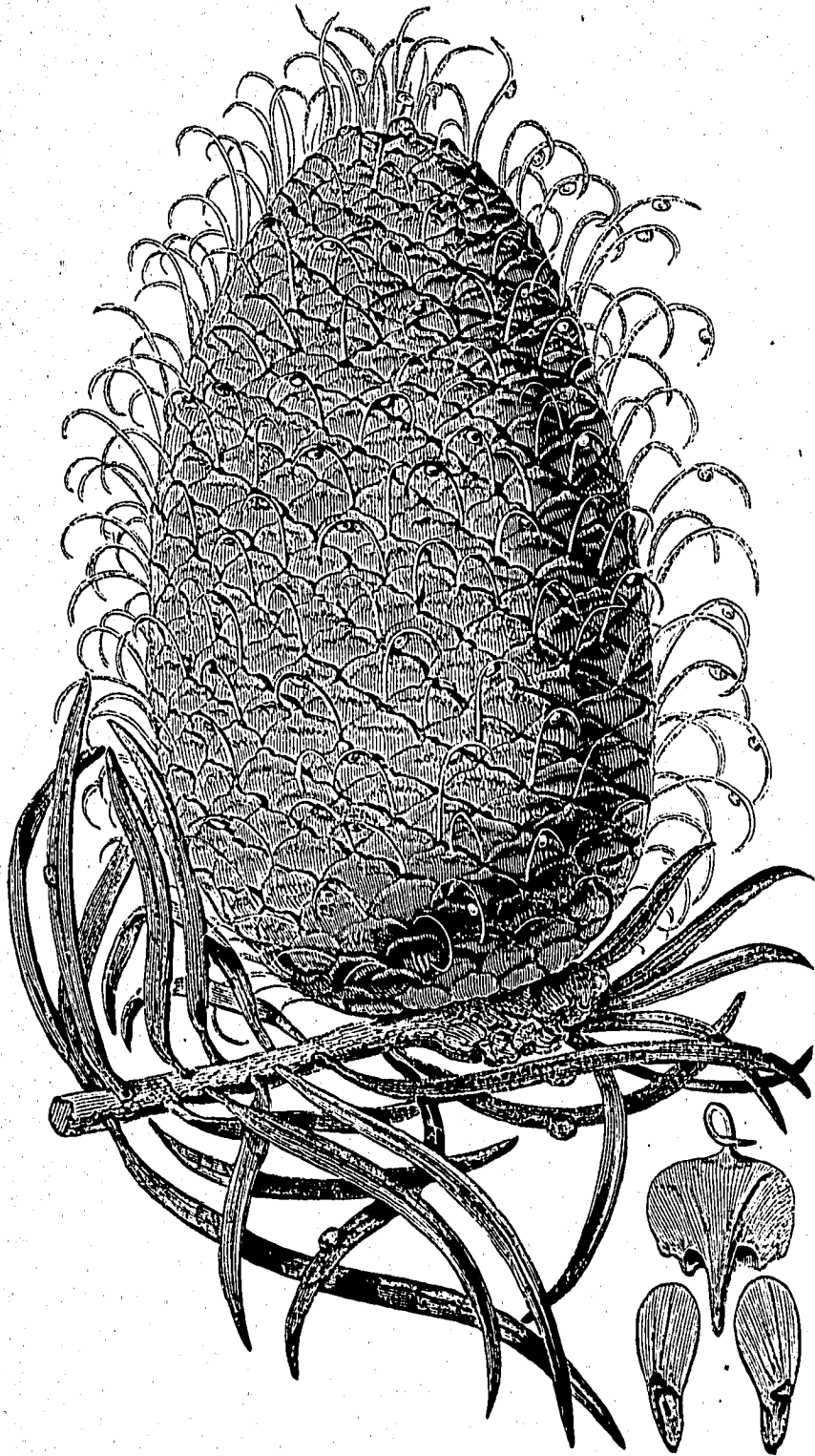
Douglas, and the locality afterwards visited by Hartweg, whose notes may be seen in the London Horticultural Transactions. Neither of these eminent botanists, however, succeeded in obtaining the seed. Mr. Lobb, a well known and most successful collector, was the first to introduce this tree into Europe, where it caused a great sensation, seedlings only a year old, selling as high as \$16.

This trim and beautiful Fir tree grows to the height of two hundred feet, branching out from the ground, and maintaining throughout, its conic symmetry, with the utmost precision; or as Mr. Lobb expresses it, creating an impression that a scientific gardener must have trimmed it with his shears.

The only district in California where this tree is found, is the one here represented, near the Mission of San Antonio.*

Or, to be more specific still, we will suppose one wishing to visit this locality. Starting, then, from this Mission, we go up the San Antonio Creek to an Indian Rancharia, (in a little valley,) called "Milpitas;" thence we take the trail west to the sea coast, crossing over a small ridge in our route, descending into a little valley abounding in grass and water, rare camping ground. Here we find the *Pinus Coulteri*. We follow the trail up this valley until we come abruptly to the end; still on our winding way, we keep trail up the bluff to the first slope; here we find a fair resting or camping place; here we also observe the *Pinus Coulteri*, *P. Benthamiana*, *P. Lambertiana*, and *Libocedrus*. Along this ridge, about a mile or so, our path is conglomerates; then through a forest, in which are a few *Picea* (or *Abies*) *bracteata*. Next we strike a slate formation. At the summit, on our left, looking towards the sea, we observe the very deep gorge here represented, covered with a variety of vegetation and

* Will any of our friends be kind enough to inform us, if they know of any other locality.



CONE OF THE PICEA BRACTEATA.

[Drawn from Nature, by A. Kellogg, M. D.]

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trees, among which the most numerous are the *P. or (A.) bracteata*. On our right is a similar gorge, but not so deep or large. The geological formation here is calcareous, and many fine specimens of marble may be found in the gulches.

Into these obscure and remote recesses, the Spanish people formerly drove their herds, to hide them from the occasional descent of the plundering Apache Indians.

It affords us much pleasure to acknowledge our obligations to Mr. A. F. Beardsley, also a well known and enterprising collector. The beneficent collectors, the naturalists, the artists and journalists, who lend wings to science, are worthy of all honor. It has been re-

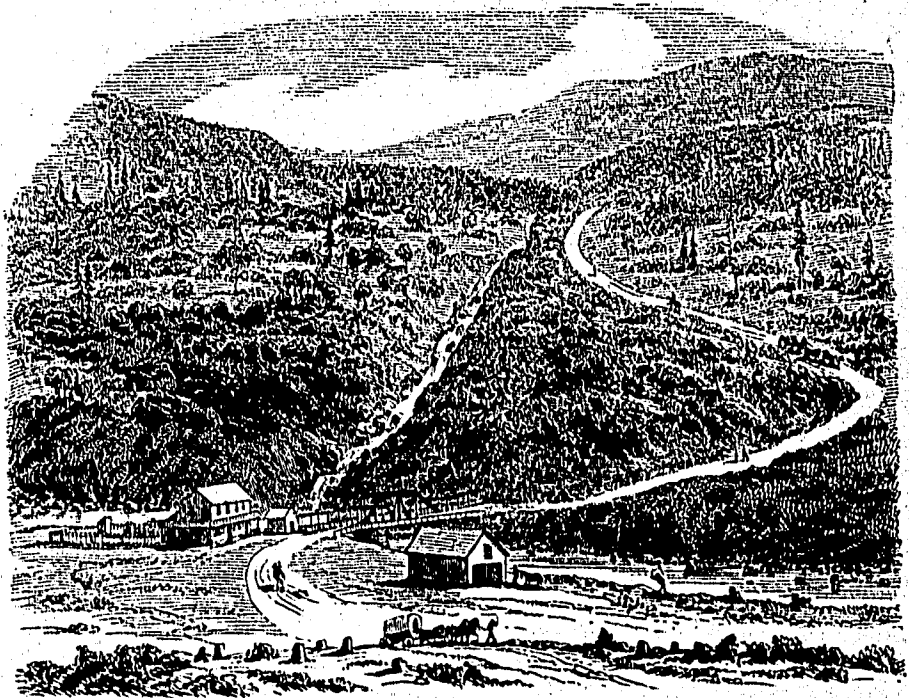
marked by a wise man, a member of the English Parliament, "that the divine laws of nature are so exceedingly comprehensive, that no object—*not one*—can possibly exist, which does not bear some useful relationship to the welfare of every individual man."

Let none of us, then, in the infancy of one age, presume to estimate the boundless pleasures and uses that are to flow along the golden ages yet to come!

Do we live in an age, and country, yet too young to see native nurserymen cultivating a few of these truly beautiful trees for home use?

A. KELLOGG, M. D.

CROSSING THE NORTH FORK OF THE AMERICAN RIVER.



VIEW ON THE NORTH FORK OF THE AMERICAN RIVER.

This wild and beautiful scene is situated on the north fork of the American river, on the direct road from Auburn, via Illinoistown, to Iowa Hill; and, as the traveler descends the northern side

of the mountain, by an excellent road, on an easy grade, and casts his eye to the eastward, tall mountain tops that tower upward, in rough and uneven grandeur, create within him a feeling of wondering

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admiration. After passing the bridge, he begins to climb the southern side of the mountain, and as he winds his way past this ravine, and around that rocky point, for the most part, upon a precipice of several hundred feet, he looks around him and upward, and is filled with surprise that even a trail, to say nothing of a stage road, could, by any possibility, be built on a bold, precipitous mountain of solid slate rock. In some places, the inner side bank is forty feet in height above the level of the road, in order to obtain a space sufficiently wide to admit a wagon upon it. Of course, the cost of constructing such a road must be great; and we were informed that \$35,000 were expended upon this road before a wagon could possibly pass over it.

Being a toll road, although a large and expensive undertaking, it has been, and is, a remunerative investment. Even while we were ascending, no less than \$25 must have been taken at the bridge for passengers and teams, at the usual rates.

Doubtless all such enterprises are a public benefit, especially when we take into the account the difficulties attending the tedious unpleasantness connected with traveling over such places before suitable conveniences were established. And who does not call to mind the wrecks of vehicles and harness so frequently to be seen by the way-side; and the numerous teams that were worn down and stalled by excessive straining to haul a small load up the various spurs and ridges of the mountain, when the pack-saddle was superseded by the wagon. Besides, as fearful oaths seemed to be the only relief to the patience-tried teamster in his difficulties, we contend that morality has been the gainer by all such improvements—and that is no small item in State progress. But let us go a little further on to the flourishing mining town of—

IOWA HILL, PLACER COUNTY.

This picturesque settlement is in the

centre of an immense pine forest on the dividing ridge between the north fork of the American river and Indian Cañon, about twenty-eight miles from Auburn, (the county seat of Placer county,) and sixty-three miles from Sacramento city. The principal buildings that constitute the main street being built on the centre of the ridge, follow the course of the mountain; and the mining claims lie on either side, and even under a portion of the town, so that the water and debris that gurgles and rumbles through the sluices of the miners flows in opposite directions. That of the north-east side into the American, and that of the south-west into Indian Cañon.

The discovery and working of the famous "Jamison claim," first opened in 1852, caused the forest solitude that then reigned here to be broken by the sharp clicks from the woodman's axe, so that the busy hum and stir of people flocking to the new diggings, and engaged in constructing their tents and cabins, told that the tide of population was setting hitherward. Presently, shafts were sunk, tunnels commenced, and diggings opened that proved of fabulous richness, from five to seventeen pounds of pure gold being taken daily from a single claim—the Jamison. Others, such as the "Hazel Green," "Sailors," "New York and Wisconsin," "New Orleans," and numerous succeeding ones proved to be nearly as rich.

The consequence was, that tunnels were driven into this dividing ridge on both sides, for several miles, and the surrounding villages of Independence Hill, Roach's Hill, Wisconsin Hill, Bird's Flat, and several others, sprung into vigorous life, creating the necessity for two saw mills and five water ditches. The latter named were built at a cost of about fifty-five thousand dollars. As soon as the first of these was completed, the hydraulic process of mining was intro-

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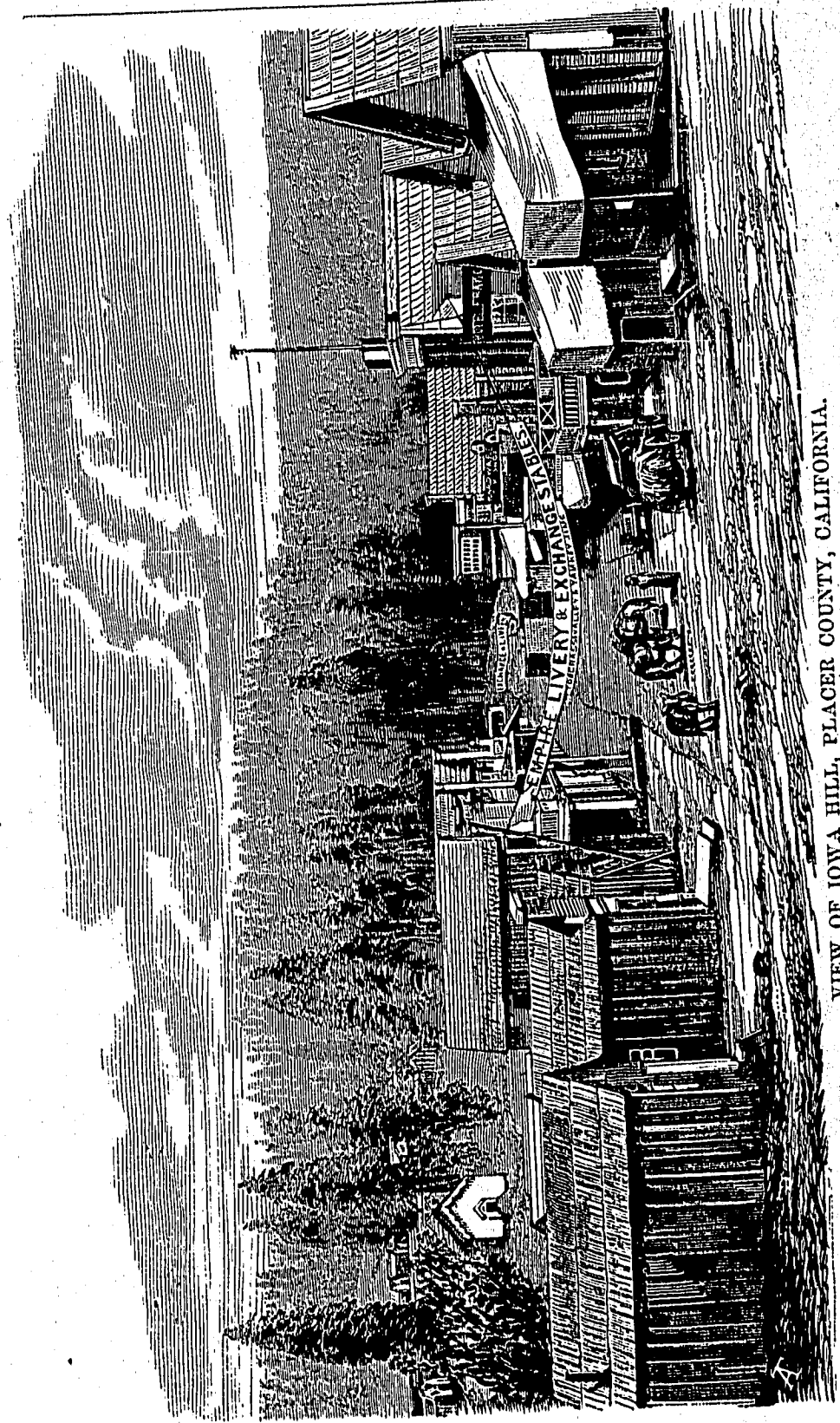
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LOGG, M. D.

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VIEW OF IOWA HILL, PLACER COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

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At the present time there is a population in and around Iowa Hill, of about 1,800; supporting several hotels, express offices and banking houses, and stores of various kinds; and a weekly journal, entitled *The Patriot*, published every Saturday morning, by E. B. Boust, editor and proprietor, and devoted to the best interests of the town.

A mile or two above the town, on the road to Michigan City, you enter a magnificent forest of pines and firs, that shadow your path for nearly the whole distance. We here measured a Douglas Spruce (*Abies Douglasii*) that was twenty-four feet six inches in circumference; and a sugar pine (*Pinus Lambertiana*) that measured twenty-nine feet in circumference.

THE GOLDEN GATE.



CLIPPER SHIP AT ANCHOR ON THE BAR, WAITING FOR A BREEZE.

There are probably but few persons, comparatively, who have ever passed through the Golden Gate, that are familiar with the origin and meaning of the name, the popular idea being that its name was suggested by the staple mineral of the country—gold. This is incorrect, as it was called the "Golden Gate" before the precious metal was discovered; and the first time that it was used, most probably, was in a work entitled "A Geographical Review of California," with a relative map, published in New York, in the month of February, 1848, by Col. J. C. Fremont; and as gold was discovered on the 19th of January preced-

ing, in those days it would have been next to impossible for the news to have reached the office of publication of that work, in time for the name to be given, from such a cause.

The real origin of the name was from the excessively fertile lands of the interior—especially of those adjacent to the Bay of San Francisco. There may have been some "Spiritual Telegrams" sent from California (!) to the parent of the name, telling him of the glorious dawn of a Golden Day that had broke upon the world at Sutter's Mill, Coloma, and that such a name would be the magic charm to millions of men and women in every

quarter of the world, in the Golden Age about to be inaugurated. We do not say that it was so. We do not wish the reader to believe it; as our opinion, that it was thus originated; but in this age of spiritual darkness—we allude to the limited knowledge of mental phenomena—we start the supposition, in hope that it may stir up the spirit of enquiry. This one thing is certain, that from whatever source the name "Golden Gate" may have originated, it was most happily suggestive in its character. Having dwelt at some length upon the name, we will now more briefly describe the spot.

That it is the gateway or entrance to the magnificent harbor of San Francisco, every one is well aware. The centre of this entrance is in latitude $122^{\circ} 30' W.$, from Greenwich. On the south of the entrance is Point Lobos (Wolves' Point) on the top of which is a Telegraph Station, from whence the tidings of the arrival of steamers and sailing vessels are sent to the city. On the north side is Point Bonita, (Beautiful Point) readily recognized by a strip of land running out towards the Bar, on the top of which is a Light-house, that is seen far out to sea, on a clear day, but seldom before that on the Farallone Islands, some twenty-seven miles west of Point Bonita.

In front of the entrance is a low circular sand-bar, almost seven miles in length, but on which is sufficient water, even at low tide, to admit of the largest class of ships crossing it in safety—except, possibly, when the wind is blowing from the north-west, west, or south-east; at such a time it is scarcely safe for a very large vessel to cross it at low tide.

From Point Bonita to Point Lobos the distance is about three and a half miles; and between Fort Point and Lime Point (just opposite each other) the narrowest part of the channel, and the "Golden Gate" proper, it is 1,777 yards. Here the tide flows out at the rate of about six knots an hour.

THE SOLANO MINERAL SPRINGS.

BY J. A. RANKIN.

Among the various wonders that Nature has so lavishly bestowed upon California, but few are more deserving of notice than her Mineral Springs. As though inten-

ded that nearly every physical ill should be provided with an antidote, healing waters are made to gush forth from the bowels of the earth, and bubble up on the tops and sides of mountain chains. In these, the counties of Solano and Napa seem to be the most favored.

The Solano Springs—to the description of which I shall confine my attention at the present time—are situated about five miles north of Suisun City, at an elevation of about eleven hundred feet above the level of the sea, and in the midst of the most beautiful and most romantic of scenery. For more than half the distance from Suisun the road runs across the level valley, that, in the spring-time, is carpeted with green turf, variegated with wild flowers of every hue. Groves of dark-green live-oaks, with an occasional farm house peeping from among the oak-openings, and here and there cattle and sheep quietly reposing, or eagerly feeding, displaying a scene of beauty, that I have seldom seen surpassed: and, as I journeyed through it, in the peaceful serenity of the evening, I could almost imagine myself again in the beautiful Chilian vales of Umui and Dormida.

Ascending the steep, but smoothly sloped and gently rounded hills, dotted with trees, a panorama of vast extent and great beauty is rolled out before you. To the south-east, a broad plain extends as far as the eye can reach; to the south, Monte Diablo is the crowning point of a long chain of hills; to the east, and north-east, the shimmering tops of the snow-covered Sierra Nevadas, shine through the deepening haze, with a richer glow, than the glittering gold that is hidden deep beneath their icy crest.

Arriving at the "Empire Spring," and looking down the cañon, is the "White Sulphur Spring." Before going further, perhaps I ought to mention that there are several mineral springs in this chain of

hills, the Empire Spring, the Congre, the head Soda Springs, which is that is lying north to two miles the indication amount than in a cure firm it. The have a cañon of the the last this more lions, named which tance the f



VIEW OF THE SOLANO MINERAL SPRINGS.

hills, the principal of which seem to be the Empire, White Sulphur, Seltzer and Congress. The former is located near the head of a ravine, on the south side of Soda Spring Cañon. This spring furnishes a considerable volume of water, that issues in a jet, with a gurgling noise at intervals of from one to two seconds. The numerous bubbles that rise to the surface would indicate the pressure of a larger amount of carbonic acid gas in this, than in any of the other springs; but a careful analysis has failed to confirm it.

The White Sulphur Spring, as I have said, is near the foot of the cañon, some 200 feet above the bed of the small stream that runs thro' the latter. The flow of water from this spring is small, probably not more than from three to four gallons, daily, but it is highly impregnated with sulphur, the smell of which is perceptible for some distance. From this spring can be seen the famous Suisun marble quarry.

The Congress Spring is but a short distance from the Empire, and very much resembles the latter, except that the escapement of gas is less.

The Seltzer Spring is on the west side of the divide, overlooking the upper por-



A SCENE IN THE FOOT HILLS OF SUISUN VALLEY.

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tion of Suisun Valley. Its pellucid and sparkling waters are equal in taste to the best soda water ever drunk, eclipsing, in flavor at least, the more celebrated Congress and Empire. Each of the Springs, with the exception of the White Sulphur, issues from the fissures of a light, porous, calcareous rock, of singular formation.

These mineral waters have been known to, and even the resort of, native Californians, for more than twenty years, but they have received but little attention until recently; when the following careful analysis of two of the springs, by Dr. Hewston, of San Francisco, discovered the valuable medicinal properties they contained.

	Congress.	Empire.
Specific Gravity,	1.0056	1.0132
Iodide of Potassium,	0.24	1.64
Chloride of Potassium,	0.71	1.66
Chloride of Sodium,	26.90	90.83
Carbonate of Soda,	6.67	14.38
Biborate of Soda,	2.57	6.44
Carbonate of Lime,	6.04	4.46
Carbonate of Magnesia,	1.36	4.57
Carbonate of Iron,	0.08	0.09
Alumina,	0.12	trace
Selica,	0.20	0.40
Dry Solid Matter in 1 pint,	45.00	124.47
Free Carb. Acid Gas, cub. in	33.735	26.207

Their value will be the better appreciated by the perusal of the following note from Drs. I. Rowell and B. A. Sheldon, and with which I shall close this description:

"We have carefully examined the results of Dr. Hewston's analysis of the waters of the Congress and Empire Springs and believe them possessed of remedial virtues superior to any other of the vaunted waters of California, and equal to any in the world. Their Tonic, Alterative, Antacid and Aperient qualities, render them invaluable, when judiciously administered, in the treatment of various chronic affections."

THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL OF SAN FRANCISCO.

"This institution, designed for the reformation and care of idle and dissolute children, as also those convicted of crime, was established by an act of the Legislature, passed April 15th, 1858. It provided that the necessary funds for the erection of the buildings should be raised by an enrollment of life and annual members, and when a fund of \$10,000 had been so realized, then the Board of Supervisors were directed to appropriate the sum of \$20,000 from the city treasury towards that object. The act also provided, that upon the organization of the school, a further appropriation of \$1,000 per month should be made by the Board of Supervisors, for the care and maintenance of the children and the salaries of its officers.

So deeply impressed were our citizens with the urgent necessity of such an institution, that sixty life members and four hundred and thirty-three annual and contributing members enrolled themselves at once; and the sum of \$10,850 having been raised in that way, the appropriation by the city was made, thus placing \$30,850 at the disposal of the Board.

The act fixed the number of managers at seventeen; fourteen of them to be elected by the members of the department, and the other three to be appointed by the Board of Supervisors from their own body. The officers of the department and the chief officers of the school are made amenable to the general laws of the State relating to misdemeanor in office, and the secretary, treasurer, and superintendent and his deputy, are required to enter into bonds for the faithful discharge of their duty. By these wise provisions, the institution is invested with many of the useful features of private charity, while, as a branch of the municipal government, its affairs and the conduct of its officers are subjected to public scrutiny.

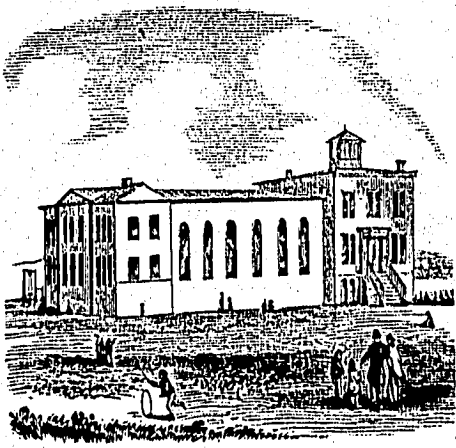
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THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Upon the election of the Board, steps were at once taken to select a proper site for the institution. In this some difficulty was experienced, but finally the Board determined to adopt the lot purchased some years ago by the city for a House of Refuge. The tract contains one hundred acres, most of it good, arable land, and lies about five and a half miles to the south of the city, on the San Jose road. The produce of this land will supply the house, and perhaps in time yield some income. The building is placed near the middle of the tract, on a gentle slope towards the east, and commands a charming view of the surrounding country. On three sides, the elevated hills at a distance of three or four miles surround it in a graceful curve, while directly in front lie the broad expanse of the bay, and the well-defined coast range, with its towering peak of Monte Diablo.

In adopting a plan, the Board had before them descriptions of numerous buildings intended for the same purpose in other cities, and they selected that one which experience had shown to be fittest in every respect. The designs were drawn under instructions from the Board by Mr. Reuben Clarke, and the contract was awarded to Mr. J. J. Denny for the erection of a center building and one wing, at the sum of \$23,000. In consequence of the continued rains of the past winter, the buildings were not finished as soon as the Board had hoped for, but the slower progress has resulted in the better work. The building is Roman in architecture, and constructed of stone in the basement, and brick in the other stories. The centre building is forty-five feet by fifty-seven feet, and consists of two stories and a basement. The height from the ground line to the top of the cornice is thirty-eight feet, and to the top of the bell-tower fifty-six feet. The basement story is ten feet high, and contains the officers' dining room, the kitchen, four



VIEW SAN FRANCISCO INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

closets, two store rooms, two servants' rooms, and halls eight and ten feet wide, extending through the building. The principal story is fourteen feet in height, and contains two rooms sixteen feet by twenty feet, two fifteen feet by twenty feet, two seven feet by fifteen feet, and a front hall eight feet wide, and a back hall ten feet wide, in which latter is placed the stairs. A transverse hall, five feet four inches wide, leads to the wings. This story is devoted to the officers of the Institution.

The second story is twelve feet in height, and is intended for the apartments of the superintendent and other resident officers, and contains a bath room and the necessary closets. The plan contemplates two wings of similar design and finish. The southern, however, is the only one yet built. The height of the wings is twenty-nine feet from the ground line to the top of the cornice. The extreme southern part of the wings is twenty-three feet by fifty-nine feet, and two stories high. The first story, fourteen feet high, contains the dining room of the pupils, twenty-one feet by thirty-three feet, pantry, washing room and water closets for the pupils. The second story of this part of the wing is twelve feet high, and contains the hospital wards, bath rooms, etc. That part

of the wing connecting the southern part just described with the main building, is one story high, with six windows on each side, extending the full height of the wing. In the interior of this stands the dormitory portion, built of brick, eighteen feet by fifty-one feet six inches, three stories high, and each story containing sixteen dormitories, which are five feet six inches by seven feet six inches. The dormitories face outwards towards the walls of the building. A corridor fourteen feet wide, and open to the roof, surrounds the dormitories, which, on the second and third floors, open upon galleries protected by iron railings. The dormitories are ventilated through the doors and the roof, and each gallery is connected with a wash room and water closets. The galleries are approached by the staircases at each end.

The institution was inaugurated on the 17th May last, with appropriate religious services by the Rev. Dr. Anderson, and an address by Col. J. B. Crockett.

The Board have elected Frederick Hennell, Superintendent, and George H. Peck, Teacher, who will also act as Deputy Superintendent for the present. Mrs. Hennell will act, without salary, as Matron, until a regular election."

The above concise history and description of the Industrial School, for the city and county of San Francisco, from the report of the first Board of Managers, will show how this institution came to have "a local habitation and a name."

A few days ago, in order to inspect the building, and ascertain the working of the system employed, and the present condition of an institution established from motives so purely philanthropical, and so glowingly inaugurated, we paid it a visit, and regret to say that we were somewhat disappointed. The situation is excellent; the building, externally, is prepossessing;

and some of its internal arrangements are admirably adapted to the noble aim and end of its generous founders; but after passing into the sleeping quarters of the boys, and looking at the iron-barred windows, and the little brick cells with small iron gratings in the doors, the first impression was, "this is more like a prison than an 'Industrial School.'" It is true that several of the youthful inmates have sought to make their little cells as inviting as possible by pasting engravings from illustrated papers on the wall—and even these, on the morning of the day of our visit, some crusty and self-important personage of the old foggy school requested that "them things" should be "torn down."

The antiquated and exploded idea of "ruling with a rod of iron" seems, unfortunately to have found its way into this institution; and all the angel arts and elevating tendencies of such agencies as taste, refinement, physical and mental amusement, mechanical conception and employment, and a thousand other progressive influences, with all their happy effects, are, as yet, excluded.

At 5½ o'clock, A. M., they are called up, and from that time to half past six they are preparing for breakfast; immediately after that meal is over, they are taken out to work—not at any light, mechanical business, forsooth, but to use a pick and shovel in grading the hill at the back of the building; such labor that is not only much too heavy for their strength, but in which a couple of Irishmen would do more in half a day than the entire corps of twenty-two boys, (the present number in this institution,) could perform in a whole week. At noon, dinner is served up; from one o'clock to half past two, they are employed at picking and shoveling, same as in the morning; at three o'clock they go to school until half past five; supper is given at six; at seven o'clock they again go to school until half

past eight; and a bed.

There are also are allowed to per employment in accordance with their wishes, under the supervision of a matron.

Now we ask,—and in the kinder spirit,—"How is such a routine of can possibly be which is the great the founders of is no gymnastic able play-ground all huddled together, in front of little time allowed, they are much that they rather than boys there, by a general physical, mental and moral training. This situation is most commendably investigated of

THE GREAT

BY ALEX

[Continued]

The minute of bon makes in his 243, following agrees very much variations on the recently killed. singular elongation of feathers (on the crown of the bird, coming down the sides of the male has no such neck-skin are not and pretty well. The wing of the I have seen, like the white band the wing, and

past eight; and at nine they are sent to bed.

There are also three girls here, who are allowed to perform any kind of employment in accordance with their tastes and wishes, under the supervision of the matron.

Now we ask,—and we do it anxiously and in the kindest and most forbearing spirit,—“How is it possible that, with such a routine of daily employment, they can possibly be improved in morals, and which is the great and laudable aim of the founders of the institution?” There is no gymnasium; no workshop; no suitable play-ground, so that now they are all huddled together in the basement story, in front of their cells, during the little time allowed them for leisure. Indeed, they are made to feel by far too much that they are *juvenile prisoners*, rather than boys and girls who are placed there, by a generous public, for their physical, mental, and moral improvement. This should not be, and we earnestly commend the subject to the careful investigation of the Board of Managers.

THE GREAT CONDOR OF CALIFORNIA.

BY ALEXANDER S. TAYLOR.

[Continued from page 22.]

The minute descriptions which Audubon makes in his note on this bird, at page 243, following Douglas' memorandum, agrees very nearly with our own observations on the living animal, or when recently killed. The exceptions are in the singular elongated diamond-shaped band of feathers (on a white skin) which covers the crown of the head of the male bird, coming down before the eyes, over the sides of the head or chops;—the *female has no such marks*, but its head and neck-skin are all of a copperish dark olive, and pretty well covered with feathers. The wing of the female in five specimens I have seen, living and dead, always has the white band across the under part of the wing, and this white band has a line

of mottled, dusky spots in the middle—a fact which can be easily proven with a glass (which I have often done) on a clear day, when the two sexes are seen soaring together in the air, at certain seasons.—*These evident differences have been left unexplained* (so far as we have been able to read) from the year 1770 to the year 1859, and often causing confusion among scientific naturalists and amateurs, as to whether there might not be another species of the California Condor in existence, north or south. It is plain that the specimen procured by Dr. J. K. Townsend in Oregon (about 1836) and noted by Audubon in 1839, was a female—“the young individual” mentioned by him on the last-mentioned page, answered, in colors, exactly to a female specimen examined in 1855, by Dr. Ord and myself, and heretofore detailed. Audubon's specimen from Townsend, were as follows: Length to end of tail, 48 inches; bill, along the ridge, 4 inches; wing, from flexure, 32 inches; tail, 16 inches; tarsus, 4 inches; middle toe, 4 inches; its claw, 1 9-12 in. Audubon also says the iris of the eye is hazel. In ten birds I have seen killed, of both sexes, they were of a light pink or carmine. Another specimen mentioned in the aforesaid 5th volume, and likely the Condor figured in his splendid painted engravings, was from Douglas' specimens in the London Museum, measured 55 inches from head to end of tail; bill, along the ridge, 4 1/2 inches; wing, from flexure, 34 inches; tail, 16 inches; tarsus, 4 1/2 inches; hind toe, 1 5-12 inches; its claw, 2 inches.

Bonaparte, in his *American Ornithology*, Vol. 4,—Edinburgh, 1831—says of this bird, that “it was introduced to the notice of naturalists by Mr. Menzies, who brought a specimen from California in 1795, and deposited it in the British Museum.” Dr. Archibald Menzies was the surveyor of Vancouver's English expedition, which surveyed the Coast of California and north-west America, in 1792, and had also served under Capt. Cook in 1770-75, and carried to Europe the first specimens of natural history from our present Territories on the Pacific; he afterwards obtained a great reputation in the scientific world. He died in Ireland, only a few years after the discovery of California gold, at the vigorous Eldorado age of a ninety genarian, a man held in the highest esteem among his friends and countrymen, as well as by learned men.



THE MALE CALIFORNIA CONDOR, ON THE WING.

The first to the world by Dr. George Menzies, age, (it is there is of this October, ports.) to have been 1838, from a copy of Francisco also to Birds, as stated quoted, mens. called ramphus nianus-Columb for aug names. Americ ifornia, red-ho

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The first description of this bird given to the world, seems to have been made by Dr. George Shaw, in his Naturalist's Miscellany of 1779 or 1789, probably from Menzies, on his return from Cook's voyage, (it is difficult to say, exactly, as there is ten years difference in the dates of this work, as quoted in the 9th Vol. October, 1858, of Pacific Rail-road Reports.) The full figures of the bird seem to have been first made by Audubon about 1838, from stuffed specimens in his grand illustrated work on the Birds of America, a copy of which may be seen in the San Francisco Mercantile Library—and one also to be found in Gray's Genera of Birds, published in London, 1844-49—as stated in the Rail-road Volume above quoted, *both, doubtless, from dried specimens.* The California Condor has been called by Scientific Naturalists, *Sarcophagus Californianus*—*Vulture Californianus*—*Cathartes Californianus*—*Vulture Columbianus*—*Cathartes Vulturinus*, and for aught we know, many other Latin names. In California it is known as *Buitre Auron*—*Gallinazo Grande*, in Spanish—the American hunters and rancheros in California, also call it *Vulture*, and *Condor*, red-headed and yellow-headed *Vulture*.

It remains only to say that preserved specimens of the California Condor are now, (1859,) as we are informed, to be found in the Museum of the Smithsonian Institute, Washington; in the Museum of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Science; in the Museum of the California Academy of Science, San Francisco, and, we believe, that of Stockton also; in England, in the British Museum, and the Museum of J. A. Gurnoy, Norwich, (which is said to be one of the most valuable collections of Raptorial Birds, or birds of prey, in Europe,) and in the Museum of the Garden of Plants, Paris. The two English Museums contain specimens, male and female, full grown, and accompanied by skeletons of the bird, which were forwarded by the writer from California, to Mr. W. in 1853, to more fully clear up the doubts among naturalists in Europe, and to add to the valuable collection of an honored friend, whose scientific tastes he had the pleasure to gratify with specimens of the veritable Condor of California. The eggs of the bird have been much sought after by hunters and vaqueros, to supply the demand of Museums at home and abroad, but, as yet, as far as we know, without

success, from their extreme scarcity, and the difficult and dangerous access to the haunts of the bird. The diversities of descriptions, opinions and names of these two distinguished giants of the feathered kingdom of the Pacific Americas, among learned writers and scientific men, may well cause a smile with literaries and readers, at the empiricism and uncertainties of science. It is even not yet known, *only surmised*, that the Condor of California is an inhabitant of the country of the Great Buffalo Prairies, at the eastern bases of the Rocky Mountain chain, where there is such abundant food for them. The buffalo itself is asserted never to have come west of the Rocky Mountains, at least as far as the California Snowy Range, though in December, 1858, the Territorial Enterprise, printed at Genoa, Carson Valley, is informed by a correspondent, that one was seen in that vicinity at the Eastern declivities of the Sierra Nevada, quietly browsing on his daily greens of good grass. There is an old tradition, as we have been told, among some of the California Indian tribes, that the buffalo was once numerous in our El Dorado. And we see no reason to doubt it. They may have come over the Nevadas after a succession of very mild seasons. In Vancouver's expedition, in 1802, an animal is described at Monterey, which can be hardly anything else but a buffalo. In none of the works spoken of in the foregoing notes, have we seen mention made of faithful portraits being taken from nature of the California Condor, nor even of the Chilean Condor—those of Audubon and Shaw, of the California bird, were from stuffed specimens in London, or Philadelphia, and of course can be worth but very little as representatives of true life. Now, as the art of painting animals has obtained great celebrity in later years, and occupied the life-long labors of such artists as Audubon, Rosa Bonhom, Landseer, Duncan, and the most celebrated of those of France, Germany and the United States, how is it that none of our numerous painters of San Francisco—and it may be confessed that works of real merit have been executed by California artists, which would do honor to older countries—how is it we say, that none of them have been able *to spare time* to take accurate portraits of the male and female Condor of our State? The birds may often be found in the vi-

THE MALE CALIFORNIA CONDOR ON THE WING



cinity of San Mateo, near the peak called on the County Map of San Francisco, Sierra de Auras, or where the offal of the butchers is thrown out. We can say, for one who knows, that such paintings from nature by competent artists, (who ought to be bird bitten) would sell at most remunerative prices—but more particularly with the accompaniment of the female bird, and, if possible, the young and eggs. Europe and the Atlantic cities would show plenty of purchasers of such works, as persons of wealth and taste abound there ready to purchase all paintings of merit, *from nature*, of the birds and animals of California—particularly the larger and more celebrated animals, Condors, Eagles, Grizzlys, Elks, etc., as *Europe nor America does not, at this late period*, possess portraits of them from life, by good painters. I fancy one wants to see what good painting is—let him examine the plate of the Mocking Bird and Rattlesnake in Audubon's work, at the Mercantile Library. One of the most celebrated, but profoundly painful pictures of the last twenty years of the French School, was an after-battle scene, with the birds of ill omen preying on the remnants of poor mortality. Now, as nature is nature, as much in the Condor as in Lions and Tigers, why could not a good artist take a different, but fully as natural a subject, as a flock of the Condors feeding on a dead deer or elk, which may be seen in the mountains, from June to October, and which would give all the natural features and attitudes of both male and female birds with great effect, and make as good a subject as a snake swallowing a thrush, or a bird *gulping a fish*.

The foregoing short notices of the male California Condor, dated the 1st and 16th of November, 1854, were published, originally, in the California Farmer of November, 1854, and were afterwards republished in several of the California papers, and, also, abridged by the London Zoologist (Magazine) of August, 1855, and from this last, down into German, by Dr. Carl Bolle, and published in 1857, in the 5th volume of Cabanis' "Journal for Ornithologie," of Cassel. The remainder of the notes on the Condor of Chili were mostly compiled in August, 1855,—except where otherwise dated. The extended and varied addenda on the Female Condor of California, and some other notes of appearances and ha-

bits, were made in the fall of 1855, and have *never before appeared in print*. With many other additions and extracts made in March, 1850, on both species of Condors, and leaving their dates for proper comparison, I think I may say I have brought the amateur, literary California history of these two celebrated birds—the largest of the flying birds—down to the latest date, and made it fuller, for the reference and use of naturalists and general readers, that has hitherto appeared in Europe and America.

Since the California epoch of 1848, and the stimulus communicated to all investigations, scientific and literary, it may be said that all history and literature has to be revised and rewritten, from the spot where human affairs take a new start—or new race, over the earth and earthly affairs, past and existing; and as its volume extends, the most distant and secret recesses and haunts of man and nature, will be searched out and examined; with many more eyes than the god Argus had; until the circle of ripples gliding into the world's ocean of hidden mysteries will penetrate and clarify to the very bottom of the Well of Truth—as far, at least, as human genius is capable of accomplishing. MONTEREY, Mar. 31, 1859.

Addenda, 7th May, 1859.—The young Condor, mentioned on page 537, Vol. 3d of this Magazine, proved, on opening, to be a male. The *craw*, or dilatation of the gullet, was filled with the finely comminuted flesh of some animal; The *stomach* contained oat grains and straw, with undigested fragments of acorns, excrement of mice or squirrels, and small pieces of wood, stone and earth. The beak has a small prominence on its top, at the curve, which is not in the old bird, and its edge is very eligibly toothed. It is not known if the present bird feeds its young, or the chick feeds itself from food brought to them; but from the beak and tongue of the above specimen, he was as ready formed to tear and eat as a young alligator. The egg is a little smaller at one end than the other; its shell is about three times thicker than that of a turkey egg. My old friend, Capt. John B. Cooper, who knew David Douglass intimately, when in California, in 1829-30, informed me, a few days ago, that Douglass searched in vain for the eggs of the Condor, throughout the Santa Lucia Range, nor could he get them at any price he offered to the Indians or country people.

TO A MOCKING BIRD, SINGING IN A TREE.

BY JOHN R. RIDGE.

Sing on, thou little mocker, sing—
 Sarcastic poet of the bowery clime!
 Though full of scoff, thy notes are sweet
 As ever filled melodious rhyme!
 I love thee for thy gracefulness,
 And for thy jollity—such happiness!
 Oh, I could seize it for my booty,
 But that the deed would make thy music less.

Say, now, do not the feathery bands
 Feel hatred for thy songs which mock their own!
 And, as thou passest by, revile
 Thee angrily, with envy in their tone?
 Or are their little breasts too pure
 To know the pangs our human bosoms feel?
 Perhaps they love thee for that same,
 And from thy sweetness new heart-gushes steal?

Upon the summit of yon tree
 How gaily thou dost sing? how free from pain
 Oh, would that my sad heart could bound
 With half the Eden rapture of thy strain!
 I then would mock at every tear
 That falls where Sorrow's shaded fountains flow,
 And smile at every sigh that heaves
 In dark regret o'er some bewildering woe.

But mine is not thy breast—nor would
 I place within its little core one sting
 That goads my own, for all the bliss
 That heartless robbery of thee would bring.
 Ah no, still keep thy music-power,
 The over radiant glory of thy soul,
 And let thy voice of melody
 Soar on, as now, abhorrent of control.

Maybe, thou sing'st of heaven sometimes,
 As raptured consciousness pervades thy breast;
 Maybe, of some far home, where Love
 O'er Bird-land spreads soft, cooling shades of rest.
 If man, whose voice is far less sweet
 Than thine, looks high for his eternal home
 Oh say, do not thy dreamings too
 To some green spot and habitation roam?

If living *thought* can never die,
 Why should thine own expire? If there is love
 Within thy heart, it *must* live on,
 Nor less than man's have dwelling-place above.
 Thy notes shall then be brighter far
 Than now they be! And I may listen, too,
 With finer ear, and clearer soul,
 Beneath a shade more soft, a sky more blue!

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BRIEF MEMORIALS OF ALEXANDER MALASPINA,
The California Navigator: with an Original Autograph.

BY ALEX. S. TAYLOR, OF MONTEREY.

Don Manuel Erquerra, Purser in the Royal Navy of His Majesty, on board the Corvet La Atrevida.

Certificate given for account of the King's Corvets Descubierta and Atrevida at the demand of the "Capitan del Navio de la Real Armada," Don Alexandro Malaspina, destined for a voyage round the globe, made for the part of the Rev. Padre Friar Fermin Francisco de Lasuen, President of the Mission of New California; the pulses and seeds, with the statement of their prices and imports, manifested in the following form, viz:

	pesos.	reals.
14 fanegas of Peas, @ 12 reals a fanega,.....	27	0
37 " Frigoles, (beans,) @ 20 reals do.,.....	92	4
6 " Habas, (large beans,) @ 20 reals do.,.....	15	0
2 " Barley, @ 8 reals a fanega,.....	2	0
Total,.....	130	4

Making the pulses and seeds amount to a hundred and thirty and a half dollars; which amount, according to the solicitation of the aforesaid Rev. Padre President, has been placed against the aforesaid commandante of the Expedition until his arrival at the port of Acapulco, for him to settle on account of the Royal Hacienda in Mexico, with the Rev. Padre Guardian of the College of San Fernando; and in case of any accident happening with the ships, it should not be settled in this way, it is solicited that the said money may be paid or arranged with the Royal Treasury in the said city, when this certificate is presented, which is given in duplicate, so that if one is paid the other may be without effect. Done on board the Corvet of His Majesty named the Atrevida, in the port of Monterey, this 23d of September, 1791.

D. P.

Alexandro Malaspina

Manuel Erquerra

The following extract (free translation) from the old parish book of deaths of the Catholic Mission of Monterey, shows a curious record of past times in California, as well as interest in connection with the name of Malaspina. It is probably the earliest and only account of the burial of an American in California during the times of the king of Spain, and is inserted here from the author's Prologue to California, published in the *California Farmer*, of May, 1855. This old MS.

book of Monterey deaths has a scriptural text for its motto, in the handwriting of Padre Junipero Serra, which is particularly appropriate to California men, aspects and events, as herein: "For we are like water spilt on the ground, which cannot be gathered up again."

"On this 13th day of September, 1791, in the cometary of the church of the Royal Presidio of Monterey, being present the Sonor Don Francisco de Paulo Anino, chaplain of one of the corvets of His Majesty, anchored in this port, named

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ER MALASPINA

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BRIEF MEMORIALS OF ALEXANDER MALASPINA.

the Atrevida, I gave ecclesiastical sepulture to the body of Juan Graem, [John Ingraham or Graham—A. S. T.], gunner on board the said corvette, a native of the city of Boston, in the States of the United Provinces of America; legitimate son of Juan and Catalina Mullen of the same city. The deceased was of the sect of the Presbyterians, but he had abjured these errors and had made repentance and obtained absolution for the previous errors and sin he had in consequence incurred, before he left Cadiz; and having been fortified in the dogmas of our Sanctified Faith, he died receiving the most holy sacraments of absolution, the Eucharist and extreme unction. And for the truth of these things I sign my name.

FRIAR JOSE SENAN."

Alexander Malaspina was employed by the Spanish government, between the years 1784 and 1794, as a scientific surveyor and hydrographer of the Pacific coasts of Spanish America, from Cape Horn to Behring's Straits. His charts and maps of Pacific Mexico, California and Northwest America were published by the Spanish government under the names of other authors, and afterwards formed the most reliable data for Spanish mariners down to the revolution of 1825. They were also those most in use by the English and American pilots in the Pacific trade, so far as related to the Spanish American coasts south of the parallel of Cape Mendocino, until the surveys of Beechey, 1827; Belcher, 1838 to 1840; King, Fitzroy and Sullivan, 1828 to 1836. The surveys of Cook, 1772 to 1778; La Perouse, 1786; Vancouver, 1792; the Spanish surveys, 1774 to 1791; Gray, Ingraham and Kendrick, 1786 to 1792, (Americans); Krusenstoon and other Russians to 1818; and finally to Wilkes, U. S. surveys, 1840-41, related more particularly to the coast included between Cape Mendocino and Behring's Straits.

Admiral A. DuPetit Thouars, of the French Navy, in 1837-39 also made important and valuable additions to the Hydrography of Western Mexico, New

and Old California, and the coasts to the north of the present Washington Territory. This excellent officer left a name of great esteem and regard among the natives and old California pioneers.

The charts and maps of Malaspina were drawn up by Don Felipe Bauza (vide Findlay), and may still be found in use by Spanish navigators—the originals of Bauza have become scarce. The chart of Monterey Bay and other points on this coast, made by Malaspina, are well done,—as we judge from two or three in our possession—his principal error was in longitude, caused by the defective time instruments of the last century.—

For the very best accounts of all, relating to the Pacific coast and islands, see the learned work of Alexander G. Findlay, 2 vols. octavo, London, 1851, pp. 1400. This is a book worth a compiling author's name, and exhibits the greatest industry, research and liberality. Our own Bowditch and Blunt, are sorrowfully at fault in their directories or accounts of the Californias, Old Oregon and northwards. They seem to have been almost unacquainted with the hydrographical labors of American, English, Spanish, Russian and French surveys relating to our part of the world, though published (some of them) a hundred years before the date of their Coast Pilots and Navigators. This will be immediately perceived on reference to positions of points and places north of Panama up to Sitka, noted in their volumes.

The names of the old Spanish officers employed on the coast of California—many of whom were friends or companions of Malaspina—occur in after works and charts on the Hydrography of Atlantic and Pacific Spanish America, and in many of her naval battles with English ships during the wars of Napoleon and the French revolution. Some of them may be found in the list of engaged, killed and wounded in the narratives (Span-

ish and English) of the battle of Trafalgar (vide Godoy's Memoirs), etc., etc. The most of their names are preserved in the archives of Old Spain, now under the charge of the United States Surveyor General of California, at San Francisco, and they are many of them mentioned in the Monterey books of Baptisms and Confirmations, as acting as padrinas for the children of the Royal Presido of Monterey.

The names are as follows: Juan Perez, Bruno Hececa, Juan de Ayala, Antonio Maurrelle, Juan Francisco de la Bodga y Quadra, Ignacio Arteaga, Estovan Martinez, Gonzalo Haro, Manuel Quimper, Salvador Fidalgo, Francisco Elosa, Dionisio Aleala Galeano, Cazetano Valdez, Jacinto Camano, Juan Bustamante, Ciriaea Cevallos, Jose Narvaez, Francisco Maurrelle, Juan Varnaci, Secundino Salamanca, Viconte Vila, Manuel Pino, Joaquin B. Marquina, Jose Cordero, Fernando Quiros, Jose Canzinares, Jose Manuel de Alava, Alonzo de Torres, and also those of many others which may be found on consulting the aforesaid manuscript archives, and the old parochial books of Monterey church.

The following extract from Greenhow's History of California and Oregon, 4th edition, Boston, 1837, at page 222, will more fully show Malaspina's services and treatment, and very little more it seems is known of Malaspina by American or English writers:

"On the 2d of June, 1791, Capt. Alexander Malaspina, an accomplished Italian navigator in the service of Spain, who was then engaged in an expedition of survey and discovery in the Pacific, arrived on the coast near Mt. San Jacinto or Edgocumbo, with his two ships, the Descubierta commanded by himself, and the Atrevida, under Captain Bustamante.—The principal object of their visit was to determine the question as to the existence of the Straits of Aniam, described in the account of Maldonado's pretended voyage; the creditability of which, in the preceding year, (1790,) had been affirmed by

the French geographer Bauche, in a memoir read before the Academy of Sciences of Paris. With this view, they carefully examined the coast between Prince William's Sound and Mt. Fairweather, running nearly in the direction of the 60th parallel, under which Maldonado had placed the entrance of his Strait into the Pacific, searching the various bays and inlets which there open to the sea, particularly that called by the English, *Admiralty Bay*, at the foot of Mount St. Elias. They found, however, doubtless to their satisfaction, no passage leading northward or eastward from the Pacific; and they became convinced that the whole coast thus surveyed was bordered by an unbroken chain of lofty mountains.—Want of time prevented them from continuing their examinations further south, and they could only, in passing, determine the latitudes and longitudes of a few points between Mt. San Jacinto and Nootka Sound, where they arrived on the 13th of August.

"The journals of Malaspina have never been published. A sketch of his voyage along the northwest coasts of America is given in the introduction of the Journal of Galiano and Valdes, in which the highest and in some places most extravagant praise is bestowed on the officers engaged in it. Yet—will it be believed—the name of Malaspina does not appear there or in any other part of the book. The unfortunate commander having given some offence to Godoy, better known as the Prince of the Peace, who then ruled Spain without restriction, was on his return to Europe in 1794, confined in a dungeon at Corunna, and there kept as a prisoner until 1802, when he was liberated, after the peace of Amiens, at the express desire of Napoleon. The name of one who had thus sinned could not be allowed to appear on the pages of a work published officially by the Spanish government for the purpose of vindicating the claims of its navigators."

This is the latest and only reliable matter relating to Malaspina, except noted herein from Humboldt. Where he lived, or what he did subsequent to his liberation, or where and when he died, or anything relating to his family, seem to be entirely unknown to American and English writers, at least as far as we have seen from published works. Most prob-

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ably, like unto Christopher Columbus, Juan de Fuca, Sebastian Vizenino, and many other old sailors, knowing little about business matters, or the ways of long-shore people, he was cheated out of his life and his purse, died of a broken heart, and was buried in some unknown grave. We hope these mementos will induce some rich Californian traveling in Italy to search out the family of Malaspina and give to the world a copy of his portrait and a publication of his voyages and works. This would be some sense—much more than in cutting up extras among the outsiders. Of the many rich Californians who have visited Europe since 1849, how many can we count who have benefited their adopted State, by searching out her hidden memorials in old Spain, Britain, France, Italy, Russia or elsewhere. Nothing has been brought by which their countrymen can recall their acts or memories with grateful odors. Seven hundred millions have leaked through the sieve, and yet with how little benefit. At least one hundred rich Californians must visit Europe every year. What in the name of God and the good Saints have these people ever done but eat, drink, dance, talk and look while they were out of California. So far they seem nothing but dollar men. But we must wait patiently for the next generation of Californians—their fathers' souls appear to be crushed down with the crush and rush of law, commerce, speculation, politics, mines and land titles.

Humboldt, in 1808, says, "that the Viceroy Aranza employed Sr. Casasola, of the Spanish navy to draw up at Mexico, accounts of the California marine expeditions ordered by his predecessors the viceroys Bucarelli, Flores and Revillagigedo. These works consist of, 1st, An atlas of 26 maps made from the observations of Perez, Canisarez, Galeano, Anadra and Malaspina. 2d, An Historical Compendium of the navigations of the

northern coasts of California [all up to the Russian settlements was California then.—A. S. T.] ordained in the city of Mexico, 1799. 3d, In the Voyages, etc., of Bodega y Quadra to 1792, on the California coasts. And 4th, a Reconnoitre of the four Russian establishments north of California in 1788; a curious expedition ordered by the Viceroy Flores and described by Antonio Bonilla.

"The corvettes Descubierta and Atrevida, commanded by Don Alexander Malaspina, determined chronometrically the difference of longitude between Acapulco, San Blas, Cape San Lucas, and Montorey. Malaspina placed Montorey (1791) at $36^{\circ} 35' 45''$ of north latitude, and of longitude $124^{\circ} 23' 45''$ west. La Perouse at $123^{\circ} 34' 0''$, in 1786—and Vancouver in 1792 at $123^{\circ} 54' 30''$, of longitude." Vide Essay on New Spain, vol. 1, p. 58 of Introduction, London edition of 1811.

"The Spanish expedition of Captain Elisa was followed by two others, which for the importance of their astronomical operations and the excellence of the instruments with which they were provided may be compared with the expeditions of Cook, La Perouse and Vancouver; I mean the voyages of the illustrious Malaspina in 1791, and that of Galeano and Valdez in 1792. The operations of Malaspina and the officers under him embrace an immense extent of coast, from the Rio de la Plata of Buenos Ayres to Prince Williams' Sound on the northwest coast of America. But this eminent navigator is still more celebrated for his misfortunes than his discoveries. After examining both hemispheres, and escaping all the dangers of the ocean, (in his voyage round the world, etc.) he had still greater to suffer from his court, and he dragged out six years in a dungeon, the victim of political intrigue. He obtained his liberty from the French court, [after the capture of Corunna by Marshal Soult, —A. S. T.] and returned to his native

country, where he enjoys in solitude on the banks of the Arno, the profound impressions which the contemplation of nature and the study of man under so many different climates have left on a mind of great sensibility tried in the school of adversity." [With what a magnificent air did the now venerable philosopher of Berlin ventilate the fame of our California worthy.—A. S. T.]

"The labors of Malaspina remain buried in the Archives of Spain, not because the Government dreaded the disclosures of secrets, the concealment of which might be deemed useful, but *that the name of this useful navigator might be doomed to eternal oblivion.* [As in the case of Juan de Fuca in 1592.—A. S. T.] Fortunately the directors of the Hydrographic Office at Madrid have published to the world the principal results of the astronomical observations of Malaspina's expeditions. The charts which have appeared at Madrid since 1799 are founded in a great measure on Malaspina's results, but, *instead of the name of the chief, we merely find the name of the corvettes Descubierta and Atrévada, which were commanded by Malaspina.*

"This expedition, which set out from Cadiz on the 30th of July, 1789, only arrived at Acapulco on the 2d of February, 1791, where the expedition received orders from the Viceroy at Mexico, to verify the existence of the Straits of Aniam spoken of by Maldonado in 1588; the accounts of which had been revived by Monsieur Bauche, in a memoir before the Academy of Sciences of Paris, a short time before. Malaspina, accompanied by the celebrated botanists Haenke and Née, left Acapulco on the 1st of May, 1791, and after a three weeks' passage commenced the survey of the northwest coasts from Mt. St. Jacinto, near Cape Edgecumbe, and continued them with great care and accuracy until he anchored in Port Mulgrave, in latitude 59° 34' north,

having failed to find the Straits of Maldonado. From Port Mulgrave he sailed for Nootka Sound (Vancouver's Island), examined the coasts thereaway, and sailing southward returned to San Blas in October, 1791; on his voyage ascertaining, by celestial observations ashore, the positions of Nootka, Monterey, the island of Guadaloupe [off Lower California coast, near lat. 30°.—T.] and Cape San Lucas, all of which were made by means of four sea watches of Arnold of London. In these astronomical duties he was assisted by his officers, Espinosa, Cervallos and Vernacci. Malaspina had previous to 1789 been round the globe in the frigate L'Astre, bound to Manilla.

"On his return to Mexico (Oct. 1791), being discontented with not having seen at a sufficient nearness the extent of coast from Nootka to Cape Mendocino, Malaspina engaged the Viceroy Revillagigedo to prepare a new expedition of discovery towards the northwest coast of America. The Viceroy, who was of an active and enterprising disposition, yielded with so much the greater facility to this desire, as new information received from the Spanish officers at the Nootka Sound colony seemed to give probability to the discovery of the straits attributed to the Greek pilot, Juan de Fuca, in 1592.—These accounts were from Quimper and Elisa, who had affirmed their entrance into these waters, and even the discovery of secure and spacious ports therein. It was to complete their surveys that the schooners Sutil and Mejicana, under the command of Dionisio Galino and Cayetano Valdez, left Acapulco for the northwest coasts, on the 8th of March, 1792, whose observations are described at large in the account of their voyage, published at Madrid in 1802, by order of the King." Vide essay on New Spain, vol. 2d, p. 376, *et seq.*

This is all we can gather in California, from mentioned authorities, touching the

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affairs of Malaspina. It seems from Humboldt, (his essay on New Spain is dated at Paris in 1807,) that Malaspina was living somewhere near Florence in 1808, while Humboldt was finishing his work on Mexico.

Malaspina's ancestors were distinguished in Florentine history in the times of Dante, (1300,) and even in our day the family of Malaspinas are mentioned in the biographies of the wondrous poet of the Divina Comedia, as his tried friends. It was only in April, 1859, that the widow of a Count Malaspina was married at Havana, Cuba, to the distinguished musical composer, Albertis, well known in the artistic circles of New York and the Atlantic cities.

A SUMMER MORNING.

BY AURILLA F. STEVENS.

Silent the summer morning breaks,
And shows the bright blue sky above;
And with the light, the wild bird wakes
And breathes aloud its notes of love;
They strike a gentle chord, and raise
Within the breast a kindred song,
That mingles with the warbled lays
And floats with nature's notes along.

The sweetest buds are opening now
On mountainslope, near rippling stream;
And in the wreaths on Summer's brow
The roses in the sunlight gleam;
They bend to meet the fickle breeze
That fans them with a loving sigh,
And wafts their fragrance through the
Then, over changing, passes by. [trees,

Fair, sunny morn! thy new-born light
Again rests on the leafy bowers—
Again has drunk the dew-drops bright
That glistened in the lowly flowers;
And in thy warm life-giving rays
The bloom and shrubs that Earth adorn
Spring up, and in a thousand ways
Greet thee, O lovely Summer morn!

FUN-POETRY.

It is curious to remark the influence that the different ages of the world have had in producing poetical compositions. Not only the times, but the peculiar condition of any country and people may be very well learned by simply making one's self acquainted with the poetry of any particular age. This will scarcely apply, though, to those great leading spirits whose souls have gone out beyond themselves and the ages and people amidst which they lived, but to those simpler and more domestic productions which live in the hearts of the people, never absent from memory, and often repeated by both old and young. Then, what, from the poetry of the age, are our traits of character? The leading feature of our age certainly takes a cheerful and merry turn, after Celtic and Norman elements. It is almost French, yet is redeemed by lacking (thank kind Heaven for it) their garlicky odor of desperation, and reckless tendency to self-destruction. This is no doubt owing to the Celtic elements with which we are largely tinctured. This, too, accounts for the fact that even to this day and perhaps for all time to come, the poet Robert Burns is and will be one of, if not the most, popular poets whose works hold a place in our libraries. We do not admire, nor have we time to read, those long, tedious performances that amused our Saxon ancestors. What is here said of our poetry, is also true of our music, for they go hand in hand.

But let us get back to our subject, and quote something from the unknown poets to prove our position. Who among you does not often recall some little anonymous performance in the poetical corner of some newspaper, that sparkles, and is full of genius? There are thousands of these unclaimed bantlings in the literature of the day—gems in the crown

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Spain, vol. 2d, p.

gather in California,

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of unknown genius. They make sport of our follies, and show up our shortcomings; turn love and fame, deceit and passion, into strange companionship; paint a moral, and adorn a rustic's story: words of living memory.

The passion of love has been in all ages a fruitful theme for poetical composition. I have culled from the field of literature a couple of those love stories that at once illustrate the position I have taken respecting the peculiar poetical tendency of our times, and will give them here, because they go to prove what I have said, and deserve, as well, to be more permanently recorded and kept out of that immense field of forgotten literature. The first is a parody upon that beautiful poem of the late Edgar A. Poe, styled "Annabel Lee." This is styled "Deborah Lee," and she is supposed to be her sister—one of those frail beings who "die early" and vanish, alas! too soon from our gaze; it almost breaks the heart that so solemn an event as her death is supposed to be, is in this sacrilegious manner taken advantage of to make us laugh; but with their poetical licences, nothing is too sacred, nothing escapes—here it is:

"'Tis a dozen or so of years ago,
Somewhere in the West countree,
That a nice girl lived, as the Hoosiers
By the name of Deborah Lee— [know,
Her sister was loved by Edgar Poe,
But Deborah by me.
Now I was green, and she was green
As a summer squash might be;
But we loved as warmly as other folks,
I and my Deborah Lee,
With a love that the lassies of Hoosier-
Coveted her and me." [dom

No doubt the lassies coveted, the world over, this disposition.

"But somehow it happened long ago,
In the aguish West countree,
That a chill March morning gave the
To my beautiful Deborah Lee; [shakes
And the grim steam Doctor (curse him)
And bore her away from me, [came,
The Doctor and Death—old partners
In the aguish countree." [they—

Just fancy the beautiful creature shaking to death, the steam Doctor, wet sheets, and chattering teeth.

"The angels wanted her up in Heaven,
(But they never asked for me,)
And that is the reason, I rather guess,
In the aguish West countree,
That the cold March wind, the Doctor and
Took off my Deborah Lee, [Death,
My beautiful Deborah Lee,
From the warm sunshine and the opening
And hid her away from me." [flowers,

What a fancy—jealous of the angels in Heaven! what a republican he must have been!—good as any of them—a companion for gods and angels.

"Our love was as strong as a six-horse
Or the love of folks older than we, [team,
And possibly wiser than we;
But Death, with the aid of Doctor and
Was rather too many for me, [Steam,
So he closed the peepers and stopped the
Of my sweetheart Deborah Lee, [breath
And her form lies cold in the prairie
Silent and cold—oh me!" [mold—

That six-horse team is a rather strong simile, and not very poetical; but the close of the verse makes up:—

"The foot of the hunter shall press the
And the prairie's sweet flowers [grave,
In their odorous beauty around it wave,
Through all the summer hours,
The still bright summer hours;
And the birds shall sing in the tufted
And the nectar-laden bee [grass,
With his dreamy hum, on his gauze wing
She wakes no more to me! [pass—
Ah, never more to me!
Though the wild birds sing and the wild
flowers spring,
She wakes no more to me."

Turn, reader, and peruse that again, for there is deep and hidden beauty in it, and then sympathise with the poor, disconsolate young man, and feel the deep melody, and fancy you hear his regret in his last refrain, then tell me, is there not something in it?

"Yet oft, in the hush of the dim still night,
A vision of beauty I see,
Gliding soft to my bedside, a phantom of
Dear, beautiful Deborah Lee, [light—
My bride that was to be;

And I wake to me

And the cold March
Of my darling
Adorable Deborah
That the angels
Before they wa

One scarcely le
or shed tears over
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The following
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"O list to me,
Thou sweet
Love makes me
Like sugar
My vision is
My trains
And the sweet
Is circled
For my heart
Is just and
And keeps up
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O! show me one s
plication
I crave nothing fur
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What figures ar
dy-shops, brandy-
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or's Heaven. And
lows:—

"O Lizzie! I
I feel all
I'm done up a
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The joys of m
Have out st
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The world has
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Of life I am w
And I wish
Would dawn on m
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And I wake to mourn that the Doctor and
 And the cold March wind, should stop the
 Of my darling Deborah Lee, [Death,
 Adorable Deborah Lee; [breath
 That the angels should want her up in
 Before they wanted me." [Heaven

One scarcely knows whether to laugh
 or shed tears over this; for my part I have
 done both, and hardly know now which
 affords me the most pleasure. "That the
 angels should want her up in heaven be-
 fore they wanted me"—what a refrain!
 how often human experience feels the
 same thought burning into and branded
 upon the soul.

The following is, perhaps, not so
 smooth and noble a strain, but it has in-
 finitely more quirks and oddities in it.

"O list to me, Lizzie,
 Thou sweet lump of candy—
 Love makes me feel dizzy,
 Like sugar and brandy;
 My vision is reeling—
 My brains are all burning—
 And the sweet cream of feeling,
 Is curdled by churning:
 For my heart 'neath my jacket
 Is up and down jumping,
 And keeps up such a racket,
 With its thumping and bumping,
 O! show me one smile—'tis my last sup-
 plication;
 I crave nothing further—'twill be my sal-
 vation!"

What figures are here presented: can-
 dy-shops, brandy-shops, dairies, pastoral
 life and pursuits, salvation and the lov-
 er's Heaven. And what deep despair fol-
 lows:—

"O Lizzie! I'm worsted—
 I feel it all over;
 I'm done up and bursted—
 A broken down lover;
 The joys of my bosom
 Have cut stick and vanished;
 I know'd I should lose 'em,
 When my true love you banished;
 The world has grown dreary,
 In sackcloth of sorrow;
 Of life I am weary,
 And I wish that to-morrow
 Would dawn on my grave in that peace-
 giving valley
 Where I'd not care for you, nor for Susan
 or Sally."

That addition of Susan and Sally was
 a deep stroke of policy to raise in the
 mind of the lady a little spirit of jealousy.
 Who dare say that love is blind? he did
 not care a snap for them, but possessed
 a thorough knowledge of the female
 heart; a little jealousy on her part he
 knew would work in his favor; for how
 many women have married on purpose
 to cut out and spite others. But hear his
 dying strain; like the fable of the swan,
 he goes out of the world with the song
 upon his lips; such a song, such figures,
 such frenzy, despair, and such a finale.

"I know 'tis a sin to—
 But I'm bent on the notion—
 I'll throw myself into
 The deep briny ocean,
 Where the mud-cels and cat-fish
 On my body shall riot,
 And flounders and flat-fish
 Select me for diet;
 There soundly I'll slumber,
 Beneath the rough billow,
 And crabs without number,
 Shall crawl o'er my pillow;
 But my spirit shall wander thro' the gay
 coral bowers,
 And frisk with the mermaids—it shall, by
 the powers!"

That fellow was certainly a scamp; I
 can hardly believe he was sincere, for he
 was not sincere in bringing up Susan
 and Sally in the former verse, but had
 been reading of or seen Barnum's mer-
 maid, and must needs fright the girl, even
 after his death, with frisking with the
 mermaids in the spirit, and to make it
 more impressive assures her with a sol-
 emn asseveration that he will do so. I
 think the girl may have rested easy upon
 this score, for though he talks so largely
 about the ocean mermaids, etc., it is plain
 he never saw salt water, and was clearly
 and entirely a "Western chap," and was
 much more familiar with "mud-cels and
 cat-fish" than with "flounders and flat-
 fish," or he would not have introduced
 the former into salt water where they do
 not belong; his brandy and churning
 butter out of his feelings, in the first verse,
 prove this satisfactorily.

However, the fellow must be pardoned for his lover's deceit, for he has told his story charmingly, and contributed his mite to the fun-loving tendencies of the age. It is infinitely better to laugh than to weep—would that we had more things to make us laugh, more smiling prose, more smiling poetry, more smiles in our hearts, more smiles upon our countenances. Behold the man or woman, whoever they are, that in society and in their converse with the world wears a smiling countenance, and carries within a cheerful heart—he or she is a blessing to the race. The poets, Mallock and Holmes, the Knickerbocker Magazine, Harper's Drawer, the London Punch, and others too numerous to enumerate, do us much good; they follow public opinion, as their popularity shows. Some man would be a blessing to his day if he would collect and publish a goodly volume of such poems as we have given above. Who will do it? There is no fear of lowering our morals. M.

Alleghany Town, Sierra Co.

LIFE'S FLEETING DREAM.

BY LUNA.

"A rainbow vision, too bright to last."

So young, and yet to love so madly!
Long years have passed since then, still
I remember well *his* form, which seemed
to me of more than earthly mold.
When, in a crowd, he moved along, all
eyes were turned upon him, and as he
smiled fair maidens blushed with love-lit
eyes, while on his arm I leaned and felt
secure from every ill; and then to die,
death would have lost one-half its sting.

Well do I remember that balmy summer's eve, when beneath the arbor tree he spoke to me of love. Asked if I would like to be *his* wife. Had an angel said "Come live with me in Paradise," it would have been a lesser joy. I did not speak, but leaned upon his bosom and

wept refreshing tears of rapturous bliss—so soon, alas! to be returned upon my heart and there congeal forever its gushing fountains. He kissed the tear-drops from my eyes, and laughingly asked:—"Did I think he was in earnest? Did I suppose that he, a nobleman, would make a poor orphan child like me his bride!" It was enough—that tone of voice, without the words, told all my heart could fear; as the startled deer bounds away at the sound of the deadly rifle's shot, I sprang from his embrace, and in a dark sequestered spot I knelt on the cold ground, and looking up to the bright stars I prayed for death—that I might go to some far and brighter world where deception was unknown. "Not yet," a silvery voice replied, and turning I beheld a being with looks of calm compassion, and thus he spoke:—

"Child of earth! I it is your heart adores, and all the loved are ever seen through me; but, I may not stay where truth and purity do not abide; I must pass on, and those who would be blest by me must follow where I lead. No one can chain me to their will, though often they have tried; like air and water, all may freely breathe and drink of my delights, nor seek to control or hold me as their slave, lest I a pestilence prove and blight their dearest joys. On memory's page I impress the pleasure, not the pain, of the bright visions I create, and time shall only harmonize the too great contrast of light and shade." And then I seemed to wake as from a dream; and now, through the dim vista of intervening years, I love to look back and contemplate that fleeting dream, though of illusive bliss, wherein was crowded more of the consciousness of life than in all the waveless time that has rolled between.

In every heart are cherished dreams of evanescent joys, around which memory delights to linger—a time when love has touched and attuned every faculty of the soul to harmony, and earth to them was Heaven.

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A MEMORY.

"Here's Rosemary, that's for remembrance: pray you, love, remember: and there's Pansies, that's for thoughts."

I needs must smile!—I know you have forgotten
That time long passed away—
That time to me of foolishness besotten,
To you of careless play;

It is not that I feel some touch of anguish;—
I've said I smile—enough!
'Tis woman's heart that slighted love makes languish,
Man's is of sterner stuff.

I do not say you drew me on to court you,
For you were never bold;
Your modesty—priceless and lovely virtue!—
Kept you e'er coy and cold.

I do not say your eyes have e'er shot glances
On me that *seemed* like love;
Such looks as woman's tender heart advances
To him she seeks to move.

Some women, with their honeyed words and sighing,
Have dazed a score of fools,
And called it flirting, (in my thought 'tis *lying*,
Though speaking 'gainst the rules);

But I charge not that *you* thus e'er have acted—
'Twas but my self-conceit.
Dare I think thus of you, so well compacted
Of qualities most sweet?

.. .. .
We walked together.—Say, do you remember?
I smile—but not forget!
'Twas on a mellow evening of September
Appointedly we met.

The soft rays of the autumn moon ascending
Cast silver showers abroad;
The grain-stalks in the harvest-field were bending
Beneath their bounteous load;

The crickets chirped in their mysterious hiding;
The frogs, with drowsy croak,
From marsh responded—blending with the gliding
And rippling of a brook;

The air was heavy with the scent of flowers,
And grass, and ripened fruit:—
When nature spoke with such persuasive powers,
Could I alone be mute?

It was a night for love—at least, I thought so,
And dreamed you thought so, too;
Within my soul a mighty passion wrought so—
How was it then with you?

You threw your head half back upon my shoulder,
Your fair curls brushed my cheek,
Your warm breath kissed me, and my heart grew
'Twould force the dumb to speak. [bolder—

I cannot recollect what then I uttered—
Some foolish, love-sick stuff;

Though when by true-love maidens' hearts are flut-
'Tis eloquent enough. [tered,

.. .. .
"You did not think"—"you never dreamed"—per-
Woman, you *know* you lied! [dition!
Not know—not see—not feel the love's condition
I never wished to hide!

Behind a cloud the moon her face invested,
Just then, as if for shame:
A shade not half so black as that which rested—
Now rests—upon your fame.

Dared you tell me, in what your sex is keenest
That you alone were blind?
The act was mean, but the excuse was meanest—
No better you could find.

Oh, how I lived by thinking of your graces,
Your high mind, noble soul:
Your charms of person held but second places
In my heart's muster-roll.

I placed your perfectness so far above me,
I almost feared to dream
That it was possible you e'er would love me,
So lowly did I seem.

Away!—It was my fancy that invested
You with so rare a glow;
Yet not the less with pain my heart's infested
That you have fall'n so low.

Still I love on; I love that which I thought you,
Though loving you no more:
I most regret that e'er with love I sought you,
And broke the charm I bore.

I had been proud, might I have been your warden
Against the ills of life—
Might I have lightened you from every burden,
As my dear, cherished wife.

But that is past. Like bubbles blown by children,
Which glitter, break in air,
So broke those dreams of fancy most bewildering.
Farewell!—so false—so fair! **.

THE MOUNTAINEERS OF CALIFORNIA.

A Cockney tourist, who once honored
the Americans by traveling through their
country, and who illustrated their man-
ners and customs in a book for which the
British public paid him a guinea for each
printed copy, landed at nine o'clock one
fine morning on the Philadelphia wharf,
where the first thing that met his aston-
ished gaze was an infuriated cobbler beat-
ing his wife. "In 'eaven's name," ex-
claimed the Cockney, "what's hall the
row habout?" "O, it's nothin'; it's al-

ways the way they doos," replied a communicative boy. And, thereupon, our tourist, taking out his tablets, wrote—"Philadelphia is a city of some importance, with long straight streets and tall red houses. The cobblers of Philadelphia have a singular custom. Every morning, regularly at nine o'clock, each cobbler in the city beats his wife with a leather strap!" The moral of this little story—if it is worthy of a moral—is, that the world will never owe much of its enlightenment to tourists who are too highly gifted with what some phrenologists call the "organ of credenciveness," who leap at conclusions from insufficient facts, and who judge of a whole people, or a whole class, by the first-presented and ill-understood specimens.

Were our Cockney tourist to drop from the clouds into a California mining village, he would be apt, after the first quarter of an hour's investigation, to write something like this in his diary: "The miners of California never shave; never put on clean vests, clean dickeys, or clean boots; never work any; never go to church, and never marry. They wear slouched hats, hickory-shirts, and caoutchouc unmentionables. They play billiards and drink whisky all night." Unquestionably, this, or something very like it, would shadow forth the first impression which the mountaineer life of California would make upon the sensorium of our Cockney tourist, or any other tourist, to whom has been denied that modicum of patience which enables its possessor to look beneath the surface of things. The man, who wishes to learn the true character and *status* of the California Mountaineer, must become one himself. He must eat, drink, sleep, and work with California Mountaineers; and then, if he has something of the philosopher in him, he may, perchance, be enabled to judge of them dispassionately and describe them truthfully.

One of the most remarkable of the thousand and one remarkable features of the mountain society of California, is its apparent homogeneousness—its oneness. Be it borne in mind that we are dealing exclusively with the Caucasian element—with the descendants of Scandinavian, Slavonic, and Celtic stocks—and have nothing to do, and intend to have nothing to do, with the Aboriginal, Mongolian, and Ethiopic tribes, whose somber visages are not necessary to the filling up of our picture. One of the most remarkable features, as has just been said, in Californian mining life, is the extraordinary intellectual, moral and physical resemblance which each Californian Mountaineer bears to all the rest of his brethren. How this has been brought about, in a brief tenth of a century, is a marvel that transcends the solving powers of our poor philosophy. Ten years ago the Caucasian race, in respectable numbers, first planted itself on the California mountains; and, true to its instincts, it not only clings to its first footholds, but pertinaciously, day by day and year by year, keeps adding to its puissance and its dominion. And whence came, and whence come, these Caucasian founders of the mountain empire of the Sierra Novadas? From every State of the great American Republic and from every Kingdom, Principality and Republic of Europe. Here they have come—Goths, Huns, Teutons, Slavons, Celts—speaking all the European dialects and jargons, and professing all the creeds of European Christianity—and here, by some inscrutable trick of fate, they have become one people, alike in language, thought and action. The Mountaineers of California, whatever may have been their variant antecedents, all converse together in the English vernacular, all think together that the acquisition of gold is the only sure means of securing earthly happiness, and all act together, in effort to ab-

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abstract the aforesaid gold from the soil in which it has so long been hidden and useless. There is a marked homogeneity in the social, the reflective and the active relations and pursuits of these Mountaineers; and this homogeneity, if submitted to the mental optics of the philosopher, will be found to penetrate, pervade, and color the very substratum of their social structure.

There are no rules without exceptions; and the old logicians and metaphysicians, who were prouder of knowing how to dress up nonsense in gaudy garments than of knowing how to make men wiser and happier, have left us, as a legacy, the dogma, "*exceptio probat regulam*," meaning thereby that a rule or proposition is the more veritable the more it lacks uniformity and directness. The old logicians and metaphysicians were astonishingly adroit in the creation of quibbles, but they had no genius for the creation of steam-engines, railroads, and electric telegraphs. Happily for the white-skinned portion of mankind, the spirit of Utilitarianism has consigned these quibble-mongers and idea-jugglers to an obscurity more obscure than their own ridiculous whimsies; and the Caucasian race is permitted to run its course, without being befogged and thwarted by Aristotlian subtleties and the learned ignorance of mediæval monkishness. The genuine mountaineer of California, come whence he may, is always a man of high resolves, generous purposes, and unswerving energy. He had an object in casting his lot amid the gulches and cañons of the Sierra Nevadas, and nothing can prevent the accomplishment of his object but death, disease, or disaster. Like all other men, noted for self-reliance and indomitable resolution, he is honest in his dealings, benevolent to the unfortunate, and honorable in his intercourse with all around him. This, mind you, is a picture of the genuine Mountaineer of Cal-

ifornia; and though you may esteem it rather warm in the coloring, it has more of truth than fancy in it. It is the rule of California mountain life; and the exceptions to it, which the old logicians and metaphysicians, insist should be lugged in to prove the truth of every rule, are to be found in those "cankers of the world," known in Californian parlance as "Bummers." The English language is rich in opprobrious epithets, indicative of the useless and vicious classes of community—we have "vagabond," "loafer," and "sponger,"—but it was reserved for California to invent a dissyllabic appellation which compresses within its brief utterance the very essence and quintessence of contempt and loathing. The bummers, like rats, follow in the wake of Civilization, and fare sumptuously by making honest Industry and Thrift their unwilling tributaries. It is not necessary to describe the bummer. The term comprises all varieties and shades of disreputable life. The loafer, the lazy man, the bar-room lounge, the gambler, the pimp, the cheat, all come within its purview; and the word, although of California coinage, will never have justice done it until honored with a place in Noah Webster's Dictionary, as one expressive of all that is wicked, vile, and detestable. The bummer is an unseemly blotch on the body politic of the Californian mountains—an ugly dam in the current of mountain goodness—a base exception to the rule of mountaineer honesty and honor—and so we leave him.

The legitimate Mountaineers of California are patient in labor, fertile in expedients, careless of hardships, frank in their manners, unostentatious in their sympathies, faithful in their friendships, chivalric in their revenges, honorable in their gallantries, bold and independent in their entertainment and expression of their opinions, and free and easy in their social intercourse. A vigorous sprink-

ling of what the pious call profanity garnishes their colloquial efforts a little too abundantly; but, if they are prompt in dealing hard words, they are just as prompt in dealing hard blows. The portrait of the soldier, drawn by the melancholy Jacques, needs but little variation, in limning and coloring, to make it a fit presentment of the Californian Mountaineer. Mark how apt:

"Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard;
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel."

But our Mountaineer is not a vain and coxcombical quarreler. His belligerent energies are seldom expended for mere amusement. He fights only for his rights, or what he esteems his rights. He can be generous to the last dime in his pocket, but his whole soul is in arms the moment he imagines himself overreached in a bargain or made the victim of a trick of knavery. In all his business negotiations, he thinks, if he does not speak, like the fiery Hotspur:

"I'll give thee so much land
To any well-deserving friend;
But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair."

Next to his dislike to being "taken in," in a business transaction, is the supreme contempt the Californian Mountaineer entertains for all manner of charlatans and Charlatanism. The mountains of California furnish an exceedingly indifferent field for the exploits of mountebanks, whether they be players, preachers, or politicians. Our Mountaineers will not barter their hard-earned gold for the spurious wares of buskined pretenders and canting gospelers, nor will they insantly trot at the heels of a demagogue. The men of the Sierra Nevadas have read too much, thought too largely, and traveled too far, to be easily made the dupes of pretenders, let them take what shape they will.

Though the lump of Californian mountain life is made up of such variant materials, yet, sooth to say, it is the Yankee leaven that leaveneth it. It is the rest-

less, all-pervading, all-controlling Yankee element, insinuating itself into, and mixing itself with, all the other elements, that has, in ten brief years, produced that homogeneousness, of which we have spoken, and which has converted a grand melange of Goths, and Teutons, and Gauls, and Britons into one living, breathing community of Yankee industrials. It is the speciality of the Yankee that, though he loveth the results of labor, he loveth not the labor, itself. His education and religious teachings forbid his condemning human muscles to involuntary servitude, and, therefore, he casteth about to enslave the physical elements and make them work in his harness. He chaineth up the air, the fire, and the water, and causeth them to do his bidding. Even the lightnings, those subtle spirits of the clouds, he is now seeking to make his servitors, and will, some day, drive them in triumph before what he is pleased to term his CAR OF PROGRESS. Well, the Yankee, when he looked upon the golden hills of the Sierra Nevadas, said unto himself, that gold was good, but that the tedious and toilsome wielding of the pick and shovel was "evil, and that continually." Therefore, he called to his aid the Hercules of Hydraulics, and water ditches were woven, like network, along the mountain sides, beneath whose resistless might the auriferous hills melted away, as from the wand of an enchanter, leaving their long-hidden treasures to swell the triumphs of Yankee science. The Yankee, in the mountains of California, is not only the motor but the balance wheel of the social and industrial machinery. He infuses his piety, his politics, and his philosophy into everything around him. The Scandinavians, the Celts, and the Slavons, though at first astonished by the boldness of his designs and the miracles of his inventive genius, soon lost their amazement in admiration, and in all things, save identity of birth-

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AN EVENING

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place, became as efficient Yankees as he.

Woman—good, pure, beautiful, and loving woman—has brought her angel presence into the homes of the Mountaineers of California, making their hearts more human and their aspirations more noble. She has transformed their rude huts into vine-clad cottages and invested the rocky solitudes with the charms of domestic peace and social refinement. Young Mountaineers, natives of our pine-covered hills, their cheeks flushed with health, and their bodies cast in molds of graceful strength, now throng the mountain school, preparing themselves to walk worthily in the footsteps of their adventurous and resolute sires. The green giants of the forest are giving place to gardens, orchards, and vineyards. The exhaustless gold fields will continue to yield their treasures, for centuries, to come, to the hand of Industry; but other than golden harvests, and not less rich, are to be gathered in the valleys and on the hill-sides of the Sierra Nevadas.

The Divinity that shapes our ends has not peopled the mountains of California with bold, hardy, intelligent, liberty-loving men, to be the sport of an evanescent purpose. Years and centuries will be rolled into the tomb of the mighty Past—but many years and centuries will come and go ere the hills and valleys of the Sierra Nevadas shall cease to furnish abodes and sustenance to a manly and unconquerable race of Californian Mountaineers.

AN EVENING ON TELEGRAPH HILL.

It was night. The moon was riding majestically in the heavens as the vapory clouds flitted past. The stars surrounding her appeared to be strung in silvered clusters around the brow of the gentle "Queen of Night," and, though they shone brightly, gave forth no blinding glare, such as is given by the rays of the

sun, but a mellowed and soft, silvery light, such as poets love to embalm in verse:

As mild and soothing as a summer's dream,
In which no sorrows come, and pleasures seem
Increasing in each whispered word that's
breathed
Into the ear by angel lips with fragrance
wreathed.

Such was the evening when I sat musing and buried in silent meditation upon Telegraph Hill. I had recalled to mind some of the events of the day just past, which led the mind to revert to similar scenes at home, scenes that have transpired long since, and silently slumber in the dark tomb of oblivion. A spell of reverie stole upon me, and I became unconscious of what was transpiring. While thus entranced—seeing nothing, hearing nothing, not even the noise and bustle in the city's crowded mart below me—a hand was gently placed upon my shoulder. The intruder spoke before I returned to consciousness, and in a familiar voice, whispered in my ear:

"Were you asleep? This is friend —, isn't it?"

I was startled, and instantly sprang to my feet, replying as I arose, "That is my name." I gazed intently upon the face of the new comer, as the moon was streaming full across his features, and recognized in him an old acquaintance, whom I supposed to be in the mountains, as it was there we last parted. The length of our separation had produced no great change, and now we were as warm friends as ever. We interchanged a few friendly words; and, during our conversation, he actually declared that he had really found me asleep, and, worse than all, asked me if Telegraph Hill was my lodging-place, proffering me money to purchase a night's lodging, in case I had not the means in my possession. Judge of his surprise, when he became convinced that I was only studying.

Accompanying him were two ladies, one of whom he assured me was his own dear wife, and to whom I was introduced as such. The other was introduced as Miss E—. She extended her hand cordially, gracefully bowing as she did so. It is, of course, needless to say that I politely held out my hand as hers was proffered. A pleasant "good evening" was spoken, as an interchange of friendship, and we were soon engaged in agreeable conversation. We were now a party of four, laughing and talking; and, to my astonishment! about the first thing my friend told the ladies was, that he found me sitting on the grass asleep, with my arms resting on my knees and my face almost buried in my hands. This naturally led them to surmise much; but they laughed heartily, when he contradicted himself in part, and told them "I was only musing."

"Pray what were you musing about," inquired my new friend, Miss E—.

"Oh! only thinking about home," I replied, laughing.

"Thinking of some little fairy you've left there, I suppose, are you not? come, no secrets now. We can pretty nearly guess the truth, so you may as well tell us right out, I know you love her; besides, I dare say she's handsome."

"See him blush," said Mrs. S—.

Being naturally a little eccentric, and fond of a joke, I laughed out:

"But suppose I am already married—and to a handsome girl?"

"Goodness gracious! I know now why he was thinking so much of home when you found him, Mr. S—," said Miss E—.

"I dare say any one young and handsome would lose himself in thought, when thinking with fond imaginings of a pretty young wife!" retorted Mrs. S—.

"Yes! that's why my friend—was so thoughtful when I met him here," said Mr. S—.

I now began to notice that all three of them thought me a wedded man in earnest, and deemed it best to tell them the contrary, before they were confirmed in the belief that I was married; and, also, modestly hint to Mrs. S—, that she flattered me in calling me handsome, informing her in the same manner, that I considered myself very homely.

"No you are not!" said Miss E—, hurriedly.

"Very well," replied I, "although believing you in error, I will not argue the case."

"How is it!" said Mr. S—, "are you really not married? At first you said so, and now you say differently; I never heard you touch upon this subject in the mountains."

"I was at first only joking," was my response, in reply to his inquiry.

He answered by saying:

"Very well, we'll say you are unmarried."

"I won't," rang in Mrs. S—.

"Nor I either," echoed Miss E—.

Here was a dilemma—and certainly a pretty one. I had told a story for a joke, and that to ladies, too, and, mercy sakes! if both didn't believe it!—and with all I could do, I could not impress it upon their minds, that I was not sincere in my assertion. One said she did not believe I would tell a story. The other said it was funny if I would.

What a pretty pickle for a young man to be in! and especially one with a passionate fondness of the sex—one enamored at first sight, with loveliness such as I beheld in the person of Miss E—.

Why! I would have given my all—though unfortunately I had little to give—if I had not been guilty of such indiscretion as to tell a falsehood, not only in the presence of ladies, but to them personally. Oh, horror! what a sad result of a careless expression!

With much modesty, I told Miss E—

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was intended as such
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be as bad as to lie
checked myself, and
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laughed, saying:

"No you won't believe it if you do, so tell another story to go."

O, wonder and awe begin to think I was in a hood! But as good as it, I had a friend resolve the dilemma; and his a verification of the in need, is a friend in

Mr. S— stepped much benignity of ed:

"I feel confident in earnest at first, for years in the n would tell us some ing full of his good after a hearty laugh on all sides, he won upon it' by saying ing;

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"See here, see here, E—, "You are poetical strains. try, but our friend it!"

I assured her of but did not mean "the stuff"—as the offspring of Mr. S— told occasionally. He was ten many fine things he has almost for

that I was very partial to an innocent joke, and that the one just perpetrated was intended as such, and, in proof of it, would place my hand on my heart and swear—Holy horror!—no! Swear in the presence of ladies!—why, that would be as bad as telling a story. Here I checked myself, and substituted the word "say" for "swear." This did very well, as far as I was concerned; but still the little nymph looked in my face and laughed, saying:

"No you won't either, or I won't believe it if you do; so, now, you needn't tell another story to get clear of the first."

O, wonder and amazement! if she didn't begin to think I would tell a second falsehood! But as good fortune would have it, I had a friend ready to help me out of the dilemma; and in that instance found a verification of the old adage, "A friend in need, is a friend indeed."

Mr. S— stopped forward, and, with much benignity of countenance, remarked:

"I feel confident friend — was not in earnest at first. I have known him for years in the mountains. He often would tell us some very hard yarns, being full of his good natured jokes, and after a hearty laugh had been introduced on all sides, he would 'throw cold water upon it' by saying that he was only joking;

Joking for a season—
Not without a reason—"

"See here, see here!" interrupted Miss E—, "You are going on in one of your poetical strains. I am very fond of poetry, but our friend may not approve of it!"

I assured her of my partiality to poetry, but did not mean to tell her that I wrote "the stuff"—as *monotonie* prosaists call the offspring of Poesy—when naughty Mr. S— told her that I wrote occasionally. He was a Poet, and had written many fine things. Of late, however, he has almost forgotten the Muses, and

none more regret it than I; for he always wrote in a sweet and melodious strain of true poetry, that was a pleasure to read.

But, reader, we are getting along so rapidly that we are already ahead of our story, and must needs turn back, for certainly digression is a sin. And here let me inform you, that through the kind interposition of Mr. S—, my friend Miss E— at last became convinced that I was a single man, And then she became—if possible—more friendly than ever. Two or three long hours were passed in conversation. While talking, we often looked down on the smooth, glassy waters of the Bay, that lay sleeping in unconscious quietude and beauty. The breeze of the afternoon that had disturbed its waters and ruffled its bosom had died away, and all was calm—calm as might be with azure skies above us in June—and the moon peering forth from beneath her silvery screen, with all around hushed into an undisturbed stillness.

Slowly we arose from our grassy seat, and cast a lingering, silent glance upon the waters of the Bay as we descended Telegraph Hill. We had yet some distance to go, before reaching the home of Mr. S—, and of course I had to accompany him thither. But, alas! for the forgetfulness of man! (isn't it astonishing, reader) that I should not have thought to ask permission of an angel like Miss E—to see her safely home, as is the usual custom?

So it was; but, then, I was again lost, lost—I presume in astonishment, at beholding such beauty: However, she reminded me of my negligence, by asking me to "escort her home."

I apologised for my almost unpardonable transgression of the rules of politeness, by allowing a lady to ask me to see her home. If ever I do the like again, may a dozen of the fair creatures wait on me with broom-sticks and tongs, and

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es, too, and, mercy sakes!
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d she did not believe I
story. The other said it
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especially one with a pas-
ess of the sex—no enamor-
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ould have given my all—
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d not been guilty of such in-
ence of ladies; but to them
Oh, horror! what a sad re-
eless expression!
h modesty, I told Miss E—

after seeing me—forgive me—that's all.

We reached the house of Mr. S— in safety; entered the parlor; seated ourselves; and listened to a beautiful air, elegantly played on the piano by Miss E—, after which, it being nearly the hour of twelve, I hastily arose to depart, for fear of another infringement on the rules of well regulated society,—being in company after midnight. We heard one of the city clocks strike the approaching hour of morn, and bidding my friends good-night, I hastened to my boarding-house, delighted with the pleasure I had experienced during the evening, at the same time feeling a little vexed at my indiscretion, telling a falsehood to ladies, and forgetting to offer to escort one of earth's angels to her home. Never mind; we are married now, and often jokingly allude to the evening when first we met on Telegraph Hill. Yes, reader, the once beautiful Miss E—, has become the lovely bride of Mr.—. She is one of the best and most accomplished of ladies I ever saw. Maybe I think so because she is mine. That is generally the way: every one who has a good wife thinks there is none like her among womankind.

If, however, I am wrong in my opinion of her, you, kind reader, will forgive me, because I know not my error, in as much as I am earnest in my belief.

Nearly two years have passed since first we met on that lovely moonlit eve in June; and years of happiness have they been. A little bright-eyed boy, our only treasure, looks up in our faces at times and smiles, as he says, "Mamma and Papa." He is our little pet, and his mother says he will be a poet. If so, I hope the fairest of "the sacred Nine" will smile graciously, and bestow on him her choicest gift—the gift of true Poesy. His parents' smile now guard him. I have told you we were happy. And truly happy are our friends, Mr. and Mrs. S—. We often visit each other and in-

terchange tokens and words of friendship.

We meet as friends of old,
And meet with joys untold.

Our friends are delighted to know we enjoy life so well, and we are equally proud to know that they are happy, while we hope, kind reader, your happiness is, and will remain, as perfect as ours. R.

THE MILL WHEEL.

Translated from the German,
BY PROF. JOHN COCHRAN.

Within a glen, the beeches high
O'ershadow a mill-wheel:
I gaze, but no more meets mine eye
The maiden of the dell.

To me in truth the maiden spoke,
And long ere we did part
A ring she gave; woo's me! it broke,
And broken is my heart.

Oh, I will flee! a harper be,
The world I'll travel o'er,
My wild and fitful melody
I'll play from door to door.

Or, hush! I'll be a soldier bold,
And seek new scenes afar,
Fight, march, bivouack in wet and cold,
And follow glory's star.

But when I hear the mill wheel go,
Strange thoughts wake in my breast;
'Twere best to die—so great's my woe—
The mill wheel then would rest.

THE ARTIST AND THE MAY QUEEN.

BY M. V. TINGLEY.

CHAPTER I.

The last train of cars came rumbling into Greenwood, a beautiful village of the West, and a few travelers made their way to the hotel. It was the last day of April, in 1848, and happy children were carrying armsfull of green vines and apronsfull of sweetest flowers that had

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These were to decorate their homes with festoons, and to loop up the pretty white swiss-dresses, and to place over the brows of the little girls, on the next day at the crowning of their May Queen, that was to take place in a lovely grove about a mile from town.

Among the few who arrived on that evening were two gentlemen—an elderly one, and his nephew, a young artist, his pupil. The former, Mr. Jevet, was a very celebrated French artist, who had come to New York many years before. His brother married an American lady, and soon after died, leaving one son. The uncle, knowing that the boy had a genius for painting, when he was sixteen, gained the widow's consent for him to become his student. Never was there happier than he, when brought to the city and taken into Mr. Jevet's studio. In a suite of rooms adjoining, the walls were hung with the most beautiful pictures that his young artistic eye had ever gazed upon. The floor was covered with a rich carpet, and the windows were hung with crimson satin curtains, which by the touch of a spring, could be drawn aside, so that any amount of light desired might be had when viewing the pictures.

With hard study and diligent application, he in a few years made wonderful progress in that art. His beautiful pictures began to gain such favor with the uncle that they were allowed to occupy a conspicuous place on the walls of the gallery.

Leon, for that was his name, began to desire to travel about, and see different parts of our country. Mr. Jevet, appreciating his love for nature and anxious to do anything to advance him in his profession, as well as affording himself the greatest pleasure, gladly assented to the proposition of their going through the States. Accordingly they traveled South, and were now visiting the West, where

there is beauty enough for any artist's delight.

Arriving at Greenwood, they were glad to know that a May-party would take place on the following day, as they well knew that nothing is more beautiful to one with a kind heart—or with any heart—than a group of children dressed in their angel-white, romping with the flowers. They were awakened the next morning, hearing the merry bells ringing, and finding everything as pleasant as any May morning ought to be.

An invitation was tendered them to be present at the crowning in the grove. At ten o'clock, the children, headed by a band of music, marched to the woods—a platform was arranged, arched over with flowers and vines; a rude chair covered over with flowers, was the "ROYAL THRONE." And now came little maids-of-honor with baskets of flowers, which they strowed in the Queen's pathway. Ah! there she is, pretty little creature! She stands before the spectators, consisting of schoolmates, parents and friends. There is not much beauty about those features, taken separately—but the witching smile is ever lighting up the whole face with a softness and sweetness. Then a childish face is pretty anyhow. The wind occasionally blowing through the trees, throw the golden curls away from her face, where they would keep falling near her eyes. A youth placed a crown of white daisies and red rose-buds and green on her brow, as she knelt on the soft moss-cushion; and after an acknowledgment, the little Queen took her throne. Then came youths and young maidens to pay homage to "her majesty." This over, they wandered away in groups among the trees.

Leon Jevet had watched the little queen from the first, and now as she left her throne, and the band was playing a lively air, he sought her among the other children, and an opportunity presenting itself, spoke to her.

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"What is her young majesty's name?" said he.

"May," replied she, "Maviola."

"Why, what a romantic name! You're a May-violet, are you? A very pretty flower, and a very appropriate name for a May Queen."

"Do you love flowers? do you like violets best of all? May violets sweet from their woodland retreat?" spoke the girl looking up with more confidence, as though she liked his pleasantness.

"Oh, you're poetical, little one, I guess—like verses. Do I love violets best of all? Yes! but I don't often find them capable of making rhymes."

"I learned that in my 'Theodore Thinker Botany,' there is a great deal more of it."

"Do you admire pictures, May?"

"Oh, yes sir! don't you? Grandmother has a great many old pictures in her big room, and I look at them just as long as I wish to." And off she bounded to some of her schoolmates who were about enjoying a feast, spread upon the green by the brookside.

The young man was charmed with the child of ten or eleven summers; her fascinating young face, beaming with intelligence, her prompt childish address and sweet look had won him greatly. By and bye she came back with her dress caught up full of flowers, and throwing them at his feet, said:

"There are flowers for you, sir, if you want them; I gathered them all for you!"

She seemed to like Leon, and knowing he was a stranger, thought he was lonely, standing by that tree so long, and only looking. He took a few violets from them, and placed them smoothly between the leaves of his memorandum to press.

The day was almost gone when they prepared to go home. Leon had during the day been informed by the intelligent landlady of the hotel that she gave May piano lessons, and that she should look at

his pictures on the following morning.

The following day found May at the landlady's, practicing her music lesson, and singing a simple song; all of which Mr. Jevet had heard from his room, adjoining the parlor. The landlady brought the child into his room, and she was soon enjoying herself, wading through his large portfolio. She, in turning the leaves, came to one, a small one, and holding it up before the lady, exclaimed: "Why it is I!" when did you paint that?"

"Last evening, after seeing you as the May Queen, you little witch!—do you think it pretty?"

"Oh, yes, sir,—that is, it is good—just see! there's my crown on my head, and my dress, and my flowers, and everything! Was there ever anything so pretty? May I take it to mamma? she will be so delighted!"

"Not yet—it is not finished. In a day or two."

"Oh, my! isn't it splendid? everybody will wonder so much—I'm so glad—How kind you are; I'll always love you," said she, as she left the room, looking earnestly in his face.

The next May morn came, just as lovely as the first, with sunlight, birds and new-born flowers.

May's mother arrayed her in her queen dress, just as she was crowned; and took her to the artist.

"Ah, now sit down and let me give your picture a few finishing touches."

One hour and it was much more natural looking than before. On the following afternoon Leon left Greenwood, previous to which he sent Maviola the picture.

A few months more Mr. Jevet Sr. and Mr. Jevet Jr. wandered, before reaching New York.

A year afterwards and Leon's studio was in a very artist-like shanty—that is, a very poor one—near San Francisco Bay.

"That grand tableau this evening?"

"What of whose?"

"At Mrs. Taylor's. Mr. Jevet was a famous being an artist, was the tableaux."

"Evangeline" was a list, and was sustained from the vicinity of

Very beautiful thought Mr. Jevet, and her pretty head to one the bands of hair from was there through Mrs. Brown, a young lady sired to appear as was not thought as character as the prettiest

"I'm sure her hair eyes too blue mine color," said Miss Brown though Mr. Jevet agreed yet upon the whole lady worthy of the of Miss Brown was always partial to the artist, when the blue-eyed shown much a tention

Well, the morning and, as the twilight carriages rolled up to before long the space hall were filled with

It was done! Mr. before seeming impressed a terrible show by its loud beating in her still and mag

"Sometimes in church on the crosses and Sat by some names as perhaps in its bosom He was already a rest, beside him"

"The most beautiful saw!" he explained closed together

CHAPTER II.

"That grand tableau party comes off this evening."

"What-or whose-or where?"

"At Mrs. Baylor's, in Powell street."

Mr. Jevet was a friend of hers, and he being an artist, was solicited to arrange the tableaux.

"Evangeline" was the third on the list, and was sustained by Miss Aylet, from the vicinity of Sacramento.

Very beautiful she looked, and so thought Mr. Jevet, as he carefully turned her pretty head to one side and smoothed the bands of hair from her brow. He was there through many rehearsals. Miss Brown, a young lady of twenty-five, desired to appear as "Evangeline," but was not thought as well suited for the character as the pretty, young Miss Aylet.

"I'm sure her hair is too light and her eyes too blue! mine are brown—just the color," said Miss Brown, anxiously; and though Mr. Jevet agreed in part with her yet upon the whole he thought the other lady worthy of the choice. The truth is, Miss Brown was always partial—rather partial to the artist, and was not pleased when the blue-eyed young lady was shown much attention by him.

Well, the morning came, then noon, and, as the twilight gave way to night, carriages rolled up to the stone steps, and before long the spacious front-parlor and hall were filled with expectant guests.

It was done! Mr. Jevet's heart heretofore seeming impregnable, certainly received a terrible shock, if we might judge by its loud beating as she sat by the cross in her still and magnificent beauty.

"Sometimes in church-yards strayed, and gazed
on the crosses and tombstones,
Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that per-
haps in its bosom,
He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber
beside him."

"The most beautiful tableau I ever saw!" he exclaimed, as the curtains closed together.

Some one gently thumping his elbow, dispelled his visionary thoughts in a very unpoetic way, and who should it be but Miss Brown, who observed that "Evangeline winked once. It would have been better if she had kept her eyes shut."

"Never! with their great depth of expression!" replied he.

The lady patted her little foot—a way of getting relief when the tongue must keep silent, I guess—is'n't it? "I wish she had stayed in the country, the little white-headed piece of monopoly," thought she.

Then the dance, handsome dresses, and pretty ladies—good music, and happy hearts (all but one.)

Where is the belle? Ah, there! with the white dress and ivy wreath—very different looking from the dark dress worn in "Evangeline"—and a bouquet of violets.

The dark artist led her off in the dance, and very pompous he looked, a whole head taller than the lily leaning gracefully on his arm. I wonder if he never before ascertained that her voice was so sweet, her form so pretty, and she altogether so lovely and wonderfully bewitching? Oh, some men are such stupid, anyhow! Well, I'm glad to think that he at length found some one who could make him obsequiously bow his imperious head and own the great power of dainty woman's love. If I had been there, I should most certainly have exercised a spirit of coquetry, even if I had loved him, for a time—or at least a little innocent, provoking roguery. I tell you it's fine fun when a young man is in that predicament, to just look prettily out of one's eyes till a flower is given, and then to carelessly nibble it, and so on. Any mischievous girl would have done so; he need not have been so unbending in his pride before. But I don't think that she was so cruelly wicked for she smiled one continual sweet smile, danced most gracefully, and sang in a delightfully charm-

ing manner. Now, I should'nt have done so—at least I would have sang very sweetly half-way through a piece—just a provoking distance, and then have walked away with an air of perfect nonchalance—coughing a little—scarcely enough to excite sympathy—and have been too independent to receive any whatever.

This evening came to an end as all other evenings do—only it appeared much shorter—to some there present, if not to all.

The next morning Mr. Jevot called and requested to be permitted to paint "Evangeline," as she appeared the evening before.

"Many thanks," said Miss Aylet, "but I return home on tomorrow, therefore it is impossible."

"I'm very sorry! It would have made a fine picture, you were very beautiful that evening," said he in a careless, complimentary way, taking good care to watch how it was received; and right pleased was he when he noticed the slight blush it occasioned.

"Oh, I'll arrange that," chimed in Mrs. Baylor, "I'm going to take my family there and spend April with her, and you can go along, and paint her there and then."

"Yes! we would be so delighted to have you come!" and she was sorry that she had spoken with such frankness.

"Perhaps I may," replied he.

April came and Mrs. Baylor departed for "Wildwood." She wrote a note and ere long the artist followed.

He evidently enjoyed sitting under the great bay tree that leaned over the brook, painting "Evangeline," as Miss Aylet daily sat there, during which time she read him the poem.

"I'm sure that I understand the character much better when the description is given by your sweet voice, than when reading it myself in my prosy way. Now read something else—sorry that is finished be-

fore the painting. I'm almost certain you'll have to read something else as pretty, or I shall not paint as well," said Mr. Jevot smiling. At the same moment a servant brought her a letter.

"Excuse a-moi, I must run off just a minute."

"I'll never love any one else!" said he to himself as she slipped away.

"I'm very sure I'll ever, ever love him; but it wouldn't do to let him know it!" thought she as she peeped over his shoulder.

Who wrote the letter? Miss Brown, of course. In it she says:—"Now darling, don't think of admiring Mr. Jevot (certainly you wouldn't think of loving him upon such a short acquaintance, you're too politic for that,) for between you and Joe and I, Miss Alsay says it is her positive opinion that he and Miss Butler are to be buried—married I mean—just as soon as the Napa Hotel opens at the Springs in the Fall. Don't mention a word, dear, for she is a very fascinating and loveable young lady, and will doubtless make him much happier than you could—or, I either—you know he always tried to set his cap for me, but indeed I never did like *painters*—they always make me think of, and bring my poetical ideas down to, bent-heads, poverty, and cold potatoes. Detestable, isn't it? Our tastes are congenial, therefore you must think so, also. He just likes to roost in the sweet country awhile—selfish thing!—but still he is quite good—very gentlemanly. I'm dying to see you—come back soon—very soon, dearest.

Au revoir,

Affectionately

ANNA BROWN."

"Oh, she's only jealous! but no! now I think of it, he did dance twice with Miss Butler, and only four times with me—ungrateful—yes, yes, it must be so! Thanks, dear Miss Brown! There! take your pressed buds and flowers that I had

kept so long so shall never lose some spirit." and at times agreeable, the cold.

He saw the was to return days.

"It is finished claimed on Mr. came out from angel child in flowers. Her hair were now legs coquetish and blue eyes.

"Oh, it is so ed, clasping into the artist's

"Why! that reminded me of painted eight of the very same you up and run name instead of

"Miss May, the promised but tor's may-dress the boy, from the

"Why! that thought they call

"That's only My name is May cut the roses for to be crowned to mile from here. twelve o'clock. her."

"Where is that or of you in Greece for surely you are

"Is it possible picture painted

"On May day "Yes—"

kept so long secretly next my heart! He shall never know I did so—I'll show some spirit." So she sat day after day, and at times appeared so bewitchingly agreeable, then so indifferent—so very cold.

He saw the change and was sad, for he was to return to San Francisco, in a few days.

"It is finished! it is finished!" he exclaimed on May morning as Miss Aylet came out from the house, dressed like an angel child in white Swiss and sprays of flowers. Her heretofore plain bands of hair were now hanging in golden ring-lets coquetishly blowing about her face and blue eyes.

"Oh, it is so beautiful!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands and looking up into the artist's eyes.

"Why! that expression—how much it reminded me of a little child which I painted eight or ten years ago. Why the very same hair and eyes! I'd pick you up and run away with you if your name instead of being Kitty, was only _____."

"Miss May, Miss May! I've come for the promised bunch of moss roses for sister's may-dress!" cried a neighbor's little boy, from the garden gate.

"Why! that name—the very one! I thought they called you *Kitty*."

"That's only a pet name in the family. My name is Maviola—but I must go and cut the roses for little Sallie Light—she's to be crowned to day in the grove, half a mile from here. We're all going at twelve o'clock. I'm now going to dress her."

"Where is that picture which I painted of you in Greenwood, nine years ago? for surely you are the same May."

"Is it possible? Yes—I have a little picture painted when I was May-Queen _____."

"On May day?"

"Yes—"

"And at a hotel?"

"Yes, yes! the very one! Just wait a minute—here it is! how sweetly pretty isn't it?" said she in a frank, childish way.

"Yes—but not half as pretty as she is on this May morn—not near so lovely! Do you know, Miss May, that I always thought that little queen would be my wife? I said so when I painted it!"

She dropped her eyes, but soon peeped up and with rather an arch look said—

"And you her kingly husband?"

"Ah! Miss Aylet—"

"*Tyrannical*, I meant, of course!"

"Oh, cruel, most cruel! to say so. Yes, I always, ever believed that I should find you. In happiest or in saddest hours, often has that little face, and those little folded hands, looked up and said with such a pleasing and grateful look, 'How kind you are—I'll always love you!' and then I'd sit and wonder if the same sweet being would remember the lonely orphan, who for years has had no one else to love him. See these pressed and faded violets, that for nine years I have carried about with me! You gave them to me—the little May-Queen of Greenwood. That I loved tenderly then, as a child—and lately as I have been with you—"

"Oh, stop! I pray. Pity, Miss Butler should spoil it all—believe me, I know all about it!"—and she tossed her curly head saucily, and retreated into the house—doubtless to cry, had she not been obliged to defer it, as she was to arrange the Queen's dress.

Oh, you little bundle of jealousy, why didn't you hold your tongue? I wanted to hear it all! Do you suppose that I like to have such an important speech clipped off with a long dash? no! I wanted an *artistic*, dashy declaration—one well becoming the worshipper at the shrine of all that is lovely and noble! Besides; isn't Mr. Jovet's big heart

breaking—and will be for half a day to come—which will seem a week long—you young destroyer of peace, and queen among heart-breakers!

Noon-time! Leon Jovet, why do you stand in that lonely way under that tree? There comes the Queen at the sound of music. At one side stands Maviola looking like a queen herself. How Leon gazes upon her. The crowning is over. Away the children spring over the grass, among the flowers, by the water, under the trees.

But no little one brings him spring flowers, or says one kind word to him. Maviola keeps away and tries to be very sprightly and happy. He goes to her.

Soon away they are walking under the oaks that bend low.

Well, I suppose there has been a reconciliation, for two most happy faces are seen promenading among the pleasant places of Wildwood, and the small May-Queen's picture hangs under a life-size one of Maviola as she appeared on the last May-day, and "Evangeline" has been set in a magnificent frame.

"You're so kind! I'll always love you!"

"Just to think how I happily found the little maiden and again hear those words."

Two years have passed, and in Europe still travel the bridal pair—the artist and the May-Queen.

Our Social Chair.

AS unpleasant facts, with some people at least, are oftentimes more easily called to mind than pleasant ones, it perhaps may suffice, to such, merely to mention that the sun during the month of June "In accordance with custom immemorial" gave this quarter of the world a general warming up. At that time we had the good fortune to be a wanderer among the cool shadows of the mountain walls of the great Yo-Semite valley, where at the hottest, in the shade, the thermometer stood only at 103° while in other places—Mariposa for instance, according to the *Gazette*, it was 118° degrees in the shade; but we shall allow our jovial hearted friend Holmes, its good humored editor, to tell his own story, just premising that his "house of clay" being of the build denominated *portly*, he must have felt the inconvenience of such a thermometrical altitude, and prayed for its reduction to a reasonable figure.

THE WEATHER.—The heat has never been more oppressive here than during the past two days. The Thermometer has ranged in the middle of the day, from 110° to 118°

Last Tuesday night was too warm for sleep scarcely a breeze was felt, and the consequence was that people here generally looked rather hard next day. Lager Beer is in great demand now, and the average per diem amount consumed by *amateur* drinkers of the refreshing beverage, ranges from one to three gallons each. We have been informed that a society is being formed amongst the Lager fraternity, which, no doubt, will increase rapidly in numbers, and may eventually knock the Dashaways in the shade. No one can become a member unless he gives satisfactory proof of his ability to drink a gallon of Lager in one hour, and to stand at least three gallons per day. Nothing stronger than brandy can be drunk by a member, without subjecting him to the liability of being expelled.—Lager seems destined to carry the day here.

But just listen to the San Mateo County *Gazette* in reply to the interrogations for copy from that indispensable member of a printing office, named after the gentlemanly president of those excessively warm quarters, and who is supposed, even there, to take things coolly, in more senses than one:

"Copy?" You imp of darkness, have

you the audacious weather? Well, at ninety-eight country, and copy. Leave the reach of the sea—learn or put a. to y the very thro brain. We v much less for that's entirely [I] about lazil hold on—here here's a poor mitted suicide be-rimstone! never mind, but don't you now, take yo pockets, and g around that up the elepha the "Model L Dandy" in the the "New Bon Country," and small caps—p and "The Bri llay" to pres Store"—Dist lay "Judge C he's getting ol and prove the the "Fourth appear to be i go and jump face—it'll tak same time driv body goes in and somebody you don't com the next mail

What a joll ter all where ures, sunny da ous dinners a What more can man' happiness brace all?—arc cret," the soug edness? So m loaned its bac hard-finished v cus fibres into licious siesta. ition were favor it resumed: I

you the audacity to ask for copy this hot weather? Why, the thermometer stands at ninety-eight in the coolest place in the country, and here you are, boring us for copy. Leave, you black imp! get beyond the reach of this paste-pot, or I'll make you see **—learn you some other calling, or put a . to your satanic existence. Copy! the very thought sends a † through our brain. We wouldn't write a ¶ for a £, much less for a \$, and as for a, oh! that's entirely out of the? None of your !!! about laziness, we say it's hot! Ah! hold on—here's some—giv's the scissors—here's a poor fellow in San Francisco committed suicide, and McNulty sat on him—be-rimstone! what a job for a hot day—never mind, we'll appropriate that story, but don't you give any credit for it. There, now, take your ~~out~~ out of your pockets, and go to work. Put some quoins around that wash woman's bill, lock up the elephant—and separate the pi—put the "Model Lady" on a galley, and "The Dandy" in the case—place furniture round the "New Boarding House,"—overrun "The Country," and put all the sub-heads in small caps—put the "Lumber" on the rack and "The Brick" on the stone—get "The Hay" to press, and hurry up "The New Store"—Distribute "The Mormons," and lay "Judge Cradlebaugh" on one side—he's getting old. Justify that "Homicide" and prove the "Murder." You may tie up the "Fourth of July," the people don't appear to be in want of it this year. Then go and jump in the creek and wash your face—it'll take it all to do it—and at the same time drive away the sharks; everybody goes in swimming these hot days, and somebody will get bitten, yet. And mind you don't come here again for copy before the next mail comes in.

WHAT a jolly good old world this is after all! where we have intellectual pleasures, sunny days, smiling friends, sumptuous dinners and good wine—sometimes. What more can the restless desire for human happiness crave?—do these not embrace all?—are they not the "Golden Secret," the sought "Kalon," of mortal blessedness? So mused the Social Chair, as it leaned its back comfortably against the hard-finished wall and composed its nervous fibres into the calm tranquillity of a delicious *siesta*. The circumstances and position were favorable for philosophizing, and it resumed: How grateful all chairs are,

or ought to be, for so much happiness; how thankful for the manifold benefits with which a beneficent Providence has blessed their lot—the advantages of a free government—the enjoyment of plenty and prosperity—the gift of a genial climate—the pleasure of operatic and dramatic amusements—the benefit of having sincere friends, and the luxury of social comfort and refinement. Surely, a chair whose lot is cast in the midst of so many blessings cannot be discontented! At this stage of our meditations, we were interrupted by the expressman invading our sanctum, and depositing a huge pile of letters. By dint of great effort we roused ourself from the lethargic state into which we had fallen, and perused the mass of correspondence.

They were mostly marked "confidential," but as we believe that confidence, like honor, can be entrusted in the hands of a few particular friends (!) we shall give the contents of a few of them to the reader.

The first was enclosed in a large legal envelope, bearing the Seal of the State of California. It read thus:

SACRAMENTO, JULY, 1859.

Enviably Social Chair:—

I steal a moment from the cares of State, to tell you how much I envy your happy lot. How blessed, could I flee from the hungry Cerberuses, who bark incessantly for their share of the loaves and fishes, and become like you the center of a happy group! How willingly would I forego the harassing honors of my exalted place, to enjoy "the blessedness of being little;" how gladly resign all thoughts of fame, to repose in quiet retirement like you. But the good of the people demands the sacrifice of such comforts, and I still suffer on for their sake. CHAIR OF STATE.

This is well, we thought, but might be—better (the irregularity of the adjective spoiled the point). O most revered Chair of State! If happiness is not found in the high place which you occupy, where shall we look for it? Do thousands plot, and work, and scheme, and disquiet themselves to win the laurels which rest on your brow, and at last find it but a crown of thorns?—splendid misery!—we do not envy

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them. But here is a more humble letter. Surely that will tell of contentment, if it dwells not in high places:

IN THE MOUNTAINS, JULY, 1859.

Exalted Social Chair:—

You will pardon, I am sure, this intrusion on your precious time. I should not speak, but when I look upon those who fill elevated places in the world, and are great and famous, and then think of my lowly condition, something stirs within me that will not suffer me to remain silent. Is it just in Heaven to make our lots so unequal? Why should I be confined, in a humble camp-stool, in a miner's cabin, cherishing a "discontented and repining spirit, burdensome to itself," while others enjoy the blessings of fame and greatness. Why am I not a Governatorial or Social Chair?—my material is as good—mahogany and rosewood are no better than oak! Answer me, O most gracious Social Chair! why am I debarred from a position as exalted as yours? CAMP-STOOL.

Our "position" is rather exalted, in one sense, being in the third story of a brick building, and we see no reason why you should not occupy one as elevated, if you can find a room on the third floor of any building equally high. We would, however, warn you that it has its inconveniences, and in case of earthquakes—very plausible cases, too, in our fair Yerba Buena—it is by no means a desirable position. But, in another sense, we never deemed our lot exalted; and we have seen happier days in the unrestrained and reckless freedom of a miner's cabin, than we should hope to find in the palaces of kings.

Another letter:—

FROM A SICK-ROOM, JULY, 1859.

Happy Social Chair:—

Do not deem it entirely the peevishness of illness—though it may be a desire for kindly sympathy—if I am fretful and discontented; for who could languish day after day with pain, in the close room of sickness, and not feel their spirit burn with envy at the happy lot of hearty people, and the comfort felt in occupying elastic spring-bottomed chairs? I've no patience to live nor endure; I wish my whole framework was crashed to pieces. My back, legs and arms, my whole system, are but a seat for disease and pain.

Envy your happiness, I remain an
INVALID CHAIR.

If kindly sympathies and earnest good wishes can avail, they are most freely and most cordially tendered by this Social Chair to his invalid brother. And the comfort proffered would be in the shape of advice—which is easy to give, and, perhaps, as unpleasant to take, as any kind of medicine—"Never say die." This Chair, when it strayed away to Mexico for a short time, and became prostrated by the coast fever, was requested by its physician to square up its accounts with the world, and prepare to—vamos; made reply, "No, Dr., he don't mean to do anything of the kind—in this God-forsaken country. You can't kill him—not this time. He does not believe in dying yet, or for many years to come." "Why, then," rejoined the doctor, laughing, "I may as well cure you up at once. If you keep up a strong heart, I can soon cure you." And he did. A word to the wise, &c.

But here is another letter, whose delicate perfume seems to tell of the possession of that precious gift, contentment. The dainty envelope, nicely embossed, with the figure of a violet, speaks of modesty,—we knew the language of flowers in our youth,—and the writing is neat as the tracings of a fairy's fingers.

Dear Social Chair:—I want to ask you a question—I could ask a good many, but I have one particular one about which I have bothered and bothered my head, till I'm fairly giddy. You know I'm a poor little Sewing Chair. Well, then, I'm not satisfied with being always a little home-spun thing, shut up in a small chamber, and stitching, stitching, stitching, forever; it isn't fair—is it? I don't want to be, like some Sewing-Chairs I know—a great office-chair, or a bar-room chair, nor even a Social Chair—although that would be very nice; but I would like to be one of those carved rosewood, velvet-cushioned chairs, which bury their dainty feet in the soft Brussels carpets of splendid parlors, and do nothing the whole day long—oh, wouldn't I! Now, what I want to know is, is it wrong to think so? My venerable grandmother—the quaint-looking old chair in the corner—says it is, and calls it all silliness and romantic nonsense; but, as I rock to and fro, I can't help wishing it, even if it be wrong. Very affectionately,
SEWING CHAIR.

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P. S.—A plain Windsor-chair, a very good one, too, wants me to come and sit beside him in his home. I feel half inclined to go; but, then, you know, Windsor chairs are such common, inelegant things; besides, if I wait a little while, perhaps, I shall get into a grand parlor, with rosewood and Brussels company!

S. C.

"Dear Social Chair," "affectionately yours," are certainly very flattering; and altho' you, Miss Sewing-Chair, in accordance with the usual custom of your sex—giving the entire gist of the letter in a P. S.—we beg to offer the following answer to your confidential (1) communication:—Many spinsters (and bachelors too) unfortunately have listened to a gentleman of plausible address named "I Procrastinate," whose character for honesty has always been exceedingly doubtful, especially in the article of Time, as well as happiness, so that in five cases out of six, the one golden opportunity of a life-time has been allowed to pass unimproved. Then again, we would not be ungentle enough to suggest that your allusion to the common Windsor-chair has anything selfish in it, of course not.

All the above communications being duly examined, we have resolved ourself into a committee of one to consider the question—chair already filled. Discontent it would seem, is inherent in the human soul—even the angels fell by it. It is useless to oppose philosophy against the inborn principles of our natures; the Stoic may school himself to the utmost perfection in his tenets, but still the human heart is human, and men will weep and laugh, and grieve and gladden the same as ever. Contentment is certainly a jewel of priceless value; but as we cannot all possess jewels, neither can we all enjoy the spirit of Contentment. But when we have prosperous times, sunny days, smiling friends, sumptuous dinners, and good wine, and are not happy, we are like the man who sees priceless treasures scattered around him, which he will not stoop to gather, yet still complains of poverty. And if after all, Chairs will still be

discontented, we must remember that Charity covers a multitude of sins.

With a score of the nicest apologies in readiness for our fair Fashion editress, should she deem we are encroaching upon her particular grounds, we cannot resist the temptation of treating the reader to the annexed clever satire on the frequently ridiculous unsuitableness of fashionable attire, scissored from Irving's *Salmagundi*. It is not only a proof of the skill of the Satirist, but an indication that humanity preserves the same weaknesses and follies in every generation, that the thrust—with the exception of a few articles of apparel which have gone into disuse—applies as well now as to the time it was first written—fifty years ago:

"If the weather be very cold, a thin muslin gown or frock is most advisable, because it agrees with the season, being perfectly cool. The neck, arms, and particularly the elbows bare, in order that they may be agreeably painted and mottled by Mr. JOHN FROST, nose-painter-general, of the color of Castile soap, Shoes of kid, the thinnest that can be procured—as they tend to promote colds, and make a lady look interesting—(*i. e.* *grizzly*). Picnic silk stockings, with lace clocks, flesh-colored, are most fashionable, as they have the appearance of bare legs—*nudity* being all the rage. The stockings carelessly bespattered with mud, to agree with the gown, which should be bordered about three inches deep with the most fashionable colored mud that can be found: the ladies permitted to hold up their trains, after they have swept two or three streets, in order to show—the clocks of their stockings. The shawl scarlet, crimson, flame, orange, salmon, or any other combustible or brimstone color, thrown over one shoulder, like an Indian blanket, with one end dragging on the ground.

N. B. If the ladies have not a red shawl at hand, a red petticoat turned lopsy-turvy over the shoulders would do just as well. This is called being dressed *à la drabble*.

When the ladies do not go abroad of a morning, the usual chimney-corner dress is a dotted, spotted, striped, or cross-barred gown; a yellowish, whitish, smoky, dirty-colored shawl, and the hair curiously ornamented with little bits of newspapers, or pieces of a letter from a dear friend. This is called the "Cinderella-dress."

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SEWING CHAIR.

The recipe for a full dress is as follows: take of spider-net, crape, satin, gimp, cat-gut, gauze, whalebone, lace, bobbin, ribbons, and artificial flowers, as much as will rig out the congregation of a village church; to these, add as many spangles, beads, and gow-gaws as would be sufficient to turn the heads of all the fashionable fair ones of Nootka-sound. Let Mrs. Toole or Madame Bouchard patch all these articles together, one upon another, dash them plentifully over with stars, bugles, tinsel, and they will altogether form a dress, which, hung upon a lady's back, cannot fail of supplying the place of beauty, youth, and grace, and of reminding the spectator of that celebrated region of finery, called *Kay Fair*.

The wickedness and degeneracy of man shall surely meet with a just retribution, in proof whereof witness the following chapter, so delicately tintured with the spirit of mental strength as associated with femininity. At first perusal of it we felt inclined to express a pair of unmentionables to the fair writer as an appropriate tribute to her evident powers of mind; but, as happens often with editorial dignitaries, the wardrobe contained but a single pair of those necessary articles, we had time to deliberate more calmly; and finally subjecting all sense of injured pride of manhood to the fine chivalrous devotion we entertain for the sex, we bowed, much in the spirit of a hen-pecked husband we suppose, and mentally exclaimed "O most venerable Aunt Thusa; if it should please the gentle nature of your sex, spare the rod; but, nevertheless, not my will but thine be-accomplished!"

A CHAPTER ON THE TIMES.

How times have changed since I was a girl; sometimes I can't believe we live on the same globe, the order of things seems so entirely reversed. Formerly it was the custom for the women-folks to do the visiting, gossiping, slandering, &c. They were accounted the "scandal-mongers," "back-biters," and everything else which was calculated to inspire a feeling of fear; but now, since elections are held upon a new plan, by fifty different parties, or factions,

where there was but one, we poor females are obliged to shrink within the limits of our crinoline, hide our diminished heads, and in the language of some modern politician acknowledge ourselves "gone in," or a passenger for the first Salt River packet. We never *confessed* enmity for any one except to some intimate friend like Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Smith, or a dozen others; but there is no denying that we frequently met those with the most insinuating smile, for whom we felt the most bitter hatred. All this was right among the daughters of Eve, but who could pardon such a thing in the sons of her worthy husband? I remember once when Grandma wanted to get all her quilting done for nothing, and save the dollar poor lame Nancy so much needed, she visited all the neighbors, told the children pretty stories, sent cakes to the half-grown misses, and gave many other proofs of her *undying* friendship for her *dear, good, neighbors*. The result can easily be seen, the quilting was done, the dollar saved. All this was among *women*, but see my children to what extent this is now carried on among *men*, from whom better things might be expected.

Here comes No. 1, a candidate for some office, all ill-feeling towards *everybody* is forgotten. He *knows everybody, likes everybody*, feels deeply interested in everybody's welfare, is willing to *assist everybody, gives everybody five dollars!* is assured of *everybody's* support, and goes home sure of— a defeat.

Following in his footsteps, comes No. 2, goes to *the same people*, inquires after the health of every family, feeds every dirty-faced boy on oranges and candy, *begs every* mamma to "please name that beautiful, sweet, lovely, (red haired, freckle nosed) baby after him, as he wishes to *educate* it, *work* for it, *leave it his fortune*," (consisting of two shot bags, and one powder flask) slips \$5,25, (remember only two bits more) into Daddy's hand and goes home sure of— an election.

Ah, my children, as I said before, such work was pardonable among us, but can

it be excused in *the* good old times return of the community when will men deal with each other, and intrigue for woman? the best calculated, have gone to Adam's office to Eve? again.

Who that has ever delirium of "a long youth and love," by exquisite beauty of clipped from an excellent expression and passion of intense devotion being which they braced in all the range

YOU KISS

BY MISS JESSIE

You kissed me! My
on your breast,
With a feeling of pleasure
While the holy emotion
not speak,
Flashed up like a flame
my cheek.
Your arms held me
were so bold,
Heart beat against his
hold!
Your glances seemed
through my eyes
As the sun draws the
the skies;
And your lips clung
in my bliss,
They might never
turous kiss.

You kissed me! My
and my will,
In delirious joy for the
Life had for me the
charms—
No vista of pleasure—
And were I this instant
Of the glory and peace
blest,
I would fling my wreath
down,
And tear from my head
crown,

it be excused in *MEN*? When will the good old times return, when the male part of the community knew friend from foe? when will men deal openly and honestly with each other, and leave the work of intrigue for woman? If she had not been the best calculated, would not the serpent have gone to Adam instead of assigning this office to Eve? How I wish to be young again.

AUNT THUSA.

Who that has ever yielded to the wild delirium of "a long, long kiss, a kiss of youth and love," but will appreciate the exquisite beauty of the following lines, clipped from an exchange? Their force of expression and passionate feeling, the spirit of intense devotion, idolatry for one loved being which they breathe, is scarcely excelled in all the range of American poetry:

YOU KISSED ME.

BY MISS JESSIE S. HUNT.

You kissed me! My head had drooped low
on your breast,
With a feeling of pleasure and infinite rest,
While the holy emotions my tongue dared
not speak,
Flashed up like a flame, from my heart to
my cheek.
Your arms held me fast—Oh! your arms
were so bold,
Heart beat against heart to their passionate
hold!

Your glances seemed drawing my soul
through my eyes,
As the sun draws the mist from the sea to
the skies;
And your lips clung to mine, till I prayed
in my bliss,
They might never unclasp from that rap-
turous kiss.

You kissed me! My heart, and my breath,
and my will,
In delirious joy for the moment stood still;
Life had for me then no temptations—no
charms—
No vista of pleasure—outside of your arms;
And were I this instant an angel, possessed
Of the glory and peace that are given the
blest,
I would fling my white robes unrepiningly
down,
And tear from my head its most beautiful
crown,

To nestle once more in the haven of rest,
With your lips upon mine, and my head on
your breast.

You kissed me! My soul in a bliss so di-
vine,
Reeled and swooned like a drunken man,
foolish with wine,
And I thought 'twere delicious to die then,
if death
Would come while my mouth was yet moist
with your breath;
'Twere delicious to die if my heart might
grow cold,
While your arms wrapt me round in that
passionate fold—
And these are the questions I ask day and
night:
Must my life taste but one such exquisite
delight?
Would you care if your breast were my
shelter as then?
And if you were here—would you kiss me
again?

The Fashions.

It is not our intention to particularize as much as usual this time, but will give some general information, having fully acquainted you with "The Seasons" shape of Ladies' Bonnets, styles of head-dresses, cut of dresses, how to trim them, and what to make them of, and lastly how to dress the boys and girls.

This you will remember holds good for three months, and "the end is not yet."

It may truly be said, no part of her profession proves a milliner a true artist so well as being able to adapt her creations to the personal peculiarities of her patrons, for that which looks well on one, will be found wholly unsuited to another. With the hope that among the number of Bonnets we shall describe as pretty, our readers may each find one to suit their mind, we will at once proceed.

1. Fancy Straw Bonnets, trimmed with corn-poppies and grass.
2. Bonnets made of plain white straw, edged with black, the top of the crown open-work, the cape composed of alternate rows of plain and open-work straw edged with black, trimmed with bright variegated roses, with mixture of black and white

blond. (Inside) white tab and a bow of narrow ribbon on the top, striped in colors to suit the flowers, strings to match, and very wide.

3. Tuscan Bonnet, with cape trimmed with straw cord and tassel and bunches of wheat. (Inside) a wreath of field flowers.

4. White crape Bonnet, over the crown is a rounded full of black blond lace, on one side is three pendant cactus flowers, with crimped crape leaves, on the opposite side green and brown grasses with mixture of elder berries. (Inside) blond lace ruches very full, with a small white marabout feather on each side, bow of pink ribbon on top and pink strings.

5. Bonnet of pink silk, composed of three folds, inclined towards the crown, from which falls a white blond lace reaching nearly over the crown and dropping loosely over the sides to the cape, a wreath of green leaves across the top where the lace joins, connecting each side with a bunch of daisies and violets. (Inside) a wreath of daisies and strings of silk.

6. Bonnets of fine split straw, with a rich straw cord and tassels knotted at the top of the front, white marabout feathers droop from it on each side. (Inside) ruche very full at the sides with bandeau of forget-me-nots; strings, white and plain pearl-edge ribbon, No. 22.

7. Leghorn Bonnets are in more demand than ever before, trimmed in such ways as best becomes the wearer, they command from \$20 to \$150.

The capes of all description of Bonnets are made narrower than at the commencement of the season, and plaited on in every instance.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

The price of passage on the steamers of the 20th June was,—First Cabin, \$125; Second, \$80; and Steerage, \$40.

The Overland Mail, via Los Angeles, has made its regular trips within schedule time during the month, and on its return has carried from 1,400 to 2,000 letters each time.

There are over 3000 Chinese now on their way to this State from Hong Kong.

Flour has been selling at fifteen cents per pound in the Walker's river mines.

The heat during a portion of the month was somewhat oppressive; the thermometer standing at from 90° to 119 in the shade.

The flume of the Butte County Canal Company, 180 feet high, 1,400 feet long, and built at a cost of \$16,000, fell with a tremendous crash, on the 20th of June.

The Hebrews of San Francisco have bought eleven acres of land near the Mission Dolores for a cemetery, and steps are being taken to enclose it with a substantial wall.

A vein of coal has been opened on the eastern border of Sacramento county, sixteen feet in thickness, and is said to be of excellent quality.

On Saturday, June 25th, one hundred and sixty inmates of the State Prison at Point San Quentin attempted to escape; of those forty-two succeeded, but the remaining one hundred and eighteen were fired upon and forced to return. Four were wounded and one killed. Subsequently twelve others were captured by main force, and several killed.

A fire broke out in Tehama on the morning of the 25th of June, and destroyed the whole town with the exception of three houses. Losses \$10,000. On the 27th, Oroville was visited by the Fire-king, and who destroyed about \$20,000 worth of property. On the 8th ult., Chipp's Flat was nearly consumed by the same destroying angel. Losses from \$16,100 to \$18,000. At Rough and Ready, all the town north of Gilham's Store fell a prey to the devouring flame. Loss \$75,000.

The *Mariposa Gazette*, edited and published by L. A. Holmes, entered upon the fifth year of its prosperous existence on the 8th ult.

A fire destroyed one-third of the town of Weaverville, Trinity county, on the 5th ult. Losses \$100,000. On the 9th, another at Crescent City destroyed \$30,000 worth of property.

The 4th of July was very generally celebrated throughout the State. On the same day a slight shower of rain fell at several places.

The Golden Gate, which sailed on the 6th ult., took away \$2,255,134. On the two eastern-bound steamers of that date, there were 1,229 passengers.

The Republican candidates in Oregon polled a majority at the recent election.

The proprietors quartz lead, on the \$90,000 in the S. T. the whole amount January 1st, \$230.

After a brief suspension the Siskiyou *Chronicle* 9th ult., with W. J.

The California Warren, entered on the 22nd.



HERE is Sorrow—sorrow for course no sound mind sees so much happiness is a kind of sadness; and, without influence, we all us when familiar changed—when friends near and dear, go under still, become gentle voices and cheered and glad are heard and seen night shadows full bright scenes of choly Autumn come flowers and song-birds their sprightly presence and Summer—when it comes often—so we thought the over a pile of dear early contributors, the familiar autographs Dr. D. N.; Monahan; Alice; Bessie; Doin; Pipes; Chispa; and C. J. W. Russel; J. Pioneer; W. B. S.; ris Kirke; Eugene; C.; Cloe; Luna; Mrs. Highton; Mrs. S. H. Old Mountaineer; Nolan; Charley; and that used to cheer us with us in the very kept with us faithful still visit us occasionally greet us more; and being lost in the do silence. All were once hood and brotherhood zine contributors, and sympathies. Time me

The proprietors of the Allison Ranch quartz lead, on the 13th ult., deposited \$90,000 in the S. F. Branch Mint, making the whole amount of their deposit since January 1st, \$230,000.

After a brief suspension of publication, the Siskiyou *Chronicle* re-appeared on the 9th ult., with W. J. Mayfield as publisher.

The California *Farmer*, edited by Col. Warren, entered upon its 12th volume on the 22nd.

The Golden Age sailed for Panama and New York on the 20th ult. with \$1,889,377, and 349 passengers. The number of passengers on the Uncle Sam, of the same date, was 360,—total 709.

The first number of the *Tulare County Record*, published by I. W. Carpenter, was issued at Visalia, June 25th.

On the 24th of July, ten years ago, the first U. S. Mail was carried up the Sacramento river from San Francisco.

Editor's Table.

HERE is surely such a thing as Sorrow—some say it is another name for existence; but this of course no sound mind can receive, when he sees so much happiness in the world. There is a kind of sadness that we all feel at times; and, without dwelling on its chastening influence, we all feel that it steals upon us when familiar objects or voices become changed—when friends, who have been near and dear, go from us; or when, sadder still, become cold or estranged—when gentle voices and happy smiles that have cheered and gladdened our inmost souls are heard and seen no more—when the night shadows fall down and veil the bright scenes of the day—when melancholy Autumn comes to banish the fair flowers and song-birds that pleased with their sprightly presence the Spring-time and Summer—when—but why continue?—it comes often—ever. So we think, and so we thought the other day, as we looked over a pile of dear old letters from our early contributors, and saw among them the familiar autographs of Carrie D.; J. B.; Dr. D. N.; Monadnock; Old Forty-Nine; Alice; Bessie; Doings; G. T. S.; Jeems Pipes; Chispa; Anna M. Bates; W. H. D.; C. J. W. Russel; Joe; C. B. McDonald; Pioneer; W. B. S.; Old Block; Mary Morris Kirke; Engone; Harry Sinclair; H. P. C.; Cloe; Luna; Mrs. C. W. W.; Agricola; Highton; Mrs. S. H. D.; Dr. Fe Nix; C. C.; Old Mountaineer; Rochester; J. S. H.; Nolan; Charley; and a host of other names that used to cheer us monthly. Some were with us in the very first number, and have kept with us faithfully until now; others still visit us occasionally; some can never greet us more; and others are for the time-being lost in the doubtful uncertainty of silence. All were once joined in close sisterhood and brotherhood on the list of Magazine contributors, and felt warm ties and sympathies. Time may have changed some

—circumstances may have estranged others for a time—but we still entertain our old faith in their goodness and fidelity. And is it to be wondered at that we felt a kind of sadness, as we perused the old letters, full as they were with cordial and friendly words? And then, thoughts of long silence maintained by many ensued.

We have a proposition to make:—
Most families united by ties of blood, who have become separated from each other in the course of life's changes, have times of re-union, when they again all assemble under the old parental roof, and renew the ties of past years. Why should not our family of contributors do likewise? Thanksgiving is the American day of family re-unions; and that day is again approaching. We cannot, probably, meet in person, but let all of you, who can or will, send in a short contribution for the November number of the California Magazine, and we will publish them under the head of "A Thanksgiving Re-union of Our Contributors."

In order to keep up and perpetuate the improvements gradually being introduced in the California Magazine, since we last had the pleasure of greeting our numerous readers we have visited the awe-inspiring scenes within and around the great Yo-Semite Valley, and the large groves of Mammoth trees situated in the counties of Mariposa and Fresno, and as these sights are the most imposing and wonderful of any and all yet known in any part of the world, our friends will be glad to learn that we are preparing a series of beautiful engravings with which to illustrate several numbers of this Magazine, and in which a complete panorama will be presented, and a full history, description and explanation given of all its remarkable scenes, Indian customs, language, and legends.

STATE INDUSTRY.—To those whose highest terrestrial hopes and noblest aspirations centre in the prosperity and happiness of the home of their adoption, the State of California, we need only mention that on the 13th of September next, the State Agricultural Society (we demur, and always did, to the name of the Society, as being by far too inexpressive for the objects embraced by it) will hold its Sixth Annual Fair at Sacramento City, for the exhibition of every kind of article produced by the skill, enterprise, and industry of Californians.

This exhibition will include all kinds of Cattle, from a short-horned bull to a Durham cow; Horses of all work, to full-blooded Racers,—not even excluding Jacks and Mules; Sheep, from a Saxon to a South-down; Swine, from a juvenile "Rooter" to the fattest kind of a Porker; Poultry, from a Dung-hill Hen, to a Turkey Gobbler; Rabbits, from a lop-eared white to a long-eared Hare. Then again, Tools and Machinery of all kinds are not to be forgotten, from a Spade to a Threshing Machine, and even to a Quartz Mill, complete; every variety of product from the farm, orchard, vineyard, nursery, (perhaps inclusive of boys and girls) and garden, from a pea-nut to a squash, and from a monthly rose to a mammoth tree. The Dairy, even, is not to be overlooked in the important articles of "butter and cheese—and all." Then again, every kind of Manufacture will be welcomed, from a bar of soap to a steam engine; or from a basket of wine to a church organ. The Fine Arts, moreover, are not to be slighted, for every possible conception of the human brain, from wax fruit to an oil painting, may be entered for the prize:—and if there be anything new—entirely new—so as not to come within the range of the articles enumerated—even if it be for an expeditious mode of passenger transit to the moon; or an invaluable method of discovering honesty in the soul of a politician—we think we know the Board of Managers sufficiently to say that an impartial examination (and, if worthy, a prize also,) will be secured it. Therefore, everybody may, and we trust will, produce something that shall enhance the progress, show the skill, or develop the resources of the State, at the Annual Exhibition in September next.

We give pleasurable greeting this month to a new religious monthly magazine, entitled "THE PACIFIC EXPOSITOR," edited by Dr. W. A. Scott, D. D., and published by Geo. W. Stevens, of this city. The praiseworthy object of its able editor is

announced to be the exposition of God's Word, and the preaching of the Gospel, so that the lonely dwellers in the mountains and valleys of California may be favored with the blessings of religious instruction, of the same kind and quality as that given to the residents of a city on the Sabbath day. We have many times listened, with much gratification, to the sermons and lectures of Dr. Scott, and can assure our readers that the reverend gentleman has the faculty of making his discourses very interesting. This gift is either very rare, or is not sufficiently cultivated among California divines; and yet the requirements of a California audience are greater than those of other countries where social and religious influences are generally higher and more numerous, as well as more varied. The discussion of dry theological subjects have little interest to those here whose business has kept the mind in a perpetual fever of excitement, for six days out of seven; so that when they repair to the sanctuary on a Sabbath day, they not only need the Bread of Life well buttered with interesting facts and similes, to make it palatable, but require that no dry and unworthy theological substitute of bone-dust flour should constitute the component parts of the staff of eternal life, be they never so finely ground, or nicely bleached. We would commend these thoughts to those ministers who wish to be acceptable and useful to a California audience. We doubt not this work will be very acceptable, especially for Sunday reading.

To Contributors and Correspondents.

Emily T.—Nevada.—The first complete translation of the Bible into English was by Wycliffe, about the year 1380.

J. G.—Your suggestion of a Re-union of Contributors in the December number of this Magazine is happily conceived. You will find it further discussed in the Editors Table.

S.—We could not promise you anything of the kind. Send, and you will learn of its disposition.

R. B.—Coon Hollow.—Your style is altogether too diffuse. The secret of elegant composition lies in expressing a thought in as comprehensive and as suitable language as may be possible. Then again we would recommend you not to be chary of your trouble, for the simple reason that a good article is worth a dray load of bad ones. Believe us.

"Subscriber"—Can you supply the articles mentioned in your note of the 4th?

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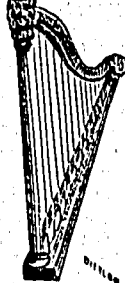
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