

*California, In Doors and Out; or, How we Farm, Mine, and Live generally in the Golden State. By Eliza W. Farnham.*

Mrs. Farnham speaks with authority, for she roughed it as a settler, and now details her experience. She seems to have suffered much, but to have had courage and energy which placed her above the trials and disappointments to which she was naturally exposed. She had a cheerful heart that could not be subdued. She struggled stoutly, and put her trust in God. She laboured incessantly on her so-called farm, fulfilled many offices, and did the work of half-a dozen men. A farming life was no easy one in a country where a man has to turn his cattle loose in a field of a million acres, and in the morning has a tour of perhaps several miles before he is able to gather them for yoke or harness. The amusing incidents of such a life are many. Thus we find that, on a certain Saturday evening, "One of the waggoners, after discharging his last load, politely sent in a message that he was to preach to-morrow, and would be happy to see us among his audience." One of the richest farmers of the country is an individual who was migrating, with his oxen, to Oregon, but whose cattle, choosing to go south instead of north, he reluctantly followed, and found Fortune in consequence. When a sufficient time has elapsed to allow this incident to belong to a mythological period, the poets will, perhaps, make something of the fact; as they may of the incidents of the twenty days between the abrogating of the Mexican law and the establishment of the legal code of the States. During this period there was no legal responsibility to the commonwealth, and even murder, for the time, riot with impunity. There are other drawbacks even now, especially to the farmer. His crop, if late sown, is exposed to be destroyed by millions of grasshoppers. And there are lively troubles within as well as without. On one occasion, Mrs. Farnham went in from the field to the house, to learn how the governess was getting on with the children, whereupon "Miss Sampson" informed her that she had just killed fifty-seven fleas," besides twenty in Charlie's bed!" But, four or five years ago, emigrant ladies who worked hard could enjoy delicious slumbers in spite of the fleas; or, indeed, of anything else. Our indefatigable authors, for instance, made nothing of going to bed in a room with a miscellaneous set of chamber companions, from whom nothing divided her but "the curtain of irresistible sleep." She was equally independent when awake, and wore all sorts of costumes, the *Bloomer* included, suitable to her rough work and uncertain season of the year.

#### THE CALIFORNIA YANKEE.

"The California Yankee is the New England Yankee, with all his peculiar power centupled. All his sharpness is sharpened; all his cuteness is more 'cute. If he belonged to the wooden nutmeg genus in New England, he will manufacture gold beads here; if he could blow a fife on training days, he will be a professor of music here; if he have built a pig sty or kennel at home, he will be a master-builder in California. If he have been six months at a public school, and lumbering the rest of his life, he would become a candidate for the throne, if there were an elective one in the country to be filled; and, if successful, would whittle out a tolerably smart coronation speech, or failing, he would go to hear his competitor's, and guess pretty shrewdly how he would get along. In the choice of

his occupation, he considers its lucrative-ness first, and the *chances* apart from that. These he is always looking out for. He has a wide range of pursuits, and employments to choose from. The professions are open to him, if he can read and write; and every office in his county, if its population is pretty fairly mixed of eastern people. He may keep a monte table, sell strong drink, be treasurer of moneyed associations, or quartz companies, in short, he may be anything that he has the power or the wish to be, but he is always the Yankee. Always under the legitimate occupation is covered something else—some 'spec'—from which great results are hoped; some scheme or schemes, that will scarcely bear examination by daylight, to fill up the intervals of attending to his regular business, or bear him company to and from his restaurant and drinking saloon. Maturing these he thrusts his hands deeper into his pockets, is more vigorously attentive to his tobacco, and quite energetic in his enjoyment of the national recreation with the knife. When these symptoms are observable, it behoves Mr. Smith, Mr. Brown, or Mr. White, if they are trading with him, to consider well what they are doing, while they, perhaps, are working their way, with equal industry, into somebody else's pocket."

#### FIRESIDE CONVERSATIONS.

"One day at dinner, I was late at table, and found her sitting with a lady friend and one or two others. She was telling her friend that she had been 'dreadfully disappointed' within a few days. She had heard from an acquaintance at home whom she had been expecting out here, and he was going to England instead. 'You see,' she said, 'he's an Englishman and has been the Queen's best friend afore he come to Meriky, but when the *Ingins* drove her off her throne, she advised him to come to Missouri; and now the *Ingins* has been beat, and she's got back, so she wrote for him and he's gone.'—'My gracious,' said the astonished auditor, 'I didn't know as there was any *Ingins* where the Queen is.'—'Yes, indeed,' replied she who is now mistress of that mansion, 'there's plenty on 'em, but they're best clear out now, and never'll fight again, I reckon.' A lady was one day paying me a visit, and in the course of her talk accused me of going too little into society. I replied in my blant, foolish way, that there was none to go into.—'O, I beg your pardon, said my visitor, 'If you have not been out here for some time, you'll find things is greatly *metamorphosist*; there's a circle of the *real elite* that meets every fortnight at Mrs. So-and-So's, and we have delightful times. You really ought to go. You'd enjoy yourself very much. It's so refreshing to be in coesseece with your neighbours in a strange land!" But pretension is not confined to females. I loaned Combe's "Physiology" to a gentleman who requested the perusal of it, and he returned it in due time, with the remark, that he didn't consider the *treaty* to be as deep as *Laywater* was on the same subject; and lighter writings coming under remark in the course of the visit, he replied to a question by Geordie, if he had read the 'Last of the Mobican,' that he had not, but he had been very much pleased with the First!"

#### A QUIET HANGING.

"A gentleman told me that news was one day accidentally brought to the locality where he was mining, that a man who had committed a robbery in a neighbouring camp, or diggings, some two miles away,

had been arrested and was to be hanged: It created no excitement; drew nobody from their employment; but, being himself somewhat curious in such things, he walked over to the spot, and found several miners gathered near some trees talking very quietly in little groups. Not knowing any one, and wishing to have the criminal pointed out to him, he inquired of a person who was standing a little apart, which was the man they were about to hang; to which he replied, without the slightest change of countenance: "I believe it's me, sir!" Half an hour after, he was suspended from a bough of a tree, and the little community dispersed to their respective suppers, without the smallest demonstration."

#### THE LOG-LINE AND THE VELOCIMETRE.

For nearly three hundred years, the nautical commerce of the world has been measuring its trackless pathway over the ocean, by the aid of the reel, log, and line. So completely have the habits of the commercial world become wedded to this mode of mensuration, that its presence on ship-board has been regarded as scarcely less essential than the binnacle and magnet, and of quite as much importance as the instruments for observation. The line forming the ground-work of *dead reckoning* at sea, it cannot be a matter of surprise, that any innovation upon the use of this time-honoured custom, must be attended with demonstrations of doubt, by a large portion of the nautical fraternity of the commercial world. However startling the announcement, or strange the circumstance which gave rise to the necessity of a more reliable mode of lineal admeasurement at sea, it will not be regarded as less surprising by the mariner, to learn that the days of the log-line and reel; with its attendant glass, are numbered, and must give place to the developments of genius as exhibited in the introduction of the *Velocimetre*, for determining the speed of vessels, the effects of which we have recently witnessed. The simple fact of being able to determine accurately, the actual speed of a vessel, at any moment, by simply looking at the dial, is perhaps too much to ask the nautical fraternity to give credence, and yet such are the wants, and we may with pleasure add, such are the facts. The *Velocimetre* is no longer a problem for solution, but a demonstrated truth, which prejudice cannot obliterate or ignorance set aside. By the aid of science, mechanical genius has devised a mode of mensurating this lubric element on ship-board, at once reliable, determinate, and beyond the insinuations of probability.—*U. S. Naval Journal.*

#### NAPLES.

The *Siabian Mercury* quotes a letter from Naples, asserting that shortly after the execution of Milano, the man who attempted the King's life, a party of armed men proceeded to the cemetery during the night; overpowered the guards, exhumed the body of the criminal, placed it in a coffin, and carried it on board a vessel, keeping a strict watch over the guards until their purpose was accomplished.

The *Post's* Paris correspondent states that the latest news from Naples says that a discovery had been made of a plot to blow up the royal palace. The streets at night are now in darkness; as the authorities have ordered the gas to be turned off, fearing an explosion. Great consternation reigns among all classes, and as soon as it is dark the sea is seen in the streets.