LONDON LETTER.

CONDITION OF THE FARMER CLASS IN ENGLAND.

Grain Growing and Crops—Wages and Perquisites of Harvest Laborers—Efforts for Improvement.

LONDON, August 30, 1883.

This has been the harvest month, and such favorable weather as it has brought is almost without precedent in the country's history. Bright skies and an usually high temperature all over the land! And nature having smiled, the farmers are smiling. For many years this class of English subjects have worn long faces; and not without good reason. They are a grumbling set at best, these cultivators of the soil, wherever, and in whatsoever condition, we find them. But in England, for many years past, their complaints have had only too good a foundation. Bad harvests for half a dozen seasons in succession would wear out the patience of a saint, much more that of an average farmer. And while the weather has been adverse and crops wretchedly short in consequence, the United States and other corn growing countries have stepped in with their large importations, and have cut down prices to such a degree as to make it scarcely worth while for the home producer to put on the market even the little he has raised. In regard to

THE CAPRICIOUS CLIMATE

Of these isles, many thought it would never again be favorable to bountiful crops. To these prophets of evil the prospect looked very dark indeed. Farmers, they said, must either be content to use their lands exclusively for cattle raising, or they must seek "fresh fields and pastures new" in foreign countries, while the people generally must hereafter depend wholly for their food supplies upon Europe and America. Such was the picture which the English Vennorites drew, and which many accepted as a correct forecast. But the slate, fortunately, has been broken, and once more has a kindly Providence proven better to these people than their doubts and fears. Favorable weather and a good harvest last year—magnificent weather and excellent crops this year! The weather prophets, in consequence, hiding their diminished heads in shame, and the farmers being as jubilant as a lot of children at a candy-pulling!

THE ENGLISH FARMERS,

I must tell you, are a high and mighty set of people. They are nearly all renters, but the airs they put on are something appalling. A holding of a couple of hundred acres entitles them to the rank of "gentlemen," and brings an amount of deference from the surrounding community that is positively sickening to an American. They toil not, neither do they spin, but Solomon in all his glory was not a patch to some of them as regards the estimate they have of their own importance. It seems too bad that the Almighty should go back on these people in the fashion He has lately. Occasionally, however, one meets with an English farmer who is approachable and who is not above a familiar conversation, and even an intimate acquaintance, with such common trash as a newspaper correspondent. I have such a person in view as I write. He cultivates about 90 acres, for which he pays an annual rental of about $700. His place is in a good county, and is situated near a market town. He is doing fairly well, and will probably continue so to do, until old age compels him to retire. When that time comes he will be likely to have

A SMALL COMPETENCY.

But, meanwhile, what will become of his children? He is thinking just now of indenturing one of his sons to an institution which for $500 premium will educate the boy in practical farming, and take the profits of his labor for four years, and then settle him on a small holding under similar conditions to those surrounding his father. He may perhaps dispose of another son in the same way. His growing daughters he is utterly at a loss to know what to do with, and as a matter of fact the openings for young girls in this country are so few as to make the woman question, in its economic aspects, one of the gravest problems with which legislators and philanthropists have to deal. My farmer friend never dreams of being able to put his children in possession of farms of their own, or of ever owning a farm himself, and in this

SHOWS HIS GOOD SENSE,

For except in the rarest instances, such a thing as blossoming from a poor renter into a bloated landowner is simply impossible in England. With us, however, the case is entirely different, and though I have no interest in any emigration scheme, but such as every well-informed and charitably-disposed American must feel, I somehow can never converse with this gentleman for many minutes at a time without calling his attention to the superior advantages offered to people of his class in the glorious land of the stars and stripes. The capital he uses here in the cultivation of rented ground would, in that country, I assure him, make him owner in a little while of a broad acred farm of his own, the income from which would enable him to add to his possessions at such a rate as to make it possible at death to bequeath a good-sized holding in fee simple to each of his children. Were my opportunities for observation in the farming districts of England more extensive, I should, doubtless, meet many similarly situated to this one, and the wonder to me is that more care is not taken to keep this class informed of the grand prospect the United States offers to them of bettering their condition, and that more enterprise is not shown in trying to get them to settle among us. The latest returns from the most reliable sources put

THE PRESENT WHEAT CROP

At a little below the average, barley a little above, and oats the best of all. This means that wheat will yield about 25 bushels to the acre, and barley about 40 bushels. The extent of land in Great Britain sown this year in barley is 2,291,984 acres, against 2,255,269 last year. The showing in oats is as follows: 1882, 2,833,865 acres; 1883, 2,975,377. In wheat, not only is there something below an average yield for the quantity sown, but there has been less sown than usual. The number of acres devoted to this crop the present season is 2,613,147. Last year the figures were 3,003,960. This decrease is owing to the effect on prices of the large quantity of wheat that comes from abroad. There is so little money in the crop that farmers are fighting shy of it. As one remarked to me, with a touch of pathos, not long ago, "It's no use to expect anything from wheat. The price goes up a little once in a while, but no sooner is this known in America than large shipments are forwarded, and the market goes down again." The subjoined figures from the

BOARD OF TRADE RETURNS

Tell their own tale. They give the importations of wheat and of wheat flour from September 12th of one year to July 31st of the next: Wheat—1880-1, 11,888,266 quarters (eight bushels to the quarter); 1881-2, 12,550,203 quarters; 1882-3, 13,962,472 quarters. Wheat flour—1880-1, 3,274,236 quarters; 1881-2, 2,870,170 quarters; 1882-3, 4,397,799 quarters. As will be seen from the subjoined averages, taken from the *Agricultural Gazette*, this increase of imports has caused prices to decline: Average price of wheat per quarter in 1880-1, 43s 5d; 1881-2, 46s 7d; 1882-3, 41s 9d—40s being about equal to $10. At the close of the week before harvest last year, the *Gazette* average for wheat was 49s 2d per quarter; the same week this year it was given at 42s 1d.

LOCAL USE OF WORD "CORN"

All cereals are called here by the common name of "corn." When the farmer speaks of his corn crop, he has in mind wheat, barley, oats, but no corn such as is raised so abundantly in America. That is known only as maize, and though not grown here, is fed in considerable quantities, in the shelled and split state, to stock. In harvesting operations machinery is pretty generally used, though some of the latest improvements, like the self-binding reaper, are known to most of the farmers only in name. At this writing the bulk of the crop is stacked and the hum of the threshing machine is heard in the land. Laborers get special wages during the harvest, usually about $25 for the month, with $5 extra, or its equivalent in malt and hops for beer. Their regular wages average about $3 50 a week. There are also a few

PERQUISITES FOR THE LABORER

In harvest time. One is the Horkey, a bountiful Sunday dinner provided by his employer. This is followed, when the crops are all in, by an ample supper, to which, in some cases, not only the laborer himself, but his wife and children are invited. To the latter is also accorded the special privilege of gleaning in the fields. Some families make three or four dollars in this way, which is quite a welcome addition to their scanty income. The special friend and representative of the agricultural laborers of England is Mr. Joseph Arch. Himself a tiller of the soil, he has striven by agitation and other means to better the lot of his fellow workers, and under the extension of the franchise promised for next year, he will probably be sent to plead their cause in Parliament. Mr. Arch is well known in the United States, having visited that country in 1873, to ascertain what facilities existed there for the

ADVANCEMENT OF THE FARM LABORER.

Meeting this gentleman recently, I applied the reportorial thumb-screw and elicited some very interesting information. A large number, he said, had gone to the United States through his representations, and he had never heard any complaint from any one of them. The objects of the Agricultural Laborers' Union, of which Mr. Arch is President, are: First, better wages; second, better homes; third, political power; fourth, the payment of sick benefits. Mr. Arch reports that during the six years of the Union's existence the farm laborers of the country have received £30,000,000, or £5,000,000 per year, advance in wages. As to better homes, since 1872

COTTAGE ACCOMMODATIONS

Have, he says, greatly improved, though there is still much to be accomplished in this line. In sick benefits and premiums at death the Union has spent £20,000, that is about $100,000, and has several thousand pounds in bank at the present time. The land in the country, Mr. Arch holds, belongs by right to the people, and should be held by the Government for their benefit. He believes that the soil of old England, if properly cultivated, is still able to feed its children, but declares that under the present system it does not yield as much as it should by the value of $300,000,000 annually. This, he says, is owing largely to the fact that noblemen keep such large tracts for shooting grounds. The whole system of land owning, he contends, needs changing, and he feels sure that this much needed reform will not be much longer delayed. H. T.

THE FASHIONS.

The following notes are given by the fashion writer in the New York *Post* of latest dates:

A brilliant shade of plum color and another of rich dark blue have quite taken the place of strawberry and terracotta in popularity.

Coffee-colored lace, brought into favor by the Princess of Wales, who wore it recently upon a dress of ivory-white satin, is seen upon the latest imported evening dresses of cream-white satin and pearl-white brocade.

Dresses of either silk or satin are growing beautifully less in numbers upon the promenade, and in their place are seen the more appropriate and sensible costumes of serge, cheviot, tweed, cashmere, and cloth—the tailor-made suits forming by far the leading styles.

Very long gauntleted gloves of Suede and wash leather will be worn this autumn for driving, shopping, and with walking costumes. The handsomest are not of the lately fashionable pale yellow or tan shades, but come in dark green, bronze, brown, olive and other quiet colors, slightly stitched with pale gold silk, and having the gauntlets lined with the same delicate tint.

Scarfs of velvet and satin, charmingly twisted into grace and shape over jaunty little toque frames by artistic French fingers, are sent to America this autumn as one of the leading models for traveling use, and also to be worn en suite with rich costumes of satin and velvet brocade. Short, fluffy ostrich tips and expensive jeweled ornaments in the shape of daggers, pins and buckles, are the only trimmings used upon these toques.

Dark velvet bodices, which are so fashionably worn just now over skirts of veiling, silk, and other fabrics, may be much heightened in effect for dressy occasions by having the basque edge cut in blocks falling over a lace ruffle set underneath. The trimmings of the sleeves and square neck are arranged to match. For evening wear, the sleeves are sometimes of transparent silk net or lace, gold lace being used where a gold-colored Spanish lace ruffle is set underneath the basque.

For little girls' wear at the seaside or in the country are sold pretty little Babet jackets, jackets of dark red velvet or cloth, braided with gold, to slip on over light dresses when the days are cool. There are also tiny shoulder capes of cardinal serge or cashmere, embroidered in narrow vine patterns in a deeper shade of silk, and lined to match. Wide satin ribbon strings fasten the cape, and en suite are coquettish little Moorish caps of cardinal, to be perched upon the head, a little back, to show the English bang falling over the forehead.

One of the features of dress trimmings this autumn is the cutting of the edges of skirts, tunics and polonaises into turrets, Vandykes and scallops—a fashion so popular last season in lighter fabrics. Tweed dresses are made in this manner with good success, the blocks or points being lined with silk, and turned back sometimes to show a bright kilting underneath. Some of the blocks are quite broad, and not only trim the foot of the skirt and tunic, but are set in full double rows around the edge of the long-pointed bodice in regular Elizabethan style.

Morning wrappers for cool-weather wear are made this fall of soft Quaker gray or golden fawn-colored French flannel, combined with fine serge of a deep crimson shade; and also a dark laurel-green cloth trimmed with pipings of rose color or cardinal satin, with innumerable bows and ends of ribbon to match scattered all over the dress. More dressy models are shown formed of finest French cashmere in new, delightful shades, richly embroidered in Russian, Grecian and floral designs. They are usually made up in Watteau style, the effect being very beautiful, as the embroidery runs down the whole length of the Watteau plait in the back, and, with the floral pattern, the leaves and flowers are embroidered in their natural hues. The Watteau style of dress, however, whether for morning dress, evening toilet, or worn daringly upon the street, is always a failure upon any except a stately woman.

A very elegant imported mantle exhibited up town among several other handsome models is called the Worth paletot. The back is close-fitting, and a large satin sash is set just below the narrow curve at the waist. The fronts are loose, and the garment is lined with dark red marvelleux. The upper portion of the wrap is covered with a small cape. The material of which this paletot is composed is of heavy black Sicilienne, and the trimming consists of a magnificent pattern of real Spanish lace headed by jet-beaded applique work in floral patterns. The tiny cape is nearly covered by this rich garniture. The matinale, among simpler models, is a tight-fitting semi-long paletot of cheviot cloth in a check pattern of indistinct colors, with all the outlines bound with very dark red braid. There are a double turn-down collar and double cuffs. The buttons are of dark pearl rimmed with red—a pretty and useful garment for morning walks and excursions into the country.

A SCIENTIFIC chemical compound that gives health and strength is Brown's Iron Bitters.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

PLEASANT EXPERIENCES OF THE BOSTON PARTY.

A Visit to Bayreuth to Hear "Parsifal"—Royal Serenade and Pomp in Gondolas of Venice.

ROME, August 2, 1883.

Here we are, the whole Tourjee tourist party, Sections A, B, C and D, united in Rome, in spite of the itinerary. It happened through the temporary crowding of Naples because of the Casa micciola disaster, the terrible earthquake. I have become an adjunct of the excursion only since ten days, since I have been making musical pilgrimages on my own account and that of the *Musical Herald*. My two chief Meccas were Bayreuth and Buda Pesth, the former for the sake of "Parsifal," the latter for the sake of the Hungarian gipsy music. I found both worth the journey. First, I went to Leipzig, where I found the conservatory open, and the professors very cordial. Reinecke took me to his place of recreation, a plain table in a modest Keller, where I found gathered some of the most notable

ARTISTS AND SCIENTISTS OF LEIPZIG,

Who meet thus quietly once a day and smoke and chat and rest. An evening at Reinecke's house is, of course, not for public description; but I cannot refrain from expressing my admiration of the genial and lovable man, as well as the great musician and composer. He lives like a patriarch of old, in the midst of a large family; honored and respected by all; not receiving, perhaps, such a large salary as some of our musicians in America, but enjoying a vastly more comfortable position. But I could not stay in Leipzig forever, and I was soon on the train for Bayreuth. In the latter town I found that the Wagner fever was not nearly so high as it had been during the composer's life. The town was full, but not crowded; and many of the inhabitants grumbled at the change. But, if the public are not excessive in their devotion, there is one person whose attachment to the master's memory is vehemently strong.

CASIMA WAGNER, THE DAUGHTER OF LISZT,

Is still plunged in the deepest grief for the loss of her husband—so much so that the townspeople declare that her mind is shaken. She will see no one—neither her father, her children, her relatives, nor her dearest friends. She even grudges the public the right to visit the tomb of the composer; and each day she sits alone by the grave in rain or sunshine. As I drove through the town I saw a familiar face at a third-story window, above a grocer's shop. I climbed the stairs, and in a moment was warmly greeted by Madame Materna, who was to perform the part of Kundry that day. I cannot tell you how cordially she spoke of America. She would come back in a moment if some manager would undertake the mounting of German opera in a thorough style. She was affected to tears as, when we parted, she said: "Greet them all in America from me. I shall never, never forget my pleasant days there."

THE OPERA "PARSIFAL"

Is mounted in a regal manner; and, if I do not speak of each performer in detail, it is because each one was perfect in his way. Here is the cast of characters of the first and third performances:

Parsifal, ein Buhnenweihfestspiel von Richard Wagner. Die von dem verewigten Meister bis ins Einzelne vorbereiteten 12 offentlichen Auffuhrungen werden stattfinden am 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28 und 30, Juli, 1883.

Personen der Handlung in drei Aufzugen.

Amfortas		Herr Reichmann.
Titurel		Herr Fuchs.
Gurnemanz		Herr Scaria.
Parsifal		Herr Winkelmann.
Klingsor		Herr Fuchs.
Kundry		Frau Materna.
Erster,	Gralsritter	Herr Widay.
Zweiter,		Herr Stumpf
Erster,	Knappe	Fraulein Horson.
Zweiter,		Fraulein Keil.
Dritter,		Herr Mikorey.
Vierter,		Herr v. Hubbenet.
Klingsor's Zaubermaedchen, I. Gruppe		Fraulein Horson.
		Fraulein Meta.
		Fraulein Herzog.
Sechs Einzel-Saengerinnen, II. Gruppe		Fraulein Andre.
		Fraulein Galfy.
		Fraulein Belce.

Un Sopran und Alt in zwei Choren, 24 Damen. Die Bruderschaft der Gralsritter, Junglinge, und Knaben.

Ort der Handlung:

Auf dem Gebiete und in der Burg der Gralshuter "Monsalvat;" Gegend im Charakter der nordlichen Gebirge des gothischen Spaniens. Sodann Klingsor's Zauberschloss, am Sudabhange derselben Gebirge, dem arabischen Spanien zugewandt anzunehmen.

Beginn des ersten Aufzugs 4 Uhr.
Beginn des sweiten Aufzugs 6½ Uhr.
Beginn des dritten Aufzugs 8½ Uhr.

THE PART OF KUNDRY

Is alternated each day between Frau Materna and Fraulein Malten. The latter is a very sweet and pathetic Kundry; but Materna is inexpressibly great in the character. Those who have only seen her upon the concert stage can form no idea of her real powers; she is almost as great as an actress as she is as a singer. Winkelmann, the tenor, is also a star of first magnitude. I wish that America might yet hear such a pair. The theater is beautifully situated in the midst of a forest park on a hill commanding an exquisite view. It is not large, holding less than 1,500 people; but its stage is very deep, and supplied with every mechanical device. Such stage effects I have never seen. In the first place, every scene is a masterpiece of painting. Then, when a panorama takes place (as when Parsifal goes through the sacred forest), it is not the mere unrolling of a canvas, but the simultaneous gliding of four sets of paintings from the foreground to the background, so that one can look into, instead of at, the forest.

THE SCENES IN THE SACRED CASTLE

Are pompously magnificent; processions cross and recross, and the mystic effects of light and shadow are marvels of scientific study. The most startling scene of all is when, at the sign of the cross, the whole tropical garden of Klingsor crashes into nothingness, and is replaced by an arid desert, containing only a few withered roses. Of the music I shall say nothing, since it is already a twice-told tale in America. I will only state that the second act deals with a subject similar to that treated by Gade in the second part of the "Crusaders;" and, when I say that it is immensely superior even to that work, you will understand that it is a gem. It is to me the most perfect part of the work, especially the duet of Parsifal and Kundry; and, in fact, Wagner always seems greater to me in his sensuous, human music than in his

MYTHOLOGICAL GRANDEUR.

From Bayreuth I went to Munich, where I had the pleasure of meeting Rheinberger and the veteran Franz Lachner, who recently celebrated his fiftieth year of active leadership. They were much interested in American affairs, and bore testimony to the advance of American musical art. From here I went to Vienna, where, at the Court Opera House, I heard the "Huguenots", but cannot speak very highly of the soloists, since the greatest of the troupe, Materna and Winkelmann, were off on furlough. But the orchestra, chorus and stage-setting were excellent, and would make Mapleson wild with envy. The Princess and suite made their entry in the third act, and sang on horseback, no less than

EIGHT HORSES COMING ON THE STAGE AT A GALLOP.

I heard considerable music at the Prater in Vienna (the finest park in the world), but it was chiefly bass drums. From Vienna I went down the Danube to Hungary and Servia. In Buda Pesth I listened to several of the gypsy orchestras. These bands consist of from eight to fifteen performers, and play chiefly on string instruments. All their work is extemporaneous, not a note of music being seen in the orchestra. The leader, a violinist, rises and starts a national or popular Hungarian or gypsy tune, and the others improvise a series of harmonies which fit it like a glove. They are natural musicians, and their performance has a spontaneity which I have never heard elsewhere. The first part of many of their tunes is slow, melancholy and weird, with frequent pauses as in a chant. The finale is always rapid, and sometimes reaches a frantic presto. When I returned to Vienna I found two sections of Dr. Tourjee's party at the hotel; and, joining section A, I started with them to Adelsburg. Here the whole party took a delicious rest amid the most beautiful mountain scenery imaginable. At this place we had a good example of

IGNORANCE OF AMERICA.

I had entered into conversation, in French, with a young gentleman from Trieste, who betrayed the greatest interest in our party. He constantly insisted that we must be English, and, on my assuring him again and again that we were real Americans, said that he formed a totally different idea of the appearance of the Indians! When I translated that to the party there were a few war-whoops. In the evening we gave the misguided foreigners a concert, in which we purposely introduced several Italian songs, which melted them completely, and we fraternized. In Venice we all lounged round gloriously in gondolas. As luck would have it, we came just in time to hear

A GRAND FETE OR SERENADE,

Given in honor of the Queen of Italy, on the grand canal. It took place in this manner: A large barge finely illuminated, containing an orchestra, chorus and soloists, started at 9 P. M. from the Civic Museum, and, rowed by twenty men, paused at various spots along the route to discourse music. The barge was surrounded by hundreds of gondolas, managed with matchless skill. Everywhere along the route bengola and other colored lights were burning. The vast concourse of people on the banks were hushed in absolute silence, and every note was audible to all. At 10 P. M. the Queen was rowed by in her gondola. She is without question the

MOST BEAUTIFUL SOVEREIGN IN EUROPE.

The concert ended in a thunder-storm, when all the gondolas started on a race for home. I can't describe the fish-like manner in which they shot up the little water lanes and yet never upset, or seemed in any danger of it. Here is the notice of the event from the correspondent of the *Roman News*:

"As I said, there are a great many strangers in Venice now, among others not a few English and Americans. Among the rest we have had Dr. Tourjee's Educational Excursion party, escorted by J. B. Mells, who have come from the United States to Europe via Holland. During their stay here they had occasion to take part in a splendid serenata which would have been an even greater success, had not the weather turned out so disagreeable before the whole programme could be performed. Her Majesty, who takes a lively interest in everything that goes on, and who thereby shows how much affection she feels for our town, was also present with her suite. The programme of this serenade was most varied and well chosen. Among

THE ARTISTS AND DILETTANTI

Who took part in the performance, I must notice Signorine Petich, Tivoli, De Benedetti, Malliani, Zuliani, Merini, and Pucci, and Signore Scandiani, a baritone who is well-known and who has also sung on the great London boards with success. The serenata started at 9 o'clock from the Fondaco dei Turchi, to the sound of the Royal March, and went on by S. Stae, Ca d' Oro, the Eberia, the Municipality, Ca Foscari, S. Samuele, the Grand Hotel and the Dogana to the Giardino Reale. The scene was what such a scene always is in Venice, truly magic. The lights, the music, the hundreds of gondolas—all following in wonderful order without the least confusion—the silent canals and the magnificent palaces, all make up an ensemble which it is difficult, almost impossible, to describe—it must be seen to be enjoyed in rapture and in silence. Venice may be felt—it cannot be depicted."

IN FLORENCE

I met Dr. Tourjee, who looks as hearty and acts as enthusiastic as ever. He is working up a glorious plan in the interests of musical education, during his stay here, the particulars of which I will give you in a future letter. The party are entirely free from that bug-bear, Roman fever. They go sight-seeing with a persistence that is truly American, and they hunt relics with a religious fury. From here they go to Naples (with the exception of section B, which has been there); and Vesuvius has kindly started a small eruption (warranted safe and kind in harness) for their benefit. So what could mortals wish for more?—[L. C. Elson, in Musical Herald.

A BOSTON MAIDEN.

She was a Boston maiden, and she'd scarcely passed eighteen,
And as lovely as a houri, but of grave and sober mien;
A sweet encyclopedia of every kind of lore,
Though love looked coyly from behind the glasses that she wore.

She sat beside her lover, with her elbow on his knee
And dreamily she gazed upon the slumb'ring summer sea,
Until he broke the silence, saying, "Pray, Minerva, dear,
Inform me of the meaning of the Thingness of the Here.

I know you're just from Concord, where the lights of wisdom be,
Your head crammed full to bursting, love, with their philosophy;
Those hoary-headed sages, and maids of hosiery blue—
Then solve me the conundrum, love, that I have put to you."

She smiled a dreamy smile and said, "The Thingness of the Here
Is that which is not past, nor has yet arrived, my dear;
Indeed," the maid continued, with a calm, unruffled brow,
"The Thingness of the Here is just the Thisness of the Now."

A smile illumed the lover's face, then without any haste,
He slid a manly arm around the maiden's slender waist,
And on her cherry lips impressed a warm and loving kiss,
And said, "Love, this is what I call the Nowness of the This."

ROMANCE OF THE STAGE.

[San Francisco Bulletin, September 17th.]

Charles R. Thorne, a famous actor, who made his debut June, 1830, at the Old Park Theater in New York, is in San Francisco. On the 8th inst., in this city, he married Mrs. Sarah Stark. Thorne belonged to a class of speculative managers and actors. He combined the talent of an actor with fair business judgment in the management of theatrical companies. He came to California first in 1850, accompanied by his handsome wife, one of the Mestayer family, so celebrated for beauty, and achieved considerable success. He came off and on at various times from 1850 down to recent years, and often met with a measure of popularity acceded to few actors. His matrimonial life was long, and not a cloud of unhappiness obscured it. The golden wedding was celebrated a short time before the death of Mrs. Thorne, which occurred a few years ago.

In 1849 Mrs. Kirby, the young widow of Kirby, the celebrated actor, sailed from New York for San Francisco. She was a bright and promising actress, of attractive person, but her merits had been shaded in the States by the genius of her distinguished husband. She made her first appearance at the Eagle Theater in Sacramento during the winter of 1849-50, and received a great ovation from the playgoers. Crowded houses greeted her performances, and a rich pecuniary harvest was reaped. She played standard parts, such as Pauline in the "Lady of Lyons," and Lady Macbeth of Shakespeare's creation. She combined with personal beauty and fascinating stage presence an aptitude for the management of theatrical troupes. About 1851 she married the famous actor, James Stark, and in the field of acting and managing the couple acquired a fortune. Previous to 1856 the Starks were wealthy, but they lost through speculative investments and in trusting unguardedly to friends. To one friend, and this an actor, Mr. Stark lent $60,000, and probably never saw a dollar of that sum again. In time, however, fortune ceased to smile on the various enterprises of Stark, some of which were of a mining character, and after serving as a member of the Nevada Constitutional Convention, he left this coast for the East and there died. Sarah succeeded in acquiring considerable property, and is presumed to be well-to-do. The published announcement of her marriage to Charles R. Thorne recalls to old-timers a recollection of her triumphs on the stage and the esteem in which she was held by all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance. She and Thorne were well acquainted on the stage in New York before coming to California, and have been friends ever since.

It is almost impossible to distinguish the new velveteen from real velvet, so silky is its surface and so soft and even its face. The dark colors of this material are very handsome, and they make both stylish and wear-defying walking-skirts, the new brand, it is claimed, being proof against rain spots, and warranted never to fade.

CHILLS, MALARIA, DUMB AGUE and all kindred diseases are absolutely and permanently cured by Mason & Pollard's Pills. This remedy is a never failing specific for these ills, purifies the system and restores the patient to perfect health. Druggists.

SAN FRANCISCO LETTER.

NOTES OF THE FAIR AT THE MECHANICS' PAVILION.

Various Social Events at the Metropolis, and Others in the Foreground—Realistic Acting.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 19, 1883.

To-day is the anniversary of Garfield's death. "Infinite rest and infinite release," writes Longfellow; and so, doubtless, it was for such a sufferer, but under such a brilliant sky as we are enjoying, to the rest of the world it seems quite tolerable to be alive. As far as amusements and entertainments are a gauge, the city is enjoying itself heartily. There has never been as fine an exhibitition at the Mechanics' Pavilion as this eighteenth fair, and numerous lunches and dinners are calling people from the country every day. A population is very quick to find out a good thing, and as the fair is the best we have had for some time, so it is also the best attended. The new Pavilion lends itself to the arrangement of the exhibits more kindly than the old one ever did, and decorators borrowed a hint from Conclave times and decorated the ceiling so that bare rafters are not visible anywhere. The floor is filled with exhibits, and presents nowhere an expanse of barn-like space. The garden is one of the chief attractions. Besides the usual display of tropical plants and fern, John H. Siever has exhibited for several nights

THE NIGHT BLOOMING CEREUS;

One evening with three open blossoms upon one plant. This peculiar flower, which always has the hush of moonlight and mystery about its corolla and wreath of feathery gold stamens, is beautifully described in Leonard Case's story of the "Breadwinners," coming out in the *Century*. The cacti, aloes, Japanese lilies and crotons are present in beautiful abundance, and among the larger plants the peculiar *Amorphophalus Reviereia*, or black lily of the East Indies, which, when the three fleshy green stalks of its first growth die down, sends up a black flower shaped like the calla, giving out a vile ordor of decomposition, as attractive to flies as it is repulsive to men. The crotons and calladiums, ornamental plants with variegated leaves, are from the Kew Gardens in London. A tobacconist has a huge tobacco plant in flower set out at one end of the garden bed, and Mrs. Runyon, of the Sacramento river, has an exhibit of jellies in glasses near by.

THE PICTURE GALLERY

Is full of good things, two or three from the Nahl collection of old masters, "Tarquin and Lucretia" and the "Dying Cato," Kunath's portrait of Mrs. Low, Brooks' wonderful painting of his own left hand, which I heard a lady say, with comical innocence of any slang intention, was alone worth the price of admission. The two Milanese pictures—"Peonies" and a nymph—are on view; two comical companion pieces of a mouse stealing from an owl, and next swallowed by the owl, and some beautiful flower pieces. The embroidery, in six great cases in the south promenade gallery, shows California well abreast of the time in art needle-work. An embroidered satin piano-cover, to be raffled at the end of the fair, and some screens and valences with elaborate flower and bird patterns in chenilles, are really a delight to the eye. The wonderfully-constructed silk patchwork quilts made by busy hands of very old ladies are duly seen.

THE MACHINERY ROOM,

Called by many the finest of the departments, is like the Khedive's description of western progress in a complimentary address to an English envoy, "Whirr, whirr, all wheels; buzz, buzz, all steam!" The giant arm of the huge engine that turns the rod to which all the lesser ones are attached, is fascinating enough, by its impression of tireless power, to hold one spell-bound, gazing at it longer than one knows. The boat Pacific, with it sloop rigging set, is shown at one end of the machinery room, Gilboy himself standing up in her, selling the log book of his voyage in her to Australia. Some oil sketchings of his capsizings and rescue are to be seen on the canvas above him. We looked for and found the hole made by the sword fish in her bows, near the keel. If a sailor on shore is a droll sight, this weather-beaten little craft, high and dry in the Mechanics' Pavilion under an electric light, is infinitely more incongruous. On Saturday the inclosure where the business college is, contained a young girl with her instrument, busily telegraphing. The exhibits of fruit and wine from the grape-growing ranches, the painted porcelain and costly furniture are all better selected and more advantageously arranged than on former years, while the candy, popcorn and soda element is as extensively patronized as usual, for the fair is the delight of all the children.

SOCIAL EVENTS.

Lady Waterlow is being pleasantly entertained by all her friends. Last night Mrs. Charles Crocker gave her a dinner, and this morning Mrs. L. L. Baker, a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Stone, gave her a musical, followed by an elaborate luncheon. The appointments at the Crocker dinner were rich and choice, beyond what is seen even at the lavish hospitalities of San Francisco. The table cover was raw silk, heavily embroidered in fruit, grain and monograms in high relief. The napkins were also of raw silk. The chandelier, which is of a size and shape for a great deal of decoration, had depending from each group of arms a ball of flowers, and from the center an ingeniously constructed ball of fruit, grapes and pears predominating. The service was after the newest fashion, which substitutes olives farcies for the former raw oysters, and small fish, which also precede soup. The arrangement of seating guests was somewhat altered by the accident to General McDowell, who was thrown from his buggy on his head, and taken home insensible Tuesday afternoon, which naturally prevented Mrs. McDowell as well from being present. Thursday evening Mrs. Crocker gives

A RECEPTION

To Miss Dora Miller, at which Judge and Mrs. Field will be guests, as well as Mr. and Miss Flood. Miss Daisy Parrott's engagement to Lieutenant Payson, formerly of General McDowell's staff, is announced, and the Sharon ball at Belmont is set for the November full moon, when the Senator returns from the East. Evan J. Coleman, Dr. Gwin's son-in-law, returned to the city on Saturday, after a trip to Europe and the Eastern States, unfortunately rendered less enjoyable by two serious illnesses in London and in Paris. About twenty family friends were gathered at the Gwin house on Sacramento street to welcome Mr. Coleman, and a good supper awaited discussion, when a telegram was received that the overland train was delayed and would not be in till midnight. Nothing daunted, the guests chatted away the evening, when at 12 o'clock another message announced that the delay might be protracted till much later. The friends of the traveler took

A TREMENDOUS RESOLUTION

That they would never leave the house till they had seen Mr. Coleman. He did not arrive until half-past 3 in the morning. Never had a man such faithful friends, and never did hungrier people sit down to supper become breakfast, and it was half-past 5 before the party separated. Mrs. Barber is expected from the East, where she has been spending the summer at Mt. Desert. Miss Lulie Otis, who has been at Bay Harbor with Mrs. Barber, will return at the same time. In November Mrs. Edmund Randoiph returns to San Francisco. Mr. Percy Selby will not return to Harvard this term, and the family spends the winter at Fairoaks. Mrs. Milton S. Latham's father, Mr. George McMullin, is reported seriously ill, and Miss Derbrow convalescent after a bad attack of typhoid fever.

THERE HAS BEEN A SMALL ADO

Here about Richard Mansfield's acting of "Baron Chevrial," in Octave Feuillet's Parisian romance. Some people call it good art and wicked morality, others bad art and a tremendous moral lesson. The man is a monster, who dies of a paralytic stroke while drinking a toast to "Matter," a painful and unwholesome sight enough, but with a certain morbid truthfulness about it all, which makes "realism" survive in novels and plays in spite of its horrors. The lines of the character are drawn deep rather than overdrawn. Many Barons Chevrial one could not endure to see; but once on the stage and once or twice in real life goes far to stripping excess of its gilding, which, when sharply and well done, is not a bad thing.

PHILIP SHIRLEY.

A MODERN PROPOSAL.

"You wish an answer," she softly said,
Then turned away her graceful head,
"You wish an answer. Well, dear Fred,
I've always liked you, and I guess
It will be safe to answer yes.

"You're rather handsome, and not poor,
I've seen girls do much worse, I'm sure.
One kiss? Well, take it, so it cure
Your nonsense. Such actions are pure
And downright silly. What, one more?
Not now; there's some one at the door.

"Oh, dear, how could you be so rough?
One kiss, now Fred, is quite enough.
At least at first; there, don't talk stuff,
You'll find papa, dear, home at eight;
Oh, yes, of course, an early date,
Lengthy engagements are a bore,
Another kiss? There—stop—no more!"

A VALUABLE PIN.—"What are you doing out there, my friend?" asked a passer-by of a man who seemed to be looking for something in the woods. "We've just had a cyclone at our house, and I'm lookin' fur the relics of the storm." "Did you lose much?" "Not much. My wife's brass breastpin was blowed out in this here section, and I'm lookin' fur it. Also lookin' fur some of my property." "What did you lose?" "Why, you see I was blowed agin the corner of the gate-post, and my ear was cut off. It blowed over here along with that breastpin, and I'd like to find 'em both while I'm at it. My ear wasn't so much use now, you know, but I don't wan't to have it lyin' around loose." "You Jeems!" shouted a woman from the road. "Yessum!" "Have you found that pin?" "Not yit. I'm lookin' fur my ear." "Well, let your ear alone and look fur the pin. You've got another ear left, but that's the only breastpin I had. Don't you come back here without that pin."—[Arkansas Traveler.

THE PLANET MARS.—Prof. Lockyer is of the opinion that human life on the planet Mars may be very much like human life on the earth; the light cannot be so bright, but the organs of sight may be so much more susceptible as to make the vision quite as good. The heat is probably less, as the polar snows certainly extend further, but by no means less in proportion to the lessened power of the solar rays. The Professor agrees with others that several remarkable seas—including inland seas, some of them connected and some not connected by straits with still larger seas—are now definable in the southern hemisphere, in which, as is the case also with the earth, water seems to be much more widely spread than in the southern hemisphere.

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REDDING'S Russia Salve has proved its efficiency by a test of 75 years' constant use. Try it.

Know

That BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will cure the worst case of dyspepsia.

Will insure a hearty appetite and increased digestion.

Cures general debility, and gives a new lease of life.

Dispels nervous depression and low spirits.

Restores an exhausted nursing mother to full strength and gives abundant sustenance for her child.

Strengthens the muscles and nerves, enriches the blood.

Overcomes weakness, wakefulness, and lack of energy

Keeps off all chills, fevers, and other malarial poison.

Will infuse with new life the weakest invalid.

37 Walker St., Baltimore, Dec. 1881.
For six years I have been a great sufferer from Blood Disease, Dyspepsia, and Constipation, and became so debilitated that I could not retain anything on my stomach, in fact, life had almost become a burden. Finally, when hope had almost left me, my husband seeing BROWN'S IRON BITTERS advertised in the paper, induced me to give it a trial. I am now taking the third bottle and have not felt so well in six years as I do at the present time.
MRS. L. F. GRIFFIN.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will have a better tonic effect upon any one who needs "bracing up," than any medicine made.

CHEMISTS HAVE ALWAYS FOUND

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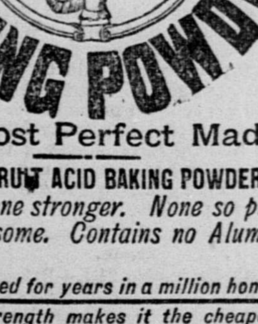

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About 6,000 Head of Sheep,
About 6,000 Head of Hogs,
About 325 Head of Horses,
About 75 Head of Colts,
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The Land is Fenced into Ten Large Fields.
1,800 Acres are Seeded to Alfalfa.
60 Acres in Hops.
20,000 Acres of Fine Growth of Oak Trees, which furnish acorns sufficient to fatten a large number of Hogs annually.
Eight Good Dwellings for Vaqueros.
Three Good Dwellings for Foreman and Farm Hands, Large Hop House costing $6,000, for drying hops, over $5,000 worth of Farming Tools, sufficient for carrying on the place, Corrals, Stables, Outbuildings, etc.

LARGE CANALS AND IRRIGATING DITCHES running through the place. Kings river forms the southern boundary of the place, which furnishes ample water for irrigating the whole tract.

THE WATER RIGHTS FOLD With this place is worth alone all that is asked for the whole property.

WOOD CAN BE CUT The net profit of which will pay more than one-half of the price asked for the whole Ranch,

THE LAND WILL PRODUCE Fine Grain, Hops, or Fruits of all kinds and qualities.

THE QUALITY OF THE LAND Cannot be surpassed by any in the State. One of the great advantages this place has as

A STOCK RANGE, Is the close proximity to market. BEEF can be got to market within 36 hours after notice. The

COST OF SHIPPING BEING A TRIFLE, Compared with the cost of shipping from Nevada, or driving from Southern Oregon. And the cattle loose but little flesh, being so short a time upon the cars. The place will easily keep

20,000 HEAD OF CATTLE AND 6,000 TO 10,000 HEAD OF HOGS, Besides other Stock sufficient to run the Ranch. The place has

A FRONTAGE OF 30 MILES Upon Kings river, and is from two to seven miles in width. It is one and one-half miles from Kingsburg, the Southern Pacific Railroad passing through the eastern and southern boundary line, and mostly in Fresno county.

THE ONLY REASON FOR SELLING Is owing to the death of one of the partners.

Send for Circular Giving Full Particulars.

For further information, address

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SPECIAL CREDIT SALE, CHOICE VINEYARD LANDS, Orchard and Alfalfa, AT AUCTION, Saturday, October 6, 1883, At 12 o'clock M., on the Ground, The Elegant Estate of BENJ. PEART, Esq., THE MAPLES, Comprising 800 ACRES OF LAND, within 2 miles of WOODLAND, THE COUNTY SEAT OF YOLO, IN LARGE Subdivisions, 17 to 50 Acres Each.

The property is very well located. The soil is a deep alluvial, well adapted to Vineyard, Orchard and Alfalfa. An artesian strata of water underlies the whole property, and at a small expense, with windmill or horse power, each subdivision could be irrigated without reference to proposed canal for irrigation.

RAINFALL ALWAYS SURE.

The survey has designated the highest point at which canal for irrigation may be constructed. The Moore Ditch will be continued down to this point, and water may be bought for irrigation.

The climate is unusually mild and even, and for persons suffering from lung, throat or malarial troubles has proven very beneficial.

Subdivisions Are a Group of Villa Sites, And in the midst of an elegant class of people. With all the advantages of modern society, a home can be made self-sustaining and profitable.

The Home Place Consists of 83 Acres, With a large modern dwelling of 11 rooms and bath, with the household furniture; broad verandas, under the shade of spreading maples and old oaks; a fine well of water, with windmill and horse powers; barns, storehouses, cabins, fences, etc. Also,

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To appreciate this property, go and see it before the day of sale. This property will rapidly enhance in value. No safer investment can be made than to secure property so favorably located in this delightful section of the State.

Two trains each way daily between this property, Sacramento and San Francisco.

TERMS—One-fourth cash; balance in three years. Interest on deferred payments at 7 per cent. per annum. No mortgage tax to be paid by the purchasers. A liberal discount will be made on deferred payments for cash.

TITLE PERFECT. Abstract of title complete to day of sale.

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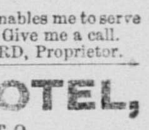

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