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(Original Correspondence.)
St. Louis, Mo.,
June, 1874.

Miss. Fillets.—It is now a little over a century since the great fur-trader, Pierre LaSalle, with his little band, wandering through the dangerous and almost impassable forests of the Western World, halted upon the banks of the "Father of Waters," and there laid out the plans of a town which he named St. Louis, in honor of Louis XV. the King of France. Though a shrewd and calculating merchant, little Pierre did not dream that he was planting the germ of the great Western metropolis. The wild, red men of the forest, jealous of the intruding footsteps of the white settler, were the only witnesses, besides the party, of this memorable corner-stone laying. Gathering around in silent wonder, as well as with feelings of hostility, they alone read in one great import—their doom!

Today let us view this old settlement. A few minutes will suffice to govern what were once the boundaries of LaSalle. No landmarks remain, but a few narrow streets, so tell the story.

Large blocks of lofty buildings, filled with all the varied wares of an extended commerce, now loom up instead.

The very spot upon which the great founder built his residence and store is now the foundation of Barnum's spacious Hotel! A busy hum and stir is all around!

This little town, far removed then in the Western wilds, grew slowly and attracted but little attention.

Indeed, but comparatively a few years ago it was spoken of as in the far West! But time has changed.

This is an era of progress and enlightenment! What were the wild and unsettled prairie lands of a quarter of a century ago, is now the abode of a thrifty population—thickly inhabited cities and prosperous towns—in short, the "Granary of the Continent!"

The Railroad and Telegraph—moving powers of the age, have carried civilization and prosperity into the utmost parts of the land.

Distance has been almost practically annihilated. For instance, the traveler who visited these regions before the coming of the railroad, performed a fatiguing journey of weeks—encountering hardships of every kind.

Indeed, it was like the long Oriental journeys. But to-day how different! He comes in "Palace Car"—time forty-eight hours; surrounded by almost all the comforts of home. On every hand wild and picturesque scenery and beautiful, well-tended fields greet the eye.

It is almost like the working out of the marvelous fictions of the Arabian tales, Aladdin's Lamp, lighting the wilderness; in the published diaries and records of travelers to this section, a short time before the days of railroad transit, St. Louis is frequently spoken of as "near Alton," (small town in Ill.)

But it is equally surprising as well as flattering, that one meets many here at this day who tell of the time when most of the spacious and busy thoroughfares were the haunts of the fox and the wolf! To those who have watched its rapid growth and progress, it must present a striking picture.

great deal of dust and mud. This will soon be rectified. In material prosperity great things are too apt to be disregarded. Everybody can be heard to complain of streets and coal dust—and of course your correspondent joins in the chorus, though an enthusiastic admirer of "The Future Great."

The extensive use of bituminous coal makes one sometimes think of the delights of Pittsburgh!

Churches, schools, &c.
If churches could be taken as criteria of a city's morality or Christianity, St. Louis would stand in the van. But, unfortunately, it is not always the correct standard; however, I shall not pass judgment in this case.

On every hand are magnificent and stately temples for the worship of God; and the increase is very remarkable. The Romanists and Presbyterians are the more numerous sects. The evangelical spirit prevails to a considerable extent. The school facilities here are most liberal and of the highest order. The public schools will compare most favorably with any in the country. Washington University, partly supported by the State, is one of the finest institutions of learning in the West. With a large corps of efficient professors, special departments in Law, Medicine, Civil Engineering and Metallurgy, offer every advantage to the student. The literary taste here, in a country of such recent development, is I think very remarkable. Though it is some times amusing to hear tirades from ignorant people, upon books and theory versus practice. And from this fallacious idea, children are frequently taken away from school too early. Yet this is gradually working away. On the other hand, two large libraries, (one public,) with elegant reading rooms, museums and art galleries attest the literary tendency of the people. The scientific and literary lectures are generally well patronized.

PARKS AND GARDENS.
The growing demand in densely populated cities for parks, where the weary laborer as well as the man of pleasure may retreat and find fresh air in Summer, has attracted much attention here of late. They are well distributed, but most of the evening in their infancy. By a recent vote of the Legislature a very large one—of almost English proportions—is now being laid out. The most attractive place here, however, to strangers, as well as the pride of St. Louisians, is Shaw's Botanical and Agricultural Gardens—the magnificent gift of one of her wealthiest citizens, whose name it bears. It is St. Louis "Jardin des Plantes," and conceded by visitors and competent judges, I believe, to be the most magnificent in the United States.

Since the Western suburbs, in a beautiful landscape, it occupies an area of nearly five hundred acres, upon which he (Mr. Shaw) has spent several millions—He still has supervision of it and owns a fine Summer residence in it, and I may remark by the way, he is a bachelor. A strange fancy has led him to erect his tomb just in the front of his house, by which, like the great conqueror, he may be constantly reminded of his mortality. Here he expects to rest, if the emanations do not get him! The beauty of this mammoth collection of flowers almost bewilders the eye. Here may be found plants and trees from all parts of the globe.

The German element, which is a very large one here, have brought over with them the Beer Gardens, which are here and there about the city. The splendid music and ice lager attract large numbers of Americans to them. Indeed, they remind one of the beer and musical gardens of Vienna, where the fashionable resort to sip beer and listen to the discoursing of sweet music. Often on concert evenings the elite of the American society can be seen in large numbers. This is truly a cosmopolitan city.

One sees here upon the streets representatives from all nations nearly. The most segregated is the "Heathen Chinese." They engage generally in the laundry business, and here and there about the city may be seen their curious sign boards, with names only familiar to their Celestial majesties. They are slow to adopt the American customs, and still promenade the streets in almost Oriental garb, which they are slow to resign. One sees people likewise from all parts of the Union. In a short residence I have met many Virginians as well as Marylanders—some even from your historic county.

"Westward the star of empire treads its way," and the dense population of the East is moving to settle upon the prairies of the far West. The vast mineral wealth and agricultural advantages of this section are incalculable.

The large number of blast furnaces and rolling-mills which have been put in operation here within the past few years, seems to have been chosen as the proper colored paint. White would have formed a much prettier contrast to the emerald frame in which the picture is set. We drove to the store, which is in the centre of the settlement, hoping to be able to obtain a few items, but the proprietor was absent with a party engaged in determining the route of an aqueduct sixteen miles long which is to bring water to this and the adjoining settlement of Santa Ana, Tustin City, etc. I met a gentleman near by, however, who seemed fully competent to tell me all I wanted to know, and made known to him my mission and my desires in the premises. To all of which he replied, "I have been here but little over a year. I mind my own business and don't concern myself about my neighbors." This was not very encouraging, nevertheless I could not help thinking what a treasure such a man would be in some communities. How potent the force of his example would operate in lessening the amount of

completion of the great tubular bridge that spans the river here. It is one of the finest in the world, and a noble triumph of engineering skill on the part of its architect, Capt. Jas. B. Eads. It opens a grand highway between the Atlantic and Pacific.

The slow and expensive ferry system is now a thing of the past. A tunnel connecting with this bridge has been constructed under the city, which will run into a grand Union Depot, that will receive all the railroads converging here.

It is proposed to make the Fourth of July the occasion of celebrating the great achievement. No expense will be spared to make one of the most magnificent and joyous celebrations ever witnessed in the East or West. Preparations are already being made. Ten thousand dollars will be expended to illuminate the bridge! President Grant will be present, and distinguished men from all sections of the country. Invitations have already been issued to Senators and Representatives at Washington, together with the Army and Navy officials. Addresses will be delivered by Hon. Joseph Brown, the Mayor of St. Louis, Gov. Beveridge, of Ill., Gov. Woodson, of Missouri, and Capt. Joseph B. Eads, the engineer and architect. It will be an appropriate celebration of two triumphs—the one that of Right over Might—the other the triumph of Mind over Matter.

MY MARYLAND.
CALIFORNIA CORRESPONDENCE.
AMONG THE COLONISTS, (Los Angeles) County, Cal., April 10, 1874.

Leaving Anaheim in search of further information, my first trip brought me to a region of country laying a little to the southwest known as Westminster Colony. Some four years ago Reverend L. P. Webber, a Presbyterian clergyman, formerly of Salem county, New Jersey, secured some 7,000 acres of the lands of L. A. & S. B. Company as the site of a colony of agriculturists. He reserved to himself, I understand, the right of imposing certain restrictions upon the manufacture of wine or the distillation of spirits upon the lands of the colony, as also the privilege of deciding who should and who should not become purchasers of any portion of the lands. I did not find Mr. Webber, to whom I would naturally look for exact information in the premises at home, and therefore am compelled to deal in generalities, for I found it extremely difficult to obtain statistics in that part of the country. I was credibly informed, however, that only about 1,000 acres remain unsold out of the 7,000.

Being seeking an artisan well upon Mr. Webber's premises at the time of my visit. They informed me that there were about forty (40) wells in the colony, ranging in depth, from 65 to 225 feet; that the flow from four of these wells is sufficient to irrigate 160 acres each, and that the average flow is sufficient to irrigate from forty to sixty acres each. The lands of the colony are of the very first order as regards fertility and adaptability to the production of grain, roots, grasses, etc., as well as the harder fruits. Experiments are being made with the semi-tropical fruits, but the result cannot be known for some time yet. A neat and commodious school house stands in the centre of the town plot and is also used for purposes of divine worship on the Sabbath. It cost about \$1,500 and speaks well for the character of the colony. A good school house is the best advertisement a new settlement can have. Westminster is only the pioneer of a dozen similar colonies which are yet to spring up on the west side of the Santa Ana. Returning to Anaheim, I partook of a good dinner at the Platters hotel (Highly and Lafoscherie know how to get up) and retired early. The next morning I started for Richland. The gentleman who drove the buggy team managed, by accident, to miss the ford and get into the quicksands of the Santa Ana river. At my request he returned to town, and as luck would have it, I was offered a seat in the spring wagon of my friend Campbell, who can sell more sewing machines than any man I ever saw. He headed straight for the old Rodriguez crossing and we were soon in Richland. There is no mistake about the nomenclature in this case. A prettier valley does not lay out of doors. It seemed, however, as if everybody who could give us any information was away from home. But a word or two about the valley. Seen from the crossing of the Santa Ana river, it rises gently to the foothills four or five miles distant dotted here and there with farm houses of far more than ordinary pretensions as regards architecture and finish. I cannot say that I like the prevailing brown, which seems to have been chosen as the proper colored paint. White would have formed a much prettier contrast to the emerald frame in which the picture is set. We drove to the store, which is in the centre of the settlement, hoping to be able to obtain a few items, but the proprietor was absent with a party engaged in determining the route of an aqueduct sixteen miles long which is to bring water to this and the adjoining settlement of Santa Ana, Tustin City, etc. I met a gentleman near by, however, who seemed fully competent to tell me all I wanted to know, and made known to him my mission and my desires in the premises. To all of which he replied, "I have been here but little over a year. I mind my own business and don't concern myself about my neighbors." This was not very encouraging, nevertheless I could not help thinking what a treasure such a man would be in some communities. How potent the force of his example would operate in lessening the amount of

"Narrowing envy and which makes a hell upon quiet and brotherly prevail. If I were rich I would buy out his establishment and give a million to some other delightful locality."

But I am not rich and my Captain Glassell, the man to look on and admire, are generally small. The ways laid out at night travelled through by the

other forest trees. I do not know it. Along some of them I noticed that gum and oak were not so planned alternately, so close together that by the time the walnut trees are in bearing the gum trees will necessarily have to give way, and of course, will furnish full force posts, lumber, etc. Almost every house had its flower garden in front and masses of verbenas, gill flowers, heliopsis and other bright bloomers lent a delightful variety to the charming scene. Thousands upon thousands of fruit trees have been set out and the work still goes on. Richland proper is about three miles square and embraces about 7,000 acres, only 1,500 of which remain unsold. There is a town plot in the centre of 40 acres with iron supply pipes in the principal streets. Unimproved land is held at from \$15 to \$25 per acre. It has been ploughed once nothing short of \$60 can touch it. Improved places where they change hands readily bring \$100 per acre. All of these improvements are the work of less than three years. There are about 100 families in the settlement, and as may be expected they have built an elegant and comfortable school house. I look upon the growth of Richland as being quite as phenomenal as the locality is beautiful and upon the latter score I have simply to remark, that being in a measure wedded to a love of Hogarth's line of beauty, I am not as a general rule an admirer of level tracts or valley scenery. But there is an indescribable charm about Richland. Let those who doubt it go and see for themselves. If, concerning it, I cannot conscientiously exclaim "There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet."

I am certain there is no lovelier one.—And yet it is only one of the beautiful localities to be found in this peerless region. There is no comparison with the future of Los Angeles, and the very method of calculation.

VIATOR.
LORD BYRON.—Byron had not damaged his body by strong drinks, but his terror of getting fat was so great, that he reduced his diet to the absolute point of starvation. He was of that soft, sympathetic temperament which it is almost impossible to keep within a moderate compass, particularly in his case his lameness prevented his taking exercise. When he added to his weight, even standing was painful, so he resolved to keep down to eleven stone, or shoot himself. He said everything he swallowed was instantly converted into tallow, and deposited on his ribs. I remember one of his old friends saying, "Byron, how well you are looking!" If he had stopped there it had been well, but when he added, "You are getting fat," Byron's brow reddened, and his eyes flashed.—"Do you call getting fat looking well, as if I were a hog?" and, turning to me, he muttered, "The beast, I can hardly keep my hands off him." The man who thus offended him was the husband of the lady addressed as "Genevra," the original of his "Zuleika" in the "Bride of Abydos." I don't think he had much appetite for his dinner that day, or for many days, and never forgave the man who, so far from wishing to offend, intended to pay him a compliment. He would exist on biscuits and soda-water for days together; then, to ally the eternal hunger gnawing at his vitals, he would make up a horrid mass of cold potatoes, rice, or greens, deluged in vinegar, and gobble it up like a famished dog. On either of these unsavory dishes, with a biscuit and a glass or two of Rhine wine, he cared not how sour, he called feasting sumptuously. Upon my observing he might as well have fresh fish and vegetables, instead of stale, he laughed, and answered, "I have an advantage over you—I have no palate. One thing is as good as another to me." "Nothing," said, "disagrees with the natural man; he feasts and gorges, his nerves and brains don't bother him; but if you wish to live—" "Who wants to live?" he replied; "not I. The Byrons are a short-lived race on both sides, father and mother; longevity is hereditary; I am nearly at the end of my tether. I don't care for death; it is her sting! I can't bear pain."—*Trelawney's Last Days of Shelley and Byron.*

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BRINGING BOUND A JUROR.

In the late collision between sections, it will be remembered that John Morgan, Esq., of S. A., took a notion, with a select party of friends, to make a horseback excursion through the Hoosier and Buckeye States.

We didn't feel particularly hospitable just then to such visitors—we on the north side of the Ohio; and quickly as the telegraph spread the news, every man and boy, able to carry a fowling-piece or a squirrel rifle, hurried to the nearest point of which his services might be needed to

formed into separate parties, and were ordered officers improved for the occasion—the writer having the honor to be an orderly sergeant, in which capacity he served for several days and nights. It wasn't his fault, and should, he thinks, detract nothing from his modicum of merit, that he was the finest of July weather the white, pleasureer out of doors than in, or that the enemy had the discretion not to come in his way. At any rate, he has never demanded back-pay or bounty for his services.

But wasn't a military autobiography we sat down to write, but Joe Duskin's story, which he told us as we lay in camp one night.

"Boys, did I ever tell you 'bout the time I got out a jury with Bije Bope?" asked Joe, taking a swig out of the company demijohn.

"No," we answered.

"Would you like to hear it?" said he.

"We may be in our gory beds to-morrow night, an' never hev another opportunity."

He was invited to proceed.

"Bije, you see," continued Joe, "was just a little the contrarist, overbearing, crank-headed cuss that ever ruffled a community's temper. He hed Bluebeard three wives to death, an' hed just tackled a fourth. In fact, the honeymoon was hardly over—though I guess there was more vinegar 'n' honey into it—when Bije 'n' a passel more on us was yanked up afore Judge Grimm to serve onto a jury."

In every case we tried we stood 'leven to one, an' Bije was the one. The judge got mad at last, and threatened, in the next case that come up, hed keep us at it till we did agree.

"It was one of them pesky hoss swappin' cases. Bill Baxter 'd put off on H. Greene a sorl' writter with a false eye 'n' a artificial tail. The eye was found layin' in the manger one mornin' an' the first time the hoss got wet his tail come onglied an' drapt off."

The evidence showed that H. 'd been peered at ax about the eyes, an' Bill 'd said the mornin' had as good a eye as the next mornin'. Bill, however, offered to prove that the next boss to his'n, at the time, was stone blind, but the court ruled that out.

"After a searchin' charge from