

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

H. C. HICKOK, Editor.
O. N. WORDEN, Printer.

LEWISBURG, UNION CO., PA., JANUARY 29, 1851.

Volume VII, Number 44.
Whole Number--366.

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY JOURNAL.
Issued on Wednesday mornings at Lewisburg,
Union county, Pennsylvania.
TERMS.—\$20 per year, for each actually in advance.
If paid within three months, \$15; if paid within a
year, \$10. For a single copy, 5 cents. Subscriptions for six
months or less, to be paid in advance. Discount allowed on
the full rate, except when the year is paid up.
Advertisements handbills inserted at 50 cents per
square one week; 25 cents per week; 15 cents per
square for six months; 10 cents per year. Two square
space, not exceeding one fourth of a column, \$5.
JOB WORK and usual newspaper notices to be paid for
when handed in or deferred.
Communications addressed to all papers of general
interest and within the scope of the present edition.
All letters must give post address, accompanied by the
real name of the writer, to receive attention. This rule
applies to those who write for publication. All letters
sent to H. C. HICKOK, Editor, and those sent to O. N.
WORDEN, Printer, will be forwarded to the Editor, unless
otherwise directed.
O. N. WORDEN, Proprietor.

Notes of a Seven Months' Journey to CALIFORNIA.

VIA FORT SMITH, SANTA FE, GILA RIVER, AND
THE TULE LAKES.

From the Private Journal kept by
W. H. CHAMBERLAIN, of Lewisburg, Pa.

CONTINUED.

Friday, June 1.—Crossed the stream, and ascended a long sloping hill, surrounded on all sides by a rough, mountainous country. The grass in the small valleys, is very short, owing to the vast amount of stock that is grazed here. Passed through large herds of cattle and sheep. At the top of the hill, we found a small, cool spring, gushing up from the rocks, the water slightly impregnated with sulphur; shortly afterwards, came to a "fork" in our road. Here we were in a dilemma, not knowing which to pursue; after several hours delay, we concluded to "go it blind." Encamped on a small plain; found a small pool of water about a mile from camp, but not enough for our stock. There was a shepherd's camp near us, of whom we procured some of the richest milk I ever drank, and what a luxury. They inform us that we are within a few miles of San Miguel. Distance, 18 miles—789.

Saturday, June 2.—Started early this morning, in expectation of seeing some place very soon, but did not reach "town" until late in the afternoon; passed two Mexican ranches on the way; if all the inhabitants of New Mexico live in a similar manner, they are to be pitied. Their miserable mud-dwellings do not compare with the more comfortable log-cabins of the colonized Indians, on the border of the States. This country and its inhabitants are certainly "pretty accessions" to the property and influence of "Uncle Sam." Here we saw a rich specimen of the packing business; several jackasses were loaded with about 400 lbs. of corn each, and driven off to market. Here we also saw some of the effects of [Roman Catholic] missionary labor, a Mexican woman had several fine looking white children clinging around her; her father, she said, was "American" missionary, but he had "waned" to the states—poor woman!

Before reaching San Miguel, we came out upon the Santa Fe and Independence road. It is better than any M'Adams road I ever saw in the States, being broad, smooth, and solid. Crossed Pecos river, a large tributary of the Rio Grande; it is about 30 yds wide, and rapid. The water is good, and very cold, caused by the snow melting off the mountains to the north, the white capped peaks of which are in sight. San Miguel is situated on this river. It is composed of about 75 adobe hovels, one story high, all the outbuildings (if they have any) being within the same walls. There are several stores or groceries in the place, their principal business being the sale of inferior liquor, at a "bit" a glass. We encamped near the town; there is no grass within miles of the place, but we were lucky in getting some corn at \$1.50 per bushel; it is very inferior to the corn raised in the States. The only land in the vicinity that can be cultivated, is the narrow flats along Pecos river, and their it requires irrigation. Walked into town this evening to "see the sights." Our attention was soon attracted to a "Fandango," open to all and especially to American emigrants. This was a curiosity to me; it was certainly a shade faster than anything of the kind I had ever seen before—a medley of Mexicans and Americans, dancing upon a ground floor with the "Marguerettes" of the country, the face of each of these ornamented with a cigarette. Some of their dances were pretty, keeping remarkably good time with the music, the gentlemen being obliged to treat their partners to a glass of wine at the end of each set. But the "noise and confusion," heat, smoke, dust, fumes of liquor, and the strange "lingua," made it sorry enjoyment for me, and I left the scene of merriment at an early hour. Distance, 11 miles—800.

Sunday, June 3.—Concluded to remain here until to-morrow. Purchased some Mexican bread, which was very good with one exception, being sour. The Virginia and Louisiana messes started for Santa Fe to-day. We are anxious to travel with

pack animals from Santa Fe; had an offer of 3 mules each for our wagons, which we accepted with the privilege of hauling our baggage to Santa Fe, fifty miles distant. Attended church to-day—Catholic, of course. The building is a large adobe finished in the most rude style of architecture, the floor covered with rough boards upon which all kneel, having no seats or benches. Thousands of swallows were flying and "twittering" about the room during service. The images and paintings were of the most ridiculous design and finish. It is a gloomy edifice throughout, and well suited to the ignorant minds that pretended to worship God, after the manner of that sect. It is said the Padre defrauds these poor deluded people out of \$25,000 a year. Thus it is with their "churches" throughout New Mexico. It is amusing to see the country people coming in, 3 or 4 mounted on an ass.

Monday, June 4.—Engaged to-day in exchanging our trunks, and other things we wished to dispose of, for pack-saddles, lariats, skins, blankets, and other articles necessary for packing. I procured a "mustang pony" for my trunk. This evening, we heard a shot fired in town, which was followed by a distressing cry of "O, Lord!" We hurried in, and found that a cold-blooded murder had been committed. A man named Robt Stanfield had deliberately shot Joseph Kane, Captain of a pack-mule Company. There were several eye witnesses to the deed. He fired a fowling-piece, at 10 feet distance, two balls entering the back, and coming out just above the heart. An inquest was held over the body by 12 Mexicans, who went about it rather awkwardly, this being the first case of the kind that had ever happened under the U. S. Laws. Males can be purchased at this place, from \$50 to \$100 each; California gold has affected this country also, for before the emigration commenced, they could have been bought for \$25 to \$40 each.

Tuesday, June 5.—Employed as yesterday. Bought a Mexican saddle for \$25. We are very much annoyed by high winds, which blow the sand all over us, into our vitals, &c. This evening, our new mules were brought up. They are small, but we have no doubt a pretty good bargain. A large train of wagons has come up, and encamped near us. All are anxious to pack, the balance of the way. A wagon will not command a good mule, the market being already overstocked with them. The man with whom we exchanged designs moving down the Rio Grande into Old Mexico, not liking the laws of the United States.

Wednesday, June 6.—Struck camp this morning, and left for Santa Fe. High winds, which keep up a constant cloud of sand in the roads; the weather very cool, being in the range of the Rocky mountains. Encamped on a small rivulet, as clear as crystal and as cold as ice, near the village of Pecos, which is now in ruins. There was formerly a large church here, and it was a place of considerable note; the buildings were of adobe, (the timber of cedar,) some of them apparently three stories high. There are a number of very large cisterns in the place, walled with stone, and cemented. This camp furnished no grass for our animals. Distance, 25 miles—825.

Thursday, June 7.—This morning, one of our mules was missing; in searching for him, I found some bunches of grass, growing beneath the walls of Pecos, which I cut with my knife, and packed it along in a blanket. I strayed several miles from the road, and did not overtake the wagons until the afternoon. I had been as far as the Rio Pecos: there is a small but beautiful valley at this point on the river, with a number of ranches scattered over it; they appeared to have a good deal of land under cultivation. Met the U. S. Mail on the way to Independence; they expected to go through in from 16 to 20 days. I had no letters written; Musser and Armstrong were more fortunate, and embraced the opportunity of sending news to their friends at home. Our course has been north, amongst the mountains, the ascent being very gradual with a good road. Crossed one pretty high mountain.

The first object that attracted our attention, as we neared Santa Fe, was the American "stars and stripes" floating in the breeze. A descending road into the place, which is situated in a narrow valley, on a small stream of water, surrounded by an apparently barren country, and hills of the same nature; in the distance, mountains towering to the clouds, whose snow-clad peaks gave nature a chilling appearance, although the day was very warm. The sombre appearance of the town of the town, built entirely of unburnt adobe, the scope of country, stretching for leagues to the S. W., and enveloped in haze, inspired us with rather gloomy sensations; however, we could not be felt gratified that we had reached this important point in our journey. On entering the place we noticed handbills, advising emigrants to put up at the United

States Hotel, for comfort, convenience, good living, &c. Of course this was "something to our minds," and we drew up before the quarters, in which about 20 of us were stored with our baggage in a small, unenclosed stable, infested with fleas, bed bugs, and other vermin, the stench being horrible. Distance, 25 miles—850.

Friday, June 8.—Boarding \$1 a-day, and fed upon mutton. The weather comfortable at this place, and the atmosphere very pure. Fresh meat hung out in the air will keep sound until used, or dried up. Corn is worth \$3 per bushel, and very scarce. We are obliged to purchase hay for our mules in small bales, packed in upon asses, at the rate of \$100.00 per ton. Provisions are very cheap, the quartermaster of the army, (it is said,) lost about \$30,000 during the winter, by gambling; to make up his loss, he had a sufficient amount of Government stores "condemned," and was selling them to emigrants at low rates, although everything was of the best quality. We bought good American flour at \$5 per hundred; bacon at 12 1/2 cts per lb. &c. It was a lucky piece of rascality for the emigrants. All kinds of merchandize is very low, and business dull, at present. Competition has produced a stagnation in trade. There are a large number of stores and groceries in the place, certainly more than will ever make fortunes. Immense quantities of goods, that were prevented from entering Old Mexico at the close of the war, have been brought back to this place, completely glutting the market. Having read of the vast wealth and trade of Santa Fe, and the fortunes that had been made here, our curiosity ran high, but we were disappointed. The appearance and condition of the place, do not correspond with its fame. Having disposed of our wagons, and not being anxious to remain long in town, we prepared to pack our provisions and chattels, and employed a man to give us the first lesson in the art. We made our sacks out of tanned buffalo hides, and purpose putting about 200 lbs. weight upon each mule. The Mexicans are skilled in the art of packing. We employed one to go through with us, at 12 cents per month. We have now 22 head of horses and mules.

Saturday, June 9.—Bustily engaged at weighing, packing our "traps," and making preparations to start as soon as possible. The Virginia mess have driven their stock out into the country to graze.

Sunday, June 10.—Santa Fe is a very immoral place. The population is composed of Mexicans, Indians, and foreigners, from all parts of the world. The public square, and gambling houses, are crowded with idle loungers, male and female; the character of but few of the latter will bear a virtuous test. Several Fandangos are in full operation all the while. The senecas are of all castes and sorts, from Indians up to the pure Spanish. Some of the California-bound boys enjoy these sports, and lavish their money freely upon amusements. Many of them, however, will find this "sicking point;" the lungs of some have been exhausted in getting thus far, and being obliged to change the mode of travel and renew their stock of provisions, they can not go on. Others have been induced to deposit what they had left in the "monte banks," which are unsafe, non-paying institutions. Some more prudent than others, have gone to the gold mines in the vicinity, where they can make from one to five dollars a day, in hopes of raising enough to continue their journey. I saw a specimen of the gold obtained from these mines; it is in scales, of different sizes, though generally very small, clean and bright, and is worth \$19.50 per oz. in Santa Fe. The place is some forty miles distant.

This market is completely overstocked with wagons, but mules are very high, commanding from \$60 to \$100 per head. As at Fort Smith, rumors are afloat, that the Apache and other Indians are very hostile on our route, and the most of the emigrants are in favor of forming in large companies. Our company is about employing Mackintosh, a half-breed Indian, and somewhat noted as a mountaineer; he agrees to guide them through, by the "Spanish Trail," in 60 days, for the sum of \$500. We have again determined, not to travel with a large company, let the consequence be what it will. Saw Mr. Aubrey, a merchant of this place, the man that rode from Santa Fe to Independence, a distance of 800 miles, in 5 days and 10 hours. He is a French Canadian. It appears that we are yet almost as far from California as the Fort Smith circulars made the distance through from that place.

Some of the emigrants are starting north, to intercept the Independence route; others are going by the Spanish Trail, or middle route; but the majority take the Southern route, or those traveled by Kearney, Cook, &c.; while a few have already turned their faces homeward, and more intend doing so. Money is a very essential article in a strange country, and many have made short calculations, which now puts them to great inconvenience. We have concluded to go Kearney's route, and follow his trail, or employ guides if we can get them from different points.

At 12 o'clock, we were ready to lash on our packs, which occupied two hours. We then started, and after considerable difficulty with our mules, we got out of town. This is a novel mode of traveling to me, but I suppose we will become accustomed to it. Our animals were almost starved in that "poverty-stricken" place, and it is with difficulty we can get them along; they wanted to stop at every patch of grass. The road runs S. W., and the appearance of the country improves as we advance. There are some miniature valleys amongst the rolling hills in which there is a little grass. Passed several ranches, and encamped near one, on a small run of good water. Distance, 17 miles—867.

Monday, June 11.—Remained in camp, for the purpose of grazing our animals. Wrote letters: I had no shade, and used the earth for a writing desk. It was a difficult task, and I was annoyed by a young Mexican boy, who wanted me to learn him to talk and write "Americano." We purchased an unbroken mule for Fernando to ride; he found it very difficult to conquer, and gave us some rare specimens of Mexican horsemanship. The first thing is to blind the animal (which is of the greatest advantage,) then saddle and bridle him, putting on all the trappings, then he mounts, raises the blind, and instead of checking, sinks the spurs into his side, and suffers him to run until fairly tamed down. Having no tent, we are now obliged to "bivouac" in "all-out-doors," with the heavens for a counterpane and the earth for a mattress. The sun, during the days is very hot, and the nights cool.

Tuesday, June 12.—The country around our camp, abounds in the long-eared hare, which is the only game we see; we killed several; they were very fine eating. Started at 12 o'clock in a southern direction, through barren hills, and over a rough country. Found the Virginia mess encamped in a valley on a small creek; here we concluded to stop, and graze our animals until all our old company would get together. The grass is very short and poor, and the water in the stream very brackish. Distance, 15 miles—882.

Wednesday, June 13.—We are within six miles of the old Santa Fe gold place; some of our men visited it; found some emigrants encamped there; they took a small basin with them, and in one washing procured at least 50 cts worth of pure gold. Time passes very tediously when lying in camp in such a desolate country as this.

Thursday, June 14.—Green, Howard and myself returned to Santa Fe to-day, for the purpose of purchasing a few articles we had forgotten, and procuring additional information regarding our route. A large company that had started on the Spanish trail, have returned, finding it impossible to cross the streams, which are very much swollen. They lost a great deal of baggage and provisions in their unsuccessful attempts; they are preparing to go the southern route.

Friday, June 15.—Lodged during the night at the U. S. Hotel. Had a cot, but no bedding. The fleas which abound here, annoyed me very much, and I passed a restless night. Indulged in a glass of what they called ice cream, (it deserved no such name,) and paid 50 cts. for it. Left town about 12 o'clock to-day, and reached camp about sundown, a distance of 30 miles. Met some very heavy trading teams, on their way to town, from Chihuahua.

Saturday, June 16.—Had a slight shower last night, which is the first rain that has fallen upon us for months. The rainy season is about setting in here, which lasts until sometime in August. Everything here appears to be suffering from drought. Find employment in fitting up our packs, and arranging to start on the morrow. Our packs do not average more than 150 lbs. to each animal. The Mexicans frequently pack from 3 to 400. We are anxious to move.

Sunday, June 17.—Did not start this morning, on account of Walter Winston, who returned to Santa Fe, to remain until he recovers from a severe asthma, which he has been afflicted with since the early part of the journey. The Louisiana mess came up and encamped with us to-day; we now number about the same as before.

Monday, June 18.—After a long delay, everything being in readiness we started about 9 o'clock this morning. The Virginia mess had a great deal of difficulty, their packs falling off, turning &c.; they had packed upon "aparachocs," and we had Indian pack-saddles; the latter are more simple and suited our purpose better, not being skilled in the art. We traveled a few miles up the valley, then took a S. W.

course through the mountains, following a trail. Found no water until we reached the new place, where we encamped; here we found a number of emigrants. These mines are said to yield abundantly, but owing to the scarcity of water, they can not be worked to advantage. At present, the few men that are at work, employ Mexicans to pack the water up upon asses, a distance of three miles. I made up a horrible face, and placed his hand somewhere near his heart.

"Mr. Griffin," said he, "I have had something here for a long time," and he made up a horrible face, and placed his hand somewhere near his heart.

"Dyspepsia?" said the old man.

"Your daughter?" gasped the young one.

"Well, what about her?" asked Uncle Bill, sharply.

"I'm in love with her," said the unhappy clerk.

"Hungry!" said Uncle Bill.

"Fact!" rejoined Bittles.

"What's your income?" inquired Griffin.

"Eight hundred," answered the supplicant.

"It won't do, my boy," said Griffin, shaking his grim locks. "No man on a salary shall marry my daughter. Why, she's the finest girl in Boston; and it takes capital to marry a fine girl. When you have thirty thousand dollars to bring with you, you may come and talk to me."

Bittles disappeared. Six months after that, Miss Mary Griffin received a letter with an endorsement of Uncle Sam, acknowledging the receipt of forty cents. It ran thus:

SAN FRANCISCO, 1849.

Dearest Mary: Enclosed you will find a specimen of California gold, which please hand your father and oblige. Have to advise you of my return to Boston. Please inform your father that I have made fifty thousand dollars at the mines, and shall (wind and weather permitting) soon call upon him to talk over that matter and arrange terms of partnership. Yours to command,
SAMUEL BITTLES.

Mary, as in duty bound, handed the epistle to her father, who was overjoyed.

Some weeks elapsed, and the return of the steamer in New York was telegraphed. Griffin was on the quiver to see his future son-in-law.

On the day of his expected arrival, he met a Californian who came home in the same ship.

"Where's Bittles?" he inquired.

"Oh, oh! you'll see him before a great while," replied the Californian.

"Has he been lucky?"

"Yes, fifty thousand at the lowest figure. But he's going to try a game over you. He means to tell you that he has been robbed of all his gold on his way home, to see if you have any generosity and disinterestedness, and see whether you'd give your daughter to him, gold or no gold!"

"Sly boy!" chuckled old Griffin. "I'm most obliged to you for that hint. I'll act accordingly. Good morning."

Now it happened that the Californian was a friend of Bittles, and that the story of his robbery was absolutely true, he having been robbed of every ounce of his hard earned gold dust on his way home. So it may be supposed he called on Griffin with a very lugubrious and wo-begone air.

"My dear boy," said Uncle Bill, "I am delighted to see you, and pleased to hear of your luck. I welcome you as my son-in-law. But what the deuce is the matter with you?"

"Alas, sir!" said Bittles, "I made fifty thousand dollars at the mines—"

"Very hard luck!" interrupted the old gentleman, chuckling.

"But on my way home I was robbed of every ounce; and now how can I claim your daughter's hand?"

"Sampon Bittles," said Uncle Bill, very cunningly, "if you haven't got fifty thousand dollars, you deserve to have it; you've worked hard enough to get it. You shall have my daughter, and the marriage shall be celebrated to-morrow night. In anticipation of your return, I have had you published. And while you're talking with Mary, I'll draw a check for \$50,000, so that you may go into partnership with a sufficient capital."

"But, sir, I'm a beggar."

"So much the better. You'll work harder to increase your fortune."

"My dear sir, how can I thank you?"

"By making my daughter a good husband. There, go, go, and tell Mary the news."

Bittles did tell her the news, and they were married. He went into business on the fifty thousand furnished him by his father-in-law, and was so prosperous that Uncle Bill was more convinced than ever that the story was a regular Munchausen, once or twice he tried to repeat it, but the old gentleman always cut it short with—"I know all about it. Had it put in the papers too, eh? Oh, it was a terrible affair! Lost your all! Poor fellow! Well, I made it up to you, and now I won't hear another word about it."

When Uncle Bill departed this life, his immense property was found to be equally

Evening Hymn.

FATHER SUPREME! THOU HIGH AND HOLY ONE,
TO THEE WE SING,
WHEN ALL THE LABOR OF THE DAY IS DONE—
DEVOTELY, NOW.

From age to age, unchanging, still the same,
All good THOU ART;
HALLOWED AND HOLY BE THY REVEREND NAME,
IN EVERY HEART.

When the glad morn upon the hills was spread,
Thy smile was there;
Now, as the darkness gathers o'er-head,
We feel Thy care.

Night spears her shade upon another day,
For ever past;
So ever Thy faith, Thy love we humbly pray
A veil may cast.

Silence and sleep, o'er hearts by earth distressed,
Now sweetly steal;
So ever Thy faith that struggles in the breast
Shall Faith conceal.

Thou through the dark wilt watch above our sleep,
With eye of love;
And Thou wilt wake us, when the sunbeams peep
The hills above.

O may each heart its gratitude express
As life triumphs,
And find the triumph of its happiness
In Thy commands.

Uncle Bill.

A SKETCH ABOUT LOVE AND GOLD DUST.

Uncle Bill Griffin, (or Uncle Bill, as he was commonly called, with an irreverent disregard of his patronymic,) did not retire from the ship chandler's business until he was worth something more than a plum. Not being blessed with a son to continue his name and inherit his fortune, he lavished all his tenderness and care upon his daughter. Sweet Molly Griffin, then wert as like a lullaby to his face as hard as a Dutch nut-cracker; thine as soft as a rose leaf. He was the veriest miser in all creation; thou didst spend thy pocket money as liberally as a Prince of Wales. In his household management, Uncle Bill was a consummate skiffint; tradition said that he used to soak the back logs in the cistern, and water the lamp oil, and he was aided and abetted in all his niggardly domestic schemes by a vinegar faced old house-keeper, who was the sworn enemy of all good cheer, and stinted from a pure love of meanness. Yet pretty Mary had no reason to complain of her father's penuriousness, as far as concerned her. He sent her to the best schools, and gave her a carrie blanche for the most expensive milliners, and when she walked Washington street on a sunny day, there was no more gaily bedecked damsel to be seen from Cornhill to Essex street.

Of course, several nice young men in varnished leather and white kids fell over head and ears in love with her, and there was a larger number of whiskers collected outside of the meeting she attended on Sunday than darkened the doorsteps of any other metropolitan church.

"Yet cold was the maid; and though legends adorned,
Through their languid and eyes, protected and dandled,
Like shadows they came, and like shadows they glided
From the pure, polished ice of the heart."

Besides, Uncle Bill was a formidable guardian to his attractive daughter. Did he not fire a charge of rock salt into the incensibles of Tom Bilkins, when he came serenading with a cracked guitar? Didn't he threaten to kick Towle for leaving a valentine at his door? "Wasn't he capable of unheard-of atrocities?" The suitors of pretty Mary were all frightened off the coast by her ogre of a father, except a sturdy young fellow who rejoiced in the name of Sampon Bittles, and who was addicted to book-keeping in a wholesale grocery store on Commercial street. The old gentleman really liked Bittles; he was so staid, so quiet, and so full of information. He was a regular price current, and no man on 'change was better acquainted with the value of stocks. Why Mary liked him, it is more difficult to conjecture, for he was very deficient in the small talk that young ladies are fond of; was averse to matinees; disliked the opera; thought the ballet immoral; and considered waltzing indelicate. Perhaps his good looks compensated for

other deficiencies, or perhaps a horror of dying in a state of single blessedness induced her to countenance the only young man Uncle Bill was ever known to tolerate.

One evening, Bittles screwed up his courage to the task of addressing the old man on the subject nearest to his heart.

"Mr. Griffin," said he, "I have had something here for a long time," and he made up a horrible face, and placed his hand somewhere near his heart.

"Dyspepsia?" said the old man.

"Your daughter?" gasped the young one.

"Well, what about her?" asked Uncle Bill, sharply.

"I'm in love with her," said the unhappy clerk.

"Hungry!" said Uncle Bill.

"Fact!" rejoined Bittles.

"What's your income?" inquired Griffin.

"Eight hundred," answered the supplicant.

"It won't do, my boy," said Griffin, shaking his grim locks. "No man on a salary shall marry my daughter. Why, she's the finest girl in Boston; and it takes capital to marry a fine girl. When you have thirty thousand dollars to bring with you, you may come and talk to me."

Bittles disappeared. Six months after that, Miss Mary Griffin received a letter with an endorsement of Uncle Sam, acknowledging the receipt of forty cents. It ran thus:

SAN FRANCISCO, 1849.

Dearest Mary: Enclosed you will find a specimen of California gold, which please hand your father and oblige. Have to advise you of my return to Boston. Please inform your father that I have made fifty thousand dollars at the mines, and shall (wind and weather permitting) soon call upon him to talk over that matter and arrange terms of partnership. Yours to command,
SAMUEL BITTLES.

Mary, as in duty bound, handed the epistle to her father, who was overjoyed.

Some weeks elapsed, and the return of the steamer in New York was telegraphed. Griffin was on the quiver to see his future son-in-law.

On the day of his expected arrival, he met a Californian who came home in the same ship.

"Where's Bittles?" he inquired.

"Oh, oh! you'll see him before a great while," replied the Californian.

"Has he been lucky?"

"Yes, fifty thousand at the lowest figure. But he's going to try a game over you. He means to tell you that he has been robbed of all his gold on his way home, to see if you have any generosity and disinterestedness, and see whether you'd give your daughter to him, gold or no gold!"

"Sly boy!" chuckled old Griffin. "I'm most obliged to you for that hint. I'll act accordingly. Good morning."

Now it happened that the Californian was a friend of Bittles, and that the story of his robbery was absolutely true, he having been robbed of every ounce of his hard earned gold dust on his way home. So it may be supposed he called on Griffin with a very lugubrious and wo-begone air.

"My dear boy," said Uncle Bill, "I am delighted to see you, and pleased to hear of your luck. I welcome you as my son-in-law. But what the deuce is the matter with you?"

"Alas, sir!" said Bittles, "I made fifty thousand dollars at the mines—"

"Very hard luck!" interrupted the old gentleman, chuckling.

"But on my way home I was robbed of every ounce; and now how can I claim your daughter's hand?"

"Sampon Bittles," said Uncle Bill, very cunningly, "if you haven't got fifty thousand dollars, you deserve to have it; you've worked hard enough to get it. You shall have my daughter, and the marriage shall be celebrated to-morrow night. In anticipation of your return, I have had you published. And while you're talking with Mary, I'll draw a check for \$50,000, so that you may go into partnership with a sufficient capital."

"But, sir, I'm a beggar."

"So much the better. You'll work harder to increase your fortune."

"My dear sir, how can I thank you?"

"By making my daughter a good husband. There, go, go, and tell Mary the news."

Bittles did tell her the news, and they were married. He went into business on the fifty thousand furnished him by his father-in-law, and was so prosperous that Uncle Bill was more convinced than ever that the story was a regular Munchausen, once or twice he tried to repeat it, but the old gentleman always cut it short with—"I know all about it. Had it put in the papers too, eh? Oh, it was a terrible affair! Lost your all! Poor fellow! Well, I made it up to you, and now I won't hear another word about it."

When Uncle Bill departed this life, his immense property was found to be equally

divided between his daughter and son-in-law; the testator bequeathed to the latter his share to compensate him for the loss he sustained on his return from California! The old miser had died in the full belief that Bittles never lost the gold dust.

Agricultural Experiments.

It is the duty of the government to place some well educated men in the position to employ their time and talents in investigating the secrets of nature for the advancement of agricultural and the general good. Agricultural societies, which are instituted for the advancement of science, should especially engage in the preparations of such experiments, and divide the execution of them amongst the several members. Science would have made much greater progress if the false shame with which agriculturists conceal every unsuccessful experiment, and the exaggerated manner in which they often relate all those in which they have succeeded, had not retarded its progress.

We can experiment either by means of simple observation, by examining the subjects and agents placed in relation with each other, and by considering their reciprocal action, and observing its results, or by means of trials or experiments, by placing some well known plants in certain situations determined with precision, observing their reciprocal action, and preventing as much as we possibly can, any foreign or unknown body from influencing the results of our experiments.

A trial is a question addressed to nature; when such a question is properly put, nature will necessarily reply either yes or no. It is only within the last century that the art of making experiments has been clearly apprehended. It is on this art that the principal power of man over the material world is founded, and that power will become more extended in proportion as he brings this art nearer perfection, and carries it in full practice. There is a particular kind of agricultural experiments which have arrived almost to perfection, and which can be regulated with a degree of precision equal to that which is attained in the other practical sciences—these are comparative trials in the open air.

It is true that experiments of this kind are not easily made; but, nevertheless, they are in the power of every reflecting agriculturist. Whoever has accomplished one experiment, whatever may be the peculiarity of the circumstances under which it was made, and has given a faithful account of it, has well contributed to the advancement of science, and consequently to useful practice, and has entitled himself to the gratitude of his cotemporaries and of posterity. It would surpass the power of any single individual to accomplish any considerable number of these experiments, and it could not be expected from him.—*Von Thaer.*

Farmers' Dwellings.

We need a great improvement in this respect—we need a distinctive Rural style of building—comfort and convenience combined with neat and simple elegance. Nothing expensive, gaudy or obtrusive, but graceful in form, chaste in ornament, with quiet neutral colors, sweetly blending with the surrounding green, all breathing the air of peaceful, calm repose on which the eye may rest with pleasure. I would gladly enlarge upon this, did time permit. The houses should not only be sheltered but adorned with trees, none more beautiful than those of our own forests.

A few choice fruit trees of various kinds, with grape and smaller fruits which need but little care, with ornamental shrubs and climbers should be there. None of the adornments of beauty are more graceful or attractive than fragrant and blooming vines around the rustic porch. And let there be a garden, too; it need not be a large one—not the unsightly, neglected patch, sometimes so miscalled, intended for potatoes and cabbages, but a neatly arranged plot for shrubs and flowers, laid out with taste, and kept with care. Cultivate a taste for flowers and teach your children to love them. In doing so you will give them new sources of pleasure—new faculties for enjoyment. And do not deem the time they bestow upon them lost time; it is well bestowed and will yield a rich return, in pure and simple joys, and the cheerful love of home.

From an official statement published by Government, it appears that the total value of the imports of iron for the year ending June 30, 1851, was \$9,234,542—a very pretty sum to pay for that which we could manufacture ourselves.

Marriages in Scotland.—If the number of marriages be an indication of prosperity, then Glasgow is in a thriving way. In the High Church there were, on one recent Sunday, no fewer than seventy-three couples proclaimed.

It should be generally known that a small quantity of vinegar will generally destroy immediately any insect that may find its way into the stomach, and a little salad oil will kill any insect that may enter the ear.

divided between his daughter and son-in-law; the testator bequeathed to the latter his share to compensate him for the loss he sustained on his return from California! The old miser had died in the full belief that Bittles never lost the gold dust.

Agricultural Experiments.

It is the duty of the government to place some well educated men in the position to employ their time and talents in investigating the secrets of nature for the advancement of agricultural and the general good. Agricultural societies, which are instituted for the advancement of science, should especially engage in the preparations of such experiments, and divide the execution of them amongst the several members. Science would have made much greater progress if the false shame with which agriculturists conceal every unsuccessful experiment, and the exaggerated manner in which they often relate all those in which they have succeeded, had not retarded its progress.

We can experiment either by means of simple observation, by examining the subjects and agents placed in relation with each other, and by considering their reciprocal action, and observing its results, or by means of trials or experiments, by placing some well known plants in certain situations determined with precision, observing their reciprocal action, and preventing as much as we possibly can, any foreign or unknown body from influencing the results of our experiments.

A trial is a question addressed to nature; when such a question is properly put, nature will necessarily reply either yes or no. It is only within the last century that the art of making experiments has been clearly apprehended. It is on this art that the principal power of man over the material world is founded, and that power will become more extended in proportion as he brings this art nearer perfection, and carries it in full practice. There is a particular kind of agricultural experiments which have arrived almost to perfection, and which can be regulated with a degree of precision equal to that which is attained in the other practical sciences—these are comparative trials in the open air.

It is true that experiments of this kind are not easily made; but, nevertheless, they are in the power of every reflecting agriculturist. Whoever has accomplished one experiment, whatever may be the peculiarity of the circumstances under which it was made, and has given a faithful account of it, has well contributed to the advancement of science, and consequently to useful practice, and has entitled himself to the gratitude of his cotemporaries and of posterity. It would surpass the power of any single individual to accomplish any considerable number of these experiments, and it could not be expected from him.—*Von Thaer.*

Farmers' Dwellings.

We need a great improvement in this respect—we need a distinctive Rural style of building—comfort and convenience combined with neat and simple elegance. Nothing expensive, gaudy or obtrusive, but graceful in form, chaste in ornament, with quiet neutral colors, sweetly blending with the surrounding green, all breathing the air of peaceful, calm repose on which the eye may rest with pleasure. I would gladly enlarge upon this, did time permit. The houses should not only be sheltered but adorned with trees, none more beautiful than those of our own forests.

A few choice fruit trees of various kinds, with grape and smaller fruits which need but little care, with ornamental shrubs and climbers should be there. None of the adornments of beauty are more graceful or attractive than fragrant and blooming vines around the rustic porch. And let there be a garden, too; it need not be a large one—not the unsightly, neglected patch, sometimes so miscalled, intended for potatoes and cabbages, but a neatly arranged plot for shrubs and flowers, laid out with taste, and kept with care. Cultivate a taste for flowers and teach your children to love them. In doing so you will give them new sources of pleasure—new faculties for enjoyment. And do not deem the time they bestow upon them lost time; it is well bestowed and will yield a rich return, in pure and simple joys, and the cheerful love of home.

From an official statement published by Government, it appears that the total value of the imports of iron for the year ending June 30, 1851, was \$9,234,542—a very pretty sum to pay for that which we could manufacture ourselves.

Marriages in Scotland.—If the number of marriages be an indication of prosperity, then Glasgow is in a thriving way. In the High Church there were, on one recent Sunday, no fewer than seventy-three couples proclaimed.

It should be generally known that a small quantity of vinegar will generally destroy immediately any insect that may find its way into the stomach, and a little salad oil will kill any insect that may enter the ear.

divided between his daughter and son-in-law; the testator bequeathed to the latter his share to compensate him for the loss he sustained on his return from California! The old miser had died in the full belief that Bittles never lost the gold dust.

Agricultural Experiments.

It is the duty of the government to place some well educated men in the position to employ their time and talents in investigating the secrets of nature for the advancement of agricultural and the general good. Agricultural societies, which are instituted for the advancement of science, should especially engage in the preparations of such experiments, and divide the execution of them amongst the several members. Science would have made much greater progress if the false shame with which agriculturists conceal every unsuccessful experiment, and the exaggerated manner in which they often relate all those in which they have succeeded, had not retarded its progress.

We can experiment either by means of simple observation, by examining the subjects and agents placed in relation with each other, and by considering their reciprocal action, and observing its results, or by means of trials or experiments, by placing some well known plants in certain situations determined with precision, observing their reciprocal action, and preventing as much as we possibly can, any foreign or unknown body from influencing the results of our experiments.

A trial is a question addressed to nature; when such a question is properly put, nature will necessarily reply either yes or no. It is only within the last century that the art of making experiments has been clearly apprehended. It is on this art that the principal power of man over the material world is founded, and that power will become more extended in proportion as he brings this art nearer perfection, and carries it in full practice. There is a particular kind of agricultural experiments which have arrived almost to perfection, and which can be regulated with a degree of precision equal to that which is attained in the other practical sciences—these are comparative trials in the open air.

It is true that experiments of this kind are not easily made; but, nevertheless, they are in the power of every reflecting agriculturist. Whoever has accomplished one experiment, whatever may be the peculiarity of the circumstances under which it was made, and has given a faithful account of it, has well contributed to the advancement of science, and consequently to useful practice, and has entitled himself to the gratitude of his cotemporaries and of posterity. It would surpass the power of any single individual to accomplish any considerable number of these experiments, and it could not be expected from him.—*Von Thaer.*

Farmers' Dwellings.

We need a great improvement in this respect—we need a distinctive Rural style of building—comfort and convenience combined with neat and simple elegance. Nothing expensive, gaudy or obtrusive, but graceful in form, chaste in ornament, with quiet neutral colors, sweetly blending with the surrounding green, all breathing the air of peaceful, calm repose on which the eye may rest with pleasure. I would gladly enlarge upon this, did time permit. The houses should not only be sheltered but adorned with trees, none more beautiful than those of our own forests.

A few choice fruit trees of various kinds, with grape and smaller fruits which need but little care, with ornamental shrubs and climbers should be there. None of the adornments of beauty are more graceful or attractive than fragrant and blooming vines around the rustic porch. And let there be a garden, too; it need not be a large one—not the unsightly, neglected patch, sometimes so miscalled, intended for potatoes and cabbages, but a neatly arranged plot for shrubs and flowers, laid out with taste, and kept with care. Cultivate a taste for flowers and teach your children to love them. In doing so you will give them new sources of pleasure—new faculties for enjoyment. And do not deem the time they bestow upon them lost time; it is well bestowed and will yield a rich return, in pure and simple joys, and the cheerful love of home.

From an official statement published by Government, it appears that the total value of the imports of iron for the year ending June 30, 1851, was \$9,234,542—a very pretty sum to pay for that which we could manufacture ourselves.

Marriages in Scotland.—If the number of marriages be an indication of prosperity, then Glasgow is in a thriving way. In the High Church there were, on one recent Sunday, no