O TO BED.

THOMAS FREEMAN.

[illegible] in man,
[illegible] me plan;
[illegible], unkind,
[illegible] with my mind,
[illegible] my pen
[illegible] e and then
[illegible] me world to be
[illegible] nd of vanity—
[illegible] is were mockery—

[illegible] ough my head there darts a pain,
[illegible] seems an interesting bane;
[illegible] friends their patronage withhold
[illegible] creditors become too bold,
[illegible] o not in seclusion mourn,
[illegible] nd curse the hour that I was born—
I go to bed.

When direful news comes o'er the sea,
Or Smith and Jones cannot agree;
When bank securities decline,
And spurious stuffs are sold for wine,
I do not with an awful sigh
Express the wish that I might die—
I go to bed.

When boys refuse to study Greek,
Write moral essays, practice, speak;
When girls of fourteen flirt and lace,
And like frivolities embrace;
I do not on high heaven call
For one to write our country's fall—
I go to bed.

When some D. D. deserts his creed,
And quack their mangy victims bleed;
When editors write sharp replies,
And moneyed men keep back supplies,
I do not then in prose or verse
Implore the gods mankind to curse—
I go to bed

When couples marry in great haste,
And servants pilfer, fret and waste;
When general courts their terms prolong—
In short, when things get somewhat wrong—
I do not bite my lips and scowl
And at the children snap and growl—
I go to bed.

I go to bed and soundly sleep,
While friendly angels vigil keep;
But if, however, I awake,
Before my ailments me forsake,
I do not of my life complain,
But try the remedy again—
I back to bed.

Ye who have griefs—and who has not?
Let past prescriptions be forgot.
My panacea for aid and young,
Is given in the English tongue.
It hath to untold millions brought
Sweetest relief, nor cost them aught,
And now if you, like these would be
From every pain and trouble free,
Light a small lamp and come with me—
I go to bed.

The Disguised Heiress.

Miss Vernon sat at her window, plunged in deep thought. She was an heiress, prepossessing in appearance, and naturally had suitors in plenty. Among them she made a choice of William Winsor, and in a few weeks they were to be married.

William was engaged in the wholesale clothing business, and had the reputation of a sharp, active man of business. Nothing had come to the ears of Miss Vernon until the day before. A poor woman had come to the door in evident poverty, and asked for relief. On being questioned, she said she had been employed in making shirts at twelve cents a piece, for wholesale dealers; that after making a dozen and carrying them to the store, she had been roughly told that they had been spoiled, and nothing would be paid for her work, but that she could have some more if she would agree to do them better. She added that this was one of the small ways in which the firm made money out of poor women, by pretending that work was unsatisfactorily done, when really no fault could be reasonably found with it.

"Only a dollar and forty cents for a week's work!" exclaimed Miss Vernon in dismay.

"That's all," said the poor woman.

"How then do you live?"

"It can hardly be called living. It's just keeping body and soul together," said the poor woman.

"And who is this extortioner that offers you starvation wages and then defrauds you of even them?" asked Miss Vernon, indignantly.

"William Winsor."

"Who?" demanded Miss Vernon, quickly.

"William Winsor."

"I can hardly believe this. I know the gentleman."

"It is true, and if you will investigate this matter you will find it to be so."

"I will investigate the matter. Here are five dollars for your present needs. Come here to-morrow at this time, and I may have some work for you to do.

The poor woman departed, invoking blessings upon the heiress.

"I will look into this," said Margaret Vernon, resolutely, "and if it proves true, the engagement between William Winsor and myself shall be broken."

"Nancy," said Miss Vernon, the next morning to the chambermaid, "have you an old dress and cloak and bonnet that you can lend me?"

"I have got some that are so poor that I am not going to wear them again," said Nancy, surprised at such an enquiry.

"Will you lend them to me?"

"Of course, miss; but what would the likes of you want of such old clothes?"

"A little fun that is all," said Miss Vernon, "I am going to disguise myself and see if I can't deceive somebody."

With this explanation, Nancy was content, and produced the clothes. Miss Vernon put them on, and in addition borrowed of another of the servants a thick veil somewhat the worse for wear, and then set out on her mission. No one could have recognized the usually elegantly dressed heiress, Miss Margaret Vernon.

Miss Vernon slipped out of the basement door, and took her way to a large store on which was inscribed the name William Winsor, in large gilt letters. She entered, and after a while a clerk spoke to her in a rough voice, saying

"Well, what do you want?"

"I want some work," she said in a low voice.

"We can give you some shirts."

"Anything.

"Can you sew well?"

"I think so.

"At any rate, we will try you."

A hali dozen shirts were given to Miss Vernon, and she was informed that if satisfactorily done, she would be paid twelve cents a piece. These she carried home, slipping in at the the back door.

Two hours later the poor woman called.

"Here are some shirts to make," said Miss Vernon.

"Why, they are the same kind as I have been making," said the woman in surprise.

"That is true, and they came from the same place."

"Am I to take them there?"

"No, you will bring them here. I will pay for the work when done double the price you have been receiving."

"Thank you, miss; you are very kind."

"Sew them as neatly as possible. I wish to see if will be rejected as poor work."

"Yes Miss Vernon, I will take pains with them."

Three days later the poor woman returned with the work completed. Miss Vernon paid for them, and requested her to call the next day.

"Nancy," said the heiress, after her *protege* had departed, "I wish to borrow your old clothes again."

"Certainly, miss," said Nancy, "if it is not ashamed you are, to appear in such rags."

"No one will know me, Nancy."

"Sure miss, you can take them whenever you like."

"I don't think I shall need them again Nancy, but I thank you all the same."

Not long afterward Miss Vernon, in her shabby disguise, entered the establishment of William Winsor, with the bundle of shirts under her arm. She went to the counter and laid them down.

"What have yougot there?" demanded a pert young clerk.

"Some work, sir," said Miss Vernon, humbly.

"Well, why don't you open the bundle?" said the young man picking his teeth with his knife.

Miss Vernon did so.

The young man deigned to tumble over the shirts, glancing at them carelessly.

"Shocking! shocking!" he said.

"What is the matter, sir?"

"They are wretchedly sewed. That's what's the matter. How do you expect we are going to sell such shirts as these?"

"I am sure I thought they were well done," said Miss Vernon.

"You thought, did you?" repeated the clerk mocking her. "I think differently, and thats all about it. We shan't pay you for these shirts. They will have to be sold at a loss."

"But what shall I do?" asked Miss Vernon, in evident distress.

"That's your business, not mine. Well, try you once more, and give you another half-dozen shirts. If they are done better you will be paid for them."

To the imagination of the clerk, who was not used to such independence in the poor women who worked for the establishment, Miss Vernon took the shirts to another part of the counter, where she saw William Winsor himself.

"Mr. Winsor," she said, "your clerk will not pay me for these shirts; he says they are not well done."

Mr. Winsor took one and pretended to examine it.

"No it [illegible] done. We can't pay you for [illegible] may have another bundle, [illegible] are satisfactory; you will then [illegible]

"Didn't I [illegible] so?" said the clerk triumphantly. "Now how much did you gain by that operation."

"More than you think perhaps," said Miss Vernon, quickly.

"Do you want any more work?"

"No I don't wish any," said she, coldly.

"You are on your high horse, are you? Miss Vernon until the day before. A poor woman had come to the door in evident poverty, and asked for relief. On being questioned, she said she had been employed in making shirts at twelve cents a piece, for wholesale dealers; that after making a dozen and carrying them to the store, she had been roughly told that they had been spoiled, and nothing would be paid for her work, but that she could have some more if she would agree to do them better. She added that this was one of the small ways in which the firm made money out of poor women, by pretending that work was unsatisfactorily done, when really no fault could be reasonably found with it.

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"More than you think perhaps," said Miss Vernon, quickly.

"Do you want any more work?"

"No I don't wish any," said she, coldly.

"You are on your high horse, are you? Well, you can't have it.

The evening was one on which William Winsor usually spent with his betrothed. When he was announced he went forward warmly, as usual, to greet Miss Vernon. She drew back coldly, and did not offer her hand to clasp his.

"What is the matter Margaret he asked surprised and startled.

"My hand has taken yours for the last time, Mr. Winsor," said Margaret.

"Good heavens what is the meaning of all this? I can't understand it."

"I cannot take the hand of one who grows rich by defrauding poor women out of their scanty earnings.

"Who says so of me? Some one has been slandering me. Confront me with my accuser. There is some mistake here."

"I will do as you desire. Wait five minutes.

Miss Vernon left the room and soon returned in her disguise. The young man strode up to her angrily.

"Are you the one who slandered me to Miss Vernon?" he demanded.

"I told her the truth."

The young man reflected. Violent contradiction he saw would not avail him; he would try another course.

"Hark you," he said in a low voice, "there was a mistake. I will make it up to you richly. I will give you ten dollars on the spot, and all the work you want at double rates if you will tell Miss Vernon that it was all a mistake."

"Too late, Mr. Winsor," said the veiled figure, throwing up her veil and showing the contemptuous face of Margaret Vernon. "Your bribe is offered in vain. Good-evening, sir."

Confused and astonished, William Winsor found his way to the door, and has never ventured to enter the house of the heiress since.

A Machine for Creating Cold Air

Professor Grange, who is now in San Francisco, has discovered a machine which he claims will do away with ice in the preservation of meats and other perishable exports going at sea. He says that by a complicated process a sheet of ice can be made on a skating rink of the largest size, and fresh ice constantly formed which can be maintained in the hottest weather, of course in a building. On the steamers which cross the Atlantic with fresh beef [illegible] it is found necessary to use [illegible] to eight tons of ice to keep the [illegible] are of the huge refrigerator [illegible] preserve the meat. Professor [illegible] s that his machine will occupy [illegible] space than is taken by about ten [illegible] ice. No ice whatever is necessary in this process keeping the temperature of the room in which the meat is stored as low a degree as may be desired, or is desirable, keeping the meat frozen. By this process he claims Californians can ship fruit, vegetables, butter, etc., all over the country, arriving at its destination in as good a condition as when shipped. If the railroad companies should be extortionate in their rates of freight, fruit could be shipped via [illegible] with great facility. He claims that the use of his invention will make such a thing as hot air in a mine [illegible] unknown. He can place a machine at the mouth of a shaft and keep the temperature of the mine, on any or all levels, as cool as may be desired, and thus entirely remove one of the greatest obstacles encountered in deep mining.

It is to Climp's the people go for truly artistic photography—for genuine likenesses. This is the one thing needed—thorough likeness in combination with artistic finish—13 Charlotte street, Jack's building.

HEAR BOTH SIDES.

Yonder speaker gains your ear!
He seems right, there's no denying;
Yet, my friend, before replying,
Hear both sides, to make it clear!

Each one thinks his cause is just,
Be he titled lord or minion!
Prides himself on his opinion,
Takes his story first on trust.

List! a weeping wife has "wrongs,"
[illegible]
Lend you favor her petition,
Find out where the blame belongs.

Hear both sides, if you would save,
Wedded hearts in their probation.
Jealousy may have foundation
Cold and "cruel as the grave!"

Judge no man by what you hear
From the tongues that dare assail him.
Power to contradict may fail him,
Or to save the name he'd bear.

As you meet the human tides,
Pause, my friend, ere you pass sentence,
Lest, too late, you feel repentance,
In all cases—hear both sides.

Written for the WEEKLY HERALD.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A TRIP TO CALIFORNIA.

BY NOW AND THEN.

(Continued.)

We remained at Acapulco only a few hours, merely long enough to obtain a fresh supply of coal, when the anchor was weighed, and again in motion, out again upon the waters of the great Pacific. We had no sooner got fairly under way when there was quite an exciting time among the passengers, in consequence of the detection of a modest youth on board, who had, during the trip to this point, amused himself by appropriating several articles to his own use, which happened to be the property of a number of his more honest fellow-passengers. He was an innocent looking individual, but [illegible] an eager and a nipping air about him. Those who had lost anything bore their losses meekly, not knowing who to suspect, for we were entire strangers to each other previous to embarking on our voyage from New York. Fortunately had nothing of any value lying around loose and consequently knew nothing of these side issues until the interesting youth was captured indulging in his evil propensities. It was quite a lively scene while it lasted. Those who had had valuables felt they were highly injured, and as there were no zealous policemen around they came to the conclusion they would take the law into their own hands. They felt inclined to throw the poor unfortunate overboard; and do all manner of strange things with him. He was very reluctantly compelled to disgorge the contents of two huge carpet sacks which he had contrived to fill with a variety of articles on his travels. He must have had very little of his own when he had started, for nearly every article of his varied collection was claimed and handed over to his fellow-passengers. Poor fellow, he looked sad and lonely, the very picture of despair, as all his ill-gotten goods were confiscated and silently taken from him, and he quietly stood upon the steamer's deck a bankrupt community, an object of scorn and derision. It was perhaps his intention upon his arrival in San Francisco, if his well laid plans had not been thus frustrated, to establish himself in a one-horse variety business; but cruel fate decreed to decide. What became of him afterwards I know not and care not about the miserable wretch with his taking ways. Very early on the morning of the 2nd of June we entered the harbor of Manzanillo, another Mexican port of less importance than Acapulco. The situation is somewhat the same in order as the latter place. There appeared to be only a few dwellings of any pretensions in the place, the remainder being the humbler abodes which are merely huts occupied by the poorer classes. A noticeable feature of the water in the harbor was its remarkable clearness, it being as transparent as glass. Nearly every specimen of the finny tribe found in that latitude were disporting themselves in a lively manner around the ship, and the pebbly sand bottom—many fathoms below was as visible as if it were a babbling brook in-stead of a deep and capacious harbor. We remained at Manzanillo a short time, just long enough to get rid of some freight and a few passengers, and after receiving an exchange for these animate and inanimate commodities, we speedily made our exit out of the place; and after steaming along for a couple of hours we reached the point where the ill-fated steamer "Golden Gate," a few years previous, was destroyed by the devastating element of fire, on her voyage from San Francisco to Panama, with a large amount of passengers and treasure destined for the Atlantic states and Europe. On the beach, a couple of leagues distant from us, was the shattered and charred remains of the unfortunate steamer. What a sad and melancholy reflection it was to think of the many human beings who perished in that dreadful calamity. Many a poor fellow who had toiled for years amid the gorges and ravines of the Golden Land, enduring many privations, toils and fatigues, in order to acquire a competence, was returning home, with a light heart and cheerful step to his friend and kindred to enjoy with them the golden fruits of his industry, acquired by many [illegible] forced in that turning and heartrending hour to cast all aside in order to save his life. Some succeeded by a desperate effort in reaching the shore in safety, while many of them clung madly, wildly, in that fatal moment to the fragments of their homes, till sinking beneath the surface with the wild waves of Neptune's great ocean chanting their requiem, as it closed over their human frames forever in this world of care and sorrow. As an epilogue to this scene of thrilling memory, on board our ship, there was a human being heaving her last sigh, breathing her last breath on this sublunary sphere. She had embarked with her mother at New York, a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked girl, but the eye had lost its lustre and the bloom had fadded from the cheek. At this stage of our journey she sickened and died. She was encased in a stout canvas bag with a weight attached, the disconsolate mother was wailing the loss of her much loved offspring. The burial services was read amid the profound silence, and the blanched cheeks of the passengers, and "so nobody's darling" was cast into the sea while her spirit had winged its flight to that "undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns." But the world moves, and our voyage was speedily drawing to a close, the few remaining days being barren of incident, "dull, stale, flat, and unprofitable," nothing much to break the dull monotony of such a life. If I may except an occasional descendant of the huge fish that swallowed Prophet Jonah, coming to the surface like any other whale to blow, and then and there we had an impromptu performance encounter among some of the ugly-looking fellows, their pumps of remarkably fine proportions being developed in these latitudes. On the 6th of June, [illegible] we [illegible] Francisco, and I was soon [illegible] "terra firma" after being confined, cabined and confined" for twenty-three days within the fair walls of an ocean steamer. Although I was prepared to see something of a city, I was rather surprised to see such a fine city and one of such importance as San Francisco proved to be, the sudden growth of which was something more than ordinary, when we take into consideration that six years ago it was in her infancy. The stranger entering for the first time through the Golden Gate and looking on the scene presented to his view must be somewhat surprised, when he reflects that only a few years ago it was a mass of barren sand hills, the only dwellings being the humble huts of the native Spanish Americans who were then "monarchs of all they surveyed," little thinking they were the inhabitants of a tract of country destined at an early day to be the site of a magnificent city and one of the great centres of commerce. The population of San Francisco in 1847 was only 459 souls. Gold was discovered in 1848. Then commenced the great rush to the country from every quarter of the globe in search of wealth, and when I arrived there I saw a fine city with many splendid buildings and beautiful streets, a noble bay and harbor studded with shipping of every description with the flags of every nation flying to the breeze. In 1860 the population had increased according to the census to 65,000, and five years later it was certainly double that amount, which will give you a faint idea of the wonderful growth of the Queen City of the Pacific Slope. The climate of San Francisco is somewhat peculiar. During eight months of the year there is no rain, every thing is dry and dusty; the earlier portion of each day is beautiful, but nearly every afternoon the cruel trade winds which blow continually during the summer months from the same quarter, raises a disagreeable dust to the great annoyance of pedestrians and all whose business calls them forth upon the streets. The winter season is by far the most pleasant portion of the year—there are no winds, no ice, nor snow. Sometimes the rain comes down in torrents; apart from that the atmosphere is clear and balmy, and while cities in the same latitude on the Atlantic Seaboard are clad in robes of snow and old Boras whistles his shrill blasts in this portion of the world, there the trees are evergreen and the climbing vines blossom at the door. The population of San Francisco I found to be composed of all classes and phases of society, the foreign element greatly preponderating. There could be seen persons from every portion of the globe, of every creed and color, and I really think there are as many languages spoken on the streets as was ever heard at the tower of Babel. Of all the foreign element none, perhaps, would interest a stranger more than the representatives of the Celestial Empire. It is said there are about 80 000 Chinese in the State of California, not to speak of those in the adjoining States and territories. The majority of them reside in San Francisco, are engaged in different pursuits, some of them being very wealthy. They deal principally among the [illegible] and import largely from China. The greater number of them came to California for the express purpose of amassing wealth as quickly as possible, and then leave the country, taking with them all they have accumulated, thereby draining the country of much of its resources. They will not even allow their deceased brethern to remain there, having a large vault in "Lone Mountain Cemetry," where they inter their dead for a time until an opportunity offers to send them back to their own Flowery Kingdom, where they are re-interred in Celestial soil. Far away from all outside barbarians, as they choose to term all that are not of their race and kindred. During my stay there I visited their pagan temples and saw them go through their various forms of idolatrous worship in their own strange manner, also their theatres, restaurants, gambling saloons and places of business, in order to see as much of their habits and customs as possible; and a person who would take a stroll in the locality where they most do congregate, what with their dress and queer language, together with a strong smell of opium, you would almost come to the conclusion that you were walking the streets of Shanghai or Canton instead of those of a city under the protecting wing of the Star Spangled Banner. I remained in San Francisco two weeks, waiting like Micawber for something to turn up; I was somewhat disappointed. I found the avenues to wealth not open and the vessel of life literally choked up with a very large amount of people seeking employment, and I came to the conclusion I would push my way into the interior. On a pleasant Saturday afternoon I found myself on the deck of the steamer Yosemite, bound for Sacramento, the Capital of the Golden State. What little I saw of the river as the darkness came upon us did not impress me very highly with its beauty; it is a very crooked and narrow stream, the water being almost level with the banks on either side, and as far as the eye could reach waving fields of wheat extended for miles over the broad and level plain. At an early hour on Sunday morning, I awoke and found myself in Sacramento, 125 miles from San Francisco. In the early days of California when the mining fever raged in such a great extent, when fortunes were made in a short time, and lost again in wild speculations, or at the gambling table in the wild whirl of vice and dissipation, Sacramento was the leading city of the Pacific Coast, rivaling San Francisco in wealth and importance; first losing its prestige by a destructive fire which almost wiped it out, then the State Capital being rebuilt, a disastrous freshet deliberately washed the river's banks, [illegible] with its fair proportions, [illegible] it settled down to a quite town of 12,000 inhabitants. It is very level, built on a plain extending many miles on every side; its green and in some places barren looking surface reaching to the base of the snow-clad summits of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. The streets run parallel to each other, the buildings are low and flat-roofed. A level was constructed at an immense cost, around the city to protect it from the flooding waters that occur during the winter season, when the rains swell the river to such an extent as to make it rise several feet above low water mark. During the mornings and evenings the weather is quite pleasant, but in the middle of the day it is fearful hot, the thermometer ranging away up to a hundred and more in the shade. Still while it is extremely warm, cases of sunstroke seldom or ever occur, the heat not being of that oppressive nature that is usually experienced in the Eastern cities, the atmosphere being so clear and pure that nothing of that nature is to be dreaded by the inhabitants. I succeeded in obtaining employment, at a fair salary, but I felt so anxious at that time to make a rapid fortune that I came to the conclusion that I would again try my fortunes in San Francisco; the climate and the people of the latter place being more congenial to my ideas. After a few months sojourn at the Capital, I retraced my steps to the Golden City, where I resided for four years and a half, having during that time seen many stately structures, (commercial and otherwise,) rear their fair proportions along her busy marts of trade; witnessed the inauguration of a great many public and important enterprises; run the gauntlet of two very severe shocks of earthquake, that shook the young but noble city from centre to circumference, bringing death to a few and consternation to all, filling the breasts of the wicked inhabitants with well deserved fear and alarm for their preservation; likewise become familiar with its broad and gay thoroughfares, and the faces of its eccentric and prominent citizens; saw Charles Kean and Edwin Forrest playing on the boards of Maguire's Opera House, and Deery, Dion, Rudolph, and other famous knights of the billiard cue play their favorite game. In short, during the period of which I write I became fully initiated into the many mysteries of life in a great city. I awoke one fine morning in November and found myself among the army of unemployed that are anxious to be met with in that ever-overcrowded city. Othello's occupation was gone, sure enough, and I thought at once of returning to the friends of my youth, the home of my childhood; but the hostile climate of this cold region had quite a chilling effect on my ideas, and after a little reflection I came to the conclusion that I would shake the dust of San Francisco off my feet for a while and take a look at some other portions of the Pacific Coast. Luckily I encountered on the following day, (which happened to be Thanksgiving,) an old and trusty friend of mine, who informed me that he was going to start the next day for Mendeveine, one of the Northern Coast Counties, of California, where he had a good position, and as he pressed me very earnestly to accompany him, I immediately concluded that I would travel. On Friday morning, November 19th, 1869, I was on board the neat little steamer, "Robert Clinton," lying at Valley Street Wharf, bound across the bay for Petaluma. It was a truly magnificent day. There was not a cloud to be seen in the blue vault of heaven; the sun was shining with all its majestic splendour; the unruffled water shone like a mirror, while on the Contra Costa Shore, and as far as the eye could reach everything bore a refreshing and verdant appearance; in a word, it was such a day as is only seen or experienced in the mild, genial, and I might add, unrivalled climate of Golden California. After a very pleasant trip, of three hours and a half, we arrived at Petaluma, a quiet little town, containing about three thousand inhabitants. After a hasty, but substantial meal, we jumped on borad the stage coach that was in waiting for us, and after picking up eleven passengers from the different hotels in the town, nine crowded into the inside while the other two high-toned fellows were forced to take an elevated position on the coach where they were afforded an excellent opportunity to take an observation of the surrounding country. I had travelled a little you must admit, previous to this time, but never had any experience in this ancient mode of journeying from one place to another, but being of a disposition that makes me feel happy under almost any circustances, the crowded state of the vehicle did not cause me the least annoyance. There were among that small party of nine individuals, men of different professions and nationalities. There was one queer looking genius who was, evidently from his conversation, half preacher the other half lawyer: whe was not in my opinion at least a credit to either vocations. He bored us almost to death giving us free lectures on theology, phrenology, geology and several other "*ologies*," too numerous to mention. I was tempted to ask him if he knew anything about that beautiful science they call "heel and toe ology," but one glance at his "poor feet" was sufficient to convince me that he never could get those huge pedal extremitties of his around in any kind of style, in the mazy labyrinth of the giddy dance. There was another strange looking personage who was going some distance into the country to see his father, the stern parent he had not seen for years. It struck me very forcibly, however, that his paternal relatives must have been joined in the holy bonds of wedlock at a rather tender age, or otherwise had lived to a good old age, for the son looked old enough to be a grandfather himself. I almost came to the unnatural and unkind conclusion that he was another "Topsy," a child that never was born, and consequently never had a father, or perhaps he was like Japhet, the hero of one of Captain Marryatt's exquisite stories, merely in search of one; at all events he would have been rather a healthy infant for any person without children to adopt. On we went, through the beautiful Sonoma Valley, one of the most fertile and agricultural tracts of country within the limits of the Golden State. The sun had made its circuit of the heavens and was quietly sinking to rest beneath the western horizon, when we reached Santa Rosa, a neat and quiet looking little town, of two thousand inhabitants. The driver snapped his whip, the horses started off at a lively rate, soon leaving the town behind. The pale moon was shining brightly as we rolled along, and on either side of the road the giant oaks hoary with age, their gnarled and fantastic trunks stood like grim sentinels over the smiling valley bathed in the bright and beautiful moonlight that glorious night, a fitting close to the beautiful day which had proceded it. Ten miles from Santa Rosa lies the straggling little village of Windsor, which to the ordinary traveller would not deserve more than a passing glance. Ten more miles of our journey had to be accomplished ere we could refresh the inner man. We reached the place we were looking for in due time, a small town known to the inhabitants as Healdsburg, from Petaluma thirty-six miles away. It being late in the evening when we arrived, we soon found ourselves in a hotel, with a splendid appetite. Being conducted to the dining room we found a solitary and ugly looking negro, of the feminine gender, ready to dance attendance on us for the small sum of fifty cents. The supper was apparently got up in a hurry, and if I was not hungry at the time, I should have left the table in a hurry. The villainous coffee; the old and withered looking African; and the surroundings of the place, was anything but palatable, but there was no help for it on that particular occasion. Finding my time limited, and my appetite of a very sharp nature, all I could do under the circumstances was to get outside of as much of the bill of fare as would not materially injure my health.

[Conclusion in our next.]

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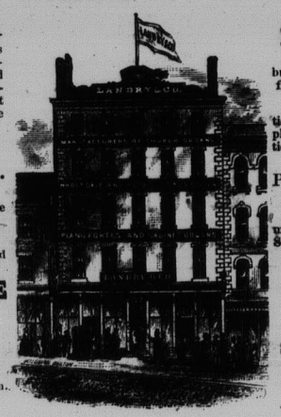

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