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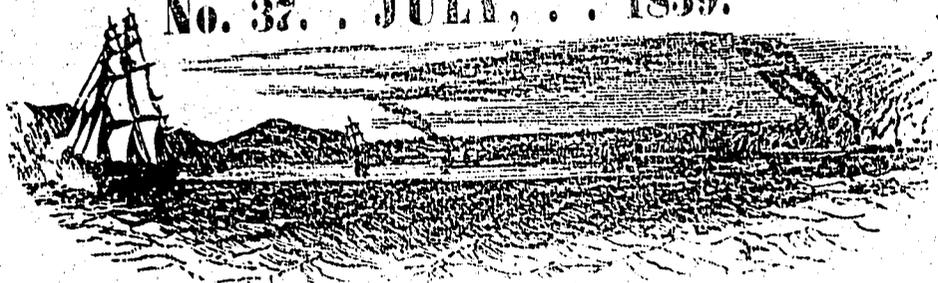
HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA

MAGAZINE



No. 37. . JULY, . . 1859.



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

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

NOTES AND SKETCHES ON THE BAY AND RIVER,.....1
 ILLUSTRATIONS—Scene at the mouth of Old Sacramento River—The Steamboats
 Antelope and Bragdon at Jackson St. Wharf, San Francisco—Alcatrazes Island—
 Red (or Treasure) Rock—The Two Sisters—Straits of Carquinez—Benicia, Mar-
 tinez and Monte Diablo—Scene at the Junction of Old River and Steamboat
 Slough—View Five Miles above Steamboat Slough—Church on the River Nine
 miles above Steamboat Slough—The Levee at Sacramento, from Washington,
 Yolo County.15
 LINES TO —,.....15
 THE GRAVE DIGGERS,.....16
 SPRING BIRDS,.....17
 THE GREAT CONDOR OF CALIFORNIA, (CONTINUED).....22
 THOUGH ABSENT YET NEAR,.....22
 OUR THOUGHTS,.....23
 THE SAILOR BOY'S DEATH,.....24
 THE MANIAC,.....28
 THE SIGNING OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE,.....29
 THE FREE SCHOOL SYSTEM OF CALIFORNIA,.....35
 MY WINDOW SEAT,.....38
 A TRIBUTE TO GENIUS,.....40
 OUR SOCIAL CHAIR,.....43
 Summer in San Francisco—Nosological—The Lovers—Little Iva.43
 CHIT-CHAT,.....44
 OPERATIC AND DRAMATIC,.....45
 THE FASHIONS,.....46
 MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS,.....47
 EDITOR'S TABLE,.....47
 The New Volume—The Fourth of July—Political Trickery.48
 TO CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS,.....48

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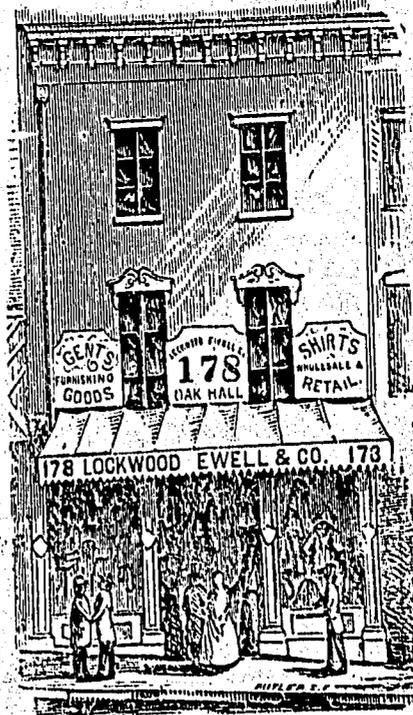
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CALIF

VOL. IV

FROM S



[July, 1859.

Steamboats
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River, Nino
Washington

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44
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48

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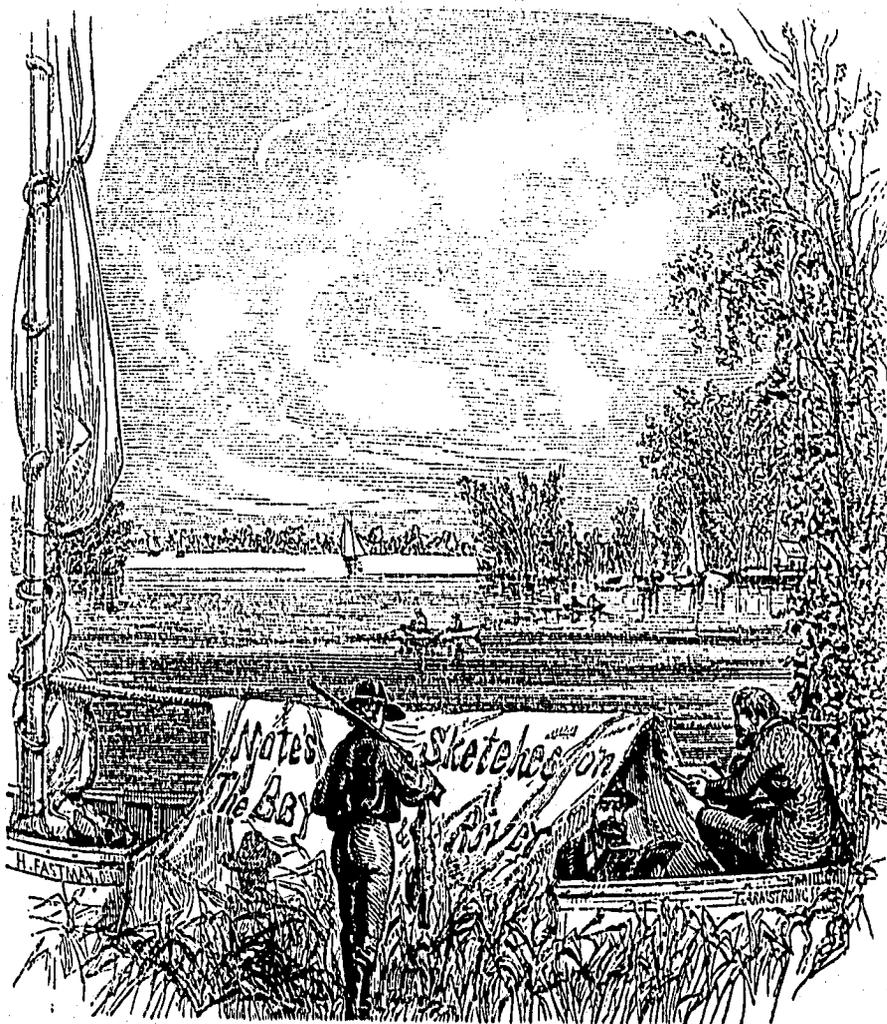
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HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV. JULY, 1859. No. 1.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO SACRAMENTO CITY.



SCENE AT THE MOUTH OF OLD SACRAMENTO RIVER.

MANY of our readers are aware that the great navigable highway for at least three-fourths of the inland commerce and passenger transit of the State, lies through the northern end of the bay of San Francisco, from thence past the southern shore of the bays of San Pablo and Suisun, and up the Sacramento river to Sacramento city. To illustrate the beautiful scenes upon this route we find it next to impossible to obtain faithful and reliable sketches from the deck of a swiftly moving steamboat, that generally makes the upward trip (123 miles,) within ten hours, about seven of which, even in summer, are by night. To obviate this difficulty, the writer, in company with two others, engaged a sailing craft of about five tons burthen, and deposited thereon our precious lives, (without even taking the precaution of having them insured) a limited but assorted cargo of general stores, cooking apparatus, bedding, and other sundries, then gave our canvas to the breeze, and were off.

As one of our party, in addition to being an excellent draughtsman, was familiar with the mysteries of navigation, and the other with the duties appertaining to the office of a *chef de cuisine*, we all considered that our prospects of securing the end at which we aimed were indeed flattering; while the comfort and pleasure we endured would more than counterbalance all the risks that were undertaken, and at the same time allow us the opportunity of sailing when and where we pleased, for all the sketches and enjoyment that we wanted.

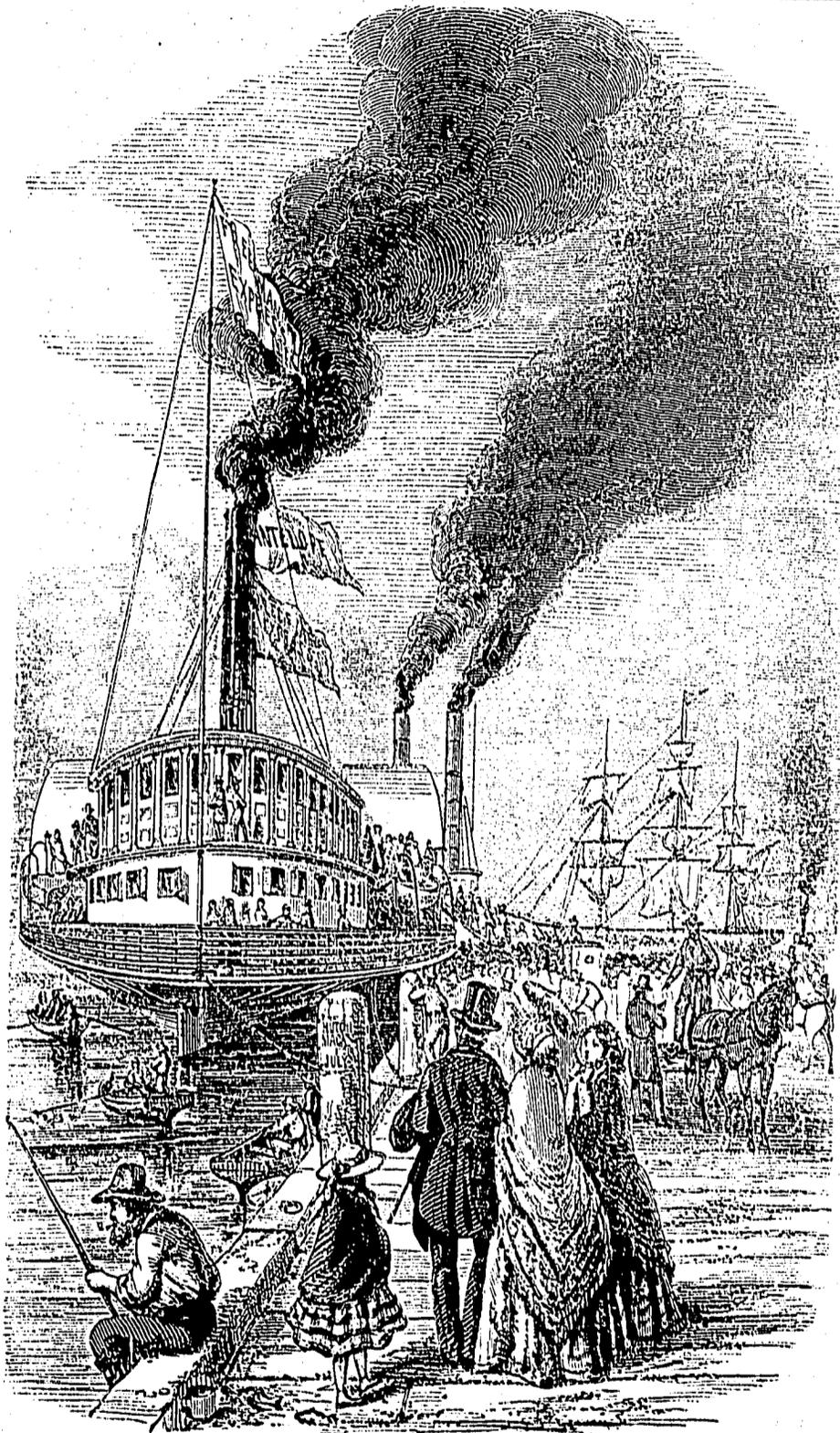
Inasmuch as the course of our voyage, by mutual consent, lay around several islands and among numerous sloughs and lagoons of the Sacramento, as well as on the principal streams, occupying some eight days, and as much of our time was consumed among the beaver-trappers and salmon-fishers and curers on the above named waters, we shall not now recount

our personal experiences and adventures, but reserve these subjects for a future and more suitable occasion, and take the reader, with his or her consent, by the far more pleasant and expeditious route of steamboat navigation.

There probably is not a more exciting and bustling scene of business activity in any part of the world, than can be witnessed on almost any day, Sunday excepted, at Jackson street wharf, San Francisco, at a few minutes before 4 o'clock P. M. Men and women are hurrying to and fro; drays, carriages, express-wagons and horsemen, dash past you with as much rapidity and earnestness as though they were the bearers of a reprieve to some condemned criminal whose last moment of life had nearly expired, and by its speedy delivery thought they could save him from the scaffold. Indeed one would suppose by the apparent recklessness of driving and riding through the crowd, that numerous limbs would be broken, and carriages made into pieces as small as mince meat; but yet to your surprise nothing of the kind occurs, for on arriving at the smallest real obstacle to their progress, animals are suddenly reined in, with a promptness that astonishes you.

On these occasions, too, there is almost sure to be one or more intentional passengers that arrive just too late to get aboard, and who in their excitement often throw an overcoat or valise on the boat, or overboard, but neglect to embrace the only opportune moment to get on board themselves, and are consequently left behind, as these boats are always punctual to their time of starting.

Supposing that we have been more fortunate, by securing our passage and stateroom in good time, please to put on your overcoat, as it is always cool in the evening on the bay, and let us take a cosy seat together, and while the black volumes of smoke are rolling from the tops of the funnels, and the boat is shooting past this

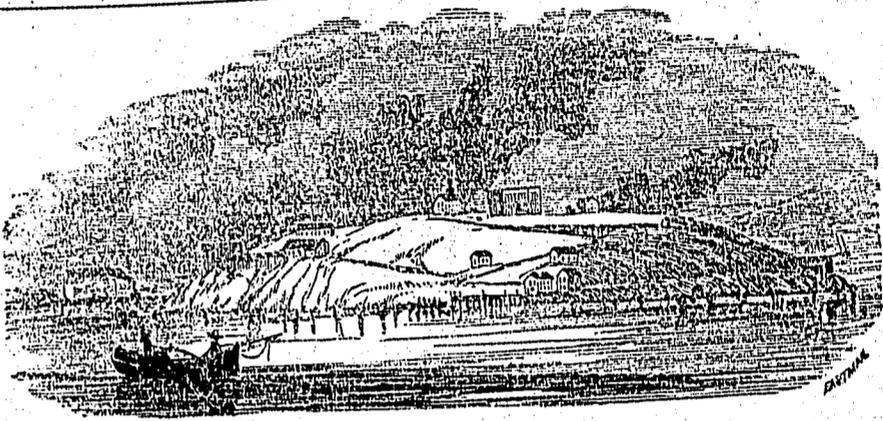


THE STEAMBOATS ANTELOPE AND DRAGDON AT JACK ON STREET WHARF, SAN FRANCISCO.

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ALCATRACES ISLAND.

wharf, and that vessel now lying at anchor in the bay or in full sail upon her voyage, or while numerous nervous people are troubled about their baggage and asking the porter all sorts of questions, let us have a quiet chat together, upon the scenes we may witness on our trip, and the historical facts connected with the early navigation of this beautiful route to the interior.

The first sailing vessel that made the voyage from San Francisco to where Sacramento city now stands, was the schooner *Isabella*, chartered by Capt. John A. Sutter, about the 5th of August, 1839; and owing to the numerous intricate outlets of the Sacramento river, he was eight days in discovering its main channel; and when about ten miles below where Sacramento city now stands, two hundred armed and hostile Indians intercepted his progress.

These however, he succeeded in conciliating, and was then allowed to proceed on his voyage accompanied by two of the natives. Other sail vessels of course followed at different times, in the wake of the pioneer schooner "*Isabella*," but as we are now more interested in steam navigation we shall not mention them more length.

The first steambot that ever plowed the waters of the Sacramento, from San Francisco, was the "*Sitka*," a Russian built, stern wheel vessel, about sixty feet

in length by seventeen in breadth, owned by Capt. Leidesdorff, (the former owner of most of the Folsom property,) and she reached what was then known as Sutter's Embarcadero, now Sacramento city, in the summer of 1847.

The next was a stern wheel steam scow named the "*Lady Washington*," built at Sutter's Embarcadero, in Sept., 1849, and was owned by Simmons, Hutchinson & Co., and Smith, Bensley & Co., of that place, was run upon the upper rivers, and was the pioneer steam vessel above the mouth of the American river. The first trip was to where Coloma now stands; but unfortunately on her return trip she struck a snag and sunk, but was afterwards raised, refitted, and named the *Ohio*.

The next was a side-wheel steamer that was sent out on board ships from New York, put together in Sacramento city, there named the "*Sacramento*," and was run between Sacramento city and New York, on the Pacific, (a city of great pretensions, that was located near the mouth of the San Joaquin, but long since defunct,) and there connected with a line of schooners from San Francisco. This vessel was owned and commanded by Capt. John Van Pelt.

A small craft called the "*Mint*," was the next steambot, and ran on this route through from San Francisco to Sacramento.

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The large propeller McKim, of about 400 tons burthen, was the next in rotation, and made her trip from New Orleans, through the straits of Magellan to San Francisco, in 1849, and took her first trip up the Sacramento, in the latter part of Oct. of that year.

By far the most beautiful, most commodious, most comfortable, and at the same time, the most successful steamboat that ever run on the Sacramento river, was the "Senator," of 500 tons burthen. She made the voyage around Cape Horn, and arrived here on the 27th of Oct., 1849, and her first trip up to Sacramento city Nov. 5th, following. Her rates of fare were \$25 per passenger up, and \$30 down; Meals \$2, each; Stateroom \$10; Freight per ton from \$10 to \$50.

During the first year on that route her net profits exceeded \$60,000 per month; and ever since she has been a very profitable boat for her owners. The number of her passengers was generally about three hundred, and her freight about from two hundred to three hundred tons.

The next was a stern-wheel steamboat called the "Lawrence," 108 feet in length by 18 feet in width. She was brought out by a New Bedford company and put up at New York on the Pacific; and when finished, she was sent to Stockton about the latter part of Nov., 1849, and was the first steamboat that ever sailed for or arrived at that city. In December following she was taken to Sacramento and there sold, when her new owners sent her up the Feather river to Marysville, in command of Capt. Chadwick, and she was the first steamboat that ever ascended that river.

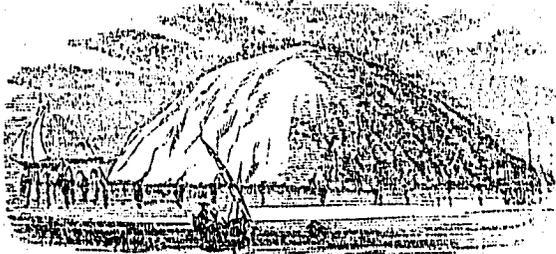
The "Linda," a stern-wheel steamer, was the next, owned by a company of which Mark Brummagem was one of the principal members. She ran between Sacramento

city and Marysville. Freight on the Lawrence and Linda was from 8 to 10 cents per pound; drinks 50 cents each.

The first steamboat that ever ascended the Sacramento river as far as Tehama was the "Jack Hayes," commanded by Capt. Mosely, in May, 1850. She was first named the Commodore Jones, but being lengthened and otherwise changed, she lost her identity and her name at the same time.

The "Gold Hunter," commanded by Capt. Branham, now the U. S. surveying schooner Active, was put on about this time, but soon withdrawn.

The "Capt. Sutter," a small stern wheel boat, although only the second boat to Stockton, was the first to make regular trips from San Francisco to that city, and



RED (OR TREASURE) ROCK.

succeeded the "Lawrence." She was put up by Capt. James Blair, of the U. S. Navy, and was more successful in proportion to her size than the Senator on the other route; and cleared not less than \$200,000 for her owners the first year.

We might mention *en passant*, to illustrate the large profits made by steamboats at that early day, that the Lawrence made a trip from Sacramento city to Lassen's Ranch, and received 30 cents per pound for freight on her entire cargo.

The following list of the various steamboats that have from time to time been running on this route, occasionally changing to some other, or been laid up, is as complete as we could make it, and we think will include nearly the whole that have ever been upon it:—



THE TWO SISTERS.

STERN WHEEL.
(High Pressure.)
Young America,
Goodman Castle,
Gov. Dana,
Shasta,
Plumas,
Gazelle,
Cleopatra,
Belle,
Gem,
Capt. Sutter,
Pike,
Orient,
Fashion,
Nevada,
Daniel Moir,
Kennebec,
Marysville,
Clara,
Moden,
James Blair,
Enterprise,
Lawrence,
Latona,
Maria,
Pearl,
Etna,
Sam Soule,
Swan,
San Joaquin,
Tehama,
Fire Fly,
Kangaroo,

SIDE WHEEL.
(High Pressure.)
Urilda,
Camarcho,
J. Bragdon,
H. J. Clay,
American Eagle,
Helen Hensley,
Anna Abernethy,
Willamette,
Eclipse,
Queen City,
Kate Kearny,
Express,
Calob Cope,
Sugamore,
Mariposa,
W. E. Robinson,
Gov. Dana, No. 2.
Sophia,
Union, (Iron Vessel)
Cornelia,
C. M. Webber,
(Low Pressure.)
Senator,
New World,
Confidence,
W. G. Hunt,
Antelope,
Thomas Hunt,
Surprise,
Goliath,
El Dorado,
Gold Hunter,
(now Active.)

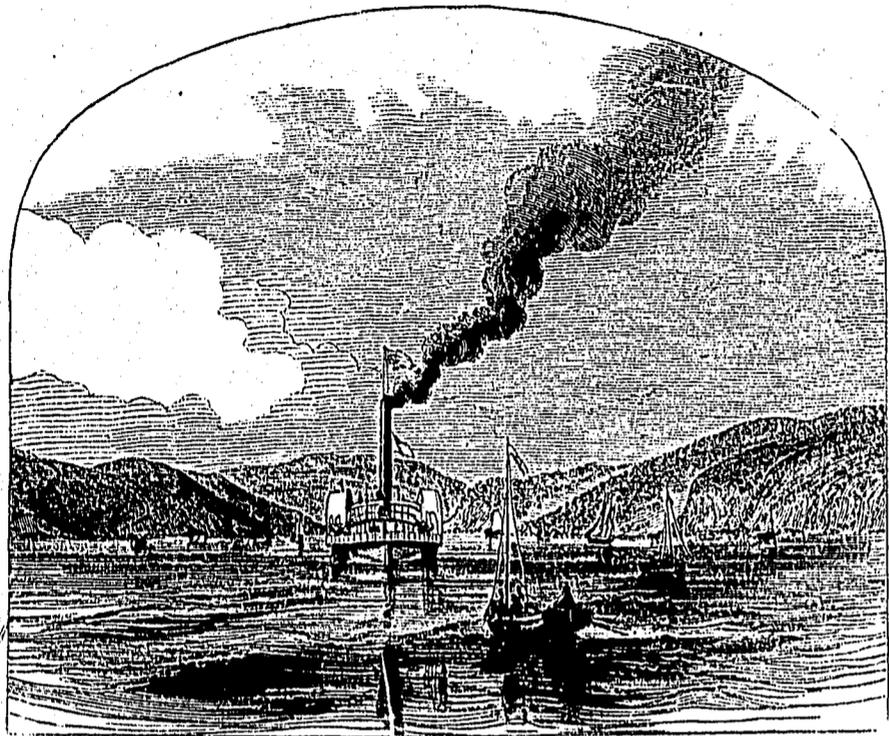
PROPELLERS.
McKim, Hartford,
Gen. Warren, Eudora,
Commodore Preble, Major Tompkins,
Chesapeake.

While we have thus been gossiping about steamboats, we have arrived off Alcatraz or Pelican Island. This we see is just opposite the Golden Gate, and about half way between San Francisco and Angel Island. It commands the entrance to the great bay of San Francisco, and is but three and a half miles from Fort Point.

This island is 140 feet in height above low tide, 450 feet in width, and 1650 feet in length, somewhat irregular in shape; and fortified on all sides. The large building on its summit, about the centre or crest of the island, is a defensive barrack or citadel, three stories high, and in time of peace will accommodate about 200 men, and in time of war at least three times that number. It is not only a shelter for the men, and will withstand a respectable cannonade, but from the top a murderous fire could be poured upon its assailants at all parts of the island, and from whence every point of it is visible. There is a belt of fortifications encircling the island, consisting of a series of Barbette batteries, mounting altogether about 94 guns, 24, 42, 68, and 132 pounders.

The first building that you notice after landing at the wharf is a massive brick and stone guard house, shot and shell proof, well protected by a heavy gate and draw-bridge, and has three embrasures for 24 pound howitzers that command the approach from the wharf. The top of this, like the barracks, is flat, for the use and protection of riflemen. Other guard-houses of similar construction are built at different points, between which there are long lines of parapets sufficiently high to preclude the possibility of an escalade, and back of which are circular platforms for mounting guns of the heaviest caliber, some of which weigh from 9,000 to 10,000 pounds. In addition to these there are three bomb-proof magazines, each of which will hold 10,000 lbs of powder. On the south-eastern side of the island is a large furnace for the

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STRAITS OF CARQUINEZ.

purpose of heating cannon balls; and other similar contrivances are in course of construction.

Unfortunately there is no natural supply of water on the island, so that all of that element which is used there is taken from Saucolito. In the basement of the barracks is a cistern capable of holding 50,000 gallons of water, a portion of which can be supplied from the roof of that building in the rainy season.

Appropriations have been made for the fortification of this island to the amount of \$896,000, and about \$100,000 more will complete them. From 40 to 200 men have been employed upon these works since their commencement in 1853.

At the south-eastern end of the island is a fog bell of about the same weight as that at Fort Point, and which is regulated to strike by machinery once in about every fifteen seconds.

The whole of the works on this island are under the skillful superintendance of Lieut. McPherson, who very kindly ex-

plained to us the strength and purposes of the different fortifications made.

The lighthouse at the south of the barracks contains a Fresnel lantern of the third order, and which can be seen on a clear night some twelve miles outside the heads, and is of great service in suggesting the course of a vessel when entering the bay.

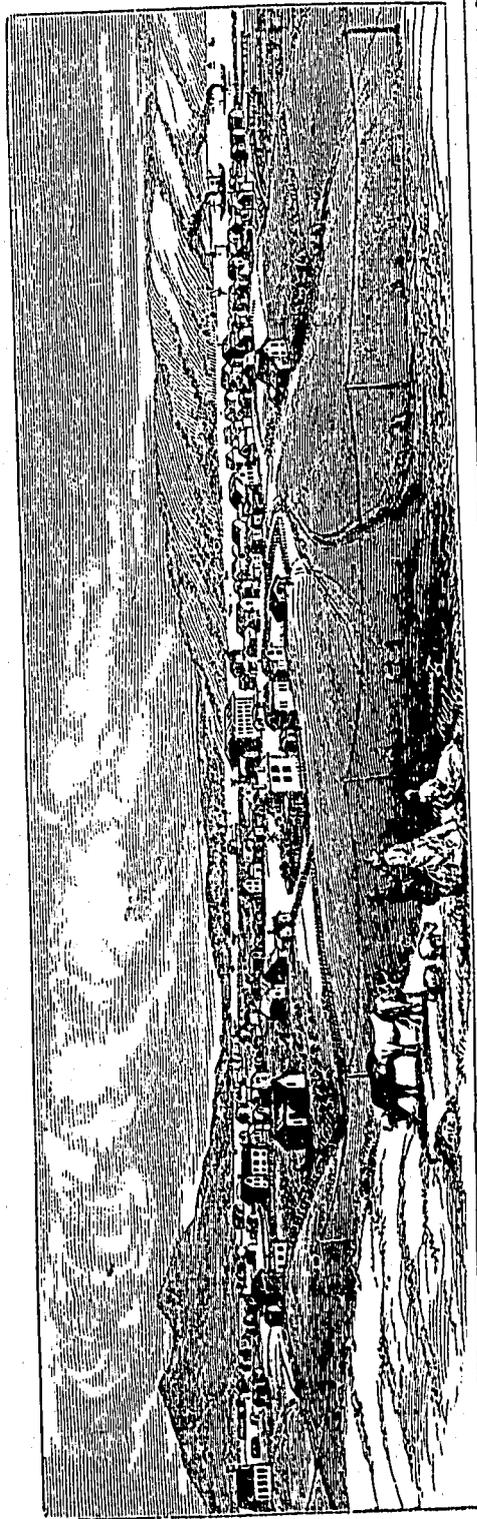
Yet, as we are sailing on at considerable speed across the entrance to the Bay, towards Angel Island, we must not linger here, not even in imagination; especially as we can now look out through the far famed Golden Gate and towards the golden hinged hope of many who with lingering eyes have longed to look upon it and to enter through its charmed portals to this land of gold. How many too have longed and hoped for years to pass it once again, on their way out to the endeared and loving hearts that wait to welcome them at that dear spot they still call Home! God bless them.

Now the vessel is in full sail, and steam-

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BENICIA, MARTINEZ, AND MONTE DIABLO.

ships, that are entering the heads, as well as those within that are tacking now on this stretch and now on that to make way out against the strong northwest breeze that blows in at the Golden Gate for three eighths of the year, are fast being lost to sight, and we are just abreast of Angel Island and but five miles from the city of San Francisco. This Island was granted by Gov. Alvarado to Antonio M. Asio, by order of the Government of Mexico, in 1837; and by him sold to its present owners in 1853. As it contains some 800 acres of excellent land it is by far the largest and most valuable of any in the Bay of San Francisco; and the green wild oats that grow to its very summit in early spring, but ripened now, give excellent pasturage to stock of all kinds; while the natural springs at different points afford abundance of water at all seasons. At the present time there are about 500 sheep roaming over its fertile hills. A large portion of the land is susceptible of cultivation for grain and vegetables.

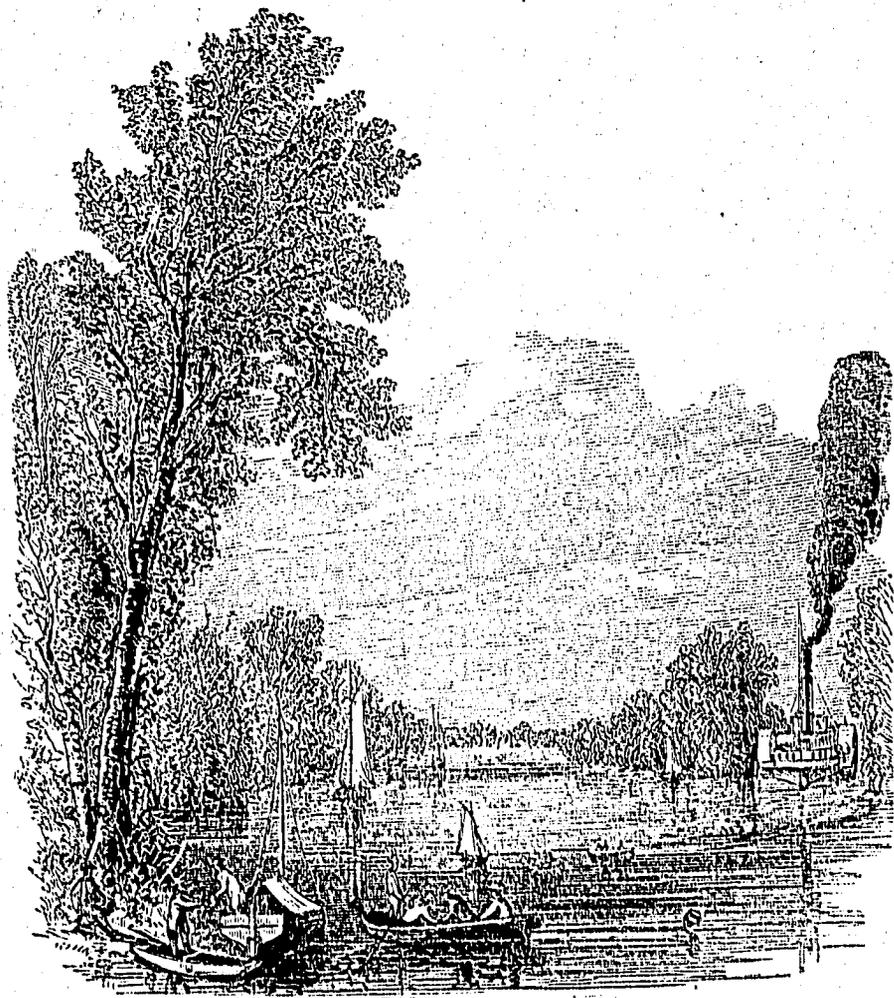
From the inexhaustible quarries of hard blue and brown sandstone that here abound, have been taken nearly all of the stone used in the foundations of the numerous buildings in San Francisco.—The extensive fortifications at Alcatraz Island, Fort Point, and other places, have been faced with it; and the extensive Government works at Mare Island have been principally built with stone from these quarries, and many thousands of tons will yet be required from the same source before the fortifications and other Government works are completed. Clay is also found in abundance, and of an excellent quality for making bricks.

In 1856 this Island was surveyed by the U. S. Engineers, for the purpose of locating sites for two 24 gun batteries, which are in the line of fortifications required before our Bay may be considered as fortified. The most important of these

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NOTES AND SKETCHES ON THE BAY AND RIVER.



SCENE AT THE JUNCTION OF OLD RIVER AND STEAMBOAT SLOUGH.

batteries will be on the north-west point of the Island, and will command Raceoon Straits; and until this is built, our Navy Yard at Mare Island, and even the city of San Francisco itself cannot be considered safe, as through these Straits ships of war could easily pass, if by means of the heavy fog that so frequently hangs over the entrance to the bay, or other cause, they once passed Fort Point in safety. But let us pass on to Red Rock.

This singular looking island was formerly called Treasure or Golden Rock in old charts, from some traditionary report being circulated of some large treasure having been once carried there by early

Spanish navigators. In charts of recent date however, it is sometimes called Molate Island, but is now more generally known as Red Rock, from its general color.

There are several strata of rock, of different colors, if rock it can be called, one of which is very fine and resembles an article sometimes found upon a lady's toilet-table—of course in earlier days—known as rouge-powder. Besides this there are several strata of a species of clay or colored pigment, of from four to twelve inches in thickness, and of various colors. Upon the beach numerous small red pebbles, very much resembling

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cornelian, are found. There can be but little wonder it should be called "Red Rock" by plain matter-of-fact people like ourselves. It is covered with wild oats to its summit, on which is planted a flag-staff and cannon. Some four years ago its locator and owner, Mr. Selim E. Woodworth, took about half a dozen tame rabbits over to it, from San Francisco, and now there are several hundred.

As Mr. W., before becoming a benedict, made this his place of residence, he partially graded its apparently inaccessible sides; and at different points planted several ornamental trees. A small bachelor's cabin stands near the water's edge, and as this affords the means of cooking fish and sundry other dishes, its owner and a small party of friends pay it an occasional visit for fishing and general recreation. Several sheep roam about on the island, and as they like rabbits never drink water, they do not feel the loss of that which nature has here failed to supply.

But on, on we sail, and pass Maria Island and also two low rocks called the Two Sisters, and after shooting by Point San Pablo, we enter the large bay of that name; charmed as we are with fine table and grazing lands on our right at the foot of the Contra Costa range of hills.

Just before entering the Straits of Carquinez, that connects the bays of San Pablo and Suisun, on our left we get a glimpse of the Government works at Mare Island, and the town of Vallejo; but as we shall probably have something to say about these points at some future time, we will now take a look at the straits. As the stranger approaches those for the first time, he makes up his mind that the vessel on which he stands is out of her course and is certainly running towards a bluff, and will soon be in trouble if she does not change her course, but as he advances and the entrance to this

narrow channel becomes visible, he then concludes that a few moments ago he entertained a very foolish idea.

Now however the bell of the steamboat and a porter both announce that we are coming near Benicia, and that those who intend disembarking here had better have their baggage and their tickets in readiness. One would suppose as the boat nears the wharf that she is going to run "right into it," but soon she moves gracefully round and is made fast; but while those ashore and those aboard are eagerly scanning each other, to see if there is any familiar face to which to give the nod of recognition, or the cordial waving of the hand in friendly greeting, we will take our seats and say a word or two about this city.

Benicia was founded in the fall of 1847 by the late Thomas O. Larkin, and Roland Sample (who was also the originator and editor of the first California newspaper published at Monterey, Aug. 15th, 1846, entitled "*The Californian*,") upon land donated them for the purpose by Gen. M. G. Vallejo, and named in honor of the General's estimable lady.

In 1848 a number of families took up their residence here. During the fall of that year a public school was established, and which has been continued uninterruptedly to the present. In the ensuing spring a Presbyterian church was organized, and has continued under its original pastor, to the present time.

The peculiarly favorable position of Benicia recommended it at an early day as a suitable place for the general military headquarters of the U. S., upon the Pacific. Being alike convenient of access both to the sea-board and interior, and far enough from the coast to be secure against sudden assault in time of war, it was seen that no more favorable position could be selected, as adapted to all contingencies. These views met the approval of the General Government; and according-

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VIEW FIVE MILES ABOVE STEAMBOAT SLOUGH.

ly extensive storehouses were built, military posts established; and arrangements made for erecting here the principal arsenal on the Pacific coast.

There already are erected barracks for the soldiers, and officers' quarters; two magazines capable of holding from 6,000 to 7,000 barrels of gun-powder of 100 lbs. each; two storehouses filled with gun-carriages, cannon, ball, and several hundred stand of small arms, besides workshops, &c.

About one hundred men are now employed, under the superintendance of Capt F. D. Calender, in the construction of an Arsenal 200 feet in length by 60 feet in width, and three stories in height, suitably provided with towers, loop-holes, windows, &c. Besides this a large citadel is in course of erection. \$225,000 have already been appropriated to these works, and they will most probably require as much more before the whole is completed.

Here too are ten highly and curiously ornamented bronze cannon, six 8 pounders and four 4 pounders, that were brought originally from old Spain, and taken at Fort Point during our war with Mexico.

The following names and dates are inscribed on some of them, besides coats of arms, &c.

"San Martin, Ano. D. 1684."

"Poder, Ano. D. 1693."

"San Francisco, Ano. D. 1673."

"San Domingo, Ano. D. 1679."

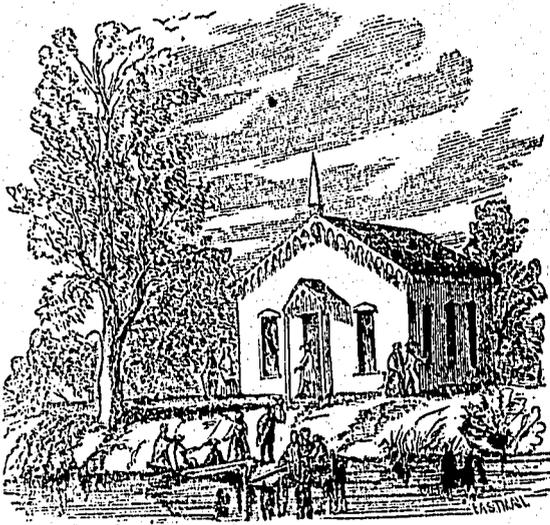
"San Pedro, Ano. D. 1628."

As the barracks are merely a depot for the reception and transmission of troops, it is difficult to say how many soldiers are quartered here at any one time.

There are numerous other interesting places about Benicia, one of which is the extensive works of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, where all the repairs to their vessels are made, coal deposited, &c., &c.

In 1853 Benicia was chosen the capital of the State by our peripatetic Legislature, and continued to hold that position for about a year, when it was taken to Sacramento, where it still (for a wonder) remains.

And, though last, by no means the least important feature of Benicia, is the widely known and deservedly flourishing boarding school for young ladies, the Benicia seminary, under the charge of



CHURCH ON THE RIVER, NINE MILES ABOVE STEAMBOAT SLOUGH.

New York on the Pacific, we arrive at the west end of a large, low tule flat lying between the San Joaquin and the Sacramento, named Sherman's Island, and here we enter the Sacramento river. The Montezuma hills seen on our right, and a few stunted trees on the left, are the only objects in the landscape to relieve the eye by contrast with the low tule swamp, until we approach the new and flourishing little settlement of Rio Vista, just opposite the mouth of the "old Sacramento river," or more properly speaking, the principal branch of the stream.

Miss Mary Atkins, founded in 1852, and in which several young ladies have taken graduating honors. Next to this is the collegiate school for young gentlemen under the superintendence of Mr. Flatt, and which was established in 1853. Next to this is the college of Notre Dame for the education of Catholic children.— These, united to the excellent sentiments of the people, make Benicia a favorite place of residence for families.

Nearly opposite to Benicia and distant only three miles is the pretty agricultural village of Martinez, the county-seat of Contra Costa county. A week among the live-oaks, gardens, and farms in and around this lovely spot, will convince the most skeptical that there are few more beautiful places in any part of the State. A steam ferry boat runs across the straits between this place and Benicia every hour in the day. The Stockton boat always touches here both going and returning.

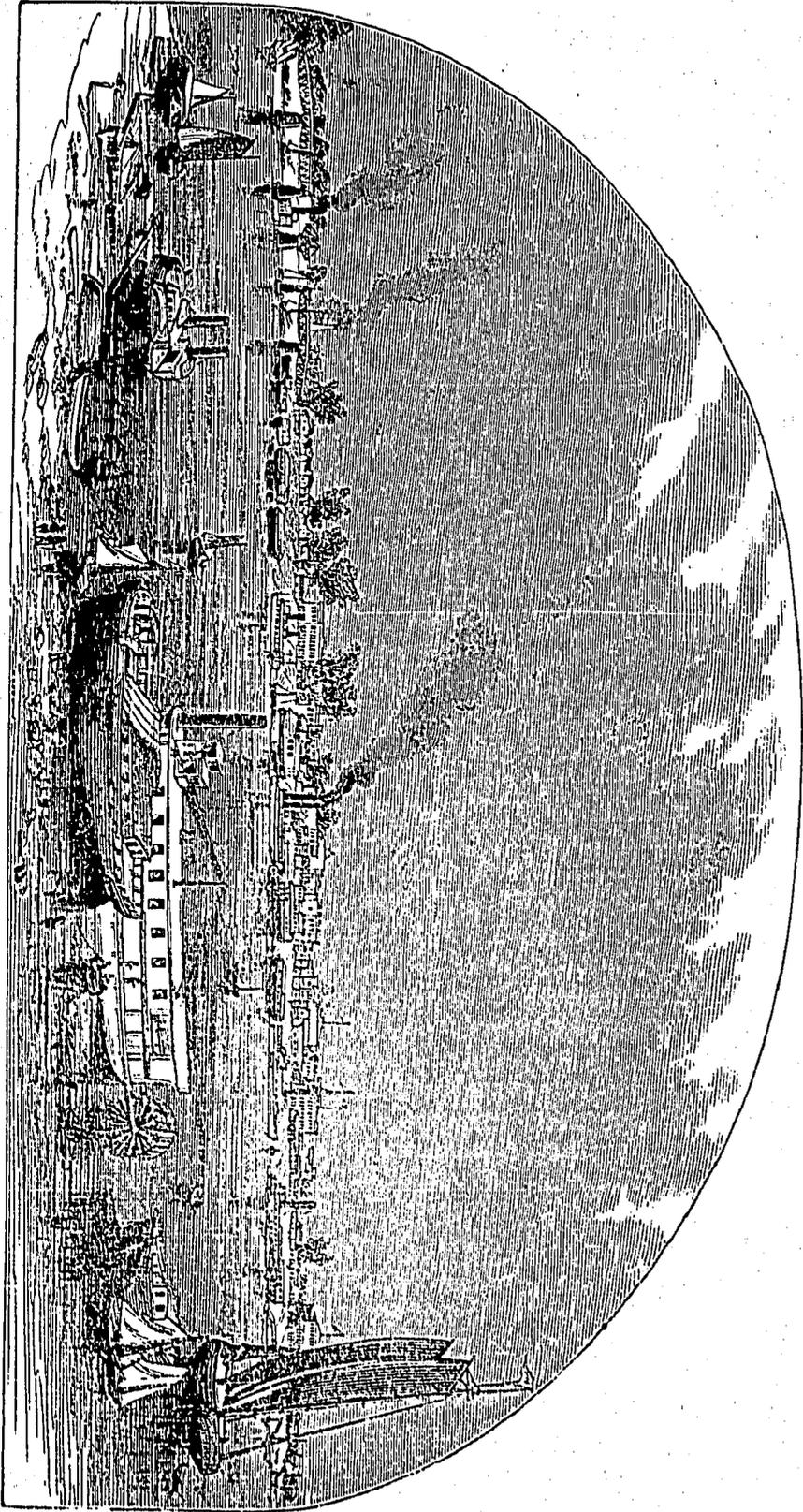
But now we must hurry on our way, as the steamboat is by this time passing the different islands in the bay of Suisun, named as follows:—Preston Island, King's, Simmons', Davis', Washington, Knox's and Jones' Islands; and passing

This village is just about half-way between Benicia and Sacramento, and bids fair to be a place of some importance eventually, as arrangements are now being made to open a road past here, and between Suisun and Vacca Valleys and Stockton. From Mr. C. A. Kirkpatrick, the obliging post-master there, we are favored with the following table of distances:—

From San Francisco to Benicia.....	30 Miles.
Benicia to New York.....	20 "
" to mouth of San Joaquin,	21 "
" to mouth of Sac. River,...	26 "
" Montezuma,.....	27 "
" Lone Tree Island,.....	29 "
" Twin Houses,.....	32 "
" Seven Mile Slough,.....	39 "
" Wood Island, [2 M. Long.]	40 "
" Rio Vista,.....	41 "
" Mouth of old Sac. River,	42 "
" Mouth Cachecreek slough,	46 "
" Hog's Back,.....	48 "
" Beaver Slough,.....	52 "
" Mouth Steamboat slough,	54 "
" Mouth of Sutter slough,...	54 "
" Head of Sutter slough,...	55 "
	[one mile long.]
" Head Steamboat slough,	
and junction with the main Sacra-	
mento river, [5 miles long.]	59 "
From Benicia to Randall's Island	61 "
	[2 miles long.]
From Benicia to Sac. city,.....	90

THE LEVEE AT SACRAMENTO, FROM WASHINGTON, YOLO COUNTY.

THE LEVEE AT SACRAMENTO, FROM WASHINGTON, YOLO COUNTY.



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As we have seen, six miles above the mouth of the old river, is the far famed "Hog's Back." This is formed by the settling of the sediment which comes down, caused by a widening of the stream, and a decrease in the fall of the river. It extends for about three hundred yards in length; and at the lowest stage of water is about five feet from the surface, and at the highest point eleven feet six inches. Being affected by the tides, and as they are exactly at the same point every two weeks, during the fall season of the year for two or three days at each low tide, a detention of heavily freighted vessels of from one to four hours will then take place. Persons when descending the river, as the steamboat generally leaves Sacramento city at 2 o'clock, P. M., have an opportunity of knowing when they arrive at the Hogs Back by seeing the mast of a vessel with the lower cross-trees upon it, and sometimes a portion of her bulwarks. This vessel was named the Charleston, and was freighted principally with quartz machinery, a portion of which being for the Gold Hill Quartz Co., at Grass Valley, she had discharged, but the owners of another and larger portion of it not being found, she was returning with it to San Francisco, but having stuck upon this sand bank at a very low stage of the water, she careened over and was swamped. Several attempts have since been made to take out the machinery, but as yet it has defied all attempts, and being filled with sand it will be a very difficult task for any one to perform, and the reward be but a poor one, inasmuch as it cannot be in any other than a spoiled condition from rust and other causes.

There is a little steam scow called the Gipsy, that plies between the various ranches and gardens on the river, and Sacramento city, taking vegetables, grain flour &c., up to the city, and returning with groceries, dry goods, papers, &c.—

By this means she has created quite a snug little business for herself and become an indispensable visitor to the residents on the river.

Sacramento City is at length in view, but we have gossiped so much by the way, that we have not the space left to devote to the subject which we should wish to give to a place holding the second rank on the Pacific coast, and possessing as many objects of interest as does our sister City of the Plains. We shall, therefore, defer all remarks until some future number, when we intend to give an elaborate description of the capital of our Golden State.

In conclusion, we would say to those who wish to escape for a brief season the confinement of city life, and enjoy a summer's ramble, we could not recommend a tour which can be made with so much ease, and is so generally calculated to please every variety of tastes, as a trip on the bay and river. The tourist who merely journeys for amusement—the individual desirous of beholding the unbounded resources of our state, and the artist, will each find much to gratify the desires which induced them to travel.

The scenery as you steam up the river is in no slight degree picturesque. Here and there, as you turn with the sudden windings of the stream, you come upon the little boats of fishermen, and sloops, with their sails furled like the folded wings of a sea-bird, waiting for the wind. The improvements of the husbandman are everywhere seen along the shores.—Cottages half hidden among the drooping branches of the sycamores, out-houses, haystacks, orchards, and gardens, with their product of squashes and cabbages piled in huge heaps, give a cheerful domestic character to the scene. The landscape is diversified by the gnarled oaks, with vines clinging about them for support, and their branches covered with dark masses of mistletoe. Far away the

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snow-capped Sierras, with a black belt of pines at their base, and nearer the mist-draped Coast Range, rise on the view. Along the plains are here and there seen clumps of trees—a sure indication of water; and occasionally the charred trunk of some blasted tree lifts its bare branches toward heaven in solitary grandeur. During the seasons when the immense tracts of tules which cover the low lands are on fire, the conflagration lends a wild and peculiar beauty to the Scenes on the Bay and River.

LINES TO —

Talk as you will—think as you may
Of human virtues, loves and graces,
The indices of human hearts
Are rarely ever human faces;
And quite as hard to judge, I think,
Is friendship by its oft inditing—
You cannot tell of human worth,
By any test of human writing.

Beneath the merriest face I know,
There throbs a heart of bitter sadness,—
All seeming joy—all real woe—
Deep sorrow hid 'neath smiles of gladness,
And one who doubts sweet friendship's
truth,

And scouts at love's fair dream beguiling,
Will write in noblest praise of both,
As both were on him ever smiling!

I've seen the mother's love destroyed, [ed,
For her sweet child once loved and cherish-
I've seen the father's watchful care
Turned into hate when love had perished;
The sweetest friendships I have known,
Confiding, true, unselfish seeming,
A slanderous word made bitterest scorn,
And taught the heart it was but dreaming.

There is one friendship—not of earth—
A boon to weary mortals given,
That ne'er forsakes in darkest hours,
And draws the soul to God and heaven.
This is "true friendship"—be it thine,
Secure it now with brave endeavor;
Its silken bands of love and truth
Not even death itself can sever!

THE GRAVE DIGGERS.

UNCLE RALPH'S STORY.

BY G. T. S.

You see, brother Tom and I courted sisters, and there were no nicer girls in all the village than Hetty and Nancy Rice, who afterward became our wives. I say it who ought to know; although it may sound foolish for a man to be heard praising his own kith and kin.

Well, we had been at Deacon Rice's sitting up with our girls—it was one Sunday night in the month of September.—How well I remember it—just one of those nights that we have after the fall winds set in—the moon riding high, and the wind coming in gusts, and driving the great heavy masses of white clouds, looking like snow drifts, over the whole face of the sky.

We had started to go home together—I should think it must have been about half past one o'clock—and we had to go by the old burying ground on the green; for our house lay just beyond Minister Moore's old stone parsonage. We walked along by the east wall where the road lay, talking pretty briskly, and whistling to keep off bad thoughts, when suddenly, Tom stopped and said, "Ralph, don't you see something? Look there!" pointing towards the west end of the churchyard, where an old yew tree stood near the wall. I looked and saw some object; but I could not tell what it was. Just then the moon shone out, and I made it out to be a horse and wagon, standing under the old yew.

I said to Tom, "This bodes no good.—The grave diggers are about—that is their horse and wagon standing under the old yew, and they must be at work somewhere among the graves."

Presently we thought we heard voices, and the sound of steps approaching, and then we saw two men moving from the

centre of the churchyard towards the old tree. We watched their movements. They pulled out what looked to be a blanket from the bottom of the wagon; we saw them wrap it around the corpse—we knew it was such, for it was in the shape of a man and dressed in white—and then they carefully laid it away in the bottom of the wagon. They then went as we supposed to fill up the grave.

I said to Tom, "don't let us let the rascals escape. Let us go and take that body and hide it under the shadow of the wall; and, Tom either you or I will take its place, and they will find when they get home that they have got a living man to deal with instead of a dead one."

"Good!" said Tom. "Ralph, I'll be the man to play that game. Nothing I should like better, only lend me your dirk-knife so that if worse comes to worse I can take care of myself."

"Done," I replied, and we crawled along in the shadow of the wall and came to the old yew.

We quickly got the body out of the wagon and laid it close under the wall in the shade, and Tom wrapped himself in the blanket and laid himself in its place.

"A sound sleep to you," I said, "and don't wake up till at the best time and place." I then hastened and secreted myself in the shadow of the wall.

Presently I saw the men approaching. They had shovels on their shoulders, and were on a fast trot, stopping lightly as they were able among the thick brush wood. They went directly towards the wagon, and I heard one of them say, "Jack, this body is too long to ride here in the bottom; you will have to lift it up, while I drive, and we will ride with it between us. Look, I have brought my old hat, in case it should be needed. Put it on his head and set him up. It is cloudy you know, and nobody will mistrust."

I saw them lift Tom up, and the one he called Jack, put the hat on his head. At

the same instant, I saw Tom, the corpse, throw his arms out and clasp him around the neck.

Was not there a scene? Jack yelled like a devil, and struggled to free himself from Tom's grasp, and at the same time the other fellow took to his heels and ran off as if he had been possessed. Tom had his hands full, for the fellow was strong and brawny, and Tom had his match as he clung to him with one hand, and pommelled him in his face with the other.

At last he cleared himself of Tom, and took to his heels, with Tom after him—he running as only a man can run who has a dead man chasing him, close to his heels.

At last Tom came back puffing and blowing like a porpoise, and said, "Ralph, we have made a good night's work of it. We have got a horse and wagon for our pains. That fellow won't be back again, and he is welcome to depart after the rich mauling I gave him."

We got into the wagon and drove home, and nobody ever came to ask us where we got it, or how a man who had just been dug out of his grave could run so fast and and fight so well.

SPRING BIRDS.

BY L. R. GOODMAN.

Sweet birds of Spring! from sunny climes,
Where orange-groves are blooming,
You have returned; your notes and rhymes
With silver throats resuming:—
But when shall she, whose every strain
You emulated, come again?

When Autumn woods are fringed with gold,
And Autumn winds were sighing,
And you your tender farewells told
While ferns and flowers were dying,
She bade us all a fond adieu,
And went away, sweet birds, with you.

The lark is piping to the sun,
The linnnet loudly singing,
The noisy jay has just begun
To set the woodland ringing:—
But she no more shall wake the lay,
That ushered in the golden day.

Mount up, sweet lark! above the skies,
Beyond the ken of mortals,
And catch the morning melodies
That float through Glory's portals;
Then bring to me her new-born lay,
And I will wipe each tear away.

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RING BIRDS.

R. GOODMAN.

Spring! from sunny climes,
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THE GREAT CONDOR OF CALIFORNIA.

BY ALEXANDER S. TAYLOR.

(Continued from page 543.)

One of these birds, killed a few days ago in Carmel bay, near Monterey, a friend informs me, measured, including breast, eleven feet from tip to tip of wing. It is even possible that the oldest birds approach in dimensions the Condor of Chili and Peru. It is not known to what age they attain. Probably there are three or four species of the *Sarcoramphus*, in the territories before designated, which hunters have confounded as being the same bird. The Condors range throughout the Sierra Nevada, and the Tulare and Sacramento plains.

The historian of Sebastian Vizcaino's California Voyage, in describing the country and animals around Monterey, in December, 1602, mentions, among other birds, the Vulture—doubtless meaning the Condor. This expedition disembarked at Monterey beach, and encamped, with their sick crews, under an encinal of oaks, where a small stream comes down from the Redoubt hill. Several of these oaks are still standing, but the great encinal, which covered the beautiful slopes of Monterey at that time, has been mostly cleared off for firewood. On one of the granite masses on the site of this encampment, may still be seen the holes made in the rocks by the Indians, for pounding their acorns and grass seeds.

The site of this town, according to the above authority, was roamed over by an astonishing variety of the animal kingdom, most of which are recognizable at the present day. As the expedition stopped on land nearly a month, they had ample time and opportunity to make careful observations.

In the foregoing notes of the writer, some mistakes have occurred in reference to the female of the *Sarcoramphus Californianus*, from their infrequent appearance during our former observations. On the 26th July, 1855, one of the female birds was shot near the beach of our town, which was the first instance wherein we had the opportunity of comparing the two sexes together, from specimens killed within our own direct knowledge. The sex of the bird was ascertained by dissection, by our friend, Dr. J. L. Ord, of Monterey.

The female has very distinct exterior features from those of the male bird. It appears in flying to be considerably larger than the male, yet this one weighed 20 lbs., which is the usual weight of the other sex, as ascertained from five specimens. The entire upper exterior of the female is of a dusky, brownish-black plumage and hue. The wings have a triangular white band underneath, which band is mottled with blackish-brown spots, immediately over the wing bones; the white band is five inches broad at mid-wing; the feathers next to the shoulder-joint (pin feathers of wing near to the breast) are six in number, dashed blackish near the roots, and of a light salmon color to the ends, and are ten inches long. One of the wings measures four feet three inches long, by eighteen inches broad in the middle; it has seven outer wing feathers, the largest of which is two feet long. It has no exterior band of white feathers or white tips to the wings, as in the male bird.

The upper plumage of the back, tail and wings, is of shining, dusky brownish black; that of the breast and belly is of a lighter cast, similar to those of the male. Besides the seven long wing feathers, it has twenty-six inner ones on each wing. The tail feathers are fifteen inches long, and in number twelve. From the outer or elbow wing joint, to end of wing feathers, is two feet and seven inches. From the beak to extremity of tail feathers, it measures four feet; from socket of the neck on back to the vent, it is fifteen inches long. The circumference of the body and wings folded in, is about five feet.

The color of the bill and beak is of blackish horny brown color; their shape, size and other features, exclusive of color, is same as in the male bird; the nostrils are oval and go through and through, (i. e., you can see daylight through them,) and one-half an inch long by $\frac{1}{4}$ inch broad, and situated nearly half-way between the eyes and end of the beak; the nasal groove or line, but slightly defined, and about one inch in length from nostrils, and does not extend more than half-way to end of beak. The tongue and inside of mouth is similar to that of the male, and likewise colored yellowish. The tongue of both birds is serrated sharply downwards towards the gullet, while the roof of the mouth has hard spinous points inclining the opposite direction; which

enable the birds to bring their deglutinating and masticating powers into *immediate* effect, as the food is thus quickly passed into the digestive organs, in the state of a comminuted, pulpy mass, like the "thrice chewed *sojer*" of a sailor, on short allowance of tobacco.

Its head and neck is of a curious dusky, copperish-olive, blackish-brown color, and covered with a thick, furry down, or featherets of same color, looking like the nap of an old hat. This is continued down the neck to near its base. The head is six inches long, by two and a half inches breadth and depth. The skin immediately at base of bill is bare of down, as it is also around the eyes, which have a yellowish-olive circle enclosing the lids. The iris of the eye is of a greyish pink. The neck, from base of head to connection at the back bone, is thirteen inches long, and two and a half inches in diameter. The thigh, (as in the male,) is covered with feathers to knee-joint, and is two inches thick near the body—the legs from thigh-joint to end of toe nails are nineteen inches long—from knee-joint to end of claws, ten inches; front of legs below knee, covered with scales colored blackish, with yellowish rings; under parts of dirty yellow; the foot is six inches long; foot when spread radiates about $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches and thickly corrugated on its lower surface. Upper part of toes is blackish; claws black, and never sharp in either sex. The features are similar in size and proportions to that of the male bird, only a little larger.

The circumference of the body across the breast and inside of the wings, with the feathers on, is twenty-five inches; the same parts of the bird when skinned measure twenty-two inches; around the length of the first wing bone (of the skeleton) is thirteen inches long, and half an inch in diameter; the vertebrae of the neck (skeleton) is seventeen and a half inches long, and one and a half inches in diameter. The head across the crown measures ten inches in circumference. The entire skeleton of the animal, when well dried, weighs only three pounds avoirdupois. The bones of the thigh are one-sixteenth of an inch thick; and the bones have very little marrow, but are well braced up with bony *spokes*. The bones of the legs and wings are as hard as ivory, but very light. The female bird described had but little of the musky bright yellow fat, over the breast and over

lower entrails, as was found in the male. We have never seen, in any work on California, or its natural history, a description of the female bird above described, and it seems that it has not been heretofore delineated in any work of a popular character. It is not as often seen as the male—twenty of the latter may be in sight, with only two or three of the opposite sex. The same feature obtains in these parts with the Cathartes or Zopilotes of this country, which also have a black head for the female bird, while the head of the male is of a bright red.

Many of the Condors make their nests in the high mountains east and south of the Carmelo Valley, and also near Santa Cruz, and in the Santa Lucia Range, where they may be seen at all seasons of the year, but in greater numbers from July to November. These huge creatures may often be seen fighting each other, over a carcass on the beach; generally striking with their outstretched wings, and running along the ground like the common turkey buzzard, with the dolorous looks of a feathered Muggins.

It is found extremely difficult to preserve the colors of either bird, (of the head and neck,) as they exist in nature. In dried specimens, the bright lemon color of the head of the male is lost after a week's keeping.

The California Condor, may therefore be described generally as follows:

Male: With bright yellow head and upper neck. *Female*: With dark copperish-olive neck and head, covered with feathery down on head and most of the neck; plumage brown black; both birds about same weight; female appearing considerably larger than the male.

The following are some new facts from a male specimen shot near Monterey, in July, 1855, by one of our friends, which measured eight feet across the wings and breast, and weighed over 20 lbs. On dissecting the animal, it was found to have an immense development of the internal viscera. The stomach contained first meat, and muscles with the *shell* on—the shells in a half digested state; it held on measurement *half a gallon of water*.—It has two gizzards, the upper one small as a chicken's, but the lower and larger one four times the size of the first. The large gizzard has a very singular appendage of a bunch of long, stiff bristles on the inside, mingled with hard warty excrescences. The inside of this gizzard is

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Condor, may therefore ally as follows:
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THE GREAT CONDOR OF CALIFORNIA.

lined very roughly after the fashion of coarse sand paper. The gut is six feet long; heart, liver, lungs and gall bladder, same size as those of a young pig. The large gizzard was filled with the hair of animals which the bird had eaten, and was about the capacity of four fluid ounces. The whole of these viscera had an abominable smell of musk. The meat of the animal though, is of a bright arterial red, and of very fine grain.

During the early part of the present month, (July,) large quantities of sea lions have been killed on the southern coasts for the oil; the carcasses of these animals on the beach may be seen at times surrounded by hundreds of the Condor. A friend of ours informed us that he saw a few days ago, as many as three hundred of these creatures near such feeding ground, within the distance of a league.

The voracity of these birds is astonishing; and is always noticed by observing travelers in California and the north Pacific countries. This feature of its character was noted by Lewis and Clark, the first American travelers from the Mississippi to the western Ocean. They describe a similar species of the Vulturidae. A friend of ours engaged in the cattle trade, informs us, that in going from the Mission of Santa Clara towards San Francisco, in 1850, he accidentally dropped a quarter of fat beef from his cart, while a number of the Condor were in sight. On discovering his loss, after a few minutes, he turned back and observed the Condor in numbers which he estimated at over three hundred, hovering over and near his lost beef. On coming up with it, he was surprised to find that the fat and kidneys of the quarter, with all the inner meat, had been completely cleaned off the bones, and the piece had lost more than half its weight.

A large grizzly being killed on the Sur rancho, in this county, some fifteen years ago, the Vaquero left the bear on the plain, near the sea shore, to return to the house, about three miles off, for assistance to skin the animal. Before the herdsmen arrived back, which was in about two hours, a flock of Condors had cleaned the entire carcass of its flesh and viscera, leaving nothing but the skin and skeleton.

The same custom of capture and sport, which the foregoing writers mention as practiced in Peru and Chili, was followed

in places by the Rancheros and Vaqueros of California, with the Condors of the country, and may even to this day. A Vaquero gets into the inside of a fresh hide, with the carcass of the recently killed animal near by, and being armed with a covering over the hand, seizes the bird by the feet, whilst he is partly gorged; or he sets the noose of a lasso of small hide rope, with a choice tit-bit in the centre, and as soon as the Condor "puts his foot in it," the enemy hauls his trap in quickly, and immediately gets a purchase around some stick, or the beast's horns; the better to secure his prize from escaping, or from its attacking any incautious looker-on, with its formidable beak and wings. The Rancheros sometimes pit them against bears and dogs, or turn a small enclosure into an extempore cock-pit, with eagles for combatants. We have never had the opportunity of witnessing any of these fights between the Ornithological Gladiators.

It will be seen that the description of the Condor of South America, agrees very materially with the description we have made of the Condor of California. It is probable that our species of this family, is also found in parts of Mexico, and Central and South America, where it has been confounded with the larger bird which has so long been the marvellous wonder of travelers, but which not one of them, within the narrow bounds of our literary reconnoissance, have as yet thoroughly and clearly depicted as to sexes, or as to species. It is highly probable that the Peruvian Condor is also an occasional visitor of the arid districts, and the coasts of the Pacific south of Santa Barbara and to Acapulco, and eastward to the Tulare country and Tizon Pass, and as Charles Bonaparte suggests, also to the table lands of Mexico and Central America. The species which is asserted to be found near Los Angeles, and has a caruncle on the head, is said to be considerably larger than the one we attempt to delineate. We have never been able to procure a specimen, and conclude there must be some mistake about it.

A few days ago we got within about seventy yards of a number of the male and female Condor. They were feeding on the carcass of a whale on the sea shore, and must have been gorged, as we could make out every outer feature of both sexes with distinctness, except that

the color of the head and neck of the male appeared of an orange color instead of a bright lemon. When it is dead, it is certainly of the latter color, but it *very soon fades*, and the color is scarcely preservable in specimens dried. The female appeared when standing upright, as perfectly black: glossy brown black as the black cut of the necromantic alchemist Dr. Wotumahollum—from the beak to the end of his tail feathers he was in sombre mourning. We got within thirty yards of the male, but he kept his position on a pine tree hard by, without moving more than his head in great anxiety; he appeared incapable of flight. After examining him very carefully, we left him to enjoy his gluttonous dignity. All the noise we made tramping around in the bushes and dry sticks was not sufficient to frighten him from his roost. They are usually exceedingly scarce of travelers and intruders. Sometimes they make a smothered and squeaking noise or hiss, but they are generally mute. The color of the iris of the eye, may be influenced, (like the neck skin of the male of a bright orange, and then of a very light orange or lemon,) from its being gorged with its comminuted flesh food, which must send the blood flushing into all its extremities—or when it is empty, or famishing of food.

Dr. Canfield, a resident of our town, tells me that during his sojourn in the mountains of our county on the line of the San Benito river, he has seen as many as one hundred and fifty condors at one time and place, in the vicinity of antelopes he had killed,—he invariably observed that they sighted their prey, or *first came to the carcass* from the leeward; he has often noted this feature of its habits during his camp life there of some three years duration. The Condors and Turkey Buzzards often feed together over the same carcass, and generally in such cases do some fighting and biting—they may sometimes be seen soaring and circling together in the air. Dr. S. Haley, who has traveled a great deal in Nicaragua and Western Mexico, on the Pacific, to Panama, informs me that the California Condor is found in all those countries.

In January, 1858, a large Condor was killed by Mr. S. B. Wright, near St. Helena, in Napa County, while flying off with a nine pound hare it had killed. The bird measured fourteen feet from tip to tip of wings. The *Alta* has one of the

tail feathers in its office, that measures twenty-six inches in length. This is the largest specimen I have yet heard of and must have been a very old bird. [See "*Alta Calif.*" p., 8, July, 1858.]

A male bird was killed near the Carmel Quarries last year by one of our friends, which measured twelve feet across the wings, and we have elsewhere noted one measuring eleven feet.

The Condor is often killed by feeding on animals, such as bears and cattle, when poisoned with Strichnine by the Rancheros—the poisoned meat kills them readily. The rancheros have very little fear in California of their depredations on young cattle and stock, though it has been known within my knowledge for five or six Condors to attack a young calf, separate it from its mother, and kill it; the Californians also say they are often known to kill lambs, hares and rabbits. But the cattle owners here have no such dread of them as the Hacendados of Chili have of the Southern Condor.

We think continued observations on these two species of Condor, will prove, that their natural food is dead meat or fish, or wounded animals they kill; but that they never eat spoiled, tainted, or putrid animal matter, like the Cathartes, until *compelled* by great hunger and fasting—being intermediate in their habits and characteristics to the Eagles and Vultures.

The male bird at times, as I have seen, has presented a most gallant and dandified appearance. This may have been when his craw was empty—when youth favored him, and his amorous faculties were in inflorescence. Certain it is we have seen him standing and looking as clean, handsome and black, as a young undertaker about to do the honors to his first burial.

* Audubon in his American Ornithological Biography—Edinburgh—15th vol. 1839, says of the California Condor, on page 241:—

"Dr. Townsend informs me that the California Vulture inhabits the region of the Columbia river, to the distance of 500 miles from its mouth, and is most abundant in spring, at which season it feeds on the dead salmon that are thrown upon the shores in great numbers. It is also met with near the Indian villages, being attracted by the offal of the fish

*Note made March 30, 1859.

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his American Ornithology—Edinburgh—15th vol. California Condor, on

and informs me that the Condor inhabits the region of the river, to the distance of twenty miles from its mouth, and is most numerous during the spring, at which season it feeds on salmon that are thrown in great numbers. It is also seen near the Indian villages, by the offal of the fish

thrown around their habitations. It associates with *Cathartes Crusa*, but is easily distinguished from that species in flight, both by its greater size, and the more abrupt curvature of its wing, (exactly so, as observed in California, Indians whose observations may generally be depended upon, say that it ascertains the presence of food solely by its power of vision, thus corroborating your own remarks on the Vulture tribe generally. On the upper waters of the Columbia the fish intended for winter store are usually deposited in huts made of the branches of trees interlaced. I have frequently seen the Ravens attempt to effect a lodgement in these deposits, but have never known the Vulture, although numerous in the vicinity, to be engaged this way. I have never seen the eggs of the California Vulture. The Indians of the Columbia, say that it breeds on the ground, fixing its nest in swamps under the pine forests, chiefly in the Alpine country. The Willamet Mountains, 70 or 80 miles south of the Columbia, are said to be its favorite places of resort. It is seen on the Columbia only in summer, appearing about the 1st of June, and returning probably to the Mountains about the end of August. It is particularly attached to the vicinity of cascades and falls, being attracted by the great number of dead salmon. Thither therefore resort all the unclean birds of the country—the Vultures, Turkey Buzzards and Ravens.—The California Vultures cannot however, be called a plentiful species, as even in the situations mentioned it is rare to see more than two or three at a time, and these so shy as not to allow an approach to within one hundred yards, unless by stratagem. Although I have frequently seen this bird, I have never heard it utter any sound. The eggs I have never seen, nor have I had any account of them that I could depend upon. The color of the eye is dark hazel—I have never heard of their attacking living animals. Their food while on the Columbia is fish, almost exclusively, as this food is always found in great abundance near the falls and rapids—they also feed on dead animals. Near Fort Vancouver I saw two feeding on the carcase of a pig. In walking they resemble a turkey, strutting over the ground with great dignity; but this dignity is occasionally lost sight of, especially when two are striving to reach a dead fish, which has just been cast upon the

shore—the stately walk then degenerates into a clumsy sort of hopping canter, which is anything but graceful. When about to rise, they always hop or run for several yards, in order to give an impetus to their heavy body; in this respect resembling the Condor of South America whose well known habit, enables it to be easily taken in a pen by the Spaniard—a plan I shall try, if I ever return to the Columbia, as I am satisfied it would be successful.”

Audubon continues, “Mr. David Douglas has published the following account in the 4th vol. of the London Zoological Journal. The length of this bird is 56 inches; the measure around the body 40 inches; weight 25 to 36 lbs., [probably old birds after gorging—A. S. T. 1859] beak $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, of bright glossy yellow—head 9 inches round, deep orange, with a few short scattered feathers on the forepart of the beak—Iris pale red, pupil light green—neck 11 inches long, 9 inches round, of a changeable color, brownish yellow with blue tints—body 24 inches long, black or slightly brown. Collar and breast feathers, lanceolate, decomposed, white on the outside near the points. Quills 34, the third longest—extent between the tips of the wings, 9 feet 3 inches—under coverts white—upper coverts white at the points. Tarsi $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches long, bluish black, claws black, blunt, having little curvature.—Tail of *fourteen feathers* [we could only find 12—A. S. T.]—square at the ends and 15 inches long. *In plumage both sexes are alike*: in size the female is somewhat larger! [Douglas is incorrect about the plumage—the color of head, neck and plumage appearance of the female, are very evident in difference from those of the male bird—A. S. T. 1859.]

“These gigantic birds which represent the Condor in the northern hemisphere, are common along the coast of California but are never seen (A. S. T.) beyond the woody parts of the country. I have met with them as far to the north as 49° N. Lat., in the summer and autumn months, but nowhere so abundant as between the sea and the rapids on the Columbia river. They build their nests in the most secret and impenetrable parts of the pine forests, invariably selecting the loftiest trees that overhang precipices, on the deepest and least accessible parts of the Mountain Valleys. The nest is large, composed of strong, thorny twigs and

grass, in every way similar to that of the Eagle tribe, but more slovenly constructed. The same pair resorts for several years to the same nest, bestowing little trouble or attention in repairing it.—Eggs two, nearly spherical, about the size of a goose egg, and *jet black* (A. S. T.) Period of incubation 29 or 31 days—they hatch generally about the first of June. The young are covered with thick whiteish down and are incapable of leaving the nest until the fifth or sixth week. Food, carrion, dead fish, or other dead animal matter. In no instance will they attack any living animal unless wounded and unable to walk. Their senses of smelling and seeing are remarkably keen. In searching for prey they soar to a very great altitude, and when they discover a wounded deer or other animal they follow its track, and when it sinks precipitately descend on their object. Although only one is at first seen occupying the carcass, few minutes elapse before the prey is surrounded by great numbers, and it is then devoured to a skeleton within an hour even, though it be one of the larger animals, as the Elk or horse. Their voracity is almost insatiable, and they are extremely ungenerous, suffering no other animal to approach them while feeding. After eating they become so sluggish and indolent as to remain in the same place until urged by hunger to go in quest of another repast. At such times they perch on decayed trees with their head so much retracted as to be with difficulty observed through the long, loose feathers of the collar—the wings at the same time hang down over the feet. This position they invariably preserve in dewy mornings or after the rains. Except after eating or while protecting their nest, they are so excessively wary, that the hunter can scarcely even approach sufficiently near even for buckshot to take effect upon them, the fullness of the plumage affording them a double chance of escaping uninjured. Their flight is slow, steady, and particularly graceful; gliding along with scarcely any apparent motion of the wings, the tips of which are curved upward in flying. Preceding hurricanes, or thunder storms, they are seen most numerous and soar the highest. The quills are used by hunters as tubes for tobacco pipes. Specimens, male and female, of this truly interesting bird which I shot (about 1827.) in Lat. 45° 30' 15" —Long. 122° 3' 12" were lately presen-

ted to the London Zoological Society, in whose Museum they are now carefully deposited."

[Concluded in our next.]

THOUGH ABSENT, YET NEAR.

BY W. H. D.

Though far apart, we still are near,
Through that most sacred tie,
A bliss, a memory ever dear,
A love that cannot die;
My thoughts tend ever to thy home,
And from that distant shrine,
A voice I hear where'er I roam,
Responding unto mine.

What bliss filled up the circling hours,
When thee I fondly prest,
Within Love's fragrant roseate bowers,
Unto my raptured breast;
A rapture thrilling, ever dear,
From that low whispered vow,
Which through all time still echoing clear
Is all triumphant now.

Then let our true and constant faith,
By grief and absence tried,
Ever unchanging unto death,
Within our hearts abide;
And if upon the shores of Time,
'Tis not our fate to meet,—
We shall in Heaven's eternal clime,
With purer joys replete.

Emory's Bar, Frazer River, B. C.,
June, 1859.

OUR THOUGHTS.

BY LUNA.

Thoughts might be called the lightnings of the mind, for, when left to passion's impetuous sway, they are as ungovernable and destructive as the unchained thunder-bolt, but when brought under the control of reason, become as the electric telegraph, flashing forth intelligence to every part of the earth.

From thoughts arise convictions, and from convictions principles are formed, and these produce actions, the result of which is happiness or misery, in propor-

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OUR THOUGHTS.

tion as truth or error, good or evil predominated in their incipient stages of thought. Much therefore depends upon right thinking as being the original source of every crime and every virtue.

Since man has become free to think for himself upon every subject, many theories have been advanced for the improvement and the amelioration of the human race so much so, that this has been called, "an age of theories." And, why is it? Because those who have exercised their reasoning powers have come to the logical conclusion that minds of like abilities and faculties of observation and the same powers of investigation, have equal chances of knowing what is truth. The consequence is, many minds are open to conviction and can discern between truth and error, yet, are not fully persuaded upon the most momentous subject of all, the immortal destiny of man; and all thoughts or actions, not having this glorious end in view, are like trees that blossom, but bear no fruit.

To the close observer, there is much food for thought, since he finds that a knowledge of books does not make him acquainted with men, and that which is called theft, when applied to the poor, is called by a much milder term when applied to the rich, and that those who boast of their virtuous principles have often less fear of God than of the eyes of the world; and he sees many trodden down into the depths of vice and degradation, for less sins and follies than in others are only looked upon as mere peccadilloes.

The mind is bewildered by the incongruities met with on every hand, and it is only after much reflection, that just conclusions can be formed of what is right, and what is wrong; and, were it not for the light of revelation, man never would have been able to have solved the great mystery of life.

It is in the secret chambers of thought

that spirit holds communion with spirit; and here, nature speaks to the soul in the unwritten language of harmony. Sweet companions of solitude are pleasant thoughts; they seem to lead us insensibly to the very fountain of goodness, and to "lift the shadows from our waked spirits," and reveal to us the secret workings of Nature's eternal laws, until we feel as if standing in the unveiled presence of the Infinite.

Evil thoughts should never be admitted into this sanctuary of the mind, and not allowed to desecrate this inner temple where God may dwell.

But cultivate beautiful, loving thoughts, which shall be a living fountain of joy forever, filling with gladness the hearts of all who come within its influence.

Thoughts are immortal, they will never die, and we shall meet them again upon eternity's far off shore, either as forming part in the great anthem of universal harmony, or, as part of that unholy discord which can never enter Heaven.

When man shall have put on charity, the highest attribute of his nature, then will it be proclaimed as the end of human perfection that he "thinketh no evil."

THE SAILOR BOY'S DEATH.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

"Lay me to rest in the ocean wave,
It has been my home, let it be my grave;
Let the restless surges with solemn roar,
Peal my funeral dirges forevermore.
My spirit has ever been wild and free,
Bury me deep in the chainless sea."
"Raise me up on deck," the sufferer said,
Rough forms stood round his dying bed—
'Take my parting words and my last farewell
To the home where my brother and sister
dwell.

Tell my younger brother, a noble youth,
With an open brow and a heart of truth,
That my dying blessing rests on his head,
He must take the place of his brother dead;

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Let him be like me, a sailor free,
And seek his home on the deep blue sea.

My little sister, whose eyes of blue,
Reveal the depths of her soul to view, [tears,
She will mingle her own with my mother's
May God watch over her innocent years:

There is another," his voice was low, [slow,
His eye grew dim and his pulse throbbed
"There is another, whose gentle eye, [bye,
Was dimmed with tears, as she said 'good
'My mother, my mother," he said no more,
The voyage of the sailor youth was o'er.

As the sun rose up from the placid sea,
Reposing in bright tranquility,
A prayer was breathed, a service read,
O'er the shrouded form of the sailor dead,—
A sullen sound of the parting wave,
He sank consigned to an ocean grave.

THE MANIAC,

A True Story of San Francisco in 1840.

BY WILLIAM D. C.

On the 4th day of June, eighteen hundred and forty-nine, I arrived in the bay of San Francisco, and landed somewhere in the vicinity of Jackson street wharf, and proceeded from there to the corner of Kearny and Jackson streets to a small place then called an "Hotel." If you were here, then, reader, you can remember that the water came nearly up to Kearny street, so that I had not far to walk or to have my baggage taken; but, short as was the distance, the man that had my luggage in charge only asked twenty dollars for the trouble, and remarked that he considered that very cheap—well, it was cheap. After having been shown to my room by an old *Caballero*, I made use of some soap and water, and putting on a clean *camisa de hombre*, I started for the street.

As I looked my door and dropped the key in my pocket the Landlord, came, as he said, "to see how I got along"—informing me at the same time that if I would

leave my key he would have my trunks and room placed in order. "Wasn't he cunning?" I thanked him for his kindness, but informed him that I considered my room in as good order as I desired.

"Oh! oh! well, very well—so much the less work of course. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Yes," I said, "of course—of course."

"I presume you are going to see the sights now," said he, trying to continue the conversation.

"Yes sir," said I, "I am," and moved away, leaving the honorable gentleman standing in the hall, thinking no doubt that I was an "impudent fellow."

Hurrying to Kearny street, I walked towards the Plaza, and taking from my pocket a bundle of letters, I glanced over them, at the same time counting the number, as I soliloquized, "well, here's ten letters, five of them are letters of introduction, and the other five for persons I shall probably never find, but here goes. The first I find is for Col. S—, of the New York volunteers, they told me his office was on the Plaza.

Thus musing I approached the "Old Adobe," a building standing on the western side of the Plaza, exactly where the Hall of Records now stands. Looking over the names on the signs I noticed—Col. J. D. S—. To my great delight I found the Col. sitting in his old arm chair, and talking to a beautiful young woman; I had but a glimpse of her, (as she drew a veil over her face when I entered,) but that glimpse was enough—I saw to my astonishment that she was an American—I approached the Col. and handed him my letter. He opened it and glanced over its contents.

"Are you Samuel Bristol?" said he.

"I am, sir."

"Well, my son, I'm happy to see you, but being very busy, just now, I will be obliged to you if you will call again."

"Very well, sir," I replied, "I'll call again this afternoon."

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"Very well—but stay, won't you come and take dinner with me this evening?"

"Thank you, Col., I will."

"I live on Broadway near Dupont street, in a large brown house, you can't mistake it."

"Thank you sir, I'll come. Good day sir."

And I moved away, leaving my new acquaintance to continue his conversation with the fair confidante I had just left with him. As I walked across the Plaza my thoughts reverted to the young nymph I had just left in the Col's. office. It seemed strange, aye, even mysterious, to see this young woman in *his* office and veiled also.

"Strange! strange!" muttered I as I moved on, "how very strange; but by jove, she is handsome; I wonder who she is. There is something mysterious about this;—but pshaw, I have'nt been here a day yet, and am beginning to lay my plans already." I moved on some distance further when I ran against some person, for being thoughtful and agitated I did not look up.

"Halloa here, where are you running to?" asked the person I had so rudely and unconsciously assaulted. The voice roused me from my reverie, when I looked up, and started with joy as I beheld the speaker.

"Ike Tripp! why, old fellow, how are you?"

"What!" he said, starting, "Sam, are you here? in California! why I hardly know you, how are you?"

This conversation took place in much less time than I have taken to relate it. I had found my oldest and one of my dearest and best friends. I asked him whither he was bound—and recoiled with horror at his answer,—"To the Hall, Washington Hall, a gambling house."

Ike saw that I was astonished, and informed me that every one in the city attended such places. After an earnest en-

treaty, I yielded and went with him.—(Washington Hall, reader, stood about where the "Louisiana" now stands, and then was next door to the *Alta* office.) I had never gambled for a cent in my life, but here I was tempted, and yielded; and as a rich father had amply supplied my purse, I placed twenty-five ounces on the "*Black spot*" and won,—again I placed fifty ounces on the same, and lo! I lost; I did not bet the next time; but Ike whispered in my ear, "do not give up." So I placed one hundred ounces on the black spot again, and won. Feeling extraordinary *rich*, I concluded to leave the hall, and did so, in company with Ike.

"Your'e a lucky dog Sam," said my comrade as soon as we were once more in the street.

"And are you not, Isaac, also?" I asked.

"Yes—yes, I've won about eight hundred dollars."

We moved on across the Plaza and from thence proceeded to different parts of the city. At last we brought up at our boarding place, (for I found my friend boarded in the same shanty that I had chosen.)

We proceeded to the bar and "smiled," and then moved up stairs, to dine. As we sat eating, I gazed eagerly about me to try if I could see any familiar faces, but none met the glance of my searching eyes. We ate our dinner in silence, and not a word passed between my comrade and myself. My attention was attracted by his heaving a sigh once now and then, but I said nothing to him until we had finished our meal, when I asked him where he spent his evenings.

"Well," said he, "to-night I am going to Washington Hall, as there is going to be a grand ball there to-night—won't you go?"

"That Washington Hall! There he goes again!" thought I, "but never mind, he is in California."

"Yes," said I, aloud, "I'll go with you."

"Very well, meet me at nine o'clock."

These were the last words that passed between us, as I moved to my room to dress for the Col's., and he, I presume to Washington Hall. Reader, perhaps you will think it strange that I was going to eat another dinner, but I had my reasons, and what I had previously eaten was but a trifle, for I expected something extraordinary at Col. S—s, and such indeed did I find. All the delicacies of the season were on his table, and I quite forgot that I had taken a previous though an early dinner. After we had partaken of the sumptuous repast, we proceeded into a well furnished room, and the Col. kept me busy answering his numerous questions, relative to my friends and his, in the States. Neither did the venerable old man fail to give me some good advice.

"Samuel," said he "if you do not place yourself on guard, you will fall in with some young men, who are anything but good companions for you. A young man who has such motives as I am led to believe you have, (from my long acquaintance with your relations in the East) should be very careful with whom he associates in this country; many young men who have, and will come here, will be led into the gambling houses in this city, and thus be ruined. A man that can resist all these temptations, has strong principles to be guided by, and a strong determination, I hope to see this in you for your father's sake as well as your own."

I remained at the Col's. until a few minutes before nine; when I took my departure, to meet my old companion. As I moved rapidly through Dupont street I perceived a female but a short distance ahead of me, who seemed to be walking with nearly the same velocity that I was; I immediately quickened my pace, and when within four feet of my unknown friend, she turned around to look at me (as I supposed) but having a very thick veil on, I could not get a glance at her

features. She turned down Washington street, and to my astonishment, entered Washington Hall.

I noticed the color of her dress, in order that I might know her when I met her "*a la bal.*" "By Jove," muttered I, as I proceeded to my lodgings, "I've '*spotted you,*' my little señorita, and if I do not know you when I see you again, then I am blind."

In a few minutes I arrived at the "shanty" and went to Tripp's room where I found him dressing himself for the ball. I related to him my adventures since I had left him, and he promised to inform me who the "little woman I had seen" was, as he said that he "was acquainted with all the women in town."

I took his word for it, and as soon as he was ready we proceeded to Washington hall; how differently that room looked after I had won twelve hundred dollars, in not five hours before. Then it was crowded with men eager to snatch up what they might win, to waste in various ways, but now it was full of the sweet faces of the young Mexican girls—then the principal female inhabitants of our city. My companion introduced me to many of the most beautiful present, with whom I had longed to have a *tete-a-tete*, and a dance, at least for once. About twelve o'clock I saw my lady friend with the green dress enter, (this was the one I had seen on Dupont street;) I immediately sought some one to introduce me, which was done by a young Spaniard by the name of Gonzales. In her face I recognized the person I had seen in Col. S—s office in the morning. I conversed with her some time, and soon discovered that I had known her in other States, but the knowledge I had of her there was but little. Oh! how she was changed! She was pale and languid, and I saw that some heavy burden was on her mind. I engaged her for the Spanish waltz, and when we had finished, I left her with

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She turned down Washington to my astonishment, entered a Hall. The color of her dress, in or might know her when I met her. "By Jove," muttered I, "I've come to my lodgings, 'I've seen my little señorita, and if I see you when I see you again, I'll be blind." A few minutes I arrived at the house and went to Tripp's room where he was dressing himself for the day. He related to him my adventures and he left him, and he promised to show me the "little woman I had seen," as he said that he "was acquainted with all the women in town." I said a word for it, and as soon as we proceeded to Washington differently that room looked very different. It was worth twelve hundred dollars, and the men were eager to snatch up what might win, to waste in various ways. It was full of the sweet faces of Mexican girls—then the male inhabitants of our city introduced me to many beautiful presents, with whom I had to have a *tele-a-tele*, and at least for once. About twelve I saw my lady friend with the enter, (this was the one I had seen on Dupont street;) I immediately had her to introduce me, which was done by a young Spaniard by the name of Gonzales. In her face I recognized the person I had seen in Col. S's room the morning. I conversed with her some time, and soon discovered that she was not the same woman I had known in other States, but the same woman I had of her there was but a shadow! how she was changed! She was pale and languid, and I saw that some sorrow was on her mind. I entered for the Spanish waltz, and when it had finished, I left her with

Gonzales, to search for my friend Isaac. I hunted the room high and low, but he was nowhere to be found. At last I entered the ante room where we had left our coats and hats, and there I saw him seated in an arm chair, in the corner, with his head leaning on his hand.

"Halloa, Iko," said I, slapping him on the shoulder, "what are you doing here." He raised his head slowly and looked me straight in the face—

Oh! that look. God of heaven shall I ever forget it? His eyes were half opened, his face pale and much agitated. He reminded me more of a man on the verge of death than aught else I can imagine. In fact I thought he was dying, until he spoke thus, slowly:—

"Sam—Samuel—do—you—know—who you—were dancing with."

"No—Ike, no—tell me—quick!"

"It was Martha, Martha—my miserable, forsaken wife."

"What! what! can this be true?"

"Yes—take me home, I'll tell you more to-morrow."

I placed him in a cart, had him taken home and put in bed. I then returned to the hall to tell Martha Tripp what I had seen. I met her at the door as she was just coming out.

"Where are you going, Martha?" I enquired.

"I'll be back in a minute, Samuel."

"Well, I've got something of great importance to tell you, and it must be told in private."

"Well, I'm going home in a minute, come with me, and then you can tell me, if it is so important."

"In a minute" she was ready and I went with her. In a short fifteen minutes we arrived at our destination. We entered a well furnished room in a small house on Dupont street, and when I was seated I began to question her about her marriage.

"I never was married, I tell you."

"Oh! Matty, but you have been married; did you ever know a man by the name of Isaac Tripp." She started to her feet, and with her beautiful black eyes, stared wildly at me—then with a wild cry she fell at my feet. I raised her in my arms and gazed eagerly in her face. After a pause she opened her eyes slowly, and muttered:—

"Isaac, Isaac, I forgive you—your Matty—di—es." As she said this her head fell back and she expired. As I examined her body, I found a portrait of Tripp and some other ornaments with his name on them. By her side lay a dagger with which she had just stabbed herself.

I went immediately to Tripp's room and found him with a raging fever. He turned in his bed, and looked up in my face.

"Samuel," said he, "I married Martha three months after I left the quiet city of Hartford. We lived in New York for three years, in what I might call extreme felicity. We were very happy—if anything more than happy. You remember perhaps my often expressing my hatred for children"—"yes—yes—I know you have"—"therefore I never had any. Well, I had occasion to leave my wife for eighteen months, during which time I traveled in Europe. My business would not permit me to return sooner. At last I did return—I proceeded to my home, but it was deserted—my wife had gone, but heaven only knew where. One day a woman sought me in my own private room. With her, she carried a child; that woman was my wife. She knelt down and begged me to pardon her—to forgive her wickedness. She told me she was forced to a life of shame for a living, and begged me to take her, as my servant—not as my wife. But, Samuel, I refused; could I have done aught else? You will answer no! I bade her begone, and let me never see her face again. This you see, has been the cause of my misery—but tell me where is she."

SKETCH OF THE ORIGIN AND EARLY PROGRESS OF THE FREE SCHOOL SYSTEM IN CALIFORNIA.

In the last number we gave as full a sketch of the schools existing in this city previous to September, 1849, as the materials procured after careful search would permit. These schools, with the exception of that taught by Mr. Morton, were short lived, and failed to fully meet the wants of the times. Their attendance was thin, owing rather to high rates of tuition, than to a scarcity in children of suitable age. According to a census of the town in June, 1847, there were over one hundred who could not read or write. As the number under fifteen years of age amounted to 107, it is probable that the children made up a large portion of the latter class. Those not in school were strolling about and acquiring vicious habits. In 1849 a large portion of the families resident here were from Australia and other foreign countries, and many of them were neither able nor inclined to incur the expense of educating their children. Mr. William's school at no time probably during that year contained more than a quarter of the children who should have been receiving instruction. Had private schools continued, undoubtedly a large proportion of the youth would have grown up unlettered. After the close of his school on the 20th of September, the town was left without any means of education, and amid the universal gold excitement, no measures were taken to remedy the evil.

But during the following October, Mr. John C. Pelton and wife arrived from Boston, after a tedious voyage round Cape Horn. Mr. Pelton had been engaged in teaching at the east, and we understand that for several years his attention had been turned to the Pacific coast as a field for useful labor in his department. At the commencement of the great emigra-

tion to California he decided to remove hither with his family and make it his permanent home, with a view to establishing here the free common school system of New England. So laudable an object was looked upon with much interest at home, and his efforts were heartily seconded by many friends of education in New England.

It may not be generally known that the thanks of San Francisco are due to Henry N. Hooper, Esq., of Boston, for the donation of a bell, presented to the first free grammar school that should be organized in this city. It was large and fine-toned, cast expressly for the purpose, and bore the following inscription in raised letters, "Presented to the first free grammar school in San Francisco." It was shipped in the *New Jersey*, in which Mr. and Mrs. P. took passage, and was designed to hang in the belfry of his school-house, should he succeed in his object. It was placed in a position on board where it was called into requisition for the ship's use, sonorously tolling out the watches through the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. But unfortunately, like the fate of many other human collections it was not destined to be raised in its appropriate position. Our city, though receiving hundreds of thousands from taxes and the sale of its lands, while its citizens also were accumulating princely fortunes was too poor to give it a shelter. While slumbering in the private warehouse of William Hooper Esq., brother to the donor, waiting for the "good time coming," its "tongue" was forever silenced by the great conflagration of the 4th of May.

Among others who lent their aid and encouragement, were Gov. Briggs, of Massachusetts, Rev. H. W. Beecher of New York, B. F. Whittemore, Esq., Rev. Nathaniel Colver, Deacon Moses Grant, Deacon Timothy Gilbert, William B. Fowle Esq., and Phillips & Sampson, of Boston; Mark H. Newman & Co., of New York,

... great souls and true,
gathered there,
of their youth,
silver hair.
... and lofty speech,
... elastic lore—
... men who ruled the world,
... days of yore.
Wherefore have they come
halls to day?
... your country bleed,
... ye can say!
... of all the world,
... crowns of kings;
... boon of fame,
... it brings.
... no! A mighty voice,
... each startled ear; [earth,
... heavens, and swayed the
... hearts with fear.
... with trumpet tone,
... over the sea;
... every waiting soul,
... strong! be free!"
... heard it! all arose—
... mighty heart!
... in that temple stood,
... hero's part.
... on the altar there—
... their lives, their blood!
... stood erect and fair
... face of God!
... and a song went up,
... land and sea;
... them! and it answered back
... of the free.
... caught the mighty sound,
... it to the blast;
... wings of mighty winds,
... went sounding past.
... an altar, on whose top
... fire ever glows;
... a banner—'tis unfurled
... wind that blows;
... the song of Liberty!
... at nations heard;
... t down the tide of time,
... World's great heart was stirred.
... co, June 7, 1859.

and Sanborn & Carter, of Portland; the three latter firms donating a large quantity of the most approved school books then in use. These donations proved of essential service in defraying expenses during the incipient stage of the school, besides remedying a want which could not then be fully supplied here by our bookstores.

Soon after making provision for the comfort of his family during the inclement season of 1849-50, Mr. Polton set about making preparations to carry out the object of his mission. In the month of December the following advertisement appeared in the *Pacific News*, viz:

"A FREE PUBLIC SCHOOL. The subscriber purposes to establish in San Francisco a *Free Public School*. In order that the school may be free to all, who may be disposed to avail themselves of its advantages, it is proposed to admit, free of tuition, all who may apply, no other compensation being required at present than what friends of the school may be disposed to contribute. It is also proposed, until better arrangements can be made, that the school consist of children and youth of both sexes, and of the different ages that usually attend primary and more advanced schools, and that the course of study include those English branches taught in the public schools of New England. The school will commence on the 26th inst. [Dec. 26, 1849.]"

The old chapel of the Baptist church on Washington street was procured for a school room, which the trustees generously offered rent free.

It is worthy of remark that this relic of early times, and the birth place of our free schools, though somewhat re-modeled on the erection of the new church edifice, is still occupied for the same purpose to which it was devoted by Mr. Polton. At the organization of the California College in this room in 1857, Dr. Gibbons made some happy allusions to this

spot as the "holy ground" on which the humbler departments of learning had their origin in this State.

The generous loan of the building was a very opportune and important assistance to the infant enterprise in those days of exorbitant rents, and one which was continued for more than a year after the school came under the control of the city. Mr. Polton fitted it up with writing desks and other articles necessary for the purposes of the school, at his own expense; and on the day advertised took his position as teacher in his spacious room.— Three scholars constituted his school on the first morning, but the number rapidly increased. During the first quarter 130 were admitted.

The branches of study taught, were in accordance with those proposed in the above advertisement. The free system was a great puzzle to some of the foreign residents, and they suspected something must be out of joint, when their children were educated without money and without price. They would sometimes send in the usual fee, and it was difficult for them to understand why a man should "work for nothing and find himself."— Through all the embarrassments and difficulties incident to this new undertaking the free principle was strictly adhered to, and no sum was ever received unless with the express understanding that it was a donation. The friends of the enterprise were warm in their encomiums, and a few of them were liberal in their contributions; but the pecuniary aid thus rendered fell vastly short of meeting necessary expenses. Indeed \$200 only was the total amount contributed in cash, which defrayed but about one half the expense of fitting up the school room.— Thus the whole burden of the first quarter fell on the teacher. Some of the friends of the school, though highly approving of the object, and admiring Mr. P's. perseverance and sacrifices for its

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promotion, thought him insane, or to say the least, indulging in a strange idiosyncrasy to neglect the tempting opportunity then offered, of the extraordinary facilities for acquiring wealth, to secure for himself a fortune in the general scramble for gold.

Nothing now appeared to be wanting to secure complete success, but the means of providing for his support. The school was large and flourishing, and in it was the germ of a mighty influence which was hereafter to be exerted on this western slope of the continent; this doubtless he realized. Rents and the expenses of living were at that time enormously high, and it soon became evident that some way must be devised to procure the means to defray them. To abandon the free plan and charge for tuition would defeat his long cherished object, and could not be entertained. In this dilemma, towards the end of the quarter, Mr. Pelton petitioned the City Council to take the school under its control, and provide the means for its support; or, in other words to constitute it a *free common school*, in every sense of the term, as contemplated from its first inception. That this petition was *literally* granted is put beyond all question by the action of the board which soon followed. Particular attention is directed to this point, as what we conceive to be the plain facts in this matter have been repeatedly ignored by parties who have been connected with the school department—and others.

The council being composed mostly of men who came from a part of the country where the "Yankee notion" of free schools had not been established, did not at first adequately appreciate this important institution, and the proposition met with a cool reception, and a decided opposition from a small minority. The opponents of the measure were willing, as *an act of charity*, to pay for the tuition of the children of the poor, but deprecated

squandering the public money in educating those of the rich. But wiser counsels finally prevailed. A second petition signed by the friends of free education, and headed by Rev. O. C. Wheeler, was more successful. A resolution was adopted, March 29th, employing Mr. and Mrs. Pelton as teachers, and making an appropriation for their support, and at the next meeting, April 8th, an "*Ordinance for the Regulation of Common Schools*," (a very significant title,) enacted, by which it was made "the duty of John C. Pelton to open a school in the Baptist church," and in which all children were required to be instructed "free of charge." The intentions of the council could not have been more plainly expressed, and no fact can be more clearly demonstrated than that the city opened, controlled, and supported this school. The objection to this position that it was previously established is mere trifling.

In this connection, honorable mention should be made of Rev. O. C. Wheeler, C. L. Ross, Esq., and the late W. D. M. Howard, through whose influence, more than that of any others, out of the council, we are indebted for this result.

As an item of public interest, we insert the entire proceedings of the council in relation to this matter, as far as the distracted state of our city archives enable us to obtain them. We would make a suggestion to our city fathers relative to the importance of immediately taking some measures for the arrangement and preservation of such early municipal records as have escaped destruction, which it must be confessed are now, through the negligence of former officials in a shameful state of disorder, on loose scraps of paper.

"At a meeting of the town council held March 29, 1850, on motion of Mr. Green it was

Resolved, That from and after the first day of April, 1850, John C. Pelton and

Mrs. Pelton, his wife, be employed as teachers for the public school in the Baptist church (which has been offered to the council free of charge;) and that the average number of scholars shall not exceed one hundred, and that they shall be entitled to a salary of five hundred dollars per month, payable monthly during the pleasure of the council."

"On motion of Mr. Jas. S. Graham the committee on education, [consisting of Hugh C. Murray, Esq., Frank Tilford, Esq., and Col. Wm. M. Stuart,] are instructed to draft an ordinance for the regulation of said school."

"At a meeting of the town council April 8, 1850, on motion of Mr. Murray, the following ordinance was adopted—

"An Ordinance for the Regulation of Common Schools"—

"Sec. 1. Be it ordained &c., that from and after the passage of this act, it shall be the duty of John C. Pelton, who has been employed by the council, as a public teacher, to open a school in the Baptist church.

Sec. 2. Said school shall be open from half past eight o'clock, A. M., to twelve M., and from two P. M., until five P. M.; and shall continue open from Monday until Friday at five P. M., of each week.

"Sec. 3. The number of scholars shall not exceed the number of one hundred; and no scholar shall be admitted under the age of four, nor over the age of sixteen years.

"Sec. 4. All persons desirous of having their children instructed in said school shall first obtain an order from the chairman of the committee of education; and all children obtaining said order shall be instructed in said school free of charge.

"Sec. 5. It shall be the duty of said Pelton to report to the council on the first of each and every month the number of scholars, and the progress of said school."

Thus, in accordance with the above action of the council, the school became on

the 1st of April, a public school, supported and controlled by the city, though in all other respects remaining as before.—The school ordinance, though brief and imperfect, answered all purposes for the time, while there was but one school. This action constituted it, in kind, as well as in fact, a *free common school* as truly as would the most elaborate enactments and regulations.

Those schools immediately succeeding, after a short vacation, organized under the *second* school ordinance, were regular successors of the parent school.

Yet, in the face of all these facts, the first superintendent, who was the author of the second school ordinance, in his quarterly reports, uniformly dated the commencement of our free school system in California, at the time of its adoption and his inauguration! The second superintendent also, in a historical address delivered before the Teachers Normal Class in September, 1855, says, "*Four years* have not yet fully elapsed since the time of their establishment," and *in which the original school was not once alluded to!*

And, what is still more singular, seven of our oldest and most respectable citizens endorsed the error, by requesting a copy of the "able and valuable address" for publication. On the resignation of a prominent teacher in 1857, in some complimentary resolutions adopted by the Board of Education, substantially the same error was re-iterated. On the occasion of the dedication of the Bush street school house, in 1854, it was stated by one of the speakers that "this is the *first* free school ever established on the shores of the Pacific!" The article on education in the "Annals of San Francisco" is reputed to have been written by the first superintendent. It is there stated that Mr. Pelton's "was *called* a public school, although the city council *had nothing to do with its organization or management!*"

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pertinaciously and blindly persisted in, and another school, subsequently established, be hoisted into notice as "the pioneer free school," and a subsequent teacher, though worthy of all praise for his distinguished services, be styled "the pioneer teacher," we cannot understand. The school referred to, instead of being *free*, was opened nearly seven months after that of Mr. Pelton's, and was supported by tuition fees for more than a year after its commencement in Happy Valley.— If there is any merit in having established this school, the merit is due to Mr. Pelton, who was exclusively instrumental in opening it. It was free for a few of the first weeks, but was afterwards changed to a private one until the adoption of the second school ordinance. This piece of injustice to the real "pioneer," is certainly not "rendering unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's."

The subsequent enactment of another and more perfect school ordinance, adapted to the wants of the department when it had become more extended, was a new era in the history of our common schools, but not their origin in this city, as has been frequently asserted. A third ordinance and a radical re-organization have since been substituted for the second, but no one on that account dreams of discarding what had previously been done under the second. These attempts to entirely ignore the early labors and sacrifices of Mr. Pelton, by those who have ample means of more correct information, is utterly futile and ungenerous, as every one knows who was here in 1849 and '50. Our only object in this digression, is to set the matter right before the public.

To return; for some time after its adoption by the city, the school went on prosperously; but, very singularly, this very prosperity was ultimately the cause of serious embarrassments to the principal. It will be seen that the school ordinance restricted the attendance to one hundred

pupils; but they continued to pour in, and the principal of the school could not refuse to admit them. Upon consulting with individual members of the council, they advised him to receive all applicants and, if necessary, employ another assistant; and they promised their influence to obtain from the council an appropriation to meet the additional expense. He accordingly employed another teacher, and, as the school still continued to increase, a second assistant was necessary. Both were paid from his own means, under the expectation that the money thus expended would be returned from the city treasury. But month after month passed, and no appropriation was made. The teacher's salary was apparently liberal, but the payment was made in scrip, which his necessities compelled him to get cashed at a ruinous discount. At one time the city credit was so depressed that he could obtain but 33 per cent. of its par value, and his entire salary for more than six months, in 1850-'51, was exhausted in paying these assistant teachers. Daily expecting relief, he continued these disbursements from his private income until he became seriously involved in providing for his own support, and the little property he had accumulated was sacrificed to liquidate these debts.

It is true he had no *legal* demand against the city, having, in his zeal, taken the risk of the generosity of the council; but this refusal to remunerate him was certainly a most pitiful piece of economy. In view of the disastrous pecuniary results to Mr. Pelton, however, some generous citizens came forward and contributed a sum sufficient, nearly, to cover these disbursements; but these favors came too late to avert the sacrifice of his comfortable homestead. With a full knowledge of these difficulties in his early labors in the cause of free education, we doubt not a generous public will not longer refuse the cheap reward of an

acknowledgment of his agency in laying the foundation of our present flourishing free school system.

During the first quarter of the public school one hundred and fifty-two pupils were admitted, between the ages of four and sixteen. To the curious the following view of the mixed character of our population at that time may be interesting, extracted from the teacher's report showing the nativity of the pupils:—

"Maine.....	1
New Hampshire.....	2
Vermont.....	1
Massachusetts.....	4
Rhode Island.....	3
New York.....	15
New Jersey.....	4
Pennsylvania.....	5
Maryland.....	3
Ohio.....	3
Iowa.....	3
Wisconsin.....	3
Tennessee.....	1
Missouri.....	5
Mississippi.....	1
Louisiana.....	14
Arkansas.....	6
Oregon.....	1
California.....	2
—	
Total Native.....	77
England.....	5
Scotland.....	4
Ireland.....	5
Germany.....	1
France.....	1
Chili.....	20
Peru.....	1
Australia.....	20
New Zealand.....	15
Sandwich Islands.....	3
—	
Total Foreign.....	75

The monthly reports required by the school ordinance, were published in the papers of the day, and were extensively copied at the East and in Europe, as a gratifying evidence of the prosperity of this useful New England institution at that early day, in California. The school excited much interest in the community generally, and received the encouragement of our most prominent citizens, by

their frequent personal inspection and counsel; and the press also often gave flattering notices of its success.

At the celebration of the admission of California into the Union, in this city, in 1850, the public school formed an interesting feature in the programme, and is thus noticed by the *Pacific News* of Nov. 1st:—"We were much interested to see displayed in the midst of the assembled thousands in the Plaza on Tuesday last, in front of the speakers' stand, a banner with the inscription on it—'The First Public School in California!' Around it were clustered some scores of children with hearts all full of delightful sensations, and enjoying, if it were possible—and we do not doubt it—more happiness than any others in the vast throng. They were accompanied by their head teacher, Mr. J. C. Pelton, and his assistants, who have been unobtrusively laboring for the last ten months in educating all the children in San Francisco which could be gathered together. We have been acquainted with his operations in this department for the past six months, and can testify to his zeal, efficiency and success. The school has been constantly on the increase ever since, and now numbers 140 pupils, most of whom attend steadily. Being many of them children whose parents are unable to pay for their education, it becomes necessary to look to some other source for the support of their teacher. And we regret to say that here in 'the land of gold' the school master has been badly paid, and that he asks the City Council in vain for relief. Pay him, and pay him well, we say. It is not a large sum, but its useful effects will be soon after we all are laid beneath the clods of the valley." The editor here refers to the pecuniary embarrassments of the teacher, and his claims on the public treasury before attended to.

The fire of the 22d of June 1851 having injured the building occupied up to

that time by the necessary to procure a short vacation, they were removed, for a while, to a Methodist chapel on Jackson street, and again to the First on Jackson street until about the first of the year. The city was excited of any relief for care in regard to the entire period—his solicitude for the school, in the matter for its accommodation, look after its pecuniary attention to his legitimate as sexton for the the occupancy of partial compensation churches.

During some of Mr. Pelton's services on the list of about 300, which, as well out of the very success of the quarters, no who received instruction eleven hundred. difficulties and had been encouragedly shows the very success of the which most assumption. The successful introduction of the school system with a number of years' efforts of his teaching by the adoption of the ordinance of April to the free school at first only looking as we have shown the matter after the friends of free able views of the

that time by the school, it became necessary to procure another room. After a short vacation, the school was accordingly removed, for a short time, to the Methodist chapel on Powell street, and then again to the First Congregational church on Jackson street, where it remained until about the first of September following. The city was exempt from the payment of any rent for school purposes, or any care in regard to providing a room during the entire period of Mr. Pelton's services—his solicitude for the prosperity of the school, in the absence of any provision for its accommodation, prompting him to look after its pecuniary interests, in addition to his legitimate work. He officiated as sexton for the three societies, during the occupancy of their premises, as a partial compensation for the use of their churches.

During some portions of the term of Mr. Pelton's service, the number of pupils on the list of attendance amounted to 300, which, as we have seen, had grown out of the very small beginning of *three*. During the entire period, a year and three quarters, the whole number that had received instruction in the school was about *eleven hundred*. Notwithstanding all the difficulties and discouragements which had been encountered, this result certainly shows a very gratifying view of the success of the pioneer school, and one which most assuredly deserves honorable mention. The probabilities are that the successful introduction of the common school system would have been delayed a number of years but for the persevering efforts of this teacher. The council which by the adoption of the common school ordinance of April 8th, 1850, gave birth to the free school system in this city, was at first only lukewarm on the subject, and as we have shown above, only moved in the matter after urgent appeals of the friends of free education; and the favorable views of the next council were con-

sidered as so doubtful, that the teacher thought it not expedient to present his bills until its members were convinced of the importance of the object by outside influences. Strange as it may now sound, it was thought an extravagant waste of the public money by some, to expend \$6,000 a year for the education of the youth of our city, while hundreds of thousands were being squandered on very questionable objects.

On the 25th of September, the school department was reorganized by the adoption of an ordinance better adapted to the educational requirements of the time. The population of the city had greatly increased by the immigration of families, and had become spread over a large surface, and wider and more perfectly arranged school facilities were of course now needed. The provisions of the second ordinance were carried into effect on the 21st of October, by the election of a Board of Education and a Superintendent, and the city was divided into five districts, to be supplied with schools as soon as the council should deem necessary. At the same time \$35,000 were appropriated for school purposes, which, with the addition of \$25,000 previously ordered, was constituted a school fund.

We have now brought the history of the school department of this city down to the month of October, 1851. In our next we shall bring the record down to the present time, should space permit.

MY WINDOW-SEAT.

A PAGE FOR MATTER-OF-FACT-FOLKS TO SKIP.

REVERSE THE FIRST.

Did it not sound too presumptuous, Corydon, you should have the confession, that I think I came very near being a poet—that somewhere in the elements of the vital fire which warms my nature is hidden a spark, such as glows in the bosoms of the children of Song. It may be

this germ of Poesy was implanted at too great a depth, and, like seeds which have been buried too deep, perished before it struggled up into the genial air and sunlight—or, haply, die for lack of the fostering warmth of love, or the refreshing dew of tears—or perhaps it was enclosed in a shell, which circumstances never opened—or that the soil was arid and sterile, or—I know not what: no matter—it never grew—never bloomed—never bore fruit; and, if it ever existed, was numbered in the sad list of things that were created in vain.

Yet, as I sit by my window and watch the day's closing scene—how quiet and beautiful for the busy city,—and see the soft sunbeams stream over the barren sand-hills, and rest on the flowers in the garden below, that receive in sleepy languor the parting rays, and hear a confused din of drowsy sounds which my ear cares not to distinguish, save the vesper chirp of that little caged bird, and the whispered consultations of some mischief-plotting children in the garden—as my senses drink these sights and sounds in dreamy happiness, I complacently cherish the thought that I came very near being a poet. Not I alone, Corydon—I am not so egotistical as that; but you, also—everybody. We all have the elements of Poesy implanted in us, which it needed but circumstances to develop. The deep emotions awakened by the power of poetry, speak of a like force in ourselves: the strong passions roused by the martial bard's stirring lay—the tear bestowed upon the minstrel's tender strain, are the sympathetic responses of accordant depths in our bosoms. The heart that has the capacity to sympathise to the fullest extent with any sentiment is capable of conceiving it.

Perhaps the first note has never been breathed forth, nor the first tenderly conceived fancy been embodied in a sweet-numbered strain. But we are not to

judge of a person's capacity for song, their depth of feeling, their power of ideal conception, only by what they have sung. Unworded, unexpressed, and locked in the hearts of those who created them, have lived and died sweeter strains and finer images than were ever written. A thousand sad causes may have repressed the gush of feeling; a fear of critical severity—a cold indifference for the world's applause—an unhappy lot, or a lot too full of happiness—or some may have experienced the bitter pang of being unable to give utterance to their thoughts, and felt their hearts swell with its burden of unutterable harmony, until it became a weary pain which caused it to break.

No matter what the cause: enough—our hearts are songless! But, hidden deep within its secret cells—even in its very holy of holies—is somewhere a little shrine consecrated to Poesy. The temple lacks a priestess, and no "incense kindled at the Muse's flame" has ever burned upon its sacred altar; but who shall say an offering might not have been given there, the sweetest, the grandest ever devoted to song!

But, Corydon, however near I came to being a poet, I missed it—and thank my stars for having gone astray. I would not be a poet! They are looked upon as poor unfortunates—their works and actions licensed, as savages tolerate the wild freaks of madness, supposing it to be in some way connected with the supernatural; and their dealings with imaginary subjects exclude them from the pale of humanity, keeping them apart in a sphere of cold ideality—denied even the attributes of common mortals. Such is my idea of them, derived from experience.

Some bard once fired my boyish breast with his entrancing numbers, until my heart swelled with the desire to pour out similar strains; and with earnest solemnity I announced to my youthful compan-

ions that I was going to
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ions that I was going to turn poet, and couldn't play with them any more. Accordingly, one morning I forsook the little group of children who went forth to sport among the May flowers, with hearts as light as the breezes that fanned their cheeks, and retired to my study, which I had fitted up in a garret. The scene that met my view as I irresistibly peeped out of the little garret-window, might have inspired any poet. The sun shone so brightly on the whole landscape—on the distant hillsides, white with daisies—on the meadows, golden-hued with buttercups, where my little playmates were searching for the first ripening strawberries—or sometimes a lone cloud wandered along the clear sky, and then over the meadows the sunshine was chased by a shadow, which was pursued in turn by the bright floods of sunshine. From the rocky hill-lands the looing of cattle came on the air—the laborers' shouts were heard in the neighboring fields—in the alder-grove down by the little brook the birds were singing gleefully, and my mother's gentle voice hummed a happy tune as she busied herself with her household duties. I saw and felt it all; but could not give my feelings utterance.—Rhymes are stern things, Corydon, and the bark of many a fine poetical fancy has been wrecked on them, and its struggling, hopeful freight sunk down, to rest, unhonored and unsung—but not unwept. The power was not given me to write the emotions that swelled vaguely in my breast; but I could express them in the language of childhood's poetry—by roving free over the fields, culling flowers, chasing butterflies, and singing in a strain whose joyousness echoed back the birds' happy songs. So I abandoned my study, and sought my playmates in the meadow. I walked abstractedly apart from the group, fearful of their deriding laughter, but when some of them commenced to rally me upon my inconstancy to the sacred

Nine, sister Nell reproved them, and said so solemnly: "Don't talk to him—he's a poet now."

Childish simplicity!—but does not the world repeat the admonition every day? "Don't talk to him—he's a poet!" as though there were something in the mere name that excluded him from all intercourse with men. Poor things! raised by general agreement to a superior realm fitted for clay poetically tintured—beings too exalted to bestow upon them our warm sympathies and affections, and only to be admired through their works, which are supposed to fall upon our lowly head from sources as unworldly and pure as the snowflake that descends from the sky or a spotless plume dropped from the pinion of an angel.

Yet how erroneous the opinion! If there is any one who possesses deeper, tenderer and more general sympathies—who is more thoroughly endowed with every attribute of humanity than another, it is the poet. The being who holds the power so skillfully to touch the sources of feeling in others, must himself be acutely susceptible of the emotions he awakens. And in this intense susceptibility lies the secret of their unhappiness as a class. It is easy to imagine how hearts so sensitive—so exquisitely alive to joy or so keenly wounded by misfortune—are pained and broken in a world, which, if it is not all sorrow, is neither entirely sunshine and happiness.

AN ECGLOGUE.

CORYDON.

How blest, O friend! must be the poet's life,
By Heaven exempted from earth's scenes of strife,
Endowed with gifts that kings have vainly sought,
My bosom burns with envy of his lot!
How blest, Alexis, thus to lie supine,
Embowered by the thickly-tangled vine,
And watch the hours in happy pleasure speed,
Cheered by the pipings of your tuneful reed!
The grazing herds which spot the grassy plain
Should gather round to list the happy strain,
While feathered songsters of the shady groves
Should hush their own to list to others' loves;
And when night's shadows stealing o'er the plain

Released from toll the neighboring maid and swain,
The group should dance upon the moon-lit mead
To the blithe numbers of the poet's reed.
By heaven thus favored, Alexis, who would not
Envy the pleasures of the poet's lot?

ALEXIS.

Go, silly youth! thou'rt like the man I know,
Who saw a slave decked for the pageant show,
And, in the joy the glittering trappings gave,
Cursed fate that he had not been born a slave.
I knew a poet once!

CONYDOR.

O happy man!
What was he like?—did'st well his figure scan?
Had he the radiant brow and dream-lit eyes
Of some bright wanderer from Paradise,
Who passed in happiness earth's scenes among—
His breathing music, and his accents song?

ALEXIS.

His heritage was woe; e'en from his birth
His lot was the unfortunates' of earth;
His natal-hour did Misery attend,
And walked through life—his only constant friend:
To sorrow born, a melancholy child,
On whom the sun cast shadows, but ne'er smiled.
His was a soul which lived but to aspire—
Yet poverty suppressed its generous fire;
His was a heart of that peculiar kind
Which longs for peace—yet peace could never find.
Yet oft his subdued nature broke control,
And flames poetic rapt his fervid soul,
And bright conceptions in a beautiful strain
In soft delirium swept his heated brain:
And then he was inspired, and breathed forth thought
In words whose tone had heaven's own beauty caught;
Sparkled with gems the current of his song,
As swelling torrents pour their tide along,
Dash into foam, and rise in snowy spray,
With diamond sheen and iridescent play.
Oft themes exalted woke the poet's lyre,
Or stirring scenes, or deeds of martial fire;
But better suited with its gentle note
The sad heart-history of some humble lot,
Whose lowly joys, to wealth and fame unknown,
Were but a reflex of the minstrel's own:
Soft Pity's hand swept o'er the poet's heart
And woke a strain—he sang its counterpart;
In sorrow he conceived their hopes and fears,
As like earth's daughters brought them forth in

* * * * *
rural-train with signs of woe
with solemn steps and slow;
of fond affection shed
whom the gentle dead
art of tuneful numbers,
humble poet's slumbers:
by existence gave—
flowers bloom o'er his grave.

A TRIBUTE TO GENIUS.

BY ORDELLE C. HOWK.

Genius, the Pythian of the beautiful,
Leaves its large truths a riddle to the dull;
From eyes profane a veil the Iris screens,
And fools on fools still ask what Hamlet means.
BULWER.

The glorious gifts of genius are often fatal to the possessor; and those lofty aspirations and golden poetic reveries—ethereal fancies—are likewise often doomed to a bitter disappointment. The dreamy devotee of literary idols is often crushed amid the gorgeous ruins of his own castle building, which, before the dome is properly fixed, totters and tumbles upon him. Above all the fine faculties that the munificent hand of the Creator has lavished upon poor earth-worms, is that of using the pen. Many a rapt enthusiast has toiled away, up in his old rickety dormitory, with his brain wild and feverish, and his heart—the human heart—throbbing, teeming, bursting with the unsatisfied yearnings of the immortal soul. He is shrinkingly sensitive, dreamy and morbidly melancholy, and recoils like a fawn from the contaminating touch of the worldling. His hoarded treasures, his fire-side thoughts, his heart's nestlings, his brightest jewels, and soul-gems are given to the world—often how very thanklessly? "The knights of the quill" are usually poor in this world's goods, but rich in the mine of golden thought and vision; and one that follows the ontrancing pursuits of literature often toils for a daily pittance that will scarcely keep the haggard monster, the hungry wolf, from the door.

The world's blight and human unkindnesses, and even death, cannot quench the fire that glows within the chastened soul; and the homage the world gives to genius—the child of tears—is a poor consolation, a shabby recompense, for a lifetime of toil and heart-pains. Yet all who write cannot expect to clamber to Parnassus' heights, and slake their burning

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thirst at the fountain of knowledge.— Though one's influence is delicate, and comes not with the power of an Archimedes' lever, it will live, it will exist, when our humble names and habitations are thickly overgrown with the dark mosses of oblivion—when the chaotic silence of forgetfulness shall cover with its dark pall the crumbling remains of departed loveliness, and hoary Time with his obliterating fingers shall have erased our simple names from the decaying tombstone. The world's unkindness and wrong is continually recording itself upon the tablets of the soul. How many at this moment would gladly ask the heart now stilled forever, to be forgiven? Yes! many a proud, soaring spirit the world hath crushed—and many a deep-loving heart has been torn, broke and lacerated by bitter scorn, haughty pride and indifference.

Byron was driven, like another Cain, over the teeming land and dangerous sea, seeking that Paradise of rest he never found; his own frailties and the Muse united to work out his heart-felt calamities and death; and Greece has all that remains of the unfortunate English bard. If the stripling Shelly had not poured out all the wormwood and gall of his nature in the "Cenci," he would probably have not been shipwrecked on the little "Don Juan," nor his ashes been reposing in a Roman grave. While living, the English reviews thought the pale youth leagued with his Satanic majesty, and were on the alert to crush with their heartless criticisms the youthful bard into an untimely grave. "I feel the daisies growing over me," said the dying poet: those were the prophetic visions of the last hours of his miserable existence; and among the broken walls and daisies of the Eternal City lies another victim of English lampooning, satire and abuse. To die as young as Keats—at the youthful age of twenty-three, when he was

just budding into promise—was indeed melancholy in the extreme; and, as he said, the perennial daisies bloom summer and winter above the finest poet that ever graced this earth. Mrs. Hemans, the queenly poetess, was shamefully deserted by her ungrateful husband, and was one of the most wretched women at heart that ever lived. She was tenderly affectionate and constant in her attachments—ever ready to forgive an injury, and even in the last agonies of death loved to madness the destroyer of her happiness. Her sad heart was ever thirsting for love and sympathy, and with tremulous susceptibility was ever looking about the cold places of this earth to find some object to wind the tendrils of affection about. There is something pensively mournful and sweet about her poetry, that makes one long for the shores of Immortality and a glimpse of that "undiscovered land" beyond. A religious sentiment of compassion and deep suffering pervades like a broken strain of an Eolian lyre all her writings.

Yes, genius is a fatal gift, and often springs from mere obscurity. Homer, the blind poet, was a street-beggar—Plato it is said turned a mill—Terence was a slave—Boetius died in the gloomy vaults of a prison, without a friend to call his own—Paul Borghes, had fourteen trades, but starved with them all—Tasso was often in want of a few shillings—Cammoons, the author of "Lusiad," ended his days in a dilapidated alms-house—and Vangelas left his body to the surgeons, to liquidate his debts. In Merry England, with her kings and her queens, her wealth and grandeur, Bacon lived a life of stunted meanness—Sir Walter Raleigh perished on the scaffold—Spenser died of want—Milton sold the copyright of "Paradise Lost" for fifteen pounds, and ended his days in obscurity—Otway died of hunger—Leo expired in the street—Dryden lived in haggard poverty and

want—Stælo was always at war with the bailiffs and officials—Richard Savage, for a debt of eight pounds, ended his career in the Bristol prison—Butler lived in penury and died in want—Chatterton, the child of genius and misfortune, destroyed himself by his own hands—Dr. Johnson was so reduced in circumstances that he wrote "Rasselaes the Prince of Abyssinia," in the evenings of a week, to defray his mother's funeral expenses. Even in America, the boasted land of freedom, Edgar A. Poe, the laureate-poet, died without a farthing to call his own. After all these human miseries, Parnassus is not deserted; the Castalian spring flows on as ever, and the Apollo of antiquity smiles as benignantly upon the present generation as when Eastern mythology recorded only fiction and wonder. And even in this golden-sunset land, the

bard has tuned his lyre to the song of the Muses; and, when the gnome of darkness has buttoned the night-curtains, the trudging miner hies away to his little cabin to while away the hours of twilight in the delicious raptures inspired by prose and verse. There is genius of a high order in California—most frequently to be met with among the beetling crags and rocks of the imperial snow-clad Sierras—who only need a pedestal to elevate them above the common dilly-dally rhymsters of the present day. What Californian is not proud of our own McDonald, the King of Editors on the Pacific coast, who breathes the sweetness of his own great soul into the columns of the "Trinity Journal?" And who can forget the late Edward Pollock—whose harp sounded the sweetest strains ever awakened upon our sunny shores?

Our Social Chair.

SUMMER has set in with its usual severity upon this sainted city by the sea. The ocean breezes come in loaded with entire fog-banks; and fierce simooms—their hot, arid breath changed to a chill dampness—sweep over the bleak sand hills. The famous Gate which forms the entrance of our lovely Bay does not always wear its golden aspect. We have seen it when it was peerless in its splendor and gorgeous dyes—when its dazzling effulgence seemed a radiance streaming in from the realms of Glory, which lay just beyond—when, as the stately vessels rode out into the sea of light,

"The tall masts melted to thinnest threads in the glowing haze of gold;"

—and we have seen it, too, when gloomy fleets of mist passed in, and wrapped city, hills and bay in darkness, and drizzled their cold spray in dreary showers through the cheerless streets. Providence with a just distribution of its favors, seems to have

imposed this inclement and disagreeable summer weather upon us, as an offset to the numerous advantages of the Drama, Music, Literature and Commercial benefits which we, as a Metropolis possess over all other portions of the Golden State. We San Franciscans enjoy a decided superiority in the luxuries and elegancies with which Art and social refinement have adorned our homes; but our interior brethren bask in a climate the most glorious ever bestowed upon any land. As this Social Chair on these Summer afternoons sallies forth along Montgomery street—panoplied in a heavy overcoat, to resist the fierce assails of the chill, sandy breezes—it contrasts our weather with the long, gilded summer-days that rest in halcyon peace upon the Plains of the Mesa, or the sunny hills and vales of Los Mariposas. The sun shines as brightly there as it ever shone on classic lands, and sinks in the hazy west with as ineffable splendor as it ever sank in the Ægean sea.

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The crags of Yo-Semite rise bolder than Drachensfels; and vines are springing on plain and mountain side, whose vintage shall be under skies as mellow and golden as bend over the vine-harvests of fair Italy. Yet for those mornings—there are some—when the sun gleams warm and brightly on fair Yerba Buena and the distant hills of Contra Costa, we can well afford to

While the clouds come in through the Golden Gate.
"Watch and wait,"

Arropos to the inclemency of San Francisco summer weather, a young friend of the Social Chair tells a ludicrous incident, which illustrates its sad effects under certain circumstances. Our friend with another young man went, on one of our most characteristic afternoons, to call upon a lady acquaintance, who lived in the suburbs; and, after wandering for awhile, uncertain of their way, among the sand-hills, during which time they had the full benefit of a chill sea breeze, they arrived in the vicinity of the young lady's home. As is very natural in cases where persons are desirous of making a favorable impression they inspected each other's personal appearance before approaching the house.—Our friend expressed the result of his critical inspection in the exclamation:

"Charley, your nose is as blue as an indigo-bag!"

"So is yours!" replied his friend.

Thereupon they both commenced violently rubbing their noses—trying, as our friend expresses it, "to nicely get up a circulation." But what tyro in color-mixing does not know, that blue and red, makes purple?—and the truth of this infallible law of nature was never more beautifully exemplified than in the present case. With the violent friction, the deep blue changed to a deeper purple; and the two chivalrous young men, perfectly satisfied with the result of "getting up a circulation," and concluding that the appearance of their countenances would not be over fascinating to the young lady's eyes, followed their noses—or the inclination which those organs inspired—back towards the city.

THE LOVERS.

'Twas night: the placid moon rose slowly
To span the sky with shining girth,
And shed her light—serene and holy,
Upon the slumbering earth:
And glistened in its silvery beams
A thousand merry-dancing streams,

There stood a porch a cot before,
Half hid by day from view,
Yet mid the vines that clothed it o'er,
The moonbeams struggled through,
And flitted faintly on a pair
Of youthful lovers seated there.

O fit the place for gentle lovers
Where Zephyr sports 'mong leaves,
Where Cupid, screened by darkness, hovers
And Heaven an air of wooing breathes—
Where, half supprest, the moonlight's gush
Betrays no tell-tale maiden blush.

O fit the time, when fairies tread
Gay measures in the leafy bowers,
Or mirthfully their banquets spread
Within the corals of the flowers;
When elves and sprites their revels keep,
And care-encumbered mortals sleep.

The lover clasps the hand in glove,
And lowly kneels beside the maiden,
But vainly strives to tell his love—
With fears too deep his heart is laden;
And she mid vine-leaves slyly seeks
To hide the blush upon her cheeks.

Gaze on him, lovers—ye who've sought
To ope the Atnas of your breast,
Who've striven to, yet spoken nought
Of passion which your heart oppressed—
Gaze on that speechless lover there,
And feel again thine own despair.

Gaze on him, fair ones—ye who've felt
Your hearts respond to words unspoken—
Who've waited long for one who knelt
To break suspense by word unbroken—
Who've turned aside a blush to hide—
Gaze and let not your spirits chide.

Ay, let no chidings from your hearts
Say that the lover acteth illy,

For Cupid's hero's must act parts

That sober minds consider silly;
And sure, 'tis orthodox to love
With lips that utter nought, yet move.

'Tis done!—the awful word is spoken!—

The murmured vow his lip escapes!
He falters low, in accents broken,
"Say, Bet, do you like these 'ere grapes?"
And echoes back a soft response—
"You bet, Zeke—a right smart chance!"

From an esteemed contributor we have received the following feelingly written obituary of a dearly loved child. Bereaved parents, alone, can fully sympathise with the touching sentiments expressed.

LITTLE IVA—"Say not thou art bereaved!
there is no sorrow like unto mine!"

Died—at Sacramento, Iva, daughter of E. C., and Laura C. W., aged one year and five months.

Beautiful, oh! how beautiful and lovely was this little bud of promise, so suddenly torn from the parent vine. But the other day, there was joy and happiness in the unbroken home circle, to which little Iva was as a radiant sunbeam brightening a cloudless sky—and all around was light, and love, and beauty. Little did the fond ones dream that a night of such darkness would so soon o'ercast the bright horizon of their life.

A sweet angel was Iva—everybody loved her. Her beautiful face, and pleasant ways won your heart at once; and, as you looked into her soul-lit eyes, you were reminded of the picture of a cherub. But Death, the unwelcome visitant to all, claimed her for his own, and ere we were aware, the awful truth of his dread presence—so stealthily was his tread—flashed suddenly upon our bewildered minds, and the pure unspotted soul had passed away from earth.

Oh! Father! forgive us, if in such an hour as this, impious thoughts should crowd themselves upon our selfish hearts: there are so few in the world to love us, and surely there was room enough on this great earth of Thine for this little one to

live unmolested by the fell destroyer! It is so hard to "pass under the rod," and realize that blows given from heaven are but to strike down the "tares and weeds of dark luxuriance" that grow about our hearts. In calmer mood, we kiss the hand that smote so heavily, and crave His pity and forbearance who afflicts not willingly the children of His love.

A perfect picture of health was this little one, and so sudden was her death, it left no impress upon her beautiful features; and as she lay in her little white coffin, with the pure buds of spring nestling around the fair waxen form, she seemed like an angel sleeping among the flowers, too dainty and life-like to be hid away in the green earth.

Oh ye! who love so deeply, clasp not so closely your idolized ones, the grave is not far distant, and in a few days the earth will have made room for them in her warm embrace. The green fields lie around, and the vernal winds are piping of the flowery summer-time; the earth is full of music, and the sky is lost in an eternity of blue; but "mid the deep shadows of this night of woe," sky and earth are alike joyless to the hearts of the afflicted parents, whose chief joy and delight hath fled never to return. The voice of nature is sweet, but the songs of the Angels in the fields of Bethlehem were not sweeter to the shepherds than the little soft voice of Iva was to us; who, but one week ago was crowing with wild delight, and lisping her first little words of infantile sweetness.

Sweet be thy slumbers, precious dust; sleep on thou young inheritor of heaven's bliss; sleep sweetly until the arch-angel's trump breaks in upon thy dream. There is a shrine within thy little grave, where we can hoard away our holy love; and we pray that the pure heart-felt devotion, which is born in sorrow, and the religious lustre which adorns a humble christian's life, may not fade away under the smiling auspices of fortune and pleasure. Look up, ye afflicted parents; cast thy cares upon one who has said "As the waters of Noah

shall never return to cover the
covenant of my peace shall
from thee."

To this we cannot resist the
of giving the following stanza
beautiful poem by T. B. Aldrich
"BABIE BELL."

Have you not heard the poet
How came the dainty Babie
Into this world of ours
The gates of Heaven were
With folded hands and
Wandering out of paradisiac
She saw this planet, like a
Hung in the purple depth
Its bridges, running to and
O'er which the white-winged
Bearing the holy Dove
She touched a bridge of flow
So light they did not bend
Of the celestial asphodel
They fell like dew upon the
And all the air grew
And thus came dainty Babie
Into this world of ours
* * * *

It came upon us by degrees
We saw its shadow ere
The knowledge that our
His messenger for Babie
We shuddered with un
And all our hopes were
And all our thoughts
Like sunshine into rain
We cried aloud in our
"O, smite us gently
Teach us to bend and
And perfect grow
Ah, how we loved her
Her little heart was
Our hearts are broken

Chit-

A Few Words

"At present our
very uncertain that
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lish: so it be of a
be Italian, French, or
same thing. In sh
is quite rooted out,
ed in its stead."

So wrote Addison
years ago and the

shall never return to cover the earth, so the covenant of my peace shall never depart from thee." Bessie.

To this we cannot resist the temptation of giving the following stanzas from the beautiful poem by T. B. Aldrich, entitled "BABIE BELL."

Have you not heard the poets tell
How came the dainty Babie Bell
Into this world of ours?
The gates of Heaven were left ajar:
With folded hands and dreamy eyes,
Wandering out of paradise,
She saw this planet, like a star,
Hung in the purple depths of even—
Its bridges, running to and fro,
O'er which the white-winged Angels go,
Bearing the holy Dead to Heaven!
She touched a bridge of flowers—those feet,
So light they did not bend the bells
Of the celestial asphodels!
They fell like dew upon the flowers
And all the air grew strangely sweet!
And thus came dainty Babie Bell
Into this world of ours.
* * * * *

It came upon us by degrees:
We saw its shadow ere it fell,
The knowledge that our God had sent
His messenger for Babie Bell.
We shuddered with unlanguage pain,
And all our hopes were changed to fears,
And all our thoughts ran into tears
Like sunshine into rain.
We cried aloud in our belief,
"O, smite us gently, gently, God!
Teach us to bend and kiss the rod,
And perfect grow through grief."
Ah, how we loved her, God can tell;
Her little heart was cased in ours:
Our hearts are broken, Babie Bell!

Chit-Chat.

A Few Words About our Music.

"At present our notions of music are so very uncertain that we do not know what it is we do like, only in general we are transported with anything that is not English: so it be of a foreign growth—let it be Italian, French, or High Dutch—it is the same thing. In short, our English music is quite rooted out, and nothing is yet planted in its stead."

So wrote Addison, more than a hundred years ago and there is an odd suitability

in his words that fits the present time as neatly as possible. Surely, if ever there was a musical community, it is ours. Some time ago dancing swayed a rival scepter, but its reign is no longer an absolute monarchy; we still dance, but without giving up our life to that one grace, and existing only in the feel and to the sound of the Mazourka, Varsouviennes, Esmeralda, &c., as we formerly did. We now ascend scales, we quaver, we vocalize, and music is in the ascendant. A melodious tarantula seems to have bitten us all, and we trill and chirp and cultivate our voices. Not that we have produced the result that sanguine expectation might have desired; for, in consideration of the number of music-schools, the large class of pupils, and the money expended, one would naturally suppose San Francisco to be a perfect nest of nightingales, the melody of whose voices would constantly ascend "like a cloud of sweet rich sound." On the contrary the study of music apparently incapacitates its votaries for using their voices, and their being not of, or in practice, (I believe it is of very little importance which) is the unfailing excuse with which they decline singing for the mere pleasure afforded to listeners by a sweet, simple, unaffected voice. Some of the most beautiful and tender poetry ever written has been in the form of songs and ballads; and when requisite tones and fine words flow in unison, there can be no purer or more delightful treat for the senses than in listening to them. But a silly speech of a musical critic (he must have been ashamed of it, viewing its effect) declaring that we cannot understand words and melody at once—either one of them must be sacrificed—has received such universal credit that song-writers of the present day present the musical world with words as nearly approaching the nonsense to which they are expected to be reduced by the music, as is in the nature of English verse to render—no meaningless sound can be beautiful. The great triumph of Opera music is the power it possesses in expressing delight, grief, fear and passion;

its thrilling sounds impress the senses like cunning pantomime, and with the added effect of words become still more powerful. If the words by themselves have no merit, they detract from the melody, but if they have, the union adds to the beauty of each. If the music possess words at all, they should be as nearly as possible equal to the thrilling sounds to which they give expression, or all the beauty of unity is lost.

There is something infinitely amusing in Addison's fear on seeing an Italian opera-singer giving vent in his own tongue to wild and excited bursts, lest he should be abusing and deriding the company present, who look on admiringly, without understanding a single word. But as that language is said to be the natural channel of music, and as its sweet liquid syllables seem to run naturally into it, it is delightful enough to listen to the melody and take the sense on credit, as three-fourths of the people who go to the Italian opera must; they not being familiar with that tongue, at least as it is spoken in Italy.

It were a vain task to sum up the charms of music—a work of supererogation; for, after pages of earnest panegyric, a few notes from some sweet instrument, struck by a skillful hand, or the soft, rich tones of a fine voice, singing some favorite air, will make all wordy praise seem faint and weak. Still, like everything else, it is only beautiful in its place; and when pursuing it as a study, to the exclusion of all else, and for the purpose of modulating a weak wiry voice that heaven only intended for the mere use of the owner, it becomes a bore indeed. To quote the *Spectator* again—and he is generally acknowledged pretty good authority: "Music is certainly a very agreeable entertainment, but if it would take the entire possession of our ears, if it would make us incapable of hearing sense, if it would exclude arts that have a much greater tendency to the refinement of human nature; I confess I would allow it no better quarter than Plato has done, who banishes it out of his commonwealth."

M. H.

Operatic and Dramatic.

The great feature for the past month has been the New Orleans English Opera Troupe composed of Miss Rosalie Durand, Miss Georgia Hodson, Miss Ada King, Mrs. Boudinot, Mr. Lyster, Mr. Trevor and Mr. Boudinot. With one or two exceptions, the Press of this city greeted the first performance of these artists with a most savage onslaught, which the public has failed to endorse. The severity of the criticisms was not lessened by the fact that they were uttered in general terms, and without mention of the points of defect, inducing the conclusion that the performances were without a redeeming trait. Had the company been less talented than they really are, or less attractive, they would have sunk irretrievably under the attack. The opening selection, "La Sonnambula," was truly unfortunate; the music being unsuited to the force and capacities of the Troupe, and by no means calculated to show them off to the best advantage. This was, however, not so much the fault of the company as the result of circumstance, for their whole repertoire had been inadvertently left on the Isthmus, and they were forced to open with whatever they could find in this city. Since then they have performed the "Bohemian Girl," the "Child of the Regiment," "Don Pasquale" and "Cinderella," and all with steadily increasing success and effect. The personal beauty of the ladies, their evident desire to please and manifest happiness at having pleased; the fine acting of the entire company, the superb manner in which the pieces have been mounted, the fullness and excellence of the choral adjuncts and the superior quality of the orchestra have disarmed criticism and established the English Opera Troupe in a firm and enviable position in the favor of the community. It has been very justly observed, that California could not support a first-class Opera Troupe. It would be folly to expect of San Francisco what no city in the United States, or even in the world, has ever been able to accomplish

without material assistance or heavy private patronage. Nevertheless, the most cannot fail to appreciate the superiority of the entertainment. The English Opera Company have been so long patrons of the and extravaganzas of the sensation drama; of undressed thread-bare bloody tragedies, brawny comedies, with a dash of Negro Minstrel antics, have composed the entertainments of our people and we are greatly indebted to the Troupe for the refreshment they have inaugurated. She possesses a large beauty, is an excellent singer, clear, but not powerful. She is certainly not an Alboni, but she sings so well, she is rated by her fine acting. The imagination of the rack when Sulpius the "Regiment" declared that whereas those of kindred to Alboni merely provide the audience should not see her singing, whereas the delight in looking at Georgia Hodson is like that of classic face and symmetrical form. A rich, sympathetic and powerful, this lady is a great favorite. She performs the roles, and renders them with and artistic merit. A great acquisition to the ways listened to and Mr. Boudinot, the bass vocal actor. This gentleman of the finest voices I ever heard, but lacks acting. As a stump-speaker would be very effective with a well-modulated voice and influence with the masses. The *tenore*, has a sweet but by no means a s

without material assistance from the government or heavy private contributions; nevertheless, the most captious critic cannot fail to appreciate the immense superiority of the entertainments furnished by the English Opera Company over those we have been so long patronizing. Burlesques and extravaganzas of doubtful propriety, sensation dramas of undoubted immorality, thread-bare bloody tragedies, and lugubrious comedies, with now and then a dash of Negro Minstrelsy or a few circus antics, have composed the rational entertainments of our people for several years, and we are greatly indebted to the Opera Troupe for the refreshing and refining change they have inaugurated. Miss Durand possesses a large share of personal beauty, is an excellent actress, and has a clear, but not powerful, voice. This lady is certainly not an Alboni; but if she does not sing so well, she more than compensates by her fine acting and many attractions. The imagination is not put upon the rack when Sulpice in the "Child of the Regiment" declares "she is divine," whereas those or kindred words addressed to Alboni merely provoke laughter. The audience should not see Alboni while she is singing, whereas they take an evident delight in looking at Miss Durand. Miss Georgia Hodson is likewise very beautiful; of classic face and symmetrical figure, with a rich, sympathetic contralto voice, but not powerful, this lady has made herself a great favorite. She assumes masculine roles, and renders them with much skill and artistic merit. Miss Ada King is also a great acquisition to the troupe, and is always listened to and seen with pleasure. Mr. Boudinot, the *basso profundo*, is a capital actor. This gentleman possesses one of the finest voices for an orator we have ever heard, but lacks volume in his singing. As a stump-speaker, Mr. Boudinot would be very affective. His deep, rich, well-modulated voice would wield a potent influence with the multitude. Mr. Trevor, the *tenore*, has a sweet and musical voice, but by no means a strong one. This gen-

tleman is steadily advancing in public favor. The true role of Mr. Lyster is evidently in buffo characters, such as "Pompolino" in the opera of "Cinderella," which was particularly well rendered by him. A great deal of credit is due to Mr. Maguire, proprietor of the Opera House, for the very liberal and elegant style in which the various pieces have been presented. It is certainly very pleasing to see an array of pretty women in the choir, and to know that they perform the parts allotted to them with grace and merit. The orchestra has never been surpassed in this city, and is probably equal to any other, of the same number of pieces, to be found elsewhere. Taken as a whole, the entertainments given by the English Opera Troupe have been eminently successful, and have been received with unmistakable pleasure by crowded and fashionable audiences. The troupe will leave for Sacramento on the 27th inst., and will be succeeded by Mr. Collins, assisted by Miss Fanny Morant, a lady of decided talent, and one, we predict, who will become a marked favorite. Nothing of importance has transpired in our other theatres. Mlle Pitron, the popular and pleasing French actress, returned from Paris by the last steamer. She is the *enfant gâtée* of our French population, and will be welcomed back with enthusiasm.

The Fashions.

Bags' Toilet.

Irish poplin, small plaided, neutral colors, are meeting with special approbation for pants; no other change in the cutting, from last year's style, than slightly narrower in the legs.

Cloth jacket, of a color harmonizing with the pants, (ashes of roses is quite the favorite) cut a tight fitting body flaring out over the hips loosely, and reaching a little lower in the back, somewhat pointed; narrow collar turned down, with side lapels turned completely back, extending from the top to the bottom, these are orna-

mented with rows of metal buttons set close together. The buttons intended for fastening are sewed on the under side and are laced across with bright silk cord, or as is sometimes thought best a piece of the stuff with eyelets is sewed on to lace this cord diamond shaped, which looks very pretty over the white dickey, now so fashionable; the sleeves are plain close fitting coat sleeve, with narrow white linen cuffs upturned.

Leghorn Hat,

Narrow brim, bound with straw color or black galoon with plain straw cord and tassel wound three times round the crown and tied on the right side, the tassel barely falling over the brim.

Patent Leather Boots.

The above is adapted to boys of eight to twelve years—younger ones will look more becomingly dressed in white pants loose sitting, and box-plaited on the hips.

The Corsican Sacque,

Is handsome and comfortable; made of cloth or velvet, is intended to sit rather loosely and has but the seams under the arms—reaches nearly to the knees and is buttoned up the front to the throat; sleeves *loose-tight*, reaching half way from the elbow to the wrist and a little wider at the bottom; a wide cuff of gay plaid, left open both front and back and bound with the material of the sacque; finish the four corners of the cuff with tassel buttons—bind down the front and around the bottom with the plaid of the cuffs. White cambric sleeve—ruffled, with double ruffle at the neck tied with plaid ribbon about one inch wide.

White straw hat with brim turned up all round, and gaiters buttoning up at the sides.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

There were in this port, May 20th, 26 ships, 14 barks, 4 brigs and 4 schooners, besides coasters, and 68 vessels are reported on their way to this port from the Eastern States.

The steamer J. L. Stevens, on the 20th of May, carried from this port 420 passengers and \$1,792,727,00 in treasure. We were also relieved of over a quarter of a million in depreciated foreign coin.

Three new steamboats are in different stages of construction at Steamboat Point.

The State Treasury contained \$512,318,17 at the close of business May 24th.

The fair for the benefit of the Sisters of Mercy netted \$10,500,00.

The Branch Mint at San Francisco has the capacity for coining \$40,000,000, annually.

An order has been received by a foundry in this city from Pesquiera for four thirty-two pound howitzers for the armament in northern Mexico.

The coinage in the Branch Mint for the week ending May 30th was \$357,000.

June 1st, the *Morning Call* entered upon the sixth volume.

Rates of Passage to the Eastern States for the past month have been quite uniform at \$150, first cabin; \$90, second cabin; and \$40, in steerage, although some obtained tickets at a slight reduction.

The Overland Mail, in April, carried, from this city 8,328 letters. In May the number was increased to 15,240, being an advance of more than one hundred per cent.

The amount of treasure shipped per Golden Age, June 6th, was \$2,375,277,31 being the largest shipment of the season. 1,420 passengers left our shores by the same steamer.

The Frazer river mines are looking up! The Northerner of May 13th brought down \$50,000 in dust from Victoria, and the Pacific of June 5th about \$60,000. Some one wise in such matters has calculated the last shipment is an average of \$209, per man, for the two months' work.

The number of letters by Overland Mail were, 27th of May, 2,489; the 30th, 2,890; June 3d, 1,762; June 6th, 1,635; the 10th, 4,089; the 14th, 1,393; and the 17th, 2,490, making a total of 16,748, showing a gradual increase in the amount of mail matter forwarded by this route.

Snow fell on the Sierras last winter to the depth of thirty-seven feet.

Our markets this month were teeming with luscious strawberries in the greatest abundance.

William Morris *alias* Tipperary Bill was executed for the murder of Doak, on the 10th of June.

WITH the present commence our The beginning is generally allowed to be brings readers and public friendly communion—where gratified with pleasing words, disclosures, and the most enticing promises for we shall not make the pro exception to the general r To us, kind readers of Magazine, the relation of years has been one of unness; the many friendly and encouragement have the gentle tones of love have found our Magazine increasing to a vast extent hearted, generous friends can never be too great. the future with no desir ness in our kindly relations offered by the past—ex comes more extended.

We have no great pro the future, but will simply strive, as ever, to do the We shall be guided in determination to select will be most pleasing to readers. If our Magazine articles of as sterling much literary merit, Reviews and Magazine because we would not them; they were not. But many papers of real literary excellence have pages, and the most of California cannot be and labor which has giving to the world far connected with the his sources of our State.

If there are homes—ly deem there are—

Editor's Table.

WITH the present number we commence our Fourth Volume. The beginning of a new volume is generally allowed to be an event which brings readers and publishers in closer friendly communion—when the former are gratified with pleasing words and confidential disclosures, and the latter make the most enticing promises for the future; and we shall not make the present occasion an exception to the general rule.

To us, kind readers and friends of the Magazine, the relation of the past three years has been one of unbroken agreeableness; the many friendly words of approval and encouragement have come to us like the gentle tones of loved voices, and we have found our Magazine a means of increasing to a vast extent that circle of warm hearted, generous friends whose numbers can never be too great. And we look to the future with no desire for more happiness in our kindly relations, than has been offered by the past—except as our field becomes more extended.

We have no great promises to make for the future, but will simply say that we shall strive, as ever, to do the best in our power. We shall be guided in our endeavors by a determination to select whatever we think will be most pleasing and acceptable to our readers. If our Magazine has not contained articles of as sterling value or of as much literary merit, as those of Eastern Reviews and Magazines, it has not been because we would not gladly have given them; they were not within our reach.—But many papers of really great value and literary excellence have appeared in our pages, and the most enthusiastic admirer of California cannot but commend the zeal and labor which has been exhibited in giving to the world facts and illustrations connected with the history, scenery and resources of our State.

If there are homes—and we would fondly deem there are—where the California

Magazine has become as a part of the necessaries of the family-circle, and been shined among their household-gods—where gentle eyes anxiously look forward every month for its arrival, and hail its coming with gladness—whose sympathetic hearts trace its pages, and find in its familiar appearance deeper feelings and tenderer sentiments than the magic letters have expressed—who generously overlook its faults and find a merit in even the endeavor to please;—if there be such homes, our labor has its reward; and encouraged by the gentle tones and warm wishes of such devoted friends, we look with bright anticipations to the future.

The Fourth of July—the eighty-third anniversary of our Independence—is at hand, and American patriotism will again be jubilant, expend itself in the usual amount of burnt powder, buncombe speeches and bad whisky, and be laid aside to repose quietly for another twelvemonth. Is the national ardor of our people cooling, or the glorious spirit which whilom vented itself in grand celebrations of this day becoming extinguished? It would seem so, at least in San Francisco, where not a move has been made to publicly honor the coming anniversary. There was a time—it is treasured among the most vivid recollections of our youth—when the Fourth of July was a day only equaled by general training—a day long to be remembered by youthful hearts for the gorgeous pageant of military processions, cannonading, orations, gingerbread, and fire-works at night. Let us deem that, even if the exhibitions of our patriotic spirit be less general than formerly, the flame has not diminished, but burns with deeper and steadier force in the breasts of our increasing millions of freemen. The sarcastic may ridicule and laugh, but why, if they can find no worthier way to give expression to their feelings, should not the boys burn fire-crackers, the men

drink whisky and the orators make long-winded speeches? The "spirit of '76" animates them—the same spirit that glowed in the patriotic bosoms of those who opposed the veteran soldiers of Europe at Lexington, and fought the battles, from Bunker Hill to Yorktown, which form our nation's pride and glory; and, if ever occasion shall require, they will go forth to do deeds that shall equal in daring those of their forefathers. What American heart may not feel proud on this day? In the Old World unstable dynasties are tottering to their fall, and the light of empires grows faint, but Peace and Prosperity attend as hand-maidens upon our favored land, and this day our flag floats on the breeze with another bright star in its glittering constellation. All hail, ye glorious Thirty-Three!

"Forever float that standard sheet!—
Where breaths the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?"

In our last issue, in the course of some remarks made in view of the approaching election, we stated as our candid belief, that the majority of voters were unconscious tools in the hands of political tricksters and wire-workers. The question naturally arises, wherein lies the cause of this lamentable state of affairs?—and we purpose to devote a few words to the subject.

It must be apparent to every impartial examiner, that the fault has its source in the strong party-feelings by which the great mass of the people are actuated in their political conduct. It is a fact indisputable that of late years mere empty sounds—names conveying no definite ideas of principles or measures to one-half of those whose actions are governed by them—have influenced the majority of our people in their choices in their sovereign capacity of electors. The political opinions of many are hereditary—they are thus, or thus, because their fathers were so before them; others have based theirs upon early prejudices; while the number is small indeed who have chosen their party after having thoroughly considered and weighed the

principles of the different factions. A more unhappy state of affairs for the welfare of a commonwealth cannot easily be imagined. By obeying the instincts of blind party prejudices, good principles and men are often sacrificed, while political intriguers and wire-workers, who possess the cunning to direct the popular movements, use these violent partizan feelings to attain their own election and the success of their unworthy measures. An earnest desire for the public weal would naturally bespeak an ardent zeal for the party which stood as the exponent of our views; but to follow with bigoted perverseness a mere name, is unworthy any rational being, and an abuse of the high trust confided to us in the right of suffrage. An eminent essayist, in speaking of the evils of strong factions, says:—"A furious party-spirit, when it rages in its full violence, exerts itself in civil war and bloodshed; and when it is under the greatest restraints, naturally breaks out in falsehood, detraction, calumny, and a partial administration of justice. In a word, it fills a nation with spleen and rancor and extinguishes all the seeds of good-nature, compassion and humanity."

To avoid being made the powerless tools of designing politicians and kindling a violent party-spirit, we should all think for ourselves; weigh and compare the relative value of principles and men, and vote according to the decision of our judgment, and not be led by the sound of empty names shouted by political intriguers.

To Contributors and Correspondents.

B. M.—North San Juan.—We cannot do it—at least not until you fully explain where and by whom it was written.

Jennie.—"The Caged Bird Set Free" will hardly do to print. Try again, Jennie; the heart that conceived the sentiments of those lines—imperfect though they be—is not destitute of poetry. Endeavor patiently to perfect yourself in ease and elegance of expression. The bird whose regained freedom you sing did not mount to the sky at his first attempt; and, probably, as he folded his little undisciplined and powerless wings, and watched the eagle in his peerless flight and the other birds in their free and graceful motions, he felt a kind of despair settle in his breast. But he had the pinions, and time and practice enabled him to equal their highest flight. So, try again, Jennie.

Several articles received too late for inspection this month.

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J. H.

We should
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GOLD

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148
BETWEEN

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ARE the *Best* adapted to all *General Sewing* of any kind in use. As evidence of which, hardly any others are used by Tailors.

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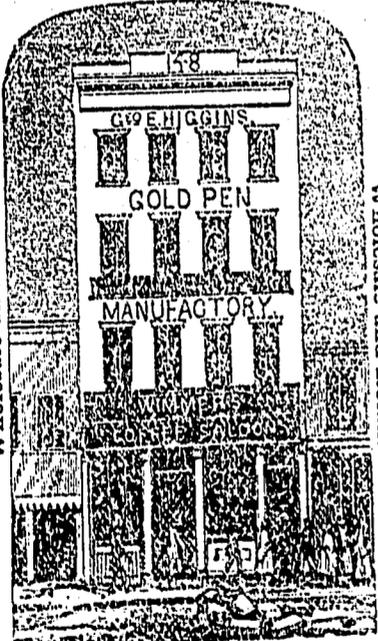
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In private, we must watch our thoughts, in the family our temper, and in company our tongues.

The greatest of fools is an old fool.

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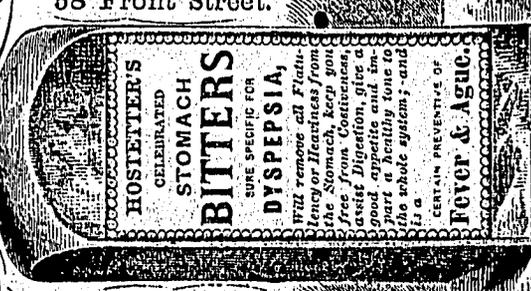
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