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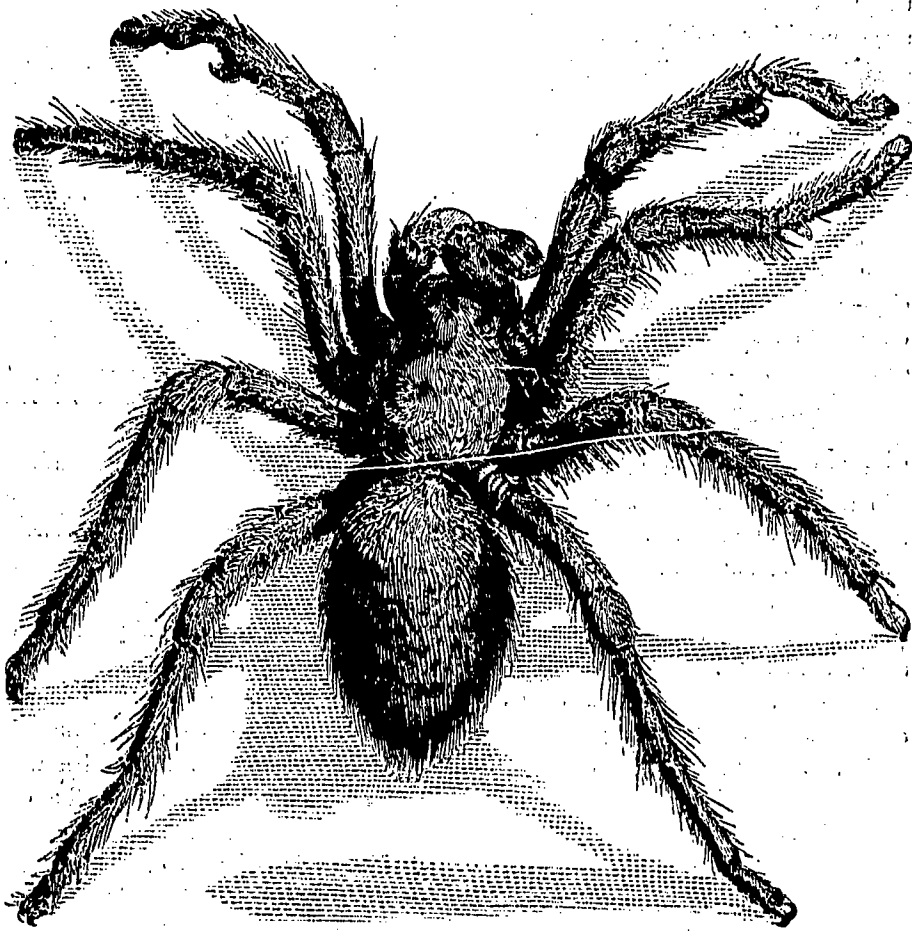
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HUTCHINGS'

# CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. III. FEBRUARY, 1859. No. 8.

THE TARANTULA OF CALIFORNIA.



TARANTULA OF CALIFORNIA—LIFE SIZE.

Take another look at the animal, reader; do not be afraid of him; for, though many members of his class are both vicious and venomous, we can give you our unqualified assurance that this one will neither bite nor sting you. Through the kindness of the Secretary of the Odd Fellows' Library (who loaned us the spe-

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cimens), the assistance of Mr. Nahl, the artist, and Mr. Armstrong, the engraver, we are enabled to place a tarantula before the curious that has been perfectly tamed, and is, therefore, harmless! Of none but those which are similarly situated would we venture such an opinion.

Now, that you have examined him to your satisfaction, you are convinced that, after all, there is nothing very prepossessing in his appearance. In this opinion we most cordially concur. Before we reach the end of this article, we hope to win a similar coincidence with our opinion, which is this: that, if there is nothing beautiful or inviting in his appearance, there is certainly much about his organization and habits that is very interesting.

The tarantula (*aranea tarantula*), then, is supposed to be a native of Tarentum, Italy, from whence it derives its name. We also suppose that, although they may have derived their name from that Italian city—as no person would be venturesome enough to transport them to the American continent for the profit or pleasure of the thing—and, moreover, as they are not only found here in considerable numbers, but are three times the size of those of Italy, it is but reasonable to conclude that they are as much natives of this country as of any land on the borders of the Mediterranean; therefore, why should not the naturalist accord this fact to science and history?

There can be no doubt that each variety belongs to the same genus as the spider. It may differ in size and habits, but its organism is in all respects similar. The body is composed of two parts; united at the thorax—nearly mid-way between the head and the abdomen. It has eight legs, four on each side. Between the two fore-legs there are a pair of sharp and serrated nippers, which they use very rapidly when about to seize upon their prey. Between these, again,

and somewhat beneath the nippers, are two horny, sharp, and hollow fangs, curved inwardly, through which a poisonous fluid escapes, when attacking an enemy. Each animal of this class has either six or eight eyes—generally the latter number—which are variously disposed in the different genera. Every portion of the body and legs is covered with a soft downy hair of a dark brown color (somewhat between a slate color and chocolate). Under the extremities of each of the fore-legs, there is a claw, or hook, which is used to open and close the doors of their habitations, as hereafter described.

The propagation of this species, as of all other spiders, is effected by means of eggs, which are carefully enveloped in a cocoon of silk. They subsist principally upon flies and other insects that may chance to stray too near their dwellings. The tarantula is very expert in the capture of its prey, which it drags to its nest, and devours at leisure.

The following description of the nest, and mode of entering it,—from the Iconographic Encyclopædia—will be read with interest:

“The species of Mygale live in holes of their own construction, some of which are closed by a trap-door, which renders them difficult to find, and affords a protection to the ingenious constructor. The trap-door is wider externally than internally, or slightly conical, and the mouth of the aperture is formed so as to receive it with great exactness, whilst the form is such as to prevent it from becoming fastened—as would often be the case were it cylindrical. This door is made of about thirty layers of silk and dirt, the layers being something in the shape of small brass weights, the different sizes of which lie one within the other. Upon leaving or entering its burrow, the lid closes after the spider by its own weight; and, when the animal is upon the out-

side, it must be ter. The elastic to close the raised vertically back; and it is tion of the thickest toward account less li wards beyond the margin of t and opposite the a series of small sert its claws place, in case of lid from witho sserted, so as to and the clay b deceived anim unexpected ma captured witho

There can b sonous nature bite. In the saw the foot a Captain C. J. W killed by the California), alt omous insects nine different was a running size of a half-c so for several most careful tre not; in our opin dom tradition we have seldom instances when ed from its bite

Unfortunately known concern in this State. pecial benefit t once if gentlen habits of these communicate public.

Dr. A. Kellog of this city, ha

side, it must be raised to allow it to enter. The elasticity of the hinge is sufficient to close the aperture if the lid be raised vertically, or drawn still further back; and it is assisted by the distribution of the earthy material, which is thickest towards the hinge, and on this account less likely to be thrown backwards beyond its centre of gravity. Near the margin of the inner side of the lid, and opposite the hinge, the Mygale forms a series of small holes, to enable it to insert its claws and jaws to hold it in place, in case of an attempt to raise the lid from without; and, if a knife be inserted, so as to run beneath the spider, and the clay be then lifted with it, the deceived animal, circumvented in this unexpected manner, suffers itself to be captured without opposition."

There can be doubt of the poisonous nature of the tarantula's bite. In the summer of 1857 we saw the foot and leg of the late Captain C. J. W. Russell (who was killed by the Indians in Lower California), after one of these venomous insects had bitten him in nine different places. Each one was a running sore, nearly the size of a half-dime, and remained so for several months, despite the most careful treatment. Yet, it is not, in our opinion, so fatal as random tradition would make it, as we have seldom, if ever, heard of instances where death has resulted from its bite.

Unfortunately, there is but little known concerning the variety found in this State. It would be an especial benefit to entomological science if gentlemen, who have studied the habits of these or other insects, would communicate their observations to the public.

Dr. A. Kellogg, an eminent entomologist of this city, has favored us with the fol-

lowing personal observations:

"Whether tarantulas are generally found to be more numerous in certain localities, I am unable to say; but I have often travelled over extensive tracts of country, where they were reputed to be, without seeing any. If, perchance, I saw one, I always found it a pretty sure introduction to others. When suddenly surprised, they magically disappear—unless, as is often the case, they choose to face the foe. Their trap-doors are so skillfully constructed that it requires the keenest observation to distinguish them from the surrounding earth; and they are so handy with the little hooks of the fore-feet that they can 'open sesame' and disappear from sight by a peculiar kind of 'hocous poeus.' From this fact I conclude that those which I have observed do not stray



TARANTULA'S NEST.

far from their habitations—at least, during the day, and at certain seasons of the year.

"In the vicinity of Rock Island Ferry, Brazos river, in Texas, I saw great numbers of these enormous spiders. Those

which I have seen in California are not so large nor so ferocious—in fact, California is not the best field in the world for an entomologist.

“At the place above referred to, dinner over, we were one day amusing ourselves under the shade of some oak trees, when one of those large, red-winged wasps fell

his fury upon upon one of those spiders. The first part of the battle I did not see; but, when discovered, the wasp and spider were clenched and floundering about, rough and tumble, with a succession of sharp, quick and spiteful buzzes—z-z-zip!—z-z-zip! The contest lasted but a moment or so, when the wasp flew away, and left the quivering spider to fold his arms in death.

“It is known that some wasps kill spiders to feed their young; but this red, or orange-winged spider I have never known to make any attempt to use the carcass after the victory; I therefore conclude that they must be simply natural enemies, and do not properly prey upon each other—as is usually the case under similar circumstances.”

Another gentleman, who has made the study of entomology his favorite pastime for many years, has given us numerous particulars concerning the tarantula's enemy, the *Pepsis*. This fly, like all of the genus *Sphex*, provides for its young by making a hole in the ground, or occupying one already made by the *cosmus* (a species of moth, the caterpillars of which live in wood), or *cerambyx* (a species of beetle), or any other wood-boring insect, and then deposits its eggs within it, so that when the larva, or maggots, come out from the eggs, they may find sufficient food from the *cadaver* (the dead body of the insect) on which to exist until it is transformed into a chrysalis, in which state it sleeps without taking any food whatever.

All male insects of this genus (with the exception of those of the social *hy-*

*menoptera*) die immediately after sexual connection with the female; and the female follows the example of the male after depositing her eggs in the objects which are to serve as food for the young, the only exceptions to this law of nature being in those above mentioned.



TARANTULA'S ENEMY.

There are two different systems of social organization among them: the one forming societies, which consist of perfect males and females, and females whose sexual organism is imperfect, or undeveloped. These are called laborers, or neuters, and the duties imposed upon them are the providing of food and lodgings for the young brood of the perfect ones. The other system of social organization consists of the male and female only, among which the females act the same part as do the neuters with the other. The buildings of the latter are not so artificial and imperfect as those of the former class.

A transition from the social insects to the *sphex* tribe is formed by the groups of *anthreni*, and some related genera that do not form social organizations like the first, but whose females live after depositing their eggs, and who feed their young with the pollen of flowers, or even some insects that may be needed as food.

Some of the *scolia* genus sew together the head and *anus* of a small maggot, by means of their sting, so that it forms a living ring, which serves for the food of the young. When a sufficient number

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of these are thus provided, the parents die like the others. Now, having thus explained the different ways of living among the related insects, we think it our duty to invite the attention of any close observers of nature to this species of California pepsis, of which we give an engraving on the preceding page.

All that is at present known of this insect is that its body is of a dark blue and its wings of a bright orange color—almost approaching to a red—and that it attacks our California species of *mygale*, or tarantula, with the most unrelenting vindictiveness, even to the death. We only suppose, from what we know of the related genera, that its object is to provide a place of deposit for its eggs and food for its young in the victim of its attacks.

This is, of itself, a valuable contribution to the natural history of the hymenoptera, that thus we can give the way in which the genus pepsis exists in the larva state; and, as this fact is unknown among the greatest entomological savans of Europe, we expect yet to have the satisfaction of seeing it in the *Annales de l'Entomologie* of Paris—although accompanied with the regrets of the erudite editor, Dr. Boisduval, that, while he now knows the larva state of the genus, our description is not sufficiently minute and scientific to enable him to classify and determine the species.

This we hope to be enabled to do when more is known concerning it, and perfect specimens are sent us.

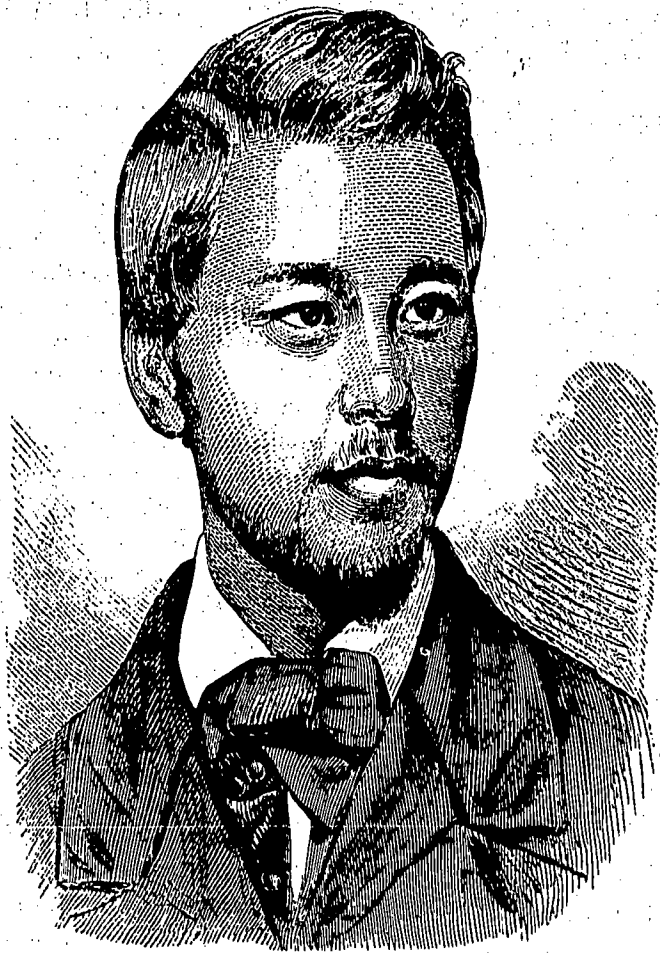
We may here mention that the pepsis, by its sting, paralyzes, but does not kill, the tarantula; and what is somewhat remarkable, when he is thus paralyzed, if he is too heavy for the pair of flies who have disabled him to convey to their hole, others will assist them, a fact hitherto supposed to be peculiar only to ants, bees, and others of the social hymenoptera.

## JOSEPH HECCO.

THE accompanying engraving is an excellent likeness of Joseph Hecco, the Japanese youth, who, having been educated in the United States, is now on his way to his native country in the U. S. surveying schooner Fenimore Cooper.

Joseph Hecco was born in the city of Hadima, Japan, about the year 1838. Having finished his education at Jeddo, he was sent by his father, in a junk belonging to his uncle, to the city of Miacoo—a distance of about 250 miles—for the purpose of entering into commerce.

Soon after the junk got to sea, a great storm arose, and the vessel was dismasted and rendered unmanageable, and then it drifted away, at the mercy of the winds and waves, to a distance of 600 miles from Japan, where the crew and passengers, seventeen in number, were picked up by the bark Auckland, having been at the mercy of the elements for fifty days, during which time they suffered great privation. The bark arrived here in March, 1851. On the 22nd of the same month, the Japanese were transferred to the U. S. Revenue Cutter Polk, Capt. Webster, on board of which they were detained eleven months, when the U. S. sloop-of-war St. Marys was ordered by the Government to take them to Hong Kong. The Japanese captain, despairing of ever getting home, and feeling great solicitude for the lives of those under his care, died of a broken heart. He was buried at Honolulu, S. I., at which place the St. Marys stopped for that purpose. Upon arriving at Hong Kong, the Japanese were placed on board the Susquehanna, to wait for Commodore Perry, who was to take them to Japan. Becoming impatient, Joseph, accompanied by Thoro (who is now employed in Wells, Fargo & Co.'s office, San Francisco,) and another, believed it prudent



JOSEPH HECO.

[From a Photograph by Vance.]

to return to California, where they arrived in October, 1852. Capt. Pease, then commander of the Argus (now of the Marcy), an excellent and accomplished officer, received them on board his vessel, and did all in his power to render them comfortable. Captain Pease, observing Heco's aptness in acquiring knowledge, and his affability, became interested in him to such an extent as to introduce him to his friends, among whom was the Collector of the Port, Col. Sanders, who immediately took him in charge, and had him educated in one of our best schools. Being a good Japanese scholar, Heco advanced rapidly in his studies, so that, in August, 1853, it was thought advisable by Col.

Sanders to take him to Washington, whither he went, and remained about a year, having Heco with him, who there attracted much attention.

Upon his return to California, Heco was again placed at school, on leaving which he was employed by the highly-respectable firm of Macondray & Co., where he was esteemed for his industry and faithfulness to business. Senator Gwin, having become acquainted with Heco, and no doubt being convinced that he could render valuable services to our Government in its treaties with Japan, prevailed upon Joseph's friends to allow him to accompany him to Washington, which he did, in the capacity of private



secretary. Hecco was there introduced to the President and members of Congress, by whom he was well received and kindly treated.

Joseph expressed a desire to return to his native country and see his parents, from whom he has now been absent eight years, and many of the public journals in the Eastern States suggested that he should be appointed to some official position—as interpreter, or clerk, connected with one of our Government representatives in Japan; but Hecco is still young, and without experience in public matters; and, besides, he is not thoroughly master of English, though he speaks it fluently; so he was offered the position of Captain's Clerk on board the Fenimore Cooper, under Lieut. J. M. Brooke, who had been directed to make some important surveys in the Chinese and Japanese seas. Hecco accepted the position, which is really a very comfortable and honorable one, and about the 10th of September last, the vessel sailed from this port for Nargasaki, *via* Honolulu, which latter port she entered in good time, and probably before now has reached her Japanese port, and Hecco may be at this moment in the house of his parents, who will no doubt be greatly astonished to see their son strutting about in European clothes, wearing the blue coat and brass buttons of the American navy. "Strutting," however, is not Joseph's habit, at all; he is a very modest and genteel young man, in his manners, and is, we believe, liked by all who know him. A point which must not be omitted here is, that he is extremely grateful to the American people for the kindness he has received; and, if he should be able to render any service to our Government, he will, no doubt, exert himself to the utmost to do so. It is a matter of pride to us to know that he has been treated so well in our country, and of gratification that he has proved so worthy of the good treatment he has received.

## CABIN HOMES.

"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

DID you ever live in a cabin home, reader. I mean particularly a miner's cabin. If you have not, you have never enjoyed life to its fullest extent—never felt that unrestrained liberty, that audacious disregard for conventionalities and contempt for formalities which inspire a sense of freedom that is perfectly ravishing.

Our cabin homes are changed and changing. Civilization (no sarcasm intended) is fast encroaching upon the freedom of the miner's life. Something like a tone of society is gradually establishing itself throughout the mountains; a white shirt and broadcloth coat are becoming necessary appendages to a man who would be considered respectable; frame houses are rising in the train of this new state of affairs, and the conservative old log cabins and rude, reckless, noble-hearted men that braved the perils of the early days of California, are gradually disappearing before the dawn of civilization; and already are tales of the days when they flourished in their glory, recounted around the modern cabin hearth as legends of things that *were*.

But if the unbounded liberties of those early days have been somewhat restricted, they have not become wholly extinguished, nor never can be—for the very nature of cabin life implies a freedom from all restraint which society imposes.

Why should the miner, toiling with a steady, fixed purpose, regard any other formalities than those plain ones which a frank, honest heart dictates in his intercourse with men? Why should he reverence any social juggernaut, beneath which he must sacrifice his comfort to appease the inexorable wrath of society? Nor does he.

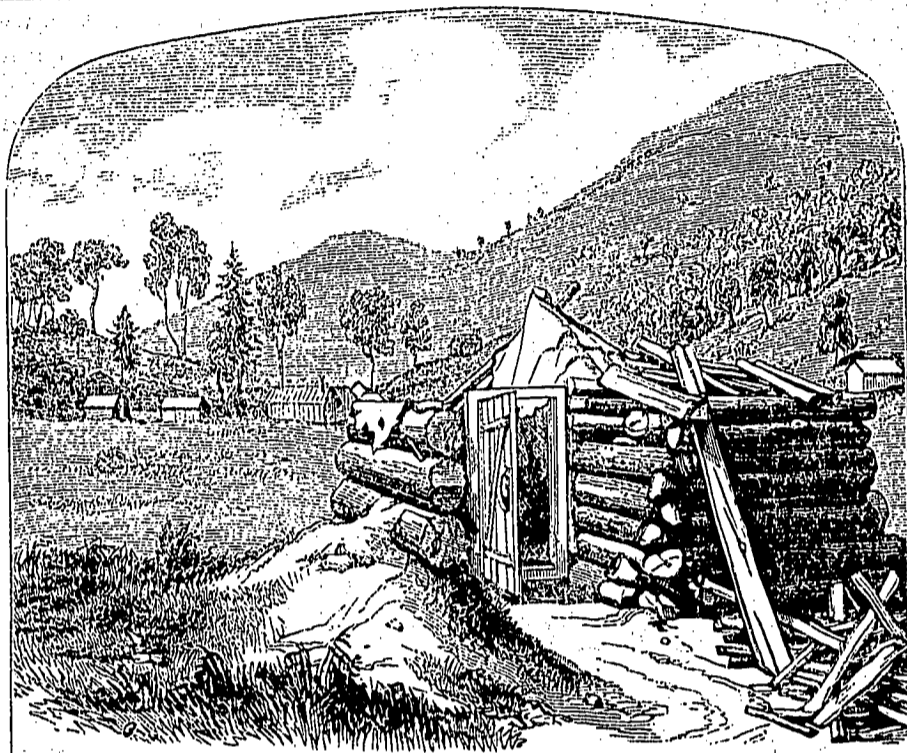
The haughtiest baron of the feudal ages never gazed upon his castle and viewed

its strength and security with a prouder heart than every miner looks upon his cabin, and marks with fond complacency its points of superior comfort, convenience and elegance. And he need be proud, for it is one of the noblest structures of man—one raised by his own honest labor from the materials which God has placed at his disposal. It is his home, and, like all homes, becomes endeared by a thousand circumstances. The rude walks become mute confidants, and share his hopes and disappointments, joys and sorrows, until he gradually forms an attachment for them such as we ever feel for places made dear by associations. And beside this solitary companionship, it is the scene of many a mirthful gathering, enlivened by wit and humor, boisterous, perhaps, yet overflowing with goodfellowship.

The daily cabin life partakes in the highest degree of this sense of freedom. Witness the miner's proficiency in housewifery. Behold his sumptuous repasts, gotten up in the greatest style of luxury which his limited provisional and cooking apartments will permit. And when the day's tire is over, with what a sense of amiable ease he seats himself upon the hearth upon which burns the huge fire—built with a reckless disregard for fuel—which sets the cabin all a-glow with its ruddy light. Surrounded with smiling faces, with a mind free from the distracting schemes of traffic, and a disposition which leaves the morrow to take care of itself; why should not the miner be happy at such a time? He is: and if perchance the thought comes over him, that he shall some day leave his cabin home, a sad emotion gathers in his heart, and he feels that the farewell will not be spoken without regret.

But there are other memories of cabin homes which wear not the same bright hues—memories shaded by sadness and desolation. The tyrannic hand of cir-

cumstance may have forced us to leave familiar walks of life, and seek new ones among strangers. But the heart, with a strange perversity, will cling to endeared objects; and oft amid the trials and struggles of the present we think of our old cabin home, which has already become tinged with the many-hued beauties of the past; each landscape beauty, each hour of peace, each scene of happiness reveals itself, until it dwells in the memory as a place only of beauty, peace and happiness. Perchance with these recollections vivid in our mind, we go back to our former home, wander up the same path that we have trodden so often, see the creek, the hills, the valley—all, as we knew them of old; and as we climb the knoll from which we shall see the cabin, the heart will not keep till, but leaps in the breast like a glad child that knows it approaches home. We catch a glimpse of the old oak in whose shade we have so often reposed in the sultry mid-day—the cabin will be seen next! How the heart throbs!—but hush, fond heart, hush; thy boundings of joy must change to the slow beatings of grief, and the flowers with which thy fancy has decked this spot are turned to the dark cypress which groweth upon ruins! The cabin is there—dismantled and fallen to decay. Roof, chimney, walls, all of which, though humble, once towered as our home, lie in ruins; and the old door upon whose threshold we have sat so often in the evening hour, creaks mournfully upon its hinges, as if disconsolate that no hand with rapture should ever again lift its rude, wooden latch; and to complete the scene of desolation, the prowling coyote retreats reluctantly at our reproach, as if he thought us intruders upon our own hearth. Cease for a while your mournful creaking, old door, for you shall be closed by a friendly hand which has often lifted your latch with joy, when your opening revealed the comforts of a home. Though you are



THE DESERTED CABIN.

desolate now, old hearth, and the coyote  
treads undisturbed upon you, yet I would  
seat myself by you awhile, for I have sat  
upon you when you glowed warm in the  
cheerful blaze, and the smiling faces of  
happy friends reflected its light. Ye may  
not heed me, but the heart bowed in sor-  
row speaks gently even to inanimate  
things. Let the curtain descend upon  
the scene, saddened by regrets. They  
are not the regrets only of seeing a rude  
home in ruins, but the heart cherishes  
others. Hopes, aspirations, and tenderly

conceived creations of the fancy, which  
we have fostered in this tenement, may,  
like it, be in ruins; while the years that  
have swept on, have found us, not what  
we should be, nor what we desire to be—  
but plodding life with the weary convic-  
tion that we live in vain. Ah! well-a-day,  
how beneficent the Power that formed us  
such skillful castle builders—apt aerial  
architects—that standing amid the ruins  
of the present we can rear in the distant  
future the fair proportions of brighter  
structures.

## RIVER MINING.

But few of those who have never  
looked upon the rushing and impetuous  
torrents that sweep down the deep cañons  
and rivers of the snow-covered Sierras,  
or watched the deep and eddying cur-  
rent, that so majestically flows on among  
the foot-hills and through the valleys of  
the State, can fully conceive the vastness

of the labor and risk of the men who  
determine to turn those streams from  
their natural courses, in order to abstract  
the golden grains from their rocky and  
pobbly beds.

Many, even of those who are most  
familiar with the scenes, and experienced  
in the task, are often deceived concerning  
the amount of time to be spent and the  
expense and trouble to be incurred in

the progress of their giant undertaking.

Often, too, when the laborious task has at last been accomplished, a sudden and overwhelming rain has caused the stream to rise, and, in a single night, the whole of their spring and summer's work has been swept away, without leaving the slightest trace of its existence; and all the miners' air castles of wealth, home-happiness, and good to be accomplished, and life to be enjoyed, which they had built, are no more: "And, like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wreck behind!"

Others, who have labored on, and completed the construction of their flumes, water-wheels, pumps, and sluices, ready to take every advantage of the short golden harvest-time allowed by the low stage of the water, discover, to their cost, that, alas! the precious metal is not to be found—at least, in sufficient quantities even to pay the cost of working.

There are others, again, (but the number is very limited,) who, in a single season, will take out a good large fortune. It is this hope that induces many men to invest every dollar in river mining that they have made in the hill, flat, ravine,

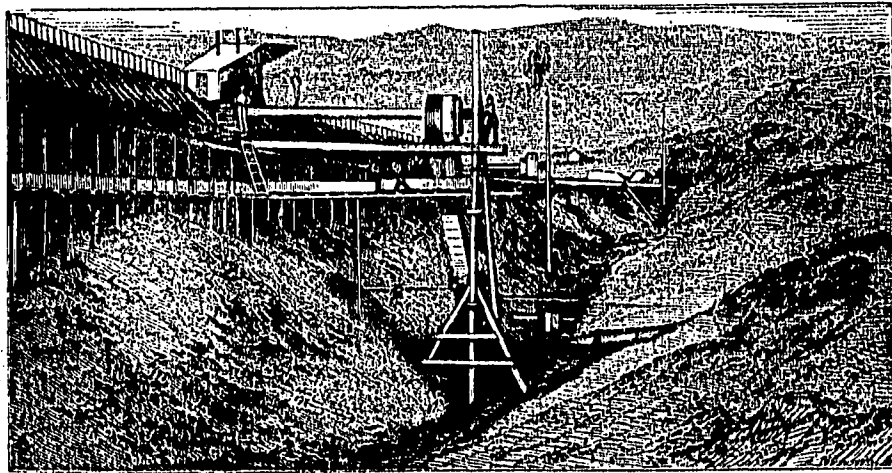
tunnel, or any other kind of diggings.

Those views of river mining which we here present, are of the celebrated "Cape Claim," on Feather river, located about a mile above Oroville. This claim is one of those which are considered successful.

At an early day after the company owning the ground had decided upon commencing the work, a contract for building the flume was entered into with Mr. Hart (afterwards Senator from Butte county). From Mr. T. Lyttle, one of the builders and overseers, we are favored with the following interesting facts concerning it:

The length of flume was 3,800 feet; width, 40 feet; height of sides, 6 feet; depth of water, 4 feet; and the force of the current through it was about 8 miles per hour. The number of wheels and pumps with which to keep the claim dry, and enable men to work advantageously, was 10—14 large and 4 small ones; number of sluices, 8. The cost of flume, wheels, pumps, sluices, etc., was \$120,000.

After the water of the river was turned through the flume, there were 260 men employed daily in working the claim,



VIEW OF THE RIVER'S BED AFTER THE WATER WAS TURNED THROUGH THE FLUME.

which, with tools, etc., cost \$1,500 per gold per day was \$7,500; the largest day. For 35 days, the average yield of amount taken out in one day, was 885

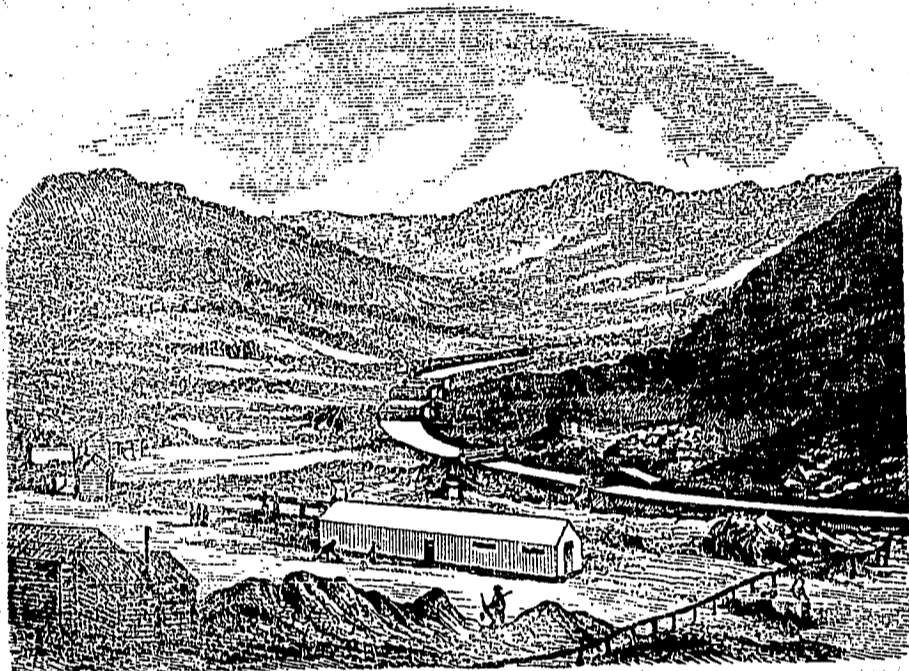
ounces, or (at \$18 per ounce\*) \$15,860; the richest single pan of pay dirt contained 102 ounces, 4 pennyweights, or \$1,842; the best paying sluice produced, in one day, \$13,122. The gross amount

of gold taken out, between the 20th of September\* and the 9th of November,† was \$260,000.

\* The day on which they commenced working the claim.

† Time was spent from Oct. 11th to the 15th in pumping out the claim, caused by an overflow from a rise in the river, after a storm of rain.

\* The gold, being fine, may have exceeded \$18 per ounce; but of this we are not informed.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE CAPE CLAIM, FEATHER RIVER.

MARYSVILLE.

Those who are unacquainted with the extent, commercial activity, business capacity and rural beauty of this flourishing inland city, must not suppose that the view here presented of D. Street gives even an approximating idea of it. The long lines of substantial brick stores, commodious hotels, and express and other offices, with numerous other buildings running at right angles out towards the river and plain; and all the many and exceedingly neat suburban cottages that adorn the outskirts of the city, would give a much more favorable impression

of it than this cut; unfortunately no eminence near, allows of an excellent general view being taken.

This city is located on the north bank of the Yuba river, about two-thirds of a mile from its junction with Feather river. The land upon which it stands is part of a grant of some forty-five thousand acres made by the Mexican government to Gen. John A. Sutter, by whom it was leased in 1841 to Mr. Theodore Cordua, and named by Gen. Sutter New Mecklenburg, in honor of Mr. C's native city.

Near the spot from whence our view of D street was taken, Cordua erected some adobe buildings, and directed himself to

diggings, which we called "Cape" and about a mile is one successful. company ded upon contract for into with from Butte one of the e favored facts con-

800 feet; s, 6 feet; e force of ut 8 miles heels and claim dry, ageously, nes; num- of flume, was \$120,-

was turned e 260 men he claim,



FLUME.

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the then almost exclusive business of stock raising. In 1846 population began slowly to increase, when he cultivated a portion of the land, opened a trading post, and run a barge between New Mecklenburg and San Francisco. In 1848 this enterprising German exported a considerable amount of valuable produce to the Sandwich Islands.

In the fall of 1848, Mr. Cordua sold out one half of his interest to C. Covillaud; and in the spring of 1849, his other half to M. C. Nye and W. Foster, when it generally became known among Americans as Nye's Ranch; but in the same year they disposed of their interest to Covillaud; who, a few months later, sold three fourths of his interest to Messrs. J. M. Ramirez, J. Sampson, and T. Ricard; these four having equal interests in the whole, which was then considered to be worth about \$60,000.

As the gold discoveries were attracting large numbers of persons to that quarter, these gentlemen saw the commercial advantages of the position, and decided upon laying out a city. Accordingly, in December, 1849, Mons. A. Le Plongeon was employed to survey and divide it into squares, streets, and lots; that, afterwards, were disposed of at almost fabulous prices: and the city was named Yubaville. At a public meeting, afterwards, it was proposed to change it to Norwich, then to Sicardo; but that of Marysville was finally adopted, in honor of Mrs. Covillaud, whose Christian name was Mary.

Almost before the survey was completed, the lease title began to be questioned; when the lessees purchased from General Sutter the whole of his grant, north of the Yuba River. A good, valid title being thus given to the land, the growth of the new city was very rapid.

In the month of January, 1850, the first steamer—the "Lawrence," commanded by Capt. E. C. M. Chadwick—

ploughed the waters of the Yuba, and continued making regular and profitable trips between Marysville and Sacramento. Freight was then eight cents per pound, and the fare \$25 per passenger.

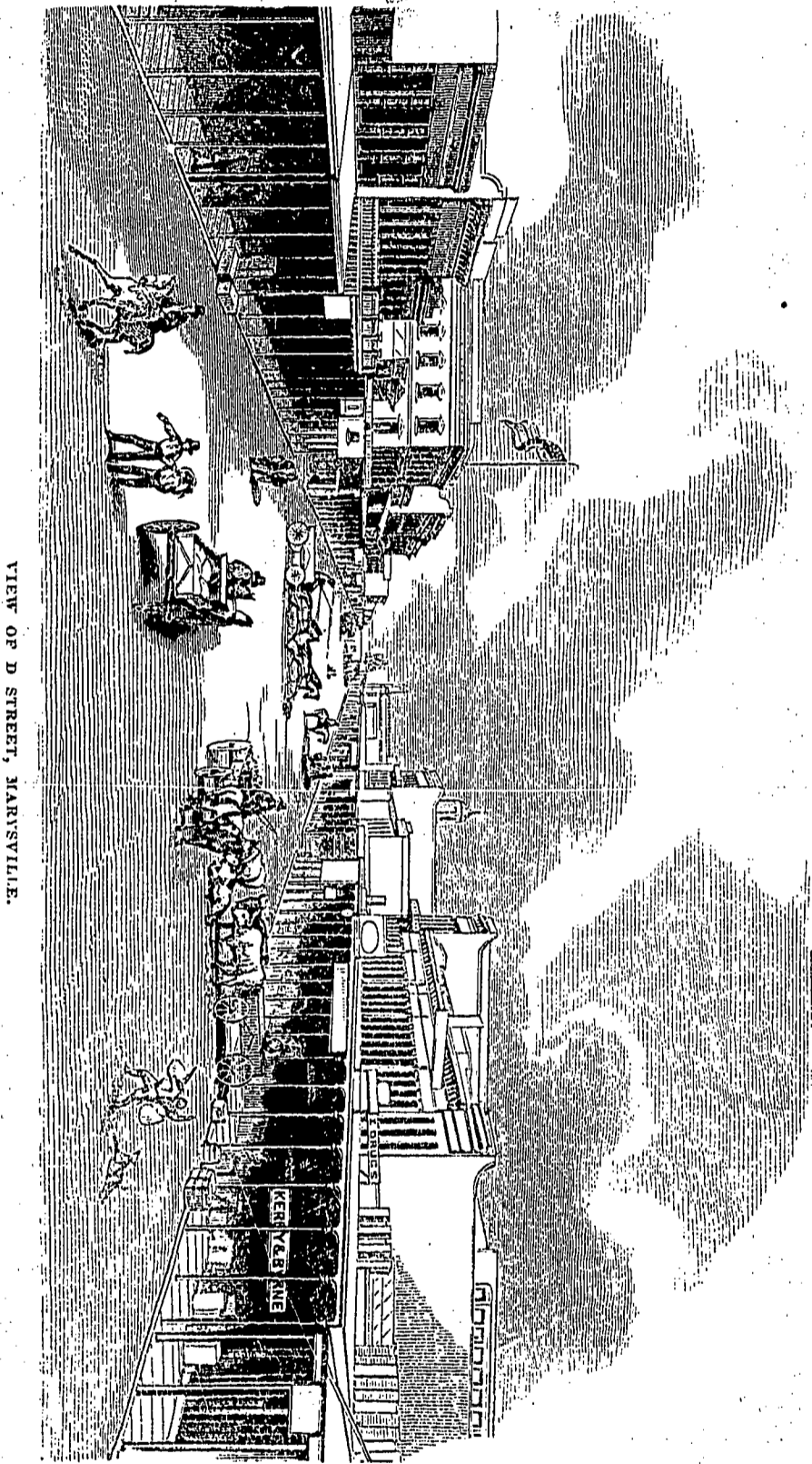
Up to January 18th, 1850, there were no recognized laws, courts, or officers, but on that day an election was held for a first and second alcalde, sheriff, and town council; when two hundred and thirty votes were cast in favor of Stephen J. Field, (the present able Associate Judge of the Supreme Court of this State, and brother of Cyrus Field, of Atlantic Telegraph memory,) as first alcalde; I. B. Wadleigh as second Alcalde; and T. M. Twitchell as Sheriff, who for some reason would not serve, when R. B. Buchanan was chosen in his stead. The council proved almost entirely useless, as all the duties of government seemed naturally to fall upon the alcaldes.

During the legislative session of 1850, Yuba county was created, and Marysville selected as the county seat; and on the first Monday of April of the same year, an election was first held for county officers, when 700 votes were polled.

At the next session of the Legislature, the city of Marysville was incorporated, and Dr. S. M. Miles was chosen first Mayor.

On the 31st of August, 1850, an extensive conflagration swept away the whole of the buildings that were standing between D and E streets, and First and Second streets; and before another week had elapsed, a second conflagration reduced every building to ashes, south of First street, between D street and Maiden Lane; but before the smoking embers were removed, several brick and adobe buildings were commenced upon the spot.

The city had but fairly recovered from her losses by fire, when, in the spring of 1852, a new enemy made its appearance, in the shape of a flood, completely inundating the business portion of the city;



VIEW OF D STREET, MARYSVILLE.

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injuring and destroying large quantities of goods. Fortunately, this flood subsided in a couple of days; and taught the merchants the necessity of adopting a higher grade for their buildings. In this they were but just in time to secure themselves against further danger from this cause; for, during the heavy thaws in the spring of 1853, a second flood, higher than the first, paid them a visit; but, this time with but little damage. To avoid similar catastrophes, the whole city grade, and entire blocks of buildings, were then raised some twelve feet.

The following year, (1854), a third fire destroyed a large number of buildings, among which were the theater, courthouse, and Presbyterian church; but these were soon replaced by substantial brick structures, that are now ornaments to the city.

With all these, and numerous other drawbacks, the indomitable enterprize of her people has made her the third most prosperous and most substantial city in the State. She now controls nearly the whole upper trade, north of the Yuba, and east of the Sacramento rivers; and, when a railroad shall have united her with the city of San Francisco—as it doubtless will before many years (perhaps months) have elapsed—there will be nothing to prevent her from largely increasing her present flourishing trade, and prosperous population; the latter being now estimated to exceed nine thousand, or more than one third of the entire population of Yuba county.

#### PETER LASSEN.

Who has not heard of Peter Lassen?—old Peter Lassen, as he is often familiarly called?—one of the oldest of our old pioneers, and after whom so many localities are named. For instance, we have "Lassen's Butte," a famous landmark at the head of the Sacramento val-

ley, and from whence the main and north forks of Feather River obtain their source. Then there is "Lassen's Pass" of the Sierras, in latitude  $41^{\circ} 50'$ , and "Lassen's Big Meadows," on the upper waters of Feather River; and others, similarly named, on the Humboldt River. Indeed, from the pioneering proclivities of old Peter, every snow-covered peak, and every green valley, and pass of the Sierras, has become as familiar to his sight as the sombre top of Monte Diablo is to the residents of San Francisco. With this introductory, we will now give a brief biography of the man.

Peter Lassen, then, is a native of Copenhagen, Denmark. He was born on the seventh of August, 1800, and is consequently now in the fifty-ninth year of his age. At the usual time of life he was apprenticed to the trade of a blacksmith, in his native city. At the age of twenty-seven, he made his master-piece. Custom there requires, that before a young man can commence business on his own account, he must be able to manufacture some article in his trade that is difficult to accomplish, or the necessary government certificate will not be granted him. When this is received, he can go to any part of the country that pleases him, and there begin for himself.

In his 29th year, he emigrated from Denmark to the United States, and arrived the same year in Boston. After several months' residence in eastern cities, following his trade for a livelihood, he removed to the west, and took up his residence at Katesville, Charlton county, Mo., where for nine years he practised the two-fold occupation of blacksmithing and farming.

In 1838, he formed a military company of seventy-five men, ready for military duty, in his adopted State.

In the spring of 1839, he left Katesville, Mo., in company with twelve others—two of whom were women, (missiona-

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PETER LASSEN.

*From a Photograph by R. H. Vance.*

aries' wives)—to cross the Rocky Mountains into Oregon. These fell in with a train belonging to the American Fur Company, which swelled their number to twenty-seven; and all traveled in company.

After the usual mishaps and fatigues of such an undertaking—when there were no roads, and the compass was their only guide—they arrived at the Dalles, Oregon, in October of the same year, leaving the two women at Fort Hall.

From the Dalles, they proceeded down the Columbia River to Fort Vancouver—then a post of the Hudson's Bay Company, but now belonging to the United

States—and thence up the Willamette to a few miles above Campout, now Oregon City; but as his company, (now reduced to seven men,) could not settle to suit themselves, after wintering here, they prepared to start for California.

As a sufficient company could not then be raised to cross the mountains and enter California overland, they were fortunate enough to find a vessel, named the "Lospanna," ready for sailing to San Francisco, after discharging its cargo of machinery and other articles for the missionaries of this district. This vessel was twice in danger of being wrecked; before getting fairly out of the Oregon

waters; once on Tongue Point, and once on a low rock at the mouth of the Columbia River.

Several weeks thus consumed, at last in safety they reached Fort Ross—then a Russian trading post, numbering some three hundred souls—from whence they obtained a pilot to Bodega, where they landed, and, after a short stay, attended with sundry difficulties with Gen. Vallejo and other Spaniards, they left for Capt. Sutter's camp, near the mouth of the American River, since known as Sutter's Fort, where they remained some fifteen days, and then started for Yerba Buena, now San Francisco; but, shortly afterward, Mr. Lassen went to San Jose, to winter, where he worked at his trade for a living.

In the spring of 1841, he purchased half a league of land near Santa Cruz, where he built a saw mill, which was the first one ever built and put into successful operation in the country. A saw-mill had been previously commenced, and partially built, at Fort Ross; but, having been washed away, was not again rebuilt. After cutting from forty to fifty thousand feet of lumber, he sold out his mill and ranch to Capt. Graham—who still resides there—taking one hundred mules for his pay, intending to return with them to the United States; but not being able to raise a company, the idea was abandoned.

In the fall of 1842, he took them up into the Sacramento Valley, and ranched them near Capt. Sutter's.

About this time Gen. Micheltorena, made him a grant of land, previously selected by Lassen, on Deer Creek, to which in the fall of 1843 he removed, with but one white man for his companion; who, some two months afterwards, became tired of the solitary life led there, and left him; when, although alone, surrounded by many hundreds of Indians, he lived in perfect safety, and without even seeing a white man for nearly seven months. Having worked at his trade for Capt. Sutter, and received his pay in stock; which, with the increase, he added to his band, he was now the possessor of between two and three hundred head; and yet, from the first hour to the last of his residence there, not one was ever disturbed by the Indians. All the labor of building his house and cultivating his farm was performed by Indians.

In the fall of 1844, a circumstance occurred which ought to be associated with the history of this State, and which is this: Some whites visited the neighborhood of

Mr. Lassen's residence, for the purpose of trapping beaver, with whom was an Oregon half-breed named Baptiste Chereux, who, while camping with his company on Clear Creek, found a piece of gold, in weight about half an ounce, but, thinking it some kind of brass metal, kept it in his shot-pouch, never dreaming that it was gold. After the gold was discovered at Coloma, this man returned to the same spot on Clear Creek, and discovered a very rich lead.

Col. Fremont, with fifty of his men, the following spring, remained some three weeks, sharing the hospitalities of Lassen's house; for the full account of which we must refer the reader to Col. Fremont's journal.

In April, 1846, and about eight days after Fremont had left Lassen's on his way to the Dalles, Oregon, Mr. Gillespie arrived with dispatches for Colonel F., from the U. S. Government; when Mr. Lassen and three others, after killing meat enough for the party, started after him, and delivered the dispatches in safety. On the Klamath Lake, the Indians of that tribe made an attack upon them in the night, after previously crossing them in their canoes; but one of Lassen's party having rode on ahead of the rest some distance, and found Col. Fremont, he returned in time to offer succor to the little party of whites.

During the war with Mexico, Mr. Lassen took an active and efficient part. When that was ended, and peace proclaimed, he and others returned to their homes, when the gold discovery was made known.

Unfortunately, old Peter took a partner about this time, who, it seems by Lassen's account, was a great rascal; when he, with some sharper lawyers, began to relieve him of his hard-earned riches. After several years of litigation, and its accompanying annoyances, Mr. Lassen lost his house and lands, and every head of stock that he had so industriously gathered around him; so that, in his declining days, he was driven to poverty and the loneliness of a mountain life, and now resides in Honey Lake Valley.

All the anecdotes and hair-breadth escapes of his eventful life, would make an interesting volume. We regret that our limited space has compelled us to give so brief an outline of his history; but which, nevertheless, we hope will be found both interesting and instructive; especially the closing moral—*Beware of bad partners, and nine-tenths of the lawyers*—and if need be, add the other tenth, and thus eschew law and lawyers altogether.

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## THE TOPOGRAPHY\* OF CALIFORNIA.

BY JOHN S. HITTELL.

CALIFORNIA has a peculiar topography. No other country comprises, within so small a space, such various, so many, and such strongly-marked natural divisions. Mountains, the most steep, barren and forbidding; valleys, the most fertile; deserts, the most sterile; lakes, the most beautiful; magnificent rivers, spacious bays, unparalleled waterfalls—all these are California's. She has the marshes of Holland, the prairies of Illinois, the dense forests of Central Indiana, and the sublime mountain scenery and everlasting snow of Switzerland. Her waters seek the ocean in many different directions, and a number of streams do not flow to the ocean at all, but have basins of their own, which their waters never leave.

In general shape, California is a long parallelogram, extending from latitude  $32^{\circ} 45'$  to  $42^{\circ}$  North, 700 miles long by 180 wide, the general course of the long axis being north-north-west by south-south-east. Along the western border of the State runs a chain of mountains, known as the "Coast Range," about 60 miles wide, and from 1,000 to 4,000 feet high. Along the eastern border, and reaching from latitude  $34^{\circ} 40'$  to  $41^{\circ}$ , lies the "Sierra Nevada," a range of mountains about 70 miles wide, and from 6,000 to 10,000 feet high. South of  $38^{\circ}$  this chain runs with the meridian, and at  $35^{\circ}$  it unites with the coast mountains and is lost. At the northern extremity

\* In this article I purpose to describe the conformation of the State, indicating the form, size, position and elevation of the hills, mountains, valleys, passes, rivers, lakes, marshes and deserts, with a slight allusion to the character of the soil and vegetation. Such a description, and no more, is, I believe, implied in the "topography" of a country. Webster says "Topography" is the description of a place, town, parish, or tract of land; and that "Chorography" is the corresponding term for a country; but the former word is used by civil engineers and the public generally to the almost entire exclusion of the latter, and Webster's definitions of both words are so indefinite and incorrect, that I shall venture to disregard his authority.

of the State, the Sierra Nevada and the Coast Range are connected by mountains which leave scarcely any valley land between  $40^{\circ} 30'$  and  $42^{\circ}$ .

*The Sacramento Basin.*

These two mountain ranges enclose between them a long valley, sometimes called the Sacramento Basin, which is the heart of the State—400 miles long by 50 wide—reaching from latitude  $35^{\circ}$  to  $40^{\circ} 30'$ . It is drained by two rivers: the Sacramento, running from the north, and the San Joaquin from the south. They meet and unite in the centre of the Basin, at latitude  $38^{\circ}$ , and, after breaking through the Coast Range, empty into the Pacific. The Sacramento Basin is very nearly level, gradually rising from the level of the sea, at the junction of the two rivers, to the height of 250 feet above the level of the sea, at the opposite ends of the valley. The even surface is broken in only one place, by the "Buttes"—a range of hills, 6 miles wide by 12 long, and 2,000 feet high—which rise in lonely abruptness in the middle of the valley, in latitude  $39^{\circ} 20'$ .

The Sacramento and the lower portion of the San Joaquin, run in the middle of their respective valleys, equidistant from the Sierra Nevada and the Coast Range, but they obtain nearly all their water from the former chain, which has a wider slope towards the valley, is much higher, and catches more rain and snow. Indeed, snow rarely visits the Coast Range, and never lies on it more than a few days at a time, except in the extreme north. In the 400 miles from Kern Lake to Shasta, there are a dozen creeks marked on the map as flowing in an easterly direction from the Coast Range; but, during the summer, three-fourths of these creeks sink in the sand as soon as they leave the mountains, and the others are so much reduced that they evidently would not reach the main drain if it should change its bed to the

eastern edge of the valley. In the rainy season, however, some of these creeks become large streams.

From the Sierra Nevada, a multitude of rivers pour down to the west. Beginning in the north, and going southward, we meet the Pitt, Feather, Yuba, American, Cosumnes, Mokelumne, Calaveras, Stanislaus, Tuolumne, Merced, San Joaquin, King's, White and Kern rivers—all of them considerable streams, and larger than the largest which flows from the other side of the Basin. The San Joaquin river does not rise at the extreme southern end of the Sacramento Basin, but 100 miles to the northward of it. That extreme southern part of the Basin is drained by the Tulare and Kern Lakes, and the sloughs or marshes which connect them with each other and with the San Joaquin river.

The rivers, which I have mentioned as flowing down the slope of the Sierra Nevada, are about 120 miles long, on an average—half their length being in the mountains and half in the plain. For the first half of their courses, they are torrents, running steeply down, with a fall of 5,000 feet in 50 miles. Their beds are deep cañons; their banks, rugged rocks; or if, here and there, a tract of level land be seen on their borders, it rarely exceeds a couple of miles in extent.

#### *Navigable Waters.*

The Sacramento river is navigable for river steamboats 250 miles; the Feather, 40 miles, and the San Joaquin 50. The Sacramento and San Joaquin unite 50 miles from the ocean, and then spread out into Suisun Bay, 12 miles long and 6 wide. Suisun Bay is connected, by the Straits of Carquinez, at Benicia, with San Pablo Bay—the two together being 45 miles long, from north to south, by 12, from east to west. These two bays are separated from the Pacific by two peninsulas, which are 10 miles wide, on an

average, and whose points are separated a mile apart by the Golden Gate, the entrance to the Bay of San Francisco. In front of the Gate lies a bar, which has 30 feet of water. San Francisco and San Pablo bays have sufficient depth of water for the largest vessels, and so, also, has Suisun Bay, but the entrance to the latter bay, through the Straits of Carquinez, has only 16 feet.

#### *Swamp Lands.*

Along the borders of these bays, and of the rivers which flow into them, there are extensive tracts of overflowed or swamp lands. The Sacramento and San Joaquin unite in the midst of a marsh, whose size is equivalent to a tract 20 miles square. At a rough estimate, there are 200 square miles of marsh on the Sacramento river, northward of Sacramento City; 100 on the San Joaquin, southward of Stockton; 200 between the San Joaquin and Tulare Lake; 150 south of the Tulare Lake; 60 on Suisun Bay; 80 on San Pablo Bay, and 80 on San Francisco Bay—making, in all, more than 1,000 square miles of marsh in the State.

#### *The Sierra Nevada.*

The Sierra Nevada is 450 miles long and 70 wide, and it is one of the steepest, rockiest and most broken of all mountain chains. About one-half of it is covered with timber; the other half is bare, or covered with brush. The valleys are all very narrow and small, and it is a great rarity to see a hundred acres of level, tillable land in the mountains, even at the side of the largest streams. The timber is, in many places, very dense and large, but most of it can never be used, because of being difficult of access. The trees most common, high up on the Sierra Nevada, are the Sugar Pine, the Western Yellow Pine, the Douglas Spruce, the Californian White Cedar, and the Western Balsam Fir. The mammoth tree, *Sequoia Gigantea*, is found in a few

places on the Sierra Nevada, from 4,000 to 5,000 feet above the level of the sea. On the foot-hills are found the Nut Pine, White Oak, Californian Evergreen Oak, Manzanita, Madroña, and Californian Buckeye.

*The Coast Mountains.*

The Coast Mountains follow the ocean shore from San Diego to Crescent City, and are about 50 miles wide. North of latitude  $41^{\circ}$ , they are an unbroken mass of mountains, extending 60 or 80 miles into the interior; but from that latitude to  $34^{\circ}$  they are divided into a great number of longitudinal ridges by beautiful valleys, watered by small rivers. These valleys vary from 20 to 80 miles in length; and there is one chain of them extending, almost uninterrupted by high land, from Humboldt Bay to San Luis Obispo. Thus, we start from the mouth of Eel river, near Humboldt Bay, and follow that stream up, going southward, parallel with the coast, 80 miles; then we cross over to the head of Russian river, and follow that stream down, keeping the same direction, 90 miles to the bend of this river, where it turns abruptly west to the ocean; then we cross the low plain of Santa Rosa to the head of Petaluma Creek, and down to its mouth, 40 miles from Russian river; then we go across the bays of San Pablo and San Francisco, 50 miles, to the mouth of Coyote Creek, which drains the Santa Clara Valley; we follow this creek up 40 miles; then, over hills not more than 500 feet high, to the valley of the Pajaro, across which a road leads to the Salinas river; and 80 more miles, up the Salinas Valley, brings the traveler to the centre of San Luis Obispo county—the whole route being 380 miles long, parallel with the coast, and nearly level. These valleys named are not the only ones in the Coast Mountains. There are many other valleys parallel to these; thus, 10 miles east of Petaluma Valley,

and parallel with it, lies Sonoma Valley; and 10 miles further, east of that, lies Napa Valley, and so on. These valleys are from 2 to 10 miles wide, and nearly level, and the mountains, almost impassable for horses, rise abruptly between them to a height of 2,000 feet. Beautiful, level, open valleys, and steep, rugged mountains alternate through the coast district.

South of latitude  $34^{\circ}$ , the Coast Mountains lie 20 miles, or more, from the ocean shore, and the streams flow at right angles to the course of the range. These streams, beginning at the north, are the Santa Inez, Santa Clara, Los Angeles, San Gabriel, Santa Ana, Santa Margarita, San Luis Rey, San Dieguito and San Diego rivers. Most of them are lost, during the summer, in the sand, before reaching the ocean.

The number of parallel ridges, and their wide separation from each other in many places, have led some persons to object to the name of the Coast Range, and to attempt to confine that title to a small portion of the coast mountains; but the attempt has failed. And, indeed, it is necessary to have some general name for these connected ridges, which are, after all, but one chain. The following names have been applied to various ridges:

The *Gabilan* ridge, between the Pajaro and Salinas rivers.

The *Santa Lucia* ridge, between the Salinas and the ocean.

The *Santa Cruz* ridge, west of the Santa Clara Valley and the San Francisco Bay.

The *Santa Inez* ridge, between the Santa Inez river and the ocean.

The *San Bernardino* mountains, the main chain of the Coast Range, from  $34^{\circ} 45'$  to  $33^{\circ} 40'$ .

The *Carnero* ridge, between Napa and Sonoma valleys.

*The Klamath Valley.*

North of latitude  $41^{\circ}$  lies the Klamath river, which rises in Oregon, flows southward to the centre of Siskiyou county, then turns westward, and, after a course of 150 miles, opens into the Pacific. The Klamath, itself, has no valley or bottom-land; it runs in a deep cañon, through lofty mountains; and several "bars," or low banks of gravel, in extent not more than a mile square, are the only places near the level of the river on which houses can be built. The main tributaries of the Klamath are the Trinity, the Scott, and the Shasta rivers. The Trinity, like the Klamath, runs amid rugged mountains; the Scott and Shasta rivers have valleys, each several miles wide and about 40 miles long. In the extreme north-western corner of the State, a small stream, called Smith river, empties into the ocean, and at its mouth there is a plain some six miles square.

*The Plateau of the Sierra Nevada.*

Between latitudes  $40^{\circ}$  and  $41^{\circ}$ , there is a high table-land, or plateau, about 30 miles wide and 60 long, on the Sierra Nevada, 5,000 feet above the level of the sea. This plateau is an independent basin, and its waters never leave it, but flow into a few lakes. The largest of these is Honey Lake, in latitude  $40^{\circ} 15'$ , a body of water 12 miles long by 5 wide. It has a large valley adjoining it, and some good land, but most of the soil is sandy and barren, and the vegetation is composed chiefly of the wild sage bush. Northward, 40 miles from Honey Lake, lies Eagle Lake, half the size of the other, and which, like the other, has no outlet.

*The Great Basin.*

A prominent feature of the North American Continent is the "Great Basin," a triangular district of country, bounded on the north by the valley of the Columbia; on the south, by the valley of the Colorado, and on the south-west, by the Sierra Nevada and San Ber-

nardino Mountains; with its north-eastern corner in latitude  $43^{\circ}$ , and longitude  $112^{\circ}$ ; its north-western corner in latitude  $43^{\circ}$ , longitude  $116^{\circ}$ ; being about 500 miles wide, from east to west, and 850 miles long, from north to south. This Great Basin—an elevated tract of land, averaging 4,000 feet above the ocean level, rugged, mountainous, barren, arid and cheerless, with no outlet for its waters,—extends into California, including a district about 100 miles wide and 200 miles long, in the south-eastern portion of our State. This Californian portion of the Great Basin is one of the driest and most sterile parts of the earth's surface, cut up by numerous, irregular ridges of bare, rocky mountains, with valleys of sand and plains of volcanic ashes and scoria intervening, and occasional springs and little streams, which terminate in lakes, presenting a wide extent of muddy salt water in the rainy season, and, in the summer, wide beds of dried and cracked mud, covered with a white alkaline efflorescence. The chief stream in the California portion of the Great Basin is the Mojave, which rises in the northern slope of Mt. San Bernardino, and, after running north-eastward about 100 miles, sinks in the sand. The next stream in importance is Owen's river, which runs along the foot of the Sierra Nevada, draining a valley 75 miles long and 20 wide, and terminating in Owen Lake, which lies in latitude  $36^{\circ} 25'$ , N., and is 15 miles long and 9 wide. Northward, 100 miles from Owen Lake, lies Mono Lake, 8 miles long by 6 wide, the recipient of several little streams; but, like all the permanent lakes of the Great Basin, it has no outlet.

*The Colorado Desert.*

That portion of the valley of the Colorado in California is about 100 miles wide, and is called the Colorado Desert, on account of its barren, sandy soil and scanty vegetation. It is a hot, rough,

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comfortless region, and has little worthy of remark, except that portion of it in latitude 32° 30' and longitude 115° 40'; it is 70 feet below the level of the sea, and when the Colorado is very high some of its waters turn from the regular course of the stream, and run 80 miles northward, where they form a temporary lake.

*Mountain Peaks.*

The highest mountain in California, and the only one which reaches the region of perpetual snow, is Mt. Shasta, 14,500 feet high, at the head of the Sacramento Valley, in latitude 41° 30'. It is clothed with snow at all seasons of the year, nearly half a mile perpendicularly down from the summit, and presents a grand and beautiful sight to a large extent of country, northward and southward. Mt. San Bernardino, 8,500 feet high, in latitude 34° 12', occupies nearly as prominent a position in the southern part of the State as does Mt. Shasta in the north. The chief mountain of the central division is Mt. Diablo, 3,760 feet high, in latitude 37° 50', near Suisun Bay, and the most striking feature of the landscape seen by the traveller on his way from San Francisco to the interior of the State.

The following is a list of the most notable peaks in the Sierra Nevada:

Name.	Altitude.	Latitude. d. m.
Lassen's Butte.....	7,000	40 22
Pilot Peak.....	7,300	39 50
Castle Peak.....	13,000	38 10

*In the Coast Range—*

Name.	Altitude.	Latitude. d. m.
Mt. Linn.....	—	40 10
Mt. St. John.....	—	39 18
Mt. Ripley.....	—	39 08
Mt. St. Helens.....	—	38 40
Mt. Diablo.....	3,760	37 50
Loma Prieta.....	—	37 10
Pacheco's Peak.....	—	36 57
San Bernardino.....	8,500	34 10
San Jacinto.....	—	33 48

*The Mountain Passes.*

All the populated portions of California are shut off from the remainder of

the continent by mountains, which are crossed at a few passes. Of these, the following are the principal in the Sierra Nevada:

Pass.	Height.	Latitude. d. m.
Lassen's.....	7,000	41 50
Fredonyer's.....	5,667	40 47
Beckworth's.....	—	39 50
Kenness'.....	—	39 30
Truckee.....	5,636	39 25
Johnson's.....	6,752	38 50
Carson's.....	7,972	38 43
Sonora.....	10,132	38 15
Walker's.....	5,302	35 40
Hum-pa-ya-mup.....	5,356	35 35
Tah-ee-chay-puh.....	4,020	35 10
Tejon.....	5,285	35 00
Cajon de las Uvas.....	4,256	34 50

The five last-named passes are in the Sierra Nevada, below its bend, where it turns westward to meet the Coast Range. The following passes are in the Coast Range, south of the union with the Sierra Nevada:

Passes.	Altitude.	Latitude. d. m.
San Francisquito.....	—	34 40
San Fernando.....	1,956	34 20
Cajon.....	4,676	34 15
San Geronio.....	—	34 00
Warner's.....	3,780	33 14

The Diablo ridge of the Coast Mountains is pretty rough and the main passes in it are Pacheco's, in 37° 05', and Livermore's, in 37° 46'.

TO H. B.,

*On receiving some Violets.*

This flow'ret, which thy hand bestows,  
Has for its sweetness oft been sung  
In strains whose rhythmic current flows  
Like liquid music from the tongue.

But, as no flower more truly fair  
Adorns the bud-embroidered earth,  
Nor scents the perfume-laden air,  
I also would extol its worth.

For me, none other can excel  
This blossom, that such joy had given—  
That seems as if on earth it fell,  
Bathed in balmy dews, from Heaven.

From thence derived its lovely hue—  
 Pure in its azure as the skies—  
 But of a softer, deeper blue  
 Than aught—except thy radiant eyes!

Green as is hope, its heart-shaped leaves  
 Half hide, but to enhance its bloom;  
 And—sweet as to a heart that grieves  
 Is kindness—sweeter its perfume.

Last, yet best, reason why this flower  
 Doth in my estimation stand  
 The brightest gem in Flora's bower—  
 'T was given by thy friendly hand.

L. F. T.

[Continued from page 317.]

#### EARLY DAYS OF THE BUCKEYES: OR, LOVE AND PUGILISM.

BY DIEGO ALANO.

THERE may be those who will regard this frank expression of Leonie's sentiments as grossly unfeminine and monstrously wicked. It can not be helped. In those days, closely succeeding our last struggle with Great Britain, a feeling of pugilistic chivalry pervaded all classes of people in what was then called "The West." It was more prevalent in the rural districts than in the towns, and scarcely a gathering of farmers could occur—such as a vendue, a house-raising, a log-rolling, or a militia-muster—which was not immortalized by half-a-dozen single combats. These exhibitions of skill, strength, and courage, were always conducted on well-defined and universally-recognized principles of "fair play." No other weapons were permitted than those which Nature furnished the contestants. Guns, pistols, knives and clubs were strictly forbidden, and the combatant who was unlucky enough to employ any such means of appugnation, was incontinently proclaimed a dastard, and treated with derision and contempt by all the men, women and children of his neighborhood. The fighting was purely

of the "rough-and-tumble" order. Biting, scratching, kicking and gouging were clearly within the statute; and to be whipped in such a fight, where everything was "fair and square," entailed no disgrace. Aside from the chivalric feeling engendered by the war, one great provocative of this fighting mania was whisky. Among the very earliest attempts at domestic manufacturing in the then Western country, was the distillation of alcohol from rye and maize. Distilleries sprang up in almost every nook and corner of the country, and became great points of attraction for rustic frolickers, tipplers and "hard cases." They were commonly called "still-houses," but most inappropriately, for they were the noisiest places and scenes of the worst confusion—especially at night—that could well be found. One material evil of this domestic whisky was its cheapness. For a half dollar a man could keep himself as beastly drunk as his heart could desire for a whole week. Moreover, it was never permitted to grow old and mellow, but was eagerly swallowed, fresh from the still, rampant with essential oils, verdigris, and other deadly poisons. It is no wonder that people, accustomed to such a rascally beverage, should be "sudden and quick in quarrel;" it is only a wonder that their belligerent propensities could be so uniformly restrained within the prudent limits of homicide. The object of the combatant was not to kill his opponent or maim him for life, but simply to force him to cry "enough!" As soon as the vanquished party pronounced the magic word, the victor was bound, in honor, to cease all further violence, or else stand disgraced.

Our friend, Yawkub, with a raw beefsteak covering one of his eyes, although held to its office by a snow-white napkin, adjusted by the fair fingers of his beloved Leonie, did not present a very heroic appearance. No man, no matter how chiv-



alous, ever does look the hero with a tied-up head. But Yawkub was anxious that an immediate obliteration of the black and blue memento of Barney's prowess should be effected before the ensuing morning; and, to secure a result so dear to his heart, he was willing not only to submit to Leenie's surgery, but to become the temporary butt of her good-humored ridicule. He entertained a hope that, sometime during the evening, fortune would favor him with an opportunity of holding a serious conversation with the object of his sudden passion, and of convincing her by argument, if not by his manly graces, that he was infinitely superior to Barney, and far better entitled to her consideration and love than Barney, although that gentleman had the luck to blacken one of his optics. But, like many another lover, he was doomed to disappointment. Poor Yawkub! Like Lysander, who wooed the beautiful *Hermia*, he found abundant

reason to exclaim—

"Ah, me! for aught that ever I could read—  
Could ever hear, by tale or history,  
The course of true love never did run smooth!"

Leenie obstinately persisted in busying herself with her household occupations until a late hour; and when, at last, she honored the parlor of the Keezil Hotel with her presence, she came accompanied by Miss *Patience Doolittle*—a tall, meagre, sharp-visaged, Yankee old maid, with silver-gilt spectacles on her nose—who had condescended to come that very day from the county town to fill the post of seamstress in the Keezil family. Mr. Plunkett, and Yawkub had been sitting there for a long time, the former commenting with much gravity on the wickedness of Western people, and especially condemning their fistie propensities, the latter pre-occupied and fidgety, paying but little attention, and only answering, when politeness required an answer, in monosyllables.

Leenie was gracious enough to intro-

duce her three new acquaintances to each other, and seemed anxious to establish pleasant conversational relations among them; but as Mr. Plunkett, in polemic phrase, "kept the floor," only addressed occasionally by Miss Doolittle, and as Leenie seemed mischievously inclined to listen to every word uttered by these two colloquists, our poor Lieutenant soon found himself thrown completely out of the pale of sociality. Once he edged his chair to the side of the adored one, and essayed a whispered remark; but at that moment she chose to be particularly engrossed by a peculiarly eloquent and forcible speech of Mr. Plunkett, and Yawkub, discomfited and abashed, retreated into a corner, to ruminate on his mischance in silence.

"The greatest and most glorious work of reformed and evangelical Christianity," said Mr. Plunkett, "is that which is now in such successful progress in the New England churches, of sending the Gospel to the benighted heathen of Asia, Africa, and the islands of the Pacific. Armies of missionaries are now struggling in those great fields of Christian enterprise against the Powers of Darkness, and very signal, indeed, have been the rewards of their labors. No less than ten *Hindoos* have been baptised into the Church within the last five years, and more than that number in the Sandwich Islands."

"La, Massy!" interrupted Miss Doolittle, "my father, to hum, in *Stunnington*, had a young Sandwich Island boy, sent to him by Uncle *Zephaniah Doolittle*, who went a missionarying out there with a hull lot of notions, and made himself rich by the speckilation. The boy's name, in the heathen tongue, was *Olokiah*, or suthin' sich like, but we called him *Oly* for short; and if ever there was a pious boy he was one—though he would steal little things sometimes, and drink rum like all possessed, when he

could get it. Well, as I was a sayin', he was very pious and wouldn't work much; and so he would come into the kitchen, to talk religion with us gals; and he'd go out and gather up a handful of chips, and throw them on the fire, and muddy the hath all over with his muddy feet, and spit tobacco juice all over the floor and into the buckwheat batter, and tell stories, and sing heathen songs, and make himself so sociable; it would have done your heart good to see him. Well, at last they sent him on board a brig, to make a sailor of him; but before the brig got out'n the harbor, Oly was a starin' at suthin' overhead, when the boom, or some sich thing, hit him on the head, and he fell into the sea and was drowned. But it shows, Mr. Plunkett, that we're all accountable critters."

What farther improvement or illustration Miss Doolittle intended making on Olokiah's tragical end, will never be known, as Barney Malone just then broke into the parlor, under pretense of asking some directions from Mr. Plunkett and the Lieutenant in relation to their horses. These having been satisfactorily given, he retired; but not before he found an opportunity to intrude himself into Yawkub's corner, and whisper in his ear—

"I see you're behavin' yourself purty well, for you're not spakin' to Miss Leenie; but jist mind what I'm tellin' ye: if ye dar' to make the laste taste of love til her, be me sowl, it's worse than a black eye I'll be afther givin' ye, to-morrow mornin'!"

As soon as he was gone, Mr. Plunkett, instead of replying to Miss Doolittle, or appearing to be the least moved by her affecting story of the youthful Sandwich Islander, seemed suddenly impelled to cultivate a more intimate acquaintance with the young mistress of the house. Accordingly, he drew his chair up close to hers, encountering, as he did so, some

exceedingly-spitoful looks from both Miss Doolittle and the Lieutenant, to which he seemed perfectly oblivious. Whatever were Miss Leenie's motives it is utterly useless to inquire; but that she rather encouraged this familiarity, by smiling graciously on the schoolmaster, is a stubborn fact. Miss Doolittle threw herself back in her chair, looking like a very ill-used person, while the Lieutenant showed his contempt of the performance by abruptly rising and leaving the room. In the bar-room he found Michael Keezil, who was laboring with all his might to do the honors of his hotel to a motley crowd of customers, in much perplexity, if not absolute anger. Among those who were giving him the most trouble, by clamoring for supper, lodging, and whisky, was an Indian, a frequent guest of the Keezil Hotel, and known there as "Captain John." He was tall, straight as an arrow, and wore a much kindlier and more jovial face than Indians commonly wear when among white people. He was a very odd sort of an Indian, was this same Captain John. Sometimes he spoke English remarkably well, and at other times he affected not to understand a word of it. His age might have been fifty, or ten years more or less, for it was a point not easily decided; his rifle, bullet-pouch and powder-horn, indicated that his profession was hunting. Some said he was the son of a celebrated chief, called Complanter, by a white wife, and that, in his youth, he had been to school. All agreed, however, that he possessed a wonderful faculty of making rhymes, when it pleased him to talk English and be sociable. On the present occasion, he wished to have supper, a bed, and breakfast in the morning, acknowledging that he had no money to pay for his accommodations, and that he had shot no game for the last three days. Mr. Keezil expressed his aversion, in very emphatic

Dutch, to extending the credit system to a vagabond Indian; but Captain John was not easily rebuffed. To every remonstrance of the landlord, he simply replied:

"Big man, me, Cap'n John—me pay you."

A merry fellow in the company, who happened to recollect that Michael, a few days before, had been cajoled, by some of the leading men of the county town, into buying a small burying place for himself and family, in the Reformed Dutch Church-yard, just then became inspired with a lucky thought, which had the effect of speedily settling the whole difficulty. He proposed that Mr. Keezil should furnish Captain John with what he wished, in consideration of which the Captain should compose a brilliant epitaph, to be placed on Mr. Keezil's tomb, when that gentleman should be called from earth to Heaven. Much as our friend, Michael, loved lucre and despised poetry, the idea of an epitaph rather pleased him, and he consented to the arrangement, on condition that the epitaph should be written in advance. Captain John was then called upon to improvise the epitaph, and Yawkub, who was standing by, a quiet and rather unconcerned spectator, was requested to get writing materials, and take down Captain John's poetical effort as it fell from his lips. All being ready, Captain John, after a few moments apparently spent in deep thought, thus began:

"There was a man that died of late,  
Whom angels did impatient wait—  
All hovering in the lower sky,  
To bear his soul to God on high."

Here Captain John paused, and said it was impossible to finish the epitaph that night, but that he certainly would do so—and magnificently, too,—next morning, after getting his breakfast. The commencement was so exquisite, and promised such an excellent termina-

tion, that Captain John was speedily provided with supper and a bed.

That night Lieutenant Freyberger, for the first time in many years, sought his pillow with a distracted brain, and a heart which ached in spite of all he could do with it. The more he thought of Leonie and her cruelty, the more passionately and idolatrously he loved her. The schoolmaster, whom at first he had regarded as an inoffensive bigot, had suddenly assumed the shape of a formidable rival. It seemed to him incomprehensible that a girl of Leonie's fine sense and spirit could be fascinated by a prosing, preaching, tiresome pedant, such as Mr. Plunkett was; but, then, had he not seen her smile upon him? Yes; she had smiled upon the schoolmaster, and, with evident pleasure, permitted him to sit close by her side, while upon him—Lieutenant Jacob Freyberger—she had bestowed nothing but coldness and scorn. There were two things which he plainly saw it would be necessary for him to do: the first was to whip Barney Malone, if he could, and the other was to drive Mr. Plunkett out of the neighborhood. But to whip Barney was a speculation that involved no little doubt and perplexity. There was something in Barney's fistic performances that surprised him. He had never before met with a regularly educated boxer, and had never before seriously contemplated boxing as a science. His black eye, however, was a proof that there was a science in fisticuffs, and that Barney was a scientific graduate of some fistic school in Ireland. Before he could safely engage with Barney again, it was necessary that he should become an adept in Barney's peculiar science. To whom could he apply for instruction? He knew of no one who could give him lessons but Barney, himself; and, strange as it may seem, he resolved that Barney should be his tutor. When he had made this resolution, which

was not till long after midnight, his mind at once became composed, and he fell sound asleep. From this happy state of obliviousness he was aroused by the hotel breakfast-bell, summoning him to the substantial enjoyment of hot coffee, hot corn cakes, hominy, ham, eggs, pork-steaks, and sausages. People lived on the fat of the land in those days, in the Buckeye State.

Breakfast discussed, the Lieutenant, whom fortune would not favor with a sight of his enslaver, sought the bar-room, in which were congregated several of the persons he had seen there on the previous evening, and also Captain John, who, having stowed away an immense breakfast under his belt, stood, in traveling gear, with his rifle in the hollow of his left arm, ready to fulfill his contract, by finishing the epitaph. As soon as Yawkub appeared, he was clamorously requested to resume his office of amanuensis, and write down the conclusion of the epitaph, as soon as Captain John should be inspired to utter it. The scrap of paper containing the four lines already given was produced, and the Lieutenant was unanimously requested to read those four lines for the general edification. Therefore, "with good accent and good discretion," he proceeded to read:

"There was a man that died of late,  
Whom angels did impatient wait—  
All hov'ring in the lower sky,  
To bear his soul to God on high."

"Excellent!" exclaimed everybody.

"Sehr gute!" said Mr. Keezil, with an expression of face which showed he was exquisitely delighted and flattered; "das ist fary goot! Go on mit te oder."

All eyes were on the Indian, who, with a gravity of demeanor and a solemnity of tone that would have made a Delphian pythoness jealous, slowly and distinctly spoke as followeth:

"But, while thus waiting in mid-air,  
To Heaven their priceless freight to bear,

In popped the Devil, like a wensel,  
And down to h—ll he sneaked Old Keezil!"

Any reader, who possesses a moderately-active imagination, may picture, to please himself, the consternation of Mr. Keezil, and the uproarious hilarity of the company, at this sinister ending of what had such a fine beginning. The louder Mr. Keezil swore—for he swore terribly, and in all sorts of Dutch and bad English,—the louder the company laughed; and the louder the company laughed, the louder he swore; but Captain John tarried not for either censure or applause. As soon as the last word of the epitaph was pronounced, he brought his rifle to a "trail arms," and made what Western hunters call a "bee-line" for the bosom of the forest. That he ever again bartered his rhyming wares for the eatables and drinkables, and "sleepables," of the Keezil Hotel, is not probable.

As soon as the swearing and the fun became sufficiently calmed down to admit of a serious question of business, the Lieutenant, who had worn an exceedingly grave face throughout the recent affair, ventured to inquire of Mr. Keezil the whereabouts and purposes of Mr. Plunkett, and was informed that the gentleman had quartered himself and his horse at the hotel for an indefinite time, it being Mr. Plunkett's desire, very much to Mr. Keezil's disgust, to establish a school in the neighborhood. This information was extremely distasteful to the Lieutenant, who, reasoning from what he had witnessed the evening before, was well nigh convinced that the schoolmaster had made a lodgment in Leenie's heart, from which it would be difficult, if not impracticable, to drive him. But, before attending to Mr. Plunkett's case, he felt the necessity of settling some affairs with Barney Malone; and, intimating to Mr. Keezil his intention to remain at the hotel for a week or two, he bent his steps

to the stables, where he found Barney rubbing down his own horse, and singing, at the top of his voice, and with a rich Irish accent—

"Och, I was the boy for bewitchin' 'em—  
Whether good-humored or coy;  
Each said, while I was beseechin' 'em,—  
'Do what ye will wid me, Joy!'"

"Good morning to you, Mr. Malone; you seem as happy as a lark, and sing so well that even a lark would envy you; I hope you're well this fine morning," said Yawkub, who, it may as well be remarked, had not seen proper to replace the beefsteak on his eye that morning—the swelling and discoloration having almost disappeared during the night.

"Och, good mornin' to yer nightcap, as the devil said to the pope. I see yer eye's betther this mornin'—it's able to be out. Perhaps ye'd like to have the other one painted a bit."

"I'm not at all anxious for such a display of your skill, Barney; and, besides, I've come to pledge you my sacred honor that I'll never make love to Miss Leenie, until you give me your full consent to do so."

"Well, that's sinsible, annyhow; for if I ketch ye comin' anny o' yer blarney over the poor innocent, I'll bate ye into smithereens, an' put both yer good-lookin' eyes in Yankee regimintals—dape blue, faced wid red; what d'ye think o' that, now?"

"My dear Mr. Malone, there is no ground of quarrel between us, that I can see; for I utterly renounce all pretensions to Miss Leenie, until, as I have just said, you give me your full consent—out of your own mouth—and, as a pledge of my sincerity, here's my hand."

"Done like a gentleman," said Barney, taking the other's proffered hand, and the two rivals gave and received the grasp of friendship in a superlatively-cordial manner.

"Now, Mr. Malone," said the Lieutenant, still holding Barney's hand, "I wish

you to do me a favor. I perceive that you are an accomplished boxer, which, I am sorry to say, I am not. If you will give me a few lessons in the art, I will not only be deeply obliged to you, but will give you a ten-dollar bank-bill into the bargain."

"Och, thin, there's no resistin' ye. Yez got a tongue in yer head that'd wile the birds from the bushes—sayin' nothin' o' the tin dollars. Faix, an' I'll do it, jist whiniver ye think it convaynient like."

"Well, then, if you have time, why not commence now?" asked Yawkub, putting himself in a posture of defense, for he was slightly fearful that Barney might open the lessons rather disagreeably.

"Niver ye bé unaisy," responded Mr. Malone; "I'll do the thing up like a gentleman, as soon as I see the color o' yer money."

Upon this hint, so unmistakable in its import, the Lieutenant placed a ten-dollar bill in his rival's hand, and awaited, with considerable interest, his further movements.

"I must first make two pair o' gloves; for divil a thing o' the like's to be got in this out-o'-the-way wooden counthry; an' I'll do that same in the shakin' of a pike-staff; so rest aisy a bit."

What the Irishman meant by "two pair o' gloves," Yawkub had not the least notion; but, telling Barney that he would be ready for his first lesson in an hour, he sauntered into the fields to commune with his own "sweet and bitter fancy."

At the end of an hour, Barney had succeeded in manufacturing a couple of pairs of very passable boxing-gloves, by stitching some wadding on the backs of four common ones, and he and Yawkub, seeking the solitude of an untenanted stable, proceeded, the one to instruct and the other to receive instruction, in the

sublime science of pugilism. It is useless to torment the reader with a prolix description of the lessons given and received—of the passes, hits, stops, guards, feints, crosses and dodges—suffice it to say that, ere the sun had sunk to his occidental couch, on the evening of that eventful day, Barney Malone had found a pupil who was an overmatch for his master. In fact, not more than six hours had been spent in the theory and practice of the exciting art, before Yawkub began to feel the certainty that, without gloves, he could soon settle off all the scores he owed to his Irish rival. Pulling off his gloyes, he said to Barney:

"Now, my fine fellow, let us have a turn with the bare knuckles."

"Oh, bother! an' what d'ye want that fur?" said Mr. Malone, a little uneasy.

"You have been paid a good price for your teaching," replied Yawkub, "and I am determined to have the worth of my money; so, off with your gloves, and be quick, too!"

Barney saw that, like many other cunning men before him, he was about to fall into a pit of his own digging. He saw that the Lieutenant was bent on whipping him; and, as expostulation was vain, he had no other resource than to face the emergency with as much bravery as he could muster. The impatience of the Lieutenant brooked no delay. Barney threw off his gloves, and both combatants sped to the encounter. It was not long ere Barney measured his full length on the ground, with a pair of bunged-up eyes, and the claret flowing copiously from his nose and mouth. The Lieutenant's blows were absolutely terrific, for his arm was nerved with love and jealousy, and he made short work of his rival.

"Enough!—enough! Howly mother! enough!" shouted poor Barney, as he lay on the broad of his back, utterly pow-

erless. "Sure ye'd not be a'fther killin' a body, like a murtherin' Ingin, would ye?"

"Say that I may court Leonie Keezil, and make love to her, as much and as often as suits me, with your full consent. Say that, instantly, or I'll beat the life out of you!" roared the Lieutenant, who, his angry passions now being wrought up to the highest pitch, evidently meant what he said.

"I do!—I do!" said Barney, with his mouth full of blood, and speaking in much pain and tribulation; "I give ye me full consent to coort her and love her as much as you please, and may the devil fly away wid ye both!"

The Lieutenant was about to offer his assistance to the prostrate man, when he heard his name called, in a melodious, feminine voice, behind him, and, looking round, who should he see, standing in the stable door, but Leonie, herself! How long she had been there, or how much of the fight she had seen, he could not imagine; but there she was. He was so utterly confounded by her sudden appearance that he just stood and gazed at her in breathless silence.

"Lieutenant Freyberger," she said, "I suppose I ought to feel highly flattered that two such gallant knights as you and Barney have seen proper to make me a cause of quarrel; but, as Barney seems more in need of a raw beefsteak than even you did last night, you must excuse my not wasting the time, which ought to be dedicated to the surgery of his wounds, in making formal acknowledgments for the honor of which I have been the ignorant and unsuspecting recipient. I must call some of the boys, and have Barney taken to the kitchen, so that father shall know nothing of what has happened; and you, if you please, after you have wiped off some of the traces of this day's work, will please give me a brief audience in the parlor."

[Concluded next month]

## MY MOTHER.

My MOTHER, on this New Year's morn, [ing,  
When friend meets friend in kindly greet-  
And many a happy hope is born,  
As hand grasps hand in cordial meeting;  
While many joyous hearts to-day  
Are keeping time to mirth and gladness,  
My thoughts are wandering far away,—  
The new year dawns in silent sadness.

My mother, as the years depart,  
Think not my love is growing cold;  
The ties which bind thee to my heart  
Are stronger than in days of old;  
And, on this morning of the year,  
Far o'er the mountains and the sea,  
I know my mother's voice so dear,  
Whispers a New Year's wish for me.

I think of youth's exulting pride—  
Of dazzling dreams of future joy—  
When, years ago, I left thy side,  
A wild, ambitious, restless boy.  
Could I but feel thy New Year's kiss,  
Pressed as of old upon my brow,  
A gush of boyhood's priceless bliss  
Would swell my heart-springs even now!

I think of many years ago,  
When we knelt round the bible-stand;  
Our lives had then a peaceful flow,  
Ere death had thinned our little band.  
How fervently went up the prayer  
For all the bounties to us given!  
Time since has brought us much of care—  
Yet, let us put our trust in Heaven.

No fire is burning on the hearth,  
Where once the blaze beamed bright  
and cheerful;  
And eyes, then lighted up with mirth,  
Affliction has made dim and tearful.  
The Bible, on the little stand,  
For us shall ne'er be opened more—  
One of our band walks Heaven's strand,  
And one is on Pacific's shore.

My mother, though the holiest ties  
That bind our souls to earth are broken,  
There is a home, beyond the skies,  
Where farewells never shall be spoken;

In patience let us bear the rod,  
The wrongs of earth shall yet be righted;  
And, 'round the burning throne of God,  
Our little band be re-united.

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SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 1, 1859.

AFFINITY.—The laws of attraction and cohesion may form a satellite with no inherent beauties, shining only by reflected light; but the laws of affinity are called into action to complete a habitable world, clothed with verdure and filled with organic life.

The laws of affinity reveal to us the secret things of Nature, the almost invisible and insensible causes of creation, and the infinite and continued reproduction of new and higher forms of life and beauty.

The chemist, in his laboratory, learns something of the source from whence originates the different forms and varieties of the mineral and vegetable kingdoms, bringing to light their hidden properties for the benefit of man; he stands, as it were, in the secret work-shop of Nature—studying her silent and unceasing operations.

These new creations, which are ever going on around and within us, we too often pass heedlessly by, nor stop to ask ourselves the reason why, or to look for the causes of the wonderful changes thus constantly taking place before our eyes.

Did man but fully understand this primeval law of existence, he would indeed "be as gods, knowing both good and evil," and would understand the cause and remedy of every ill.

Science and philosophy, both physical and moral, are constantly unfolding the nature and principles of the laws of affinity; and the farmer, who has had most to do with Nature, is just beginning to learn that there must be an affinity between plants and the soil, as also the surrounding atmosphere, if he would succeed in raising full and vigorous crops; while many others are finding out that their own lives, health, and happiness depend upon

the same laws, since they have looked within them, and found that the blood is continually being renewed and invigorated by the oxygen of the atmosphere, received into the lungs, and they exhaling the worn-out portion of carbon, no longer fit for animal life, but which in turn becomes the food of plants; but mankind, by crowding together into cities, as now built, disturb the equilibrium of these mutual dependencies, and so load the air with this life-extinguishing principle that the consequences are disease and death. O! when will mankind learn wisdom from the constant teachings and the rebukes of Nature?

Affinity pervades not only matter, but mind and spirit, the invisible power of Deity, bringing order out of confusion and beauty and harmony from the chaos and discord of matter and mind.

Who, in studying the crystalization of rocks, is not struck with the ceaseless workings of this power, which for ages has been slowly but surely drawing together each separate particle, and placing them in that perfect form of dazzling beauty we at length behold? and are we not irresistibly led to conclude that, in like manner, will mind slowly rise above the dross of earth, and, uniting with kindred minds, finally assume that perfect formation and development which shall fit it to adorn the throne of the Eternal?

What are the affections—what is love—but this law of affinity? How powerfully it attracts in some and repels in others! How much of happiness or misery is felt by this subtle and unseen power! It obeys neither the reason nor the will, nor can human laws bind or control it. Who has ever explored the deep and secret workings of this immutable law of God, or has sought the solution of this great mystery, on which is based the happiness and progress of man?

But I can only point to this inner sanctuary of the temple of Knowledge, where great truths lie hidden, waiting to be revealed, and to bless mankind, when some Newtonic mind shall have explored it for

*facts*, instead of vague theories. Doubtless, these will reveal to the world a system of ethics as demonstrable and harmonious as that which governs the planets in their orbits. LUNA.

NOTE.—My principal aim in writing this is to stir the fountains of thought in others, as I once before expressed it. I shall be satisfied if I may but drop a pebble into the great ocean of thought, hoping that its concentric circles and vibrations, although feeble, may be felt in the innermost depths, as well as on the widest surface, of its invigorating waters. L.

#### ELBANA, THE MEXICAN BEAUTY.

BY CLARE,

[Authoress of "The Redeemed Handkerchief."]

ELBANA was graceful as an antelope, and beautiful as Flora's most charming flowers. Beauty was not her only charm; a warm and generous heart throbbed within her bosom. Her manners were unassuming and simple. Deception was unknown to her. She was merely a lovely child of nature.

Miramontes, her father, was a descendant of a once powerful Spanish family; but a long residence in Mexico had assimilated his habits with those of the Mexicans. He possessed many leagues of land, together with herds of cattle and droves of horses; these were his principal riches. Elbana was his only child. She was his pride and his bright star of hope. His heart gladdened as she flitted past him, while performing her domestic duties; everything was bright and joyous in her happy presence.

Their home was in a beautiful little mountain-bound spot, called Montes Valley. The house stood on a slight eminence. Neither within nor without it were there many of the luxuries of life visible; still, there was a wild and natural beauty in the location that could not



fail to charm. It was surrounded by a beautiful plain, covered with huge, scattering live-oaks, that resembled gigantic pear trees, whose ever-green foliage was perpetually grateful to the eye. A clear little stream of water came hurrying down its gravelly bed, in front of the *casa*, making a noise significant of its rapid passage from the furrowed bosom of the snow-capped mountains. From the quiet depths of occasional eddies, speckled trout could be seen throwing themselves up in playful sportiveness, then falling back again into the limpid stream; native birds were building their nests, fearless of any molestation; wild flowers of every hue vied with each other in decking the valley and banks of the little stream. The scenery, as far as the eye could reach, struck the beholder with the peculiar charm of its natural elegance. Such was Elbana's home at the time my story begins. Miramontes had a number of Mexicans lying around his premises in lazy indifference, awaiting his lordly commands, for good or for evil. He had an unconquerable passion for the gaming-table, and frequently lost large sums of money. To retrieve his losses at play, he would frequently be guilty of very dishonest and even murderous acts, by sending his Mexican emissaries to steal cattle—especially if he could hear of any drovers traveling near; on these occasions he would stampede their cattle, and frequently murder the drovers themselves. Being very loud in his professions of friendship to cattle-dealers generally, and naturally polite and affable in his manners, he was never suspected of treachery. He had followed this nefarious business for sometime, when the gold discovery in California greatly facilitated his guilty practices, inasmuch as large drives of cattle were driven through Montes Valley for the Californian market. The frequent opportunities which thus presented them-

selves he always improved, until he became a sly but confirmed highway robber. His greaser subordinates numbered nearly a hundred, whom he kept constantly on the look-out. So cunningly did he manage his murderous forays that his own countrymen never suspected him, and even his lovely daughter was ignorant of her father's real character.

It was on a beautiful summer evening that Elbana took her fishing-rod, and strolled along the banks of the little stream, in search of a spot to catch trout. She had wandered more than a mile from the house before she found a place that suited her; then, seating herself on the flowery bank, she dropped her hook into the clear water, and a beautiful trout rewarded her efforts immediately with a bite. She drew him out, a fine specimen of his kind; again another, and another, until the willow stick, upon which they were strung, was full of the handsomest of this delicious and delicate fish. Holding them up, and eyeing them with delighted satisfaction, her voice broke forth in a wild melody, giving vent to her happy emotions. As the reverberating echo of her voice died away with soft cadence in the distance, she was aroused from her joyous earth-dream by a low groan of distress. Rising quickly to her feet, she listened, and the groan was repeated. She looked around her for the cause, and caught a glimpse of a human being almost buried in the mud, near a thick bunch of willows. He appeared to be struggling to free himself from something. She hesitated for a moment, and then, convinced that it was some one who had met with an accident, or perhaps been attacked by robbers, she hastened forward to where he was still struggling to disencumber himself from something that held him to the ground. He was covered with mud, and a frightful wound was visible on his neck. His hair was clotted with blood, and one arm was ter-

ribly lacerated with some sharp weapon. He heard her approaching, and asked her to help him from that horrible place. She unhesitatingly complied, and attempted to raise him, when she discovered that he was tied to a tree. She immediately cut the riata with her fishing-knife; he then, with her assistance, succeeded in reaching the path, which led along the bank to the house. At every step his wounds bled afresh; and it was with much difficulty they reached the house before dark.

Miramontes was becoming quite uneasy at his daughter's prolonged absence, when she made her appearance, with her twig full of trout and wounded companion, exclaiming:

"See, father, some one has tried to kill this man. I found him tied in the willows, unable to extricate himself."

Miramontes affected surprise and concern, and immediately assisted the unfortunate man to a couch, while Elbana washed and dressed his wounds. She then hastened to prepare some nourishment, of which he evidently stood much in need.

Miramontes was much troubled at his daughter finding this man—the very one that had fought to the last, while they were stampeding his large drove of cattle and killing all his companions. They had hidden the bodies in different places among the willows, and tied them fast to some trees, to prevent the wolves from dragging them into sight; but here he was, and alive. Miramontes decided to watch the man closely, and, if he recognized him, he determined that he should die before he could expose him.

The name of the wounded man was Alfred Bruner. He and his brother, James, had been engaged in driving cattle through the Mexican territory to California. This was their third trip, and was to have been their last, as they had cleared many thousands of dollars by

their enterprise. Poor James had lost his life, as also the faithful few who accompanied him and his brother, and the cattle were driven off by their murderers.

Alfred did not recognize Miramontes, but had perfect confidence in him as a friend and gentleman. He frequently expressed his gratitude to him for his many kind and friendly attentions to his wants and distresses—never once dreaming that he was the author of them all.

The young drover had been with them over a week, when he began to feel his strength rapidly returning. He was one day seated upon the grass, leaning up against the old adobe house, when his thoughts turned upon his own situation, and tears for the fate of his brother were fast and unconsciously falling down his cheeks.

"Oh!" thought he, "if I could but once find the rascally devils that murdered my poor brother, I would annihilate every one of them. I wish I could prevail upon Miramontes to ferret them out; he appears to be a noble fellow, uncommonly kind and hospitable; and his lovely daughter is as lady-like as if she had been brought up in the midst of the most polite society; her walk could not be more easy, or her carriage more graceful—and I never knew any one that excelled her in womanly beauty. Why, I believe I am half in love with this little Spanish nymph; but how my friends would spurn the very idea of a Spanish relation! In love in so short a time, too,—ha, ha, ha!—ridiculous!—but here she comes with another string of those delicious trout."

"See my fish," said Elbana, "are they not beautiful?" as she playfully held them up before him.

"Yes," said Alfred, withdrawing his enraptured gaze from her ravishing beauty; "yes—very fine. I think you must be a great adept in the angling art."

"Has my father returned yet?"

"No, not that I know of. Where did he go?"

"Oh! I do not know, exactly; he went away with two or three of his men, perhaps to bring in a beef, as we are out of fresh meat now. I would not have left you alone this morning, but I knew you were fond of these fish, and there was no fresh meat for dinner."

"Yes, Elbana, I am fond of fish; but not so fond of them as to prefer them to the pleasure your society over affords me."

"Well, I know you will like them when they are cooked;" and, blushing at the compliment paid her, she gaily tripped away to prepare them for dinner.

Alfred's eyes followed the beautiful girl; he was astonished at the interest he felt in her; he had mingled in the society of young ladies all his life, and often fancied himself in love; but he had never before experienced such feelings as those he now felt for this Spanish paragon of beauty. While thus analyzing his feelings, Elbana called him to dinner. She had prepared quite a feast for his delicate palate.

"Why, I declare!" he exclaimed, "fish, eggs, and birds; you have quite a number of luxuries."

"If there is anything you can possibly relish, I shall be most happy, Mr. Bruner," she replied.

"A man who could not eat this dinner, prepared by such fair hands, with a relish, would be a stupid and insensible fellow. My fault, my dear girl,—if fault it can be called—is in not only relishing such an excellent dinner, but in feeling a pleasure in your society that is worth a thousand such excellent meals."

"You are full of compliments to-day, Mr. Bruner, and I am at a loss to understand you," she smilingly replied.

"I can scarcely comprehend it myself, dear Elbana: but I have not told you half of my feelings yet."

"If you speak truly, sir," she replied, her face suffused with maidenly blushes, "our feelings are strangely in unison with each other—"

She stopped suddenly, as if frightened at what she had said. Alfred's eyes sought hers; they were suffused with tears.

"Why do you weep, my dear Elbana? Have I been so unfortunate as to cause those tears?"

"Oh, no! you have never intentionally given me a moment's pain; but the bare thought of our so soon separating—perhaps forever—makes me feel how lonely my lot will be when you are gone. Oh! Alfred, you cannot realize how much I prize your society!"

Before he could reply, she arose from the rude table, and sought the shade of a friendly oak that stood in the vicinity of the door, to hide her falling tears. Alfred followed her, and throwing his arm around her white neck, he affectionately kissed the tears from her cheek, as he answered:

"Elbana, dry your tears; if we part, we will meet again. I shall leave you with a regret that I find impossible to express."

"Why leave us, then, dear Alfred?" she said; "my father is rich; stay with us; do not go away, and render us both so miserable."

"Dearest Elbana, come, sit down by me, and I will explain all to you; but first let me ask, have you no female friend whom you could prevail upon to come and stay with you for company?"

"No, I know of no one that would be company for me; my acquaintances are very few, and it is but seldom that I see even them."

"Do you think, indeed, my dear girl, that your feelings for me, a mere stranger, will make you miserable when I am gone?"

"Yes—miserable, indeed! When you

are away, everything will seem so lonely and deserted. You have no idea of my feelings, Alfred."

"Yes, dearest Elbana, I have," said he, pressing her to his beating heart, and kissing her rose-bud lips, "the congeniality of our spirits has bound me in fetters of love that cannot be severed by absence nor diminished by time. This is the reason I wish that we should now come to an understanding, before we part. When we understand each other's feelings, we can make those arrangements which will best facilitate our happiness. My father," he continued, "is a wealthy resident of New York city. The income from his property supports him in luxury, without any effort on his part. My mother and sister move in the fashionable circles of that city. My poor brother and I were eking out a city life of indolence and ease, when the California fever seized us as its victims. A spirit of adventure brought us here, and induced us to engage in the cattle business, as that seemed to offer the most lucrative employment. Our first trip was in 1849, when we invested all our capital in cattle, which we readily sold in California, at a price which far exceeded our expectations. Our next trip was as successful as the first; but this last fatal one has been a total failure—my brother killed, and our cattle gone—"

Here Alfred's feelings overcame him, and his large blue eyes filled with tears. Elbana sighed, as she leaned her sympathizing cheek against his manly breast, fearful of disturbing his sacred grief for an only and beloved brother.

"Your father, dear Elbana," he continued, "has informed me that he has found where the murderous robbers hid my brother's body. I am going to convey his remains to New York for interment, and I must start early to-morrow morning. I have one request to make of you, dearest, before we part."

"Only name it, dear Alfred," she replied.

"Will you devote some of your time to studying?"

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure," she answered; "but how can I study to advantage without a teacher?"

"There is the convent; it is pleasanter than this lonely place."

"My father would never consent to such an arrangement; he has a bitter grudge against them."

"Indeed! for what reason, dear?"

"My mother was a nun; my father fell in love with her, and she returned his affection, and eloped with him. The monks refused to solemnize the marriage, and my poor mother died, broken-hearted, at my birth."

"Then he has good reasons for his aversion to them, and I approve of his objections; but could you not go to San Francisco?"

"I am afraid father could not spare me."

"Well, dearest Elbana, he will have to spare you when you redeem your promise to me."

"I love my father, Alfred, and I would that I could always have you both near me."

"Now I think of it," said Alfred, "I have an old friend—a Mr. Bullard—whom I could perhaps induce to come out here and instruct you for a year or so; he is an excellent scholar and linguist, and I think his services could be procured for a reasonable compensation."

"Oh, that would be delightful!" exclaimed Elbana.

"But do you think your father will consent?" inquired Alfred.

"Oh, yes!" she replied, "I am certain that he would not object."

"I forgot to tell you that Mr. Bullard is very lame, besides being rather aged, and it is somewhat difficult for him to ride or walk."

"I am sorry for that; but send him here, at all events; I will be as kind to him as a daughter."

"Yes, I know you will; your heart is too good to be unkind to any one."

This pleasant conversation was interrupted by the sound of horses' hoofs approaching, and in a few moments Miramontes, followed by one of his servants, galloped into the yard. He greeted Alfred with his customary good-natured smile, and kind enquiry after his health; then, turning to Elbana, he asked:

"Can you give me something to eat, my daughter?"

"Yes, father, all is ready except the *tortillas*, and I will have them ready in a minute."

Patting some corn made dough between her little hands, she made some thin cakes, and laid them on the *horno*, which quickly baked them.

As soon as Miramontes had somewhat appeased his hunger, Alfred broke the silence by mentioning his wish to return to San Francisco, enquiring:

"Do you think, my dear sir, you can provide me with a conveyance thither?"

"When do you wish to go?" enquired Miramontes.

"To-morrow, if possible; I wish to take my brother's remains with me."

"Very well, I can accommodate you, and will escort you as far as Monterey."

Alfred now spoke of his arrangement with Elbana about a teacher, and recommended Mr. Bullard for that purpose.

"Yes, father," said Elbana, "Mr. Bruner thinks he can procure his services for a year or more at a reasonable remuneration."

"Manage it to suit yourself, my dear; but how is he to get here?"

"If you will wait at Monterey until I can see him, he could meet you there, and return with you."

"Very good," said Miramontes, "I like that plan. I'll go directly and set the

men to work preparing for our journey."

Elbana, again left alone with Alfred, expressed her grief at parting with him, saying:

"Oh, I fear it will be long, very long, before we meet again, if ever."

"Think not so, my darling; I will see you many times before a year rolls round. Believe me, this heart of mine will never cease to love you; no other woman shall ever be my wife while Elbana Miramontes is unmarried!"

"I swear to you the same unchanging love and resolve on my part, dear Alfred, and seal it with this kiss!"—putting her love-laden and ruby lips to his.

"You make me the happiest of men, Elbana. How proud I shall be to claim you as my darling wife, on my return to Montes Valley."

All the arrangements were now ready for a march to Monterey; and Alfred went to bid adieu to his weeping Elbana. With many promises of return and constancy, he folded her to his bosom, and then jumped upon his horse, and was soon out of sight; followed by Miramontes, and the Mexicans with the packs—among which were his brother's remains. Elbana wept until tears refused to flow. It was her first sorrow, and it well nigh broke her heart. Her father regarded her feelings for Alfred as a childish fancy, that a little time would cure; so gave himself no further concern about it, believing she would never see Alfred again;—at the same time congratulating himself on the favorable position he held in Alfred's estimation.

Nothing of interest occurred during their tedious journey to Monterey, where they stopped a few days to rest; when Miramontes concluded to accompany Alfred to San Francisco.

Alfred's high praise lavished on the generous conduct of Miramontes to him in his recent troubles, secured him a cordial reception from all who were so hap-

py as to make his acquaintance. He was well aware of the advantages he had thus gained, and endeavored to give as favorable an impression of himself to all as possible; for which he had many flattering opportunities.

Alfred soon hunted up his old friend Mr. Bullard. Miramontes appeared pleased with him; consequently, a bargain was made, and Mr. Bullard prepared to accompany him to Montes Valley.

The time for Miramontes to return home had now arrived. Mr. Bullard, with a box of books, and several presents from Alfred to Elbana, besides a long letter in his vest pocket, was prepared to accompany him. Alfred shook the old man by the hand, and warmly wished him happiness and success; feeling a new tie to his lame friend, his eyes filled with tears as he saw them depart for the borders of Mexico.

Mr. Bullard's lameness prevented him from enjoying the beautiful scenery on the road, that often presented itself to his view. At intervals, too, on his tedious journey, he was annoyed by frequent unfriendly demonstrations of Mexican cattle against his horse, causing him to make several desperate lunges, and a good deal of scrambling, to keep on his horse's back, while the greasers laughed at his timidity; and he began somewhat to regret his undertaking, when they arrived at Montes Valley.

It was evening; the smoke was curling from the chimney top, as the house came in view; and the valley never looked more beautiful than at sunset. Mr. Bullard could not refrain from exclaiming, "O, how beautiful! A more lovely spot I have never beheld!" Miramontes now galloped past him, as he caught sight of his daughter, coming to meet them. Jumping from his horse, he caught her in his arms, and pressed her to a father's heart. As Mr. Bullard rode up, Elbana

welcomed him with cordial kindness that cheered while it surprised him. Taking her extended hand in a fatherly manner, he hoped for a continuation of esteem, that had begun with such flattering impressions.

For a brief interval Elbana disappeared, and then returned, exclaiming—

"Come, father, bring in your guests. I have a nice supper of venison, beans, eggs, and the finest of fish; and I have cooked Mr. Bullard's with less pepper, as Alfred informed me that Americans could not eat food with such high seasoning."

"You are very considerate, my dear young lady," said Mr. Bullard, "and I will reward you!"—at the same time handing her the long letter that he had brought from Alfred. She made him a low bow, and withdrew to read it. Pressing the letter to her lips again and again, she broke the little red seal, and perused the precious lines—morsels of joy-giving happiness she had long coveted, and looked for, at length possessed. He was sanguine in his hopes of seeing her within a year.

"O!" thought Elbana, "now my teacher has come, I am determined that I will astonish Alfred with my progress when he returns." With this determination, she gave Mr. Bullard but little time for idleness. Her incessant application astonished him, and the rapid advances she made assured him of her superior mind.

Six months had now elapsed since Mr. Bullard commenced teaching Elbana. Her constant and unwearied efforts had paled her once rosy cheeks. She had given up her domestic avocations to an old Mexican woman, that she might have no hindrances to her studies. Mr. Bullard saw the change in Elbana's health, and proposed to her a daily morning's ride, as a remedy for pale cheeks and languishing eyes. She improved under this treatment, and continued it every morning. Her instructor often accompa-

nied her. One beautiful morning they mounted their horses, and rode further down the little stream than they had ever been before, and were riding leisurely along, enjoying the cool, exhilarating breeze, when they saw a Mexican riding a fine gray American horse. Mr. Bullard, checking up his animal, called to the Mexican to come near, and as he knew Mr. Bullard, he unhesitatingly rode up to him.

"Where did you get that horse, Antonio?" he inquired.

"O! we have had it a long time; I do not know who Miramontes got it of."

"It is a fine animal," said Mr. Bullard, musingly. "You may go on."

They rode on, till Elbana suggested that it would be rather late before they reached home. Mr. Bullard turned his horse, without speaking.

As they came back to where they had seen Antonio, Mr. Bullard again turned his horse, and followed some tracks up a little ravine; quickly dismounting, he kicked away some loose clods from some fresh earth. After examining it a few minutes, he re-mounted, and soon overtook Elbana, who was walking her horse leisurely along.

"What did you discover, Mr. Bullard?" she pleasantly asked, as she turned around. "Why, you are as pale as a ghost! O, what is the matter, sir?"

"Nothing, much—I was looking where the wolves had been scratching."

"Well, what did you find?"

"O, some bones they have buried! But, come—we must ride faster, else we shall lose our breakfast." He made a faint attempt at conversation, then relapsed into silent musing.

"Elbana," at length said Mr. Bullard, "do not speak of my having examined that wolf-bait to any one."

"Why, Mr. Bullard?"

"I have reasons, my pupil, which I will explain to you at some proper time."

"Well, then, I will not mention it."

They soon reached home; and, to Mr. Bullard's delight, nothing was said of their long ride. He had suggested many improvements to the house and garden, that were adopted; and it now appeared quite Americanized. A long adobe stable stood near it, for the convenience of travelers that often passed through Montes Valley.

Mr. Bullard's interest in Miramontes' affairs made him quite a favorite in Montes Valley. Elbana and her father both acknowledged his superior genius, taste, and other advantages. Miramontes showed him every respect, and the greasers obeyed his slightest call. Mr. Bullard had become quite attached to Miramontes, as well as to his noble daughter, but now, horrible suspicions kept harassing his mind. He determined to watch closely, and time would tell. Who knew but that Miramontes had a hand in murdering James Bruner? [To be continued.]

#### THE HUSKING NIGHTS OF OLD.

Oh! the husking nights of old!  
When the harvest moon rode high;  
When October's clear and mellow light,  
Spread over earth and sky.  
When the thin autumnal clouds  
Lay piled in masses white,  
As we sat husking out the corn,  
In the harvest fields at night.

Oh! the pleasant husking nights!  
When we sat and chatted, and sung;  
And the cider goblet passed blithly round,  
And the air with voices rung.  
And the old men told their tales,  
And the young ones laughed with glee,  
As we sat and husked by the light of the  
In the fields beside the sea. [moon,

Oh! the bright old husking nights!  
Their light is with me now,  
I hear the voices chant the songs  
Of the far off "Long Ago."  
I gaze at the moon and the clouds,  
And remember how calm and bright  
They looked, as they sailed through the  
quiet heavens,  
On the pleasant husking nights,  
G. T. S.

## CALIFORNIA PICTURES.

BY MRS. E. S. CONNER.

*Drawn from Life by "Pen and Ink."*

PICTURE THE SECOND.

CHARLES and William Elwell were cousins, and from infancy had lived in close neighborhood, in a small town in New England. For years they had held one tie, one friendship, one hope, one prospect. It did not require the ardent and reciprocal affection between Ellen, Charles' sister, and William Elwell, to bind them as brothers, though that was but a stronger tie: they were, indeed,

"Not brothers in the fashion that the world puts on,  
But brothers in the heart!"

In 1849 the gold fever displayed itself, and, like many others, they imagined that California ground was

"Thick inland with patines of fine gold,"

to be had for the picking up. Like Orestes and Pylades, they set forth; together they toiled, profited, lost, or gained; together they consoled or congratulated each other. Charles was some seven years older than William, who looked up to him as an elder brother—almost as a father. What with prospecting, washing, sluicing, ditching, panning, cradling, and all the other rude efforts at gold-gaining which were at the disposal of the miners of that day, William prospered rapidly, and became almost miserly in the hoarding of his gains. His aim was to accumulate a sum sufficient to bring Ellen out from the Atlantic States, and to furnish a home for her.

Sidney Glentworth was a man of elegant manners, and of refined classical education. His brilliant intellect (but, alas! without religious or moral restraint,) had been fully developed under the fostering care of his loving, too indulgent, and highly-intellectual father. Education in the most eminent universities had polished every faculty, strengthened every talent. His elegant manners, the

aristocratic refinement of his bearing, the bland and innocent expression of his face—more youthful than his years—the soft ringlets, lying, almost woman-like, upon his white, frank, open, honest brow—that rarest and most exquisite beauty in a man, the white, delicate, perfectly-formed hands and feet; the ready word, poetic quotation, classical allusion, prompt compliment, always graceful, always delicate, well-timed, and appropriate; who can wonder that he was a universal favorite?

His family name, which was in itself a passport, only vouched for what his manners realized. He fascinated all. He was not a miner. Love of adventure, it was supposed, had prompted his visit to this country; and it was equally believed that he had brought with him ample funds for all his wants.

His bitterest vilifiers dared not proclaim that the vulgarly-public gaming-houses of California were sanctioned by his presence. But, even in those early days, there were a few private establishments, where men of otherwise dignified character and standing were accustomed, for lack of other equally intense excitement, to risk or squander the vast sums which were daily passing through their hands. When these men saw the bland smile, the white hand, the brilliant teeth, the honest, fearless glance of Sidney Glentworth, who could doubt that, like others, he merely sought that haunt for the exciting amusement it afforded?

Who can wonder that Charles and William were alike fascinated? Having no positive occupation, Sidney accompanied them to the mines. By night and day he was their companion, their adviser, their friend,—cautioning them against excess, and warning them against those temptations of dice and cards, in which his own phlegmatic temperament found no resistless allurements. Charles had not been so successful in



the mines as William, and felt doubly grieved, because the "homestead" where he and his sister were born—where his mother still lived—was now for sale, and he had fondly hoped that his gains in California would have enabled him to purchase it. Still, he refrained from confiding his trouble to William—knowing that he was hoarding for the purpose of marrying his sister. No obstacle, however, stood in his way to prevent him from reposing all his anxieties in the bosom of his friend, Sidney. To him he imparted all his troubles—the immediate want of two thousand dollars, to keep and consecrate that dear home which we worship in youth, and which we crave for in old age.

William had returned from San Francisco. Two thousand dollars, the product of his mining, after expenses had been paid, lay in bright and very yellow twenty-dollar pieces, fresh from the mint. They sat in a canvas tent, the bright moon vying with the sperm candle stuck in a bottle, on the upturned packing-case, which served as a table. In one corner lay two beds, (1) and; cast over them, those blue blankets, which are the consolation of travelers in California—either as bed-comforters, as wrappers in snow, as substitutes for saddles, for buffalo-ropes in sleigh-rides, for umbrellas and India rubbers in rain, for carpets on bare floors—but "time would fail me" could I enumerate their uses.

"Good night, old fellows," cried Sidney, as he stood in the bright moonlight that flooded every nook and cranny of the cousins' tent. "If I were you, I'd put that money away. They say that there is a strong feeling of honor among miners—but, still, human nature is susceptible to temptation. Put it away safe, Willie, my boy!"

"I shall—for I'll put it under my head; and, though we do stuff an old flour sack for a pillow, I guess it will be

a smart rogue and a delicate hand that will rob me, however sound I may sleep. Good night!" and William "turned in," almost on the very words.

Charles still lingered, gazing at the lovely moon.

"Keep up your spirits, Charles. It's true that William has gathered the very sum that would have eased your heart, but—"

"Sidney, I wouldn't tell him for the world. He would sacrifice all his own prospects to serve me. I will not be so selfish. Good night!"

"You seem very careful in barricading your door, such as it is."

"Your warning has made me careful. Willie has got two thousand dollars under his head, and for his sake I'll guard against danger."

"Good night!" so saying, Sidney walked away, and Charles staked down the muslin (American, calico, English,) curtain, which answered for a door, rolled a flour-barrel against it, put out the almost superfluous candle, and lay down upon his rough bed. Imagination was there, however, and with her graceful, almost imperceptible fingers, festooned that rough couch with draperies homelike and pure. Oh, wake him not! Let him sleep in happiness! Let those he loves—the home he dwelt in—smile upon him in his slumbers! Happiness unalloyed is, in this world, so rare, that even to dream of it is a privilege of which we should not be deprived.

What shadow is that upon the canvas tent? A lithe, agile, graceful form winds itself through the folds of that temporary outlet, scarcely disturbing the cask which weighs the curtain down, and cowers behind the rude bed where Charles lies sleeping. The moon, reflected on the white tent, shows, in gigantic shadow, the proportions of him whom no shadow—not even that of his own conscience—could appal. With all the gracefulness

of that most graceful animal, the cat,—with the same stealthy tread and velvet touch—he reaches William's bed. He listens—the sleeper is undisturbed. He slides his hand beneath the pillow—the bag is his. He grasps it—draws it forth. "Who's there?" cries the startled sleeper. A murmur is the answer. "Oh, it's you, Charley, old fellow, is it? All right, thank you: the money's safe," and, adding a few sleepy tones, William relapsed into slumber, as Sidney crouched unseen behind his bed.

\* \* \* \* \*

The mining camp is all astir. The dawn has brought confusion. Work is laid aside. Every face wears the glow of indignation. A miner robbed! In those days, he might have left his cabin for weeks—his clothes, his very food, would have been untouched. He might have panned out gold, and left it there, in a huge heap; miners would have gazed at, advanced, and passed it by, uninjured. "No image of a patron saint" would have been more respected—even by one who craved for necessary food. And now a miner is robbed. By whom? None but his two intimate associates knew of his wealth, nor where he had placed it. Added to the loss, was the disappointment of his heart's hopes, which such a loss entailed.

How generous, how thoughtful, how delicate, was Sidney's sympathy!—and William sought it, and was soothed by it.

"How unfortunate," cried Sidney, "is this loss! The very sum which you had accumulated to bring out your bride and provide her with a home, was the amount which Charles had calculated on to purchase his parents' dwelling-place. Either of you might have benefitted by the money, and now both are deprived of it. By the way, perhaps Charles has hidden the bag, and does this to frighten you."

"Nonsense!—he would never raise the whole camp for a joke. Yet stay—now

I think of it, some one came to my bedside, after I was asleep, last night, and partially roused me. It must have been Charles. But he is not fond of practical jokes; and, even if he were he would not torture *me* so cruelly. Ah, Charley! there you are. Come, old fellow, if you've got that money, hand it over. My fright has lasted long enough."

"What do you mean, Will?—you don't think I could do such a dirty action, do you?"

"No, I don't; and yet—" and here Will left Sidney, linked his arm in Charles', and the two strolled on together.

The demon, Doubt, had been aroused! The friends entered into argument. Jest, repartee, bantering, accusation, half joke, half earnest, followed in succession: they parted, scarcely friends. The subject grew into a matter of discussion in the camp. There were (to use a national-ism) "ugly" points about it. The amount craved by both, accumulated by one, was the same; and, however unreasonable the crime, or irrational the desire, the circumstance was by no means without parallel. None, but the two who slept within the tent, knew of the amount, except the one mutual friend, whose cabin was at some distance from them. His sympathy was given to both—to the one for the loss, to the other for the suspicion. But time wore on. William became gloomy, morose, reserved; Charles, feeling undeservedly suspected, grew irritable, hasty, savage. He felt that the other miners looked upon him with distrust, and that his former boon companion was forever severed. Galled by these suspicions, and, more than all, by the harsh glances of his former heart-brother, a mere trifle was needed to excite his feelings to a flame. Charles and William met; a brief colloquy led to a long discussion; mutual recrimination, reciprocal taunts, resulted in a quarrel irreconcilable; the words "liar," and "thief,"

interchanged, could only be washed out in blood. A challenge ensued. William's friends were ready to aid him. Charles sauntered from the camp, for the doubt which had been engendered had caused many of his old companions to shun him. As he walked on, he met Sidney, spoke of his troubles, and his want of a second. Sidney at once replied to his requirement.

Law, at that time,—as, alas! it is now,—was powerless for redress, powerless for prevention. The duel took place. Shot through the heart, Charles lay dead upon the spot.

Seconds, in such affairs, why do ye not think of humanity—of domestic grief—of the misunderstanding which a few words might clear away—of the pure wish for reconciliation which perhaps exists in the heart of the principal, but which, for fear of imputation on his courage, he can not express, and which you, as his exponents, can make public?

The duel over, William wandered away—whither, no one knew!

A neat paling round a grave, in a northern mining camp, marks Charles' resting-place.

A stone, gracefully carved, bearing the words "ELLEN, aged 19—*Of such are the Kingdom of Heaven!*" stands in a New England burying ground—the last vestige of the tragedy. The last? No! Pen and Ink, the honest recorders of fact, have traced out this article from a northern paper:

"The body of a young man was found in — Valley. From desperation of mind he had given himself up to drink, and, wandering in an insane state among the snows, he died. In his pocket were a few pieces of money, and some most affectionate letters, signed 'ELLEN ELWELL.'"

Sidney Glentworth soon left the State, and, in another hemisphere, followed a profitable calling.

Ye parents who, like the German modeler, construct a monster ye can not control, think deeply, that, while ye develop

intellect, genius, imagination, yet neglect morality, principle, religion, ye send upon earth a being not satisfied with his own tortures, but one who tears the fragments from the shirt of Nessus, wrapped around his own agonized bones, and flings them in mockery of compassion—but reality of corruption—upon every passer-by!

### HE NEVER CAME AGAIN.

BY C. T. SPROAT.

His wife stood weeping at the door,  
His mother in the hall;  
His children c'imb'd around his knee,  
For he must kiss them all.  
The tears were trickling down his cheek,  
Like drops of summer rain;  
He left his childhood's home that day—  
He never came again.

His father took him by the hand—  
He tried, but could not speak!  
He turned aside his face, to hide  
The tear upon his cheek.  
He sprang upon his prancing steed,  
And seizing whip and rein,  
He plunged him down the garden path—  
He never came again!

Spring with her roses came and went,  
The summer flowers grow pale,  
And Autumn with her golden tints,  
Had painted hill and dale.  
The Winter came with freezing storm,  
Of snow, and sleet, and rain;  
But he came not to meet them there—  
He never came again.

THERE are few hearts so chilled by disappointment, or hardened by crime, that they never yearn for some object to love. A horse, or bird, or dog, will for a time occupy the affections, and save their possessor from a feeling of misanthropy, in the absence of a higher and diviner object; but the moment that object is presented, the lesser gives place to the greater. Man must have some object to love.

## Our Social Chair.

DURING the month of February, 1855, we crossed the Siskiyou mountains into Oregon, and, as we journeyed down the Rogue river valley, it seemed to us that nearly the only articles of food that were discoverable on the tables of the way-side hotels were fresh pork and dried apples! "Bless us! what! dried apples again!" became a frequent ejaculation. At first we thought that perhaps the singular condition of the climate, or the peculiar chemical combinations of the water, created the necessity for this kind of diet; but nothing was known of such a conditional necessity. Still, dried apple provender was everywhere, and, being such a popular dish, we argued that there must be some motive—even if it were a mistaken one—for its unalloyed (!) consumption.

The remembrance of a recipe entitled "A cheap way of living," which suggested the purchase of a cent and a half's worth of dried apples for breakfast (to be either chewed or swallowed whole, according to the pill-taking capacity and disposition of the buyer), upon which, for dinner, place one quart of water; and for supper—well, no supper would be needed, as the person would be too sick to take any, and the self-evident and remarkably economical disposition of the people, came to assist us in accounting for such a dried apple fact.

In Jacksonville, when occupying a seat at the hotel table, for dinner, we found that, out of eleven persons who kept us company in the apple entertainment (dried apple, of course,) eight addressed each other as "Doctor," as follows:

"Dr. S—, will you please to pass the (dried) apple stew?"

"Certainly, Dr. O—; won't you take a little of the pie?" (dried apple.)

"No, I thank you."

"There are a few dried apples on the strings, near Dr. J—, if you prefer them."

"No, I thank you, as those which I

feasted on last evening for dessert, and enjoyed so much (!) kept me awake the whole of the night, and the experience of Dr. M—, on my left here, was somewhat similar; but I will take a little of that fresh pork in front of Mrs. R—, if you will be kind enough to ask Dr. G— to pass it," and so forth.

Such dried apple and fresh pork conversations and observations led us to the conclusion that doctors must be nearly as plentiful and popular in Oregon as dried apple diet, and that both could be advantageously dispensed with if their love for either was equal to ours. We did indefinitely promise one hotel-keeper that, when we reached the Capitol, our utmost endeavors should be used for the passage of a law prohibiting dried apples, for the especial benefit of the people who dwell in Rogue river valley.

Since that time, we suppose that a favorable change has taken place, as from the Jacksonville Sentinel we discover that they are now in possession of other articles—unless the following editorial notice to subscribers be a myth:

We want money, butter, lard, potatoes, flour, chickens, wood [Couldn't you add dried apples, and doctors?] yes, we want everything that any one else wants. Those who owe for the Sentinel, or who wish to take it, can pay in any of the above-named articles. Bring them on—must eat if we work.

That's right, "brother" Robinson—"The laborer is worthy of his hire," and if your delinquent subscribers do not read the good book enough to know that it inculcates the above sentiment, just "get out" an extra, containing the information—sworn to before a justice of the peace—that such a passage can be found in it; but be sure to discourage the growth (!) of dried apples, except as an article of export.

THE following awkward mistakes, committed by some near relations of the god-

ness of Liberty, while exercising the privilege of the elective franchise, must have been attended with some confusion as well as annoyance, when discovered. Related by the Crescent City Herald:

**THE WRONG TICKET.**—A gentleman who presided at the ballot-box of one of the districts in San Francisco, at the late election, informs us that some poor fellow voted the following ticket through mistake—a billet from his washerwoman. How provoking!

"Mr. H\*\*\*\*\*:—Your wash bill now amounts to the enormous sum of \$45 (18 dozen), and if you don't pay it before the week is out, the chances are that there will be the biggest sort of a row in camp. I want my dues and must have them—wont be put off any longer—so "pungle down," and oblige  
OLIVIA B.—

"N. B.—Please send back that old stocking; it belongs to Jake —, the omnibus driver.  
O. B."

This brings to mind a similar circumstance, which occurred several years since: A voter, a little behind time, ran up just as the polls were closing, and in his hurry dropped his ticket, which defined his political proclivities as those congenial to a "third party"—only a regular outsider. Here it is:

"DEAR Mrs. \*\*\*:—I cannot meet you at — this evening; my wife suspects. Don't let your husband see this, for goodness' sake. It would be all up with us. Keep shady. Yours, affectionately,  
"J. R.—"

The ballot was not counted, as the "inspector," who knew the *lady* thus addressed, declared it to be a *billy do*, representing a Billy *done*—brown!

If the following tantalizing exposition of a bachelor's short-comings, from the Winchester Virginian, does not drive an overwhelming majority of the male population of California to the desperate resolve of sending immediately for their sweethearts, or of finding them here, we have no hope of their matrimonial salvation—we haven't:

WHAT IS A BACHELOR?

From the pen of Launcelot Goosenberry, esq., Poet Laureate, and dedicated to all Poets and Poetesses around these diggings.

Why, a pump without a handle, a mouldy tallow candle, a goose that's lost its fellows, a noseless pair of bellows, a horse

without a saddle, a boat without a paddle, a mule—a fool—a two-legged stool! a pest—a jest! dreary—weary—contrary—uncheery; a fish without a tail, a ship without a sail; a legless pair of tongs, a fork without its prongs; a clock without a face, a cat that's out of place; a bootless leg, an addled egg; a stupid flat, a crownless hat; a pair of breeches, wanting stitches; a chattering ape—coat, minus cape; a quacking duck, wanting pluck; a gabbling goose—mad dog let loose; a boot without a sole, or a cracked and leaky bowl, or a fiddle without a string, or a bee without its sting; or a bat—or a sprat; or a cat—or a rat; or a hen—or a wren; or a gnat, or a pig in a pen; or a thrush that will not sing, or a bell that will not ring; or a penny that "wont go!" or a herring without roe; or a line without a lead, or a drum without a head; or a monkey—or a donkey; or a surly dog, tied to a log, or a frog in a bog; or a fly in a mug, or a bug in a rug! or a bee, or a flea, or a last year's pea, or a figure 3! like a fool without a tongue, like a barrel without a bung—like a whale, like a snail—like an owl, like a fowl, like a monk without his cowl, like a midnight ghoul; like a gnome in his cell, like a clapperless bell; he's a poor, forsaken gander, choosing lonely thus to wander; he's like a walking-stick, or satchel, or—but to be plain, and end my strain, he's nothing but a BACHELOR!

THE SHASTA COURIER thus discourseth on

A DISCOMFITTED GRAVE-ROBBER.—A few nights ago, a party of young men in this place, for the purpose of having a "lark," and ridding the town of the presence of a rather unproductive fellow-citizen, employed him (the unproductive fellow-citizen) to rob the grave-yard of a corpse—promising him that he would be paid a certain number of dollars therefor, by certain physicians, who wished to dissect the same. In the mean time, several of the party, provided with fire-arms, secreted themselves in the cemetery grounds. As soon as the "jolly grave-digger" had struck a few licks with his pick, "Bang!—bang!" went the revolvers, accompanied by yellings of such awful and terrific character as would have frightened most men outside a grave-yard. It is, therefore, needless to say, that the grave-robbing, unproductive fellow-citizen was badly scared. He fled with the speed of a north-west wind—clearing the fence in a bound, he sped to the hills, and, "in the twinkling of a bed-post," was lost in the darkness. What has become of him no man knows, although it

is suspected that, in the blindness of his fright, he ran against a tree, and butted his brains out upon the "cold, cold ground."

The same paper thus invitingly talks upon

AN UP-HILL BUSINESS.

Walk up, roll up,

Tumble up, step up,

Jump up, climb up,

Run up, skate up,

Ride up, rush up,

Swim up, fly up,

Crawl up, fire up,

Steam up, sail up,

Drag up, push up—

Any way, so that you *get up* and *settle up* your subscription and advertising bills.

We would modestly suggest the addition of "*And subscribe for HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE*;" only three dollars per annum, postage paid, to any part of the United States!

An esteemed friend on Dry Creek, Sacramento county, relates to us the following amusing story, for the Social Chair; and we feel assured that such will always be welcomed by our numerous patrons:

As your readers are doubtless aware, there has been a series of revival meetings held in this district during the past summer, and which have, no doubt, been productive of considerable good among the people of this neighborhood. At one of these meetings, a man by the name of —, who was generally considered a pretty hard case, was numbered among the newly-made converts, and, according to the rites of the church, was about to be baptised, by immersion. After the words "I solemnly baptize thee," etc., had been pronounced, and the convert lowered into the water, his right arm stuck out above it, when a person who was standing on the bank of the creek, an interested spectator, called out in a stentorian voice—"Push that arm under, for that stole my axe!" The effect produced can be more easily imagined (as novel writers express it) than described.

As soon as order had been somewhat restored, the minister looked steadfastly at the person who had thus addressed him, and calmly replied: "Then, brother, I will 'push that arm under' thoroughly—you bet!"

On relating the preceding anecdote to Mr. Fitzgerald, the accomplished editor of

the Pacific Methodist, he gave us the following for the Chair to keep it company:

When the venerable and remarkably useful preacher, Mr. Edge,—more generally known as Father Edge—had concluded a prayer, at the family circle of a friend, a little girl of about five summers, went up to him, and, in the sweetest of tones, remarked—"Father Edge, one of your knees was very naughty while you were at prayer!" "Ah! my little dear—how so?" "Oh! it wouldn't kneel down when your other one did, and don't you think that was very wicked?" The little darling had observed that he had knelt only upon one knee.

THESE remind us of an excellent story we saw in Harper's, from a reverend gentleman in Missouri. We "extract" it for the benefit of our readers:

Near the city of St. Joseph's, a few years since, the rite of baptism was performed on a number of females, by immersion in the river. Being in the middle of winter, it was necessary to cut a hole in the ice; and the novelty of the scene attracted a large crowd, among whom were several Indians, who looked on in wondering silence. They retired without understanding the nature or object of the ceremony they had witnessed; but, observing that all the subjects of immersion were females, and getting a faint idea that it was to make them good, the Indians came back, a few days afterward, bringing their squaws with them, and cutting another hole in the ice, near the same place, immersed each and all of them, in spite of their remonstrances, being very sure that if it was good for the whites, it was quite as well for the reds.

REMEMBERING the old English adage, "We may as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb," we take another from the same source, which runs thus:

The Rev. Dr. Bishop, late President of the University at Oxford, Ohio, was once preaching in a little school-house, not far from the college, on a bitter cold day. A man, who was much the worse for liquor, opened the door several times and looked in, but did not enter. The Doctor's attention was at length attracted, and, in his Scotch-Irish way, he called out to him—"Come in, mon! come in, and hear the Gospel!" The invitation was accepted, and the man took a seat by the stove. The heat fired up the liquor with which he was

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soaked, and he soon gave such signs of drunken sickness that the Doctor, thinking his Gospel was doing no good, cried— "Turn him out!—turn him out!" The poor fellow was put to the door, but waked up just enough to sputter out, as he went,—"Such preaching as that is enough to make a dog sick!"

"Sniktaw," (spell that *nom de plume* backwards, and you will learn his name,) a large-hearted and jovial fellow, who has written a series of racy articles for the Golden Era, has been elected to the Assembly from Siskiyou county. The Yreka Union thus jocularly speaks of his departure for Sacramento:

Squibbs, our local reporter, says that our Assemblyman elect left for the capital on Thursday morning last, with his baggage rolled up in a Siskiyou Chronicle of that date. Before his departure, he effected a compromise with his Celestial washerman, by which he obtained his extra shirt; he will, therefore, make his appearance in that January assemblage of lawgivers as a creditable representative of the "Great North." It is due to Ching Wang to state that, as soon as he comprehended the true position of Sniktaw, the negotiation was favorably considered. Squibbs, who acted as interpreter on the occasion, with the idea of impressing Whang with the importance of our Representative's dignity, said—"Sniktaw very big man," to which the Chinaman replied, winking with both eyes, and surveying the altitude and breadth of the subject—"He, velly big." "He go to big house," said Squibbs, extending his arms with the amplitude of the idea inspired by the Capitol. "Me sabbe!" said John; "my brudder steal hog—go two year." The slightly perceptible difference between San Quentin and Sacramento was, however, finally made apparent, and Sniktaw departed rejoicing.

By the following interesting notice from the Mount Vernon Record, our readers will see that Californians, through the untiring and laudable exertions of Mrs. E. S. Conner, have contributed their mite to the noble object of securing the Homestead of our glorious Washington to the people of the United States. We hope that the amount forwarded, and thus acknowledged, will be but the first instalment that our golden

State may send towards so patriotic a cause:

"Warm as has been the interest felt in the Mount Vernon Association in the Atlantic States, the voice from the Pacific is no less cordial in its praise, nor in its support. To Mrs. E. S. Conner belongs the honor of having been the pioneer in California. Without waiting the appointment of a Vice Regent, in an individual capacity she stepped forward, interested the press, and took such measures as will no doubt aid in turning a golden stream from the mines into the Treasury. We are gratified to learn that even the Chinese population are anxious to contribute; and have done so liberally that Mrs. Conner has already \$500 on deposit. This, with the sum collected by Mrs. Malvina Copeland, enables us to report about \$550 from that State."

#### Monthly Record of Current Events.

The President's Message reached Placerville on the 1st of January, in 21 days from St. Louis, *via* Salt Lake. By the southern or Butterfield route, it arrived in San Francisco at 3 o'clock, A. M., on Sunday, December 26th, in 19 days, 11 hours and 40 minutes, from St. Louis. The distance from El Paso to San Francisco, although nearly half way, was accomplished in 6 days and 20 hours; while the other half took 12 days, 15 hours and 40 minutes—although the latter-named is the best end of the route.

A new weekly paper, entitled the Coloma Times, was issued at Coloma, El Dorado county, on the 1st of January. George Kies, publisher.

New veins of cinnabar have recently been discovered in Monterey county, which are being opened, with flattering prospects of success. They are named "The Quick-silver Mines of New Idria."

After two unsuccessful attempts, the overland mail on the Stockton, Albuquerque, Santa Fe and Independence route, left the former city on the 1st of January.

One of the richest veins of quartz in the State has recently been discovered on Rush Creek, Nevada county.

A new telegraph line has been completed from Sacramento to Marysville, connecting with the Northern California Telegraph Company's line to Shasta and Yreka.

The amount of gold shipped by steamers leaving California in 1853, as per manifests, was \$45,102,321.

THE tables of mortality of San Francisco for 1858 show the number of deaths to have been 1,025, or about 1 in 60.

ON the morning of January 1st, there were \$518,604 82 in the State Treasury.

THE mail steamer Sonora arrived with the President's Message on the 28th December, in 24 days from New York.

THE value of exports from the port of San Francisco, for 1858, was, exclusive of gold, \$4,524,715.

NEW YEAR'S DAY was kept as a general holiday throughout the State.

THERE were 87 applications for divorce in San Francisco, during the past year—64 by wives and 23 by husbands. The number granted during the year was 62, and 95 are still pending.

THE tenth annual session of the Legislature convened on the 3d.

THE Weekly Alta California completed its tenth year on the 4th.

THE Supreme Court of this State has decided that the law passed during the last Session of the Legislature, prohibiting the immigration of Chinese to California, is unconstitutional.

THE total amount of gold coined in the U. S. Branch Mint, San Francisco, for 1858, was \$17,148,200, or 964,791 ounces.

THE indebtedness of the State on the 1st of January, 1859, was \$4,152,700. The annual interest of the debt is \$263,159.

A MAN named Brazde was choked to death at the Five-Mile House, Sacramento county, while attempting to swallow a large piece of meat at supper.

THE Supreme Court of this State has decided that the Legislature has power to tax mining claims.

A VEIN of coal and a salt spring have been discovered in Tehama county.

THE news from the newly-discovered gold mines on the Gila is discouraging, and disappointed gold-seekers are returning.

THE large clipper ship Great Republic arrived in the Bay of San Francisco on her second visit.

A NEWSPAPER entitled the Weekly Patriot has been issued at Iowa Hill.

THE editor of the California Culturist, Mr. W. Wadsworth, was lassoed and robbed by some Mexican highwaymen, in Alameda county, on the 4th. Several similar robberies, at different places, have been attempted during the month.

THE mail steamer Golden Age, which sailed on the 5th, carried away 297 passengers, and \$1,749,856 94 in treasure.

THE Daily Register has just been commenced in Sacramento City, by Zabriskie & Bausman.

THE Superintendent of Streets of San Francisco has caused the removal of signs and other obstructions from the sidewalks of the principal streets.

THE appointment of a first-class State Geologist has been warmly advocated by the press.

COLLINS, the Irish comedian, has been drawing large audiences at Maguire's Opera House. The Minstrels, at the Lyceum, with Eph. Horn as the principal "colored" attraction, have been fairly attended; and, in the early part of the month, John Drew, an Irish comedian, attracted moderate audiences at the American theatre, San Francisco.

SEVERAL secret gambling houses in San Francisco have been broken up by the Chief of Police, Dr. Burke.

PAUL STONES was shot dead and his brother badly wounded, in Santa Clara county, by Thomas Seals, while engaged in an altercation concerning some land.

A NEW steamboat for the San Francisco and San José trade, named the Sophie McLean, was launched on the 17th at South Point, San Francisco.

A rock, weighing 300 pounds, fell upon D. Barry, while mining in a tunnel at Spring Hill, Amador county, and crushed him to death.

THREE white (?) men attacked a rancharia of Digger Indians, on the 1st, near the head of Russian River Valley, and killed fourteen of them, on the supposition that the Indians had been stealing their cattle.

THE passenger arrivals at San Francisco, for 1858, were 37,167 men, 4,752 women, and 1,360 children; total, 43,279. The number of departures was 35,875 men, 1,562 women, and 714 children; total, 38,151. Of this number, 24,930 were to the British possessions on the Pacific. Total gain, 5,128.

THE price of real estate is gradually rising in the commercial cities of the State.

A POOR woman in Stockton, who had bought her ticket, and was about to return to the East on the steamer of the 5th, was too late for the Stockton boat and was left behind, when some gentlemen of that city engaged a buggy, and sent her overland to Oakland. She thus succeeded in reaching San Francisco in time for her departure on the steamer. This was a noble and generous action, and deserves to be recorded.

THE whole number of marriages in 23 counties of the State, for 1858, were 595.

WILLIAM GRAHAM, formerly of Pittsburg, was buried alive in a mining claim at Sand Hill, Yuba county, on the 8th, by the caving down of the bank.

On the \$1,400 w Edward P siderable cisco on THE C appearan OUT of contain were bor CALRN election, trict Cou Hagar, to vacate THE A suit ag San Fru 408 due 29th, 18

ALL t needs i along; that the one else he cann donatio and wh fide gov would r valuable local la make it If the mineral mining against three re miner c to his p already, donatio and jud trouble washin claim, v of his have to laws, a tax boe ble to r one far nor's l worke fairly worke



On the 13th, a benefit which netted about \$1,400 was given to the widow of the late Edward Pollock, a California writer of considerable ability, who died in San Francisco on the 13th of December.

The California Police Gazette made its appearance in San Francisco on the 15th. Out of the 43 counties in the State, 41 contain 64,088 children, of whom 33,546 were born in California.

CALEB BURRANK, who, at the last general election, was chosen judge of the 4th District Court, was refused his seat by Judge Hagar, the present occupant, who declined to vacate it.

The Attorney General has commenced suit against the different auctioneers of San Francisco, to recover the sum of \$51,408 due the State, under the Act of April 29th, 1857, by which a tax of one half of

one per cent. was levied on all sales, and which amounts, in the aggregate, as above.

HAVEN'S bridge and flume, across the north fork of the Yuba, fell, on the 8th, and caused the death of Mrs. C. Conteur.

The stage running between Forest Hill and Yankee Jim's, Placer County, was stopped and robbed of between \$2000 and \$3000.

The number of passengers which left on the Sonora, Jan. 20th, was 275, and the amount of treasure taken was \$1,669,685 65.

The new ferry-boat for the Oakland trade, to run in connection with the "San Antonio," was launched on the 20th. [May they now set their time of starting to suit the tide and convenience, of business men, and punctually keep it.]

## Editor's Table.

ALL the legislation a miner asks for, or needs in this State, is simply to be left alone; preferring the plea of Diogenes, that the legislature, tax-gatherer, or any one else, will not take from him that which he cannot give. So far as "protection," or donations of land are concerned, he can and will protect himself, and any bona fide governmental donation, or even sale, would make his claim in no way more valuable, or more permanent, than the local laws of any mining district now make it.

If the proposed donation or sale of any mineral land be for the purpose of taxing mining claims, we here enter our protest against any such law being passed, for three reasons:—First, all articles that the miner consumes, from his boots and hose to his pick and shovel, are taxed enough already, on entering our ports. Next, a donation or sale, without exceedingly wise and judicious laws, would lead to endless trouble and litigation, as to how far the washings of his own ground from his own claim, would extend when found upon that of his neighbors, and in the end would have to be regulated and decided by local laws, as now. Then, should an additional tax become desirable, it would be impossible to make it just by *taxing a claim*, as any one familiar with the uncertainties of a miner's labors must know. Many claims are worked upon for years before they can be fairly prospected, even—(all this time, the worker is also a consumer of goods that

have been taxed)—and even when the claim is found to pay a little, it is often no more than barely to defray the current personal expenses of working it. Therefore, it is self-evident that it would be unjust and unequal to tax a claim that pays comparatively nothing; while one perhaps adjoining, is producing its owner a fortune. Moreover, to regulate this would establish an inquisitorial prying into his daily accounts, and to which no merchant or other business man would submit. Then, why should a miner?

If at any time an additional tax should be necessary, we would respectfully submit that a few cents per ounce upon the gold dust coined, whether in the San Francisco or any other mint, would be more equal and easy to all than any other method; inasmuch as those whose claims were rich could well afford to pay so small a percentage; and those whose claims were poor, the burden would fall more upon the buyer than the seller of the gold, and who could well afford to pay to the public coffers the small amount required. Therefore, our opinion is, after nearly ten years' experience and observation in almost every mining district of the State, that all legislation concerning mining claims had better be left alone, and the miner allowed to take care of his own interests, as he very well can and will; and the time thus consumed in making useless laws, spent in devising something for the permanent prosperity of every interest in the State.

DURING our voyage to Mexico last Spring we felt desirous of obtaining some information concerning the course of the currents and tides on the Pacific coast, and as no better plan suggested itself, we wrote the following request; and, after placing it in a carefully sealed bottle threw it overboard. Through the kindness of our esteemed friend, E. C. Haines, Esq. of Santiago, State of Culiacan, Mexico, we have been favored with one of those papers, which runs as follows:—

On board the Mexican schooner "Genova" bound for Mazatlan and San Blas, Latitude 22°46' Longitude 109° May, 1st, 1858.

Inasmuch as the tides of the Pacific are but little known, comparatively, it will confer a favor upon the public, and the undersigned, if any person or persons who may find this paper will send it to *Hutchings' California Magazine*, San Francisco, California, or some public journal, stating the place and time it was picked up.

Respectfully, &c.

The following letter from Mr. Haines will explain when and where it was found:

"Santiago, November 8, 1858.

JAMES M. HUTCHINGS, Esq.

My Dear Sir—My friend, Dr. T. W. Perkins having had the enclosed document delivered to him by one who picked it up July 14th, 1858, at the mouth of the *Camichin*, which is about mid-way between the port of San Blas and Mazatlan, and one of the principal entrances to the great Laguna, or lake of Mesciltitan, Latitude 21°54' Longitude, 6°40' west from Mexico, and which he desired me to forward to you (your original document) with the proper comments, for the benefit of science; as I understand you have for some time been thus somewhat engaged, as also has my friend Dr. Perkins."

Another interesting extract from the same letter will afford food to the Naturalist student, while it informs the general reader of one of the greatest curiosities in nature yet discovered.

"Dr. Perkins informs me that there is here a peculiar phenomena which unites animal and vegetable life, called by the natives *Chichara*; it is somewhat like a Beetle, and buries itself in the ground at the beginning of the rainy season, from which in about two weeks time there springs from the back of its neck a small stem, upon which grows a kind of flower. The stem and

flower can never be found save only when connected with the insect: therefore it can not be the germination of the seed which the bug has taken, nor has this peculiarity ever been found in any other locality. During the coming season we will use every endeavor to send you one of these curiosities. It has for some time past puzzled the naturalists of both London and Paris, and if the "Los Americanos" of San Francisco can clear up this wonder in natural history they then may be considered worthy to become the disciples of Humboldt.

We have here also another curiosity, of the insect called the *Gusano Quamador*, or burning worm, which has a thousand spiny protuberances, each of which sting like a nettle. My friend placed one of these in a large wide-mouthed bottle, with water and vegetable matter, and it changed into one of the most magnificent butterflies I ever beheld.

Our kind, and intelligent doctor, Narvaez, of Tepic, an excellent naturalist, showed us a dried specimen of this bug and flower which is evidently a relation of the locust family of insects; but to what class of plants the flower belongs is not so easy to determine. When the promised specimen reaches us we shall prepare a drawing of it for our curious readers.

#### To Contributors and Correspondents.

D.—When may we expect it?

J. A. C., Nevada.—We shall find it a place.

Doings.—Do not indulge in any inward profanity, (we know you do not to the ear,) because the interesting conclusion of "51" is necessarily omitted in this number; for, had it been as elastic or as compressible as one quality of Chinese silk, used only by Celestial Empresses, —a complete dress of which can be forced into a walnut shell (!)—it would have been next to impossible to do other than we have. Is that O. K.

T. A. II., Centreville.—Yes; short, beautiful, and expressive poems are always welcome.

Received.—"Lines on the Loss of the Central America." "How I became Attorney General." "Bessie, the True-hearted." "Saucy Jake." "Natural Laziness." Song, "The Land of my Adoption,"—and other favors. Many thanks to our new contributors.

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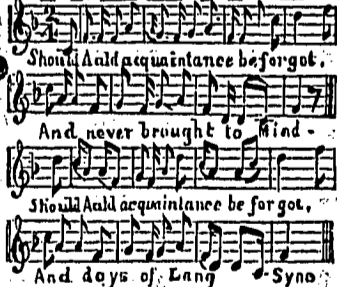
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