AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

PRACTICAL INFORMATION FOR THE FARMER AND THE ORCHARDIST.

[This Department is prepared for the SACRAMENTO RECORD-UNION by its Agricultural Editor. All matter relating to the agricultural interest will be found under this head.]

THE HAY CROP.

We have heard it suggested by some that the hay crop of 1880 in California was likely to be short, and that consequently hay would probably be dear the next winter. The reason for this opinion as given is that the hay crop along the rivers, especially the alfalfa crop, will be very short on account of the high water, which will kill off the alfalfa and remain on the land so late as to prevent the growth of natural grasses. There is no doubt that the crop of alfalfa will be curtailed to some considerable extent in consequence of high water; but while this will be true it is also true that the season is very favorable for good crops of hay of all kinds in all other sections of the State. We believe hay will be as plenty this year as any year within the past ten, and will be as cheap. Yet we would advise all who have hay of any kind, or straw, to cut and save it. We would give this advice at all times and under all circumstances. There is nothing gained by wasting anything that grows on a farm. Let everything be taken care of, and laid by for the time of need. It would be a good stroke of economy for every farmer who has stock, to calculate to keep over each year one-fourth as much hay as he feeds. Then in case of an unexpected long and cold winter, such as the past has been, the intended surplus would come in play. The past winter has been an usually long and tedious one, and very few farmers will have any hay left over. Such we know to be particularly the case with the river farmers. And when the April rains and high waters came and covered up their growing crops of alfalfa, they had nothing to feed. The result has been in many instances that they have been compelled to remove their stock at great expense and loss. Had they kept a surplus, as we suggest, this loss and extra expense would have been avoided.

SOILING COWS.

In many portions of the Atlantic States, especially in New England, the practice of soiling milch cows has been in vogue for some years, and the opinion has become quite prevalent that in the practice there is a great saving. In this State the practice has not been introduced to any extent, and there is but an indifferent opinion on the subject. However, we know a few dairy farmers on the Sacramento river who experimented with mowing and feeding alfalfa in a green state to their milch cows last season, and that these same farmers, without an exception, intend to pursue the same practice this season. This is certainly indication of the fact that they found an account in favor of economy in it. We have conversed with some of these men, and they all say they can save from twenty to thirty per cent. by the soiling practice. They say that while there is more labor connected with it, that it takes but little if any more than half the land to keep a given number of cows in good condition that is required by the old plan of pasturing. The cows by running over the growing clover tread it down and retard its growth very much. That they leave very much of it that they will not eat at all—for instance, whenever their own manure has been dropped or their own urine has covered the ground. These bunches under pasture are lost, but if the grass is cut and fed then it is deprived of any offensive smell and is all eaten. Then, also, clover that has a considerable growth throws out numerous branches from each stem, and that each one of these numerous branches grows as fast as a single stem when small and short, and, therefore, the actual production is several fold greater by the soiling system than by the pasture system. Our own personal experience of last season fully confirms these views, and we are free to say that we are fully wedded to the soiling system with alfalfa. We cut from alfalfa meadow last season four crops before the middle of August, and then had good pasture on the same till the middle of November. We think the gain by the soiling system was at least thirty per cent.

FARMERS IN THE LEGISLATURE.

The Grangers throughout the United States have been complaining that they have not had a proportionate representation in the legislative halls of the States or nation, and we are sure that as a result of the Grange organization they have considerably increased their representation. Whether this increase has resulted in any real benefit to the agricultural industries is not so easily answered. The average farmer has not been schooled for a legislator. His mind has not been accustomed to grasp a great variety of subjects and to generalize upon them. He has, as a rule, confined his thought too closely to his own limited sphere of action and is not versed in the framing of laws or the adaptation of them to the wants of his own or other classes of society. He has through life made it a practice, whenever he wanted any legal information on any question in which he was interested, to go to a lawyer for that information. Whenever he had any dispute as to his legal rights or as to the rights of his property, he has applied to a lawyer for advice. Whenever he has sold a farm or bought one he has repaired to a lawyer's office to have the deed drawn, and whenever he has made a contract involving any great responsibility or property of value his lawyer has been consulted. Thus he has never cultivated that self-reliance, that self-knowledge, that general information of men and affairs or the practical transaction of business necessary to make a good legislator. Farmers as a rule have not been properly educated—have not properly educated themselves—to enable them to do such work even for themselves, and of course when they find themselves in the Legislature, where they are expected to perform all kinds of work for others, they are not at home, they are out of their sphere, and they are more or less failures. We heard a Granger lamenting this state of things a few days since. He seemed to have been led to a full comprehension of the situation by the course pursued and the results consequent upon the actions of his brother Grangers in the last session of the Legislature of our own State. He remarked that he had for some years past been insisting upon a fuller representation from the farming classes in our Legislatures, to the end that the situation of the farmer in his business and social relations might be improved, that the grain rings, sach rings, middle-men, commission men, store-house men, money-loaners and sharpers generally might be surrounded by legal checks and regulations and the farmers' rights and profits more fully protected. "But," said he, "I have changed my mind, and I believe I have voted for the last Granger for any legislative position—they are the least practical men in the Legislature. They accomplish no good for themselves and prevent none of the schemes and jobs put up by others. Not that their intentions are not good, not that they do not try to deserve well of their farmer constituents and all other classes, but that practically they do nothing, accomplish nothing. They come up to the Capital determined to practice economy and reduce taxation, and they regard every law that contemplates the expenditure of money as bad as a scheme to rob the people, and they combine and vote against it. But the representatives of other classes bring in their little bills, and in order to pass them through they find it necessary to show a compromising spirit—a disposition to help each other—and so, by combining, their big and little jobs all pass, notwithstanding the opposition of the Granger element. So things go on, and it is soon understood that the Grangers' votes are not needed to carry any measure, and that their votes can not defeat any measure upon which any considerable number of other classes combine. But by and by some more enlightened and more practical farmer conceives some plan by which the agricultural interests of the State can be generally benefited, by which new and better paying industries may be introduced, by which better stock may be bred, or better seed wheat secured and cultivated, and many other things done by which the profits of the farmer may be enhanced, his education enlarged, and his social standing improved. But to accomplish these desirable results some laws must be passed to objects of which must be to induce greater concert of action among farmers, the organization of agricultural associations and farmers' clubs, and the appropriation of a few dollars for their use in the bringing about these improvements. The Granger members have now the very occasion they have been seeking through the whole session—the opportunity to show their constituency their self-denial, their disinterested economy, their saving the people's money from being voted out of the treasury—and, true to their uniform practice, they jump this beneficent and really worthy measure as though it was the biggest job of the session, and, two to one, they defeat the very measure they elected to secure." For these reasons our Granger friend has concluded to vote hereafter for more practical men—men who will not be quite so self-denying.

AGRICULTURAL INTELLIGENCE.

HOW TO RAISE BLACKBERRIES.—First, secure roots of a kind that will not winter kill or rust, and which are good and pay well. Then select clay land; it is much the best; manure it well with good rotted manure. Plow or spade deep; pulverize well; then mark out deeply with a shovel or barshare plow, or hoe (as the case may be) in rows six feet apart; in the rows plant the roots three feet apart. Well water, or dibble the roots in mud, and then fill up with dirt, throwing the dirt so as to make it solid around the plant, and water, if dry weather. This is for spring planting. For fall planting the tops should have straw thrown around them, to keep them from freezing out. They should be tended like corn; hoed if needed. The next spring, plow and throw the furrow to the berry bushes, not going nearer than two feet, and very shallow next to them, leaving a furrow between them, which will serve to drain the water off. This is the six feet space that I plow. Throw or put a little manure around the roots, and tend as the year before; only go very shallow, and not very near to them. Do not allow more than two shoots to come up. If they do, hoe off or break off, as they are very tender. When the shoots are three feet high chip the tops off. This causes them to send out laterals or stems, and makes them stand better, and hardens the wood. In the fall of the second year mulch with coarse straw or leaves, two feet, one on each side, next and around the stems. This is for a double purpose: first, to keep down grass and weeds; second, to hold moisture. Can sow grass seed in between the rows or let it go now, and allow no weeds to go to seed if in the grass. All this makes it nicer picking. After this never allow more than four sprouts to stand, and pinch or clip at three feet, and you may always expect a crop. Never dig from your patch, as that cuts the roots, and causes them to sprout. Every sprout you allow to come up more than that number (four) takes from the roots that which ought to go to nurture the berries, and with care and a little trouble you can have your patch sightly, with plenty of berries.—[D. T., in Cincinnati Gazette.

LIGHT BRAHMAS.—We have raised Light Brahmas for the last ten years, and have yet to find fault with them, or to wish for any better breed. Their extreme hardiness, beauty, prolific laying qualities, and large size, make them the most desirable of all breeds for general purposes. We fail to discover any good reason why some find fault with them on account of their "breeding propensity." So far as our experience has extended, the greater number of a flock will lay all winter and far into the spring months before showing the least indication to sit. Were they less broody certainly our number of "early spring chickens" would be few. Yesterday we weighed seven of our pullets with the following result: One of them weighed 9½ lbs., one 10 lbs., another 10½ lbs., and the other four exactly 12 lbs. each. None of them are over eleven months old. Can any of our poultry breeders beat those weights in a flock of twenty-five?—[Mrs. E. T. Aylea.

PEKIN DUCKS.—Some one wished a description of the Pekin duck. They are of a creamy white in color, orange-colored bills, and short, orange-colored legs; smooth heads, and low, heavy bodies. Very hardy, quiet, and domestic in their habits; not given to wandering, and can be kept within any inclosure, as they can not fly from off the ground. They yield a large quantity of soft, downy feathers, superior in quality to those of the goose; are prolific layers, their eggs being considerably larger than those of the common duck, and of a pearly white. We think there is no other sort of fowl which can be kept with less trouble or more profit, and are pleased that it is becoming better known and appreciated. I would add that I have no fowls, either Brahmas or ducks, to sell now, one advertisement in the *Gazette* having sold all I had to spare.—[Mrs. E. T. Alyea.

WOOL.—The outlook for the wool interest must be regarded as unusually hopeful and encouraging. The business has suffered many reverses in the past few years, and has tested the truth of the old adage, "It's a long lane that has no turning." The feeling is now general that we are entering upon a career of prosperity which promises to make good sheep more remunerative and satisfactory than any other branch of agriculture. Though there has been an extensive revival in the manufacture of woolens, the supply is still short of the demand, as is shown in an article in another column, and prices have an upward tendency. Those who had the foresight and enterprise to grade up and improve their wool are now about reaping the benefit.—[Exchange.

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Hassaurek has been so much encouraged by the unexpected success of his "Secret of the Andes," that he is already engaged upon another novel.

It is said that Sir Charles Dilke has been for some time engaged in writing a "History of the Nineteenth Century," and that the first part of it will appear about a year hence.

In the public library at Treves, a French poem having the title "Sainte Nouna et son Fils Saint Devy" has been discovered, the authorship being attributed to Richard Cœur de Lion, who composed it, says the rumor, during his captivity in Tyrol.

In periodical literature Germany leads all the world, except America, in point of numbers. It has 3,778 publications of that kind. England is next, with 2,507. France has 2,000; Italy, 1,226; Austria, 1,200; Russia, 500; Asia, 387; Africa, 50; Australia, 100. The total number in America is 9,129.

Dr. J. Hammond Trumbull is reported to be in a very happy state of mind over the results of the second part of the Brinley sale, and authorities in books agree that he has reasons for very deep rejoicings. Among the vague reports about the coming parts of the collection is a statement that the books now sold constitute the least valuable half of it.

"Father," said a cobler's lad, pegging away at an old shoe, "they say that trout bite good now." "Well, well," replied the old gentleman, "you stick to your work and they won't bite you."

THE QUIET HOUR.

THE "TANGLER'S" PARADISE OF CHARADES, ENIGMAS, ETC.

[Contributions to this department should be addressed "Quiet Hour," RECORD-UNION. Write upon but one side of the sheet. Accompany all contributions with the answers, the true name, and postoffice address. Contributors will receive advice and assistance, and are privileged to engage in courteous criticism of the productions published.]

Answers to April 17th.

649. (Published at the time).

650.
Q uie T
U nchurc H
I mogen E
E stee M
T r I
H an G
O H
U l T
R os Y
T ri P
R idea U
I ne Z
N atche Z
I do L
T hym E
Y ea R

651. Spar, pare, area, ream.
652. Spray.
653. No ah.
654. Wonder.
655. Annex, veronica.
656. Airer, Ethel.
657. Baby-jumper, boneset, harridan.

New Tangles.

665. Compound cross-word enigma, by Casper:

In Sacramento, capital of the State;
In Sommerville it is found, though not in Bate;
In narcissus as said of plants,
And in ordnance which followed Banks;
In money 'tis found, but not in bill,
And in drunkard too, but not in still;
Now Quite Hourites please to find
Three counties well-known, if inclined;
Also one who buys and sells,
In fact a person we all know well;
Now find that which is done with bread,
And with fruit when to children fed;
You'll find all these—perhaps many more—
If the above you'll closely explore.

666. Dropped rhymes, by E. C. D.:

There came to the place where a fair maid ——
In the dimness of twilight, a gray old ——
He gazed at the supper she held, it looked ——
He came a step nearer, and stood by her ——
"You seem hungry," she said, "but would it be ——
To cultivate thus your acquaintance old ——
Would it not be far better for me and for ——
A lesson to teach through you to your ——"
She raised her small hands as if to ——
He'd come a step nearer to her and the ——
One quick sly glance from her bread to his ——
The fair arm descended she gave him a ——

667. Riddle, by Ora Bradley:

From my home in distant climes,
From the dark Brazilian mines,
Brightest of the brightest gems
Seen in kingly diadems.
Or, nestling 'mid the sunny hair,
Of some maiden bright and fair,
And sparkling like the stars at night
'Mid her laces creamy white,
There so peacefully I lie,
Tell me, Tanglers, what am I?

668. Puzzles, by F. M. S., for Casper:
S P 2. 1000 }
1. Act—d. }

669. Charades, by Augusta Blake, dedicated to Hattie Heath:

1. A mute and liquid please combine
A lovely flower to define.

2. As I sit in this lovely bower beneath the shade,
My first I use in writing this charade.
With my second beside me so nice and bland,
And then explores the boundless wealth above and beneath the land.
It also builds my third and on it does stand,
And crosses the raging main to many a sunny strand.
My whole united will an accomplishment name possessed by you, lady fair,
In whos rare gifts hard and hard I have often tried to share.

670. Charades, Anonymous:

1. My first is an animal, my second is a vowel, my third, transposed, is an animal, my fourth is a vowel, and my whole is a Spanish province.

2. When good old Queen Anne or her ladies went out,
To ball or theatre, concert or rout,
They sent for my whole; now behead me and see
What every young lady prizes in me.
Behead me again, there's naught living on earth
Can exist without me from the moment of birth;
Transpose my whole, leave out one letter small,
I'm the entrance to many a nobleman's hall.

671. Square words, by ——:

1. A constellation; a prayer; a ring. (Three letters.)
2. A vessel; mystery; to disseize; a pilaster. (Four letters).

Answers to Correspondents and Correct Solutions.

Eve—652, 654.
Gus—656 (the first only).
Sister—663 (very good).
E. C. D.—641, 642, 643, 645, 647 (in part), 651, 652, 653, 654, 656 (no), 657 (1, no; 2, yes). E. C. D. adds: "If you are not crowded please thank Amy for her compliment. It was graceful and pleasant."
Trinity—640 (not as Amethyst gives it, but quite as good. Hers over-lap; yours are separate)—642, 643, 645, 647, 651—(and Trinity says good for sweet 61; ingenious enough for 61)—652, 653, 654 (good for Gussie), 655, 656 (no), 657 (no), 650. Trinity says, "Thanks, Sibyl, dear; but I no can do it."
Casper—651, 652, 653, 654, 657 (in part).
F. M. S., Jr.—653, 651, 652, 654, 657.

ART MATTERS.

The scouring of the interior of the Florentine Duomo is to be discontinued.

The Duc d'Aumale has been elected to the French Academy Section of Fine Arts, his competitors having declined to contest the seat with him.

It is proposed to place statues of four of our greatest revolutionary characters on the buttresses of the Treasury building in Wall street, New York.

The art amateurs are now engaged in a curious discussion; whether a famous Flemish painter, Francois Frutet, ever lived. The only fact revealing his existence is a great picture, "The Adoration of the Magi," painted at Seville 300 years ago.

There is now at the Decorative Art Rooms, Boston, a remarkable piece of work by an old lady of 92, which she has designed and embroidered herself. It is a piano cover, elaborately embroidered with clematis and other flowers in silk.

Sir Frederick Leighton, the President of the Royal Academy, has finished his large fresco, "The Arts of War," at South Kensington, and the "most important natural mural painting produced in this country since Maclise finished the 'Death of Nelson,'" says the *Anthenæum*, has been inaugurated. It is a great success. The scene is laid in Italy, in the fourteenth century, and at the entrance to a tower or fortress. There are many figures which are over life-size.

The Canadian Academy of Arts opened with an exhibition of 549 pieces, of which 135 were oil paintings. The Princess Louise contributed seven original sketches, consisting of a portrait in pencil of Lady Elizabeth Campbell, another of John Lothrop Motley, the historian, a sketch of a haunted house, with moat, in Kent, a sketch in chalk of roe deer, a study of figures, and studies from nature of wild cherry blossoms and the datura, a pretty wayside weed that has an unsavory name in popular parlance.

The monument for the grave of Charles Sumner has been awarded to Alexander McDonald of Mount Auburn. It consists of a sarcophagus seven feet long by a little over four feet in hight and width, having three sections—base, die and capstone. The die has inscriptions on front and back, and monograms on the ends, as well as columns with Ionic capitals. The capstone is finely chiseled, with moldings containing architectural foliage. It is to be of fine granite, and is paid for by the funds left over from the bronze statue of Sumner in Boston.

The fine example of Perugino purchased several months ago in Italy for $16,000, and detained there some time for want of a Government license to leave the country, has reached London, and is now lodged in the National Gallery. It is in an excellent state of preservation, and is believed to have been painted in the first decade of the sixteenth century. It comprises nearly life-size figures of the Virgin and Child, standing between St. Francis and St. Jerome, with two angels above flying with a crown, and is looked upon as a magnificent specimen of Umbrian art. In size it is about six feet square. For many years it belonged to the private gallery of a family in Perugia, and very little has been known of it.

MANHATTANISMS.

THE EFFECT OF DOMESTIC TROUBLES ON MASCULINE RAIMENT.

The Frank Leslie Will Suit—Reminiscencies of Charles Fechter—An Old Chop-House—Church Going.

NEW YORK, April 22, 1880.

Every year seems to add greatly to the number of people who leave home to spend the summer. The exodus hence to the country and out of the country will, probably, be very much larger this year than it has ever been before. This vicinity is preparing most extensively for warm weather visitors from all parts of the Republic. An immense new hotel has, as you know, been built at Manhattan Beach; Far Rockaway has been improved, laid out in handsome grounds, commodious inns have been erected; a fine new house, Queen Anne style, is to be put up and made exclusive at Long Beach; fresh attractions are to be added to Long Branch, the Palisades, the Catskills, Saratoga, and

THE NUMBERLESS RESORTS

In New Jersey, up the Hudson, on the Sound, and all through this neighborhood. The passenger lists of many of the European steamers are already full, and it is thought that between June 1st and the close of September Americans will be swarming over the Old World. It is predicted that the transatlantic travel will be fully equal to what it was during the last Paris exposition, and every indication thus far gives color to the prediction. Innkeepers here look for a busy summer—such a summer as they have not had since the financial reaction of 1873. So do theater managers and other caterers for public amusement. They believe that the constant coming and going to and from the adjacent watering-places, to and from Europe, with the general allurements of the metropolis, will insure them such a degree of patronage as they have not been accustomed to of late years. A rare summer for activity is anticipated, and if the anticipations be not realized the disappointment will be great and widespread. I can not remember when inn-keepers in and out of town have had expectations so liberal.

THE WILL OF FRANK LESLIE,

Now contested in Court, is the best evidence of his attachment and appreciation of his (second) wife, to whom he left all his property, entirely cutting off his two sons, Harry and Alfred, by a previous marriage. The deceased journalist had manifestly taken great pains in the preparation of his will; had, it is said, consulted the best lawyers on the subject, and felt absolutely confident that its extraordinary provisions could and would be carried out. It is not very likely that they will be, however, for Leslie's sons would be of different composition from most mortals if they had acquiesced in their disinheritance. As has often been said, no will can be made which cunning attorneys cannot riddle, and attorneys were readily found to attempt to undo what the well-known publisher had so carefully done.

Although Leslie's property has been for some time in the hands of an assignee, it is thought, when certain conditions shall have been carried out, and it shall be released, that it will be very valuable; and this is another reason why the

VALIDITY OF THE DOCUMENT

Is sharply contested. It would be strange, indeed, were it otherwise, since Leslie's early marital life had been most unfortunately complicated. His union with his first wife had, it is represented, been anything but harmonious from incompatibility of temperament; his sons and he did not get on smoothly, one of them having been involved in law suits with his father on account of using his name. Very naturally, under the circumstances, Leslie would have small sympathy with the associations or product of his original connubial experiment. In his second venture he was reputed to have been much luckier; to have been, in fact, exceptionally happy, as may be inferred from the character of his will. The present Mrs. Leslie, formerly the wife of Ephraim G. Squier, the archæologist, had really been for years a kind of commercial partner of her husband, and has doubtless contributed largely to his material prosperity. He has probably done her but simple justice in his last testament, though it can hardly be expected that his sons should take his view of the matter.

CHARLES TECHTER.

The remains of the late Charles Techter are now, it is said, to be removed hither. No actor of his time received more from nature—he had comeliness, grace, genius, power to attract, sagacity to make friends—or began his career under more favorable auspices. But he never acquired, and never manifested any disposition to acquire, the least degree of self-discipline, and to this lack his adversities, and they were many and continuous, are directly traceable. He had all the defects of an artistic temperament—vanity, egotism, irritability, self-will, over-confidence, arbitrariness—with very few of its corresponding virtues. Through those defects, with all absence of their correctives, he was incessantly involved in quarrels, particularly with those desirous to befriend him. Hardly any man since Jean Jacques' time has had more personal acrimonies and estrangements, in each and all of which his rampant egotism assured him that he was justified. He had lived in the three great capitals of the world, and had literally wrangled himself out of them. He went from Paris to London, from London to New York, and carried from each of those cities a conviction that he had been foully wronged. In fact, this was his permanent condition of mind, and his imaginary injuries

RANKLED IN HIS BREAST,

Rendering him cynical and deepening his multifarious imperfections. His singularly unbalanced constitution may have been owing to his mixed and contradictory lineage. He was a sort of mongrel, having German, Flemish, Italian and English blood, instincts and influences to contend against, enough surely to wreck a stronger nature than his. His unfortunate constitution was backed by unfortunate habits, and he died, needlessly, at 54, involved in all manner of troubles. It is understood that he was poor, which may seem strange when it is remembered that he had genius and reputation, and could, when he was able and willing to play, command $500 a night. But nothing should seem strange in connection with so peculiar an organization as Fechter's. He was incapable of self-government; he demanded everything, giving very little in return, and at last all that destiny and fortune granted him were financial embarrassment, bitterness and death. Why his remains should be removed hither, I do not know; but such is the report. He often said that he detested New York because he had had so much trouble here. But he had trouble everywhere.

Since the nude Pole amazed and shocked Union Square by appearing

IN NATURE'S GARB

In that busy quarter, and insisting on bathing in the public fountain, three other men have gone out in broad daylight in New England cities without remembering to put on their clothes. All three of them are thought to be insane, and their insanity is ascribed in each case to trouble with their wives. We hope for the sake of public modesty that domestic discord will not result generally in this peculiar form of disorder, especially this peculiar manifestation. Matrimonial disharmonies are, unhappily, very common, and if they should all impel the husbands to exhibit themselves as models under the open sky, the consequence would be disagreeable, if not startling. New York would be converted into a grand gallery of life studies. The police force would need to be increased a hundred-fold in order to look after the wandering Adams and lead them back to conventionality and clothes. Mercers and tailors would be obliged to retire from business; undraped statues would lose their interest; the era of dandyism would become extinct. If we are to believe vulgar report, a large proportion of the miseries of marriage come from the extravagance of wives in dress. This must be the thing which drives their husbands mad, and in their madness they try to equalize matters by themselves adopting a simplicity of attire which may be denominated as certainly severe. This must be the diagnosis of the disease. Philosophers and physicians should unite in trying to give a new direction to the minds of husbands connubially unsettled. Unless they do Manhattan may become, in superb disdain of raiment, a counterpart of some of the islands of the South Sea.

A FAMOUS CHOP-HOUSE.

The other day a friend of mine came from New England, to whom I wished to show some of the old places in the city. One of these, where I had often been, is "Old Tom's," as it is named, situated in a narrow street or lane in the vicinity of Wall street. It is an ancient English chop-house, as unlike anything you usually see in this country as you can imagine. It contains not the least suggestion of modernism. The walls are old; the floors are decayed; cobwebs hang from the ceiling; moldy play-bills peer at you; wood-cuts of once notorious prize-fighters blink at you from worm-eaten frames. It is a bit of old England reproduced. It has been in existence for sixty or seventy years. The notabilities of two generations have eaten chops and drank ale there. Dickens, Thackeray, Edmund Kean, Washington Irving, Fitz Greene Halleck, Andrew Jackson, Martin Van Buren, John Quincy Adams, Millard Fillmore, Edgar A. Poe, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Cornelius C. Felton, General Scott, Abraham Lincoln, Tom Hamblin, Bennett, Greeley, Bryant, Raymond, Charles Fenno Hoffman, Willis Gaylord Clark, N. P. Willis, Gilmore Simms, Captain Marryatt and a whole herd of authors, players, statesmen, journalists, scholars, have been there again and again. It is one of the lions of Manhattan, a curious den, pleasant to visit at luncheon time, and feeling while there as if you had stepped into another generation. But, alas, I can not say that it is any longer. It was; it has been. I went with my friend where it had been. It is no more; it has disappeared forever, nor left a vestige behind. Old Tom's is obliterated. I mention this for the benefit of those who may be henceforth seeking it in vain.

VARIETIES.

Charles Joseph Bonaparte, of Baltimore, just now sojourning here, is the grandson of Jerome Bonaparte (brother of the first Napoleon) and Elizabeth Patterson Bonaparte, whose career was so eventful, and whose efforts to obtain recognition of her marriage from the Emperor were so persistent, though unavailing. He is quite young, barely 28, and, like his father, has had no ambition pointing toward the imperial succession. He is content to be an American citizen; he lives quietly in Baltimore; has a pleasant home and is very rich. He bears a striking resemblance to the great Captain.

You have probably observed that the *Herald's* last Sunday issue was a sextuple sheet, the first of the sort it has had, and, I think, the first 24-page daily of the *Herald* size published in the world. It exemplifies the prosperity of the time; for by far the greater portion is occupied with advertisements.

Although Manhattan has near 500 churches, with accommodation for some 350,000 persons, this would not give room for much more than one-quarter of the population, provided everybody should want to go to church. But everybody does not want to. Indeed, not half, barely a third of the seats in the churches are ever occupied at any one time. The Roman Catholic churches alone are full; the members are more zealous because they are more ignorant and more superstitious. The number of church-goers in New York, it is said, steadily diminishes, taking into account the rapid increase of inhabitants.

The number of suicides here without any apparent reason for suicide continues extraordinarily large. Every day or two men in easy circumstances, in good health bodily and mental, with harmonious domestic relations, end their days deliberately. The cause must be merely disgust of life. Is not life itself often a deep disease?

The new steamer Columbia, 3,000 tons and 334 feet long, built by Roach & Son, and belonging to the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company, is now lying in East river. She is to sail for San Francisco next week, to ply between that city and Portland. She is a magnificent vessel, the very finest, I hear, yet built in the country.

Wallack's Theater will, I understand, produce several American plays next season, because Wallack has discovered that the public have grown tired of the old English comedies which he has presented for years.

The prospects of Grant and the third term are believed to be rapidly diminishing in this section. Intelligent Republican opinion seems to be setting more and more against Grant.

CHAUBERT.

"HANGTOWN."

[Mountain Democrat, April 24th.]

During our absence last week an ad interim substitute wrote a local item on the origin of "Hangtown," the old-time name of Placerville. By several old-timers we have been reminded of some inaccuracies in that notice; among others, one now resident in San Francisco calls our attention to those errors.

In the first place, it was not the hanging of Irish Dick that gave the town its original name, but the hanging of two other men, in the summer or fall of '49, from a tree that at the time stood near the northeast corner of Coloma and Main streets.

Secondly, Irish Dick did not "mistake the man he killed for another." On this point our correspondent says: "The man killed and another were quarreling in the densely-crowded gambling saloon where Dick had a monte game, running around, jostling the crowd, and thereby attracting men from Dick's game to watch the fight, when Dick, in a furore of senseless anger, jumped suddenly up from the table, drew his knife, rushed at the deceased and stabbed him, without saying a word. He then deliberately wiped the blood from his knife and left the saloon, and after a long search was found hidden at 'Coffey's,' on Sacramento street." He was not "tried by a jury," but was examined before two Justices of the Peace, on a platform in the open air, in the street, near where the Oasis now stands. One of the Justices was "Dud Humphreys," and the other, if our correspondent remembers rightly, was Wallace.

In corroboration of the statement about Dick's physical courage, our correspondent recalls his utterance when on the improvised platform for the Justice's Court. Facing the mob, who were impatient of delay and clamoring for a chance to hang him, Dick said, "Have patience, gentlemen, I'll give you a square 'lay-out' as soon as these fellows (meaning the Justices) get through with me."

"I have never," says the writer, "in my life seen anything so terrible. With certain death staring him in the face (and such a death), his sang froid, his utter devilishness of heart, seemed more horrible to me than the manner of his death; and, although I took no part in the proceedings, either in his examination or his execution, I experienced a relief when a rope, thrown over his head where he stood, cut short his inhuman exclamations."

THE BUNKO DEN.

HOW OUR ARTIST TRAMP GOT INTO ONE IN SACRAMENTO.

"Capping" for Strangers—Thought They Had a Soft Thing—An Alleged Son of Col. Brodhead Goes for the Artist.

[Cor. Milwaukee Sunday Telegraph.]

SACRAMENTO, December 30th.—After a week's travel over mountain and plain I am at last near the end of my journey and in the beautiful valley of the Sacramento, and by way of postscript to my last letter, must tell you what happened me in this beautiful city. I arrived here about 2 P. M., as I wrote, and thought I would stop for a resting spell before proceeding further. So with satchel in hand I started from the depot down J street, to make a call on some old acquaintances. Had it not been for my fur cap I might have got along better, but that made me a mark for the bunko steerers, of which this city is full. I had proceeded about two blocks when I was met with a "Hello, why, how are you? Just arrived, hey?"

Down went my satchel on to the sidewalk, and shoving my cap back over my head I reached out my hand for a shake, it being so good to meet an old friend after being housed up in a railway car for a week.

"Why," said I, "how are you? Glad to see you," wondering all the time who he was. But he appeared so glad to see me that I felt assured that it was some old friend that knew me well, and I did not want to let him know but what the recognition was mutual. So I said to him, "Well, how have you been since I last saw you?"

"Tip top," said he.

"What are you doing now?" said I.

"Same old business," said he.

"Here in Sacramento?" inquired I.

"No," said he, "in 'Frisco. I just came up to-day to do some business."

Well, I couldn't place him, and after beating around the bush for perhaps five minutes, trying to find out who he was, I at last said: "Let me see! I know who you are, but for the life of me can't place you. This confounded shaking up in the cars seems to kinder mix me all up, you know."

"Ha! that's singular," said he, "that you should forget me."

"What is the name?" inquired I.

"Ferguson," replied he.

Oh! ah! I smells a mice. "Oh, yes, Fergy; how are you? I know you now; just as well as you know me. Who do you think I am, Fergy?"

"Why, Perkins, aint it?"

"Yes," said I, "my name is 'Perkins' just about as much as your name is 'Ferguson.' Now," continued I, "Fergy, go home and have your nurse put you in your trundle and let you rest awhile."

He went one way and I the other. I had not proceeded two blocks before I was approached by a young man in a corduroy suit and flash jewelry, and with both hands stretched out, he jumped for me. "Why, my old friend Lydston, how are you? I did not expect to see you away out here."

Ah, thinks I, here's an old friend sure, for he knows my name. Down dropped my carpet bag as before and out went both my "fins," and we had such a nice shake, and for a second I let go with one hand to push back my cap that was getting over my eyes. "Why," said I, "what on earth are you doing away out here in California?" (skirmishing again to find out who he was).

"Lydston," says he, "congratulate me."

"I will," said I, "but for what?"

"Why," said he, "I have struck a bonanza worth $90,000."

"The deuce," said I.

"Fact," says he; "come with me and I will show it to you."

"Can't now," said I, "must call and see my friends."

"Twon't take fifteen minutes," said he.

"Well," I said, "I will go and see it. But hang it," said I, "do you know that I can't place you. What have you been doing to your face?"

"Ah!" said he, "good joke; cut off my moustache; you of course know my father in Milwaukee, Brodhead, President of the Bank."

"Oh, yes, I remember you now. By the way, you know Judge H. L. Palmer and Judge Mallory, don't you?"

"Of course I do," said Brodhead.

"Of course you have heard about the trouble they had, each accusing the other of being a strong Republican and voting on t'other side, the result of which they came to blows, both parties sent up for sixty days to the House of Correction, and of John J. Orton being appointed Judge pro tem?"

"Oh, yes," replied Brodhead, "pa wrote me all about it."

I knew then here was Bunko No. 2, for I knew that Col. Brodhead had no son. But, thinks I, here's a chance for an item for the *Sunday Telegraph*, and I'll see it through.

"Why," said I, "Brodhead, why did you leave Milwaukee for California?"

"Father advised me to seek my fortune and I left."

"Plucky," said I.

"Brim full of it," said he. "Come," he added, "take a short walk and I will show you my nugget."

"All right, but cant' stay long." And we had walked about two and a half blocks, when, I said, "Brodhead ain't these long blocks?"

"Ah! yes," he replied, laughing, "but we don't mind a block or two. I was fearful you would not come, had I told you 'twas two or three blocks; but here we are, just cross the street."

And we enter up a long flight of stairs, through a long narrow hall and are ushered into a nicely furnished office, lace curtains to the window, a counter in front, inclosing the occupant who was seated at his desk writing. As soon as we enter the room I look around for this bonanza, and while I was looking, Mr. Brodhead asks the gentleman at the desk if he has heard anything from his number yet?

"What was your number, Mr. B.?"

"Three hundred and twenty-seven," replies B.

"I will look," said he. Soon he stands by the counter and said: "Mr. B. your ticket or number has drawn a prize of $3,700."

"By George!" exclaims B.; "congratulate me, Mr. Lydston."

"With all my heart. Why you will soon be able to return to Milwaukee and buy out the First National."

All at once I find myself standing gazing upon a cloth covered with figures and prizes marked from $10 to $10,000; and how this cloth got spread out before me upon what, a second before, was a plain counter-top, was a mystery to me, and so remains to this day. However, there it was.

"Now," says the bunko chief, "Mr. Brodhead you are entitled to draw eight tickets or numbers, the aggregate which applies to the number and prize or blank marked on the cloth, so that you have a chance to double your amount or lose perhaps ten per cent."

"By golly, Mr. L., draw for me," says the bogus Brodhead.

"Not any for me, Mr. Brodhead. I never gambled a cent in my life, and am not going to commence now."

"Well; but," said he, "this ain't gambling, only I think your luck would be better than mine. Come draw for me and I'll give you half."

"Not a copper for me," said I, "but I will draw for you and you may reap the loss or benefit."

I drew the eight cards or figures, which amounted to forty-five, which drew $160 for Mr. Brodhead, and, quick as lightning, $80 was pushed out in front of me and $80 in front of him.

"Ah, let me see," said the bunko chief, "this is a conditional number, and it is necessary that you lay $10 on your $80, which gives you a chance to double again or lose a point."

"Well," replies Brodhead, with both elbows at an angle of forty-five degrees, and diving down into his vest pocket, "guess I can afford this, hey? Mr. Lydston, by George, you and I will each have a new hat, hey!"

"Yes," said I, "a wool hat, too."

So he covers his pile with a $10 (and now comes the bonanza), a pause of a minute, when the bunko chief looks very affectionately towards me and asks me if I wished to put a $10 bill on my $80, then before me.

"No," said I, "the money all belongs to Brodhead, and if he wishes to cover the other pile he can do so. Fix it up between yourselves, gentlemen."

And grabbing my carpet bag from the floor, I made the best time on "record" for the door, and got out and put for the hotel, and while registering my name a gentleman remarked to me that my watch chain was hanging down; and sure enough, a gold Maltese cross worth $40 was missing.

Moral: Travelers to California, leave your fur caps and woolen mittens at home, or bunko will have you sure.

ARTIST TRAMP.

45 Years Before the Public.

THE GENUINE

DR. C. McLANE'S

CELEBRATED

LIVER PILLS

FOR THE CURE OF

Hepatitis, or Liver Complaint,

DYSPEPSIA AND SICK HEADACHE.

Symptoms of a Diseased Liver.

PAIN in the right side, under the edge of the ribs, increases on pressure; sometimes the pain is in the left side; the patient is rarely able to lie on the left side; sometimes the pain is felt under the shoulder blade, and it frequently extends to the top of the shoulder, and is sometimes mistaken for rheumatism in the arm. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness; the bowels in general are costive, sometimes alternative with lax; the head is troubled with pain, accompanied with a dull, heavy sensation in the back part. There is generally a considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done. A slight, dry cough is sometimes an attendant. The patient complains of weariness and debility; he is easily startled, his feet are cold or burning, and he complains of a prickly sensation of the skin; his spirits are low; and although he is satisfied that exercise would be beneficial to him, yet he can scarcely summon up fortitude enough to try it. In fact, he distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred where few of them existed, yet examination of the body, after death, has shown the LIVER to have been extensively deranged.

AGUE AND FEVER.

DR. C. MCLANE'S LIVER PILLS, IN CASES OF AGUE AND FEVER, when taken with Quinine, are productive of the most happy results. No better cathartic can be used, preparatory to, or after taking Quinine. We would advise all who are afflicted with this disease to give them a FAIR TRIAL.

For all bilious derangements, and as a simple purgative, they are unequaled.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

The genuine are never sugar coated.

Every box has a red wax seal on the lid, with the impression DR. MCLANE'S LIVER PILLS.

The genuine MCLANE'S LIVER PILLS bear the signatures of C. MCLANE and FLEMING BROS. on the wrappers.

Insist upon having the genuine DR. C. MCLANE'S LIVER PILLS, prepared by Fleming Bros., of Pittsburgh, Pa., the market being full of imitations of the name *McLane*, spelled differently but same pronunciation.

H. C. Kirk & Co., Sacramento, Cal., Agent
my28-1yS

HEWES'

OLEA BALSAMIC INHALANT.

MANUFACTURED BY

J. Hewes, Sacramento, Cal.

A SPECIFIC REMEDY FOR ALL DISEASES OF THE NASAL CAVITIES, THROAT AND LUNGS,

Viz.: Pneumonia, Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, Diphtheria and Croup. Will also cure Miasmal Fever, and any disease which arises from IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.

The vapor of the Inhalant being volatile, fills all cavities of the lungs, thus permeating and cleansing the blood. This vapor, through the circulation reaches all parts of the system, thus removing diseases of organs with which it does not come in immediate contact. In many cases, it has removed diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder.

CURES GRAVEL.

The inhaling exercise is invigorating; increasing the force of circulation, while the medicinal properties of the Inhalant are freely absorbed throughout the system.

Diseases of the Throat and Lungs

Can in no way be treated with such success as by applying the remedy directly to the parts diseased, viz., BY INHALATION.

NAMES OF SACRAMENTANS CURED OF the Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Consumption, Miasmal Fever, Diphtheria and Pneumonia, by the use of Hewes' Balsamic Inhalant:

A. S. Hopkins, Fifteenth and M streets, bronchitis; Grace Hopkins, catarrh and diphtheria; S. F. Hopkins, gravel and diphtheria; E. C. Hopkins (salesman in Houghton's book store, 75 and 77 J street), diphtheria; Mrs. Frazer, corner Fourteenth and Q streets, asthma (a chronic case of 40 years' standing, cured in two months); J. Hatch, Third street, between L and M, pneumonia; A. Conner, alley, between Second and Third, L and M streets, asthma; M. Barber, merchant, corner Eleventh and J streets, intermit. tent fever; Robert Hornbach, corner Fourth and M catarrh; Miss L. Kerr, Sixth street, between L and M, miasmal fever; Mrs. S. Emory, corner Second and K streets, consumption; J. L. Blitch, Pastor of Baptist Church, clerical sore throat; Mary Thompson, M street, between Fifteenth and Sixteenth, pneumonia; Nellie Thompson, M street, between Fifteenth and Sixteenth, croup; Mrs. Haven, Washington, consumption; W. H. L. Haven, Washington, catarrh (a chronic case of nine years).

TO THE PUBLIC.

After a faithful trial, and upon a full investigation, I state with confidence that I have used the Inhaler of Mr. Hewes, and find it a sure and speedy remedy for any throat troubles, and I believe it is valuable in many of the complaints of humanity. Let all sufferers try it.

J. L. BLITCH, Sacramento, Cal.

I had a severe attack of Miasmal fever, which was broken up in twenty-four hours, by the free use of Hewes' Balsamic Inhalant.

MISS L. KERR, Sixth street.

My right lung had been badly affected for a year—had become ulcerated, when by the use of Hewes Inhalant two months I was entirely cured.

MRS. E. M. HAVEN, Washington.

Having had the catarrh for three years I made use of Hewes' Balsamic Inhalant. In two months had become much better; in four months I find mysel effectually cured.

ROBERT HORNBACH, Fourth street, near M, Sacramento.

HEWES' ECLECTIC EYE SALVE
GIVES INSTANT RELIEF!
For Sale by Sacramento Druggists.

Inhalant and Eye Salve manufactured by J. HEWES, Fifteenth and M streets, Sacramento. Country residence, Ophir, Placer county, Cal.
oc14-lawSff

MARBLE WORKS,
WILLIAM BOYNE & CO.
(SUCCESSORS TO BOYNE & [illegible]),
No. 204 K Street, Sacramento.