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THE TARANTULA OF CALIFORNIA.

We 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-
The tarantula (aranea tarantula), then, is supposed to be a native of Tarantum, Italy, from whence it derives its name. We also suppose that, although they may have derived their name from that Italian clay—as no person would be venturesome enough to transport these 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 feat 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 respect 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 dwelling, and devour at leisure. The following description of the nest, and mode of entering it,—from the Iconographical Encyclopedia—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 its becoming fatsoal—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 outside, it must be forced. The claws are turned to close it, and are raised to this vertical back; and it is the opinion of the most careful observers, that it is impossible to thrust a finger, or even a pointed stick, three inches beyond it. 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 dwelling, and devour at leisure.
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 O. J. W. Russell (who was killed by the Indians in Lower California), after one of those 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 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 following 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 reported 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 chose 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-foot that they can 'open scenes' and disappear from sight by a peculiar kind of 'hocus-pocus.' From this fact I conclude that those which I have observed do not stray 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 those enormous spiders. Those
which I have seen in California are not so large nor so furious—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 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—S-s-s! S-s-s!—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 arrows 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 Spilus, provides for its young by making a hole in the ground, or occupying one already made by the cowrie (a species of moth), the caterpillars of which live in wood, or ceraembia (a species of beetle), or any other wood-boring insect, and then deposits its eggs within it, so that when the larvae, or maggots, come out from the eggs, they may find sufficient food from the embryo (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 this male 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 those above mentioned.

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 organ is imperfect, or undeveloped. These are called laborers, or neuters, and the duties imposed upon them are the providing of food and lodging 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 spheob tribe is formed by the groups of andrewi, 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 saw, together, the head and arms 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
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 stygala, or tarantula, with the most unrelenting vindictiveness, even to the death. We only surmise, 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 victims 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 de Paris—although accompanied with the regrets of the 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 files 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 Heco.

The accompanying engraving is an excellent likeness of Joseph Heco, 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 Porpoise Cooper. Joseph Heco was born in the city of Hakata, 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 Minco—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 disabled 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 Poli, Capt. Webster, on board of which they were detained eleven months, when the U. S. slop-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 Sasebohan, to wait for Commodore Perry, who was to take them to Japan. Becoming impatient, Joseph, accompanied by Tsoro (who is now employed in Wells, Fargo & Co.'s office, San Francisco,) and another, believed it prudent to start.
to return to California, where they arrived in October, 1852. Capt. Pease, then com-
mander of the Argos (now of the Marcy), an excellent and accomplished officer, re-
cived them on board his vessel, and did all in his power to render them comfort-
able. 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 Macombray & 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
CABIN HOMES.

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 Heco 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 Peninsular, under Lieut. J. M. Brooks, who had been directed to make some important surveys in the Chinese and Japanese seas. Heco 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 Nagasaki, via Honolulu, which latter port she entered in good time, and probably before now has reached her Japanese port, and Heco may be at this moment in the house of his parents, who will no doubt be greatly astonished to see their son attired about in European clothes, wearing the blue coat and broadcloth coat of the American navy. "Strutting," however, is not Joseph's habit; at all; he is a very modest and gentle 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.
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—erected by his own honest labor from the materials which God has placed at his disposal. It is his home, and, like all homes, becomes endued by a thousand circumstances. The red walks become mute confidantes, 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 besides 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 repast, gotten up in the greatest style of luxury which his limited provisions 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 distressing 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, and come to a recluse 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 circumstance 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 cherished objects; and oft amidst 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 family 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 know them of old; and as we climb the knoll from which we shall see the cabin, the heart will not keep still, 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 throbbs—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 growth upon ruins! The cabin is there—damaged 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 whom threshold we have sat so often in the evening hour, creaks mournfully upon its hinges, as if disconsolate that no hand with rupture should ever again lift its rude, wooden latch; and to complete the scene of desolation, the prowling coyote retreats reluctantly at our approach, as if he thought us intruders upon our own hearth. Cense 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
RIVER MINING.

But few of those who have never looked upon the rushing and impetuous torrents that sweep down the deep canyons and rivers of the snow-covered Sierras, or watched the deep and eddying current, 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 pebbly 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, 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—even 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. These 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. Lytle, 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 500 men employed daily in working the claim, which, with tools, etc., cost $1,500 per day. For 35 days, the average yield of gold per day was $7,500; the largest amount taken out in one day was 885
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. O’s native city.

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

of gold taken out, between the 29th of September* and the 9th of November,† was $200,000.

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

† Thus 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 short of rain.
the then almost exclusive business of stock raising. In 1840 population began slowly to increase, when he cultivated a portion of the land, opened a trading post, and ran a barge between New Melroseburg 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 O. Covil-land; and in the spring of 1849, his other half to M. O. Nyo and W. Foster, when it generally became known among Americans as Nyo's Ranch; but in the same year they disposed of their interest to Coviland; who, a few months later, sold three-fourths of his interest to Messrs. J. M. Ramirez, J. Sampson, and T. Rican; these four having equal interests in the whole, which was then considered to be worth about $50,000.

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 Siondo; but that of Marysville was finally adopted, in honor of Mrs. Coviland, 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. R. 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 $5 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; L. B. Wadleigh as second Alcalde; and T. M. Twissell 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;
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 ornamented to the city.

With all these, and numerous other drawbacks, the indomitable enterprise 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 salt-ponds, 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° 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 activities 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 masterpiece. 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, Charleston county, Mo., where for nine years he practiced 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; mission-
of the six men of the company, which swelled their number to twenty-seven; and all traveled in company.

After the usual mishaps and fatigue 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—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 “Longanna,” 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
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 mules for his party, 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 1841, he purchased half a league of land near Santa Cruz, where he built a sawmill, which was the first one ever built and put into successful operation in the country. A sawmill 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 companions; 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 hand, 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 Chereaux, 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 horn, he never dreamed 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 bed.

Col. Fremont, with fifty of his men, the following spring, remained some three weeks, sharing the hospitality 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 Dales, Oregon, Mr. Gillegos 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 hostilities 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 Hayley 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—Be ware of bad partners and nine-tenths of the lawyers—and if need be, add the other tenth, and thus eschew law and lawyers altogether.
THE TOPOGRAPHY OF CALIFORNIA.

BY JOHN S. HITTEN.

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 mountains of Iceland, 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° 45' to 42° North, 700 miles long by 180 miles 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 50 miles wide, and from 1,000 to 4,000 feet high. Along the eastern border, and reaching from latitude 31° 45' to 41°, lies the "Sierra Nevada," a range of mountains about 70 miles wide, and from 6,000 to 10,000 feet high. South of 38° this chain runs with the meridian, and at 33° it unites with the coast mountains and is lost. At the northern extremity of the State, the Sierra Nevada and the Coast Range are connected by mountains which leave scarcely any valley land between 40° 30' and 42°.

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 miles—ranging from latitude 35° to 40° 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°, 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 200 feet above the level of the sea, at the opposite end of the valley. The soil 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° 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

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*In this article I propose to describe the topography of the State, indicating the form, size, position and elevation of the hills, mountains, valleys, passes, rivers, lakes, marshes and islands, with a slight allusion to the character of the soil and vegetation. Such a description, and no more, I believe, is implied in the "topography" of a country. Webster says "topography" is the description of a place, territory, or tract of land; and that "topology" is the corresponding term for a country; but the former word is used by civil engineers and the public generally in the almost entirely exclusive sense of the latter; and Webster's definition of both words are so indistinct and incorrect, that I shall venture to disregard its authority.
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 canyons; 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 10 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 area 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; 00 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 on 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 Gigantia, 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 Pino, White Oak, Californian Evergreen Oak, Mammals, Madrones, and Californian Buckeyes.

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°, they are an unbroken mass of mountains, extending 60 or 80 miles into the interior; but from that latitude to 34° 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, 50 miles to the head of this river, where it turns abruptly west to the ocean; then we cross the low plain of Santa Rosas 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 600 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 350 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°, 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 Ines, 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 many 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 ranges:

The Gabriel 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 Ines ridge, between the Santa Ines river and the ocean.

The San Bernardino mountains, the main chain of the Coast Range, from 34° 45' to 33° 40'.

The Carnera ridge, between Napa and Sonoma valleys.
The Klamath Valley.

North of latitude 41° lies the Klamath river, which rises in Oregon, flows southward to the centre of Shasta county, then turns westward, and, after a course of 150 miles, opens into the Pacific. The Klamath, itself, has no valley or bottomland; it runs in a deep adobe, 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 northwestern 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° and 41°, there is a high table-land, or plateau, about 20 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° 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 southwest, by the Sierra Nevada and San Bernardino Mountains; with its north-eastern corner in latitude 43°, and longitude 112°; its north-western corner in latitude 43°, longitude 10°; being about 800 miles wide, from east to west, and 600 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 dreariest and most sterile parts of the earth's surface, cut up by numerous, irregular ridges—of bare, rocky mountains, with valleys of sand and plates of volcanic ashes and scoria intermixing, and occasional springs and little streams, which terminate in lakes, presenting a width of extent of muddy salt water in the rainy season, and, in the summer, wide beds of dried and cracked mud covered with a white alkali efflorescence. The chief stream in the Californian 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 30° 25', N., and is 13 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 perennial 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...
comfortless region, and has little worthy of remark, except that portion of it in latitude 38° 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 50 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, 14,508 feet high, at the head of the Sacramento Valley, in latitude 41° 30'. It is cloaked 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, 5,700 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:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Altitude</th>
<th>Latitude</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Lassen's Butte</td>
<td>10,660</td>
<td>39 50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pilot Butte</td>
<td>10,880</td>
<td>39 50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Castle Peak</td>
<td>12,000</td>
<td>38 10</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

In the Coast Range—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Altitude</th>
<th>Latitude</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Mt. Linn</td>
<td>49 15</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mt. St. John</td>
<td>39 15</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mt. Diablo</td>
<td>49 10</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lassen Peak</td>
<td>31 15</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pacheco's Peak</td>
<td>34 10</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>San Bernardino</td>
<td>33 48</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Pass</th>
<th>Height</th>
<th>Latitude</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Lassen's</td>
<td>4,000</td>
<td>38 47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Proctor's</td>
<td>5,900</td>
<td>38 47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beckwith's</td>
<td>3,900</td>
<td>38 30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kerens'</td>
<td>5,600</td>
<td>36 35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Johnson's</td>
<td>6,503</td>
<td>35 50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carson's</td>
<td>7,972</td>
<td>35 43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Senora's</td>
<td>10,132</td>
<td>35 15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Walker's</td>
<td>5,303</td>
<td>35 40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hum-pan-yop</td>
<td>5,200</td>
<td>35 35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tal-ca-chiy-yah</td>
<td>4,600</td>
<td>35 10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tajoon</td>
<td>5,385</td>
<td>35 50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cajon de los Uvas</td>
<td>4,200</td>
<td>34 50</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Pass</th>
<th>Altitude</th>
<th>Latitude</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>San Francisco</td>
<td>34 40</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>San Bernadino</td>
<td>1,050</td>
<td>34 20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cajon</td>
<td>4,070</td>
<td>34 15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sangero</td>
<td>3,780</td>
<td>33 14</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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° 40'.

TO H. B.,

On reaching some Violets.

Thus flower'd, which thy hand bestows,
Thus 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 soil-emblazoned earth,
Nor scents the perfume-laden air,
I also would extoll its worth.

For me, none other can excel
This blossom, that such joy hath given—
That seems as if on earth it fell,
Bask'd in balmy dews, from Heaven.
EARLY DAYS OF THE BUCKEYES; OR, LOVE AND PUGILISM.
BY DEGO ALANO.

There may be those who will regard this frank expression of Lennie'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.pagellar 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 round-up, a house-making, 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 bastard, 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. Bitting, scratching, kicking, and gouging were clearly within the statute; and to be whipped in such a fight, where everything was "fair and square," entitled no disgrace. Aside from the chivalric feeling engendered by the war, one great provacative 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 frileers, tipplers, and "hard cases." They were commonly called "still-houses," but most inappropriately, for they were the holiest places and scenes of the worst confusion—especially at night—that could well be found. One material evil of this domestic whisky was its sharpness. For a half dollar a man could keep himself so heavily 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, rampart 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, Yawkuh, 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 Lennie, did not present a very heroic appearance. No man, no matter how chiv-
alcoholic, ever does look the hero with a
nose up head. But Yawkab was anxious
that an immediate obliteration of the
black and blue moanot of Barney's
prowess should be effected before the
attacking morning; and, to secure a rest
so dear to his heart, he was willing not
only to submit to Lennie'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 opportu-

nity of holding a serious conversation
with the object of his sudden passion,
and of convinced her by argument, if
not by his many graces, that he was in-
initely superior to Barney, and far bet-
ter 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 Yaw-
kbob! Like Lyzander, who wooed the
beautiful Herminia, he found abundant
reason to exclaim—
"Oh, not for aught that ever I could read—
Could ever here, by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth!
"Lennie obstinately persisted in busi-
ness her with her household occupa-
tions until a late hour; and when, at last,
she honored the parlor of the Kenni
Hotel with her presence, she was ac-
panied by Miss Patience Doolittle—a
tall, maugre, sharp-sighted, Yankee old
maid, with silver-gilt spectacles on her
nose—who had accompanied to come
that very day from the county town to
fill the post of seamstress in the Kenni
family. Mr. Plunkett, and Yawkab had
been sitting there for a long time, the
former commenting with much gravity
on the wickedness of Western people,
and especially condemning their prac-
tices, that, in the pursuit of gain, they
paid not little attention, and
only answers, when politeness required
an answer, in moneyable.$
"Lennie 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 polite
phrase, "kept the floor," only addressed
occasionally by Miss Doolittle, and as
Lennie seemed mischievously inclined to
listen to every word uttered by these two
colleagues, 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
a whispering remark; but at that
moment she chose to be particularly en-
grossed by a peculiarly eloquent and for-
nible speech of Mr. Plunkett, and Yaw-
kab, disconcerted and abashed, retreated
into a corner, to ruminate on his mis-

chance in silence.
"The greatest and most glorious work
reformed and evangelical Chris-
"tianity," said Mr. Plunkett, "is that which
is now in such successful progress in the
New England churches, of sending the
Gospel to the heathen heathen of Asia,
Africa, and the islands of the Pacific.
Armies of missionaries are now strug-
gling in those great fields of Christian
enterprise against the Powers of Dark-
ness, and very signal, indeed, have been
the rewards of their labors. No less
than ten Iludus have been baptised
into the Church within the last five
years, and more than that number in the
Sandwich Islands."
"La, Massy!" interrupted Miss Doo-
Little, "my father, to him, in Stonington,
was a young Sandwich Island boy,
sent to him by Uncle Zephaniah Doolittle,
who went a missionary out there with
a bull lot of notions, and made himself
rich by the speculations. The boy's
name, in the heathen tongue, was Ole-
kish, or suthin' such like, but we called
him Olly for short; and if ever there was
a pious boy he was one—though he
would steal little things sometimes, and
drink rum like an all possessed, when he
could get it. Well, as I was a sayin', he was very poor 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 meditate the hour all over with his muddy feet, and spit tobacco juice all over the floor and into the buckwheat batter, and tell stories, and sing hoochland 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 ushin' overboard, when the boom, or some sick thing, hit him on the head, and he fell into the sea and was drowned. But it shows, Mr. Plankett, that we're all accountable critics.

What further improvement or illustration Miss Doolittle intended making on Okukin's tragic end, will never be known, as Barney Malone just then broke into the parlor, under pretense of asking some directions from Mr. Plankett 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 thinkin' yourself purty well, for you're not speakin' to Miss Loo-nie; but just mind what I'm tellin' ya: if ye dan' to make the last taste of love til her, he me sow, it's worse than a black eye I'll be affir and givin' ya, to-mor-row mornin'."

As soon as he was gone, Mr. Plankett, 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-spitful looks from both Miss Doolittle and the Lieutenant, to which he seemed perfectly oblivious. Whatever were Miss Loo-nie's motives it is utterly useless to inquire; but that she rather encouraged this familiarity, by smiling gnomically on the schoolmaster, is a stübhorn fact. Miss Doolittle threw herself back in her chair, looking like a very ill-used person, while the Lieutenants showed his contempt of the performance by abruptly rising and leaving the room.

In the bar-room he found Michael Kessell, 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 Kessell 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 old 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 nose, bulbous-nosed and powder-born, 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. Kessell expressed his aversion, in very emphatic
A merry fellow in the company, who happened to recollect that Michael, a few days before, had been called, 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. Mud 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 unobservant 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 walt--.
All bowing In the lower til,
To be his soul to God on high."

"Well, 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-

Dutch, to extending the credit system to a runaway 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 yes."

Thus 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 Lee-

nie and her cruelty, the more passionately and idly he loved her. The schoolmaster, whom at first he had regarded as an inoffensive bigot, had sud-

nely assumed the shape of a formidable rival. It seemed to him incompre-

hensible that a girl of Leeenie's fine sens-

es and spirits could be fascinated by a pros-

pering, 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—he 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 fatiguing 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 Barney was a scientific graduate of some fist 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, breading, ham, eggs, pork
stocks, and sausages. People lived on
the fat of the land in those days, in the
Buckeye State.

Breakfast discussed, the Lieutenant,
whose fortune would not favor with a
sight of his conscience, 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
immenes breakfast under his bolt, stood, in
traveling gear, with his rifle in the hol-
low of his left arm, ready to fulfill his
contract, by finishing the epithet. As
soon as Tawakic appeared, he was claus-
iously requested to resume his office of
annunciation, and write down the conclu-
sion of the epithet, 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 ac-
cent and good discretion," he proceeded
to read:

"There was a man that died of love,
Where angels did repentant wail—
All sorrow in the lower sky,
To hear his soul to God go high."

"Excellent!" exclaimed everybody.
"Sober gate!" said Mr. Keazil, with
an expression of face which showed he
was exquisitely delighted and flattered;
"dus ist fury goot! Go on mit zu odor."

All eyes were on the Indian, who,
with a gravity of demeanor and a solemn-
ity of tone that would have made a Hel-
pian pythoness jealous, slowly and dis-
tinctly spoke as followeth:

"But, while thus sitting in mid-air,
To hear its proudest freight to bear,
to the stables, where he found Barney rubbing down his own horse, and sing-
ing at the top of his voice, and with a
rich Irish accent—
"Ooh, I was the boy for leckin' yer—"
"Wouldn't hooner do it," said Barney. "I was leckin' yer—"
"So wish ya will win on, boy?"

"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 Yawakuh, who, it may as well be re-
marked, had not seen proper to replace
the heedless on his eye that morning—
the swelling and discoloration having
almost disappeared during the night.

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

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

"Well, that's snarble, anyhow; for
if I ketch ye comin' an' yar Barney
over the poor innoent, I'll lave ye into
smithereens, an' put both yer good-look-
in' eyes in Yankee regimentals—daps
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 preten-
sions to Miss Lennie, 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 Bar-
ney, 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 Lieuten-
ant, 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."

"Ooh, thin, there's no resistin' ye.
Yes got a tongue in yer head that'd whip
the birds from the beawes—sayin' nothin' o' the ten dollars. Faix, an' I'll do
it, jist whoiver ye think it convenient
like."

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

"Niver yo b' unnessy," 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
impact, the Lieutenant placed a ten-dollar
bill in his rival's hand, and awaited, with
considerable interest, his further move-
ments.

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

What the Irishman meant by "two
pair o' gloves," Yawakub had not the
least notion; but, telling Barney that he
would be ready for his first lesson in an
hour, he sumitted into the fields to com-
manu 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 Yawakub,
seeking the solitude of an unmention-
stable, proceeded, the one to instruct and
the other to receive instruction, in the
sublime science of pagulism. 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 oc-
cidental 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 Yaw-
kap began to feel the certainty that,
without gloves, he could soon settle all
the scores he owed to his Irish rival.
Pulling off his gloves, he said to Barney:
"Now, say 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 un-
easy.

"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 en-
ing 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 im-
puerity of the Lieutenant brooked no de-
lay. 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 bungled-up eyes, and the clarat flowing
eupholisly from his nose and mouth. The
Lieutenant's blows were absolutely ter-
rible, for his arm was served with love
and jealousy, and he made short work of
his rival.

"Enough! enough! How's mother?
Enough!" shouted poor Barney, as he
lay on the broad of his back, utterly pow-
erless; "Sure ye'd not be after killin' a
body, like a murderer!" drawled, would ye?"

"Say that I may court Leslie Rossell,
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, evident-
ly meant what he said.

"I did—I do!" said Barney, with his
mouth full of blood, and speaking in
much pain and tribulation; "I give yo
me full consent to court 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 prosenut man, when he
heard his name called, in a melodious,
feminine voice, behind him, and, looking
round, who should be see, standing in
the stable door, but Lennie, 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 flit-
tered 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 devoted to the
surgery of his wounds, in making formal
acknowledgements for the honor of which
I have been the ignominate and unsuspect-
ing recipient. I must call some of the
boys, and have Barney taken to the kin-
cham, so that further small 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.—AFFINITY.

My mother, as the stars depart,
Think not my love is growing cold;
The idea which bind thee to my heart
Are stronger than in days of old.

And o'er the illusory morn
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 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 precious bliss
Would swell my heart-springs even now!

I think of many years ago,
When we kneel round the bible-nazin
Our lives had then a peaceful flow,
Our death had thinned our little band.

How fervently went up the prayer
For all the bounties we have given
Since time has brought us much of care—
Yet, let us put our trust in Heaven.

No fire is burning on the earth,
Where once the blaze shone 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 never be opened more—
One of our band walks Hermon’s strand,
And one is on Pauk’s shore.

My mother, though the holiest tie
That bind our souls to earth be 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 reunited.

S A N F R A N C I S C O , J a n . 1, 1855.

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 genial 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 standeth, 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 primal 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 loaded within them, and found that the blood is continuously 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 dependences, and so land the air with this life-extinguishing principle, that the consequences are disease and death. Of when will mankind learn wisdom from the constant teachings and the rebukes of Nature? Affinity pervades not only matter, but mind and spirit, the inviolable power of Destiny, bringing order out of confusion, and beauty and harmony from the chaos and discord of matter and mind.

Who, in studying the crystallization of rocks, is not struck with the countless 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 theme 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? Tobeins, 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 these mankind, when some Newtonian mind shall have explored it for some, instead of vague theories. Doubtless, there will reveal to the world a system of ethics as demonstrable and harmonious as that which governs the planets in their orbits.

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, though feeble, may be felt in the innermost depths, as well as on the widest surface, of its invigorating waters.

ELJANA, THE MEXICAN BEAUTY.

[anthem of "The Ethereal Hymnology"]

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

Miraculous, 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 thousands of land, together with herds of cattle and droves of horses; these were his principal riches. Eljana was his only child. She was his pride and his bright star of hope. His heart glowed with such pride, he let him, by 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 Valles. 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
ELIANA, THE MEXICAN BEAUTY.

fall to charm. It was surrounded by a beautiful plain, covered with huge, scat-tering 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 gravely bed, in front of the house, making a noise signifying its rapid passage from the farrowed 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, festooned with any material; 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 Eliana's home at the time my story begins. Mireamonte had a number of Mexicanos lying around his premises, lazy indolence, awaiting his leisurely 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, immense large drives of cattle were driven through Monterey Valley for the Californian market. The frequent opportunities which thus presented them

selvies he always improved, until he became a sly but confirmed highway robber. His greater 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 Eliana 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 dabbled with blood, and one arm was ter-
... and told the story of 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 sitting 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! I thought he, "if I could but once find the racially 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 wondrous beauty. Why, I believe I am half in love with this little Spanish nymph; but love my friends would spur 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 Elaina, "are they not beautiful!" as she playfully held them up before him.

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

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"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 beeves, 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, Elanna, I am fond of fish; but not so fond of them as to prefer them to the pleasure your society ever affords me."

"Well, I know you will like them when they are cooked," said, 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; she had mingled in the society of young ladies all his life, and often fainted 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, Elanna 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. Brunner," 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 faulty, 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. Brunner, and I am at a loss to understand you," she smilingly replied.

"I can scarcely comprehend it myself, dear Elanna; but I have not told you half of my feelings yet."
HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

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

"Yes, dearest Elbanna, I have," said he, pressing her to his beating heart, and kissing her rosebud lips, "the congeniality of our spirits has bound me in cords 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 asking out a city life of idleness 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. Elbanna sighed, as she leaned her sym pathetic cheek against his manly breast, fearful of disturbing his sacred grief for an only and beloved brother.

"Your father, dear Elbanna," 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 internment, and I must start early to-morrow morning. I have one request to make of you, dearest, before we part:"

"Only name, is, 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 pleasant 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 Elbanna, 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. Ballard—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 Elbanna.

"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. Ballard is very lame, besides being rather aged, and it is somewhat difficult for him to ride or walk."
ELIANA, THE MEXICAN BEAUTY.

"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 unlike 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 Eliana, 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."

Putting some corn meal dough between her little hands, she made some thin cakes, and laid them on the horse, which quickly bade 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 Eliana about a teacher, and recommended Mr. Ballard for that purpose.

"Yes, father," said Eliana, "Mr. Brother 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 visit 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 see the men to work preparing for our journey."

Eliana, 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 Eliana 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-tantrum and ruby lips to his.

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

All the arrangements were now ready for a march to Monterey; and Alfred went to bid adieu to his weeping Eliana. 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. Eliana wept until tears refused to flow. It was her first sorrow, and it well might break 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 toward 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 time 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. Ballard. Miramontes appeared pleased with him; consequently, a bargain was made, and Mr. Ballard prepared to accompany him to Montes Valley.

The time for Miramontes to return home had now arrived. Mr. Ballard, 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 horse friend, his eyes filled with tears as he saw them depart for the borders of Mexico.

Mr. Ballard'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 gauchos laughed at his timidty; 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. Ballard 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. Ballard 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, beanz, eggs, and the finest of fish; and I have cooked Mr. Ballard'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. Ballard, "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—memories of joy-giving happiness she had long coveted, and looked for, at length possessed. He was engrossed 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. Ballard but little time for idleness. Her incessant applications astonished him, and the rapid advances she made assured him of her superior mind.

Six months had now elapsed since Mr. Ballard commenced teaching Elbana. Her constant and unceasing 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. Ballard 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 treatmetn, and continued it every morning. Her instructor often accompa-
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 hesitatingly rode up to him.

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

"Oh, 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 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 five 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! Oh, what is the matter, sir?"

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

"Well, what did you find?"

"Oh, 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-lair 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 abode at his side near it, for the convenience of travelers that often passed through Monte Valley.

Mr. Bullard's interest in Miramontes' affairs made him quite a favorite in Monte Valley. Elbana and her father both acknowledged his superior genius, taste, and other advantages. Miramontes showed him every respect, and the grocers obeyed his slightest call. Mr. Bullard had become quite attached to Miramontes, as well as to his noble daughter, but now, horrible suspicions kept haunting 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.]
CHARLES and William Ellwell 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 Ellwell, to blind 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 "Vicks Island with plenty of gold," to be had for the picking up. Like Orestes and Pyrades, they set forth; together they toiled, perished, lost, or gained; together they counseled or congratulated each other. Charles was some seven years older than William, who looked up to him as an older brother—almost as a father. What with prospecting, washing, sluicing, dashing, 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 uselessly in the boarding 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 Glenworth was a man of elegant manners, and of refined classical education. His brilliant intellect (but alas! without religious moral restraint) had been fully developed under the fostering care of his loving, 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, fair, open, honest brow—that rare and most exquisite beauty in a man, the white, delicate, perfectly-formed hands and feet; the ready word, postulating, declamatory, intemperate, prompt compliment, always graceful, always dexterous, well-timed, and appropriate; who can wonder that he was a universal favorite?

His family name, which was in itself a passport, only vouchsafed for what his manners realized. He fascinated all. He was not a miser. 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 villifiers 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 such men saw the bland smile, the white hand, the brilliant teeth, the honest, flawless glance of Sidney Glenworth, 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, continuing them against every temptation of idle and cards, in which his own philistinester temperament found no resistless allurement. 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 brooding for the purpose of marrying his sister. No obstacle, however, stood in his way to prevent him from repaying 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 consolidate 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 veiling 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-coverings, or wrappers in snow, as substitutes for saddles, for buffalo hides in sloughs, for umbrellas and India rubber 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 canvas 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, Willis, my boy!"

"I shall—or 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 sun that would ease your heart, but—"

"Sidney, I wouldn't tell him for the world. He would sacrifice all his own prospects to save 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. Willis 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 stalked 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 gracefulness, almost imperceptible fingers, fascinated that rough couch with draperies home-like 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 little agile, graceful form winds itself through the folds of that temporary outlet, scarcely disturbing the cask which weighs the curtain down, and covers 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, Charles, old fellow, is it? All right, thank you: the money's safe," and, adding a few sleepy tones, William relaxed into slumber, as Sidney crouched unseen behind his bed.

The mining camp is all afever. 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, uninterested. "No leach of a patron exist" 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 benefited 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 say 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, Charles! 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, recrimination, 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 nationalism) "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 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 suspect, grew irritable, hasty, savage. He felt that the other miners looked upon him with distrust, and that his former boon companion was favored several. Called 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 snatched from the camp, for the duel 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 relief, 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 scout peeling round a sage, in a northern mining camp, marks Charles’s resting-place.

A stone, gracefully carved, bearing the words “Rexx, 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 his insane state among the agonies, he died. In his pocket were a few pieces of money, and some most affectionate letters, signed: ‘Rexx Lassen.’”

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

Ye parents who, like the German modest, 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 tattered shirt of Necessity, wrapped around his own agonized heart, and flings them in mockery of compassion—but reality of corruption—upon every passer-by.

HE NEVER CAME AGAIN.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

His wife stood weeping at the door,
His mother in the hall;
His children crouched around his knee,
For he must kiss them all.
The tears were trickling down his cheeks,
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 rose came and went,
The summer flowers grew 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.

Tears are few hours 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 Sixty-four 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. "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 unrelenting (1) 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 insist on in accounting for such a dried apple diet.

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 apples, 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 enjoyed 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. De——; if you will be kind enough to ask Dr. O—— to pass it," and so forth.

Such dried apple and fresh pork observations and conversations 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 Capital, 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 [Don't need 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 (1) of dried apples, except as an article of export.

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


**OUR SOCIAL CHAIR.**

Sedna 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 Waaco Ticket.**—A gentleman who resided 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 bill for his wasterwoman.

"Mr. R. **R,**—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 dress and must have them—won't be put off any longer—so 'punge down," and oblige **Olivia B.—**

"W. 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 certain third party—only a regular outsider. Here it is:

"**DEAR MRS. **M.—**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 steady. Yours, affectionately,**

"J. H.—"

The ballot was not counted, as the "inspector," who knew the lady thus addressed, declared it to be a silly one, representing a Billy-don't-browns!

In 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 Lorenzo Goosbury, esp. Post Laurinian, and collected to all Posts and Postesses around these diggings.

Why, a pump without a handle, a maul without a handle, a goose that's lost its fellows, a noiseless pair of bellows, a horse without a saddle, a boots without a saddle, a mule—a foot—a two-legged mole; a post—a jat! dready—woody—contrary—uncherokee; a fish without a tail, a ship without a sail; a legless pair of longs, a fork without its prongs; a clock without a hand; a not thick's out of place; a boisterous log, an added egg; a sniff that, a crownless hat; a pair of brooches, wanting stitches; a chattering horse—cost, minus stage; a quacking duck, whistling placck; a stumbling 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 spurt; or a cat—or a rat; or a hen—or a worm; or a gun, or a pig in a pen; or a thrust that will not sing, or a bell that will not ring; or a penny that "won't go!" or a hearing without voice; or a blue 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 fly, or a last year's pen, or a figure 31! like a fool without a tongue, like a barrel without a bang—like a whole, like a small—like an owl, like a fowl, like a monk without his cowl, like a midnight ghost; like a goose in his call, like a chopperless bell; not a poor, forsaken panther, choosing lonely thus to wander; he's like a walking-nick, or scatted, or—"lived to be plain, and end my string, he's nothing but a BACHELOR!

**The Shasta Courier thus discourses on A Discoverer of the Roman.**—A few nights ago, a party of young men in this place, for the purpose of having a "bark," and riding 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, surrounded themselves in the cemetery grounds. As soon as the "jolly grave-digger" had struck a few ticks with his pick, "Bang! long!" 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—chasing the forces in a house, he sped to the hills, and, "in the twinkling of an eye," was lost in the darkness. What has become of him no man knows, although it
HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

1 suspected that, in the blindness of his sight, 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,
Hide up, rush up,
Swim up, fly up,
Crawl up, rise up,
Steam up, sail up,
Drop 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 Harpers' California Magazine," only three dollars per annum, postage paid, to any part of the United States!

An esteemed friend on Dry Creek, Sempson 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 native-made convicts, and, according to the rites of the church, was about to be baptized, 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—"Fed that arm under, for that was my arm!"... 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 stolidly at the person who had thus addressed him, and calmly replied: "Then, brother, I will "push that arm under" the rightly—
you bold."

On relating the preceding anecdote to Mr. Fitzgerald, the accomplished editor of the Pacific Methodist, he gave us the following for the Cl Active.

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 one—how so?" "Oh! I 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 lain on 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, 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.

Remember 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 Trinity, 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, man! 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 soaked, and drunken bluster led him to say—"I've tried poor hell up just as much as you; but such make a good warm fire.

"Sure backwash is a large-as-written Golden-calf command. Union the verse for the Squirms out, and it's as good as ten times as long, and a cow is a cow, to our wish, to the dignity of the human being."

We may as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb."
The following is a report of the current events as per the 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 2 o'clock, A.M., on Sunday, December 25th, in 12 days, 11 hours and 40 minutes, from St. Louis. The distance from St. Paul to San Francisco, although nearly half way, was accomplished in 6 days and 20 hours; while the other half took 12 days, 16 hours and 10 minutes—although the latter-named is the best of the route.

New voices of singers have recently been discovered in Monterey county, which are being passed, with flattering prospects of success. They are named "The Quick-River Minstrels of New Idahio."

After two unsuccessful attempts, the overland mail on the Stockton, Albuquerque, Santa Fe and Independence route, left the former city on the 3rd 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 Suisun and Yreka.

The amount of gold shipped by steamers leaving California in 1854, as per manifest, was $55,109,921.
The tables of mortality of San Francisco for 1858 show the number of deaths to have been 1,925, or about 1 in 50.

On the morning of January 1st, there were 218,004 $1 in the State Treasury.

The mail steamer Seamen arrived with the President's Message on the 23th December, in 24 days from New York.

The total amount of gold coined in the U.S. Branch Mint, San Francisco, for 1858, was $17,148,000, or $64,791,000.

The indebtedness of the State on the 1st of January, 1859, was $4,371,700. The annual interest of the debt is $250,150.

A man named Bland was picked up dead 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. The courts of law are not sages.

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

The population of the whole of the United States is said to be 1,580,000.

The San Francisco Chronicle for the 18th of March, contains the following paragraph:

"The inhabitants of this city are much excited by the report of the discovery of gold in the Sierra Nevada, which has been made public by a miner named Brown, who is said to have discovered it on the 15th of March."
One of San 
on signs 

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

The San Francisco Police Gazette made its 

appearance in San Francisco on the 15th. 

One of the 43 counties in the State, at 

contain 61,028 children, of whom 33,546 

were born in California.

Casey Burns, who, at the last general 
election, was chosen judge of the 4th Dis 

trict Court, was refused his seat by Judge 

Hagen, the present occupant, who declined 
to vacate it.

The Attorney General has commenced 
suit against the different associations of 
San Francisco, to recover the sum of $51, 
408 due the State, under the Act of April 
29th, 1851, by which a tax of one half of
During our voyage to Mexico last Spring we felt distress 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 copper-plate sealed bottle threw it overboard. Through the kindness of our esteemed friend, E. C. Haines, Esq., of Sandiego, State of California, Mexico, we have been honored with one of those papers which follow as follows:-

On board the Mexican schooner "Genova," bound for Mazatlan and San Blas, Latitude 21°54' Longitude 109° May 1st, 1858.

Inasmuch as the titles of the notices 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 the "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.

SAN DIEGO, November 8, 1858.

JAMES R. HARRISON, 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 Ozama, 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 Mazatlan, Latitude 21°54' Longitude 109° west from Mexico, and which he desired me to forward to you (your original document with the proper comments, as I understood you desire me to forward to you your original document with the proper comments, as I understood you 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 phenomenon which unites animal and vegetable life, called by the natives "Chichora;" 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 siem, 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 it peculiarly 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 Americans" 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 Genus Quamquer, or burning worm, which has a thousand spiny protuberances, each of which sting like a needle. 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, Navins, of Tepic, an excellent naturalist, showed us a dried specimen of this bug and flower which is evidently a relation of the least 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. Meade.—We shall find it a place.

Doings.—Do not indulge in any inward profligacy, (we know you do not the act,) because the interesting conclusion of "91" is necessarily omitted in this number; for, had it been so elastic or so compressible as one quality of Chinese silk, used only by Celestial Emperors,—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. In that O. R. T. A. I. Center.—Yes; short, beautiful, and expressive poems are always welcome.

OAK HALL
CLOTHING EMPORIUM,
No. 178 Clay Street, between Montgomery and Kearny,
Will be open for or about the FIRST OF JANUARY, 1859, where can be found 34 of
the most, modern, and easy to use clothes in the BOYS' AND GENTS' CLOTHING LINE. We invite all to call
and examine our stock.

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To PURIFY the Blood, and CURH all Curable Diseases!

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OPPOSITE THE St. FRANCIS HOTEL.

To suit the Times—Price REDUCED to Only $1 per BATH,
For all Ordinary Classes.

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CLOTHING,
No. 60 CALIFORNIA ST.
San Francisco.

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This popular Place of Amusement is now open for the season, enlarged and re-
figured. JOHN DREW, the inimitable Irish Comedian is the leading attraction.
Admission, 30 and 25 cts.

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Mr. COLLINS, the eminent Irish Comedian and Vocalist, Mr. ANDERSON
who celebrated Tragedian, together with Signor and Signora Bianchi, and other well
known artists, form the principal attractions during the month. A large European
Opera Troupe has also been engaged.
Prices of Admission, $1.00, 60 and 25 cents.

T. MAGUIRE, Proprietor.
RE-OPENED!

R. H. VANCE,
Corner of Montgomery and Sacramento Sts.,
SAN FRANCISCO,
HAS AGAIN RE-OPENED HIS FIRST PREMIUM GALLERY,
With all the improvements of the day.

Having greatly enlarged the mans, and made extensive additions to the arrangements of the lights and operating room, he feels confident of being able to execute pictures as well, if not better, than can be obtained in any other part of the world. He intends to improve his frame work, which has been pronounced five among the United States, inferior to none. It has been acknowledged by all that during the past FIVE YEARS I have far excelld all other artists in California, in the perfection of my pictures, and there are thousands who claim that they are unsurpassed in the world.

Being the owner of JAMES A. CUTTING'S PATENT REFRIGERATING FOR ACHROMATIC REELING AMEBROTYPES, I shall continue to give up patron the

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This Photogaphie, of the size of the largest Deyseinotype, only $2.50 each, if few are taken. Who will not give a large frame picture to a friend, when it can be obtained for only $2.50? We guarantee no plain Photogaphie, if not better, than can be obtained in the United States; and a hundred per cent. better than those taken by any artist on the Pacific Coast.

Very large size Photographie Views or only $5.00 each, if few are taken. Think of the pleasure which it would give friends at home, to receive a correct portrait of the place where you reside! Improve the fine weather while it lasts, and send in your orders.

I have enlarged my business so that hereafter I shall be at my studio all the time, to attend personally to my patrons. And with the assistance of my operators who have been with me for years, and of the other number of artists employed, I can assure you that all who favor me with a call will receive the best of service with dispatch, as I have set up Operating Rooms all over the city, which enables me to take photograph in the various scenes of features, by which I PERPETUALLY-REMEMBER all my customers, and without causing any inconvenience, having a long line the capacity of any other room in the world.

*REMEMBER THE PLACE,*

R. H. VANCE,
Corner Montgomery and Sacramento Sts., San Francisco.