



The
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CALIFORNIA FARMER

And Journal of Useful Sciences.

VOL. V.

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA, FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 30, 1856.

NO. 21.

The California Farmer AND JOURNAL OF USEFUL SCIENCES.

By WARREN & CO.

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TERMS.—Five dollars per annum, in advance. For a club of five new subscribers, we will send a sixth copy gratis. Advertisements in this journal will have a circulation and notice unequalled.

Speculations on the Weather.—No. 3.

EDITORS FARMER: The vapor, which, in last Letter, we left suspended in the atmosphere, as it rises up to find a medium of the same specific gravity as itself, gets necessarily cooled. This takes place from the air being less dense in the higher regions than in the inferior; and from other concomitant causes which I would now explain. When the particles of heat are launched forth by the sun, with the amazing velocity which I have referred to, if not interrupted they would doubtless go into the voids of space, and for aught we know (if they are anything more than mere undulations), be lost forever; but when they come in contact with such a world as ours, surrounded by an atmosphere of considerable density, they accumulate in great quantities, and in the greatest quantities where they meet with the greatest interruption. But, as I have stated, the atmosphere in the higher regions is much rarer than below; consequently the particles of heat pass readily through it; and it is only when they strike the earth that they meet with any serious opposition. There, from their extreme minuteness, they enter everything; water, earth, stones, and metals offering but a feeble resistance to their penetrating search, as they thread their way into crevices only discernible by the microscope; and the smaller these crevices and the greater the difficulty they experience in entering them, as general laws, the greater the difficulty with which they effect their escape; and consequently the greater amount of latent heat, after the direct solar influence is withdrawn. In the upper regions, as they encounter no opposition, except what takes place from the sparse atoms of air, which, at an elevation of three and a-half miles, is only one-half as dense as at the general surface of the earth, but little latent heat is accumulated, and the atmosphere there is necessarily colder.

When the vapor of water has reached this cold region, it soon gives out a portion of its heat, and in doing so gets specifically heavier; and consequently seeks to descend to an atmosphere, in which it would be in perfect equilibrium. But the moment it attempts to get into lower and heavier air, it gets into warmer quarters, where the increasing heat opposes its downward progress.

Now, it is a property of all gases, the atmosphere included, that the interstices of their component atoms may be filled with some other gas, without the space occupied by the original gas being increased. This is one reason why evaporation takes place at all. But, in this case, the cause which assists in producing, also limits the action. The atmosphere can only hold so much water; and, consequently, one of two things must prevail: either evaporation must stop altogether, or the vapor already formed must be condensed into clouds, and a portion of the atmosphere be thus left comparatively unfilled, before it can possibly continue.

The first of these circumstances takes place, to a certain extent, when dew is formed.

The air, being possessed of a considerably greater power of retaining heat than land or water, does not part with it so quickly as they do; especially in clear nights, when but little interruption is offered to the particles of latent heat escaping from their pores; and when the forming vapor and the air soon come, almost, into an equality of temperature. Consequently, the particles of heat, which, under other circumstances, would have carried the atoms of water, with which they had got connected, high up in the atmosphere, find the air, in immediate contact

with the surface, of the same specific gravity as the vapor which they form; so that, after the small interstices between the atoms of air have been filled, the escaping vapor is necessarily deposited along the surface.

It is now generally stated in Meteorological Works, that dew does not fall; which it certainly does not, in the way it was formerly supposed to do. But, that it does fall, to a certain extent, in the after part of the night, a little consideration will enable any one to perceive. Immediately after the sun has descended below the horizon, the earth does not, all at once, get cooled down to the temperature of the air at the surface; and, consequently, the evaporated water rises some distance in the atmosphere; though, we may presume, from the nearly balanced state of the temperature of the earth and air on such occasions, only a short distance. By and by, however, the earth gets colder; when the particles of heat in the atmosphere, thus recently evaporated, are again disposed to return to it; and, in doing so, they bring the atoms of water with which they are connected along with them. This is most perceptible in the fall of the year, when the nights are getting long, and sufficient time is thus afforded, for the full development of this operation of Nature. On such occasions, how often have we found, on a bright autumnal morning, the grass perfectly drenched with moisture; and seen the lazy mist stretched along the low valleys, and sleeping on their little lakes! But no sooner did the rising sun look over the mountain tops, sending heat, as well as light, abroad upon the world, than those accumulated vapors of the night, getting sooner heated than the surrounding atmosphere, from their offering more resistance to his beams, have coiled up their thin, airy, and slowly taken shape, and become dispersed into such minute atoms, as to become perfectly invisible!

Now, if the Earth, as was once supposed, were flat like a table; and had, besides, an unvaried surface of land or water; and had no satellite revolving around it, capable of causing ebbs and flows, and interfering with its atmospheric arrangements; and the ecliptic were parallel with the equator; the laws which I have stated would afford data, by means of which, after a little experimenting, and collecting of meteorological observations, the weather might be predicted with ease and accuracy. But as the circumstances are exactly the reverse, the case is necessarily altered; and a new agent—the wind—now comes into play, more fickle in character, and more powerful in action, which deranges, alike, the placid economy of a quiescent atmosphere, such as we have been contemplating, and the calculations directly deducible from the laws, which I have been attempting to explain; rendering it necessary to take them only in connection with the results of other phenomena, equally established in nature, and no less to be taken into account.

WM. THOMPSON.

MILLSTON, May 15th, 1856.

Saving Manures—Feed for Stock.

LA GRANGE P. O., Stanislaus county, May 10, 1856.

EDITORS FARMER: Having a moment of leisure, I now take this opportunity to speak a word on the subject of manures, as very little has been said on that subject in the FARMER. Sirs, I deem it a matter of great importance to all agriculturists in this, as well as in other States. It is not reasonable to suppose that our lands, however rich they may be at the present time, can produce for a number of years in succession, unless aided by manures of some kind. In passing around over various counties in this part of the State, I am satisfied that very few farmers make any account of their manures; many of them, yes, I think it would be safe to say that nine-tenths of them, are in the habit of burning their straw in the fall season, so as to avail themselves of the ground for another crop.

When I first came to this State (in the fall of '52) hay was very high, and of the great abundance of grain grown, not one load of straw was to be found fit for use. From that time I have adopted the practice of putting up a large quantity of straw for the purpose of feeding my stock, cows and steers, in cold stormy weather, and for stable litter, which adds much to the comfort of these noble animals; that portion of the straw which is fed to stock and trampled under foot, being benefitted by the juices of the yard after the winter is past, and the dry season commences, I go to work and carefully gather up all my barnyard manure and put it on my fallow ground; my stable manure I clean up and draw out, three or four times in a year, and by so doing less of it is wasted. Where it lies many months, exposed to the burning sun, much of its productive qualities are lost, and the sooner it can be plowed under, after being placed on the fallow, the better. I also use my chip manures, which are of great value, as well as it is a pleasure to have clean and comfortable yards. The poultry house and pig sty are also to be cleaned, as other yards, which is conducive to health and comfort, and of great value to the land. Where I have made a thorough application of manures to my wheat and barley fields, I am of the opinion that one-quarter to one-third is added to the crop.

I have been in several of the Atlantic States, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin and Indiana, and none of them are so rich as not to need manure on their best portions; and where the manure is scarce, the straw is no longer, and the grain is not so good.

As I have stated (Blanchard county), the manures, there, will not last a year, and about the same of hay; and I think it will work no great evil to only farmer if he should save a good lot of straw for feed, and give his stock the benefit, during the coming winter; and at the opening of spring use the residue for dressing crops. I am of the opinion this will prove profitable. Will the farmers give it a fair trial? DODGE.

P. S.—Will the FARMER please publish the Hog Law, as passed the last Legislature. D.

[For the California Farmer.]

Bugs on Vegetables—How to destroy them.

STANISLAUS, May 20, 1856.

EDITORS FARMER: I do believe I have found out something that may benefit somebody. Bugs seem to be the common enemy of all gardeners in this State, but as I am not sufficiently acquainted with bugology to give you the proper name or pedigree of the class to which I allude, I will give a brief description of them: They are very small, dark green (nearly black) bugs, that make their appearance in millions in the gardens of this section, and are particularly destructive to young cabbages, and many other vegetables. I have tried ashes, lime, tobacco juice, etc., without success, and have finally found out how to get rid of them easily, quickly, and cheaply. Take a broom or brush (I use a common corn broom, and to encourage Home Industry, I would recommend one of California growth and manufacture), in the heat of the day, brush lightly over the plant on which they are located; they will immediately fall to the ground, and if left alone, rise immediately and fly off; but as soon as they fall, pass your broom lightly and quickly over them, which will cover them with the hot dust, and it is astonishing to see how easily they are killed. They had made great havoc among my cabbages and other vegetables, were in millions and seemed to be increasing daily, and in three days after I adopted the above plan they were completely destroyed.

This method may be new, only to me; but if you think it worth a place in the FARMER, it is at your disposal. Very respectfully,

Your ob't servant, JAMES BORNEY.

Current Reports of Crops.

REPORT speaks well for Ione valley. That beautiful spot, it seems, has entirely escaped the drouth, and never have the crops looked better.

THE HAY CROP IN SOLANO.—In Solano county the cutting of hay commenced on the 15th May, and considerable progress had been made when the recent rains commenced falling. Much damage has been done. On the Suscol Ranch, alone, between Vallejo and Benicia, it is estimated by the correspondent of the Solano Herald, that fifteen hundred tons has been injured. The correspondent adds:

It is generally conceded that the hay crop is very short, averaging only from half a ton to a ton to the acre. Owing to this fact, the general opinion has obtained that hay will be scarce and high; consequently almost every body seems to be interested in some way in the hay-cutting mania, which prevails very generally in this neighborhood. Grass lands are all rented and sub-rented, and every spot will be cut over that has grass enough on it to steady a scythe—so if there be but little hay, that little will all be saved.

THE Trinity Journal reports the crops in the northern part of that county, as being very forward and very heavy.

We here annex letters we have received from prominent citizens, whose names carry weight and influence, and we have many of them which tend to show that our crops are generally equal to last year—all that speculators may say to the contrary notwithstanding.

SALT CREEK FARM, Tehama county, (Near Red Bluff), May 23d, 1856.

COL. WARREN—Dear Sir: Knowing you take a great interest in the Agricultural prosperity of the country, and being an Agriculturist myself, I have taken the liberty of addressing you. There is every prospect of having a good if not better season, than were produced last season. For the past three days we have had copious rains, and stock range has never been better. Grain of all kinds is in a most flourishing condition, and having so far escaped the invasion of the grasshoppers, we scarcely anticipate their advent this summer. The fruit trees bear appearances of healthfulness, and we will undoubtedly have a large yield.

I receive your paper regularly, and in thanking you for the information I receive from its perusal, subscribe myself, dear sir,

Yours truly, J. C. BRADLEY.

The seeds you were kind enough to forward to me from the Patent Office, have come up finely, and have far exceeded my anticipations. When they mature, I will address you. J.C.B.

DAISY BANK (Napa Valley), May 24th, 1856.

COL. WARREN—Dear Sir: Your favor under date 21st May, did not reach me till to-day, and I hasten to reply.

The grain crops in our valley look very well, so far; perhaps, as a general thing, better than they did this time last year, which I think may in a measure be accounted for from being earlier seeded. The fruit far surpasses anything we have ever had, and promises an abundant yield. Our grass on lands that were uninclosed last year, is much shorter than I ever saw it in May, since I have been in this valley. On the inclosed fields kept up for mowing or pasture, the crop will be better, but I think not up to the average of last year. Yours, truly,

J. M. HAMILTON.

A FRUITFUL SOIL.—In gold regions the soil is generally barren. A splendid exception, however, is presented by the California mines. The contingencies of farming on the plains do not seriously disturb the certainty of a crop in these foot hills. Everything planted here promises the most extraordinary returns. Wheat, barley and vegetables are all of luxurious growth, affording cheering indications of a superabundant supply, for ourselves, of the necessities of life. The hills are fertile to the very tops, and are susceptible, without irrigation, of producing every year one luxuriant crop. But the rich valleys intervening, kept constantly moist by their position, teem with perennial fruits. A region like this, producing everything that ministers to the wants and pleasures of man, may be said truly to "flow with milk and honey."—[Sonoma Herald.]

California—Her Present and her Future. (CONTINUED.)

We must begin at the fountain head, where else can we hope to purify the stream? The primitive simplicity of the family circle, must be restored, when lost. This can be done in no way but by drawing the line of demarkation so plainly that he that runs may see—the pure must be separated from the impure. By this we do not mean that there should be no intercourse with those who are trampling human and divine laws under their feet. Let those wishing to elevate the tone of moral sentiment, give the vicious to understand that until they give good evidence of a thorough reform, they cannot be admitted into their social gatherings, or share in their merry-makings; treat them kindly, persuade them to choose the good and flee from the evil: when they know that these things must be so, many will reform, and honor their God, their country, and themselves. For we surely hope those who were really exemplary citizens in the East, if fallen, may be reclaimed. The thousands of loafers lounging all about our land should be compelled to engage in some honorable employment, or be arrested as vagrants and sent to the workhouse. The free lunches should be shut up by law; they are the recruiting stations of loafers. Here they lounge, and drink, and eat, and wipe off their mustache with a borrowed "kerchief." Rid society of these drones in some way, and a good beginning will be made; and we repeat, make them earn their bread, or they will be sure to cheat somebody out of it. If sick, they should be properly cared for, until they are able to earn their living. Let the whole community set their faces against the whole swarm of loafers, and send them all to the workhouse and keep them there unless they reform. We have enough of these drones in California, to curse the whole Union; they add nothing to the common stock of wealth, reputation or happiness of the State; but are eating up its substance, corrupting its morals, and tarnishing its fair name. As a general rule, these men will not be persuaded to reform; the voice of the whole community must enforce the wishes of the pure and the good.

CITIZENS OF CALIFORNIA! Have not these persons aided much in producing the state of things under which we are groaning? They number thousands; from them go forth robbers, murderers, thieves and incendiaries. The presence of these men is like a contagious disease; all are afraid to go afar, for fear of the dreaded contagion. Our friends from the East meet them at the wharf even before they land. If we were now in a prosperous condition, we might not feel the incubus very heavily. But now we need all hands to take hold and help; something must be done, and that quickly. The wheels of our commerce are either rolling back, or breaking down; our ships to a great extent are rotting at our wharves; our markets are glutted with foreign goods; nearly all the money our merchants can raise goes to the East to pay for goods that fill our storehouses, for which there is no sale; high rates of storage must be paid; enormous rents are eating out the life-blood of the merchant. More goods are now in market than can be sold in years; we have overtraded, and are doing it now. Every week some of our heaviest merchants are going by the board, every day we have the old complaint of the scarcity of money, every hour we see around us many sad evidences of a general stagnation of business. The channels of trade and commerce are open, but few enter them. Then we have a bad name abroad; our moral character is in bad odor, in the Atlantic States and in Europe—are not the causes of our difficulties traceable to the facts above enumerated? We believe that no one will deny that there is much reason to fear, that these and other evil influences are sapping the very foundations of our prosperity.

If this be the case, have we not enough people here? Have we not more than contribute to our permanent and progressive well-being? It may be said that if those now here would all take hold and try to build up the best interests of the country, we might and should be better off. We admit it; but we must take California as it is, and not as it should be. We must do the best we can with the material we now have; elevate and purify the masses around us, and then we may invite all to come who may be disposed to do so. The increase of our population by the steamers and over the Plains will be, of course, very considerable, without our making any extra efforts to bring them here. We must work hard to get those now here in the right way, then we may invite our friends to take up their abode in

our midst, with a confidence that they will not lose anything by th. Then shall we be full, carry out some plan by v may be induced to com. thing is certain, all the pla have proved abortive. Some scheme must be devised, by which our friends at home may and will be able cheerfully to co-operate with us.

Before presenting our plan we will briefly state some questions sure to be asked by persons proposing to come here to seek new homes.

What am I to gain in breaking up here, at a great sacrifice, and spending from twelve to fifteen hundred dollars in getting there—I am a farmer, where can I get land, and how? I have a family used to society, can we have it there? My family may be sick, are there any physicians that can be procured? Can we send our children to school? Will there be churches where we may worship the God of our fathers? Are there roads by which we may carry our surplus produce to market?

These are serious questions, to be satisfactorily answered, before we can hope to have our Eastern friends break up and come to our shores; no matter whether there be a railroad or not, they will not come unless they are satisfied on these points, and we must not mince the matter at all, but be frank and candid. These questions are equally applicable to the mechanic and merchant, indeed to all classes of our fellow citizens.

Since we wrote the last sentence, the fearful tragedy at San Francisco has occurred. Does it not add a terrible confirmation to the views expressed above? Were we not right in saying that society must get rid of this loafing, shoulder-striking crew? The people are now doing just what we have said they would be compelled to do. If the laws are not respected, or enforced by the proper officers, the people themselves, the true source of power, must do the work. Calmly, wisely and faithfully should it be performed. In some cases it may be necessary to apply the knife to the quivering muscles, to save a limb, or life. So in some desperate cases it may be necessary to use harsh specifics in a community, and remedies that will be sure and effective in their work.

Every good citizen in the whole State is interested in the work of purification now commencing in San Francisco. It must spread all over the State. They warn these loafers, these foul festering blots upon the State. We do not need also have more than their midst; no village wishes or will endure their presence. They should go forth from every city, village, town and county through the whole Pacific Coast, to these thieving, ballot-box-stuffing, licentious, stabbing, shooting knaves, to quit the State and territory. If guilty in a tangible form can be fastened upon them, arrest and punish them. If no specific charge can be made against them, except laziness and rascally vagrancy, give them one more chance to become good and honest citizens; if they refuse, with a whip of scorpions drive them from the land. Then will the bow of promise again span our heavens—our golden shores will smile in beauty, and rejoice in the purity of her population, in the integrity, truthfulness, and permanency of her institutions.

Then, and not till then can we with confidence propose the following plan by which we are morally certain, a large population, would, with all their wealth of intellect and labor, be added to our numbers. Premising, that the breaking up of a family in the Atlantic States or in any country to come here or to emigrate to a new country, would be one of the most important events in its whole history. Few families can be found, willing to remove thousands of miles into a strange land, to settle down upon a wide open prairie; perhaps with no neighbors within miles. They might have good neighbors and friends, or they might be of that stamp, that the breaking up again and seeking another home would be preferable to remaining there. Besides, no family would be willing to place themselves in such an isolated position that they could not enjoy some, at least, of the comforts and pleasures of social life. We are social beings and as such require society; families may be sick, no physician can be found within ten or twenty miles it may be, and when found, the California prices, for visits of a man, of moderate means, more particularly if far from his residence; they have children that must go to school—how can they be educated? There may be no school within many miles; to

they will

devise and the population shores. One erto proposed and wealthy farmers of the State.

Furthermore, when the Sabbath comes, families would like to go up to the house of God and there bend the knee before the Son of the whole earth. They have been accustomed to the Sabbath influences, and privileges and joys. They are sweet and refreshing to the soul. Thereby they are better prepared for the duties of the morrow.

To obviate all these difficulties this proposition is presented to the large landholders of our State. Offer at a low rate, five or ten thousand acres of land, now unproductive; in the centre of this, donate five hundred or one thousand acres to those who purchase the land offered for sale; give each one purchasing a quarter section ten or more acres in the village that is to be; let this be at some accessible point, from which surplus produce may be transported without any great delay or too heavy expense. If there is no water from springs or brooks, sink an Artesian well, at a central point; lay out a town and plant trees. Suppose it does cost you a few thousand dollars, every dollar you thus expend will be better than it would on good security at five per cent per month—if you are unwilling to do anything to make your lands attractive, you cannot expect purchasers will throng around you. Something else besides fine land and beautiful prairies, is necessary for the comfort of men, women and children. You must throw out attractions, and inducements sufficient to draw to our shores, the men we need, or they will not come. Other States and other men do present these attractions, and towns, cities and villages spring up in every direction: Publish to the world what you are willing to do; employ a suitable man in the city of New York who is well acquainted with California, her resources and capabilities. To him may those wishing to come here apply, and through him may arrangements often be made for companies to come out West without any one being obliged to come here to examine the land. Large landholders should adopt this plan, and publish it widely through the East. They should go further for the first few years: When agents for companies come and select a location—erect as many houses as there may be families in the country—in a cheap and substantial manner, at them for the actual cost. We make this proposition because new comers are strangers; a year or more would elapse before they could get comfortable houses. Besides, if the owner of the land should build fifteen, twenty, or fifty, as the case might be, it could be done twenty per cent cheaper, and give the immigrant an immediate home, without the expense of going to a hotel. We have spoken of a company. If our large landholders are in earnest and really wish to induce immigration here, and will pursue the line of policy mentioned, large emigration companies will be formed in the Eastern States in this manner. Families living in the same vicinity, join together some two or three, and agree to go to California or elsewhere, if they can get such a number as may be desirable, to join them. They agree to settle in a village or to build one themselves, to have their farms around them laid out in any manner they may think proper. They permit none of exceptionable character into their circle; they will have none but the right kind of men and women, for they are to be a community by themselves. Each family, distinct from all others in pecuniary interest. Each family wishing to come here, wishing to have good society where they may go, enters into this compact, by which they agree to settle as above. They will be sure to have a physician in their number, a teacher, and a minister; also several good mechanics and artisans—so that they can in a few weeks after arrival present all the grand characteristics of a bustling and thriving village. Schools will be commenced, a church built, the Sabbath will be observed, and society will at once assume its accustomed virtue and dignity. It would be like taking a whole village up in the East and planting it upon our plains; their pursuits and interests separate, except so far as the usages and courtesies of good, well-regulated society may blend them. Whenever you are willing to do this, you may rest assured that in less than twelve months you will find a village thus settled. Adopt this or a similar plan, and you will soon be able to sell your lands, for which you will be paid money, sent from here to the East, but now returning to enrich the State; and

the immigrants will add ten fold more by their productive industry. Your lands now are of no real value to you, unless you improve them. You surely must offer as great inducements to the settler as they do in Minnesota, Kansas, Nebraska, and other territories east of the mountains; they should be much greater, because the expense of coming here is much greater.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Letter from the Mines.

SEBASTOPOL, Nevada county, May 20, 1856.

DEAR COLONEL: I again embrace the opportunity of saying a few words in behalf of our new, winning locality. The above place possesses many advantages over other sections of the country, from the fact of gold being distributed throughout the entire hills, paying from the surface down a distance of one hundred feet, to the bed rock. There are but few claims that are thoroughly opened. The most prominent are those of McKibbe & McCoy, Palmer & Co., and two or three others. The former, perhaps, are paying better than any, averaging from fifteen to twenty-five hundred dollars per week, with every prospect of its paying better as they clear the hill away. Their chief expense is the purchase of water, which they use in large quantities. There is no doubt many of the hills will pay in like proportion, as they become opened. These claims are opened by means of a tunnel being driven two or three hundred feet through the solid rock. A deep shaft is then sunk from the top of the hill to connect with the tunnel in which the sluice boxes are laid, and through which the golden treasure runs. When a claim of this description becomes thoroughly opened, a man may generally depend upon a pretty good annuity for the remainder of his days.

In reading many of the weekly papers published in your city, I find that you editors fall into a very erroneous idea in regard to the facility of making money in the mines, and you would let loose the thousand-and-one loafers that infest your city, and tell them to go to the mines. If they will not seek after an occupation in a city where the tastes and habits are more congenial, they will not consent to wear the livery of the miner and wield the weapon which labor requires. This is not the class of men that can develop the hidden treasures of California. Their pursuits and desires run completely in another channel. Therefore, you had better advise them to stay where they are. These are not the palmy days of '49 or '50, when a man with his pick and shovel could, in any place, scrape together two or three ounces of gold; and although there is as much, yes, more gold than was ever taken out, yet it requires many months, and sometimes years of severe toil, before he can realize any hopes of making money. But, on the other hand, the great advantage of mining now is the almost permanent yield of his claim; whereas, in those days it was transient. Money and labor are the two great essentials to the proper development of a gold mine. If there is a class of men that we require, send us your capitalists, for if one-half of them knew what great resources we possess, and what immense pecuniary advantages their capital would produce, they would not depend so much upon the rise and fall of city stock, fluctuation of trade, and many other risks, but expend their money where a profitable and permanent investment can at all times be made. Thousands of acres are lying idle for the want of water; thousands of hills yet stand, and the gold slumbers in their hollows, awaiting patiently the stout arm and iron nerve of the miner; but labor without capital cannot accomplish much. There are many undertakings which would become of vast importance were capital at hand. The Yuba ditch we expect in, every day. This will, it is supposed, yield a large interest to those that own stock in it, as well as prove an incalculable advantage to the miner, for without it the golden treasures of Sebastopol would remain untouched, and the hundreds that are employed within its walls would have to seek occupation in other districts. The town is fast springing up, and will eventually become an important place in the mining history of California. Bailey & Co.'s claims are supposed to be as rich as any in the district, and their owners are looking forward with bright anticipations to that future that will reward them with laurels of patient industry and perseverance. We hope then that our friends at San Francisco, not forgetting the fair sex, for whom we entertain the most devoted remembrance, will pay us a visit, for we shall be happy at all times to record upon the page of events the honor that their presence will confer upon the miner's home. Give our kind regards to them, and, with your permission, I will subscribe myself, Yours truly, LEE.



ROYAL DUKE,
At ten months old—Short Horn Bull.

Red. Calved October 20th, 1854. Bred by, and property of, Samuel Thorne, Thornedale, Washington Hollow, Dutchess County, N. Y.
Got by Grand Duke (10284); dam Fredericks, by Upstart (9760).

1. Feathers, by Duke of Cornwall (5947).
2. Lily, by Fergus (3782).
3. Purity, by Dandy (1902).
4. Resplendent, by Blythe (797).
5. ———, by Midas (435).

6. ———, by Boughton (90).
7. ———, by Windsor (698).
8. ———, by R. Collings, son of Favorite (252).

Worse than Debt

SOME of our readers (says the Working Farmer) have, doubtless, seen Mr. Beecher's description of the spell under which the debtor lies, and his caution to farmers to avoid the fearful dilemma into which so many business men are driven. To correct the very erroneous position, that no farmer can afford to pay interest on borrowed capital, to be laid out in the improvement of his farm, we give place to the following editorial from one of our best agricultural journals, The Homestead, of Hartford, Connecticut:

"There is no crop that can afford to pay interest money for a farm.—H. W. Beecher.

From Mr. Beecher's pithy description of interest, from which the above sentence is an extract, we might conclude that debt is the sum of all calamities, and that a tiller of the soil might as well cut his throat as incur pecuniary indebtedness, and the poor wretch who has already incurred this obligation might as well give up in despair. Blisters, teeth, spiders, awls, bayonets, thistles, are the same emblems that shadow forth this conception of interest money. There is some truth doubtless in this conception, but far more poetry. The sentiment at the head of this article is, we believe, at variance with facts in the history of husbandry. We know of farmers who have purchased farms upon credit, for the whole or a part of their purchase money, and yet have gradually paid up and are now the owners of unincumbered property. Their gains have been slow but sure. They have supported their families in comfort, have educated their children, and given them positions of wealth and influence; and now in mature life, with the prospect of twenty years before them, are in a position of pecuniary independence, that multitudes who have emigrated to the city might envy. They have homes of their own, pleasant social relations, good religious privileges, and the means of education for their children and children's children. This independence has been achieved by a not remarkably skillful use of borrowed capital and their own industry. We have rarely known a Connecticut farmer of good habits to come to actual bankruptcy, while nine out of every ten who use capital in other pursuits in our cities fail in business. The facts in the case are, that all the ordinary crops of the farm do pay interest money upon the soil they grow on, and not only that, but pay the principal too. If we had the facts of the case before us we believe it would appear that more than one-half of the owners of the farms in this commonwealth have come into their possession by incurring debt, which has been discharged or is now in the process of liquidation. Many of these owners are the heirs of a portion of the old homestead, and have bought out the other heirs, and paid up by the yearly profits of the farm. The ordinary crops have carried the burden of subsisting, and educating the family, and the additional burden of a large debt.

The idea that it is not safe to use borrowed capital in husbandry as in other callings is not borne out by the facts. We believe it to be far safer, and where it is unsafe, it is owing to something worse than debt. A farmer can generally raise what capital he needs for six per cent, and on time to suit his convenience. He is not put on nettles to meet a payment at the end of thirty days, and obliged to pay the brokers of Wall Street eighteen per cent for a sum to carry him over the present crisis. He knows nothing of those convulsions that make men look so horribly blue in our commercial metropolis. We are inclined to think the poetical description of debt

which we have quoted would be accepted as a literal fact by gentlemen of fine broadcloth and fast living in the city. But we manage these things better in the country, where Shylocks are rare.

A debt will prove a curse or a blessing according to the character of the debtor. If he has no knowledge of the use of money, no skill in his business, it will prove his ruin. Such a man has nothing but his labor to sell, and should therefore attempt no other transaction. But if he know how to direct his own labor wisely, and to make the labor of others profitable to himself, there is no good reason why he should not hire money to procure that labor, and employ so much of it as he can make profitable. If he want a farm on which to employ his own labor and that of others, there is no good reason why he should not rent a farm upon one year's credit, or purchase it on several years' credit. To such an intelligent cultivator of the soil, who knows just what to do with every dollar of his capital, debt is a great blessing. It is an indispensable means of his achieving competence, and it is to-day one of the great wants of our Connecticut farmers. We want more capital invested in good tools, manures, barn sheds and cellars, stock, and labor. We believe it would be a great blessing to our State if they would invest a million dollars in these things this coming spring.

The trouble with cultivators of the soil has been not that they incurred debt, but that they made their investments in the wrong place. They sunk their capital instead of using it. They have purchased large farms and not used a quarter of the land. If they have cultivated a part of their farms, it has not been done in a thorough manner. Fifty bushels of corn to the acre will make a man thrive, where seventy-five to the acre will make him a bankrupt. Seventy-five to the acre will pay better than fifty, and a hundred is far within the limits of possibility, as we shall have occasion to show from the records of our husbandry during the last year.

If a man purchases a farm for ten thousand dollars and uses but half of it, he has taxes and interest to pay upon five thousand dollars for which he gets no equivalent. If he is this amount in debt, and pursues a slovenly method of farming, interest will eat him up. He has undertaken an enterprise too large for his skill and capacity. We must have more capital to work land with and skill to direct it.

We hope then that none of the occupants of the homestead will be frightened by that big bug-bear of Mr. Beecher, touching debt. Debt incurred to make your acres double their crops, will not prove a bed of Canada thistles, but of elder down. It will give you refreshing dreams when the thermometer is below zero. It will fill up your cribs with solid corn, palpable to the vision, store your cellars with roots and fill your barns with hay and grain, coat the ribs of your cattle with flesh and fat, and lend a gloss to their skins that skin-flint parsimony never dreamed of. It will stiffen your back-bone, erect your head, and turn up slightly the rim of your hat with the air of a gentleman who has corn to sell. A muck mine upon your farm unwrought is far worse than the debt it would incur to bring out its treasures. Poor tools are worse than debt. An undisturbed subsoil is worse than debt. An undrained swamp cropped with alders instead of potatoes is worse than debt. A yard bare of muck and manure is worse than debt. And finally a mind full of ignorant prejudices against improved husbandry is a great deal worse than debt. This ignorance eats worse than interest money, for it blinds its victim to his peril. When the farm is freed from this incubus it can afford

to be in debt, and every ordinary crop will pay the interest upon its cost with more certainty and uniformity than any other investment.

The Best Cattle

The following extracts are from the correspondents of the Report of the Patent-Office for 1854:

Mr. Lane, of Connecticut—"I have considerable experience in raising both the imported and common breeds; and I think a given amount of food will produce more meat in the Durham than in the common animal, or any other."

Mr. Mondy, of Vermillion, Illinois—"We have the Durhams in considerable numbers, and pure blood. In my opinion, a cross of three-quarters of the best stock. Our common stock is best for the Dairy."

Mr. Boone, of Lebanon, Iowa—"Crosses of the Durham with the common cattle have proved advantageous for beef, milk and labor."

S. D. Martin, Pine Grove, Kentucky—"The Short-horned cattle are the best for milk and beef of any I have ever had. I have owned several cows, each of which would give over thirty quarts of milk a day, having an average of ten per cent. of cream. I always employ oxen on my farm, and have worked those of every breed we have among us. The Herefords are excellent workers and pull evenly. But they are harder to break in, and are apt to be more vicious than the Short-horned. I prefer the Short-horns for oxen for the following reasons: they are gentle and docile, easily broken in and managed, strong and true in pulling, are not vicious among other stock, and when they have been worked five or six years are easily fitted for the butcher, who will pay a good price for them."

Mr. Fuller, of Winthrop, Maine—"We have imported Durham, Hereford and Ayreshire, but grade Durhams have been the most used among us, and have given the best satisfaction for milk, flesh and labor."

Mr. Weston, of Bloomfield, Maine—"The Herefords, Durhams and Ayreshires have been introduced, and their crosses upon our common stock have succeeded well. Hereford cows are the best milkers of the imported breeds; but our ordinary cows are as good milkers as any."

Mr. Potter, of Manchester, New-Hampshire—"In the valley of the Merrimack pure Devons are more generally bred than any other blooded stock; but I am inclined to the opinion that they are becoming of less repute than formerly. In our hilly, mountainous region, their size forbids their making suitable oxen for work, and for being profitable for the shambles. So that aside from their capacity as milkers, which is a mooted point, their usefulness for labor, and their value for beef, the Devons must fall behind several other breeds."

Mr. Rouse, Paris Hill, New York—"Crosses between the Durham and our common stock are thought by many to make the best milkers; while others think a cross with the Devons fully equal, if not preferable. Cases by no means rare in which cows of what is usually termed the 'native breed' are found equally as good milkers as any among the various kinds of imported stock. This remark may not be equally true, however, in regard to their aptness to take on fat."

Mr. Collins, of Sodus, New York—"We prefer the Devons to any other breed; they are hardy and easily kept. The oxen are quick, active and docile, and the cows are excellent milkers, averaging two pounds of butter a day, each, with good feed."

Mr. Franklin, of Cuba, Ohio—"The first cross-

es of the Durhams with our common stock are considered best for beef."

Mr. Smoot, Boone Court-House Va—"I am of opinion that the Durhams crossed with the 'scrub cattle' are far better for this mountainous region than the full-blooded."

Mr. Wharton, Egypt, Texas—"A few Durham bulls were brought into this vicinity from the Western States. But, from the abundance of food, they soon became so large and strong as to be dangerous to our breeds, and were consequently shot."

State Reform School

WE take the annexed from the New England Farmer, published at Boston, a most valuable laborer in the cause of Agriculture, and a paper that is conversable with the value of such an institution as the one named. We publish it the more readily to show how such institutions are esteemed where their influence is felt, and we ask our readers if they do not believe some of the hints will apply in the latitude of California. We sincerely hope before long to see some attention paid to the science of Agriculture in the schools in this State, at least to know that among the books laid before the minds of youth, there shall be one that shall teach the elements of Agriculture.

We give the original article and the remarks of the editor of the N. E. Farmer; all excellent, and we say amen to them, and think a State Reform School in our State would save many a bright lad that would otherwise be lost, and make him an ornament to the State:

Mr. Editor: I was pleased with the inquiry in your last, as to the State Reform School at Westborough. It seems to me your correspondent was right, in considering this one of the noblest of the institutions of the State—both in its origin and in its object. The generous founder, who appropriated nearly one hundred thousand dollars of his patrimony to this institution, had enlarged views of its utility. It is the bounden duty of the State to see that these views are carried out to their full extent.

Compare it with other public institutions, such as the State Prisons, the State Alms Houses, the State Hospitals, and the like—all these are well enough in their place; but what is this—to provide for those that are *used up*, and from whom there is no longer hope of benefit to the community. Not so with the youth sent to Westborough. To be sure, they may have the misfortune to be without the protection and guidance of parents, but they are not wanting in physical and mental energy; and if properly guided, they will be found the seed of a hopeful promise.

There are several hundred boys, between the ages of ten to twenty, entirely under the control of the guardians of this institution. Provision is made for binding them out to service; but this is not compulsory, if they can be better instructed and employed on the farm.

Where could there be a better opportunity to educate and discipline good farmers? The connection of this school with the Board of Agriculture, was a happy idea. Here you have a board of supervisors drawn from every section of the State, selected by the best of farmers in those sections—coming together not for the purpose of enriching themselves by pocketing high salaries, but for the noble purpose of doing good;—if it be possible to find an organization from which much is to be hoped, this is the one.

SPEED THE PLOW

Remarks.—The writer of the above is not only well acquainted with the institution and the farm of which he speaks, but from an extensive knowledge and constant observation of other farms in the State, knows what may be accomplished at the State farm, under a judicious management. There is an opportunity to implant a love of rural life that shall guide hundreds of these unfortunate boys through life in the paths of usefulness and peace. We regard the agricultural teachings there, properly directed, to be of as much importance as the moral and educational in their schools, and believe our opinion would be sustained by the facts, if the lives and characters of all who have left the institution, could be ascertained.

THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.—The Pacific, a religious paper published at San Francisco, asks the following question, and replies to it:

"What is the Vigilance Committee of San Francisco? The truest and most direct representation possible of the people. The voice of the community has in each instance called the Committee into existence. They are not an independent and separate body; but a popular organization of men from every profession and rank of life; who so thoroughly understand and conscientiously carry out the will of the people, that they are willing to risk everything, fortune, honor, safety, in their action; for if they transcend the people's will, all is at stake. So far from being an irresponsible body, they are the most responsible body in the world; for their is no shelter of authority under which they hide themselves if they do wrong."

We have heard of a man being too "hot-headed" to live with his wife; but "a divorce was recently granted by one of the courts of Indiana, where the only allegation against the defendant was that he had cold feet." "Extremes meet," to be sure!

The California Farmer.

SACRAMENTO, FRIDAY, MAY 30, 1886.

The California State Agricultural Society's Exhibition Rooms are at the Hall on Fourth street, between J and K, City of Sacramento, where all are invited, free.

The CALIFORNIA FARMER OFFICE is at the State Society's Rooms, where subscriptions and advertisements are received.

OUR EXCHANGES.

We will feel very much obliged to our friends with whom we exchange, if they will direct to us at SACRAMENTO—instead of San Francisco.

"DO WRITE US ABOUT CALIFORNIA."

WHAT Californians do not have this request made to them by many of their friends from the old States, and although often repeated, and you promised you would do as they requested, if you had time to write, yet you never dreamed there was a better way to please them—send them the CALIFORNIA FARMER; for in doing so, you give them a better insight into the industry and real condition of the State, than in any journal that can be sent, or in any communication that any individual could possibly prepare—we mean, send them the FARMER constantly. By sending us \$5, we will mail a copy to any part of the States, according to directions, for one year, and save the donor all trouble; and you thus give friends and kindred a synopsis, weekly, of California and her home features.

The Freedom of the Press.

Thousands in past years have claimed to be the exponents of doctrines set forth as the pre-requisite necessary to qualify one to be capable of advocating and maintaining the Freedom of the Press. Thousands too have claimed to have won this noble title—few only have ever attained it, and but few indeed have ever maintained so firmly and so consistently, and with so high a motive and so pure a character, this lofty position, as James King of Wm.

It is indeed most singular and it will be easily remembered, that within the month previous to his martyrdom, he set forth and repeated in his paper those lofty purposes which he first proclaimed—the Freedom—the Rights of a Free Press. He, in reiterating the sentiments of his noble heart, asserted what he felt to be the responsibilities of a journalist, and in doing this he desired to know and learn all that constituted or could add to the Freedom of the Press.

Bold and fearless, yet conscientious in the high purposes of his soul, he utters these words in his editorial of April 25th, as follows:

"We prefer that our columns should speak for us. Notwithstanding the bitter opposition with which we have met, the public have most liberally supported us to the present time. No honest citizen has ever feared an attack from us, whilst those who were conscious of past misconduct have ever trembled at each successive issue of our paper, lest in that number their own misdeeds might be exposed. We believe we speak but the plain truth, when we assert that the *Bulletin* is the only public journal in this city that has ever discharged its duty to the public without fear of enemies or favor to friends. In our course we have exercised to the fullest extent what we consider to be the rights of an American citizen, and have never shirked what we deemed to be the responsibilities of a journalist. No man can say that wealth has had the power to seduce, or official frowns the terror to deter us from our duty. We have as editor spoken just what we thought, as a man, and have been as free to express in print our views of men and measures, as we had heretofore in the social circle. In doing this, we have but uttered the sentiments of all honest citizens. Our columns have ever been freely opened to our opponents, and in this particular our course has as widely differed from the other city papers as in some other points. For the purpose of arriving at a fair estimate of the propriety of our course, and to define what may be considered as the 'rights of a Free Press,' we propose offering, for the next two weeks, a reward for an essay on this topic, as illustrated in the course of the *Bulletin*."

Thus we see in the above, all the proof necessary of a high and truthful purpose, and in order to secure to himself all the aid possible, and the light of every gifted mind, he proposed for the essays upon the subject he had so much at heart. Mighty and strong as was his own mind, clear and lucid as were his own convictions, he yet earnestly desired to avail himself of all and everything that should aid and strengthen his purposes for the great cause.

The very tone of the announcement clearly proves his purpose. He was to judge himself of the essay—he must have the clear conviction of his own mind and conscience that these essays were what they professed to be—clear from all sophistry and selfish motives, that they were indeed the result of a careful study of the subject, and the issues of a free mind and lofty soul.

Here is the prize offering of James King of William.

"A Free Press.—For the best article in favor of the Freedom of the Press, as claimed and used by the *Bulletin* we offer the sum of One Hundred Dollars, and for the best article against that freedom as exercised by us, we will pay the sum of Fifty Dollars. The award of both prizes to be made by the editor; and should be deemed no

article worthy of publication, no award made. All communications as such to be at the disposal of the editor. The names of contributors will be kept private when desired."

Here we have before us the title page of the "Freedom of the Press" in San Francisco. Two weeks from April 25th was to have been decided who was entitled to the prize. At the request of his correspondents, the day was postponed two weeks more, and four weeks from the very day of announcement and on the day for the decision of this momentous question, James King of Wm., the great expounder of the Freedom of the Press, was borne to his grave.

He knew his cause—the "Freedom of the Press"—Alone could save the people from distress. He saw them groaning 'neath the oppressor's rod, And felt this cause to be—the cause of God. He led the van—the dangers hemmed his way, His weapon, Truth, no earthly power could stay. This champion brave—he died for public good, And sealed a martyr's life with martyr's blood.

And thus, as it were, Heaven seemed to set its seal of approbation upon his labors, and to accord to him the prize won by the sacrifice of his own life—and on the very day of the award, the author became the victor, and the voice of every true and noble heart bears attestation that James King of William has given the best Essay on the Freedom of the Press ever prepared by man. And now he has been called to his reward—he has ceased from his labors and stands in the presence—not of erring misguided man, but of the "Lord of Lords," and the "King of Kings."

To those who now occupy the position of public journalists in our State, he has left a legacy richer than all the mines of our golden shores. To them he has bequeathed his memory—made more dear for the cause he plead—for a cause for which he so readily offered up his life; and well may it be said, that upon the action of the present depends the well-being of the future of California.

Our lives—our fortunes—our institutions—our homes, are to be purified by the blood of the martyred King. To the Press of California, now comes upon every breeze, echoing from mountain to mountain, from valley to valley, and from city to city, this watchword—the "Freedom of the Press!" the "Freedom of the Press!"

DEATH OF MACY.—With deep regret we announce the death of Capt. J. B. Macy, of Marysville; he died May 28th, aged forty-four years. Capt. Macy was among the early pioneers of '49. We knew him well, our first trip up the Sacramento was in the vessel under his command. We have been the recipient of many, very many acts of courtesies and kindness at his hands. Universally esteemed as a man, of noble and generous impulses, upright in heart and character, his loss will fall heavily upon the community; it will make a void that cannot be filled. Death takes many from our midst, suddenly they leave us, but we do not seem to feel their loss; but such men as Capt. Macy "make a mark upon the age in which they live;" and though they "pass away," they live after death, embalmed in the memory of the noble, generous and good.

PHYSICIAN TO THE STOCKTON ASYLUM.—We see it stated that the change recently made by removing Dr. Reed, Physician to the Stockton Asylum, has been declared illegal and void. It is indeed most unfortunate for such institutions, when questions are humanity, not politics, that party spirit should ever be brought to bear or to affect the standing of the guardians of the health and reason of the distressed of our land. We have nothing to do with party politics; but this we do know, that when we visited this institution last year, we felt convinced that our State was fortunate to have for the post of physician, a gentleman, a scholar, a man of large humanity, as well as one skilled in his appropriate science. The removal of such men is a public loss.

IMPROVED.—Our readers will notice the improved appearance of our paper this week, owing to good press-work, and we take pleasure in stating that the Union steam presses are entitled to the credit. We have endeavored, but not always successfully, to have our press-work well executed. As we have now made arrangements to have it done at the Union office, where they employ good workmen, we know that for the future we can depend upon its being well done.

"We dinna forget" those kind words of our friend and cotemporary of the Spirit of the Age. We will remember, and try to deserve all that is said of us and our journal.

Alfalfa.

We have often called the attention of our readers to this wonderful grass. Its value is but little understood, its merits but little appreciated. Being of the clover species, cultivators have permitted it to grow too long, until the stalk was coarse and rank; this is a great error. It should be cut often, say every three or four weeks, when about twelve or fourteen inches high, and cured in the shade; slightly wilted and then stacked up, that it may heat a little, and dry without losing its goodness. We know of many persons who have cut two, three, and even a fourth crop this season. The Quintay Ranch, at Marysville, has cut enormous crops, of which we hope soon to give some very interesting data. F. Forman, Esq., the Postmaster of this city, has had some tall grass; we noticed it was four feet and a half high. This would make it coarse and uneatable.

Let the quality of this crop be better understood, and the manner of cultivating and curing be made a matter of study, and our barren prairies will soon be verdant with living green, and our households be all furnished with fresh butter and new cheese every month in the year; for there is no species of food for dairy stock that will equal the Alfalfa, and to the extensive cultivation of this most excellent grass we look for the securing a full supply of dairy products in coming years, that shall be equal, if not superior to that from any other part of the world.

The Prospect of the Flour Market.

To every one conversant with the stock of Flour on hand at this moment—more than 120,000 barrels—it is apparent that we have enough to carry us to September, and we need not fear famine prices, however speculators may act.

Wheat and Flour, too, will come from Oregon, beyond the expectations of any dealer.

If those who try to control the market are so certain of high prices, why do they ship to Australia—a falling market—and why delay shipping at once, if they ship at all? The Australian market, before it could reach there, would be lower than our own.

Another fact—Flour can be placed here this fall, from New York, at \$6.50 to \$7 the barrel. Need we fear high prices long?

Holders of Flour—look out for next steamer-day! Have you prepared for the price then?

NEW MORNING PAPER.—The daily "True Californian" has made its debut, and most creditably, too. The size of the Chronicle, of clear type and print, it presents a handsome typographical appearance. The editorials and selected matter prove that the management of this journal is in excellent hands. We rejoice to note by an editorial of May 29, that this paper refuses to receive those objectionable advertisements that make a paper unfit to be found in the family circle. In the same spirit we hope they will also exclude all police reports and other matter that ponder to a depraved appetite. Such has been our aim from the first of our journal, and we mean ever to have it so. The men of business are E. Conner & Co. The editors and publishers are Messrs W. H. Rhodes, Esq. (known as "Caxton"), E. Conner, Esq., formerly of the Alta, and the Messrs. Bartlett, late of the Evening News—thus giving to this paper a combination of influence and talent that insures success. Most sincerely do we wish an abundant prosperity to our friends of the "True Californian."

KING'S BULLETIN.—The Bulletin will still retain the name that has made it so esteemed; it will still be "King's" Bulletin. The mantle of the lamented martyr has fallen upon his brother, and it is most gratifying to find that he feels the value of that mantle lies in the purity and excellence of character which his brother possessed. The modest yet firm and dignified manner with which the brother assumes the editorial chair, and the tone of his first essay to the public, give assurance of a sincerity and honesty of purpose that will never know defeat. Most cordially do we tender our best wishes for a continued success of the Bulletin.

MRS. FARNHAM.—This lady, whose efforts to enlighten have been attended with much good in many places, yet whose labors have met with varied success, is now lecturing with much better fortune in Sierra county. The mountain boys are always gallant, and we are certainly pleased to know that there the lady is not misrepresented, as is too often the case, by those who delight to distort and slander. If the cause the lady advocates is based upon reason and sound philosophy, opposition and misrepresentation will not prevent the spread of her doctrines.

The Benicia Seminary.

This most excellent institution, under the direction and proprietorship of Miss Atkins, is winning its way steadily to that deserved popularity to which it is entitled for its real merits. We learn that the Examinations, usual at the close of a term, will take place on the 13th June. Having been present at several examinations of this Academy, we only express the opinion of hundreds of the friends of Education who have been present in past terms, that it will be an exhibition of more than ordinary interest. The deep interest manifested by the young ladies in their studies, their rapid advance in knowledge, and the thorough manner in which they are taught in every department, from the plain English studies to the higher branches of scientific and polite literature, languages and music, render this Academy one of more than ordinary interest to our State, and should receive from parents who desire to have their daughters educated as daughters should be, their special attention.

At the time of these Examinations, some interesting exhibitions of taste and genius of the School, such as recitations, music, tableau, etc., will be had in public, the proceeds of which will go to increase the Library and better furnish the Institution. We sincerely hope an appreciating public, the friends of education, will remember this occasion, and give it their countenance and support. As some evidence of the ability of the young ladies, we copy from the Solano Herald a sketch, taken from The Wreath, a manuscript newspaper published at the Seminary, and conducted entirely by the pupils. In this little journal we often find gems of the heart, beautiful thoughts, and most excellent comforters, upon various subjects. The following we copy, that our readers may judge:

"THE HAPPY HEART."—Amid the jewels of nature's casket scarce do we find so pure and bright a gem as "a happy heart;" one ever joyful in the sunshine of youth, and 'mid the clouds of age, never failing to add to the fount of joyousness—one that cheers the countenance of despair, and brightens the eye of sadness. A heart that soars above the changing tide of fortune, and ever on the wings of happiness passes o'er life's stream; a heart free from sin, unblemished, pure and happy. What gem more precious; what gift more worthy of treasure? for 'tis Heaven's first token bestowed upon us, in the innocence of early childhood. And how many are there, who, as they proceed upon life's journey and mingle in its strife, forget to treasure their happy youthful heart, and soon callous it with deeds of sin, and allow it to sink beneath the ocean of despair, forever to be lost. Why not rather cherish a cheerful spirit, that lightens our burdens and renders our earthly home one of happiness. A joyous heart attracts the friendship and esteem of those around us, gaining for us fond companions; adding beauty to expression; lightening the downcast eye; lending a winning smile to the countenance, and through all beams the brightness of "a happy heart." Then let us, while in the spring time of life, seek for, and treasure a boon so precious, so that when age comes to meet us with its cares and sorrows, "we may not be borne down by the heaviness of the way," but with a cheerful spirit and "a happy heart" we may pass joyfully onward in life's pilgrimage, and at length reach a home of eternal happiness. OSADE.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.—Amid the hurry and bustle, the excitement and duties of the past week, we may have omitted to note many acts of courtesy, and several contributions for which we have been indebted.

We received a parcel of Magazines from Messrs. E. E. Griggs & Co., of Sacramento, for which they have our thanks. To J. W. Sullivan and M. Ullman, for furnishing us liberally with papers per steamer, and also extras of Letter Sheets and Papers relative to the exciting times, for our Boston office, for which we tender to both gentlemen our grateful acknowledgements.

A dish of very handsome cherries was sent to our office by Gen. Hutchinson, of Sacramento. This first ripe, we believe, in our valley.

To our friends East we are also indebted for Books, Magazines, Music, Cuts and Plates. All shall be duly noted and reported on.

To O. S. Wainwright, Esq., of "The Meadow's Farm," Dutchess county, N. Y., for valuable catalogues of his splendid Devon Stock. From this we shall make copious notes.

WHEN you go to Boston, remember the "American House" and the "Parker House." These are homes for our returning friends; and we learn from our corresponding editor, that the improvements now making are in keeping with this noble city. It is seven and a-half years, nearly, since we trod its happy streets. We hope to call one of these days upon mine host of the Parker or the American, and enjoy his fine house and good things. Such hotels are homes indeed.

California Railroads.

The beginning of the great line of rail roads that shall cross, re-cross, divide and unite our State hereafter, by links of iron, is the "Sacramento Valley Railroad," now prosperously winning its way, day by day, in public estimation and favor, and by the aid of the gentlemanly and very efficient superintendent, J. P. Robinson, Esq., winning also good dividends.

We recently enjoyed a pleasant trip to Folsom, and experienced the kind courtesy of our friend Mr. Gamble, the conductor, who has the faculty of making every body enjoy the trip. We enjoyed greatly the beautiful scenery, and saw much that was interesting, an account of which we reserve for a special occasion.

Alluding to the Sacramento Valley Railroad we find the following in the American Railway Guide, published at New York, by Dinsmore & Co., a valuable record of all the railways in the United States, with the table of distances from place to place, stoppings, passages, &c.; a valuable traveling companion, and should be obtained by every Californian returning to the States. Here is the item:

SACRAMENTO VALLEY RAILROAD—T. D. Judah, Chief Engineer. This Road commences at the foot of R. street and the Levee, and runs on the southern side of the American river, twenty-two miles to Folsom, and thence crossing the river above "Negro Bar," by a single span of two hundred feet, and one hundred feet above the stream, is intended to skirt the foot hills the entire length of the valley. The first division is completed and in operation, being the first iron way opened in California.

Thus we see we are now heralded to the world as having begun the great work—not to be laid down or ceased until the old States are closely linked to us by the iron bands of the great Pacific Railroad.

INTERESTING ABOUT SACRAMENTO.—Sacramento all O. K. It is with pleasure we learn that the money will go promptly forward, to pay the interest on the Bonds due July 1st; a negotiation having been made with the House of Wells, Fargo & Co., for a loan to our city of sixty-four thousand dollars, at 24 per cent, for six months. Although a big interest to pay, it is far better than to fail to meet the interest promptly.

The Donation Fund for the Widow and children of the lamented King, has approximated to three thousand dollars. One hundred and seventy eight dollars were received from the Sacramento Theater, on a benefit occasion last week, got up for the widow.

NEW HOTEL ON FOURTH STREET, SACRAMENTO.—The "Queen City of the Prairies" will be seen to keep up with the "progress of the age." The foundation of a large and splendid hotel is being laid on Fourth street, between J and K; it is said that it will be the most splendid hotel on the Pacific coast. We hear it is under the direction of "mine host" of the Dawson—he understands it. It being in the neighborhood of the State Society's rooms, we shall watch its advance with interest and report progress.

Sacramento is in a healthy state, both in reference to business improvements, social life and happiness, fine gardens, clean streets, happy hearts, cheerful countenances, and the finest climate in the world; the people are contented and happy.

THIRD STREET.—Strangers, rise early when you are in the "Levee City," and take your morning walk down Third street and in that neighborhood, and you will not soon forget our beautiful city, but wish to become a resident of it. Sacramentans—"Go and do likewise" and you will learn to love your city better, and do more to advance all her interests.

A CARD.—Railroad Hotel and Restaurant, San Francisco, May 25, 1856.—The gross receipts of our establishment to-day have been \$400 48, which amount is cheerfully donated to the widow and orphan children of James King of Wm. Had the weather been more favorable the amount would have been largely increased.

HALEY & THOMPSON.

The above tells well for the liberality of the proprietors of this fine Hotel. The place is worthy a look inside at meal times.

COUNTY SEAT OF SUTTER.—The Marysville Express says that the following is the vote of Sutter county, cast on the 15th inst., for the location of the county seat of said county: For Yuba City 468, Nicolaus 163, scattering 18; majority for Yuba City 271. The Board of Supervisors of said county, on the 24th inst. declared Yuba City to be the County Seat, and ordered that the archives, &c., be removed to that place on the 10th of June next.

Literary Notices.

EXPERIMENTAL RESEARCHES ON THE FOOD OF ANIMALS, and the Fattening of Cattle, with remarks on the Food of Man: By Robert Dundas Thompson, M. D. Published by C. M. Saxton & Co., New York:

The work is based on an extensive series of experiments which were made at the instance of the Government. The object was to determine the relative influence of barley and malt in feeding cattle, but as the opportunity seemed a favorable one for investigating some scientific problems of great importance to physiology, and of extreme value in the physical management of man and animals, advantage was taken of it, by permission, to extend the experiment so as to include these objects. The work is essential to every farmer, and should be attentively perused, for the subject is a deep one, and is carefully discussed in the present volume.

A TREATISE ON MILCH COWS: By M. Francis Guenon, of Libourne, France. With introductory remarks and observations on the Cow and Dairy, by John L. Skinner. Published by C. M. Saxton & Co., New York:

This is a new edition of a valuable treatise, whereby the quality and quantity of milk which any cow will give may be accurately determined by observing natural marks or external indications alone, the length of time she will continue to give milk, etc., as well as brief introductory sketches descriptive of various races of Cattle as well as of Dairy management, and some of the diseases to which Cows and Calves are particularly liable. This edition has also been improved by the addition of an interesting Essay on *Spaying Milch Cows*, with the mode of operation.

AGRICULTURE AND RURAL ECONOMY—from personal observations; by Henry Coleman, honorary member of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, of the National Agricultural Society of France, and of the National Agricultural Society of the United States—published by Philipps Sampson & Co. Boston:

The merits of the above volume, are well known to the whole agricultural world, it having already passed through five editions. The work is miscellaneous and full of practical information and value, embracing everything connected with the cultivation of the earth, the improvements going on in Agriculture, as well as every branch of husbandry, and rural and domestic economy. The engravings of stock, &c., are numerous and well executed, and add greatly to the value of the work. There is no subject that demands the attention of the political economist, the statesman and the philanthropist, in its social, political, and moral bearings, and in its connection with the progress of civilization, more than the improvement of Agriculture; and the author hopes the work will do good by the information which it communicates. It must do great good in calling the attention of the people to this great and important subject, which is of such essential interest to the whole community.

THE COURTESIES OF WEDDED LIFE—by Mrs. Madeline Leslie; published by Shepard, Clark & Co., Boston:

This is indeed a book for the million, and we are rejoiced to perceive that it goes with a rush, five thousand copies being sold on the week of its publication. It is a faithful exhibition of the responsibilities and privileges, of the trials and rewards, of the reciprocal affections and duties, and of the pure and blissful ends of wedlock. Its style is natural and beautiful, conformed in all respects to the best standards, its characters and scenes sketched with distinguished ability, rising in interest from the first page to the last and leaving on the minds of its readers impressions deep and most salutary. It is a panorama of domestic life of surpassing interest, and we cordially commend it to our readers. It should be examined and re-examined by every husband and wife, and by all who expect to be married, and who would multiply the joys and amenities of wedded life. The publishers, who have issued it in the best style, are particularly fortunate in issuing it so early in this leap year. May its mission and ministrations be especially successful among all now living in single blessedness, rendering them before the close of the year, still more blessed in the banns of holy wedlock!

DE QUINCY.

LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENTS.

H. Long & Brother, publishers, New York, have in press and will soon publish the following books:

THE WANDERER, a Tale of Life's Vicissitudes: by the author of the Watchman, etc. A tale of real life, every incident having come under the author's observation. It is crowded with circumstances of the most vivid and startling

style is lively, and its sentiments are noble. The unbounded popularity of the Wanderer will cause the Wanderer to have an immense sale—the first edition having been sold in advance.

THE SHIP CARPENTER'S FAMILY: by Wm. E. S. Whitman. This is one of those highly interesting narratives which necessarily take a strong hold of the popular mind. It shows how honest, patient and unwearied industry is sure of success at last, in this country, where, perhaps, labor holds a nobler position than it does in any other land. The work describes the numerous trials and disappointments to which the humble Mechanic is subjected who has a large family dependent upon him for support. The book will be read with interest, and we commend it to all. Published by H. Long & Bro.

Important Post Office News.

We publish the annexed article, in full, for the public good, for we feel that every facility that can be given to the hardy Miner, to the Ranchero and Farmer, and to every dweller in our widely extended State, by which he can communicate with "home and friends," and they with him, will result in good to all; and we hope the article will be preserved and regarded:

MAILING LETTERS FOR CALIFORNIA.

An Important Auxiliary to the United States Mail Service for the Pacific.—By an act of Congress, approved on the third day of March, 1853, the Postmaster General was authorized to make such arrangements as he might deem advisable to insure, as far as possible, the delivery of letters sent by mail from the Atlantic States to California and Oregon to the individuals to whom they may be directed; and we are gratified to learn from the subjoined circular, that the purpose thus held in view is about to be accomplished in what appears to us to be a safe, prompt, judicious and responsible manner. It may be proper to state, also, that this enterprise is commended by the Senator now here from California, by both the Representatives from that State, and by the delegates in Congress from Oregon and Washington Territories. The importance of this enterprise will be appreciated when we state that of the letters sent to California during the entire year, nearly one-sixth have been returned to the dead-letter office.—[National Intelligencer.

To Persons Mailing Letters for California and the Territories of Oregon and Washington:

Thousands of letters sent to the Pacific coast become dead letters. To remedy this evil, the Post Office Department, under the authority of Congress, has adopted, as an auxiliary to its operations, the following plan for simultaneously publishing at each and every post office in the Pacific region, in a list called the "Pacific Mail List," the name of persons to whom letters have been sent by mail to post offices in California and the Territories of Oregon and Washington. By this system a letter may be sent to any post office in the Pacific region for a person whose location is unknown, save the mere fact that he is somewhere in California or the Territories of Oregon and Washington; yet if the letter be published in the "Pacific Mail List," its ultimate reception by the person for whom it is intended will be rendered highly probable. To enable those who may desire to extend to their Pacific correspondents the advantages thus offered, the following illustration is given:

Suppose it is wished to send to the Sacramento post office, a letter for George Wilson, who emigrated to California from Pike county, Missouri, but it is feared that he may have changed his location, and hence may not receive the letter. In this case direct the letter to George Wilson (late of Pike county, Missouri), Sacramento, California. Then, in order to publish the letter in the "Pacific Mail List," copy the address of the letter upon a piece of paper or card, and inclose the card, together with a three-cent postage stamp, in an envelop, and direct the envelop to the

"PACIFIC MAIL LIST," NEW YORK.

Deposit the letter, as usual, in the mail for California, and at the same time drop the envelop containing the card to publish the letter in the mail for New York. From the address on the card thus received at the New York Post Office, the name (George Wilson) will be entered in its appropriate place in the "Pacific Mail List," which list is printed and sent by each mail to each and every postmaster in California and the Territories of Oregon and Washington, and by them posted in a conspicuous place in their respective offices. The list being thus distributed over the entire Pacific region, George Wilson may at once learn from it that a letter has been sent to the Sacramento Post Office. No person of a similar name will receive the letter, for the address on it points out that it is intended for George Wilson, late of Pike county, Missouri. Thus many letters will be received that would otherwise be transmitted to the Dead Letter Office.

The envelopes containing the advertising cards sent to the "Pacific Mail List," New York, pay postage like ordinary matter, and must be pre-paid. The addresses of letters copied on the pieces of paper or cards should be written in a plain and distinct manner. The three-cent postage stamps inclosed in the envelopes defray the expenses of publication, and

must not be pasted to the cards, but simply inclosed with them. In the absence of postage stamps, three-cent coins may be substituted.

It is believed that this circular has been drawn up so explicitly as to require no explanation; but should this prove not to be the case, postmasters will take notice that all interrogatories must be addressed to the Pacific Mail List, New York, and not to the Department.

The first of this series of lists will accompany the mail of May 5th, and will be forwarded by each succeeding mail.

OLIVER EVANS WOODS.

Post Office Department,
March 5, 1856.

Mr. Woods has my authority to put his plan, as above, in operation, but no responsibility is assumed by the Department; and all correspondence in regard to this arrangement must be addressed to the "Pacific Mail List," New York. That the public may avail itself of the advantages thus offered, Postmasters are requested to give this circular a conspicuous place in their respective offices.

JAMES CAMPBELL, Postmaster General.

WHAT A HAT?—PROTECTION vs. COMFORT.

We always like to avoid personalities, and we think we stand shielded from them by the position we have assumed, that we prefer peace to war, else we don't know what would have been the consequence of a personal encounter we had with a friend, a few days since. Meeting with a Sacramento friend the other day, he invited us to call at his place of business a few moments; we did so, when the first salutation was, our hat (rather the worse for wear) was off our head. Now, ordinarily, in these times, people resent such a matter; but our hat was knocked off so gently, that before we could resent it, it was replaced by one of newer style—and always ready to forgive, we concluded it was best to let the matter pass. Simply telling our friends that if they wish to resent this matter, they can go to Collins & Co.'s famous hat store, on J street, in this city, and—well, in spite of what we have had to do—to enjoy by our new hat, friend Collins will try to please them. However hard we may be to please, as he pleases every body else, it must be that if we complain, we are hard to please.

COFFEE AND ITS SUBSTITUTES.—The Agricultural Bureau at Washington, has received a communication from Maine, with six kernels of the Coffee, said to have been raised in that State. The National Intelligencer states:

The six kernels sent to the Commission of Patents with the above communication, have been examined by competent judges, and pronounced a species of *vicia*, very closely resembling the English Windsor bean, but smaller and rounder. It may be a plant of easy culture, prolific, and a good substitute for coffee. Experiments will be made for the ascertainment of these facts. But substitutes for coffee are numerous and abundant. By some chickory is preferred, by many it is regarded as desirable when mixed with coffee. It is well known to be vastly cheaper than coffee. But wheat, rye, barley, beans, peas, potatoes, pumpkins, carrots, bread crusts and other substances, have in past times been successively well tested, and yet they have all been forsaken, and the use of coffee, though more costly, resumed. Still it is a question whether a cheap, pleasant, and healthful substitute for coffee may not be found among the articles suggested, or which may be suggested, as such, and we hope every experiment may fairly and persistently be prosecuted to that end.

CATHOLIC ORPHAN ASYLUM.—The Hon Peter H. Burnett, of San Jose, has donated five hundred dollars to the Catholic Orphan Asylum of San Francisco. This is a worthy deed, and deserves all honorable mention. May his example be emulated by thousands.

CORRECTION.—By the omission of one figure, a considerable difference was made in the amount of gold dust transmitted by the house of Wells, Fargo & Co., on the 13th and 14th of May, from their agency at Marysville. We reported \$27,000. It should be \$275,000; quite a difference.

PRINCELY DOMAIN.—We learn from a gentleman who arrived by the last steamer, that the Lot on the corner of William and Wall streets, New York, and the large building thereon, 50 by 80, four stories, sold for one million two hundred thousand dollars. We give it as reported to us.

STEAMER COLUMBIA.—The steamer Columbia has made her one hundredth trip to and from Oregon, without loss of life or accident. She is commanded by Capt. Dall. This is honor enough for one man.

We give this week the engraving of ROYAL DUKE again, with pedigree, as it is important to dairymen to preserve the pedigree of such stock.

Ladies' Department.

(For the California Farmer.)

WHAT I LOVE!

'Tis sweet to leave the crowded hall,
And seek some lone retreat;
Where oft in childhood's sunny hours
I've sought with wearied feet.
I love to seek some shady dell,
And there dream o'er the past—
My youth that teemed with joyousness,
No shadow o'er it cast.

I love to sit upon the hill
And see the sun decline,
To worship Him who placed it there,
One holy and divine.
I love to see the shadows stretch
Before me in the vale,
And hear the gentle zephyrs waft
Sweet music through the dale.

It thrills me when the storm-clouds rise
O'er quiet hill and vale,
To hear the foaming cataract,
Old Ocean's billows wail.
I love to hear the whispering gale,
In Spring or Autumn's tone,
And then to see the barren fields,
Ruins of Summer storm.

I love to think of a better clime,
Deep in the azure sky;
I love to dream of scenes so dear,
And joys that hidden lie—
To know full well that all of life—
Its joys and sorrows here,
Has blessings sweet for every care,
Bright hopes dispelling fear.

I love to think, too, I shall die—
This body soon decay;
This spirit shall with Angels live,
And be as bright as they.
To be with God, his presence feel,
That life of peaceful rest;
And there through all eternity,
Shall dwell forever blest.

I love to know that I shall meet
Those spirits pure and bright,
Those sisters dear, "just gone before,"
Now robed in "living light;"
The thought, their clayey forms now lie
So still in Death's embrace—
Their spirits hath their pinions fled
Within that heavenly place.

God grant it be no futile hope,
That I shall greet them there,
When Death with shadowy form creeps on,
And I his impress wear.
May wisdom true, and virtue pure,
Their shield and guide be mine—
Thus cheer me on with greater power
That better world to find.

KATIE KING.

"My Room,"
Sacramento City, May, 1856.

(For the California Farmer.)

TALES OF CLELLAWALLA.

INTRODUCTION.

THE cruelty exercised by the Spaniards, and (with shame I add) Americans, towards the Indians of California, can find but few parallels in the history of civilization. Men, and women, have been murdered without a pretext, and children have been carried by violence, far from their "home in the wild woods," to serve as slaves to a superior race; a race so much their superior, that they are deprived of all the social enjoyments which render mankind happy. Among these unfortunate captives was Clellawalla, the fairest and best of her race. She had been taken by the Spaniards, when about ten years of age, and at the time of which I write she had been with the whites about two years. During which time she was never known to smile; but every day she would repair to an oak a few hundred yards from the house, from whence could be seen the mountains in the far Northwest. She would sit and gaze in that direction for hours, while the tears would follow each other, in rapid succession, from her once brilliant but now sunken eyes. I had often spoken to her of the cause of her grief, but I could never elicit a reply; on the contrary, she would only seem to cry the more. But once, when she had gone as usual, to her oak, I determined to follow, and try, in some way, to alleviate her suffering. I approached her; but so intently was she looking towards the mountains to the Northwest, that I stood near her for some time, and at length laid my hand on her shoulder, before she became aware of my presence. "Clella," said I, "you seem to suffer a great deal; will you be a good girl now, and tell me why you cry so much every day." "Do you see that smoke," she said, "rising above the mountains, many, many miles from here? Near there, somewhere, is the place at which I have spent the few short hours of happiness allotted to me on earth. But now, my parents are slain; my brothers and sisters are, I know not where, and I am alone—alone." "But why," she said, "why disturb you in dwelling on my sorrows?

you are among your own kindred and your own people, and you are happy, and I hope that you will ever remain so." I insisted upon her telling me her whole history, which she at length consented to do, and began as follows:

'Twas about dusk one evening, that all the children of our little village had gathered as usual around the fire of old Taus, to hear her relate stories of other years. She had just commenced with,—well my children, I will now tell you once more the story of Celabin and—she would have said Clita, but just then some one entered the hut; I looked around, it was my eldest brother—his face was covered with blood. "The Spaniards!" he said, "the Spaniards!" and he fell on the floor dead; yes, he was dead! All was now confusion and tumult. Old Taus said, come my children, we will now go to our hiding place in the rocks, and there remain while the warriors defend our houses and our property. As we went forth from the hut, my mother came and caught me in her arms; just then, too, the enemy came in from all sides; there was no possibility of an escape. Our warriors were soon overpowered, and we were at the mercy of the Spaniards. One of them came and caught me by the arm; my mother held me back; he took his saber and pierced her through the heart, and in an instant I was covered with the blood of my mother. At the same moment, I saw another man strike the snow white head of old Taus. My head grew dizzy, my limbs gave way, and I became insensible.

'Twas daylight next morning, before I became sensible of what was going on around me. I opened my eyes and saw that I was not at home. I was in the camp of the Spaniards. To attempt to describe my feelings is impossible, everything that I had ever heard about the Spaniards and Americans, now flashed across my memory like lightning; I knew that I should never more return to the home of my childhood. Nor did I ever wish to return, for I knew there was nothing there but the mangled remains of my kindred and my friends. The children, amounting to about twenty, were all prisoners like myself. I raised up and commenced talking to my brother, younger than myself, who was sitting near, watching me. He told me that after I had fainted, they killed all the men and women that they could find, and also the children under about four years of age. He said they had brought us four or five miles, the night before, and then stopped to camp for the night. While we were talking our captors were engaged in cooking and eating their breakfast. After they had finished, they gave us some food that they had stolen from the village. Then we got marching orders, some of our captors going ahead, and some behind to whip us: we were all on foot and they were mounted, yet we were forced to keep up—for every time that any of us would get behind we would get a stripe across our backs with a large horse-whip. In the forenoon of the first day little Yodis began to get behind often; but she was whipped and spurred along until at length she could actually travel no further, and she was then abandoned, a prey to the bears and wolves of the mountains. Before night, two others were abandoned in the same way; and all of us lounged for night, when we hoped that we would be allowed to rest, and perhaps we might sleep, for none of us had slept the night before. Night came on and we camped, but it was many hours before I could sleep, and when I did sleep it was so broken and disturbed by frightful dreams that it was not refreshing; on the contrary, when morning came I was in a high fever; I was nevertheless forced to begin and continue the march, while the whip and spur were applied with a hand that knew no mercy.* But about ten o'clock in the morning I gave out entirely, and was abandoned to my fate. I had two sisters and a brother there, but not one of them was allowed to bid me a last farewell.

All that day I lay there, with not one drop of water to cool my parched lips; but as night came on I fell into a tolerably sound sleep, and heeded not the howling of the wolf. Towards morning little Yodis came to me—I saw her as plain as I now see you; she came and sat near me. "Dear Clella," she said, "I am freed from the sorrows of this earth, I am going where there are no Spaniards, and I shall live in the house of the great Seeton; but you must stay

* This is not an exaggerated account. An Indian girl was actually treated in this way, by a company of Spaniards, in the Coast Range mountains in the summer of '54.

here a little longer. When morning comes, get up and travel to the South, and you will find the camp of some hunters; they are good men, and will take care of you." She said this and was gone. When morning came I walked off to the South, and about noon I found the camp of the hunters. I had one string of beads, and I made signs that I would give them for something to eat; one of the men gave me some venison and bread, but he refused to take the beads, and I have them yet; 'tis the only remembrance that I have of my happier days. There is nothing of interest in the rest of my story, and besides, you know it as well as I do myself.

In the course of our talk, after she had ended her story, I asked her if she could recollect any tales told her by old Taus. "All of them," she said, "I could repeat them all." Would it be asking too much of you, Clella, said I, to ask you to relate some of those stories to me, some time? "Nothing on earth could give me so much pleasure," she replied, "and if you are willing we will come here to my oak, to-morrow, and I will tell you the Story of Celabin and Clita." I agreed to her proposition, and we returned home.

MARY.

[The Stories of Celabin and Clita will soon appear.—Ed.]

Familiar Places.

"My Room,"
Sacramento City, May, '56.

DEAR MR. EDITOR: How material it is for us when we are together to tell of this and that old familiar place—"at home." No matter where that place is; only it is not in the boundaries of California, I judge; and an incidental remark of a friend, to-night, has brought before me one spot that is too pleasant to lie dormant in my chamber of memory. 'Tis the old school-house at home, where my young ideas were first "taught to shoot;" and my early school days are dancing before me so brightly now, I will tell you the spot where they passed so joyously. Come with me and I will take you Mr. Editor, away off, down in Memory's Hall, as far as I can see or even remember to have seen, to the old brown school-house (for I, Mr. Editor, like many other mischievous children, was sent early to school to be out of the way at home, of the din of household cares—to tease and torment the patient school-ma'am), situated on a little hill, with noble old trees around it, of pine, maple, beech and chestnut. Never was there a place more appropriate for a school, I have often thought, with its sloping hill-side, and the quiet babbling brook at its foot; with two solemn, old willows close by, where I have climbed to the very top, often and often, to swing as the wind blew them to and fro.

This may make some of my city readers dizzy, and say how shockingly vulgar, for girls to climb trees; but there in the country we had a way of our own, to do as we were pleased, independent of the gossiping tongue of Miss "They Say;" and you don't know how strong and healthy we are. We don't know what the word "sick," or "enjoy poor health," means; and we are as brown as the sun can make us, and as plump as an apple-dumpling. But I am wondering what you will say. Well, I will come back to my story. I was only telling them how *we* country girls looked. I believe I was by the brook when I dropped the "thread"—or was I tossing up there in the top of those great willows? but I will come down on a level, and run along with my brooklet, which, in Spring-time, when the snows are melting, is swollen almost to a river, and as it roars along its narrow banks, over our mud dams, and whirling and foaming under the bridge, we thought it equal in grandeur to the Niagara we had read of. There we would float our brush rafts, well loaded with old pieces of long, half-burned stove wood, old ball clubs, and broken benches we had taken from the school-room to ride down hill on in the winter time. And such skating as that brook afforded the big boys, and us, too, for we were often held by their belts, made of their woolen comforters and coat skirts—up and down, till our prudent parents and shoe leather tax forbade us that sport. Then we resorted to bits of board and benches, till these one day were scornfully rejected, I fear, when I came tugging up the hill with a nice new, little sled, all painted red, with stripes of blue; a gift of a dear brother. That "Snow Belle" was the pride of one winter, at least. But the crowning glory of all at our old school-house was the grand old woods just at the north a few rods, where such flowers bloomed as never grew in other woods. They were so sweet, and came so early—sometimes before the snow was all gone. One in particular: we always found it by the large hollow stump, and we called it the "Spring Fairy." It grew on a delicate

green stalk, and they hung from it like tiny bells of a pale pink color, penciled with delicate purple and white, and were so frail we could not keep them an hour in our bouquet without their drooping and dying.

Our noontime rambles were far in the depth of those old woods, where we found such delicate, delicious evergreens, blue-berries and whortle-berries. A cluster of these often saved us our usual chastisement, for keeping "late hours," as we were often deaf (?) to the dingy of the old cracked school-bell. 'Twas there we found the honeysuckle in its deep shades, which we would bring in by the armful, and make a general flower-grot of the water pail, and place it on the rusty box-stove in the center of the room. How much easier we could get our lessons, breathing the sweet fragrance of those delicate wood flowers. You who think a school-house comfortable in the inside is all that is required, know not the happiness those shady woods, murmuring stream and bright, beautiful flowers added to our childhood years. But I will tell you of the inside by and by, after I tell you of our baby houses and gardens; how we made them in the pannels of the fences, under the shady trees, and covered them with bushes brought from the woods; the aprons and baskets of moss so bright and green, to carpet them, and decorated them with shells, broken bits of China and glass.

Never yet, Mr. Editor, have I seen the like to compare with our mossy dell, with its shells and flowers. The Crystal Palace could not compare with it as it then looked in the beautiful works of our childish hands. And gardens! why, it makes my mouth water, in these dry, dusty times, to think how beautiful and fresh they were; how rank our beans and corn grew. We did not raise onions, for they made our eyes smart so!

But never shall I forget one morning, when we came to school an hour earlier than usual, to complete some work our afternoon's verses the day before would not let us finish, to find our house and garden turned up-side down, and inside out by a great, spotted, black and white beast; I will not say hog, for that will, or might, offend some who may see this, and may be partial to the race; but I shall ever remember how hateful it looked, and I have sworn vengeance on the whole race ever since. But, oh! how we did work to arrange and re-arrange, to pick up and plant over—but we came "too late" for the good of our garden.

The hot morning's sun was too melting for our delicate plants, that were reared in the shade; they drooped, withered and died—and with it well-nigh all my happiness; for at noon-time—the best part of the day—we were obliged to stay in, learn a half-said grammar lesson—and then I hated Mr. Kerkim as I hated the—hog—for there our vegetables were, half in the hot sun, slowly dying, while we were learning to conjugate the verb "to love," and it seems to me that I have never learned to appreciate the word since. The inside of our school house was not so pleasant to me as the outside; but every inch, could it talk, would tell many a funny thing. It had two long desks, reaching from north to south, with high benches. Under these desks were shelves, and these were used to deposit on wax made of the pitch of pine trees, our apples and eatables. Those desks and benches have proven the test of many a new knife. There is not a square inch but that has more or less clippings. The walls above were perfectly dotted with paper balls, where we used to snap at a mark when our teachers back was towards us. And the dark closet—Oh, I shudder now when I think of the terror in which I once held it. I was never put in there but once, and thought then if I escaped to see the light of day with my life, it would be the last time I would honor it with my personal presence. Why, I really expected my hair would turn white while I was there; but to my joy when I came out in the light of day, it was not standing *unusually straight*, or one whit white. And these fancy sketches in the entry-way were wonderful specimens of art in those days. I wonder now if "Jim Crow" and his "Dinah," are not there yet, made by the "square rule." It was indeed a miniature Dusseldorf's—but I fear time and other hands have defaced many of those wondrous scenes. And oh so many—so very many other things might I tell you of that bright, beautiful spot of earth, had I not rashly made my letter so long already. But how delightful to visit are these cozy nooks, now and then, when the careless remarks of dear friends often send us backwards to re-visit and dwell upon their early freshness and beauty. Some time I will tell you of some of my teachers. There is a nice little chapter in store for them. But I will promise not to make my next so long, for fear some may judge my vocal powers by my mechanical ones.

Adieu.

KATIE KING.

Causes of Female Deb

THE hours in which the great American mothers and housekeepers are free from care, and can go forth to breathe the pure air, or join in social amusements, as is so common in other nations, come few and far between. To this add all the mischief done by impure air, improper food and neglect of the skin, which they share equally with the other sex. But worst of all, add to these disadvantages the pernicious custom of dress, by which one-half the body is subjected to extreme changes from heat to cold, while the other portion is compressed by tight girding, heated by accumulated garments, pressed downward by whalebones, and by heavy skirts resting over the most delicate organs. Into our rural towns, even, these pernicious customs of dress have been carried by mantua-makers from the city, and still more by the miserable fashion-plates in our literature, that set forth the distortions of deformity and disease as models of taste and fashion. In our country towns, and among the industrial classes, it will be found that the taxation of care and labor on the brain of women, is even worse and greater than it is in the same class of our cities. The wives of rich farmers are often ambitious to carry out plans of labor and wealth with their husbands, while at the same time their daughters must be sent to boarding-school, and all the habits and tastes of city life must, in consequence, be mingled with other cares. The great majority of the American women have their brain and nervous system exhausted by too much mental excitement in their daily duties; while another class, who live to be waited on and amused, are as great sufferers for want of some worthy object in life, or from excess in seeking amusement. Next, there never has been any previous generation of children who have been so extensively deprived of pure, cool air in nursery, school-room and parlors as those now on the stage. The air-tight stoves in bed rooms, the cooking stoves in kitchens, the close stoves in school-rooms, and the far greater care taken to make windows and doors tight, have secured this result. Then the furnaces that are so generally used, keep the atmosphere of a house far warmer than it ever becomes so heated as when all warmth is to be gained from the surrounding atmosphere. And as the upper part of the room is always warmest, both stoves and furnaces keep the head warmer than the feet, and furnish to the lungs only a heated atmosphere to breathe. In former days, little girls took cold air-baths all over their person whenever they went out. In these days they are covered from all cool air, and they stand over registers and take hot-air baths when they feel a chill or have cold feet. Besides this, the school-rooms are made tighter and heated hotter than ever could be in former days. At the same time, they are crowded with occupants whose brains, while struggling with bad air, are stimulated with intellectual drills and exciting motives to exertion, such as were never known to a former generation. Little girls are especial sufferers in all that appertains to health. They must be housed most of the time in heated and impure air, and then when allowed to go abroad, they must wear thin slippers, and must not romp and run like the boys. And then, as they come to the most trying and critical period of life, the stimulation of brain increases, the exercise diminishes, and the monstrous fashions that bring distortion and disease are assumed. In England, the higher classes rarely send a daughter to a boarding-school, but parents secure teachers to educate them at home, and take the greatest pains to secure a healthy and perfect physical development. But in this country, the greater portion of the wealthy classes send their daughters at the most critical age, to be close packed, in ill-ventilated chambers and school-rooms, by night and by day, while all physical training is neglected, and the brain and nerves are stimulated by intellectual activity. Twenty years ago, a distinguished medical man gave it as his opinion that a majority of school girls had more or less of the curvature of the spine. A still more terrific deformity than this is now added, as the result of our miserable neglect and abuse of the young.

To Bessie.

LIKE the fragrant and modest violet that so unostentatiously greets us as we are roaming o'er a flowery field, filled with the bright, the beautiful and the most treasured gems of Flora's fair world, so comes the modest but welcome greeting of fair and gentle "Bessie," among the group of happy and joyous spirits that weekly gather around the altar of the Ladies' Department of the CALIFORNIA FARMER. And however unassuming Bessie may be, we know she is as welcome to the circle, and to all who assemble there, as her own kind spirit would wish. Yes, Bessie, you have truly named the group as like a "picnic," and 'tis a glorious one, too, for those that meet there are congenial spirits; and thus may it all be sunshine there, not a discordant element; and as you say of an old bachelor, sometimes a spirit led this way, why, like the splendor of a genial sun upon the icicle, so he melts away and becomes as a "dew drop," wishing he too might be claimed by some fair flower, so he could "nourish it as his own." So you are right, too, Bessie, in another guess

are no "Holofernes" or "Xanthus" ever so good looking; they come in, for we all worship the brighter colors of life, emblemized by Hope, of "better times coming;" and we worship that "bow of promise" which set in our heaven, is "all of life to us." So if Bessie wishes a closer communion with each or all this glorious group, let an envelop of white, tied with the "bonnie blue ribbon," hold fast the thoughts of "Bessie to Alice." We will in all honor and duty, as careful page, see it conveyed to the rightful owner, and thus that talismanic word "open sesame" makes them known to each other—hearts, that like twin lutes, are tuned alike to harmony and beauty.

We have conned over all the pretty words of Bessie, about our fair correspondent, and we can only say, there is in the various *nom de plumes* a something—yes, there is "something in a name," and we—no, no, we will not tell now—how like music *names* fall upon the ear sometimes, for we see that crusty, envious and jealous—what did you call him, Bessie? that "Placerville American man!"—so miserable that we don't like to make folks unhappy. So we will whisper you, sometime, what we mean, if we don't speak it right out; so farewell, Bessie, but remember, you are no longer proscribed—the great ruler of Europe, Napoleon, has granted an amnesty, forgiven all who have sinned against the Empire, restored them to fame and fortune; and, like them, shall you be welcomed to the charming group of sisters.

[This was intended as the answer for Bessie's introductory, which appeared in No. 18, but unfortunately mislaid by the printer in our absence.—Ed.]

TO A LADY

WHO PRESENTED HIM A PAIR OF KNIT GLOVES.

[We take the following beautiful Sonnet from the Poems of the great Statesman, John Quincy Adams. It is the more beautiful because of its truth—it is beautifully true.]

Who shall say that public life
Is nothing but discordant strife?
And he whose heart is tuned to love,
Tender and gentle as the dove,
Must whet his talons, night and day,
For conflicts with the birds of prey?

This world is fashioned, Lady fair,
Of Joy and Sorrow, Ease and Care;
Of sudden changes, small and great:
Of upward and of downward fate:
And whose bends his mood to trace
The annals of man's fallen race,
May sigh to find that nature's plan
Is ruthless war from man to man.
But nature, cruel to be kind,
Not to war only man consigned;
But gave him woman on the spot,
To mingle pleasure in his lot:
That if with man war cannot cease,
With woman reigns eternal peace.

Fair Lady, I have lived on earth
Nine fourscore summers from my birth;
And half the sorrows I have felt
Have by my brother man been dealt;
And all the ills I have endured
By man inflicted, woman cured.
The glove from man to man, thou know'st,
Of fierce defiance is the boast;
And cast in anger on the floor,
To mortal combat shows the door:
But gloves from woman's gentle hand,
Of cordial Friendship bear the wand;
And in return a single glove
Betokens emblematic Love.

Thy gift, fair Ellen, then I take,
And cherish for the giver's sake;
And while they shelter from the storm
My hands, the heart alike shall warm;
And speed for thee to God above,
The fervid prayer of faithful love.

VALUABLE BIBLE.—At a recent sale in England of the library of a deceased gentleman named John Albinson, Boston, a Bible was sold, which cost originally, with the oak cabinet containing it, the sum of four thousand guineas. It was sold under the hammer for five hundred and fifty pounds sterling. It consisted of forty-five vols., elegantly bound, and illustrated by at least six thousand engravings, executed by about six hundred of the most celebrated engravers, and from the works of eminent artists from the year 1450 to the time of its completion. Mr. Bowyer, a publisher, commenced the work of getting up this edition of the Bible in London in the year 1800, and spent more than twenty-four years at it. He produced two folio copies, one of which is in the British Museum, in seven volumes. It does not contain the engravings mentioned, but the magnificence of its printing, illuminating, binding, etc., makes it a curiosity. The other copy is the one sold as above stated. The cost of the engravings was £3,300. It is contained in a richly carved antique oak cabinet which cost £150. This splendid work is known by the name of the Bowyer Bible.

A FRIEND of Cuvier once took the horns and hoofs of an ox and approached the bedside of the great naturalist, and awakening him from a sound sleep, announced himself as the devil who had come to eat him. Cuvier rubbed his eyes, and glanced at the nondescript from horns to hoofs, when he lay down and quietly remarked, "Horns, hoofs—graminivorous—eat grass—can't come it; go away."

ecture of C. B. 1888

This gentleman gave a lecture in Marysville on the 9th inst., in the Times, in which he made particular reference to the event which had just transpired in San Francisco. An abstract of the discourse is given by the Marysville Herald, the following portion of which we deem well worthy of attention:

"Chiefly in his representative character does Mr. King possess that kind of importance which entitles him to public consideration. He was not learned, or classical, or profound, or brilliant; but he was honest, earnest, untiring. He stood upon the uprising pyramid which a few men had toiled to build, and stood there bravely and nobly. He was great in the conscientious frankness of a true man. He had become the point of the angle in which good citizenship was marching to encounter bad citizenship.

J. P. Casey has also a representative character in the maintenance of which hopes and fears of every vile person are involved. He may have been actuated by malice to act as the murderous tool of bad men; but no degree of personal animosity could have caused that wretched convict to undertake the murder of Mr. King, without numerous and official backers. When he aimed at the heart of King every villain in the land helped to steady his hand; and when the brave man reeled and fell, every villain believed, not that Casey, the convict, had assassinated King, the citizen, but that ruffianism had triumphed over right, and public sin had slain its boldest accuser.

Among the most mortifying facts in connection with the deed of blood, is this, that such a creature as Casey had been left under the hallucination of believing that he had a reputation to defend. How happened a graduate of Sing Sing, who has made singular proficiency in crime since his release from durance, to claim to possess a reputation capable of defense? Who gave him a temporary importance in society? Let politicians, whose tool he was, answer. But for the interested favor which they showed him, he would never have walked the streets by daylight. If the poor, debased tool deserves to be beaten with the rods, the calculating principals should be flayed with scorpions.

The revolting attempt at extenuating the murder, by publishing that the assassin said, 'Draw and defend yourself,' before shooting down his victim, reveals a profound depravity of both head and heart. Those potent words would have changed a black assassination into a chivalrous and honorable act.

Doubtless current rumors are exaggerated; but it must strike every mind as strange, that officers who are ready on the instant to arrest Casey, did not chance to observe his conduct in time to prevent the murder; and strange still that when he was arrested and hurried away to the station-house, his weapons were not taken from him; and strangest of all that he was suffered to carry a revolver in either hand while the Marshal and his posse were removing him to the prison.

The people confer authority upon certain representatives, to perform certain functions. A murderer is arrested. The people cannot fail to reflect that the officers into whose hands the murderer will fall are his friends and bosom companions. By conferring authority upon agents, the people do not divest themselves of the right to inquire whether and how those agents are executing their will. When it becomes apparent that representatives are laboring to defeat the purpose for which they were originally employed, the right to execute that purpose reverts to the people. Hence it has generally been conceded that if a hereditary monarch, even, violates the constitution and laws of his realm, he ought to be disobeyed and opposed. In such a case, the exercise of popular justice, which is indiscriminately stigmatized as 'mob law,' is justifiable. Indeed, the people remain the only solemn court, while the magistracy, by a sorrowful contradiction, constitute the real mob tribunal.

A serious practical question is like to force itself upon us, growing out of the probable action of the citizens of San Francisco. To execute Casey and Cora were only to leave two less murderers in community. The least that ought to be done is, to correct the loathsome politicism which feeds and employs a brood of vampires. The least that will be done, it is probable, is in some manner to drive out the refuse population of our metropolis, and to discountenance those wretched newspapers which have prostituted themselves for the defense of villainy. But where shall the refugees from San Francisco find a retreat?

Some will embark for the Atlantic States to seek a more congenial clime; others will hasten to the capital, where the blind goddess is supposed to dispense even handed justice from the supreme bench; and others still will steal into Marysville, like the pestilence that walketh in darkness. And what are we to do? Doubtless, San Francisco has a right to expel the hungry brood which have consumed her prosperity and eaten up her very streets and sidewalks. But can we afford to take her thieves and assassins off her hands? Paupers from Europe are bad enough, but paupers from purloins of political depravity at home are insupportable. Would it not be an innocent precaution to put ourselves in an attitude of self-defense? Who can assure us that the tragedy of San Francisco shall not be enacted here? To be well prepared is the best mode of preventing the excesses of passion and the effusion of blood.

No character is more glorious, none more attractive of universal admiration and respect, than that of helping those who are in no condition to help themselves.

Recognizing the Importance

Of a central organ as a medium through which the Officers of the State Agricultural Society may at any time communicate with the Agricultural population, and regarding the CALIFORNIA FARMER as best adapted for this purpose (it being the only well-established agricultural paper in the State, having a general rather than a local circulation) we heartily commend the same to the support of all persons engaged in agricultural or industrial pursuits.

E. L. BEARD, President.
SAML. J. HENSLEY, Vice President.
G. T. HUTCHINSON, Cor. Secretary.
ELI CORWIN, Recording Secretary.
L. H. BASCOM, Treasurer.

By vote of the Executive Committee of the California State Agricultural Society, Col. Warren, of the CALIFORNIA FARMER, is an authorized Agent for the sale of Certificates of Membership for the year beginning June 3d, 1886. Of him, or from either of the undersigned members of the Executive Committee, Certificates may at any time be obtained, by the payment of ten dollars. The treasury being empty, the Executive Committee appeal to the friends of the Society throughout the State, and especially to those who purpose to exhibit articles at the coming Fair, to relieve their embarrassment and to afford them the means with which to meet the constantly accruing expenses.

As the State Premium fund is entirely devoted to the payment of premiums, and to no other object whatsoever, we can devise no other method by which to meet the immediate demands upon us, than the one above proposed.

E. L. BEARD, President.
ELI CORWIN, Recording Secretary.

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Volunteer Agents.

We are desirous of extending our circulation as widely as possible, and being anxious to open the New Year with a generous addition, and to present many improvements and embellishments, we would kindly invite our friends to give us a little portion of their interest at this time. That we may present to them some inducement, we propose that to those who will make us up clubs of five, ten or twenty copies, before the 1st day of January, we will allow them every fifth copy for their kind aid; and what person who feels an interest in the productions of our State and its rise and progress, cannot find eight persons to join him in subscribing for our journal. They will thus secure one copy for themselves, and one copy to send to a friend in the States, free of cost. May we not anticipate a New Year's life in this form?

THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.
2. If subscribers order their papers discontinued, Publishers may continue to send them till all charges are paid.
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office or place to which they are sent, they are held responsible until they settle their bill and give notice to discontinue them.
4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the Publisher, and the paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.
5. The courts have decided that refusing to take a paper or periodical from the office, or removing and leaving it uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.
6. Postmasters would oblige, by a strict fulfillment of the regulations requiring them to notify Publishers, once in three months, of papers not taken from their office by subscribers.

NEW VOLUME—REDUCED PRICES.

We now call the attention of the friends of Agriculture and of Home Industry to our plans for the coming year. It will be our desire to make our journal the medium of the most important knowledge that is available for scientific and practical Agriculture. Having completed our plans for an extensive and reliable correspondence, both in the old States and Europe, upon all important matters; and having arranged to receive from the very best sources the most reliable information upon the best Stock and Stock Raising in the country; having also most complete set of Exchanges, both in the States and abroad—we feel confident we can present to our readers a paper unequalled in merit as a Scientific and Practical Journal of Home Industry. We are also most happy to say we have the promise of some of the very best Female writers of this State for our Ladies' Department. This, with the column devoted to education, we are confident will make our journal worthy to be welcomed into every family of our State.

We present to our friends and patrons the CALIFORNIA FARMER, on the opening of the New Volume, at the low price of Five Dollars a Year, always in advance. No paper sent without the money.

Shall we have the support of the workingmen of California? Shall we not have the support of every family that desires the prosperity of California? It is for this we plead. Clubs that send us the amount of five names shall receive a sixth copy gratis for one year.

A WORD TO ADVERTISERS.—We invite those of our readers who are engaged in business of any kind that they desire to make known extensively, to examine the class of advertisers in our columns. We believe few journals on the Pacific coast can present so valuable an array of the most prominent houses, and in the several most important departments of trade and commerce. Our columns speak well for the mercantile, mechanical, and manufacturing industry of California, and the many thousand copies that we scatter broadcast over our great State, gives an opportunity for those who desire to have their business known widely, a medium by which this can be accomplished.

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