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AND SEAL ROCK; RETURNING BY FORT POINT AND THE PRESIDIO.

SOUTHWEST VIEW OF FORT POINT AND THE GOLDEN GATE.
(From a Photograph by HamiltOn & Co., San Francisco.)

Out of a population of from sixty-five
to seventy thousand persons—the number
estimated to be in San Francisco at the
present time—it is to be expected that
for health, change, business or recreation,
a large proportion, at convenient seasons,
will make a flying visit to localities of in-
terest that can be easily and cheaply
reached, beyond the suburbs of the city.
Of these, one of the most interesting and
pleasant is that from San Francisco by the Mission Dolores to the Ocean House, and Seal Rock; returning by Fort Point and the Presidio. Upon this interesting jaunt we hope to have the pleasure of the reader’s company; for it is almost always more agreeable to visit such scenes in good companionship than to go alone.

As these places are visited by all classes of persons, whose means and tastes widely differ, it is not for us to say whether it is better to go on horseback, or in a buggy; by a public omnibus, or a private carriage; or, on that very primitive, somewhat independent, but not always the most popular conveyance, technically denominated “a foot.” We must confess, however, that insomuch as our physical and mental organization are both capable of enduring a large amount of comfort, as well as pleasure, our predilections decidedly incline to the former. Yet, to those who, to be suited, would choose even the latter, we can most conscientiously affirm that “we have no objection!”

This, then, being duly conceded, with the reader’s consent, we will set out at once on our jaunt, each one by the conveyance that pleases him best.

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

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

- On the Old Mission road, an omnibus passes and repasses fourteen times daily, with from 1 to 20 passengers, and will average 12 each way; leaving the Plaza on the even hour, from 7 o’clock A.M., to 8 P.M. The San Jose stage, which leaves the Plaza at 8 A.M., and the Ocean House omnibus, which leaves the Plaza at 10 A.M., passes and repasses daily; the Overland Mail stage, via Los Angeles, which leaves the Plaza every Monday and Friday, at noon; in due, returning on the same day, but it generally arrives three or four days before time; Durlin’s express runs twice a day to the Mission and back; in addition to these, there are 5 water carts, 10 milk, 12 meat, 18 vegetable, and from 20 to 30 express, or parcel waggons, daily.
- On the 24th ult., there were 43 horsemen, 60 double horses, and 177 single horses vehicles, such as carriages, buggies, sulky’s, &c., in addition to those above mentioned.
- On the Folsom street plank road, an omnibus passes and repasses two or three times daily, with an average of 12 passengers, each way, leaving the Plaza on the half hour. There are also, 40 milk, 20 vegetable, 20 lumber, liquor, bread, and meat wagons, of single and double horses; and about 80 buggies, single and double; besides foot passengers. On Sundays, no less than 40 omnibuses, and from 150 to 200 buggies, pass and repass, besides from 1 to 3,000 people, a large proportion of whom are bound for Russ’ Gardens.

With this preliminary explanation, and the reader’s consent, as we cannot very conveniently journey together on both roads, we will take a walk on the Folsom street, a road like those of private real gardens and the first willmention, is the “Bolson” and Centre, the.

But after past before arriving to the is the celebrated cal for Gent. Here let us late a want that took place between the English woman’s comfortables shoes, in the side walk.
A JAUNT OF RECREATION.

VIEW OF THE MISSION BAYOU, FROM THE FUTHER.

[From a Photograph by Hamilton & Co.]

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

German woman to Irish servant:

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

"Faith, and I don't see that ye's very comfortable ye'self; for ye's slaving ye'self from Monday morning until Saturday night, washing clothes for other people, while ye's husband is mending boots and shoes, in that box, on the side walk."

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

Now, if this does not preach a sermon on contentment, it is of no use our trying. So we may as well pass on to say, that the next object that attracts our attention, is the black volumes of smoke, that roll from the chimney-top of the San Francisco Sugar Refinery. In this
refinery, some 4,200 tons of sugar, is refined annually, consuming about 1,600 tons of coal, 400 tons of horses, (for making ivory or bone black for filtering purposes,) 1,280,000 staves, 1,100,000 hoops, and 200,000 heads for barrels and kegs—

Within, there are about 60 men employed; and without, from 75 to 80 more, in getting of staves, hoops, heads, making barrels, freighting, teaming, &c.

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

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

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

Now we have arrived at the quaint, old-fashioned, tile-covered adobe church, and buildings attached; part of which is still in use by the Mission, and a part is converted into saloons and a store. This edifice was erected in 1773-76, and was completed and dedicated, August 1st, 1776; and was formerly called San Francisco, in honor of the patron saint, St. Francis, the name given to the Bay by its discoverer, Junipero Serra, in October, 1769.

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

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

As late as 1840, there were two large bollers in the buildings back of the church; and as meat was almost the only article of food, an ox was killed and boiled wholesale, at which time the Indians would gather around and eat until they were satisfied. Of course, most of our readers are aware that Catholics are not allowed to eat meat on a Friday, but owing to this being the only article of diet to the Indians and native Californians, around the Mission, they were not required to abstain from it, even on that day.

According to Mr. Forbes, a very careful and accurate writer, who published a work in 1856, entitled the 'History of Lower and Upper California,' the number of black cattle belonging to this Mission in 1831, was 5,010; horses, 470; mules, 40; while only 233 fanegas (a fanega is about 22 bushels) of wheat; 70 of Indian corn; and 40 of small beans, were raised altogether. At that time, however, the missions had lost much of their former glory; for in 1825, only six years before, that of Dolores, alone, is said to have had 70,000 head of cattle; 900 tame horses; 2,000 breeding mares;
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Dolores, alone, 16

00 head of cattle;

breeding mares;

84 stud, of choice breed; 820 mules; 79,000 sheep; 2,000 hogs; and 456 yoke

wheat and barley. Besides, in

1802, according to Baron Humboldt, there

were of males, in this Mission, 438; of

females, 381; total, 814. And yet, ac-

cording to Mr. Forbes, in 1831, there were

but 124 males, and 85 females; and now,

there are—none. Truly, "the glory has

departed."

At that time, the Indians and native

Californians, for many miles around,

would congregate at the Mission Dolores,

about three times a year, bringing with

them cattle enough to kill while they re-

mained, which was generally about a

week, and have a good holiday time with

each other.

Before the discovery of gold it was the

custom here to keep a tabular record of

all the men, women and children; mem-

bers of the church; marriages, births

and deaths; the number of live stock; and

amount of produce in all their business
details; but since then everything has

changed for the worse. Even the lands
dedicated to, and set apart for, the use of

the Mission, have nearly all been squatted

upon, so that now but a few hundred va-

ras remain intact; and as to where the

stock of all kinds have gone, "deponent

saith not."

A JAUNT OF RECREATION.

THE OLD MISSION CHURCH AND BUILDINGS, BUILT IN 1776.

[From a Photograph by Hamilton & Co.]

It is quite a pleasurable curiosity to

examine the old Spanish manuscript

books, still extant at this mission, and

look upon their sheep-skin covered lids,

and buckskin clasps. Besides these there

are about six hundred printed volumes,

in Spanish, on religious subjects; but

being in a foreign language they are sel-

don or never read.

At the present time the only uses to

which this Mission is devoted is to give

public instruction in the Catholic religion,

the education of some seventeen pupils;

the burial of the dead; and an occa-

sional marriage. Of the last named, about

eighteen have taken place within the past

four years.

The great point of attraction here to

visitors from the city, is its quiet green

graveyard; and but for its being so neg-

ligently tended and slovenly kept would

be one of the prettiest places near the
city. In this last peaceful home, from

June 1st, 1858 to May 20th, 1859, the

following will show how many have been

layed——June, (1858) 52; July, 67; August

53; September, 59; October, 63; No-

vember, 57; December, 60; January,

(1859) 35; February, 45; March, 38;

April, 33; May, up to the 20th, 28.

It seems as though we could never won-

ry in looking upon these interesting
scenery; but as we have fast to go; and we trust, many more to look upon, let us again set out on our journey; and visit this spot at our leisure.

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

THE OCEAN HOUSE.

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

From this point we have a commanding view of the surrounding country. The hill in front of us, and as the back of the Industrial school, contains a quarry of the finest sandstone, and which, were there but a railroad upon which to convey it to the city, could be delivered there at from two to three dollars per ton. South is the Lake House, and Rockaway House, at the east end of lake Merced, but the latter is now used only as a private residence. From this point, too, an excellent view of the ocean is obtained, where the ships and schooners are plainly visible.

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

About two miles north of the Ocean House, is a lake, known as the Laguna Honda, at which a distressing accident occurred in 1855, as the reader will call to memory, when two ladies and their two children were all drowned together, under the following circumstances. In the back part of a carriage, built in the rockaway style, were seated Mrs. O'polinheimer and Mrs. Ormeu, each lady holding a child. On the front seat were two servants, a man and woman, the former of whom was driving. Having taken the road up the Rock House ravine, instead of that to the Ocean House, they arrived at the edge of the lake, above named, and the road not being wide enough to admit their carriage, they drove into the water, a little, on the edge of the lake. They could have passed here in safety, but unfortunately, the wheel struck a stump,
and by some unexplainable means, the horse was thrown round, and he fell into deep water; when the carriage was immediately turned upside down, and the forepart striking the water, was forced down upon the two ladies and their children, shutting them completely in, and they sunk to rise no more. The servants being left free, in the front of the carriage, succeeded in reaching the shore, and were saved.

Snugly ensconced beneath the hill, about half a mile from the Ocean House, and within a quarter of a mile of the sea, is the Beach House. This was first built on the shore, near the edge of a small lake that we pass, but the high tides flowing in, washed away its foundations, and compelled the alternative of their removing it at once, or of allowing the sea to do it for them; and as the owners considered themselves the best carpenters of the two, they undertook, and succeeded, in the task—but here we are, on the beach. There is a never ceasing pleasure to a refined mind, in looking upon or listening to the hoarse murmuring roar of the sea; and an unexplainable charm in the music of its waves, as with a soothing sound, they curl and gently break upon a sandy shore, during a calm; or dash in all their majesty and fury, with thundering voices upon the unheeding rocks in a storm. This is sublimity. Besides, every shell, and pebble, and marine plant, from the smallest fragment of sea-moss, to the largest weed that germinates within the caverns of the deep, has an architectural perfection and beauty, that ever attracts the wondering admiration of the thoughtful. Yet we must not now linger here, or night will overtake us.

This beach extends continuously from Seal Rock to Muscle Rock, about seven miles. Near the last named place is a soda spring, and several veins of bituminous coal; to obtain which shafts have been sunk to the depth of 124 feet, in which the coal was found to grow better as they descended; but like many similar enterprises, when means to work it failed, it was abandoned. Other minerals are also found in this chain of hills.
When this was first taken and occupied by American troops belonging to Col. Stephenson's battalion, under Maj. Har- din, in March, 1847, they found a circular battery of 10 iron guns, 16 pounders, mounted upon the hill just above the present works, and which was allowed to remain until a better one was ready to occupy its place.

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

The Lighthouse adorning the Fort, can be seen for from 10 to 12 miles, and is an important addition to the mercantile interests of California, although we regret to say, it is only of the fifth order, and known as the "Fresnel Light," and is the smallest on the coast; the lantern is 32 feet above the sea.

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

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

Between Fort Point and (the celebrated political body) Lime Point, is the world-famed Golden Gate, or entrance to the Bay of San Francisco. This is one mile and seven
centuries old, and has no rival in the world.
The egg of the California Condor.

The egg and young of the California Condor.*

From Nature.

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

Young of the California Condor, seven days old.

It is a strange fact in the natural history of our Pacific domain, that though the California Condor (Sarcoramphus Cal.) has been known to the scientific world since mentioned by Shaw in 1779, the eggs have never been met with nor properly described from nature, but simply from hearsay. Both Douglas (1827) and Town-
send (1837), as related
in Audubon, failed in dis-
covering its nest or ever
getting to see its eggs; nor (as far as we are
aware) has any person
since its time described
it from nature. Consequent
ly its identification
and description, from un-
doubted specimens, be-
comes a great desideratum
among naturalists, from
its being the egg of the
second lar est of flying
birds, and hitherto un-
known, from the extreme
difficulty and expense of
pursuing the parent bird
to its incubating haunts.
In this note we shall be
enabled to clear up all
doubts on this mooted
point; for Douglass as-
sumed and stated dogmat-
ically, that the color of
the egg was "jet black"—
from some Indian con-
versations which, proba-
bly, he did not under-
stand, or was purposely
deceived by the Indians.
All the orders sent from
Europe and the United
States, to procure the
eggs for the Cabinets and
Museums of the various, learned or rich,
or of Governments, seem to have hitherto
failed.

One of the rancheros of the Carmel,
in hunting among the highest peaks of
the Santa Lucia range, during the last
week of April present, disturbed two
Condors from their nests, and at great
risk of breaking his neck, etc., brought
away a young bird of six or seven days
old, and also an egg—the egg from one
tree, and the chick from another. There
was, properly speaking, no nest; but the
egg was laid in the hollow of a tall old
roblee-oak, in a steep harana, near the
summit of one of the highest peaks, in
the vicinity of the Talcarito, near a
place called Conjes. The birds are said,
by some hunters, not to make nests, but
simply to lay their eggs on the ground, at
the foot of old trees, or on the bare rocks
of solitary peaks; others say they lay 'in
old eagles' and buzzards' nests, while
some affirm they make nests of sticks and
moss; make a...
THE EGG AND YOUNG OF THE CALIFORNIA CONDOR.

But the truth seems to be, they make no nests. The entire egg weighed ten and a-half ounces, and the contents eight and three-quarter ounces. The color of the egg-shell is what painters call "dead, dull white;" the surface of the shell is not glossy, but slightly roughened, as in the sea-cucumber's eggs, but not so much. The figure is very nearly a perfect ellipse, being a model of form and shape in itself. It measured four and a half inches in length by two and three-eighth inches in breadth (diameter), and was eight and three-quarter inches in circumference around the middle. The egg-shell, after the contents were emptied, (which were as clear, fine, bright and in-odorous as those of a hen's egg, with a bright, yellow yolk,) held as much saline fluid ounces of water. Before the egg was opened it sunk, on being placed in water—probably from its being very recently impregnated. Some of the old hunters say the egg is excellent eating—this one certainly had not the faintest musky odor, nor the slightest foreign smell.

The collection of birds' eggs in the United States and Europe, by savans, and the rich and curious who are bird-bitten, has become as much a rabia and rage as was that of shells; and, rather curiously, it centers more in collections from the California birds, just now, than those...
from any other country. Any one, with a fully identified and arranged series of California birds' eggs, could get a handsome figure for the set in New York, Boston, Paris, or London. Only think, there are schools of philosophers who make a study of birds' eggs; they call it Ornithology, and threaten to make very big books out of it.

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

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

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

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

We are thus particular, in describing this egg and the young, as they are of great interest among naturalists from not having been described before, at least so far as we can ascertain from the latest authorities in reach, all of which are particularly directed to California subjects. The above detailed description is from nature, at any rate; if it has been noted from the same mirror hereofore, it has not come under our cognizance.

ALEX. S. TAYLOR.
Monterey, 28th April, 1859.

THE GREAT CONDOR OF CALIFORNIA. *

BY ALEXANDER S. TAYLOR.

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

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

An imperfect description was given by us of this bird in the S. F. Herald, of December 10, '52. The present specimen being killed near our house, we are enabled, with a more extended knowledge of its habits, to give a careful and detailed history of the creature.

The bird before us is a male, and weighed when killed, 20 lbs. avoirdupois. The following are its dimensions and proportions: From beak to the end of tailfeathers, 4 feet 6 inches; from tip to tip of wing, stretched out, 8 feet 4 inches; one wing, 3 feet 3 inches; tail feathers, 12 in number and 15 inches long; from ruffle on the neck to vent, 2 feet 9 inches. It has 22 brush-like feathers on each wing; the 5 long outer wing feathers measure 2 feet 5 inches each; its breadth across the breast bone is 8 inches; under the wings it has a long triangular layer of white

Published simultaneously in the Cal. Farmer.
feathers, and the outside of the lower part of the mid wing feathers is also tipped white.

The head, down to the commencement of the beak, is covered with a beautiful lemon-colored loose skin. The beak, which is a horn white, is 1-0-8 inch long, and is pointed as hard as iron, having a waved edge, toothed like the Condor or Peru, sharp as a knife; the under mandible is a perfect half cylinder, into which fits with the nicest accuracy a hollow tongue, this tongue is a curious feature, being 7-8 inch long by \( \frac{1}{2} \) inch broad, and is serrated with a truly knife-like edge, toothed like the Condor of Peru, sharp as a knife; its upper mandible is a perfect half cylinder, into which fits with the nicest accuracy a hollow tongue, which the bird uses with great force and power in reducing its food for digestion previous to swallowing.

The head is 7 inches long, and is barred over with a triangular shaped band of black feathers like small, short camels. The crowns of the upper and lower jaw bone. The neck is bare of hair, this ruffle is composed of stiff, broad feathers, having elongated points, into which its neck is buried when at rest.

Its legs are of a dirty white color and scaly, and measure 10 inches from the knee joint to the end of the claw of the main toe. The front feet consist of blunt claws; the fore toe, which is armed with strong, black claws; the middle toe is 13 inches long, which includes a claw of 1 inch in length; the hind toe with claw is only 1 inch in length. The breadth of the foot across the palm is 21 inches. The length of the legs from the hip joint to the end of the middle toe is 18 inches.

The egg of the bird, as I am informed by a fifteen-year resident of California, is 3 inches in diameter by 6 inches long; about one-fifth larger than a goose egg. Its color is a pale blue, spotted brown, and is nearly as thick as an ostrich egg. The same person informs me that the female lays, only one egg during a season, (others inform me 1-2 eggs) and makes its nest on the ground in the ravines of the mountains, and generally near the roots of the redwood and pine trees. It is three months before the young bird can fly. The eye of the bird is 1 inch long by 1 inch broad, and weighs \( \frac{1}{2} \) an ounce.

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

The bird when crest stands over 4 feet from the ground, and, from its huge wings, when spread out even closely folded, looks a mountain of dark feathers.

The feathers are of a uniform dusky brown black color, with the exceptions mentioned. The body is covered closely with a long lead-colored feather down, with a thick skin (or hide rather) which is underlaid over the whole body, and particularly its under part, with a compact layer of bright yellow fat of a strong musky smell. The meat is of a bright arterial red, and with large slices of air cells under the wings and breast sides, copiously fills out the contour of the animal. The muscules and bony development of the wings, neck, head and legs, is intense, which gives it immense strength and power in flight, and in attacking its prey or devouring its food.

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

This bird is closely allied to the Condor of the Andes, but is distinct in features and habits from the California tribe, with which it has been confounded, and which are rarely more than one-third its size. It soars at elevations of six to sixteen thousand feet, and is found throughout the length and breadth of the Rocky Mountains, both Californias, Sonora, Sinaloa, and Pacific Mexico, the Sierra of both Californias, the Northwest Coast, and is often seen near San Francisco. It is particularly fond of fish, and is often found on the sea-shore watching for fish thrown on the beach, or even steals from the Indians when enlisting salmon and mountain trout in the lakes and rivers of the Great Plains and of the Coast. A dead whale thrown alive is sure to bring some of them in sight, and a hunter killing a deer in the mountains is confident of their appearance as soon as the beast is wounded. They are also said to attack wounded deer and other animals, and kill them, and sometimes to carry off alive smaller creatures. They are also stated to carry off fish caught in river, sea and lake shallows; and though they will eat...
dead most, they will not, like the buzzard, eat carrion—but this last is a mistaken
When hungry they are exceedingly diff-
cult of approach, but when gorged with
food they are stupid, and fly or move with
slow mourn and solemn. They soar at
great heights in circles, like the Buzzard,
without moving their wings; but on a
straight line, they glide, and by starts
and leaps at intervals of two or three
minutes. Its range of vision is probably
as extensive as that of the Andean Con-
dor, which is said to sight its objects at
a greater distance than any other living
creature.

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

The Condor family has this difference
from the Vulture tribe, inasmuch as it is
an inhabitant of the volcanic, elevated
prairie and arid districts of the American
continent; whereas, the true Vulture is
more an inhabitant of the sizzling, lush-
ful forest and coast districts of the trop-
ics and intertropics. As scientific trav-
ellers extend themselves over the world,
doubtless they will find in the elevated
waterless countries of Australia, Asia and
Africa, and the mountains of Borneo and
New Guinea, analogous varieties of the
American bird, which are peculiarly fitted
by nature for living in regions where no
dense vegetation of the earth's surface
obscures the vision. We have often
thought that the great line of Captain
Sinbad—who fortunately dropped him, in
a happy California mood of treasure giv-
ing, in a valley of lustrious diamonds—as
an Arabian Night's exaggeration of some
unknown and undescibed class of Asiatic
condors, but this last is a mistaken

In 1848, a man found the first egg of the
California gold miner, and soared away into the upper
regions with man and camp equipage, to
voyage on until he can discovery the secret
valley at the bottom of which lie those
celebrated crystals of ogre-shaped dia-
monds, which have haunted the imagina-
tions of philosophers and Californians
since the year of grace, 1848. At any
rate, if the rich valley is not found, the
voyager, if he can get down, will have
the honor of sowing and bearing more than
any other of the sons of Adam, and he a
constant object of admiration; to the
dughters of Eve, to whom belong, by
procreation, the descendants of adven-
turous Sinbad, and the sons of hairy Ne-
tune and Nimrod, the famed hunters.
Thus it will doubtless be found on trial, that there is nothing
in feathered animation but may be sub-
stantiated by the Lords of American Crea-
tion, to some purposes of use or gain.

Since writing the foregoing, some other
egg have been gathered from old hun-
ters and trappers, which as they gener-
ally agree, are worthy of record.

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

The female lays two eggs in a year,
which hatch in about six weeks near
the middle of March; the eggs weigh
about twelve ounces, and are the
best kind of eating of the eggs kind
rocks, but quite as often on tall trees,
in the old nests of hawks and eagles. The
fearful diggers of Northern Mexico use
the quills for putting their gold dust in.
Three of these birds will eat a deca,
The history of our institutions for the last seventy years, has taught us that they cannot flourish in the absence of intelligence and sound morality among the people. Hence the importance of our Free Common Schools cannot well be exaggerated. By them, the key of knowledge is placed in the hands of every American youth, and these rudiments of knowledge will form the basis of a thorough practical education to thousands, who may by poverty or secular pursuits, be deprived of the advantages of higher seminaries of learning. An examination into the early life of a great number of the prominent men who have in this country held
high positions in the State, and adorned the learned professions, will be found to have been graduates of our Common Schools; in other words, to have been self-made men. This result could never have been obtained were the rudiments of learning not universally enjoyed.

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

The subject of education was first publicly discussed here about the commencement of the year 1857, and the attention of the public was called to the importance of establishing a school; but no attention was taken for the accomplishment of this object for more than a year afterwards.

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

Immediately after the organization of the first town council, in September of this year, a committee was appointed by that body, consisting of Wm. A. Leidesdorf, William Glover, and Wm. S. Clark, to take measures for the erection of a school house. "As the result of this movement, the newspaper announced its completion about the last of December, and which early residents will recollect as standing on the south-west corner of Portsmouth square. Although a most peculiar-looking piece of architecture, yet it eventually served many useful and important city purposes for several succeeding years. At a town meeting, convened on the 21st of February, 1846, a board of trustees was elected, composed of the following citizens: Dr. F. Fongeau, Dr. J. Townsend, C. L. Hosk, J. Spear, and Wm. H. Davis. In the following March, they engaged the services of Mr. Thomas Douglas, as teacher, who, on the 3d of April, opened a school in the house erected for the purpose. His salary was fixed at $1,000 per annum, to be paid monthly. The council appropriated $500, one-half to be paid at the end of six months, and the remainder at the close of the year, if the school was a success. The school contained about forty scholars. Mr. Douglas was a graduate of an eastern college, and was an efficient and well qualified teacher. At the commencement of this school, the number of children in the town, between the ages of five and sixteen, was about sixty, in a population of 850. This school, so auspiciously commenced, was interrupted, and finally broken up, by the inevitable gold excitement of that memorable era, in about two months, from its commencement.

During the fall of 1858, a small school, of about fifteen or twenty scholars, was again commenced in the school house, by Mr. C. Christian, which continued about ten weeks.

The town remained without a regular school until April 24th, 1849, when Rev. Albert Williams opened a private school, in the same place, containing about twenty-five scholars and which continued until Sept. 20th.

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

BY MISS M. DOWNS.

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

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

Egypt saw troublous days in Cleopatra's childhood. It was an envied existence, on which a human conqueror cast a longing eye. Ptolemy Philometor was to be its last regal sovereign, and a foreboding shadow, the coming dissolution of a great power, hung like the sword of Damocles above his trembling throne. There had been exile and bloodshed; Betonica had worn her father's crown, and yielded up her life in payment for the borrowed bauble. There had been schism and treachery among the people, groaning and complaints beneath an uncomely yoke, and rebellion under a forced submission. The times were dreary and changeful; the Egyptians trusted neither the Romans nor their king. Aniotes, they know, had bought with gold the friendship of Caesar and Pompey, and they neither feared or respected the purchased power. In those days the king died, and Cleopatra was fatherless, and joint ruler of Egypt.

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

A timid, shrinking girl, she was, and got a bold, fearless, and undismayed enthusiasm; such an one as might, in the days of a nation's peace and prosperity, have lived a quiet, unmarked life, full of earnest piety, and deep devotion, but in the hours of darkness and trouble, arose like Jael of old, to deliver her people.

France, like Egypt, fourteen centuries before, lay in abeyance. Besieged by English forces, divided within by contending interests, and but poorly defended by native valor. Its trembling monarch, yet uncrowned, grasped a sceptre, half wrenched from his hand by the English king. In the heart of his dominions he sought refuge, whilst his villages were pillaged, and his rivers flashed red in the sun with the blood of his slaughtered subjects. When all was confusion and fear, when the horrors of war were abroad, and every eye turned appealingly to the weak and powerless monarch, surrounded by his weak and thoughtless court, then, Joan of Domremi arose, and sought the royal presence, to lay before the king her mighty visions, that foretold and pointed the way to victory and achievement.

Cleopatra's, and her brother's claims, were to be judged by Caesar. They did not trust his unwavering justice, but sought
an advocate; one whose eloquence might
shape the thoughts of Caesar, and guide
his deeds in their favor. A learned
Egyptian pleased the cause of Ptolemy;
Cleopatra stood before him in her own
defence, and beguiled the Roman's ear,and
willed away his heart.

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

In coming there, both left behind them
a part in life never to be resumed. The
royal robes of Egypt, Cleopatra laid aside,
and wraps herself in foreign merchandise,
having borne upon the shoulders of Apol-
lodorus, as a gift to Caesar.

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

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

When Charles of France received the
Maid of Orleans, he stood among his cour-
tiers, and beheld a girl, with all the in-
nocent loveliness of youth about her,
dressed as an armed knight, enter, and
come towards him. Unawed by the mag-
nificence around her, with no touch of
faltering or irresolution, (her mission and
its sanctity threw over her the conscious-
ness of dignity and power;) and so she
knelt before the king, and showed him
how to win his coronation, and the people's
peace.

At the feast of Caesar, Apollodorus laid
his lovely burden, and kneeling, he un-
rolled rich silks and tapestry from the
looms of Tyre and Sidon, scarfs from
Babylon, and cloths of gold, and diadem
and purple drapery from Can. Up-springing from
their midst, in all her rips and glorious
beauty, rose Cleopatra, and smiled at
Caesar as one who would not be resisted.

From Troyes to Ratisbe, to fulfill the
promised coronation of Charles Seventh,
rode Joan of Arc, at the head of her vic-
torious army, and people thronged to
greet her. She sat on a black charger,
dressed in bright and glittering armor,
hearing in one hand her sacred standard;
the other grasped her consecrated sword,
from the altar of St. Catherine. With
all the power and inspiration of courage
and genius, she had led on her soldiers,
and dashed through danger as a mist,
that dissolved in the gleamings of her up-
raised sword. The impulsive troops
hailed her as something almost divine,
and followed in impetuous admiration
whenever she led. What had seemed at
first her wild disordered fancies, had from
her success, become celestial visions and
prophecy and warnings. All bowed in rever-
ence before her snowy banner, with its
golden lilies, and she rode on amid acclama-
tions and rejoicings.

She was young and beautiful, and jour-
neying to the goal of her desire; the
massive gates of Rheims swung open be-
fore her, and she entered the ancient city
as a conqueror. In the old Cathedral,
the pride and power of France assembled
all about her, to crown her with a crown
and crown her sovereign. At the altar,
and lofty pealing strains of music, the
flashing of armor, the glittering of jewels,
floating of plumes and trudging of rich
velvet and royal ermine, at the king's
right hand, stood the peasant girl, who had fed her flocks on the hillsides, and lay dreaming in the summer sun. She stood, and as the ascending sun rent the still air, and echoed through the dome, she bowed her head, and felt her task fulfilled. Her lord, the king, was crowned, and truly a sovereign; the song was raised; the English were repelled from their strongholds; and she was content. She tasted the few delightful drops in the exhilarating draught of glory, and trembled with the wild electric thrill, that responds in every heart to the intense enthusiasm they have excited. They shouted her name; they blessed her; they knelt to her; they adored her as a saint. As for her, she wept and prayed. Aye, she besought the king to let her go back to her father and her mother, and tend again the herds that browsed on the plains of Domremy. With one voice, the people cried out against it, and bending before her, the king entreated that she would continue to aid them. Her family were ennobled; gifts were lavished on her; the people hailed her with lofty titles; and she trembled at the greatness bestowed upon her. Thus she reached the hill-top of her destiny, and began to descend again on the other side. Cleopatra journeyed in splendor along the bosom of the Nile to Tarsus. Her silver-oared galley, her cloth of gold canopy, her rich robes, wrought with diamonds, pearls, and sapphires, have been the theme of song and story. Her gorgeous beauty, the splendid lustre of her eyes, her rich hair's dark magnificence, the lithe grace and luxuriant mould of her exquisite form, are known to all, just as we know that flowers are lovely, or that there is perfume in a rose. All her grandeur was of her own creation; there was nothing noble, so there was no simplicity about her. She gloried in rich raiment, and grand spectacles, because in all this witchery of the senses, by her power. To charm the eye and lure the heart, these were her attributes. She journeyed to meet a warrior, a Roman hero, "the man Marc Antony," and she came armed with all the deep sensuality of her bewitching smile, and the dark glances of her glorious eyes, as true and keen as any javelin. He met her at the "silver Cydnus" brink, and then she led him captive, bound in invisible chains. Feasted and flatterd, lulled with soft music, charmed with brilliant pageants, stunned by wild profusion and mad prodigality of wealth, pledged in pearl draughts, and served on plates of gold, he was no longer a free Roman, being ruled and beguiled by the Egyptian Circe. Cleopatra, to gain this supremacy, became herself a slave, laboring ceaselessly, lest one link in this chain of fascination should break, and her escape her throne. Through Tarsus, Tyro, and Alexandria, they went, still revelling and banqueting, and their days flowed by like butterflies through a rare garden, till the Parthian war in Syria called him, and she loosed the chain, or lengthened it, and left him right hand, stood the peasant girl, who had fed her flocks on the hillsides, and lay dreaming in the summer sun. She stood, and as the ascending sun rent the still air, and echoed through the dome, she bowed her head, and felt her task fulfilled. Her lord, the king, was crowned, and truly a sovereign; the song was raised; the English were repelled from their strongholds; and she was content. She tasted the few delightful drops in the exhilarating draught of glory, and trembled with the wild electric thrill, that responds in every heart to the intense enthusiasm they have excited. They shouted her name; they blessed her; they knelt to her; they adored her as a saint. As for her, she wept and prayed. 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around which all the hopes and dreams of her life centered—her coronation. In the court of her Alexandrian Palace, on a massive throne of solid gold, she sat at the right hand of Antony. The asbestos robes of Isis were gathered round her; the diadem of Persia wreathed with lotus, crowned her head, and her hand held the rattling astarte. She heard the heralds proclaim her queen of Egypt, Cyprus, Syria, and Libya. Her sun had reached its height in the heavens, her life was at its mid-day, and all was brightness. The world of Alexandria was dazzled by its beams, and the streets rung with victorious shouts and triumphant acclamations.

In the crowded market-place of Rome, on a scaffold formed of faggots, the Maid of Orleans, chained to a stake, stood ready to die. She had yielded, despite her own protests, to the entreaties of her uncle, and led the army to the relief of Paris. Her self-imposed task ended on the day of the coronation at Rheims, but though a warrior, she was still a woman; so when they prayed her not to forsake them, she listened to their petition, and sacrificed herself. Through doubts and danger, she struggled on, till at the closed gate at Compiègne, she was torn from her horse by a Bearded archer, and delivered to the English. By them she had been tried for sedition, and failing to convict, they had consigned her to a dungeon, and left her there for a death of months of weary pining in a noisome prison. After long months of weary pining in a noisome prison, they led her forth to a death of horror; by a funeral pyre, it fell darkly upon Joan. She remembered her old house, the green and sloping hillside, where she had lain dreaming beside her burning bier; the sunny valley through which she had wandered; the little stone chapel where she had knelt, praying in the benediction of her young, happy heart; and all the fond companions of her girlhood. Her martial triumphs, seemed a vague and fleeting dream, and a distant sound assailed her mind as to the truth of all the horrors that surrounded her. "They will pass away," she prayed, "and I shall find myself in the old cottage, listening to my mother's evening hymn." Tweat but the moment's wavering, o'er she could compass the dread reality; that from its very terror, grew indistinct before her. Sight returned, and she beheld the armed troops, her stern, relentless judges, her dread accusers, the stake, and its pendant chains. Lifting up her voice, she wept aloud, and wrung her hands in desperate misery. But this, too, passed away, and she grew strong again. Aye, she died bravely, and her last words, to those who strove to wring from her tortured lips, a recantation of her inspired trust, were in defiance and rebuke. "Though they should tear off her limbs, and pluck out her soul from her body," she cried, "they could force her to say nothing else." She died in all humility and faith, a trusting, prayerful Christian. She knelt amongst the faggots that were to consume her, and implored pardon for her sins from God and man. She forgave her enemies, and entreated the priests that stood about her, that they should say a mass for her poor soul.

When the tormenting and devouring flames flashed up around her, wrapping her in their pitiless gleams, with a resolute clench to her lips, her yell of mortal anguish were stifled in prayers, and she sank down on her glowing death-bed, with her poor scorched eye-balls turned in a last beseeching to heaven to be heard. And the own home mocking Where so now sit stately old hens rest to "maid in

Cleopatra, with grace that held a falling, her heart, with At Sais, and re- the face of like pro, Caesar. At Antioch, she strolled the gloomy deserted by his she had, arrayed, studied, awful, dreamer, alone power to the of the "face," young, walk Rome to be the her This...
in a last wordless orison to the bright
heaven to which she wended such a fiery
path.
And thus she died, far away from her
own home and kindred, in the midst of a
mocker multitude, and in deadly torture.
Where she died, an armed statue of her
now stands, and her name is a sacred
watchword to every heart in France. Her
old home is a shrine at which pilgrims
rest to pray, and every trace of the holy
maid is preserved, and held most highly.

Cleopatra, drunk with power, and ailed
with gratified pride, lost the keen subtlety
that had guided her ambition, and in very
despair, lured Antony from his warrior
heart, when their fortunes were at stake.
At Asumes, and at Athens, they feasted
and revelled, whilst at Rome, all was war-
lke preparation; and Octavius and young
Cesar, with mighty fleets, swept the sea.
At Actium where Antony gave them bat-
tle, she knew that all was lost, and fled
back to Alexandria; where, after a last
desperate struggle to impede the progress
of the advancing conquerors, Antony died
by his own hand and sword. Then she
hid herself within a mighty tomb, which
she had built by Isis's Temple. In the
gloomy depth of its hallowed shade, she
arrayed herself in queenly robes of rich
magnificence, bordered with gold and
studded with jewels. Seated there, in
awful solemn grandeur, she looked back
fervor and exalted devotion, shone like a
halo round the "Light of ancicnt France."

Joan, pure as the lilies embroidered on
her snowy banner, passed through the
smoke and din of battle, with the untame-
dable courage of a brave warrior, and the
tempering mercy and pity of an angel.

Attending the wounded and praying with
the dying, with the gentle sympathy of
womanhood, then vaulting on her black

TWO FAMOUS WOMEN. 540
enemy, waving aloft her unsheathed sword, and rushing into danger at the head of armed troops, with unflinching courage and undaunted spirit, bearing a sword of unflinching character, as an instrument to procure victory and to achieve fame. But what if the sword were to be used to procure death for herself? This was the terrible thought that filled Joan's mind. How beautiful was the blending of the sun-light and shade! The shadows slept so tenderly, the sunshine softly played. How glorious was the memory of her victory, more distinctly than all. By it she had achieved her purpose, and had gained the unbounded admiration of all. Walking in chains behind his chariot, through the streets of Rome, she, the conqueror, led a captive, would have lent an unequalled grandeur to his victory. She died to rid herself of an existence, charming, since powerless; but still she grasped it, as a weapon wherewith to stab the pride of Caesar, and give a last blow to his pomp and glory.

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

A DREAM OF THE WILDWOOD.

BY A. H. DUNTON.

How beautiful, how beautiful the blending light and shade! The shadows slept so tenderly, the sunshine softly played.

How glorious was the sun-light, as it fell on leaf and soil—

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

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

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

And memories came stealing, soft as a whispered dream,

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

I listened to the music of nature soft and sweet,

As the falling leaflet, quivering, came rustling to my feet.

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

And in my spirit troubled, with a voice of Peace, be still.'

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

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

CHAPTER XIII.

When sorrows come, they come not singly alone,
But in a train.

He reached Somerville in safety, and hired out at a hundred dollars per month, to work in a paying claim on the North Yuba, and in the fall, sent down, willingly, all his summer's earnings, only keeping enough to buy a few mining tools, as he had bought into a claim that partly belonged to the renowned Major Dowdell, which was supposed to be immensely rich. His heart beat high with hope at such a glittering prospect; and then, Ilda wrote such good, cheerless letters; he would soon be able to visit them; and who, on terra firma, had as good a wife, or such pretty children, as George Somerville. "What a lucky dog," some disconsolate miner would say, who had lost his home and all he prized, beyond the two dark treacherous oceans. George had told them all about Ilda; and they already looked upon her as a divinity. But "a change came over the spirit of his dream," the winter set in balefully, with snow and hail. What was worse, his claim entirely failed; and he wandered from place to place, suffering from cold and exposure, and the lack of the ordinary comforts of life. And where was Ilda! who used once to write such good letters to her husband? and why had she now ceased to write at all? Pride, alas! was changing the good wife into an artful coquette; and now for days not a line of remembrance did the jolly expressman carry him, from her, to cheer his exile, and his loneliness.

Ilda was much improved by the climate, and was really more fascinating than ever. While Magglo, her mother, was cooking in the back room, she used to serve customers at the bar. (This was considered nothing for a woman to do in those days.) Then, too, Ilda was beautiful and fascinating, and old Magglo knew very well that such charms would draw customers to the house. Among the many that were located to the canvas grogery, was Horace Lincoln, a dashing young gent, with a good share of intellect, mainly beauty, and an easy, insinuating address. He belonged to a well known mercantile firm, on D street, Marysville,
and with the other, he nervously clasped
the jeweled hand that listlessly lay by her
side, and before she could extricate her-
selv, or offer a remonstrance, Herbert Lin-
coln had kissed the pouting lips; and
convulsively clasped the timid wife to his
healing bosom. She could not believe
her senses—she seemed unceasingly im-
pelled down the wild maelstrom of ruin
and destruction. A strange fatality seem-
ed, to her, to be weaving its blinding spell
about her. She would have arisen and
retraced her steps to the ball room, but,
she could not, she hesitated, and her feet refused
to carry her, and she remained a willing
slave.

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

At any other time she would have
spurned the wretch with loathing, ha-
tred and disgust, who dared to associate
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III.

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Hutchings' California Magazine.

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

There was to be a grand Masque ball
town, and Lincoln prevailed on Ilda to
accompany him. She went, knowing
that George would not blame her for in-
"
CHAPTER IV.

"When lovely women stoop to folly,
And fools too late that men before,
What blazes can answer her inutility,
What art can wash her guilt away?"

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

One night he was sitting more thought-
ful than usual, with his head upon his
hands, looking into his own heart and
the future; there was only two shadows re-
lected upon the wall, those of himself
and his partner, when the stillness was
broken by a shrill blast from the express-
mann's horn as he came flying. He
heard the throb of the oxexpress's foot, as he
lehardly noticed the heavy stamp,
good or evil tidings
referred to him in the ponderous saddle-bags for him,
and the death-knoll
that men betray,
Forget George,
loathed her,
which he was as lost as a lamb among wolves,
and the death-knoll
and the death-knoll
and the death-knoll
of divorce was fraudulently obtained;
and Ilda, with her mother and children,
moved into a fashionable house in the
suburbs of Marysville, where servants
obeyed her slightest wish, and a fine car-
riage bore her along until the wondering
thoughts. Some admired and thought her
happy; and others thought folly and
fashion filled up the vacuum in her pining
heart; but where was George Somerville?
We will show you in

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

MARTYFVILLE, January 16th, 1859.

George, my injured husband, I am lost to you in this world, and the world to come. Have you made up your mind to forget me? I thought you meant to forsake and not provide for me—but, when it was too late, I knew of your hardships and toil, and your great love for me; forget me; pray do; and I am heartily sorry to him whose heart was thus made doze. Forget the old love vows of to you in this world, and the world to come. Have you made up your mind to forget me? I thought you meant to forsake and not provide for me—but, when it was too late, I knew of your hardships and toil, and your great love for me; forget me; pray do; and I am heartily sorry to him whose heart was thus made doze. Forget the old love vows of...
GEORGE SOMERVILLE.

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

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

One evening, after the street lamps were
lighted and the grey twilight had deep-
ened into night's delicious darkness,
George left the Merchant's hotel, with a
honey heart, and threaded his lonely way
to the end of D street, where Ilda then
resided. He passed and repassed the
house several times, to calm himself, and
still the wild beating of his heart. He
felt strong, so that he knew his courage
would not fail. Walking firmly to the
door, he gave the bell a nervous twitch,
and a young Biddy opened the door and
asked what he wanted. "Is Mrs. Lin-
coln within?" "Yes sir, please your honor;
they're in the parlor; would you honor
or like to see them?" He nodded assent,
and followed the double-lidded daughter
of the Emerald Isle into the parlor, where
were the idols of his heart. Nobody
would have known him, this had wrought
so many changes upon his face and form.
He took in the scene before him at one
glance. Ilda was rocking a winsome lit-
tle thing, who laughed and cooed in its
helpless innocence. What a sharp pang
of jealousy shot through his heart when
he discovered the features of Herbert Lin-
coln in its young face, instead of his own.
Ilda looked sadder and sweeter, than
when he last saw her sobbing upon his
bosom, and Kate was practicing a little
ditty upon the open piano, and Herbert
Lincoln sat cool and collected, in an easy
chair, wrapped in his dressing gown,
wondering who this new comer might be.
George could bear the agony of suspense
no longer, and raising his hat from his
head, walked across the room where Ilda
was sitting, and in tones that felt their
way down into the dark avenues of her
soul, he said, in slightly tremulous tones,
"Ilda—your injured husband." That
was enough; the words burst like mutes
lead in her tortured soul; she gave a faint
scream at the recognition, and throwing
herself on her knees, she clasped him and
imploring his forgiveness, in the most sup-
plicating tones. The girls, much afflicted,
sprung forward to his arms. He then
bids Ilda get up and dry her tears, and
live to atone for the wrongs she had done
him. Looking with soul-searching gaze
into Lincoln's eyes, he said, "never cross
my path, as I am the wretch who stands
between hell and heaven to you; this is the
little joker that settles all difficulties in
California," meekly laying his hand
upon a silver-handled knife. He then
took the two girls by the hand, and stoop-
ing over the half-lifeless Ilda, imprinted
a burning kiss upon her forehead—he
has her ever gave her—and rushed from
the apartment.

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

Broken-hearted, without money or
means, Ilda and her family were moved
to a small ranch in the country, where
In gentle accents with the soft rain falling,
Trust Him, yes, always.

I will—though darker hours and stormier,
brings
To me the dreary winter’s night—
Sad, motherless, yet not all alone,
The Angel His hath sent, so brightly flies
The shadow round me of her silver wings.
I cannot weep—nor grieve for earthly

May 2, 1859.

Jour.

BOOKS AS CIVILIZING AGENTS.

BY W. R. FRISBIE, A. M.

As in the case of individuals, the educa-
tion of the heart and intellect imparts
a charm to the coarsest exterior; solita-
ture is educating masses, imparting
a like refinement to the body politi-
It will be acknowledged that the writings
of a people are an index of the kind and
extent of Progress they may have attained.

They reflect, as from a mirror, the nation
in all its aspects, exhibiting both the in-
terior and exterior life. What the public
reads, accords in general with its tastes
and opinions; as these tastes and opinions
change, a corresponding change occurs
in books. It is also true, on the other
hand, that opinions—the exponent of
character—so prone to fluctuations and
wanderings, assume thence their decision
and permanency.

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

Civilization has been well defined the
complete and harmonious development of
man’s nature as a social being; the ex-


prose.
BOOKS AS CIVILIZING AGENTS.

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

Inspiring lofty elevation of soul, and expanding the intellect, it is capable of conferring pure enjoyment. Fragility and decay are the general characteristics of human edifices. Hence we must enable by the chilling hand of death; superb edifices crumble into dust; the richest colors of the painter fade, and the sculptor's most perfect handiwork moulder into ruin. Literature alone remains an unchanging source of delight: defying the reverses of time and fortune, and attainable alike in social and private life.

By the fireside, and in the tranquil retirement of the study, by the sick bed and among the troubles of adversity, is felt and acknowledged its magical sway. From that feeling of despair engendered by misfortune, one is rescued by the living impression of noble feeling and generous affections. For the mind, called away from considerations of self, is created congenial society and communion. Language of consolation is found, seeming to be addressed, individually, to all it consoles, because drawn from an intimate acquaintance with the human heart.

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

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

When this bright vision shall have become realized, then at length may we look for a millennium; and who doubts but that an enlightened and purified press, a refined
Literature educating the world, are powerful engines to accelerate its advance.

Good taste, or the ability to appreciate the intellectually beautiful, naturally inspires a repugnance for whatever is degraded. This aversion is a moral protector, almost as truly as fixed principles of conduct. Vice seldom controls the judgment, though it may the acts of men; hence writers, as a general rule, give preference to the purest and most delicate expressions of thought. All experience unavoidably form a certain moulding of the disposition from what they hear or read. Where the nicest form for the purest ideal is employed, the images conjured up in remembrance and characterize the nature of noble deeds; thus keeping alive the moral spirit, and at the same time, checking its undue manifestation. One peculiar province of the writer is to perpetuate the remembrance and characterize the nature of noble deeds; thus keeping alive the moral spirit, and at the same time, checking its undue manifestation. A nation can thus appreciate, as well, its real benefactors. When indifferent to literary pursuits, it becomes callous to grateful emotions. Great deeds, embalmed in history and poetry, are a people's inheritance, and an example for emulation. As Horace says:

"Nil desperandum quae libel multa, poetae haeret." 

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

"The pen is mightier than the sword."

God speed it! It shall usher in a moral, intellectual and political millennium.

EVENING.

I know whose rules I, Whose precepts I, Whose friends I, And to whom I owe.

I know whose I, Whose friends I, What help I get, Adversity is a part of life.

I know whose I, And free from As day is free, No sorrow of life.

I know whose I, To kindness Would make a part of heaven.

I know whose I, As angels' Its faith is God. As even that.

I know whose I, That heart an. Those aild Would be as in Paradise.

I wish that of Many a Michangelo. The cold-world Of hair and bone.

I would those As bright As stars in the Mich around.

I wish that of A living A might never Might, never Of mortal "Vain talk.

Banished. However, felt. All things
I saw a star at night
Fall from its throne;
Its mild and gentle light
Was not its own.
Some distant, far-off world,
Some central sun—
New glories there unfurled—
Had called it home.
I saw a rose to-day,
So fresh and fair,
I dreamed not that decay
Could linger there.
Yet ere the evening tide
Had kissed the shore,
It withered in its pride,
And bloomed no more.
I mourned that rose's death,
But on the air
A sweet and perfumed breath
Seemed lingering there,
Chiding my unbelief,
Soothing my fears,
Dispelling all my grief
And woe and tears.
And now when beauty dies,
In all its bloom
I know it shall arise
Beyond the tomb!
And her whose praise I sing
In friendly lay,
Pain death can only bring
To endless day!

ELBANA, THE MEXICAN BEAUTY.

by CLOE.

[Author of "The Temper of the Time]."

Simmons, much excited and pleased with the course matters were taking, made the best of his way to the residence of Mr. McAdams. After his arrival in Charleston, and upon introducing himself and making known the object of his visit,
be handed over the money due Elhana from the sale of her cattle, a large proportion of which was promptly offered to the honest-hearted Simmons, for his trouble, but which he positively refused to accept. The conversation then turned upon Alfred, and McAdams accused if he had sent no message to Elhana; when Simmons, in as delicate a manner as possible, related the interest her name had created in them, at the same time intimating his fears concerning the improper conduct of Elhana.

McAdams, with flashing eyes, answered immediately.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Elhana, glad to be alone, quickly retreated to her own room—then throwing herself on a chair, she sobbed in secret.

"Oh! Alfred, did you only know how you have wounded a faithful heart, you would at least spare me this needless sorrow. Oh! that I could withdraw my heart from one that has ceased to respect me. Oh! where are his promises of undying love? Ah! they have long since been driven from his heart as unworthy intrusions! Dear Mr. Bullard, how true your words have proved, that I know little of this world—but oh, how many scenes of horror I have passed through within the last two years; when will troubles cease?"

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

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

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

"Yes, and it will do Elhana good."

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

Trunks were accordingly packed, and
ELBANA, THE MEXICAN BEAUTY.

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

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

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

Mr. BRUNER:—Dear Sir: Miss Elbana is with Mr. Adams and his mother, as you supposed; but as to her position, I know nothing. The old lady spoke well of her. Mr. Adams settled her business with me. They are not married, certain; for there are several beaux at her heels, who are as attentive as Mr. Adams himself.

This is the sum total of all the news I gathered concerning Miss Elbana—Mr. Adams was quite exasperated at your compliments to Miss Elbana.

I am, with respect, yours truly,

David Simmons.

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

Mr. Bullard was a distant relative of Mr. Bruner's, and a knowledge of his history made it necessary that some one should look after his effects. He had a good farm in the vicinity of Boston, besides some money in the bank, and as Mrs. Applebury, a niece of Mrs. Bullard, was left in abject poverty, her husband dying of intemperance, she was left to the benevolents Mr. Bruner wished to secure his Bullard property. Mr. Bruner's father's health was much better, still he now ladjd horror of having his children out of his sight; however, it became necessary that Alfred should go to Boston to investigate the matter of Bullard's property. Properly empowered, Alfred set out for Boston, and on arriving, soon ascertained that Mr. Bullard had made a will in favor of Miss Miriamontos.

Alfred was about to return home, when he received a pressing invitation to attend a party, given by an old acquaintance of his father, and which he promptly accepted. Sailing forth, he arrived rather late. The large room was brilliantly lighted up; Mr. Wilder received him kindly, and introduced him to his wife and two lovely daughters, who proved as agreeable and as communicative as he could wish. As dancing was not permitted by these good people, social intercourse was the order of the evening. Seated upon a large sofa, near Miss Wilder, Alfred inquired, "who are these benevolent looking old ladies yonder?"

"Oh! one is aunt Rebecca, as she is familiarly called—one of the best ladies alive; the other is her sister, from Virginia, the relic of Judge McAdams; and, as far as excellence is concerned, there are not many her equal. Do you see that princely looking young man? that is her son?"

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

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

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

"How extravagant you are, Mr. Bruner, to waste so many words—but look! that Spanish beauty and Mr. McAdams have been scrutinizing us so closely as if..."
they were going to take us by storm; let me introduce you to them, Mr. Bruner."

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

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

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

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

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

"I do not comprehend you, I believe."

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

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

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

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

"Then you have been much belittled by Simmons."

"Our conversation may attract notice here; let us retire, and I will explain all," said Alfred, exceedingly distressed. McAdams leading the way to a private room, Alfred continued:

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

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

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

"I acknowledge, with you a future prospect yours. Commending to the rose-bunned endeavors of eighteen in one night. She was no, and Alfred pressing them as they past all was explained, and we cordial reciprocals. "You are bringing you your delicious. "I acknowledge friend, but I even as I do. Indeed, I give the day your duties, and now, as I go to court Wilder. Elbana, it had been proffered. "Elbana, charmed to day of my morning, nearest to McAdams all that does not the "Oh, I knew pain you, it was own. "May-tender is believed. "I how very express. "No, to expre-
"I acknowledge the relation, dear Alfred, with pleasure, and rejoice in the future prospect of Elbana's happiness and yours. Come, let us seek her." Proceeding to the reception room, they found Elbana endeavoring to entertain half a score of coccodrils, who exhausted all their wits in one night's entertainment.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"No, dearest, but language would fail to express my excessive fidelity."
Eliza was now in her element, preparing for Elba's wedding. A week of bustling and shopping passed in buying of silks and laces, and the employment of milliners and dressmakers, for fitting the Mission beauty for her intended conjugal party.

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

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

A telegraphic despatch having informed Mr. Bruner's father of his son's marriage, a splendid entertainment was prepared and ready on their arrival, to commemorate the union. The guests were waiting, the house was illuminated, and the feast was smoking on the table. All eyes were opened to get a sight of the bride as she entered; and now they came, ushered in by a band of music. A fond and proud father, was Mr. Bruner, when he beheld his charming daughter-in-law, and with tears of joy, her mother and sister-in-law greeted her, and folded her, as Alfred's wife, to their hearts. McAdams and Miss Wilder were as fondly caressed as the bride and bridegroom.

Mr. Simmons was one of the guests, and laughed heartily at his mistakes; then, having nothing better to do, fell desperately in love with Miss Persis, McAdams was equally impressed with Miss Persis. Mr. Simmons was equally impressed with Miss Persis, who seemed as prepossessed in his favor as he could wish. "Is he not a noble-looking fellow?" said Alfred to his wife, as McAdams was bending over Persis, as she was playing her guitar.

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

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

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

Translated from the German of Uhland.

BY PROFESSOR JOHN COCHRAN.

Hast thou e'er seen the castle,
The great one on the strand?
In fleeces rosy and golden,
The clouds above it stand.
It seems as if 'twere bending
Down to the crystal main,
And yet its towers are reading
The azure vault in twain.
Oh! I have seen the castle,
The great one by the sea,
The moon aloft in lustre soft,
And fogs upon the lea.
Tell me, did winds and Ocean
Send forth a freshening sound,
And in the lofty chambers,
Did mirth and Song abound?
Ah! no, the winds and billows
Were silent as the dead,
Within the hall was wailing all,
And tears I also shed.
Now, tell me, on the terrace
Saw you not king and queens,
Come forth in purple vestments,
With crown and jewels shone?
And led they not with raptures,
A gentle maiden fair,
All glowing like the morning,
And bright with golden hair?
I saw the royal parents
In state arrayed, [bright light,
But quenched in night was the crown's
I did not see the maid.

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

REVERIES OF AN OLD MAN.

BY G. K. CONRANT.

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

I forgot life's heavy cares and disap-
pointments; I heard not the morning
winds, or rain, that like tears distilled
from heaven, and fell on the sin-stained and
desert earth! I was far away, reveling
in the happy past, the days of youth's
innocence and bright visions. On the
banks of phantom rivers, flowers, long
faded, grew again in immortality of youth,
and I walked by cool streams, whose waters
sent echoes through the hazel brakes. The
trees on the river bank swayed about,
while their leaves trembled with the gen-
tle surges of the air which brought up
the low, sweet melody of the waters. I
rode through the waving grasp as green
and fresh as though sixty years had not
barred and frunm'd it to desolation.

Far back in my pilgrimage I sought in-
spire by wandering through many lands,
I have visited countries celebrated in
history and song—I have walked in pla-
ces where the renowned in ancient and
modern days stood in statuary before me;
warrior, orator, poet and statesman; I
have lingered among the tombs of vice-
roys, kings and emperors, famed in his-
tory's page. I have traveled among the
rains of classic Greece and Rome; and
trod the awe-inspiring grounds of Pale-
tine; counted stars on the mellow skies
of Italy; and felt the perfumed breath
from Indian groves on my face, now
sorrows and withered and heavy with age and toil. To those time tracks, shown only by dim, expiring tapers, here and there, my heart turns now, when age, poverty, and sorrow have become my traveling companions.

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

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

But notwithstanding all, God help me, how my brain burns! How this poor old frame trembles with the mighty energy of a soul shrinking at the trembling gates of death! Why, I have been dreaming, and it is not so! It's my mother calling the prodigal son; my wife is beckoning me to the chamber; my child is singing herself to sleep; my brave boy's footsteps are at the door and I, and I am young again! Ha! ha! it was—a dream.

THE SINGING SHELLS.

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

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

G. T. S.

DEATH OF PETER LASSEN.

Peter Lassen—a portrait and biography of whom will be found on pages 361, and 512 of this volume of the California Magazine—the old mountaincreeper and California pioneer of 1839, whose life here, for the most part, has been spent among Indians, was shot dead on the morning of the 26th of April, under the following circumstances, as described by Mr. P. N. Spaulding of Honey Lake Valley—the residence, in late years, of that pioneer—in a letter to the Mountain Messenger, dated—

HONEY LAKE VALLEY, April 30, 1859.

This valley was thrown into great ex-
PETER LASSEN.

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

The circumstances are as follows:—

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

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

The Indian then left them, and they retired to rest, supposing themselves safe anywhere in the Ploto country. Just at daylight they were fired on from the rocks near by, killing Mr. Clapper in his bed. Lassen and Wyatt sprang upon their feet and commenced gathering up their things; and not knowing that Clapper was killed, seeing he did not rise, supposed him asleep. Wyatt put his hand on his face to wake him, but found it covered with blood. Turning him over, he saw that he was shot through the head. Lassen said, "I will watch for the Indians while you (Wyatt) gather up the things." While doing so, the Indians fired on them again, and Lassen fell to rise no more. He spoke but once. "They have killed me," then fell on his face and gasped but once. Thus fell the "old pioneer," whose whole history and life almost is connected with the exciting and wild scenes of the west; and when this and other generations shall have passed away, the traveler will look on the snow-clad buttes, and hear of the fertile meadows, that bear his name, and remember with reverence the venerable voyageur.

When Wyatt saw Lassen fall; he dropped everything but his rifle, caught his horse, and fled with precipitancy. He arrived here on Thursday morning, without having taken food or rest. A party of twenty men start this morning to recover the horses and property, if possible, and ascertain the whereabouts of the other party. Great fears are entertained for their safety. Another party will follow immediately, with a wagon to bring in Lassen and Clapper's remains. The advance party will proceed, if possible, to trail the Indians to their lurking place and chastise them. F. N. SPANISH.
Our Social Chair.

MY SWEETHEARTS;
And How They Repealed It.

The first was Miss Nancy,
I thought she would fancy,
And play her lover false;
But she tossed up her head,
When I asked her to wed,
And said, "you sir, in a horn."

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

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

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

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

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

But now I don't care,
I'm as free as the wind,
To wander in pleasures sweet bowers,
And the girls as they pass,
They may all go to great,
For I cannot like grubs that are sour!"
OUR SOCIAL CHAIR.

In the reader, after making, learning, and inwardly digesting, the following good joke, from the Sacramento Democratic Standard, thinks that he can tell us and our readers a better one, we conjure him to send it instantly to the Chair.

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

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

SAXONRY or YOUNG LADIES.—Who would think that the prosperous little town of Red Bluff, with a population of about eight hundred, has only three or four single ladies in it. If there is any place in this State overlooked with the fair sex, let them send a few here, and we will warrant that they won't be single long. We offer the number of ladies as an excuse for the melancholy aspect of the young men.

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

Forward, the Bright Brigade! Is there a "girl" dismayed? Not though the maidens know
Many have blundered.
Thiers not to sit and sigh,
Thiers not to vain to try,
That but to win or die.

Into the silken moire,
Bash the half hundred.

Boasts in the right of them,
Boasts in the left of them,
Boasts all in front of them,
Singer and better.

Srove for with honeyed words,
Fluttering like timid birds,
Charméd by the serpent's whis,
Charmed by a winning smile.

Yield the half hundred.

Flash all their arms so bare,
Flash all their shoulders fair,
Glinting to the gallants there,
Walking the Spanish, while
Lookers on wonder.

Balls are their chief delight,
Dancing through all the night,
Arch and conquering.

Presto! the knot is tied,
Easily sundered—
Do not be terrified,
Let it, half hundred!

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

BOON.—A Sandwich failed friend, and claim of ours, gets off a "sell" at our expense, which is good enough to tell. "Du Monde et Madame et Femme" are worse, or ought to be, that Carrington & Co's General purchasing Agency professes to procure for nobody, anything procurable by purchase, either in this city, or through our agents in Europe, from London to Constantinople. Our Hawaiian friend, taking us at our word, thus writes, without preamble or prologue:
HUNTING'S CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

Hunting, August 24, 1858.

Dear Sir,—Referring you to Hunt's Merchants' Magazine for May, page 651, last paragraph, I beg that you will procure one costing about $16, and send to me here by first opportunity.

Your obedient servant,

W. W. Smith.

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

"In former times, a 'good middling' Circassian girl was thought very cheap at £100, but at the present moment the same description of goods may be had at £50 to £100."

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

May.--"Commissions" are our side of the joke by Scissors. Keeps a balance to his credit in our hands, so we have ordered the girl.

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

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

O! Scissors.—Let no one by this heading be deceived into the idea that we have something alarming or even funny to relate. The fact is, we are not of the "funny kind," and are opposed to all false alarms, but have a word—only a word to say in praise of a tried and valued friend. Domestic matters, it is true, should not be paraded into public print, and the old saying—"What are your troubles, your joys and dislikes to us?" is applicable to the editorial fraternity, as well as to others; but "Scissors" is ever worthy of mention, and when we speak of a friend who has never forsaken, but in every instance when sickness, simplicity, trouble, fatigue, or even frivolity has beset the pathway of our days, has cheerfully tested every old and new, readers of this, on the object of such merited gratitude and esteem. Such a friend is "Scissors."—

"Scissors" has done much for us this week. "Scissors" will please accept our thanks.

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

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

It appears that religious people are not only becoming more and more liberal in their views, but are growing increasingly bland, and have entirely lost the tone of a religion that requires an alleviation of human suffering, and has, as its object, the elevation of mankind above its base and brutish nature..."
their views, but are gradually losing their
sombre-sided ideas, and having their faces
abbreviated by an occasional laugh. We
even find a religious organ—the North-
western Christian Advocate—relating the
following ludicrous incident to its readers,
with infinite yet sensible gusto:

At Nor— one Saturday evening, fatigued
by his long journey, a wagoner, with his
son John, drove his team into a good ridge,
and determined to pass the Sabbath enjoy-
ing a session of worship with the good folk
of the village.

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

"Waa, Nance! Waa, Nance! Waa!
John,—calling to his son—"eat the
bally-hand and loose the breeching, quick,
or she'll tear everything all to h—t!"

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

Operatic and Dramatic.

For some time past our citizens have
been enjoying an unusual treat, in the way
of Italian Opera, and Dramatic entertain-
ments by distinguished artists. The operatic
performances have been conducted by Mr.
Leach, and others appeared. The musician
Mr. Leach and others appeared. The musical
performances have been conducted by Mr.
Leach, and others appeared. The music
of the orchestra, and the singing of the
chorus, have been both excellent. The per-
fomance of the two most im-
potent actors on this troupe,
Miss Rosalie Durand and Miss Isidore, have
had their Photographic, or Lithographic,
portraits disseminated among our public, and
their likenesses are habitual, they are
certainly two very beautiful women. This
is all we can say on their behalf at this
time, not having yet had the pleasure of
hearing the troupe.

Dramatic.

The success of the opera did not seem
to disastrously affect the drama, which
enjoyed its full share of patronage. Our
citizens have seen treated with so
much of real dramatic excellence during the past month. Mr. James Anderson, a
first class "Star" of world-wide reputation,
and Mr. James Stark a young "Star" of
rapidly rising celebrity, played in conjunc-
tion, assisted by a large and good stock
company; and, on one occasion, by Miss
Avonlea Jones, decidedly a lady who possess-
es a greater amount of native genius and
stronger talent, than any who have yet visited us in
this line of tragedy; the entertainments
consisting of Shakespeare's great master
pieces, in which Mr. Anderson and Mr.
Stark alternated the principal characters.
Mr. Anderson is a great actor, and
Stark alternated the principal characters.
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Stark alternated the principal characters.
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Stark alternated the principal characters.
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Stark alternated the principal characters.
Mr. Anderson is also
what given to running, and is occasionally
fatal to his patience and irritation, as if he
were playing with his admirable voice.

Mr. Stark's great defect is false emphaz
ses. He places the stress upon words of
inferior import and thereby destroys the
force and pitch of the text. He also speaks
the too much from the window, for he is
indiscreetly and with too much rapidity in
passionate sentences. But his acting is
chaotic and really elegant at times. In
"Othello," Mr. Anderson's "more" was
at times marked with that great ability, so
universally conceded to him: and again
betrayed the defects we have mentioned.

The same is true of Mr. Stark's rendering of
that famous character. In some acts Mr.
Anderson was the more preferable, and
in others, Mr. Stark. This remark will
apply to all the other characters performed by
those admirable artists. Nevertheless
it can be safely affirmed that our public have
never before enjoyed a richer dramatic treat
when considered as to the completeness
with which the several parts were
filled.

The Fashionable.

Misses Fales.

The fashionable material for girls of ten
and thirteen is "cloude," white ground
silk, pattern, or colored ground, when
found most becoming. The skirt is made
double, with two rows of broad lace, ribbon,
two inches wide, and filled a little: the body is high, with a shawl before in front,
reaching nearly to the waist; the sleeves are
two bias ruffles, one reaching nearly to the
elbow, the upper one two inches shorter
and gored down, half way. Finish the
sleeve and belt with the same ribbon
trimming.

The petticoats are to be finished with
two ruffles of embroidery — from colored
guelders, with white ground dress; if of colored,
the boots are to match.

Robs.

Leghorn felt, with drooping brim; where found to be
becoming, the brim on the left
side is caught up, and an ostrich feather, long and curled, depends nearly to the
shoulder; broad white ribbon, with stripes,
plain, around the crown to the opposite side
from the former, the Mozambique before
is finished with bows and long ends. The inside is finished with roseate of illusion and flowers,
rose b Insets, small sham roses,
Spangles of Fifth colored silk, with two
ruffles of the same; blue plissé, plissé,
white plissé, white plissé, with colored
boilers to correspond to the ribbon of the last; hand

knecloth of green linen, with plain hem
half an inch wide.

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

The Monthly Branch of Current Events.

A man named Shelden fell into an old
shark near Angle's Camp, Colarures Co.,
where he remained without food or water
for four days. He was finally discovered
by some Indians. Fear, hunger and thirst
had driven him to madness.

The books of the State Treasury, on the
26th of April, showed the following bal-
ances: In favor of the General Fund,
$412,099 00; Hospital, $187,001; School,
$2,436 26; Military, $2,318 66; Library,
$2,106 52; Interest and Sinking Fund of
1868, $14,854 07; Supreme Court, $52,780
82; State School Fund, $11,465 06;
A fire occurred in Yreka on the 1st ult. Loss, $200.

The John L. Stephans arrived on the 1st ult., with nearly 2,000 passengers. The agents acknowledge about 1,500, but this is far below the actual number that came by this steamer.

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

From estimates given by the Sacramento Union, the current expenses of the State of California for the last fiscal year amounted to $510,949 94, without including the interest on the State Debt, of $379,000.

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

On the 5th ult., the Golden Gate sailed for Panama, with 784 passengers, and $2,401,248 in treasure. On the same day, the Oriska carried away 778 passengers; total, 1,562.

The Uncle Sam arrived from Panama on the 7th ult., with 851 passengers.

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

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

A tournament was held at the Victoria Hotel, and has been exceedingly regular in its arrival and departure for the month past, anticipating in nearly every instance the news brought by the steamer.

The ladies of Yreka collected $637 towards the Mount Vernon Fund.

The keel of a new steamboat was laid at Steamboat Point, on the 7th ult., for the California Steam Navigation Co. The following are the dimensions of the vessel: Length, 286 feet; breadth, 40 feet; breadth across quarter, 64 feet; depth of hold, 10 feet; draught of water, 3 feet 8 inches, light; tonnage, 920 tons;—the largest steamboat ever built on this coast. She is to be constructed altogether of California timber.

The new dollar, worth $1.04, was issued at the San Francisco Branch Mint on the 6th ult. A very young gentleman, in exceedingly primitive costume, made his first appearance in a stage-coach, on the 7th ult., while some inlets (one of whom was a very near relative,) were traveling from San Antonio to San José.

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

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

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

The Overland Mail from San Francisco via Los Angeles, on the 2d ult., took 1,027 through letters, and 123 way letters.

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

The Golden Age arrived from Panama on the 16th with 1,028 passengers.

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

Six men were murdered by Indians, on the trail leading from Jacksonville to Klamath Falls, in the neighborhood of the Smith's Mine.

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

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

The Nevada Journal entered upon its 10th volume, and the ninth year of its existence on the 12th.

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

The number of letters sent from San Francisco by the Overland Mail, for the month of April was 8,300.

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

A new democratic newspaper, entitled the "Daily San Francisco News," made its first appearance on the 17th ult.
The proprietors and publishers of the San Francisco Evening Bulletin—however ridiculous it may appear—were arrested on the 16th ult., charged with publishing an obscene and immoral paper, in giving Mrs. Sickles' confession in full, as telegraphed to them from San Jose, by Overland Mail.

Editor's Table.

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

It is almost a matter of impossibility for friends whose sympathies and tastes are congenial, or whose labors and disappointments are in common, to be often in communion with each other without feeling the silken cords of kindly affection drawing them closer together; and if trials of patience, or of temper, or of friendly faithfulness should come,--as come they certainly will,—after they are past we seem to remember them only as heavenly messengers who pointed out virtues of which perhaps until now we were totally unaware, and discovered to us the real friend from the counterfeit; and the result is we are bound the closer together for it. We trust it has been thus with the writers, readers, and friends, as well as with the editor of this Magazine. To the former we would tender our unfailing, most cordial, and hearty felt thanks, for their valuable and voluntary assistance to the present time; all of which has been entirely without other remuneration than that which they have experienced in the pleasing welcome accorded to their articles by a generous public. We have been looking for the day to dawn when literature could be substantially remunerated in this as in other States, but as yet without its realization; and the only reward we can at present hold out is the pleasure given and received from their labors. If it be any consolation to such of you to make a similar confession, we can do it most conscientiously. To those who are willing to enter with us upon our fourth volume we most sincerely extend our hand; hoping that our labors together will be mutually pleasant. To others, if any, who, as contributors, may wish to withdraw, we present our thanks for past favors; with the hope that they may soon re-unite with us, and renew them.

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

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

However much human nature may be disposed to question, or show itself destr-
of hiding, or seek to avoid becoming an unwilling party to the admission of the fact, it is now the true test that in a majority of cases, if a scar is cut upon the forehead, an attempt is immediately made to cover it up; if the hand is deformed, the individual who owns it is almost certain on all occasions to wear a glove. This may be pardonable, or it may not, according to circumstances. Without discussing such a question at the present time, we may mention an important fact, of which the foregoing is the prelude; that, however unpleasant or inconvenient it may sound to the egotistical "free and independent" would have been successful; and, as it was, out of some two thousand votes polled, he lacked but forty-one of his election. Had his friend (P) taken the precaution to lock him up in some room during the polling of the votes in the precinct alluded to, P would have been elected by a considerable majority.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The next we visited was that of the Spring Valley public school, under the able superintendence of Mr. J. G. Morrill, Principal. The school-room in which it was held, was tastefully decorated with wreaths of evergreens and flowers, giving the visitor a pleasing introduction to the room, and to the interesting ceremonies of the occasion. The bright eyes, and happy faces of all, showed that pupils, parents, and friends, were alike delighted at the exercises. Nearly the whole of the compositions used were original, and written for the occasion. It must have been exceedingly gratifying to the feelings of the teachers, to witness so large a company of the parents and friends of the pupils as were then present, and which must have repaid them for the many hours of anxious care and study spent while seeking to instruct those committed to their care.

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

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

To Contributors and Correspondents.

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

S. E.—You did right.

W. T.—What think you of the proposal.

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

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

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