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J. Q. DUCKWORTH. JOHN HAYN.

**To Country Dealers.**

**DUCKWORTH & HAYN,**

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

**Groceries, Provisions, Liquors, &c.**

No. 80 Dey street, New York.

June 16, 1859.—ly.

**To the Inventors of Beds.**

If he who first invented sleep,

Be blessed by Sancho Panza,

Then he who first invented beds

Deserves at least a stanza.

Let those who will praise early hours,

And laud the sun's uprising;

I'd rather be an hour in bed—

Indeed it's not surprising.

No pillow ever yet could fail

To calm my deepest sorrow;

And when I'm on my bed, I drop

All cares until the morrow.

I've slept on boards, on chairs and chests,

And every way but standing;

But rest is only found in bed,

So truly rest commanding.

Then, hail! inventor of the bed

That bears us up in trouble;

May earth immortalise thy name,

And may thy blessings double.

**A Burlesque on Moneyed Men.**

One of the most amusing letters, pur-

porting to come from Mahomet Pasha,

published in the Evening Post, has the

following bit at the "Merchant Princess"

of New York:

He was born at Haddleton, Connecti-

cut, in the year 1806. By the time he

was ten years old, (and very old, indeed,

he was at that time of life,) he had made

one hundred and sixty-five bargains, bar-

ters, and dickers in shoe strings, peg tops

and jack knives, and had amassed the

sum of five dollars and fifty cents. At

the age of eleven, he entered the store

of Grab & Ketchum, in his native town,

and remained therein as a clerk until the

age of fifteen years, and accumulated the

sum of two hundred and five dollars

and thirty-two cents. Investing this

amount in potatoes and dried pumpkin,

he set sail in a Stouington sloop for New

York, and with his entire possessions land-

ed at Fulton Market in the year 1817.

Since then he passed through the sev-

eral professions of vegetable purveyor, fish-

vender, general merchant, bank Presi-

dent and solid man, and is now consid-

ered a magnate and a millionaire. He

never was indicted for stealing, or accused

of infidelity. He was never troubled with

an unselfish aspiration, never went out

of his way to do a charitable act, never

bothered himself with romance, sentiment

or act, never spoke two consecutive sen-

tences in a grammatical manner, never

looked at the stars over his head or the

flowers under his feet. He is some sixty

five years of age, bald, bilious, and not

especially amiable. He has just built

himself a large brick house, veneered

with brown stone, and furnished it with

satin wood and brocatelle, and hung the

walls with paintings, evidently by very

AN OVERLAND JOURNEY.

California—The Big Trees.

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year by fire. For the earth; to a depth

of several feet, even, is dry as an

ash-heap, from July to October, and the

hills are so steep that fire ascends them

with wonderful facility. And the Big

Trees are scorched, and gouged and hol-

lowed out at the root and upward, as the

effects of successive fires, one of which or-

iginating far southward, ran through this

locality so late as last Autumn, burning

one of the forest kings so that it has since

fallen, half destroying another already

prostrate, through the hollow of which

two horsemen (not G. P. R. James, I

trust), were accustomed to ride abreast

for a distance of fully one hundred feet,

and doing serious damage to very many

others. If the village of Mariposas, the

County, or the State of California, does

not immediately provide for the safety of

these trees, I shall deeply deplore the in-

fatuation, and believe that these giants

might have been more happily located.

The Big Trees are usually accounted

Redwood, but have strong resemblance

to the Cedar family, so that my intelli-

gent guide plausibly insisted that they

are identical in species with their prob-

able contemporaries, the famous Cedars of

Lebanon. The larger Cedars in their vicin-

ity bear a decided resemblance to the

smallest of them; and yet there are quite

obvious differences between them. The

Cedar's limbs are by far the more nu-

merous, and come far down the trunk;

they are also relatively smaller. The

Cedar's bark is the more deeply creased

up and down the trunk, while the foliage

of the Big Trees is nearer allied to that

of certain Pines than to the Cedar's.—

The bark of the Big Trees is very thick

—in some instances, over two feet—and

is of a dry, light quality, resembling cork;

hence the fatal facility of damage by

running fires. The wood of the Big

Trees is of a light red color, seeming de-

void alike of sap and resin, and to burn

about as freely while the tree lives as a

year or more after its death. Unless in

the Cedars of Lebanon, I suspect these

manhoods of the vegetable world have

no counterparts out of California.

They are of course not all of extraor-

dinary size, yet I cannot remember one

that would girth so little as twenty feet

at right of two yards from the earth's

surface, which is the proper point for hori-

zontal measurement. Hardly one is en-

tirely free from the marks of fire at its

root, while several have been burned at

least have half through, and are so hol-

lowed by fire that a tree eight feet in di-

ameter would probably fill ample room in

its cavity. And, while many are still

hale and thrifty, I did not perceive a sin-

gle young one coming forward to take the

place of the decaying patriarchs. I be-

lieve these trees now bear no seed-cone

or nut, whatever they may have done in

Seipio's or in Alexander's time, and that

there is no known means of propagating

their kind; and I deeply regret that there

is not, though starting a tree that would

come to its maturity in not less than four

thousand years would seem rather slow

business to the fast age in which it is our

fortune to live. Possibly, the Big Trees

are a relic of some by gone world—some

past geologic period—contemporaries of

the gigantic, luxuriant ferns whereof our

Mineral Coal is the residuum. I am sure

they will be more prized and treasured a

thousand years hence than now should

divest him at once of his name, his reli-

gious faith, and even of his native land, I

believe there are many thousands of Re-

publicans who cherish for Col. Fremont

a personal regard and affection which

render them profoundly solicitous with

respect to his good or evil fortune. It is

for this class only that I write the follow-

ing:

The public are generally aware that

Col. F. purchased from a Mexican an ear-

ly day a large tract or grant of wild

mountain land lying among the foot hills

of the Sierra Nevada, called by the Mex-

icans Los Mariposass (the Butterfly), af-

ter a wild flower known to abound here.

It is known also that this tract was some

years ago discovered or presumed to be

rich in gold—the first piece of rice vein-

stone having been taken out by the pro-

prietor's own hand. It is further known

that all manner of difficulties and ob-

structions were interposed to defeat the

confirmation of the grant under which

Col. F. holds his title, and that a pro-

tracted and most expensive litigation was

thus forced upon him. Meantime the

property was wholly unproductive—that

is, to its owner—and the most inviting

portions of it were clutched by squatters,

who claimed, as they still claim, a right

to dig its soil into utterly worthless cham-

bers and heaps in quest of Gold, to cut down

its timber and feed off its grass at their

own discretion, leaving to the fortunate

owner only the privilege of paying the

taxes, which, under the management of

public affairs by officers politically and

personally hostile to him, have been

swelled to no less than \$16,000 per an-

num—his taxes, remember, on an estate

which every body used or wasted as they

saw fit, and which was yielding him no

income whatever. For the feeble efforts

at quartz mining made in his behalf in

his years of absence—in the absence, too,

of all successful experience in such min-

ing—only served to involve him still

more deeply in debt, which was further

swelled by unfortunate agencies and busi-

ness connections, until the aggregate of

his liabilities on account of this property

can hardly have fallen short of half a