Published Monthly. Price 25 Cents.

HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA

MAGAZINE

No. 38. AUGUST, 1853.

PUBLISHED BY HUTCHINGS & ROSENFELD
140 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 Ten Dollars each per year.
CONTENTS.

THE CALIFORNIA SILVER FIR, PICEA BRACETATA. .......................... 40

ILLUSTRATION: View on the Sacto Lusa Mountains—Cone of the Picea

CROSSING THE NORTH YOKE OF THE AMERICAN RIVER—Illustrated. 53

NUA, BILL, PLACID, O., CALA—ILLUSTRATED. .............................. 58

THE GOLDEN GATE. ........................................................................ 56

ILLUSTRATION: Clipper Ship at anchor on the Bar, waiting for a breeze.

THE SOLANO MINERAL SPRINGS. .................................................... 57

ILLUSTRATIONS: View at the Solano Mineral Springs—A Scene in the Foot

Hills near Solano Valley.

THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, OF SAN FRANCISCO—Illustrated. ....... 59

THE GREAT CONDOR OF CALIFORNIA. ........................................... 63

ILLUSTRATION: The Male California Condor on the Wing.

LINKS TO A MOURNING BIRD. ....................................................... 65

BRIEF MEMORIALS OF ALEXANDER MALASPINA. ............. 67

A SUMMER MORNING. ................................................................. 71

FUN POETRY. .................................................................................. 71

LIFE'S FLIRTING DREAM. .............................................................. 74

A MEMORY. ....................................................................................... 76

THE MOUNTAINERS OF CALIFORNIA. ......................................... 75

AN EVENING ON TELEGRAPH HILL. .............................................. 79

THE MILL WHEEL. .......................................................... 82

THE ARTIST AND THE MAY QUEEN. .............................................. 83

OUR SOCIAL CHAIR. ............................................................. 88

WARM WEATHER; "COOL" IN WARM WEATHER; LETTERS TO THE SOCIAL CHAIR FROM "CHAIR OF STATE," "CAMP STOOL," "INVALID CHAIR," AND "SPECIAL CHAIR";

THE FASHIONS. .................................................................................. 90

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS. ................................. 94

EDTORS TABLE. ................................................................................ 95

A PROPOSITION FOR A THANKSGIVING REUNION OF OUR CONTRIBUTORS; IMPROVEMENTS IN PROGRESS; STATE INDUSTRY AND THE FAIR OF THE STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY; THE PACIFIC EXPOSITION.

TO CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS. ................................ 96

---

WATCH REPAIRING
At New York Prices.

WATCH REPAIRING
AT
New York Prices!

BY
THE BEST WORKMEN IN
THE CITY.

Particular attention to
REPAIRING FINE WATCHES,
Best Watch Glass, Etc.

COLLINS,
126 Montgomery Street,
San Francisco.

ALL WORK WARRANTED.

LOCKWOOD, EWELL & CO.
Clothing and Furnishing Goods
178 Clay and 107 Merchant St., San
Francisco, & 170 Broadway, N. Y.
This view of a portion of the Santa Lucia mountains, was sketched on the spot by Mr. Wm. Peckles, and kindly furnished us by the politeness of Mr. W. Murray, of this city. It presents one of the most singular scenes in this, or perhaps any other country. These mountains are most remarkable for their unparalleled steepness; being sharpened up, without the least allowance, to the very last limits of the laws of nature.

We have chosen to direct the attention of the reader more particularly to its characteristic and rare arborea, on
account of the great scientific and rural interest it possesses, in being, so far as now known, the sole monopolizer of one of the most beautiful and symmetrical Silver Firs in the known world. We refer to the Picea (or Abies) bracteata.

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

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

Leaves solitary, two rowed, alternate, bright lively green above, two white silver lines below. The branches are in whorls, slender and spreading, the lower ones drooping. Trunk very slender, and as straight as an arrow; commonly clothed to the ground, although often naked on the lower third; 2 or 3 feet in diameter, 120 feet high. First discovered by Douglas, on the mountains of the Columbia River. (Why have no collectors been able to find it in this locality?) In Upper California, on the San Lucia mountains, it is found at an elevation of about 3000 feet above the level of the sea.

Mr. Murray, in his notes, remarks: "This species of Fir was discovered by Douglas, and the locality afterwards visited by Hartweg, whose notes may be seen in the London Horticultural Transactions. Neither of these eminent botanists, however, succeeded in obtaining the seed. Mr. Lobbs, a well known and most successful collector, was the first to introduce this tree into Europe, where it caused a great sensation, seedlings only a year old, selling as high as 40."

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

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

* Will any of our friends be kind enough to inform us, if they know of any other locality.
The California Silver Fir, Picea Bracteata.

[A drawing of the cone of Picea Bracteata, labeled: 'CONE OF THE PICEA BRACTEATA. (Drawn from Nature, by A. Kellogg, M.D.)']
trees, among which the most numerous are the P. or (A.) brevifolia. On our right is a similar gorge, but not so deep or large. The geological formation here is calcareous, and many fine specimens of marble may be found in the gulches.

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

It affords us much pleasure to acknowledge our obligations to Mr. A. F. Beardsley, also a well known and enterprising collector. The beneficent collectors, the naturalists, the artists and journalists, who lend wings to science, are worthy of all honor. It has been remarked by a wise man, a member of the English Parliament, "that the divine laws of nature are so exceedingly comprehensive, that no object—not one—can possibly exist, which does not bear some useful relationship to the welfare of every individual man."

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

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

A. Kellogg, M. D.

CROSSING THE NORTH FORK OF THE AMERICAN RIVER.

This wild and beautiful scene is situated on the north fork of the American river, on the direct road from Auburn, via Hilletstown, to Iowa Hill; and as the traveler descends the northern side of the mountain, by an excellent road, on an easy grade, and casts his eye to the eastward, tall mountain tops that tower upward, in rough and uneven grandeur, create within him a feeling of wondering
member of the
out the divine
ceedingly com-
not one can
not bear some
et of every
the infancy of
ate the bound-
at are to flow
t of every
admiration. After passing the bridge,
he begins to climb the southern side of
the mountain, and as he winds his way
past this ravine, and around that rocky
point, for the most part, upon a precip-
ice of several hundred feet, he looks
around him and upward, and is filled
with surprise that even a trail, to say
nothing of a stage road, could, by any
possibility, be built upon a precipi-
tous mountain of solid slate rock. In some
places, the inner side bank is forty feet
in height above the level of the road, in
order to obtain a space sufficiently wide
to admit a wagon upon it. Of course,
the cost of constructing such a road must
be great; and we were informed that
$35,000 were expended upon this road
before a wagon could possibly pass over it.
Being a toll road, although a large and
expensive undertaking, it has been, and
is, a remunerative investment. Even
while we were ascending, no less than $25
must have been taken at the bridge for
passengers and teams, at the usual rates.
Doubtless all such enterprises are a
public benefit, especially when we take
into the account the difficulties attending
the tedious unpleasantness connected
with traveling over such places before suitable
conveniences were established. And who
does not call to mind the wrecks of co.
locomotives and harness so frequently to be seen
by the way-side; and the numerous teams
that were worn down and stalled by ex-
cessive straining to haul a small load up
the various spurs and ridges of the moun-
tain, when the pack-saddles were supple-
ded by the wagon. Besides, as fearful
oaths seemed to be the only relief to the
patience-tried teamster in his difficulties,
we contend that morality has been the
gainer by all such improvements—and
that is no small item in State progress.

But let us go a little further on to
the flourishing mining town of—

**IOWA HILL, PLACER COUNTY.**

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

The discovery and working of the fa-
mous "Jamison claim," first opened in
1852, caused the forest solitude that then
reigned here to be broken by the sharp
clicks from the woodman's axe, so that
the busy hum and stir of people flocking
to the now diggings, and engaged in con-
structing their tents and cabins, told that
the tide of population was setting hither-
ward. Presently, shafts were sunk, tun-
nels commenced, and diggings opened
that proved of fabulous richness, from
five to seventeen pounds of pure gold
being taken daily from a single claim—
the Jamison. Others, such as the "He-
zel Green," "Sailors," "New York and
Wisconsin," "New Orleans," and nu-
umeros succeeding ones proved to be
nearly as rich.

The consequence was, that tunnels
were driven into this dividing ridge on
both sides, for several miles, and the
surrounding villages of Independence
Hill, Roscoe's Hill, Wisconsin Hill, Bird's
Flat, and several others, sprung into
vigorous life, creating the necessity for
two saw mills and five water ditches.
The latter named were built at a cost of
about fifty-five thousand dollars. As soon
as the first of these was completed, the
hydraulic process of mining was intro-
VIEW OF IOWA HILL, PLACER COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.
duced here, and the sides of the ridge began to melt down before it.

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

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

**THE GOLDEN GATE.**

There are probably but few persons, comparatively, who have ever passed through the Golden Gate, that are familiar with the origin and meaning of the name, the popular idea being that its name was suggested by the staple mineral of the country—gold. This is incorrect, as it was called the "Golden Gate" before the precious metal was discovered; and the first time that it was used, most probably, was in a work entitled "A Geographical Review of California," with a relative map, published in New York, in the month of February, 1848, by Col. J. C. Fremont; and as gold was discovered on the 19th of January preceding, in those days it would have been next to impossible for the news to have reached the office of publication of that work, in time for the name to be given, from such a cause.

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

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

That it is the gateway or entrance to the magnificent harbor of San Francisco, every one is well aware. The centre of this entrance is in latitude 37° 30' W., from Greenwich. On the south of the entrance is Point Lobos (Wolves' Point) on the top of which is a Telegraph Station, from whence the tidings of the arrival of steamers and sailing vessels are sent to the city. On the north side is Point Bonita, (Beautiful Point) readily recognized by a strip of land running out towards the bar, on the top of which is a Light-house, that is soon far out to sea, on a clear day, but seldom before that on the Farallon Islands, some twenty-seven miles west of Point Bonita.

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

From Point Bonita to Point Lobos the distance is about three and a half miles; and between Fort Point and Lime Point (just opposite each other) the narrowest part of the channel, and the "Golden Gate" proper, is 1,707 yards. Here the tide flows out at the rate of about six knots an hour.

THE SOLANO MINERAL SPRINGS.

BY J. A. RANKIN.

Among the various wonders that Nature has so lavishly bestowed upon California, but few are more deserving of notice than her Mineral Springs. As though intending that nearly every physical ill should be provided with an antidote, healing waters are made to gush forth from the bowels of the earth, and bubble up on the tops and sides of mountain-chains. In these, the counties of Solano and Napa seem to be the most favored.

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

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

Arriving at the "Empire Spring," and looking down the canyon, is the "White Sulphur Spring." Before going further, perhaps I ought to mention that there are several mineral springs in this chain of hills, in the Eric Congress the best Soda Spring that I saw during my visit is a large and beautiful one, the water of which is said to contain Sodite, that it is not without its medical virtues. The leaves of the Chablisine, that grow in abundance by the river, are also said to have medicinal properties; but I have not been able to verify this assertion.
The Solano Mineral Springs.

The Solano Mineral Springs is a chain of mineral springs located in Solano and Napa counties, California. The springs are situated about seven hundred feet above sea level and in the midst of the most romantic mountain chains of the state. The road runs across the spring-time, with a gurgling noise at intervals of from one to two seconds. The numerous bubbles that rise to the surface indicate the pressure of a larger amount of carbonic acid gas in this spring than in any of the other springs.

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

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

The Seltzer Spring is on the west side of the divide, overlooking the upper por-
tion of Suisun Valley. Its pale and sparkling waters are equal in taste to the best soda waters over drunk, surpassing in flavor at least, the more celebrated Congress and Empire. Each of the Springs, with the exception of the White Sulphur, issues from the fissures of a light, porous, calcareous rock, of singular formation. These mineral waters have been known to, and even the resort of, native Californians, for more than twenty years, but they have received but little attention until recently; when the following careful analysis of two of the springs, by Dr. Howston, of San Francisco, discovered the valuable medicinal properties they contained.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Specific Gravity</th>
<th>Congress</th>
<th>Empire</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Iodide of Potassium</td>
<td>0.24</td>
<td>1.04</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chloride of Potassium</td>
<td>0.71</td>
<td>1.09</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chloride of Sodium</td>
<td>0.56</td>
<td>0.63</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carbonate of Soda</td>
<td>2.47</td>
<td>4.44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carbonate of Lime</td>
<td>6.04</td>
<td>4.40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carbonate of Magnesia</td>
<td>1.30</td>
<td>4.57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carbonate of Iron</td>
<td>0.08</td>
<td>0.09</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alumina</td>
<td>0.13</td>
<td>trace</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Selica</td>
<td>0.20</td>
<td>0.40</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Dry Solid Matter in 1 pint, 45.00 124.47
Free Carb. Acid Gas, c.c. in 33.735 26.297

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

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

---

THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL OF SAN FRANCISCO.

"This institution, designed for the reformation and care of idle and dissolute children, as also those convicted of crime, was established by an act of the Legislature, passed April 16th, 1858. It provided that the necessary funds for the erection of the buildings should be raised by an enrollment of life and annual members, and when a fund of $10,000 had been so realized, then the Board of Supervisors were directed to appropriate the sum of $20,000 from the city treasury towards that object. The act also provided, that upon the organization of the school, a further appropriation of $1,000 per month should be made by the Board of Supervisors, for the care and maintenance of the children and the salaries of its officers.

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

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

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

In adopting a plan, the Board had before them descriptions of numerous buildings intended for the same purpose in other cities, and they selected that one which experience had shown to be fittest in every respect. The designs were drawn under instructions from the Board by Mr. Reuben Clarke, and the contract was awarded to Mr. J. J. Denny for the erection of a center building and one wing, at the sum of $20,000. In consequence of the continued rains of the past winter, the buildings were not finished as soon as the Board had hoped for, but the slow progress has resulted in the better work. The building is Roman in architecture, and constructed of stone in the basement, and brick in the other stories. The central building is forty-five feet by fifty-seven feet, and consists of two stories and a basement. The height from the ground line to the top of the cornice is thirty-eight feet, and to the top of the bell-tower fifty-six feet. The basement story is ten feet high, and contains the officers' dining room, the kitchen, four closets, two store rooms, two servants' rooms, and halls eight and ten feet wide, extending through the building. The principal story is fourteen feet in height, and contains two rooms sixteen feet by twenty feet, two fifteen feet by twenty feet, two seven feet by fifteen foot, and a front hall eight feet wide, and a back hall ten feet wide, in which latter is placed the stairs. A transverse hall, five feet four inches wide, leads to the wings. This story is devoted to the offices of the institution.

The second story is twelve feet in height, and is intended for the apartments of the superintendent and other resident officers, and contains a bath room and the necessary closets. The plan contemplates two wings of similar design and finish. The southern, however, is the only one yet built. The height of the wings is twenty-nine feet from the ground line to the top of the cornice. The extreme southern part of the wings is twenty-three feet by fifty-nine feet, and two stories high. The first story, fourteen feet high, contains the dining room of the pupils, twenty-one foot by thirty-three foot, pantry, washing room and water closets for the pupils. The second story of this part of the wing is twelve feet high, and contains the hospital wards, bath rooms, etc. That part
of the wing connecting the southern part just described with the main building, is one story high, with six windows on each side, extending the full height of the wing. In the interior of this stands the dormitory portion, built of brick, eighteen feet by fifty-one feet six inches, three stories high, and each story containing sixteen dormitories, which are five feet six inches by seven feet six inches. The dormitories face outwards towards the walls of the building. A corridor fourteen feet wide, and open to the roof, surrounds the dormitories, which, on the second and third floors, open upon galleries protected by iron railings. The dormitories are ventilated through the doors and the roof, and each gallery is connected with a wash room and water closets. The galleries are approached by the staircases at each end.

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

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

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

A few days ago, in order to inspect the building, and ascertain the working of the system employed, and the present condition of an institution established from motives so purely philanthropical, and so glowingly inaugurated, we paid it a visit, and regret to say that we were somewhat disappointed. The situation is excellent; the building, externally, is propinquacious; and some of its internal arrangements are admirably adapted to the noble aim and end of its generous founders; but after passing into the sleeping quarters of the boys, and looking at the iron-barred windows, and the little brick cells with small iron gratings in the doors, the first impression was, "this is more like a prison than an 'Industrial School.'"

It is true that several of the youthful inmates have sought to make their little cells as inviting as possible by pasting engravings from illustrated papers on the wall—and even these, on the morning of the day of our visit, some crumply and self-important, personage of the old fogey school requested that "them things" should be "torn down."

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

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

There are also allowed to employment in second and wishes, under matron.

Now we ask,—and in the kinder spirit,—"How is such a routine of can possibly look which is the grace of the founder of it is no gymnastic able playground all huddled together in front of little time allowed dead, they are as much that they rather than boys there, by a god physical, mental and.

This is only commended investment of

THE GREAT

BY ALEX

The minute a box makes in his 243, following agrees very revolutions on the easily killed, singular elopement of feathers (or are the crown of the bird, coming of the side of the face has as red neck-skin are a and pretty well. The wing of the I have seen, if the white ha the wing, and
past eight; and at nine they are sent to bed.

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

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

THE GREAT CONDOR OF CALIFORNIA.

BY ALEXANDER S. TAYLOR.

[Continued from page 22.]

The minute descriptions which Audubon makes in his note on this bird, at page 248, following Douglass' memorandum, agrees very nearly with our own observations on the living animal, or when recently killed. The exceptions are in the singular elongated diamond-shaped band of feathers (on a white skin) which covers the crown of the head of the male bird, coming down before the eyes, over the sides of the head or chops;—the female has no such marks, but its head and neck-skin are all of a copperish dark olive, and pretty well covered with feathers. The wing of the female in five specimens I have seen, living and dead, always has the white band across the under part of the wing, and this white band has a line of mottled, dusky spots in the middle—a fact which can be easily proven with a glass (which I have often done) on a clear day, when the two sexes are seen soaring together in the air, at certain seasons.—These evident differences have been left unexplained (so far as we have been able to rule) from the year 1779 to the year 1850, and often causing confusion among scientific naturalists and amateurs, as to whether there might not be another species of the Californian Condor in existence, north or south. It is plain that the specimen procured by Dr. J. K. Townsend in Oregon (about 1850) and noted by Audubon in 1839, was a female—"the young individual" mentioned by him on the last-mentioned page, answered, in colors, exactly to a female specimen examined in 1855, by Dr. Ord and myself, and heretofore detailed. Audubon's specimen from Townsend, were as follows: Length to end of tail, 48 inches; bill, along the ridge, 4 inches; wing, from flexure, 22 inches; tail, 16 inches; tarsus, 4 inches; middle toe, 4 inches; its claw, 1 9-12 in. Audubon also says the iris of the eye is brown. In ten birds I have seen killed, of both sexes, they were of a light pink or carmine. Another specimen mentioned in the aforesaid 5th volume, and likely the Condor figured in his splendid painted engravings, was from Douglas' specimens in the London Museum, measured 55 inches from head to end of tail; bill, along the ridge, 4 inches; wing, from flexure, 34 inches; tail, 16 inches; tarsus, 4 inches; head, 1 5-12 inches; its claw, 2 inches.

Bonaparte, in his American Ornithology, Vol. 4.—Edinburgh, 1831,—says of this bird, that "it was introduced to the notice of naturalists by Mr. Menzies, who brought a specimen from California in 1795, and deposited it in the British Museum." Dr. Archibald Menzies was the surveyor of Vancouver's English expedition, which surveyed the Coast of California and northwest America, in 1792, and had also served under Capt. Cook in 1770-75, and carried to Europe the first specimens of natural history from our present Territories on the Pacific; he afterwards obtained a great reputation in the scientific world. He died in Ireland, only a few years after the discovery of California gold, at the vigorous Eborando age of a ninety geranium, a man held in the highest esteem among his friends and countrymen, as well as by learned men.
The first to the world by Dr. Geo. Massey, M.D., in the October of this year, a copy of a rare and interesting manuscript of the Autobiography of Francisco de Aguiar of the Birds, as stated, was quoted, scene. It is now in the possession of the esteemed author of the _California Condor_, a bird of the species found in the state of California.
THE GREAT CONDOR OF CALIFORNIA.

The first description of this bird given to the world, seems to have been made by Dr. George Shaw, in his Naturalist's Miscellany of 1779 or 1780, probably from Monasa, on his return from Cook's voyage, (it is difficult to say, exactly, as there is ten years difference in the dates of this work, as quoted in the 9th Vol. October, 1858, of Pacific Railroad Repository.) The full figures of the bird seem to have been first made by Audubon about 1838, from stuffed specimens in his grand illustrated work on the Birds of America, a copy of which may be seen in the San Francisco Mercantile Library—and one also to be found in Grey's Genera of Birds, published in London, 1844-49—as stated in the Railroad Volume above quoted, both, doubtless, from dried specimens. The California Condor has been called by Scientists Naturalists, Baro-quality Californiannus—Vulturus Californiannus—Columbia Brachypterus—Vulturus Californianus—Ortnerus Vulturinae, and for want we know, many other Latin names. In California it is known as Huitro Auron-Gallinazo Grande, in Spanish—American hunters and rancheros in California, also call it Vultur, and Condor, red-headed and yellow-headed Vultur, to spare the animal. The Californian bird is described at Monterey, which may be considered one of the oldest specimens. The eggs of the condor are at least as far as the California Snowy Range, though in December, 1858, the Territorial Enterprise, printed at Genoa, Carson Valley, is informed by a correspondent, that one was seen in that vicinity at the Eastern declivities of the Sierra Nevada, quietly browsing on his daily greens of good grass. There is no old tradition, as we have been told, among some of the California Indian tribes, that the buffalos was once numerous in our El Dorado. And we see no reason to doubt it. They may have come over the Nevada after a succession of very mild seasons. In Vancouver's expedition, in 1792, an animal described as a condor was at Monterey, which call be believed anything else but a buffalo. In none of the works spoken of in the foregoing notes, have we seen mention made of faithful portraits being taken from nature of the California Condor, nor even of the Chilean Condor—those of Audubon and Shaw, of the California bird, were from stuffed specimens in London, or Philadelphia, and of course can be worth but very little as representatives of true life. Now, in the art of painting animals has obtained great celebrity in later years, and occupied the lifelong labors of such artists as Audubon, Rosa Bonheur, Landseer, Degas, and the most celebrated of those of France, Germany and the United States, now is it that none of our numerous painters of San Francisco—and it may be confessed that works of real merit have been executed by California artists, which would do honor to older countries—now is it we say, that none of them have been able to spare time to take accurate portraits of the male and female Condor of our State? The birds may often be found in the vi-
HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

city of San Mateo, near the point called on the County Map of San Francisco, Sierra de Acoma, or where the saltp of the比喻 is thrown out. We can say, for one who knows, that such paintings from nature by competent artists, (who ought to be bird hunters) would sell at most remunerative prices—but more particularly with the accomplishment of the female bird, and, if possible, the young and eggs. Europe and the Atlantic cities would show plenty of purchasers of such works, as possess of wealth and taste abound there ready to purchase all paintings of merit, from nature, of the birds and animals of California—particularly the larger and more celebrated animals, Condors, Eagles, Grizzly, Elks, etc., as Europe and America does not, at this late period, possess portraits of them from life, by good painters. I fancy one wants to see what good painting is—let him examine the plate of the Mocking Bird and Battlesnake in Audubon’s work, at the Mercantile Library. One of the most celebrated, but profoundly painful pictures of the last twenty years of the French School, was an after-battle scene, with the birds of ill omen praying on the remnants of poor mortality. Now, as nature is nature, as much in the Condor as in Lions and Tigers, why could not a good artist take a different, but fully as natural a subject, as a flock of the Condors feeding on a dead deer or elk, which may be seen in the mountains, from June to October, and which would give all the natural features and attitudes of both male and female birds with great effect, and make as good a subject as a snake swallowing a brushe, or a bird gulping a fish.

The foregoing short notices of the male California Condor, dated the 1st and 10th of November, 1854, were published, originally, in the California Farmer of November, 1854, and were afterwards re-published in several of the California papers, and, also, abridged by the London Zoologist (Magazine) of August, 1855, and from this last, down into German, by Dr. Carl Bold, and published in 1857, in the 5th volume of Cahin “Journal of Ornithology,” of Ceylon. The specimen of the notes on the Condor of Chili were mostly compiled in August, 1855—except where otherwise declared. The extended and varied addenda on the Female Condor of California, and some other notes of appearances and habits, were made in the fall of 1855, and have never before appeared in print. With many other additions and extracts made in March, 1850, on both species of Condors, and leaving their dates for proper comparison, I think I may say I have brought the amateur literary California history of these two celebrated birds—the largest of the flying birds—to the latest date, and made it fuller, for the reference and use of naturalists and general readers, that has hitherto appeared, in Europe and America.

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

Addenda, 7th May, 1859.—The young Condor, mentioned on page 637, Vol. 3d of this Magazine, proved, on opening, to be a male. The tear, or dilatation of the gallott, filled with the finely comminuted flesh of some animal: The stomach contained one grain and straw, with undigested fragments of corn, corn, rice, mites of mice or squirrels, and small pieces of wood, stone and earth. The back has a small prominence on its top, at the curve, which is not in the old bird, and its edge is very slightly toothed. It is not known if the present bird feeds its young, or if the chick feeds itself from food brought to them; but from the back and tongue of the above specimen, he was as ready formed to tear and cut as a young alligator. The egg is a little smaller at one end than the other; its shell is about three times thicker than that of a turkey egg. My old friend, Capt. John B. Cooper, who knew David Douglas intimately, The interior of the eyes of the Condor, in 1850–50, informed me, a few days ago, that Douglas searched in vain for the eggs of the Condor, thorough the Santa Lucia Range, nor could he get them at any price he offered to the Indians or country people.
TO A MOCKING-BIRD.

TO A MOCKING BIRD, SINGING IN A TREE.

BY JOHN R. RIDGE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

By Alex. H. Taylor, of Monterey.

Don Manuel Engrima, Purser in the Royal Navy of His Majesty, on board the Corvete La Atraaida.

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

<p>| | | |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>14 fanegas of Peas, @ 12 reals a fanega</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>168</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>37 &quot; Frigolos, (beans,) @ 20 reals do</td>
<td>37</td>
<td>740</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6 &quot; Habos, (large beans,) @ 20 reals do</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>120</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 &quot; Barley, @ 6 reals a fanega</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Total | 130 4

Making the pulses and seeds amount to a hundred and thirty and a half dollars; which amount, according to the solicitation of the aforesaid Rev. Padre President, has been placed against the aforesaid commandants of the Expedition until his arrival at the port of Acapulco, for him to settle on account of the Royal Mission in Mexico, with the Rev. Padre Guardian of the College of San Fernando; and in case of any accident happening with the ships, it should not be settled in this way, it is solicited that the said money may be paid or arranged with the Royal Treasury in the said city, when this certificate is presented, which is given in duplicate, so that if one is paid the other may be without effect. Done on board the Corvet of His Majesty named the Atraaida, in the port of Monterey, this 26th of September, 1791.

A. P.

[Signature]

[Signature]

The following extract (from the translation) from the old parish book of deaths of the Catholic Mission of Monterey, shows a curious record of past times in California, as well as interest in connection with the name of Malaspina. It is probably the earliest and only account of the burial of an American in California during the times of the king of Spain, and is inserted here from the author's Prologue to California, published in the California Farmer, of May, 1855. This old MS. book of Monterey deaths has a scriptural text for its motto, in the handwriting of Padre Junipero Serra, which is particularly appropriate to California men, aspects and events, as herein: "For we are like water split on the ground, which cannot be gathered up again."

"On this 14th day of September, 1791, in the cemetery of the church of the Royal Presidio of Monterey, being present the Sover Don Francisco de Paula Aminio, chaplain of one of the covets of His Majesty, anchored in this port, named the Atraaida on board of the city of United Provinces of June same city, of the Presidio, and these covets, and obtaining errors and indications, have been fortified of Faith, in accordance and extent of these things and the following extract from the old parish book of death of Monterey, as well as interest in connection with the name of Malaspina. It is probably the earliest and only account of the burial of an American in California during the times of the king of Spain, and is inserted here from the author's Prologue to California, published in the California Farmer, of May, 1855. This old MS. book of Monterey deaths has a scriptural text for its motto, in the handwriting of Padre Junipero Serra, which is particularly appropriate to California men, aspects and events, as herein: "For we are like water split on the ground, which cannot be gathered up again."

"On this 14th day of September, 1791, in the cemetery of the church of the Royal Presidio of Monterey, being present the Sover Don Francisco de Paula Aminio, chaplain of one of the covets of His Majesty, anchored in this port, named the Atraaida..."
Alexander Malaspina was employed by the Spanish government, between the years 1784 and 1794, as a scientific surveyor and hydrographer of the Pacific coasts of Spanish America, from Cape Horn to Behring's Straits. His charts and maps of Pacific Mexico, California, and Northwest America were published by the Spanish government under the names of other authors, and afterwards formed the most reliable data for Spanish mariners down to the revolution of 1825.

They were also those most in use by the English and American pilots in the Pacific trade, so far as related to the Spanish American coasts south of the parallel of Cape Mendocino, until the surveys of Bache, 1827; Becher, 1833 to 1840; King, Fitton and Sullivan, 1838 to 1839. The surveys of Cook, 1772 to 1778; La Perouse, 1786; Vancouver, 1792; the Spanish surveys, 1774 to 1791; Gray, Inglisham and Kendrick, 1783 to 1792, (American); Krusenstern and other Russians to 1818; and finally to Wilkes, U. S. surveys, 1840-41, related more particularly to the coast included between Cape Mendoceo and Behring's Straits.

Admiral A. DuPont Thomas, of the French Navy, in 1837-39 also made important and valuable additions to the Hydrography of Western Mexico, New and Old California, and the coasts to the north of the present Washington Territory. This excellent officer left a name of great esteem and regard among the nations and old California pioneers.

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

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

The names of the old Spanish officers employed on the coast of California—many of whom were friends or companions of Malaspina—occur in after works and charts on the Hydrography of Atlantic and Pacific Spanish America, and in many of her naval battles with English ships during the wars of Napoleon and the French revolution. Some of them may be found in the list of engaged, killed and wounded in the narratives (Span-
lish and English) of the battle of Trafalgar (vide Goley's Memoirs, etc., etc. The most of their names are preserved in the archives of Old Spain, now under the charge of the United States Surveyor General of California, at San Francisco, and they are many of them mentioned in the Monterey books of Baptisms and Confirmations, as acting as padrinos for the children of the Royal Presidio of Monterey.

The names are as follows: Juan Perez, Americo Heceta, Juan de Ayala, Antonio Mauroloz, Juan Francisco de la Bodea y Quexa, Ignacio Artesga, Esteban Martin, Gonzalo Hara, Manuel Quimper, Salvador Fidalgo, Francisco Elona, Domingo: Alonzo de Alonzo, Alonzo de Alonzo, and also those Quires, Jose Canizares, Jose Manuel do B. Oreallos, Jose Narvaez, l*r, moisco y Sentto Cuauio, Juan Bustamente, Orizia Galeano, Oazetano Cardez, Justinian, Gouzalo lIaro, :Manuel Quimper, Quadra, Ignacio Arteaga, Esteban Martinez.

Of the children of the royal Presidio of Monterey.

of the Straits of Anhun, described in the

The names are as follows: Juan Perez, Americo Heceta, Juan de Ayala, Antonio Mauroloz, Juan Francisco de la Bodea y Quexa, Ignacio Artesga, Esteban Martin, Gonzalo Hara, Manuel Quimper, Salvador Fidalgo, Francisco Elona, Domingo: Alonzo de Alonzo, Alonzo de Alonzo, and also those Quires, Jose Canizares, Jose Manuel do B. Oreallos, Jose Narvaez, l*r, moisco y Sentto Cuauio, Juan Bustamente, Orizia Galeano, Oazetano Cardez, Justinian, Gouzalo lIaro, :Manuel Quimper, Quadra, Ignacio Arteaga, Esteban Martinez.

The names are as follows: Juan Perez, Americo Heceta, Juan de Ayala, Antonio Mauroloz, Juan Francisco de la Bodea y Quexa, Ignacio Artesga, Esteban Martin, Gonzalo Hara, Manuel Quimper, Salvador Fidalgo, Francisco Elona, Domingo: Alonzo de Alonzo, Alonzo de Alonzo, and also those Quires, Jose Canizares, Jose Manuel do B. Oreallos, Jose Narvaez, l*r, moisco y Sentto Cuauio, Juan Bustamente, Orizia Galeano, Oazetano Cardez, Justinian, Gouzalo lIaro, :Manuel Quimper, Quadra, Ignacio Arteaga, Esteban Martinez.

Of the children of the royal Presidio of Monterey.

The names are as follows: Juan Perez, Americo Heceta, Juan de Ayala, Antonio Mauroloz, Juan Francisco de la Bodea y Quexa, Ignacio Artesga, Esteban Martin, Gonzalo Hara, Manuel Quimper, Salvador Fidalgo, Francisco Elona, Domingo: Alonzo de Alonzo, Alonzo de Alonzo, and also those Quires, Jose Canizares, Jose Manuel do B. Oreallos, Jose Narvaez, l*r, moisco y Sentto Cuauio, Juan Bustamente, Orizia Galeano, Oazetano Cardez, Justinian, Gouzalo lIaro, :Manuel Quimper, Quadra, Ignacio Arteaga, Esteban Martinez.

Of the children of the royal Presidio of Monterey.

The names are as follows: Juan Perez, Americo Heceta, Juan de Ayala, Antonio Mauroloz, Juan Francisco de la Bodea y Quexa, Ignacio Artesga, Esteban Martin, Gonzalo Hara, Manuel Quimper, Salvador Fidalgo, Francisco Elona, Domingo: Alonzo de Alonzo, Alonzo de Alonzo, and also those Quires, Jose Canizares, Jose Manuel do B. Oreallos, Jose Narvaez, l*r, moisco y Sentto Cuauio, Juan Bustamente, Orizia Galeano, Oazetano Cardez, Justinian, Gouzalo lIaro, :Manuel Quimper, Quadra, Ignacio Arteaga, Esteban Martinez.

Of the children of the royal Presidio of Monterey.

The names are as follows: Juan Perez, Americo Heceta, Juan de Ayala, Antonio Mauroloz, Juan Francisco de la Bodea y Quexa, Ignacio Artesga, Esteban Martin, Gonzalo Hara, Manuel Quimper, Salvador Fidalgo, Francisco Elona, Domingo: Alonzo de Alonzo, Alonzo de Alonzo, and also those Quires, Jose Canizares, Jose Manuel do B. Oreallos, Jose Narvaez, l*r, moisco y Sentto Cuauio, Juan Bustamente, Orizia Galeano, Oazetano Cardez, Justinian, Gouzalo lIaro, :Manuel Quimper, Quadra, Ignacio Arteaga, Esteban Martinez.

Of the children of the royal Presidio of Monterey.

The names are as follows: Juan Perez, Americo Heceta, Juan de Ayala, Antonio Mauroloz, Juan Francisco de la Bodea y Quexa, Ignacio Artesga, Esteban Martin, Gonzalo Hara, Manuel Quimper, Salvador Fidalgo, Francisco Elona, Domingo: Alonzo de Alonzo, Alonzo de Alonzo, and also those Quires, Jose Canizares, Jose Manuel do B. Oreallos, Jose Narvaez, l*r, moisco y Sentto Cuauio, Juan Bustamente, Orizia Galeano, Oazetano Cardez, Justinian, Gouzalo lIaro, :Manuel Quimper, Quadra, Ignacio Arteaga, Esteban Martinez.

Of the children of the royal Presidio of Monterey.

The names are as follows: Juan Perez, Americo Heceta, Juan de Ayala, Antonio Mauroloz, Juan Francisco de la Bodea y Quexa, Ignacio Artesga, Esteban Martin, Gonzalo Hara, Manuel Quimper, Salvador Fidalgo, Francisco Elona, Domingo: Alonzo de Alonzo, Alonzo de Alonzo, and also those Quires, Jose Canizares, Jose Manuel do B. Oreallos, Jose Narvaez, l*r, moisco y Sentto Cuauio, Juan Bustamente, Orizia Galeano, Oazetano Cardez, Justinian, Gouzalo lIaro, :Manuel Quimper, Quadra, Ignacio Arteaga, Esteban Martinez.

Of the children of the royal Presidio of Monterey.

The names are as follows: Juan Perez, Americo Heceta, Juan de Ayala, Antonio Mauroloz, Juan Francisco de la Bodea y Quexa, Ignacio Artesga, Esteban Martin, Gonzalo Hara, Manuel Quimper, Salvador Fidalgo, Francisco Elona, Domingo: Alonzo de Alonzo, Alonzo de Alonzo, and also those Quires, Jose Canizares, Jose Manuel do B. Oreallos, Jose Narvaez, l*r, moisco y Sentto Cuauio, Juan Bustamente, Orizia Galeano, Oazetano Cardez, Justinian, Gouzalo lIaro, :Manuel Quimper, Quadra, Ignacio Arteaga, Esteban Martinez.

Of the children of the royal Presidio of Monterey.

The names are as follows: Juan Perez, Americo Heceta, Juan de Ayala, Antonio Mauroloz, Juan Francisco de la Bodea y Quexa, Ignacio Artesga, Esteban Martin, Gonzalo Hara, Manuel Quimper, Salvador Fidalgo, Francisco Elona, Domingo: Alonzo de Alonzo, Alonzo de Alonzo, and also those Quires, Jose Canizares, Jose Manuel do B. Oreallos, Jose Narvaez, l*r, moisco y Sentto Cuauio, Juan Bustamente, Orizia Galeano, Oazetano Cardez, Justinian, Gouzalo lIaro, :Manuel Quimper, Quadra, Ignacio Arteaga, Esteban Martinez.

Of the children of the royal Presidio of Monterey.

The names are as follows: Juan Perez, Americo Heceta, Juan de Ayala, Antonio Mauroloz, Juan Francisco de la Bodea y Quexa, Ignacio Artesga, Esteban Martin, Gonzalo Hara, Manuel Quimper, Salvador Fidalgo, Francisco Elona, Domingo: Alonzo de Alonzo, Alonzo de Alonzo, and also those Quires, Jose Canizares, Jose Manuel do B. Oreallos, Jose Narvaez, l*r, moisco y Sentto Cuauio, Juan Bustamente, Orizia Galeano, Oazetano Cardez, Justinian, Gouzalo lIaro, :Manuel Quimper, Quadra, Ignacio Arteaga, Esteban Martinez.

Of the children of the royal Presidio of Monterey.

The names are as follows: Juan Perez, Americo Heceta, Juan de Ayala, Antonio Mauroloz, Juan Francisco de la Bodea y Quexa, Ignacio Artesga, Esteban Martin, Gonzalo Hara, Manuel Quimper, Salvador Fidalgo, Francisco Elona, Domingo: Alonzo de Alonzo, Alonzo de Alonzo, and also those Quires, Jose Canizares, Jose Manuel do B. Oreallos, Jose Narvaez, l*r, moisco y Sentto Cuauio, Juan Bustamente, Orizia Galeano, Oazetano Cardez, Justinian, Gouzalo lIaro, :Manuel Quimper, Quadra, Ignacio Arteaga, Esteban Martinez.
Brief Memorials of Alexander Malaspina.

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

Humboldt, in 1806, says, "that the Viceroy Aranza employed Sr. Cassola, of the Spanish navy to draw up at Mexico, accounts of the Californian maritime expeditions ordered by his predecessors the viceroys Basurri, Flores and Restiguito. These works consist of 1st, An atlas of 20 maps made from the observations of Perez, Canisares, Galeano, An- dra and Malaspina. 2d, An Historical Compendium of the navigations of the northern coast of California [all up to the Russian settlements was California then—A. S. T.] ordained in the city of Mexico, 1739. 3d, In the Voyages, etc., of Bedeg y Quadra to 1792, on the Californian coast. And 4th, a Reconsideration of the four Russian establishments north of California in 1783; a curious expedition ordered by the Viceroys Flores and described by Antonio Beville.


"The Spanish expedition of Captain Elías was followed by two others, which for the importance of their astronomical operations and the excellence of the instruments with which they were provided may be compared with the expeditions of Cook, La Perouse and Vancouver; I mean the voyages of the illustrious Malaspina in 1791, and that of Galesano and Valdes in 1792. The operations of Malaspina and the officers under him embraced an immense extent of coast, from the Rio de la Plata of Buenos Ayres to Prince William's Sound on the northwest coast of America. But this eminent navigator is still more celebrated for his misfortunes than his discoveries. After examining both hemispheres, and escaping all the dangers of the ocean, (in his voyage round the world, etc.,) he still greater to suffer from his court, and he dragged out six years in a dungeon, the victim of political intrigue. He obtained his liberty from the French court, [after the capture of Corunna by Marshal Soult, —A. S. T.] and returned to his native
country, where he enjoys in solitude on
the banks of the Arno, the profound im-
pressions which the contemplation of na-
ture and the study of man under so man):
different climates have left on a mind of
great Emfibility tried in the school of
adversity." [With what a magnificent
air did the now venerable philosopher
of Berlin ventilate the fame of our Califor-
nia worthy.—A. S. T.]

"The labors of Malaspina remain buried
in the Archives of Spain, not because the
Government dreaded the disclosures of
secrets, the concealment of which might
be deemed useful, but that the name of
this useful navigator might be doomed to
eternal oblivion. [As in the case of Juan
de Fucu in 1592.—A. S. T.] Fortunately
the directors of the Hydrographic Office
at Madrid have published to the world
the principal results of the astronomical
observations of Malaspina's expeditions.
The charts which have appeared at Mad-
rid since 1790 are founded in a great
measure on Malaspina's results, but, in-
stead of the name of the eMef,
we merely
find the name of the
encorettas Discovertia
and Atarida, which were commanded by
Malaspina.

"This expedition, which set out from
Cadiz on the 30th of July, 1789, only
arrived at Acapulco on the 2d of Febru-
ary, 1791, where the expedition received
orders from the Viceroy at Mexico, to
verify the existence of the Straits of An-
aim spoken of by Maldonado in 1588;
the accounts of which had been revived
by Monsieur Bauche, in a memoir before
the Academy of Sciences of Paris, a short
time before. Malaspina, accompanied by
the celebrated botanist Hasseke and Nee,
left Acapulco on the 1st of May, 1791,
and after a three weeks' passage commen-
cured the survey of the northwest coasts
from Mt. St. Lucius, near Cape Edge-
cumbe, and continued them with great
care and accuracy until he anchored in
Port Malgrave, in latitude 59° 34' north,
A SUMMER MORNING.—FUN-POETRY.

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

The sweetest buds are opening now
On mountain slope, near rippling stream;
And in the wreaths on Summer's brow
The roses in the sunlight gleam;
They bind to meet the fickle breeze
That fans them with a loving sigh,
And wafts their fragrance through the
Then, ever changing, passes by. (trees,
Fair, sunny morn! thy new-born light
Again rests on the leafy bower—
Again has drunk the dew-drops bright
That glistened in the lowly flowers;
And in thy warm life-giving rays
The bloom and shrubs that Earth adorn
Spring up, and in a thousand ways
Great thou, O lovely Summer morn!

FUN-POETRY.

It is curious to remark the influence
That the different ages of the world have
Had in producing poetical compositions.
Not only the times, but the peculiar
Condition of any country and people may be
Very well learned by simply making
One's self acquainted with the poetry of any
Particular age. This will scarcely apply,
Though, to those great leading spirits
Whose souls have gone out beyond themselves
And the ages and people amidst which they lived,
But to those simpler and more domestic productions which
Live in the hearts of the people, never absent
From memory, and often repeated
By both old and young. Then, what, from
The poetry of the age, are our traits of
Character? The leading feature of our
Age certainly takes a cheerful and merry
Turn, after Celtic and Norman elements.
It is almost French, yet is redeemed
Lacking (thank kind Heaven for it) their
Garlicky odor of desperation, and reck-
Less tendency to self-destruction. This
Is no doubt owing to the Celtic elements
With which we are largely tinted.
This, too, accounts for the fact that even
to this day and perhaps for all time to
Come, the poet Robert Burns is and will
Be one of, if not the most, popular poets
Whose works hold a place in our librar-
ries. We do not admire, nor have we
time to read, those long, tedious por-
tances that amused our Saxon ancestors.
What is here said of our poetry, is also
True of our music, for they go hand in
Hand.

But let us get back to our subject, and
Quoteth something from the unknown poets
to prove our position. Who among you
does not often recall some little anonymous
Performance that amused our Saxon ancestors.
What is here said of our poetry, is also
True of our music, for they go hand in
Hand.

A SUMMER MORNING.

BY AURILLA F. STEVENS.

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

The sweetest buds are opening now
On mountain slope, near rippling stream;
And in the wreaths on Summer's brow
The roses in the sunlight gleam;
They bind to meet the fickle breeze
That fans them with a loving sigh,
And wafts their fragrance through the
Then, ever changing, passes by. (trees,
Fair, sunny morn! thy new-born light
Again rests on the leafy bower—
Again has drunk the dew-drops bright
That glistened in the lowly flowers;
And in thy warm life-giving rays
The bloom and shrubs that Earth adorn
Spring up, and in a thousand ways
Great thou, O lovely Summer morn!

FUN-POETRY.

It is curious to remark the influence
That the different ages of the world have
Had in producing poetical compositions.
Not only the times, but the peculiar
Condition of any country and people may be
Very well learned by simply making
One's self acquainted with the poetry of any
Particular age. This will scarcely apply,
Though, to those great leading spirits
Whose souls have gone out beyond themselves
And the ages and people amidst which they lived,
But to those simpler and more domestic productions which
Live in the hearts of the people, never absent
From memory, and often repeated
By both old and young. Then, what, from
The poetry of the age, are our traits of
Character? The leading feature of our
Age certainly takes a cheerful and merry
Turn, after Celtic and Norman elements.
It is almost French, yet is redeemed
Lacking (thank kind Heaven for it) their
Garlicky odor of desperation, and reck-
Less tendency to self-destruction. This
Is no doubt owing to the Celtic elements
With which we are largely tinted.
This, too, accounts for the fact that even
to this day and perhaps for all time to
Come, the poet Robert Burns is and will
Be one of, if not the most, popular poets
Whose works hold a place in our librar-
ries. We do not admire, nor have we
time to read, those long, tedious por-
tances that amused our Saxon ancestors.
What is here said of our poetry, is also
True of our music, for they go hand in
Hand.

But let us get back to our subject, and
Quoteth something from the unknown poets
to prove our position. Who among you
does not often recall some little anonymous
Performance that amused our Saxon ancestors.
What is here said of our poetry, is also
True of our music, for they go hand in
Hand.
of unknown genius. They make sport of our follies, and show up our shortcomings; turn love and fame, deceit and passion, into strange companionship; paint a moral, and adorn a rustic's story; words of living memory.

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

"'Tis a dozen or so of years ago,
Somewhere in the West country,
That a nice girl lived, as the Hoosiers
Know, for her sister was loved by Edgar Poe,
But Deborah by me.

Now I was green, and she was green
As a summer squash might be;
But we loved as warmly as other folks,
And our love was as strong as a six-horse team,
Or those of folks older than we,
And possibly wiser than we;
But Death, with the aid of Doctor and Death, rather too many for me, so he closed the peepers and stopped the breath of my sweetheart Deborah Lee, and her form lies cold in the prairie silent and cold—oh me!"

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

"The foot of the hunter shall press the grave,
And the prairie's sweet flowers around it wave,
Through all the summer hours;
And the birds shall sing in the tufted grass,
And the nectar-laden bee with his dreamy hum, on his gauze wing she wakes no more to me."

"Yet oft, in the hush of the dim still night,
A vision of beauty I see,
And the prairie's sweet flowers around it wave,
Through all the summer hours;
But Deborah, my bride that was to be;"

Just fancy the beautiful creature sinking to death, the strom Doctor, wet sheets, and chattering teeth.

"The angels wanted her up in Heaven,
But they never asked for me.
And that is the reason, I rather guess,
In the aguish West country,
That the cold March wind, the Doctor and Death, took off my Deborah Lee.

Death, my beautiful Deborah Lee,
From the warm sunshine and the opening And bid her away from me."

What a fancy! A mass of the angels in Heaven? What a republican must have been—good as any of them—a companion for gods and angels.

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

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

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

But Death, with the aid of Doctor and Death, rather too many for me; so he closed the peepers and stopped the breath of my sweetheart Deborah Lee, and her form lies cold in the prairie silent and cold—oh me!"
And I wake to mourn that the Doctor and
That addition of Susan and Sally was

And the cold March wind, should stop the
That Doctor and

Of my darling Deborah Lee, [breath
Death.] That the angels should want her up in
Before they wanted me.” [Heaven

One so near knows whether to laugh
To cut out and spite others. But hear his
dying strain; like the fable of the swan,
when the world grows weary,
Of my darling Deborah Lee, [breath
had grown drizzly,

And the sweet cream of feeling,
Is curdled by churning:
For my heart 'neath my jacket
Is up and down jumping,
And keeps up such a racket,
With its thumping and bumping,
0 ! show me one smile—'tis my last sup
pliment;
I crave nothing further—'tis my salva
tion.”

What figures are here presented: candy-shops, brandy-shops, dairies, pastoral
love and pursuits, salvation and the lover's Heaven. And what deep despair fol
ows:—

"O Lizzie I am worned—
I fear it all over;
I'm done up and beaten—
A broken-down lover;
The joys of my bosom
Have cut sick and vanished;
I know I should lose 'em,
When my true love you possessed;
The world has grown drizzly,
In sneeze of sorrow;
Of life I am weary,
And I wish that to-morrow
Would dawn on my grave in that peace
giving valley
Where I'd not care for you, nor for Susan
or Sally?"

That addition of Susan and Sally was
a deep stroke of policy to raise in the
wind of the lady a little spirit of jealousy.
Who dare say that love is blind? he did
not care a snap for them, but possessed a
thorough knowledge of the female
heart; a little jealousy on her part he
would work in his favor; for how
many women have married on purpose
to cut out and spite others. But hear his
dying strain; like the fable of the swan,
how often human experience fools the
same though burning into and branded
upon the soul.
The following is, perhaps, not so
smooth and noble a strain, but it has in-
finitely more quirks
and oddities in it.

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

What figures are here presented: candy-shops, brandy-shops, dairies, pastoral
love and pursuits, salvation and the lover's Heaven. And what deep despair fol
ows:—

"O Lizzie I am worned—
I feel it all over;
I'm done up and beaten—
A broken-down lover;
The joys of my bosom
Have cut sick and vanished;
I know I should lose 'em,
When my true love you possessed;
The world has grown drizzly,
In sneeze of sorrow;
Of life I am weary,
And I wish that to-morrow
Would dawn on my grave in that peace
giving valley
Where I'd not care for you, nor for Susan
or Sally?"
HUTCHING'S CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

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

M. Alleghany Town, Sierra Co.

LIFE'S FLEETING DREAM.

BY LUNA.

"A rainbow vision, too bright to last,"

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

Well do I remember that bony summer's eve, when beneath the arbor two he spoke to me of love. Asked if I would like to be his wife. Had an angel said "Come live with me in Paradise," it would have been a lesser joy. I did not speak, but leaned upon his bosom and wept refreshing tears of rapturous bliss—so soon, alas! to be returned upon my heart and shed eternal forever its gladdening fountains. He kissed the tear-drops from my eyes, and laughingly asked—Did I think he was in earnest? Did I suppose that he, a nobleman, would make a poor orphan child like me his bride? It was enough—that tone of voice, without the words, told all my heart could hear; as the startled deer bounds away from the sound of the deadly rifle's shot, I sprang from his embrace, and in a dark sequestered spot I knelt on the cold ground, and looking up to the bright stars I prayed for death—that I might go to some far and brighter world where deception was unknown. "Not yet," a silvery voice replied, and turning I beheld a being with looks of calm compassion, some far and brighter world where deception was unknown. "For such looks as these...to live is torture, Have I not the power to control or hold me as their slave, lest I a pestilence prove and blight every heart are cherished dreams of evanescent joys, around which memory delights to linger—a time when love has touched and illumined every faculty of the soul to harmony, and earth to them was Heaven.

"Here's news, love, read these thoughts!"

I wrote most of the story

That time to you to say,

It is not that I've said

'Twas womanish,

I do not say you

For you, my masterpiece kept you

I do not say you

On me such looks as these... To live is torture, have I not the power to control or hold me as their slave, lest I a pestilence prove and blight every heart are cherished dreams of evanescent joys, around which memory delights to linger—a time when love has touched and illumined every faculty of the soul to harmony, and earth to them was Heaven.

"I cannot recall

Some facts,"

We walked to the marsh

And called her "love"—

The crickets croak

Beneath the stars,

And ripe the peach

The fruits of care,

The air was clear,

And great was

When nature

Could I it was a night

And drew within my soul how was

You threw your star, your far, your war, your story was "Twelfth"

Some facts,"

"Here's news, love, read these thoughts!"

I wrote most of the story

That time to you to say,

It is not that I've said

'Twas womanish,

I do not say you

For you, my masterpiece kept you

I do not say you

On me such looks as these... To live is torture, have I not the power to control or hold me as their slave, lest I a pestilence prove and blight every heart are cherished dreams of evanescent joys, around which memory delights to linger—a time when love has touched and illumined every faculty of the soul to harmony, and earth to them was Heaven.

"I cannot recall

Some facts,"

We walked to the marsh

And called her "love"—

The crickets croak

Beneath the stars,

And ripe the peach

The fruits of care,

The air was clear,

And great was

When nature

Could I it was a night

And drew within my soul how was

You threw your star, your far, your war, your story was "Twelfth"

Some facts,"

"Here's news, love, read these thoughts!"

I wrote most of the story

That time to you to say,

It is not that I've said

'Twas womanish,

I do not say you

For you, my masterpiece kept you

I do not say you

On me such looks as these... To live is torture, have I not the power to control or hold me as their slave, lest I a pestilence prove and blight every heart are cherished dreams of evanescent joys, around which memory delights to linger—a time when love has touched and illumined every faculty of the soul to harmony, and earth to them was Heaven.
A MEMORY.—THE MOUNTAINEERS OF CALIFORNIA.

A MEMORY.

"There's Rosemary, that's for remembrance: pray you, love, remember: and thence remembrance, that's for thow."

I smile;--I know you have forgotten
The many things we used to say--
That time to me of shadows beween,
To you of sunshine play.

It is not that I feel some touch of anguish--
Nor yet that I am sad or cold.
I am nile--enough.

The woman's heart that blighted love makes languish,
Man's is of stouter stuff.

I do not say you drew me on to court you,
Nor yet that you were never blind;
Your modesty--princely and lovely virtue--
Kept you ever gay and cold.

I do not say your eyes have e'er shot glances
Of qualities most sweet;
But I charge not that you thstts e'er have acted
Though loving ye the least, I thought so,
And called it flight, [In my thought 'tis
That ye alone were flighted]
The act was mean, but the excuse was meanest--
That ye alone were flighted.

Thou didst not think--"I am never dreamt!--"
Nor yet that you knew you felt
Not knew--not see--not feel the love's condition
I never wished to hide!

Behind a cloud the moon for free inverted,
Just then, as if for alone:
A shade not half so black as that which rested--
Now rest--upon your frame.

Shred me, you, in what your ear is nearest
That you alone were killed?
The act was mean, but the excuse was meanest--
No better ye could feel.

Oh, how I lived by thinking of your grace,
Your high mind, noble soul;
Your charms of person held but second places
In my heart's most need.

I placed your perfections so far above me,
Alas! feared to dream
That it was possible ye e'er would love me,
So loathly did I seem.

Away!--It was my fancy that inverted
You with so rare a give;
Yet not the less with pain my heart's inflamed
That you have felt so true.

Still I love on; I love what whilst I thought ye,
Though loving ye no more:
I must regret that e'er with love I sought you,
And broke the chain I bore.

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

But that is past. Like tales that blow by children,
Which glitter, break in air,
So break these dreams of fancy most bewildering.
Farewell!--so false--so fair!"

THE MOUNTAINEERS OF CALIFORNIA.

A Cockney tourist, who once honored the Americans by travelling through their country, and who illustrated their manners and customs in a book for which the British public paid him a guinea for each printed copy, landed at nine o'clock one fine morning on the Philadelphia wharf, where the first thing that met his national gaze was an infuriated cobler beating his wife. "In your name," exclaimed the Cockney, "what's half the row about?" "Oh, it's nothing; it's al-
ways the way they does," replied a communicative boy. And, thereupon, our tourist, taking out his tablet, wrote—

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

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

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

street the after which it has useless. There in the social, the relations and pleasures; and this to the mind, will be found the color the very structure.

There are no the old legs who were prou

dress up noise than of knowing and happier, his dogma, excepting thereby the more varia formity and ill

cians and methe

morally affects in h

an illusion upon the h

world will never owe much of its ea

?Philadoll31fia is a city of some imp

beats his "wife with a loather

to all the rest of his

thinkings, and all dom

distinct unions.

mischief.

...
THE MOUNTAINEERS OF CALIFORNIA.
ing of what the plows call profanity gar-
bles their colloquial efforts a little too
abundantly; but, if they are prompt in
dealing hard words, they are just as
prompt in dealing hard blows. The por-
trait of the soldier, drawn by the melan-
one Jacques, needs but little variation,
in limning and coloring, to make it a fit
proeminence of the Californian Mount-
taineer. Mark how apt:
"Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard:
Rous'd arms in favour, sudden and unexpected.
"But our Mountaineer is not a vain and
conceited quarrelor. His belligerent
energies are seldom expended for mere
amusement. He fights only for his rights,
or what he esteem his rights. He can
be generous to the last dime in his poch-
et, but his whole soul is in arms the mo-
ment he imagines himself overreached
in a bargain or made the victim of a
trick of knavery. In all his business ne-
gotiations, he thinks, if he does not speak,
like the fiery Hesper:
To say the present day, or even the next:
I'll give him as much land
As in the way of language, nay, no more,
I'll call on the sixth part of a hair."
Next to his dislike to being "taken in,
in a business transaction, is the supreme
contempt the Californian Mountaineer
entertains for all manner of charlatans
and Churlatism. The mountains of
California furnish an exceedingly indif-
ferent field for the exploits of mounta
banks, whether they be players, preach-
ers, or politicians. Our Mountaineers
will not barter their hard-earned gold to
the spurious wares of humbled preten-
ders and canting gospellers, nor will they
insanely trot at the heels of a demagogue.
The men of the Sierra Nevadas have read
too much, thought too largely, and travel-
ed too far, to be easily made the dupes of
pretenders, let them take what shape
they will.
Though the lump of Californian moun-
tain life is made up of such variant mat-
terials, yet, south to say, it is the Yankee
leaven that leaveneth it. It is the rest-
less, all-pervading, all-controlling Yan-
kee element, insinuating itself into, and
mixing itself with, all the other elements,
that has, in ten brief years, produced
that homogeneity amongst which we have
spoken that has converted a grand
mélange of Goliaths, Tonto's, and Gauls,
and Britons into one living, breathing
community of Yankee industrials. It is
the speciality of the Yankee that, though
he loves the results of labor, he loves
not the labor, itself. His education and
religious teachings forbid his condemning
human muscles to involuntary servitude,
and, therefore, he contents himself with
making the physical elements and make them
work in his business. He simmers up
the air, the fire, and the water, and
cansest them to do his bidding. Even
the lightnings, those subtle spirits of the
clouds, he is now seeking to make his
servitors, and will, some day, drive them
in triumph before what he is pleased to
turn his Oak or Proseal. Well, the
Yankee, when he looks upon the golden
hills of the Sierra Nevadas, said unto
himself, that gold was good, but that the
fulfillments of the pick and shovel was "evil, and that continu-
ally." Therefore, he called to his aid
the Hercules of Hydraulics, and water
ditches were reared, like network, along
the mountain sides, beneath whose resist-
ance might the auriferous hills melted
away, as from the wand of an enchanter,
leaving their long-hidden treasures to
swell the triumphs of Yankee science.
The Yankee, in the mountains of Calilbr-
nia, is not only the motor but the balance
wheel of the social and industrial ma-
achinery. If inflates his power, his poli-
tics, and his philosophy into everything
around him. The Scandinavian, the
Celt, and the Slavonic, thought at first as-
tonied by the boldness of his designs
and the miracles of his inventive genius,
soon lost their numerance in admiration,
and in all things, saw identity of birth-
place, becau
Woman—loving, whole-presence in-
ers of Calilbr-
nia's equal and
fights him to
the disinvis-
SOUTH—hut me-
come and go
the Sierra Ne-
abodes and uncom
rtinental

AN EVENING
It was not
majestically
clouds settled
her appa-
Queen of
shone bright
place, such as
AN EVENING ON TELEGRAPH HILL.

It was night. The moon was riding majestically in the heavens as the vapory clouds flitted past. The stars surrounding her appeared to be strong in silvered clusters around the brow of the gentle "Queen of Night," and, though they shone brightly, gave forth no dazzling glare, such as is given by the rays of the sun, but a mellowed and soft, silvery light, such as poets love to emulate in verse.

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

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

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

I was startled, and instantly sprung to my feet, replying, "That is my name." I gazed intently upon the face of the newcomer, and instantly a lost acquaintance, whom I supposed to be in the mountains, came into view, and I recognized in him an old acquaintance, as the light shone brightly, gave forth no dazzling glare, such as is given by the rays of the sun, but a mellowed and soft, silvery light, such as poets love to emulate in verse: "

AN EVENING ON TELEGRAPH HILL.

The Divinity that shapes our ends has not plopped the mountains of California with bold, hardy, intelligent, liberty-loving men, to be the sport of an envenomed purpose. Years and centuries will roll into the tomb of the mighty Past—but many years and centuries will come and go on the hills and valleys of the Sierra Nevadas shall cease to furnish abodes and sustenance to a manly and unconquerable race of Californian Mountainers.
Accompanying him were two ladies, one of whom he assured me was his own dear wife, and to whom I was introduced as Miss E. She extended her hand cordially, gracefully bowing as she did so. It.is, of course, needless to say that I politely held out my hand as hers was proffered. A pleasant "good evening" was spoken, as an interchange of friendship, and we were soon engaged in agreeable conversation. We were now a party of four, laughing and talking; and, to my astonishment! about the first thing my friend told the ladies was, that he found me sitting on the grass asleep, with my arms resting on my knees and my face almost buried in my hands. This naturally led them to surmise much; but they laughed heartily, when he contradicted himself in part, and told them "I was only musing."

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

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

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

"So him blash," said Mrs. S. "But suppose I am really married—and to a handsome girl?"

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

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

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

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

"No you are not!" said Miss E., hardly.

"V'ery well," replied I, "although loving you in error, I will not argue the case."

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

"I was at first only joking," was my response, in reply to his inquiry. He answered by saying:

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

"I won't," rang in Mrs. S. "Nor I either," echoed Miss E.

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

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

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

With much modesty, I told Miss E——
AN EVENING ON TELEGRAPH HILL.

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

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

O, wonder and amazement! If she didn't begin to think I would tell a second falsehood! But as good fortune would have it, I had a friend ready to help me out of the dilemma; and in that instance found a verification of the old adage, "A friend in need, is a friend indeed." Mr. S— stepped forward, and, with much benignity of countenance, remarked:

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

Joking for a season—
Not without a reason—"

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

I assured her of my partiality to poetry, but did not mean to tell her that I wrote the stuff—"as monotonous proseists call the offspring of fancy—when naught but naught.

Mr. S— told her that I wrote occasionally. He was a poet, and had written many fine things. Of late, however, he has almost forgotten the Muses, and none more regret it than I; for he always wrote in a sweet and melodious strain of true poetry, that was a pleasure to read.

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

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

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

I apologized for my almost unpardonable transgression of the rules of politeness, by allowing a lady to ask me to see her home. If ever I do the like again, may a dozen of the fair creatures unit on me with broom-sticks and tongs, and
after seeing me—forgive me—that's all.

We reached the house of Mr. S— in safety; entered the parlor; seated ourselves; and listened to a beautiful air, elegantly played on the piano by Miss E--; after which, it being nearly the hour of twelve, I hastily arose to depart, for fear of another infringement on the rules of well-regulated society, being in company after midnight. We heard one of the city clocks strike the approaching hour of morn, and bidding my friends good-night, I hastened to my boarding-house, delighted with the pleasure I had experienced during the evening, at the same time feeling a little vexed at my indiscretion, telling a falsehood to ladies, and forgetting to offer to escort one of the earth's angels to her home. Never mind; we are married now, and often jokingly alter exchange tokens and words of friendship.

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

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

THE MILL WHEEL.
Translated from the German,
By Prof. John C. Moran.

Within a glen, the beeches high
O'ershadow a mill-wheel:
I gaze, but no more meets mine eye
The maiden of the dell.
To me in truth the maiden spoke,
And long ere we did part
A ring she gave; whoo's reel it broke,
And broken is my heart.

Telegraph Hill, reader, the once I
Beautiful Miss E----- has become the
Harper be,
Lovely bride of Mr.--------. She is one of
Oh, I will flee! a
Tim worh I'll travel o'er,
She is mine. That is generally the way:
every one who has a good wife thinks
hush! I'll be a soldier bold,
there is none like her among womankind.

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

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

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

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

a know we are equally happy, while

opinions is, ours. R.

...to decorate their homes

with festoons, and to loop up the pretty

white erin-dresses, and to place over the

bows of the little girls, on the next day

at the crowning of their May Queen,

that was to take place in a lovely grove

about a mile from town.

Among the few who arrived on that
evening were two gentlemen—an elderly

one, and his nephew, a young artist, his

pupil. The former, Mr. Jovet, was a

very celebrated French artist, who had

come to New York many years before.

His brother married an American lady,

and soon after died, leaving one son. The

uncle, knowing that the boy had a genius

for painting, whom he was sixteen, gain-

ed the widow's consent for him to be-

come his student. Never was there hap-

pier than he, when brought to the city

and taken into Mr. Jovet's studio. In a

suite of rooms adjoining, the walls were

hung with the most beautiful pictures

that his young artistic eye had ever gaz-

ed upon. The floor was covered with a

rich carpet, and the windows were

hung with crimson satin curtains, which by

the touch of a spring, could be drawn

aside, so that any amount of light do-

sired might be had who viewing the

pictures.

With hard study and diligent applica-

tion, he in a few years made wonderful

progress in that art. His beautiful pic-

tures began to gain such favor with the

uncle that they were allowed to occupy

a conspicuous place on the walls of the

gallery.

Leon, for that was his name, began to

desire to travel about, and see different

parts of our country. Mr. Jovet, appreci-

ating his love for nature and anxious to do

anything to advance him in his profes-

sion, as well as affording himself the

greatest pleasure, gladly consented to the

proposition of their going through the

States. Accordingly they traveled South,

and were now visiting the West, where

there is beauty enough for any artist's

delight.

Arriving at Greenwood, they were glad

to know that a May party would take

place on the following day, as they well

knew that nothing is more beautiful than

the crowned of children dressed in their

angel-white, roaming with the flowers.

They were awakened the next morning,

hearing the merry bells ringing, and find-

ing everything as pleasant as any May

morning ought to be.

An invitation was tendered them to be

present at the crowning in the grove. At

ten o'clock, the children, headed by a

band of music, marched to the woods;

a platform was arranged, archd over

with flowers and vines; a rude chair cov-

ered over with flowers, was the "royal

throne." And now come little maids-

of-honor with baskets of flowers, which

they strewed in the Queen's pathway.

Ah! there she is, pretty little creature!

She stands before the spectators, consist-

ing of schoolmates, parents and friends.

There is not much beauty about those

features, taken separately—but the witch-

ing smile is over lighting up the whole

face with a softness and sweetness. Then

a childish face is pretty anyhow. The

wind occasionally blowing through the

trees, threw the golden curls away from

her face, where they would keep falling

near her eyes. A youth placed a crown

of white daisies and red rose-buds and

green on her brow, as she knelt on the

soft moss-cushion; and after an acknowl-

dgment, the little Queen took her throne.

Then came youths and young maidens

to pay homage to "her majesty." This

over, they wandered away in groups am-

ong the trees.

Leon Jovet had watched the little queen

from the first, and now as she left her

throne, and the band was playing a lively

air, he sought her among the other chil-

dren, and an opportunity presenting it-

self, spoke to her.
"What is her young majesty's name?" said he.
"May," replied she; "Mavilia."
"Why, what a romantic name! You're a May violet, are you? A very pretty flower, and a very appropriate name for a May Queen."
"Do you love flowers? do you like violets best of all? May violets sweet from their woodland retreat?" spoke the girl looking up with more confidence, as though she liked his pleasantness.
"Oh, you're poetical, little one, I guess--like verses. Do I love violets best of all? Yes! but I don't often find them capable of making rhymes."
"I learned that in my "Theodore Thacker Botany," there is a great deal more of it."
"Do you admire pictures, May?"
"Oh, yes sir! don't you? Grandmother has a great many old pictures in her big room, and I look at them just as long as I wish to." And off she bounded to some of her schoolmates who were about enjoying a feast, spread upon the green by the brookside.

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

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

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

The day was almost gone when they prepared to go home. Leou had during the day been informed by the intelligent landlady of the hotel that she gave May piano lessons, and that she should look at his pictures on the following morning. The following day found May at the landlady's, practising her music lesson, and singing a simple song; all of which Mr. Jevet had heard from his room, adjoining the parlor. The landlady brought the child into his room, and she was soon enjoying herself, wading through his large portfolio. She, in turning the leaves, came to one, a small one, and holding it up before the lady, exclaimed: "Why is it I?" when did you paint that?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"That grand tableau party comes off this evening."

"What—or whom—or where?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Sometimes in church-yards arranged, and gazed on the crosses and tombs, but by some morbid grace, and thought that perhaps in the bloom, we were already at rest, and she loosed to another idle." Then he exclaimed, as the curtains closed together.

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

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

The lady patted her little foot—a way of getting relief when the tongue must keep silent, I guess—isn't it? "I wish she had stayed in the country, the little white-headed piece of monopoly," thought she. Then the dance, handsome dresses, and pretty ladies—good music, and happy hearts (all but one.)

Where is the belle? Ah, there I wish she had stayed in the country, the little white-headed piece of monopoly, thought she. Then the dance, handsome dresses, and pretty ladies—good music, and happy hearts (all but one.)

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

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

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

"Sometimes in church-yards arranged, and gazed on the crosses and tombs, but by some morbid grace, and thought that perhaps in the bloom, we were already at rest, and she loosed to another idle." Then he exclaimed, as the curtains closed together.
The next morning Mr. Jovet called and requested to be permitted to paint "Evangeline," as she appeared the evening before.

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

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

"Oh, I'll arrange that," chimed in Miss Baylor, "No going to take my family there and spend April with her, and you can go along, and paint her there and then."

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

"Perhaps I may," replied he.

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

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

"I'm sure that I understand the character much better when the description is given by your sweet voice, than when reading it myself in my prosy way. Now read something else—sorry that is finished before the painting. I'm almost certain you'll have to read something else as pretty, or I shall not paint as well," said Mr. Jovet smiling. At the same moment a servant brought her a letter.

"Excuse me, I must run off just a minute."

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

"I'm very sure I'll never love him; but it wouldn't do to let him know it!" thought she as she peeped over his shoulder.

Who wrote the letter? Miss Brown, of course. In it she says:--"Now darling, don't think of admiring Mr. Jovet (certainly you wouldn't think of loving him upon such a short acquaintance, you're too polite for that,) for between you and Joe and I, Miss Aply says it is her positive opinion that he and Miss Butler are to be buried—married I mean—just as soon as the Napa Hotel opens at the Springs in the Fall. Don't mention a word, dear, for she is a very fascinating and lovable young lady, and will doubtless make him much happier than you could—or, I either—you know he always tried to set his cap for me, but indeed I detest his dreadful likes—people they always make me think of, and bring my poetical ideas down to, bent-heads, poverty, and cold potatoes. Detestable, isn't it? Our tastes are congenial, therefore you must think so, also. He just likes to roost in the sweet country awhile—silly thing!—but still he is quite good—very gentlemanly. I'm dying to see you—come back soon—very soon, dearest.

Au revoir,

Affectionately

Anna Brown."

"Oh, she's only jealous! but no, I now think of it, he did dance twice with Miss Butler, and only four times with me—in grateful—yes, yes, it must be so! Thanks, dear Miss Brown! There! take your pressed buds and flowers that I had kept so long as you shall never be some spirit."

He saw the time was to return.
"And at a hotel?"
"Yes, yes! the very one! Just wait a minute—here it is! how sweetly pretty isn’t it!" said she in a frank, childish way.

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

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

"And you her kingly husband?
"Ah! Miss Aylet—"

"Tyramount, I meant, of course!"

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

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

Oh, you little bundle of jealousy, why didn’t you hold your tongue? I wanted to hear it all! Do you suppose that I like to hear such an important speech slipped off with a long dash? no! I wanted an aesthetic, dashy declaration—one well becoming the worshipper at the shrine of all that is lovely and noble! Besides, isn’t Mr. Jove’s big heart
breaking—and will be for half a day to come—which will seem a week long—
you young destroyer of peace, and queen among hoar-broakers.

Noomimol Leon Jeve~, why do you stand in that lonely way under that tree?

There comes the Queen at the sound of music. At one aide stands blaviolalooking liltoa quean herself. IIow Leon gazes upon bar. r?ho crowning is over.

Away the children spring over the grass, among the flor~vors, by the water, under the trees.

But no little one brings him spring flowers, or says onA kind word to him. Marviona keeps away and trios to bc very sprightly and happy. He goes to her.

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

Well, I suppose there has boon a ro-

coniliation, for two most happy faces are seen promenading among the pleasant places of Wildwood, and the small May-Queen’s picture hangs under a life-size one of Marviona as she appeared on the last May-day, and “Evangeline” has been set in a magnificent frame.

“You’re so kind! I’ll always love you!”

“Just to think how I happily found the little maiden and again hear those words!”

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

---

Our Social Chair.

S unpleasant facts, with some people at least, are oftentimes more easily called to mind than pleasant ones, it perhaps may suffice, to such, merely to mention that the sun during the month of June

“In accordance with custom immemorial!” gave this quarter of the world a general warming up. At that time we had the good fortune to be a wanderer among the cool shadows of the mountain walls of the great Yo-Somito valley, where at the hottest, in the shade, the thermometer stood only at 103° while in other places—Mari-poas for instance, according to the Gazette, it was 116° degrees in the shade; but we shall allow our jovial hearted friend Holmes; its good humored editor, to tell “his own story, just premising that his “house of el,y” being of the build denominated portly,

he must have felt the inconvenience of such a thermometrical altitude, and prayed for its reduction to a reasonable figure.

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

Last Tuesday night was too warm for sleep—sca:rely a breeze was felt, and the consequence was that people here generally looked rather hard next day. Lager Beer perhaps may suffice, to such, merely to men. is in great demand now, and the average tie, that the su~ during lhe mo~th of June

“in accordance with custom” gave this quarter of the world a general warming up. At that time we had the good fortune to be a wanderer among the cool shadows of the mountain walls of the great Yo-Somito valley, where at the hottest, in the shade, the thermometer stood only at 103° while in other places—Mari-poas for instance, according to the Gazette, it was 116° degrees in the shade; but we shall allow our jovial hearted friend Holmes, its good humored editor, to tell “his own story, just premising that his “house of el,y” being of the build denominated portly,

he must have felt the inconvenience of such a thermometrical altitude, and prayed for its reduction to a reasonable figure.

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

you the undated weather? Will ninety-eight
country, and

Joyce.

Joyce.

Joyce.

Joyce.

Joyce.

Joyce.

Joyce.

Joyce.

Joyce.

Joyce.

Joyce.

Joyce.

Joyce.

Joyce.
you the audacity to ask for copy this hot weather? Why, the thermometer stands at ninety-eight in the coolest part of the country, and here you are, urging me for copy. Leave you black hat! get beyond the reach of this paste-pot, or I'll make you see why I leave you—are you another calling, or put a to your satanic existence. Copy! the very thought sends an a through our brain. We wouldn't write a $ for a $, much less for a $, and as for a oh! that's entirely out of the ? None of your fl about balines, we say it's hot! Ah! hold on—here's some g'iv's the scissors—here's a poor fellow in San Francisco committed suicide, and McNeil sat on him—be-rimsoned! what a job for a hot day—never mind, we'll appropiate that story, but don't you give any credit for it. There, now, take your $2 $2 out of your pockets, and go to work. Put some quinine around that wash woman's bill, lock up the elephant—and separate the in—put the "Modest Lady" on a galley, and the "Dandy" in the case—place furniture round the "New Banking House"—ow —"The Country," and put all the sub-hands in small caps—put the "Lumber" on the rack and "The Irish" on the stone—get "The Hay" to press, and hurry up "The New Store"—Distribute "The Horrors," and lay "Judge Cradlebaugh" on one side—he's getting old. Justify that "Homesteads" and prove the "Murder." You may tie up the "Fourth of July," the people don't appear to be in want of it this year. Then go and jump in the creek and wash your face—b'll take it all to do it—and at the same time drive away the sharks; everybody goes in swimming these hot days, and somebody will git bitten yet. And mind you don't come here again for copy before the next mail comes in.

What a jolly good old world this is after all! where we have intellectual pleasures, sunny days, smiling friends, sumptuous dinners and good wine—sometimes. What are the real desires for human happiness crave?—do these not embrace all?—are they not the "Golden Secret," the sought "Eden," of mortal bliss? So must the Social Chair, as it leans back comfortably against the hard-dressed wall and composed its nervous fibres into the calm tranquility of a delicious siesta. The circumstances and position were favorable for philosophizing, and it reasoned: How grateful all chairs are, or ought to be, for so much happiness; how thankful for the manifold benefits with which a beneficent Providence has blessed their lot—the advantages of a free government—the enjoyment of plenty and prosperity—the gift of a genial climate—the pleasure of operatic and dramatic amusements—the benefits of having sincere friends, and the luxury of social comfort and refinement. Surely, a chair whose lot is cast in the midst of so many blessings cannot be discontented! At this stage of our meditations, we were interrupted by the expressman invading our sanctum, and depositing a large pile of letters. By dint of great effort we roused ourselves from the lethargy into which we had fallen, and perused the mass of correspondence.

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

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

SACRAMENTO, JULY, 1859.

Respectful Social Chair:

I take a moment from the cares of State, to tell you how much I enjoy your happy lot. How blessed, could I flee from the hungry Cerberuses, who bark incessantly for their share of the loaves and fishes, and become like you the center of a happy group! How willingly would I forego the harassing honors of my exalted place, to enjoy the blessedness of being little; how gladly resign all thoughts of fame, to become like you the center of a happy group! How willingly would I forego the harassing honors of my exalted place, to enjoy the blessedness of being little; how gladly resign all thoughts of fame, to become like you the center of a happy group! How willingly would I forego the harassing honors of my exalted place, to enjoy the blessedness of being little; how gladly resign all thoughts of fame, to become like you the center of a happy group! How willingly would I forego the harassing honors of my exalted place, to enjoy the blessedness of being little; how gladly resign all thoughts of fame, to become like you the center of a happy group! How willingly would I forego the harassing honors of my exalted place, to enjoy the blessedness of being little; how gladly resign all thoughts of fame, to become like you the center of a happy group! How willingly would I forego the harassing honors of my exalted place, to enjoy the blessedness of being little; how gladly resign all thoughts of fame, to become like you the center of a happy group! How willingly would I forego the 

Chair of State.

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

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

Another letter:—whose delicate sense, being in the third story of a brick building, and we are no reason why you should not occupy one as elevated, if you can find a room on the third floor of any building equally high. We would, however, warn you against its inconvieniences, and in case of earthquakes—very plausible cases, too, in your fair Yerba Buena—it is by no means a desirable position. But, in another sense, we never desired our lot existed; and we have some happier days in the unrestrained and rock-bottomed chairs, which have been balsamed and bolstered my head, till I'm fairly giddy. You know I'm a poor little Sewing Chair. Well, then, I'm not satisfied with being always a little home-spun thing, slat up in a small chamber, and sitting, sitting, stitching, forever! It isn't fair—is it? I don't want to be, like some Sewing-Chairs, I know—a great officious chair, or a room-chair, see even a Sociable Chair—although that would be very nice; but I would like to be one of those carved rosewood, velvet-covered chairs, which have their dainty feet in the soft Brussels carpets of splendid parlors, and do nothing the whole day long—oh, wouldn't it? Now, what I want to know is, is it wrong to think so? My venerable grand-daughter old chair in the corner—says it is, and calls it all silliness and romantic nonsense; but, as I rock to and fro, I can't help wishing it, even if it be wrong. Very affectionately,

Sewing Chair.
OUR SOCIAL CHAIR.

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

S. G.

"Dear Social Chair," "Affectionately yours," are certainly very flattering; and altho’ you, Miss Sewing-Chair, in accordance with the usual custom of your sex—giving the entire gist of the letter in a P. S.—we beg to offer the following answer to your confidential (1) communication—

Many splatters (and bachelors too) unfortunately have listened to a gentleman of plausible address named "I Procsti-nate," whose character for honesty has always been exceedingly doubtful, especially in the article of Time, as well as happiness, so that in five cases out of six, the one golden opportunity of a life-time has been allowed to pass unimproved.

Then again, we would not be ungallant. We have been allowed to pass unimproved,

Many spinsters (and bachelors too) afterwards follow after the following answer to your confidential (1) communication—

Many splatters (and bachelors too) unfortunately have listened to a gentleman of plausible address named "I Procsti-nate," whose character for honesty has always been exceedingly doubtful, especially in the article of Time, as well as happiness, so that in five cases out of six, the one golden opportunity of a life-time has been allowed to pass unimproved.

Then again, we would not be ungallant. We have been allowed to pass unimproved,

Many spinsters (and bachelors too) afterwards follow after the following answer to your confidential (1) communication—

Many splatters (and bachelors too) unfortunately have listened to a gentleman of plausible address named "I Procsti-nate," whose character for honesty has always been exceedingly doubtful, especially in the article of Time, as well as happiness, so that in five cases out of six, the one golden opportunity of a life-time has been allowed to pass unimproved.

Then again, we would not be ungallant. We have been allowed to pass unimproved,

Many spinsters (and bachelors too) afterwards follow after the following answer to your confidential (1) communication—

Many splatters (and bachelors too) unfortunately have listened to a gentleman of plausible address named "I Procsti-nate," whose character for honesty has always been exceedingly doubtful, especially in the article of Time, as well as happiness, so that in five cases out of six, the one golden opportunity of a life-time has been allowed to pass unimproved.

Then again, we would not be ungallant. We have been allowed to pass unimproved,

Many spinsters (and bachelors too) afterwards follow after the following answer to your confidential (1) communication—

Many splatters (and bachelors too) unfortunately have listened to a gentleman of plausible address named "I Procsti-nate," whose character for honesty has always been exceedingly doubtful, especially in the article of Time, as well as happiness, so that in five cases out of six, the one golden opportunity of a life-time has been allowed to pass unimproved.

Then again, we would not be ungallant. We have been allowed to pass unimproved,

Many spinsters (and bachelors too) afterwards follow after the following answer to your confidential (1) communication—

Many splatters (and bachelors too) unfortunately have listened to a gentleman of plausible address named "I Procsti-nate," whose character for honesty has always been exceedingly doubtful, especially in the article of Time, as well as happiness, so that in five cases out of six, the one golden opportunity of a life-time has been allowed to pass unimproved.

Then again, we would not be ungallant. We have been allowed to pass unimproved,

Many spinsters (and bachelors too) afterwards follow after the following answer to your confidential (1) communication—

Many splatters (and bachelors too) unfortunately have listened to a gentleman of plausible address named "I Procsti-nate," whose character for honesty has always been exceedingly doubtful, especially in the article of Time, as well as happiness, so that in five cases out of six, the one golden opportunity of a life-time has been allowed to pass unimproved.

Then again, we would not be ungallant. We have been allowed to pass unimproved,

Many spinsters (and bachelors too) afterwards follow after the following answer to your confidential (1) communication—

Many splatters (and bachelors too) unfortunately have listened to a gentleman of plausible address named "I Procsti-nate," whose character for honesty has always been exceedingly doubtful, especially in the article of Time, as well as happiness, so that in five cases out of six, the one golden opportunity of a life-time has been allowed to pass unimproved.

Then again, we would not be ungallant. We have been allowed to pass unimproved,

Many spinsters (and bachelors too) afterwards follow after the following answer to your confidential (1) communication—

Many splatters (and bachelors too) unfortunately have listened to a gentleman of plausible address named "I Procsti-nate," whose character for honesty has always been exceedingly doubtful, especially in the article of Time, as well as happiness, so that in five cases out of six, the one golden opportunity of a life-time has been allowed to pass unimproved.

Then again, we would not be ungallant. We have been allowed to pass unimproved,

Many spinsters (and bachelors too) afterwards follow after the following answer to your confidential (1) communication—

Many splatters (and bachelors too) unfortunately have listened to a gentleman of plausible address named "I Procsti-nate," whose character for honesty has always been exceedingly doubtful, especially in the article of Time, as well as happiness, so that in five cases out of six, the one golden opportunity of a life-time has been allowed to pass unimproved.

Then again, we would not be ungallant. We have been allowed to pass unimproved,

Many spinsters (and bachelors too) afterwards follow after the following answer to your confidential (1) communication—

Many splatters (and bachelors too) unfortunately have listened to a gentleman of plausible address named "I Procsti-nate," whose character for honesty has always been exceedingly doubtful, especially in the article of Time, as well as happiness, so that in five cases out of six, the one golden opportunity of a life-time has been allowed to pass unimproved.

Then again, we would not be ungallant. We have been allowed to pass unimproved,
The recipe for a full dress is as follows: tucks of spider-not, crepe, astile, gyp, cal- gai, gauze, whiskbone, lace, bobbin, rib- bons, and artificial flowers, as much as will rig out the congregation of a village church; in these, add as many spangles, beads, and gaw-gaws as would be sufficient to turn the heads of all the fashionable fair ones of Nootka-sound. Let Mrs. Voope or Madame Bouchard patch all these articles together, one upon another, dash them plentifully over with stars, bugles, Isaiah, and they will altogether form a dress, which, hung upon a lady's back, cannot fail of supplying the place of beauty, youth, and grace, and of reminding the spectator of that celebrated region of finery, called Reg. Fair.

The wickedness and degradation of man shall surely meet with a just retribution, of that celebrated region of finery, called Reg. Fair.

The recipe for a full dress is as follows: tucks of spider-not, crepe, astile, gyp, cal- gai, gauze, whiskbone, lace, bobbin, rib-bons, and artificial flowers, as much as will rig out the congregation of a village church; in these, add as many spangles, beads, and gaw-gaws as would be sufficient to turn the heads of all the fashionable fair ones of Nootka-sound. Let Mrs. Voope or Madame Bouchard patch all these articles together, one upon another, dash them plentifully over with stars, bugles, Isaiah, and they will altogether form a dress, which, hung upon a lady's back, cannot fail of supplying the place of beauty, youth, and grace, and of reminding the spectator of that celebrated region of finery, called Reg. Fair.

The recipe for a full dress is as follows: tucks of spider-not, crepe, astile, gyp, cal- gai, gauze, whiskbone, lace, bobbin, rib-bons, and artificial flowers, as much as will rig out the congregation of a village church; in these, add as many spangles, beads, and gaw-gaws as would be sufficient to turn the heads of all the fashionable fair ones of Nootka-sound. Let Mrs. Voope or Madame Bouchard patch all these articles together, one upon another, dash them plentifully over with stars, bugles, Isaiah, and they will altogether form a dress, which, hung upon a lady's back, cannot fail of supplying the place of beauty, youth, and grace, and of reminding the spectator of that celebrated region of finery, called Reg. Fair.

The recipe for a full dress is as follows: tucks of spider-not, crepe, astile, gyp, cal- gai, gauze, whiskbone, lace, bobbin, rib-bons, and artificial flowers, as much as will rig out the congregation of a village church; in these, add as many spangles, beads, and gaw-gaws as would be sufficient to turn the heads of all the fashionable fair ones of Nootka-sound. Let Mrs. Voope or Madame Bouchard patch all these articles together, one upon another, dash them plentifully over with stars, bugles, Isaiah, and they will altogether form a dress, which, hung upon a lady's back, cannot fail of supplying the place of beauty, youth, and grace, and of reminding the spectator of that celebrated region of finery, called Reg. Fair.
If females think of heath in one, a smile on the other, and leave the work of ignorance for woman? If she had not been the best calculated, would not the serpent have gone to Adam instead of assigning this office to Eve? How I wish to be young again.

AUNT THOMA.

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

YOU KISSED ME.

BY MISS J MISSIE R. YUNT.

You kissed me! My head had drooped low on your breast;
With a feeling of pleasure and infinite rest
While the holy emotions my tongue dare not speak,
Plashed up like a flame, from my heart to my cheek.
Your arms held me fast—Oh! your arms were so bold,
Heart beat against heart to their passionate hold!
Your glances seemed drawing my soul through my eyes,
As the sun draws the mist from the sea to the skies;
And your lips clung to mine, till I prayed in my bliss
They might never unclasp from that rapturous kiss.
You kissed me! My heart, and my breath, and my will,
In delicious joy the moment stood still
Life hid from me then no temptations—no charms—
No wish of pleasure—outside of your arm!
And were I this instant as angel, possessed Of the glory and peace that are given the bliss,
I would flog my white robes unresistingly down,
And tear from my head its most beautiful crown,
To nestle once more in the haven of rest,
With your lips upon mine, and my head on your breast.
You kissed me! My soul in a bliss so divine
Reeled and swooned like a drunken man,
And I thought 'twere delicious to die then,
If only
Would come while my mouth was yet moist with your breath;
'Twere delicious to die if my heart might grow cold,
While your arms wound me round in that passionate fold—
And there are the questions I ask day and night:
Must my life taste but one such exquisite delight?
Would you care if your breast were my shelter as then?
And if you were here—would you kiss me again?

The Fashion.

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

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

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

1. Fancy Straw Bonnets, trimmed with corn-poppies and grass.

2. Bonnets made of plain white straw, edged with black, the top of the crown open-work, the cape composed of alternate rows of plain and open-work straw edged with black, trimmed with bright variegated roses, with mixtures of black and white.
HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

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

3. Tuscan Bonnet, with cape trimmed with straw cord and iinset and bunches of wheat. (Aside) white tab and a bow and very wide.

4. White cape Bonnet, over the crown is a rounded ridge of black blond lace, oil wheat. (Inside) a wreath of field flowers.

5. Tuscan Bonnet, over the crown is a rounded ridge of black blond lace, with straw cord and lasso and bunches of elder berries. (Inside) blond lace with very full, with a small white mambonto, feather on each side, bow of pink ribbon on top and pink strings.

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

7. Loburn Bonnets are in demand now over before, trimmed in such ways as best becomes the wearer, they command from $20 to $150.

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

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

There are over 1000 Chinese now on their way to this State from Hong Kong.

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

The heat during a portion of the month was somewhat oppressive; the thermometer standing at from 90° to 110° in the shade.

The proprietary quote lead, on the 9th ult., $29,000 in the S., the whole amount January 1st, $320.

A brief visit to the Siskiyou Cheese, 6th ult., with W. H.

The California Warren, entered by the 22d.

Sorrow—a name for course a sound midnight moon, so much beauty (is a kind of endless times; and, without influence, we sit us when familiar changed—when far in our dear and gone, go never still, become so gentle voices and glad contented, and they shake a block of bright scenes from the earth's Ansung come flowers and song—on their sprightly pros and Summer fall yet—It comes often—we have thought the of over a pile of dependantly contributors, the familiar autograph, Dr. D. N.; Moon; Alien; Basi; Dole; Piper; Shop; Amo; C. W. Messel; Pleasure; W. B. Sj.; the Derrick; Illig; C. Old; Jann; Mrs. M. Gilbert: Mrs. S. L. Old Mainstreet; Yolans; Charley; and those used to cheer us in the way they kept us in the way they kept us in the joy. We visited us occasion great us more; and are being lost in the day.

All were once and brotherhood the conspirators, our sympathies. Time ne
The proprietors of the Allison Ranch, near the head of the Feather River, have sold their place to Dr. D. H. Monadnock, of Forty-Nine; their 360 acres of the best cut timber, all of the above species of trees, with the improvements gradually being introduced, and a fine mill to be built. The improvements consist of a good road and bridge, and the town north of the mill is expected to be one of the most prosperous in the county. The town is planned to be the center of a large food-producing district, and will soon be the center of a large food-producing area.

The Golden Age sailed for Panama and New York on the 20th ult. with $1,889,877, and 341 passengers. The number of passengers on the mail, the same date, was 360, total 700.

The first number of the Placer County Record, published by J. W. Carpenter, was issued in Yreka, June 25th.

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

**Editor's Table.**

The following are some of the recent events in the history of the Allison Ranch:

- The proprietors of the Allison Ranch, near the head of the Feather River, have sold their place to Dr. D. H. Monadnock, of Forty-Nine; their 360 acres of the best cut timber, all of the above species of trees, with the improvements gradually being introduced, and a fine mill to be built. The improvements consist of a good road and bridge, and the town north of the mill is expected to be one of the most prosperous in the county. The town is planned to be the center of a large food-producing district, and will soon be the center of a large food-producing area.

- The Golden Age sailed for Panama and New York on the 20th ult. with $1,889,877, and 341 passengers. The number of passengers on the mail, the same date, was 360, total 700.

- The first number of the Placer County Record, published by J. W. Carpenter, was issued in Yreka, June 25th.

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

**Editor's Table.**

The following are some of the recent events in the history of the Allison Ranch:

- The proprietors of the Allison Ranch, near the head of the Feather River, have sold their place to Dr. D. H. Monadnock, of Forty-Nine; their 360 acres of the best cut timber, all of the above species of trees, with the improvements gradually being introduced, and a fine mill to be built. The improvements consist of a good road and bridge, and the town north of the mill is expected to be one of the most prosperous in the county. The town is planned to be the center of a large food-producing district, and will soon be the center of a large food-producing area.

- The Golden Age sailed for Panama and New York on the 20th ult. with $1,889,877, and 341 passengers. The number of passengers on the mail, the same date, was 360, total 700.

- The first number of the Placer County Record, published by J. W. Carpenter, was issued in Yreka, June 25th.

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

**Editor's Table.**

The following are some of the recent events in the history of the Allison Ranch:

- The proprietors of the Allison Ranch, near the head of the Feather River, have sold their place to Dr. D. H. Monadnock, of Forty-Nine; their 360 acres of the best cut timber, all of the above species of trees, with the improvements gradually being introduced, and a fine mill to be built. The improvements consist of a good road and bridge, and the town north of the mill is expected to be one of the most prosperous in the county. The town is planned to be the center of a large food-producing district, and will soon be the center of a large food-producing area.

- The Golden Age sailed for Panama and New York on the 20th ult. with $1,889,877, and 341 passengers. The number of passengers on the mail, the same date, was 360, total 700.

- The first number of the Placer County Record, published by J. W. Carpenter, was issued in Yreka, June 25th.

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

**Editor's Table.**

The following are some of the recent events in the history of the Allison Ranch:

- The proprietors of the Allison Ranch, near the head of the Feather River, have sold their place to Dr. D. H. Monadnock, of Forty-Nine; their 360 acres of the best cut timber, all of the above species of trees, with the improvements gradually being introduced, and a fine mill to be built. The improvements consist of a good road and bridge, and the town north of the mill is expected to be one of the most prosperous in the county. The town is planned to be the center of a large food-producing district, and will soon be the center of a large food-producing area.

- The Golden Age sailed for Panama and New York on the 20th ult. with $1,889,877, and 341 passengers. The number of passengers on the mail, the same date, was 360, total 700.

- The first number of the Placer County Record, published by J. W. Carpenter, was issued in Yreka, June 25th.

- On the 24th of July, ten years ago, the first U. S. Mail was carried up the Sacramento river from San Francisco.
STATE INDUSTRY.—To those whose highest terrestrial hopes and noblest aspirations centre in the prosperity and happiness of the home of their adoption, the State of California, we need only mention that on the 13th of September next, the State Agricultural Society (we devout, and always did, to the name of the Society, as being by far too inexpressive for the objects embraced by it) will hold its Sixth Annual Fair at Sacramento City, for the exhibition of every kind of article produced by the skill, enterprise, and industry of Californians.

This exhibition will include all kinds of cattle, from a short-horned bull to a Don- lon cow; horses of all work, to full-blooded race-horses; not even excluding jacks and mares; sheep, from a Spanish to a Southdown; Swine, from a javoille "Roofer" to the fattest kind of a Pouter; Poultry, from a Dung-hill Hen, to a Turkey Gobbler; Rabbits, from a lop-eared white to a long-eared hare. Then again, Tools and Machinery of all kinds are not to be forgotten, from a Spade to a Threshing Machine, and even to a Quota Mill, complete; every variety of produce from the farm, orchard, vineyard, nursery, (perhaps inclusive of boys and girls) and garden, from a pea-nut to an oil painting, may be entered for the competition of the articles enumerated—oven if totally new—so as act to come within the partial examination (and, if worthy, a prize of Managers sufficiently to say that an improvement has been made.)

The Dairy, even, is not to be overlooked in the important article of "butter and cheese—and all." Then again, every kind of Manufacture will be welcomed, from a bar of soap to a steam engine; or from a basket of wine to a church organ. The Fine Arts, moreover, are not to be slighted, for every possible conception of the human brain, from fruit to an oil painting, may be entered for the prize—and if there be anything new—entirely new—as so as not to come within the range of the articles enumerated—even if it be so on expediencies mode of passenger transit to the moon; or an invaluable method of discovering honesty in the soil of a politician—we think we know the boards of Managers sufficiently to say an impartial examination (and, if worthy, a prize also,) will be secured. Therefore, everybody may, and we trust will, produce something that shall enhance the progress, show the skill, or develop the resources of the State, at the Annual Exhibition in September next.

We give pleasant greeting this month to a new religious monthly magazine, entitled "The Pacific Expositor," edited by Dr. W. A. Scott, D. D., and published by Geo. W. Stierer, of this city. The praiseworthy object of its able editor is announced to be the exposition of God's Word, and the preaching of the Gospel, so that the purely dwellers in the mountains and valleys of California, with the blessings of religious instruction, of the same kind and quality as that given to the residents of a city on the Sabbath day. We have many times listened, with much gratification, to the sermons and lectures of Dr. Scott, and can assure our readers that the reverend gentleman has the faculty of making his discourse very interesting. This gift is either very rare, or is sufficiently cultivated among California divines; and yet the requirements of a California audience are greater than those of other countries where social and religious influences are generally higher and more numerous, as well as more varied.

The discussion of dry theological subjects have little interest to those here whose business has kept the mind in a perpetual fever of excitement, for six days out of seven; so that, when they repair to the sanctuary on a Sabbath day, they not only need the Bread of Life well buttered with interesting facts and stories, to make it palatable, but require that no dry and un-worthy theological substitutes of bone-dust should constitute the component parts of the staff of eternal life, because they so rarely find, or nicely balance. We doubt if this work will be very acceptable, especially for Sunday reading.

To Contributors and Correspondents.

Emily T.—Necessity.—The first complete translation of the Bible into English was by Wycliffe, about the year 1386.

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

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

R. B.—Open Hollow.—Your style is altogether too diffuse. The secret of elegant composition lies in expressing a thought in a comprehensive and as valuable language as may be possible. Then again we would recommend you not to be afraid of your trouble, for the simple reason that a good article is worth a few more lines than others. Believe us.

Subscribers.—Can you supply the article mentioned in your note of the 4th?
of God's Gospel, so maintains a favored reputation, that given Sabbath med., with mons and mors, our human has ours very very rare, or among Caliminations of them these and roll-higher and are varied.

Subjects here where those a personal gaps out of pair to the day not only clutter with to make it dry and su-

Of homedust apparent parts humble, as expected. We this to those applicable and e. We doubt acceptance, con-

respondents.

most complete into English ever 1860.

Reunion of number number duly conceived. arose in the

If you anything you will learn

or style is altering a thought as suitable lane.

Then again you not to be for the simple is worth a day to us.

To supply the ar-

of the 4th?
The highest premiums were awarded these Machines in 1858, at the following Fairs and Institutes:

- Missouri, New Jersey, Kentucky, Chicago, Illinois, Maryland, Wisconsin, St. Louis, Mississippi, Virginia, Michigan, Baltimore, New York, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Richmond, California, Mechanics' Institute, San Francisco.

These Machines having taken the First Premiums at all the State Fairs held last Fall (1858) throughout the Union, in every instance where they have contended, over all other Sewing Machines, must be received as

Conclusive Evidence of their Unqualified Superiority.

Among the undoubted advantages of these Machines, are—

1. Elegance and simplicity of construction, and consequent freedom from derangement and need of repairs.
2. Durability.
3. Unexampled ease and rapidity of operation.
5. Beauty of stitch and firmness of seam.
7. Applicability to a variety of purposes and materials.

"They are applicable to every variety of sewing for family wear, from the lightest muslin to the heaviest cloths. It works equally well upon Silk, Linen, Woolen, and Cotton Goods; sewing, Quilting, Hemming, Gathering, and Felling—performing every species of sewing, except making Button Holes, Stitching on Buttons, and the like. Various appliances are furnished for regulating the width of hems. The "Hemmer" is an appendage by which the edge of the fabric as it passes through, is turned down and handsomely stitched. Thousands of these Machines are used by FAMILIES, Seamstresses, Dressmakers, Tailors, Manufacturers of Shirts, Coats, Mantillas, Clothing, Hats, Caps, Crinolines, Ladies' Gowns, Umbrellas, Parasols, Silk and Linen Goods, with complete success; sometimes from one to two hundred are used in a single manufacture.

"See what the Scientific American says:—"We are having a great many inquiries for Sewing Machines from various parts of the country, and as we cannot conveniently reply to them all by mail, we have thought it proper to state our opinion in regard to them in this public manner. We have used Wilson's patent, manufactured by the Wheeler & Wilson's Manufacturing Company, No. 505 Broadway, and we can say in regard to it, that it is without a rival. It is simple, not easily put out of order, and in point of effect and finish no other machine stands ahead of it. We state this much in regard to the excellent machine on our own responsibility.

An ample supply of these FIRST PREMIUM MACHINES will be received by every steamer from New York; and for sale at the ONLY DEPOT of

WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING MACHINES,
Corner Montgomery and Sacramento Sts.,
SAN FRANCISCO.

H. C. HAYDEN, Agent.