The York Herald.

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The York Herald

IS PUBLISHED

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,

BY

ALEXANDER SCOTT,

RICHMOND HILL,

And dispatched to subscribers by the earliest mails, or other conveyance, when so desired.

The YORK HERALD will always be found to contain the latest and most important Foreign and Provincial News and Markets, and the greatest care will be taken to render it acceptable to the man of business, and a valuable Family Newspaper.

TERMS:—One Dollar per annum, IN ADVANCE; if not paid within Two Months, One Dollar and Fifty cents will be charged.

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All advertisements published for a less period than one month, must be paid for in advance.

All transitory advertisements, from strangers or irregular customers, must be paid for when handed in for insertion.

Business Directory.

JNO. D. McCONNELL, M.D.,

GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY,

RESIDENCE—Adjoining Thornhill Hotel.

July 22, 1869. 575-1y

DR. HOSTETTER,

MEMBER OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE Surgeons, England, Residence: North of Richmond Hill, opposite the Elgin House. All calls (night or day) promptly attended to.

Elgin Mills, January 1, 1870. 598

DR. JAs. LANGSTAFF

WILL GENERALLY BE FOUND AT [illegible] 568

JOHN N. REID, M.D.,

COR. OF YONGE AND COLBORNE streets, Thornhill. Consultations in the office on the mornings of Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, from 8 to 10 A.M.

*** All consultations in the office, Cash.

Thornhill, June 9, 1865 1

R. E. LAW,

CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST, RICHMOND HILL.

Physicians prescriptions carefully prepared

Richmond Hill, Dec. 1, 1869. 594-tf

GEO. H. LESLIE & co.,

CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS, COR. of Bloor and Yonge Streets, Yorkville, Dealers in Drugs, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs, Patent Medicines, Perfumery &c.

Yorkville, April 1, 1869. 558-1y

THOMAS CARR,

DEALER IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, Groceries, Wines and Liquors, Thornhill.

By Royal Letters patently has been appointed Issuer of Marriage Licenses.

Thornhill, Feb. 26, 1868.

DRUG STORE IN KLINEBURG.

JACOB YELINSKIE BEGS TO INFORM the Inhabitants of Klineburg and surrounding country that he has opened a Drug Store in the above named place.

All kinds of Herbs and Herb Medicines supplied.

Klineburg, March 1, 1869. 560-tf

MARGACH, ANDERSON & co.,

[Formerly J. L. Margach]

Wholesale and Retail Druggists,

44 King Street East, Toronto,

OFFERS FOR SALE A LARGE AND Varied Assortment of

DRUGS, CHEMICALS,

Paints, Oils, Varnishes!

BRUSHES,

ARTISTS' MATERIAL, &c., &c.,

At Low Rates for Cash.

Call when you visit the city, inspect the stock and learn the prices; we shall feel pleasure in shewing goods whether you purchase or not. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Toronto, July 15, 1869. 550-1y

P. A. SCOTT,

LUMBER MERCHANT & BUILDER, 618 Yonge Street, Toronto.

Doors, Sash, Flooring, Blinds, Sheeting, Mouldings, &c.

All kinds of Building Materials supplied.

Post Office Address—Yorkville.

Toronto, May 18, 1868. 3-m,

PETER S. GIBSON,

PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR, Civil Engineer and Draughtsman.

OFFICE AT Willowdale, on Yonge St., in the County of York.

Orders by letter promptly attended to.

Willowdale, Dec. 15, 1869. 596-1y

Law Cards.

J. N. BLAKE,

BARRISTER, CONVEYANCER, &c.

OFFICE.—Church Street, 2 doors north of King Street, Toronto.

December 29, 1869. 598

WILLIAM MALLOY,

BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c.

OFFICE: No. 78 King Street East, Toronto; over the Wesleyan Book Room.

Toronto, December 2, 1869. 594

DUGGAN & MEYERS,

BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW Solicitors in Chancery, Conveyancers, &c

OFFICE:—Provincial Insurance Buildings, Street, Toronto.

JOHN DUGGAN, Q.C. ADAM H. MEYERS, JR.

Toronto Dec. 24, 1868. 544-1y

READ AND BOYD,

BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW Solicitors in Chancery, &c.

OFFICE—77, King St East, (over Thompson's East India House) TORONTO.

D. B. READ, Q.C. J. A. BOYD, B.A.

May 6, 186 , 52-tf

McNABB, MURRAY & JACKES,

BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW Solicitors in Chancery, Conveyancers, &c

OFFICE—In the Court House, Toronto

August 1, 1865. 95

Licensed Auctioneers.

M. FISHER.

LICENSED AUCTIONER FOR THE County of York, Lot 4, 3rd concession, Vaughan. P. O. Address, Concord. Orders promptly attended to.

Concord, March 15, 1870. 606

HENRY SMELSOR,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER FOR THE Counties of York and Peel, Collector of Notes, Accounts, &c. Small charges and plenty to do.

Laskey, March 2nd 1865 39-1y

FRANCIS BUTTON, JR,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER FOR THE County of York.

Sales attended to on the shortest notice and at moderate rates.. P.O. Address, Buttonville.

Markham, July 24, 1868. 497

[illegible] County of York. Residence lot No. 14. 2nd Con. Vaughan. P. O. Address, Carrville.

All orders left at the "York Herald" office, Richmond Hill, or at the P.O. Maple, will be attended to.

Vaughan, Oct. 10 1867. 1-y

JOHN CARTER,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

FOR the Counties of York, Peel and Ontario. Residence: Lot 8, 6th concession Markham, Post Office—Unionville.

Sales attended on the shortest notice, and on reasonable terms.

Orders left at the "Herald" office for Mr Carter's services will be promptly attended to

June, 27. 1867.

EDW. SANDERSON,

Licensed Auctioneer,

FOR THE

COUNTIES OF YORK AND PEEL.

Residence—Lot 20, rear of 3rd Concession of Markham, P.O. Address—Buttonville.

Parties requiring Mr. Sanderson's services can make arrangements at the HERALD office.

Junuary 4, 1865. 31

TIME! TIME!! TIME!!!

A. L. SKEELE IS PREPARED TO repair Clocks, Watches and Jewelry, at his shop opposite the Grammar Schol, Richmond Hill.

A trial is respectfully solicited.

Richmond Hill, March, 24, 1870. 610

FARMERS' BOOT & SHOE STORE

JOHN BARRON, MANUFACTURER and Dealer in all kinds of Boots and Shoes, 38 west Market Square, Toronto.

☞ Boots and Shoes made to Measure, of the Best Materials and Workmanship, at the Lowest Remunerating Prices

Toronto, Dec. 3, 1867.

RINGWOOD MARBLE WORKS.

P. WIDEMAN, MANUFACTURER OF all kinds of Monuments, Headstone, &c

Call and examine my Stock and Prices before purchasing elsewhere, as you will find it to your interest.

☞ *Issuer of Marriage Licenses.*

Ringwood, Sept, 13, 1867. 497

Card.

N.B.—THE PUBLIC WILL PLEASE take notice that Mr. John Tailor has ceased to collect for John N. Reid, M.D., and that Mr. John Garton, of Thornhill, is authorised to collect for the subscriber until further notice.

JOHN N. REID, M.D.

Thornhill, December 22, 1869. 597

LIBRARY ASSOCIATION,

RICHMOND HILL

THIS ASSOCIATION HAS TRANSferred their Library to the HERALD Book Store, where Stockholders and others may procure Books every Friday afternoon,

A. SCOTT, *Librarian.*

New Firm.

H. SANDERSON & SONS,

CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS,

RICHOMND HILL,

Having purchased the Stock and Interest of R. H. Hall, (late Chemist and Druggist of the same place) have greatly enlarged the old stock and have now on hand a good assortment of

Drugs,	Paints,	Perfumery,
Chemicals,	Oils,	Toilet Soaps,
Medicines,	Varnishes,	Fancy articles

Dye Stuffs, Patent Medicines, and all other articles kept by Druggists generally.

*** Physicians Prescriptions carefully compounded, and all orders attended to with care and despatch,

Farmers and Physicians from the country will find our stock of Medicines complete—warranted genuine—and of the best quality.

Richmond Hill, Nov. 25, 1869. 593,

P. O. SAVINGS BANK.

RICHMOND HILL POST OFFICE.

DEPOSITS OF ONE DOLLAR, (OR any number—not exceeding three hundred dollars by any one depositor,) will be received at the Richmond Hill Post Office, for which Government will allow Interest.

For particulars apply to

M. TEEFY, Postmaster.

*** MR. TEEFY is Government Agent for the sale of

MARRIAGE LICENSES

Office hours: from 6:30 A.M. to 9:30 P.M.

May 4, 1869. 563-tf

GREEN BUSH HOTEL,

215 and 217 Yonge Street, Toronto.

THE FARMERS AND TRAVELLING public will find first-class accomodation at the above House, at low rates. There is an extensive Stable attached, and large covered sheds. An attentive and obliging hostler.

597 J. L. PARKER, *Proprietor.*

GOLDEN LION HOTEL,

YONGE STREET,

NELSON DAVIS, PROPRIETOR.

*** Good Stabling attached. Trusty Hostler always in attendance.

Yonge St, April 7, 1869. 559-1y

MARRIAGE LICENSES

RICHMOND HILL.

M. TEEFY, NOTARY PUBLIC AND Commissioner in B.R., is Government [illegible] for issuing Marriage Licenses in the [illegible]

Office hours—6 A.M. to 9:30 P.M.

Richmond Hill, October 23, 1869.

JAMES BOWMAN,

Issuer of Marriage Licenses,

ALMIRA MILLS,

Markham, Nov 1. 1865. 22

WILLIAM COX,

SUCCESSOR TO JAMES HOLLIDAY, BUTCHER, 2nd door north of G. A. Barnards store, Richmond Hill, keeps always on hand the best of Beef, Mutton, Lamb, Veal, Pork, Sausages, &c, and sells at the lowest prices.

The highest market price given for Cattle, Sheep, Lambs. &c.

Also, Corned and Spiced Beef, Smoked and Dried Hams.

WILLIAM COX.

Richmond Hill, October 15, 1867. 1-y

DENTISTRY.

W. C. ADAMS, D.D.S., 95 King Street East, Toronto, near Church Street, is prepared to wait upon any who need his professional services in order to preserve their teeth, or relieve suffering and supply new teeth in the most approved style. Also to regulate the teeth of those who need it. Consultations free, and all work warranted. June, 1865.

G. H. HUSBAND, L.D.S.

DENTIST, BEGS MOST REfully to anneunce that he will be at

Unionville	1st Monday of each month.	
Weston	9th day	"
Klineburg	16th	"
Burwick	22nd	"
Scarboro'	23rd	"

Where he will be prepared and most happy to wait on those who may require his services,

G. H. H., having had over ELEVEN YEARS' PRACTICE, feels confident of giving entire satisfaction.

To those who have favored him with their patronage in the past he returns his sincere thanks, and to those who may do so in the future, he would say that no endeavor on his part will be wanting to meet their approval.

REFERENCES.—The following gentlemen can, with confidence, recommend G. H. Husband, to all requiring Dental aid: Dr Reid, Thornhill; Dr. Bull, Weston: Dr. D'Evlyn, Burwick; Dr. Corson, Brampton.

RESIDENCE.—Thornhill,

Thornhill September 17, 1868. 1y

J. SEGSWORTH,

IMPORTER OF WATCHES, CLOCKS, and Fine Jewelry, 113 Yonge St., Toronto.

*** Masonic and other emblems made to order.

Toronto April 27, 1866.

Money to Lend.

MONEY TO LEND ON GOOD FARM Security, in Sums to suit applicants.

Apply to

DUGGAN & MEYERS,

Attorneys, Court St.

Toronto, April 1, 1869. 553-3m

GEO. McPHILLIPS & SON,

PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYORS, Seaforth, Ontario.

June 7, 1862. 1

Poetry.

The Printer's Hour of Peace

Know ye the Printer's hour of peace?
Know ye an hour more fraught with joy
Than ever filled the maid of Greece,
When kissed by Venus' amorous boy?

'Tis not when round the mazy case,
His nimble fingers kiss the types,
Nor is it when with lengthened face,
The sturdy devil's tail he gripes.

'Tis not when news of dreadful note
His columns all with minion fill;
'Tis not when brother Printer's quote
The effusions of his stamp-worn quills.

'Tis not when in Miss Fancy's glass
Long advertisements greet his eye,
And seem to whisper as they pass—
"We'll grace your columns by and by."

No, reader, no! the Printer's hour,
His home of real sweet repose,
Is not when by some magic power,
His list of patrons daily grows.

But oh! 'tis when the weather, clear,
Or clad in rain, in hail or vapor,
He hears, in accents soft and dear—
"I've come to pay you for the paper."

Letter from California

GRASS VALLEY, CALIFORNIA,——

DEAR SIR,—I write this before I receive an answer from you for the simple reason that I have nothing else to do. I left that city of stagnation, Sacremento, last Friday afternoon, and got to Colfax Station at six o'clock; after priming up, I got into the stage bound for Grass Valley. I got on the back seat next to a Chinaman; in the middle seat was a real live Yankee, his neice (a good specimen of the strong-minded female), and her cousin, just 'eout'—they were at Colfax to meet him, and, on the road, when not interrupted by 'collisions' caused by eccentric movements of the stage, gave us a complete 'family history,' from gran-dad Shadley down to Jerusha (Maria's last little girl). I was highly edified by the multiplicity of questions asked by the 'strong-minded,' in a rapid sharp tone. The Chinaman, who spoke very good English, seemed utterly confounded and disgusted at the liberty of tongue allowed to females in the country; for when the stage pulled up at the exchange, he jumped out as if a rattlesnake, or an enraged bull-dog were at his heels. As for Uncle Jeb, he sat in despair; it was useless for him to interrogate his 'nefy,' while the 'strong minded' was extracting the news from Cousin Allpeck', the three passengers on the front seat [illegible] sleep; while [illegible] ected a continuous stream of [illegible] juice out of the window. After a [illegible]gh ride, we arrived at Grass Valley [illegible] nine o'clock. I was glad to retire to [illegible]g bed, where I did not sleep very [illegible], as I had confused dreams mixed up with stage coaches, Jerusha Marias, Polly Anns and Bill Hixleys; however, I at last slept the sleep of the weary. The next morning I called upon Mr. Henderson, an old resident of Toronto; he took me around town and introduced me to all the prominent citizens. He has been here for nineteen years and is one of the leading men in the place. He introduced me to a young Dr., just out from Canada, named Hanslan, from Waterloo County, also to Mr. Watts, the principle owner and manager of the Eureda mine, at the end of the street upon which stands the Exchange Hotel. He invited us to inspect the mills and mine; accordingly, in the afternoon, we went down to see this great mine. First we went through the quartz mill—the mine is about 300 feet from the mill—as the quartz is hoisted from the bottom, it is carried on the track to the edge of the mill, where it is dumped over the bank to the crusher; the crusher is an ordinary square box of wrought iron, without a bottom; one side works like a man's jaw in motion; the men in attendance throw the large pieces of rock into its mouth, where it is instantly crushed into small fragments; as the jaw opens the quartz falls to the floor below: we follow it—not the same way—for we go down a pair of stairs into the stamp room—the stamps are simply enormous iron pillars, which are raised by eccentric wheels, and fall with their full weight upon the quartz—crushing it to fine powder; the quartz is thrown into a slide just behind the stamps, where it slides under them into a square wrought iron trough—through which a steady stream of water flows. As these stamps work independently of each other, you may imagine the thundering noise they make—it is impossible to hear a man yelling at the top of his voice; the foreman of the mills explains by signs the working of the machinery. After leaving the stamps the quartz runs down troughs—about the centre and near the end of these troughs are cradles or rollers, which are there for the purpose of keeping the quartz stirred up—or else it would fill them very duickly; after running the length of the building, it falls down into a place exactly like the cooler in a flour mill; the arms of the wheel have brooms attached, to settle and keep the quartz level. After a run of eighteen hours the tank is full, when the water is turned into another until the contents of No 1 are emptied; the tank has about one and a half feet of what looks to be grey sand flecked with brass filings—this is the cloride, namely all the metals in the quartz; it is taken out to the retorts, where all the sulphates are extracted; after being retorted it is carried to the sulphate works—which are a considerable distance from the mill — where it is roasted and all the gold and silver extracted. The ordinary grey sand which is taken out of the tanks is worth about $600 a ton—and it does not take over half a dozen barrow loads to make a ton. After the gold leaves the retort it is in the shape of balls—about the size of a billiard ball. After we had gone through the mill we went to the office, where we were invited to 'recuperate'—we recuperated from a black bottle. As we were talking some men brought in several tin cases filled with 'balls': the propietor asked me if I would like to make a fortune in a hurry? I said that I had no objections. 'Well,' said he, 'just carry one of those boxes across the office and I'll give it to you." I made a lift, but I might as well have tried to lift the mountain—didn't I inwardly wish for the strength of a Samson—but it was no use, I had to give it up after nearly rupturing a blood vessel. I lost $30,000 by not being able to lift 550 pounds.

We now went into the next room to the office to dress for our descent into the bowels of the earth. This individual was adorned with a pair of pants made of coarse canvass, six sizes too large; a coat that would answer for an overcoat for Dr. Reid or Robt. Farris; these elegant habiliments were crowned by a venerable rowdy, whose brim was like a green bay tree—it cast such a shadow—while the roof was studded with ventilators, evidently made by a brick being worn therein by its former owner. My friend the doctor was also metamorphised into a first-class mining dandy. Our toilet completed we wended our way under the charge of the foreman—a stalwarth Cornish man—to the mouth of the mine. We were provided with a wax candle, to give light to us in our search after information; we got on the platform over the mouth of the pitt and sat conversing till the bell should sound 'all right.' The bell sounded, when the light of day suddenly gave place to the light of three candles. Down, down we went swiftly and steadily, until we struck bottom at six hundred feet below the the surface. This mine is worked by a force of 150 men—half in the day for twelve hours and half in the night for twelve hours—there is no stopping until twelve o'clock Saturday night; they begin again at 12 Sunday night. There are four levels in this mine. As we wend our way down 400 feet lower, we pass the miners working in pairs—some of them in cramped a position, doubled up on their knees—one fellow holding the drill, the other working the sledge; it must be laborious work. As we arrived on the last level, a blast was ready to fire—we stepped into a recess until after the ex- [illegible] than described, here we were 1000 feet from the elevator; between it and us, a few pounds of powder ready to tear a hole in the rock—probably to blow the whole concern down, and cut us off from the entrance to the upper world; for the minute before the explosion, I thought that if we should be buried in such a deep grave, in future ages a few skeletons and broken bones would be found to create a discussion among the learned savans—whether those bones were evidences of Pre-Historic Man, or petrified remains of an extinct mammalia who flourished upon the earth before the Deluge. These agreeable reflections were cut-short by a dull boom and a rush of air, announcing that the explosion was over and our means of retreat were all right. We now advanced to the centre of this level and commenced our ascent up a ladder *only* 400 feet—the rungs of which were a quarter of an inch thick with tenacious brown mud; we had to stop frequently to get our wind and rest. I never could appreciate this venerable means of 'getting up stairs'; I thoroughly comprehend it now, and feel a sympathy for those who have to climb it after me—their knees will have to suffer before they get to the top; when we got to the top I was completely knock-kneed. We sat down and waited until the car came down to lift us up to light and happiness, which aforesaid happiness was dispensed in the office, through the medium of the propietor. After indulging in a little talk we proceeded to unrobe and wash; being once more clothed in our right minds, we proceeded to take a farewell 'nip' and 'grip' with the proprietor; who, very kindly, presented us with a specimen worth $5; I put it away as a souvenir of my visit to Eureka Mine.

I suppose by this time, in Canada, you are revelling in snow; here I look out of my window and see the white glistening mountain peaks — which remind me of our own magnificent climate. There is no such thing as climate in this "blawsted" country; here I sit in my shirt sleeves on the 14 day of December, sweltering with heat and "cussing the mosquitoes," while I can see snow before me, but it is a long way up in the clouds. I suppose you have, by this time, inaugurated sleighing parties. I hope you will get up another Bachelor party and send me an invitation, I would willingly go 4000 miles to attend it, if you can send a sleigh to meet me, as they did at a certain party you and I wot of. The old residents (or I should say the "oldest inhabitant"—if such a thing were here, but he usually gets shot twice a year) says this is the most extraordinary winter California has experienced for 15 years: the rainy season should have commenced six weeks ago, but it is dry and hot still. The inhabitants all predict some great evolution of nature, and are continually predicting ruin for San Francisco; they say, if this weather continues, they will be swallowed up by sea or an earthquake. I would like to see a first-class earthquake—from the top of the mounains—viewed as a spectator; no doubt it would be a fearful sight to see the earth on a "Howl"—as a participant it would have its drawbacks; however, I have no particular desire to see this portion of the globe in a state of intoxication, I leave that to its inhabitants, judging from the people in this town, they are continually in a state of "earthquake." This is a beautiful little town of about 5000 inhabitants, but like all mining towns it has had its day. Some six years ago it contained a population of 15,000; but as the surface diggings are used up, the population melts away; within the radius of 5 miles there are 21 mines and twenty mills —these alone support the 5000 people. If they should run out, the town would be no more; but they can be worked for the next four centuries—the deeper they go the richer they are.

Mark Twain has said with superb sarcasm, "That Providence shows his appreciation of riches by the people he gives them to." The richest mine in this state is the "Ellison;" it was, four years ago, owned by three brothers named Ellison —Irish navies—not one of whom could read or write. They sold their mine for two million dollars, and this day I have seen one—the only brother left—wheeling the ore from the mouth of the mine to the mill, as a common laborer. The other two killed themselves by dissipation —the remaining fellow at the mine went "through" his share in less than two years. As a specimen of the way such people treat fortune, I will tell you one or two stories of this fellows doings: He goes to San Francisco with $200,000 in pocket, and gives $20,000 for a set of diamond jewellery to one of his Lady friends, and then he wants a drink, he borrows the dinner-bell of a first-class Restaurant, walks up and down on the sidewalk, and rings away as if he were the steward; after collecting a sufficient crowd, he invites them to drink, throws down a $50 piece on the counter and refuses change. These little eccentricities send him back to the mine a man, where a short time before he was Master.

The men who are the principal owners of the mine of which I have given you an account are people by the name of Watts — and fortunately for themselves are Scotchmen. They don't spree much—they have the national "Christie," itching for the "bawbee;" but, for Scotchmen, they are very liberal gentlemen—always willing to subscribe handsomely for any election, or fourth of July entertainment; but they work in and about their mine, dressed in no different way from the laborer; in fact, you would set them down at once as [illegible] staying, is a party of [illegible] ists, who came up to inspect the mine; they have offered $1,500,000 for it—the offer has not yet been accepted. Then there are two brothers named Coleman, from Toronto, formerly bakers on King St.,—one brother is still in Toronto, he would not come here with his brothers. The Colemans are the principal owners of the "Idahoe," and have refused $1,000,000 for it. These are specimens of the great mining proprietors. The Coleman's are very shrewd men, quite superior to the general run of large and rich miners. I have been doing the town; it is built in the shape of a letter Z; every third house vacant. The distinguished feature of the woman here is "large feet;" girls ten years old, don't take a boot less than "sixes"—grown women in proportion.

In all the towns and cities through which I have passed, I have not seen the equal of our "King Street belles." If you meet a girl with good features, she has not that bright, healthful look of our Canadian girls (God bless them). They look prematurely old, and all carry a wearied look about with them, as if they had no interest in light or life. The only thing that seems to interest them is the approach of a good looking man or woman, who has more gaudy colors and jewellery than themselves. They dress outrageously—in all the colors of the rainbow, regardless of contrast or fitness. I used to think that the Thornhill girls hadn't much taste in dress, but they are "angels ever bright and fair," compared to the people called women in this country. Just imagine a Thornhill girl dressed like a "Californian belle," with a hat as large as the palm of your hand, composed of six different colors; her hair loose and floating down her back, interspersed with bits of quartz and gold nuggets; a jacket of white beaver, slashed with blue, red, black and brown tape; a crimson, or bright yellow dress, a pair of number "tens," with huge bullion tassels flapping against her ankles at every movement of her feet; and a chain as big as a halter, with appendages of a watch as big as a butter plate, and from a half to two pounds of charms, lockets, &c., dangling from it; and, on her hands, a pair of sky-blue kids makes up the ordinary California Lady swell, added to which, she stares every man she meets out of countenance, and if you happen to tread on her dress coming out of church, she does not hesitate to "curse you for a clumsy stag"—regardless of the day or place.

This afternoon I went to see what is supposed to be the largest Sycamore tree in California: it is about as tall as a full grown Canadian elm, but in circumference it would make 20 of them; it is 18 feet in diameter. I asked the man upon whose ranch it is, if it was the Sycamore that Zacheus climbed up? He said, "he didn't know; he never heard that Zacheus owned the ranch; he bought it from Sam Bowles." I turned away to conceal an audible smile. Upon asking him if he had a Bible, he said: "Waal, I think the old woman has one somewhere!" Just then the "old woman" made her appearance at the shanty door, when the man thus accosted her: "Say, old woman, hev you got ary Bible in the house. "Waal," says she, "I hed one, but Susan took it away when she got married." Then turning to me she launched into her family history, and for a half hour I was inflicted with her tongue on this interesting theme, when I said that I had an engagement in town, and bidding them good bye I left. The pith of this family's history is like the mass of the country people in this state: they came here twenty years ago, during the gold excitement, passed through all the vicissitudes of a pioneer's life, and now, in their old age, after twenty years of incessant toil, are not as well off as when they left a good home in Vermont; their children have grown up in ignorance of all that constitutes the means of rendering life enjoyable, fit only for hewers of wood and drawers of Quartz in the mine. These people are a fair sample of California farmers. You will hear the talking oracles in the cities say: The people that formed this State were the flowers of the world; strong-willed, strong-limbed, young men—men who had the courage and energy to carve out new homes for themselves in this distant land. Alas! the parrots, they cannot see before or behind them; these "dauntless young men, the hope of fond parents, the pride of their sisters, where are they to-day?" Who knows? some shot, some stabbed, others hung, the rest fill graves in lonely mountains; worn by excessive labor; killed by disappointed hopes; crushed by fever and their own mad passion, they fill nameless graves. The people that now inhabit this land are a different set; commerce, in a great measure, has now taken the place of the mad exciting search for gold in the mountain gorges; they sit in their stores and offices and talk as if they were the men who first made and settled the Pacific States.

On Sunday I went to the Episcopal church—it put me in mind of Thornhill, the services were so much like it, the congregation is very small—about the same as ours. I told Mrs. Anderson, the wife of the Rector, that I would like to become acquainted with some of the girls of the town. She told me to step in on Tuesday night. I accordingly stepped in, and found no less than nine of the aristocracy—in the shape of nine girls—ranging from sweet sixteen to twenty-five; two of them were very pretty, one of them, Miss Annaker, the living of image of Miss ——, at Thornhill. I got up a desperate flirtation [illegible] locks. Photographs, I bid a heart-rending farewell to Grass Valley. I sent my luggage to Maryszille by stage, and determined to tramp over the mountains to that interesting town, 36 miles off. I started about two o'clock, on Thursday afternoon, whistling "do they miss me at home." After walking until 7 o'clock on a brilliant moonlight night, I came to an hotel, and found to my intense satisfaction that I was ten miles out of the road; I had walked twenty-two miles and was pretty well used up; for walking up and down the mountains in a hot sun during the day, and a heavy mist by night, has a tendency to fatigue the body. I stayed at the hotel all night, and on the following morning I got the right road to Marysville, which I kept until I arrived there, hungry and tired.

Singers and Singing.

The character of the voice depends greatly on the physical organization. It is modified by the size and shape of the mouth, as well as the manner of using it. If a woman's mouth be small, and her lungs weak, her singing voice will sound like cooing, if her mouth be small and her lungs powerful, her voice will resemble hooting, making a hollow sound like that produced by blowing into the narrow neck of a large bottle, if her mouth and throat are both very large, her voice will have a twang like that of a negress, and approach a masculine tenor. It may not have been generally observed that, in proportion as any race of mankind is cultivated and civilized, the difference in the physical power of the two sexes is widened. The male and female of the African race are more nearly equal in bodily strength than the white man and woman. I have heard a negro man and woman singing together, and as I did not see them, I could not determine whether the duet was performed by two of the same sex or otherwise. The voice of a negro of either sex, however, has in all eases, a twang peculiar to that race. It might be imitated by singing through a widely flaring tin funnel. The length and size of the neck produces important modifications of the voice. Soprano singers, for the most part, have short necks and high shoulders. Women with very long necks and sloping shoulders have contr-alto voices almost without exception. Hence we may explain a fact which often excites surprise—that many tall and slender women have a low and deep-toned voice, which should be distinguished, however, from one of a masculine character. A symmetrical form of the neck and shoulders produces the mezzo-soprano, or middle voice, which its the most agreeable. All these different conformations of the mouth and frame give the voice its physiolgical character, which is also very considerably modified by temperament.

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