

## CONDITION OF FRANCE, SOCIAL AND POLITICAL.

To enable the public to understand the real cause of events which have already taken place in France, as well as those now transpiring, I will give a brief sketch of the social condition of that great nation.

The population of that country is separated into three classes—the upper, middle, and lower. To the first belong the clergy and nobility, to the second the bourgeoisie—merchants, trades-people and those possessing a tolerable share of wealth; to the third that portion of the population who are dependent for subsistence upon their daily toil. The first of these are the Tories or conservatives of France. They cling with great tenacity to the privileges and traditions of their class, and resolutely oppose any innovations which would abridge the one or come in contact with the other. The middle classes are more liberal and democratic in their tendencies. They are inclined to encroach upon and break through the distinctions and privileges assumed and claimed by the aristocracy. The working classes of France, as of other countries, as a general thing, are not sufficiently educated and enlightened to think for themselves, and they follow leaders, now of one party, now of another. This state of things exists more or less in all western nations, not excepting the United States, but in no country, perhaps, is the distinction so apparent as in France.

Each of these classes obeys a particular law, which, with the members of said class takes the precedence of all others. The conservatives are non-progressive. Inertia is their motto. I do not mean absolute inertia, but that state of repose or rest to which all men think they are entitled when they have accomplished a certain task. These people belong to the 17th rather than to the 19th century, and their beau ideal of society is that of the reign of Louis XIV; and were it possible they would now re-establish in France a regime similar to the one which then existed. All the great lessons of French history from the 17th to the 19th century are lost to them, as much as if the events from which they sprang had never happened. We can agree with them in believing that the reign of Louis XIV was superior in France to all which preceded it, but its chief claim upon our admiration lies only in the fact that it was a period of transition, the dawning of a brighter day in the social and political history of the country. But this furnishes no reason with the people of France to-day for indulging in idle adulations of a man like Louis XIV., who was notorious for his hypocrisy and intolerance; and any attempt to restore a regime similar to his at the present day would be opposed by the people almost without exception, and would be defeated, no matter what the cost of so doing.

The nation advances, and in its march the wheels of progress crush all who cling to the traditions of the past. The attempt now being made by the conservatives of France to place the Count de Chambord on the throne of his fathers is an enterprise which might have succeeded a century ago, but present it cannot but be regarded as extremely chimerical. If, however, it should prove successful, that success will surely be accompanied by the unmistakable indications of speedy downfall.

The middle classes of France are governed by the law of progress. Progress is their motto. They have attained to their present status in the nation by labor and intelligence. The power and influence they now possess they can retain and increase by the same means, hence they will be very unlikely to resign their future, with prospects so full of promise, to an authority of which they are doubtful. They once made the mistake of allying themselves with the aristocracy, but as they have been severely punished for their folly there is little fear of their making a like mistake again.

To be faithful to the law which governs them they must shun such an alliance. If they would retain that which they already possess, fulfill their destiny and realize their aspirations, they must march bold-

ly forward, throw aside the class distinction which surrounds them, and, reaching to those below them, consider themselves the advance guard of the army of progress and humanity.

The law of the working classes is that which underlies and forms the very foundations of the whole social fabric—namely labor. Despised by savages, labor is the index and commencement of all civilization; yet the ignorant, almost brutal and servile condition of the great majority of the laboring populations of all lands has mainly assisted in keeping society in a medium condition between civilization and barbarism. In proportion as intelligence becomes diffused among the masses, labor ennoble itself, and the laborer learns his rights and how to obtain and maintain them. This transformation is a work of slow progress, but would be more quickly effected if the laboring classes could free themselves from the pernicious influences which assail them. In the towns and cities they are more or less subject to demagogues; in the country they are under the domination of the priests, and other agents and supporters of the aristocracy. It is, however, upon the laboring classes of France that the solution of the political problems of the times in a great measure depends, for they form the great majority of the electoral body of the country.

The intelligence in the use of the suffrage which they have displayed during the last two or three years inspires me with the hope that, in uniting with the bourgeoisie, or middle classes, their united efforts will save the country from threatened evils. As to the future of the masses, that depends, first, upon the triumph of the republic; and second, upon the formation of co-operative associations, the only hope of permanently freeing labor from the domination and tyranny of capital.

From the preceding, and for many other reasons which I have not space to refer to at present, arises the struggle now taking place in France; and from the phase which that struggle has assumed, I conclude that the machinations of the aristocracy, or privileged classes, for the restoration of the monarchy, will be defeated, and that sooner or later a general election will reinstate the illustrious *petit bourgeois*, M. Thiers, as President of the Republic. L. A. BERTRAND.

### A Dead Line.

FIFTY-NINE FIGHTS IN LESS THAN TWO HOURS.

On Saturday night four pugilistically inclined gentlemen from Albion, all well versed in "the manly art of self defense," drew a line across the principal public highway leading from this city to Gold Hill, just beyond the Divide, peeled off, and swore that every man should fight who stepped his foot across the "dead line" during the night—or at least until such time as one of their number should get whipped by one man (for no foul play was allowed or indulged in) or all of them should be whipped by a crowd of passers. The result was, fifty-nine fights in less than two hours. The Bulls were successful for a long time, and put heads on some fifty odd men before they found their match. At last, however, three robust sons of the Emerald Isle happened that way, and, being attacked, sailed in and gave the dead-liners (all four of them) an unmerciful beating, and took possession of the field. Ascertaining what the subjugated enemy had been up to, the conquerors concluded they would run the circus awhile themselves. They had not long to wait, when two other Irish giants came pacing down the hill. One of the new dead-line guards drew his coat across the road in front of his passing countrymen, and the battle opened at once with the most savage ferocity. In less than a minute one of the three conquerors lay senseless in the road, and the other two were heeling it across the hill towards the Bullion works, with tattered and bloody shirts streaming in the wind. When Greek met Greek peace followed, and reigned profound till morning.—*Virginia Chronicle*, October 6th.

A saloon on the Barbary coast in San Francisco rejoices in the name of Hell's Kitchen. It is next adjoining to the Devil's Parlor.

## AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

Having grown up among steers and oxen, I have some idea of the easiest way in which a pair of oxen can draw a load. After I was fifteen years of age, I was accustomed to manufacture the clumsy yoke for my father's oxen, and when it is rightly made it is the easiest arrangement for a pair of oxen to draw a load with, and the ease and comfort with which they could draw a load from three to ten miles is evidence in favor of what I assert.

The size of the wire of the bow as well as the size of the bow itself should vary according to the size of the ox. A very large ox has a capacity to wear a three inch bow between the knuckle of his shoulder and his neck, while a steer requires only about an inch and a half. The bow should not be so wide as to bear upon the knuckle of the shoulder, nor so narrow as to pinch the neck, but should be of just the right width to bear directly between the two. The throat of the bow should be of the right size to allow the arteries, veins and trachea perfect freedom. The throat of the staple should come on a straight line between the shoulders of the two oxen. If the throat of the staple is above this line, the yoke draws back on the neck, and the throat of the bow chokes the ox. That part of the yoke that bears upon the neck should be neither too flat nor too round, but should be of a gentle oval and should be neither painted, oiled nor varnished, but should be covered tightly and smoothly with a piece of zinc large enough to allow it to be fastened with tacks that will be out of the reach of the neck of the ox. A man accustomed to oxen can judge by their habits whether they require a long or short yoke, and whether they will work in an even yoke or not, and make it accordingly. I used to make them of white birch (not grey birch), and the bows of white oak. Make the ring of inch iron, and the staple of the best Russian iron, large in the throat and drawn down to three fourths of an inch and put through three-fourths inch holes in the yoke and fastened with a key on top of the yoke. When properly made the whole gear can be carried in the hand as easily as a pail of water. The ox is a patient servant, and for the sake of humanity do not make him a subject of experimental torture.—*C. H. Walker, in Massachusetts Ploughman*.

Rev. Mr. Murray's assertion in his recent address that farming don't pay doesn't meet with universal assent. There are hundreds and thousands of enterprising, successful farmers that will not take any stock in such an idea because they know it isn't so, they stick to it too. Mr. Murray must don his boxing-gloves. Here is a sturdy old Vermont farmer who tells him that he doesn't know what he is talking about when he says, as he did in his recent address in the Vermont State Fair, that agriculture in the Green Mountain State doesn't pay. The farmer unhesitatingly asserts that from the first settlement of Vermont to the present day, agriculture has paid better than any other pursuit within its borders.

The fact is it depends upon how it is conducted as to whether it pays or not. Poor and shiftless farming won't pay any better than poor and shiftless mechanical or literary work, but intelligent farming must pay as long as people are under the necessity of eating and drinking and buying and paying for what they eat and drink.—*Massachusetts Ploughman*.

You speak of five selected tubers of Early Rose, grown in Lockport, N. Y., weighing five pounds five ounces, and imply they would be hard to beat. We can do it easily. I myself recently, almost at random, took a potato (Early Russet) from a heap of fifty bushels, which weighed eighteen ounces and a fraction, sound, and oblong in shape. It is now to be seen at one of our stores. Furthermore, Mr. Van Horn, on his "city lot" here last year raised a double Irish potato weighing two pound three ounces, and no doubt about it. Prof. Leverett, of Agricultural University here, this year has produced Trophy tomatoes of eighteen ounces, and thinks he can do much better.—*Rev. P. M. T., Fayetteville, Ark.*

GOAT AGAIN.—(A Correspondent): You gently chide us for practically placing the Cashmere goat at the left hand. He may be

lovely in his life and savory in his culinary uses; he may sell for a fabulous price, and his wool be worth its weight in precious metal; he may evolve the silkiest coat and juiciest meat from pastures of thorns, and thistles, and briars, and needs no careful shelter during the wintry storms; (do we not know he scorns a roof except to make his couch thereon?) all this and more, and yet we would not advise a person who cares for dollars to invest in this direction. Besides, if since 1849 these Cashmere-shawl creatures have stood upon their merits and cannot yet show a balance of profit in any legitimate way, nor have made a market for their produce that can be found out by diligent search, why, a plain inference is that they fail, to occupy any such ground as the more profitable sheep. They may have their uses—what creature has not?—but we suspect that at present they stand in the same category with the famous silk worm and the well remembered *morus multicaulis*.—*New York Tribune*.

The queen of floriculturists of Western Massachusetts is Miss F. R. Campbell, of Plainfield, for this summer. A Morning Glory, very carefully cultivated by her, produced, by actual count, 1,259 perfect blossoms of a deep crimson color. On the 4th of September the plant showed 81 blossoms, on the 14th, 53; and then came a frost, a cruel frost, and nipped a host of buds of promise. So fades all the morning glory of this world!

A recent visitor to the fruit houses of Roby castle in England speaks of having seen, growing on a pot-plant, a Providence Pine-apple which measured twenty-four inches in circumference and weighed about eleven pounds.

A long wail comes from every part of the country, except the South, for the loss of apple, cherry, and pear trees; for grape vines and evergreens, all by the cold Winter of 1872-3.

Some surprising crops of wheat are reported from Madison county, Ill., by Hon. W. C. Flagg. For example: J. O. Springer, 10 acres, 44 bushels to the acre; Joseph Irwin, 9 acres, 47 bushels to the acre; Wm. M. T. Springer, 10 acres, 50 8-10 bushels to the acre. In St. Clair county, John Westlich, 12 acres, nearly 45 bushels to the acre.

A London paper reports that large quantities of the finest strawberries that came to the city markets during the past season were grown upon land irrigated with sewage.

The largest pair of oxen in New England was exhibited at Worcester, Mass., Cattle Show, and their weight was 7,580 pounds avoirdupois.

## WESTERN NOTES.

The San Francisco cadets have returned, proud of their successful trip to the east.

Half a dozen Street Arabs, one only seven years old, were arrested at San Francisco for burglary.

It is proposed to reduce the capital stock of the Emma mine to \$5,000,000.—*Sacramento Union*.

The telegraph line running from San Diego into Arizona will be completed to Prescott by the holidays.

A large number of people are arriving in California to spend the winter.

The Los Angeles *Herald* says San Diego is a little town living on hope and newspaper puffs.

McKenley & Bradley have ten acres of cotton on Lower King's River, Cal., from which they expect a profit of \$30 an acre.

A. J. Atwell and a large party in a new schooner are on Tulare Lake, Cal., intending to explore it thoroughly.

The Sink of the Humboldt is alive with waterfowl—ducks, geese, swans, cranes, pelicans, snipes, curlews, etc.

Bush and Fillmore streets, San Francisco, are afflicted with hoodlums, and the residents ask for police protection.

At Sutter Creek, Samuel Scott, a carpenter, fell from a building 18 or 20 feet, broke his right leg and put his left ankle out.

The Oregon Museum already numbers over 20,000 articles, ranging from a preserved beetle to a stuffed polar bear.

A Chinaman took the first premium on butter at the Fair at Seattle, W. T. as being the best exhibit of old butter.

A bridge across the Willamette river opposite Portland, to be built with private capital, is in contemplation.

The *Territorial Enterprise* thinks the Virginia people, having now plenty of pure soft water from the Sierra Nevada, should brew their own beer.

It is reported that the bodies of four white men have been found on the beach of the northern coast near where the *George S. Wright* is supposed to have been wrecked.

The Chinese laundrymen of Stockton, Cal., are now employing young and respectable looking white women to assist in washing and ironing. John is progressing.

At Virginia, Nev., James M. Legate was arrested for uttering bogus \$45 checks in favor of James M. McCormick, and signed S. P. Jones.

Sacramento will have the fire alarm telegraph. The work is to cost \$8,000, one half of which will be raised by subscription and the remainder by appropriation from the city.

The work of removing Rincon Rock, San Francisco, for which Congress has appropriated \$50,000, is rapidly progressing. A row of holes 20 feet deep will be drilled and the rock removed by blasting.

At Brattleboro, Vt., lately, a trunk at the depot suddenly exploded, "seriously burning and injuring a lady who stood near, upon her head," as an exchange says. It is probable that this calamity will teach her not to stand on her head any more.

The editor of the San Jose *Mercury* says if he should stop to chase down all the falsehoods of his contemporary, the *Patriot*, he would run his editorial legs off. The solution of this problem is to find out how a man may run his legs off when he stops.

The machinery now in use at the Los Angeles Woolen Mills has proved quite inadequate to fill the large supply of orders that are coming in. The proprietors have deemed it necessary to order new machinery of greater power, and completeness, which is expected on the next steamer.

A native Californian, named Jesus Marisch, while intoxicated, fell under the fly-wheel of the Soquel steam flouring mill. The pinion of the fly-wheel struck him on the head and broke his skull, beside mangling his limbs. The body was found under the mill wheel by O. P. Wilson, the miller, while breathing, but in a few moments expired.—*Santa Cruz Sentinel*.

Near Stockton, Cal., a rough presented a revolver at a man named Gibbs of Napa and Miss Winchell of Vacaville, who were sitting in a rural cemetery, with orders to them to stand and deliver. The lover stood and the ruffian "went through him," getting \$40 and watch and chain, and then told the couple to "git up and git" on pain of death.

The laying of the corner stone of the State Capitol of Oregon, took place at Salem on the 8th inst., with imposing ceremony. Some eighty-three articles were deposited under the stone. The oration of Hon. S. F. Chadwick on the occasion fills six columns in the *Oregonian* and is a concise history of the State, from the discovery of the mouth of the Columbia river by Captain Gray, in 1792, down to the present time.

Virginia, Nev., was gasless and all in the dark one night lately, and, says the *Enterprise*, "There was a grand rush to the stores for candles, and for a time rows of candles rendered darkness visible in every public place in town, and a more gloomy, God-forsaken looking town never was seen. It had been dark an hour before the gas finally came, and during this hour our people groped about in the darkness and swore and committed we know not how many other deadly sins. During the Egyptian darkness which prevailed, two female imitators of old Diogenes (and followers of Bacchus), from D. street, made their appearance on C street, each with a candle in her hand, in search of, as they said, a virtuous man. Their success was equalled only by that of their immortal original."