

REPORTS OF COMMITTEES.

COMMITTEES Nos. 1 AND 2.

ON FARMS AND ORCHARDS.

To the Board of Managers of the San Joaquin Valley Agricultural Society :

Your Committee beg leave to submit the extended notes of Messrs. Benjamin P. Kooser, Samuel Seabough, and F. L. Sargent, which afford a better idea of the desired topics than would our brief abstract.

NOTES OF TRIPS OF THE SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S VISITING COMMITTEE ON ORCHARDS AND VINEYARDS.

On Saturday, August tenth, a portion of the Committee, consisting of George Webster and J. T. Mills, left Stockton at early dawn, for the purpose of examining the orchards and vineyards located north and east of the Calaveras, and more especially on the rich bottom lands of the Mokelumne River, located between Athearn's Bridge and Woodbridge. The writer took occasion to obtain all kinds of information in his power concerning the industry, resources, and improvements of the places visited.

Our road ran northeast, being one continuous lane through the rich alluvial bottom lands of the Calaveras River, dotted here and there with roadside residences, or farm houses in the distant fields. On either hand were marked evidences of thrift, in the well-fenced ranches, numerous herds of horses, cattle, and sheep, which were quietly grazing in the pastures. The heavy stubble in the grain fields indicated that good crops had been harvested, and the sleek, satisfied air of the stock browsing in the high stubble left by the "header," verified the reputation of the nutritious qualities of the grass and clover that grew below.

At the Calaveras Crossing, seven miles from town, (Clapp & Thomas' old place,) now owned by George Bodley, two hundred acres of grain had been harvested; crop good. There were but few trees being cultivated, though they were around the house and looked well. On the opposite side of the road is the ranch of Moses Long—two hundred acres;

similar crops, etc. On the north side of the Calaveras are the ranches of Joseph Cole, (east side of the road,) eight hundred acres; harvested nine thousand bushels of grain, mostly wheat, with some barley. On the west side is John Dodge's ranch—five hundred acres; two hundred acres in grain; some few trees, and farm well improved.

Proceeding north, are the ranches of Samuel Martin—one hundred and seventy-five acres; considerable hay in stacks. Opposite is the ranch of Mr. Mills—one hundred and thirty acres, well improved. In fact, all the ranches on the Calaveras River are securely fenced and skilfully cultivated, judging from the roadside view of the fencing, and the numerous hay and grain stacks and piles of straw scattered in the distance.

James Lawson has a fine ranch of six hundred and forty acres—one hundred and fifty in grain; harvested two thousand bushels of wheat, and cut considerable hay. The orchard contains seven hundred trees, planted this year; all look well; irrigated by an improved horse-power, (manufactured by Messrs. Keep & Briggs, of the Globe Foundry.) Mr. L. has, at considerable expense, raised a levee, parallel with the river, two and a half miles long, three and a half feet high, to prevent overflow upon his land in the winter and June freshets. Whether this experiment will prove successful, remains to be seen.

There are numerous fine ranches in this vicinity, which we had not the time nor opportunity to visit, but learned that the average crop of wheat was twenty bushels to the acre; barley, a little more. The land is held by possessory title, and covered by the Pico claim, the line of which is about one mile east of the road, and running parallel with the same. The grant has been surveyed.

Proceeding north, we passed the ranches of Thomas Heath, Gilmore Wagner, Mr. Merchant, Abraham Benson, Hiram Thurston, Joseph Boody, and many others, which brought us to gravelly soil and live oak timber. Most of the ranches are fenced on the road, having back range for cattle, either in the timber or on the Government lands. This section is known as O'Neill Township; the School District is called Monroe.

Mr. Boody's ranch is located on Bear Creek. This stream has its source in Calaveras County, at John Bull Diggings, a short distance east of Mr. Cosgrave's ranch, near Campo Seco. Mr. Boody's orchard is situated on the northwest bank of the creek, on what was formerly an Indian rancheria, and contains eighty apple trees, mostly set out this year; the trees look fine and thrifty, growing without irrigation. The soil is rich alluvial deposit and vegetable mould; was worked four times this year, with the cultivator. The ranch contains three hundred and twenty acres of land, and produced twenty-four bushels to the acre, on an average.

Our Jehu here increased the speed of travel, as we smoothly glided over a hard, gravelly soil, through dense clusters of live oak, white oak, and stunted timber, with underbrush liberally mixed in, and also occasional clumps of greasewood, chaparral and poison-oak vines. The poison oak is abundant, and indeed it abounds in every part of California we have yet visited, save high up in the Sierra Nevada; but here it was stunted, and seemed to shrink, as if clinched in the hot embrace of the parched soil. The poison vine is an independent bush or a parasitic creeper, according to circumstances, but it appears to prefer to be a parasite, as it then may depend, like any other "bummer," upon others to lift it up into notice, sunshine, and support.

Sixteen miles from Stockton, is the village of Lockeford, containing a

fine hotel, post office, blacksmith shop, wagon-maker shop, etc.; we counted a dozen or more houses, and the place appeared improving, the carpenters being at work on two fine unfinished buildings. A neat commodious school house, at the north end of the town, indicated that educational interests were not neglected.

Four miles further north is the hotel of Mr. Megerle, with a post office, (Poland's) and the usual facilities of a central point in a thriving community. The school house, of which Mr. M., (a fine old German gentleman,) is an enthusiastic patron, having eight children attending school—is the feature of the settlement. The building is also used for church service occasionally.

At nine o'clock we arrived at Athearn's Bridge, twenty-three miles from Stockton, a long morning's drive before breakfast, but for which we were amply repaid by the extremely comfortable and acceptable meal, liberally provided by Mr. Athearn and his lady, to which the visitors did ample justice.

At this point the duties of the Committee became more specific, as the object of their trip was to examine the ranches on the Mokelumne River bottom, from Athearn's Bridge to Woodbridge, more especially the orchards and vineyards, and to report on the same and give the results of the modes of cultivation adopted, and experiments made.

The most noticeable feature at Mr. Athearn's residence is the large locust trees, thirty or forty feet high, which surround his house, one of which measures three feet nine and a half inches in circumference, and is a straight, symmetrical tree, as in fact they all are; these trees, some thirty in number, are of the "black" variety, and eight years old from the seed. The orchard contains fifteen hundred trees, two to five years old, mostly apple and peach; don't irrigate this year—irrigated previously at great expense. Experience proves that trees, on light, sandy soil, in river bottoms, do better without surface water. Many apple trees were killed by the "borer." This, says Mr. A., who is an intelligent observer and experimenter in tree growing, is caused by the heat of the afternoon sun corroding the bark, and thus hatching the worm, or producing the disease in the tree. After numerous experiments, he is satisfied that the evil can be remedied by keeping the body of the tree shaded; the plan to effect this, which he adopts, is to leave water sprouts growing around the base of the tree, thus completely shading the bark. The borer invariably starts in the bark, about four inches from the ground, and works upward. The same degree of heat that will produce the borer, will also cause the weevil in wheat—a similar insect, equally as destructive in its operations. Many of the trees were injured by the woodpecker ringing the trees just below the branches; we noticed one or two which had died from this cause. This could be prevented by setting horse-hair loops on the trees, as the bird invariably operates just under the first limb.

The corn field contains twenty-five acres; the crop looks well; stalks three and four to a hill, averaging ten feet high, and two complete ears with a "nubbin" to a stalk. The seed used was yellow grain—a hybrid, between the flint and the gourd-seed, and will produce from twenty to fifty bushels per acre. The rows were planted five feet apart, so as to allow the plough between; the rows were never hoed, but were worked twice this season with the cultivator. All of the farms in this section are Government lands, but most of them have been located under the State law, by school warrants, which has led to some dispute about title.

This ranch was settled in eighteen hundred and forty-nine, by Dr. Elliot, now deceased.

The bridge which spans the river here, cost six thousand dollars, and is one of the finest in the State. It is five miles from Calaveras, and six miles from Sacramento County, and is on the main road from Stockton to Ione Valley and Placerville, Sacramento and the Southern mines. At the crossing, the river has filled up nine feet with sediment since eighteen hundred and forty-nine; the bridge is now twenty-five feet above the water.

The ranch contains fifteen hundred acres; also a fine sheep range. Like most of the land, it has been surveyed, but no patent has yet been issued.

The flock of sheep contains eighteen hundred—eight hundred being lambs, some of them improved blood, from Spanish and French merino bucks, which cost, respectively, two hundred and fifty and three hundred dollars each. We noted a buck lamb six months old, full blood merino, very large and fine; two Spanish and two French imported ewes, part of which will compete for prizes at the approaching District Fair.

Exchanging a kind adieu at Athearn's, we returned to the bank and proceeded down the river, on the south side. These bluffs or cliffs, in many places are from one to two hundred feet higher than the river bottom, and from eight to ten degrees colder. On account of overflow, many of the farm houses are built on the first bench, or low slopes of the higher land.

A few minutes drive brought us to the Lone Star Flouring Mill, owned by S. L. Magee, which was in good order and running. It appeared to be a prosperous institution. The mill, which is run by steam, was built some years since, at an expense of seventeen thousand dollars. It is furnished with all the improvements and appliances generally used in first-class flouring mills. The two-story building is of cut stone, (a species of sand-granite which abounds in the banks on each side of the river,) one hundred and thirty by forty-six feet, with engine and boiler building attached. The engine is twelve-horse power. Four cords of wood are burned per day, costing four dollars per cord. The grinding capacity of the mill is fifty barrels of flour per day. It runs nine months in the year, with two sets of French buhr-stones, and one set for grinding barley for feed. The flour is sent to the mines, and being of a good quality, readily sells there at seven dollars and a half per barrel. In a conversation with the miller, we learned that the grain in the neighborhood was all cut, and most of it threshed and sacked, ready for market. There was not so much wheat cultivated as formerly; the rust damaged the wheat crop this year, slightly; it is therefore not so plump and heavy as last year; average yield per acre, thirty bushels; barley, much larger yield per acre; no rye, and but little oats were cultivated. The ranch on which the mill is located belongs to D. S. Terry, and is one of the best on the river, improved in a superior order.

Below Terry's Ranch is Christian Megerle's—one hundred and sixty acres, also well improved and superior land. Next adjoining is Thomas Parker's—whose tall corn and big potatoes many have fed and fattened on. The ground at this place is the very best on the river. An Indian rancheria, containing about thirty Walleys, is situated about half way up the incline of the rather high bluff.

On the north side of the river is the ranch of Thomas Bryan, who has seven hundred acres of land, all well improved. Dr. Locke and George

Locke have each fine peach orchards. The main orchard contains nineteen hundred trees, mostly peach—one hundred apple; three years old, of large growth, without irrigation. The fruit is superior, and large quantities have been sold this year to a ready market at remunerative prices. Mr. Montgomery also has a fine ranch and orchard, but as time pressed us we had no opportunity to make inquiries or visit them.

The Mokelumne bottom is from one to two miles in width, with here and there a large crescent in the bluffs, which forms great bowls of bottom land. The river generally meanders from one bluff to the other, thus affording a sizeable ranch either on one side of the river or the other.

Pursuing our way over a good road on the high bluff bordering the stream, we had a splendid view of the valley of the Mokelumne. Dull, indeed, must be the perception, or unpoetical the eye that could not enjoy the gorgeous scene and beautiful aspect. Prosperity and plenty abound throughout its broad expanse, and the evidences of thrift are very apparent in the substantial improvements and abundance of stock. The vale is one green ocean of luxuriant vegetation, while the slow undulations of the willows which fringe the river, and the plummy noddings of the rustling, ripening, silken corn, as they yield to the breeze, seem as if huge waves of Old Ocean were swelling in billowy loveliness from the silent caverns of the lower deep. Numerous clusters of giant sycamore and white oak trees, standing like sentinel islands of emerald green, add relief to the enlivening picture, and seem to beckon to their cooling shade the flocks and herds and weary travellers from the arid plains. Many of the landscape views on the river would make the fortune of an artist, could he transfer to the canvas the picture, true to nature. Enjoying the witchery of romance amid such scenes, our time glided rapidly away, and, as if in a moment, we were at the ranch of D. J. Staples. This ranch, settled in eighteen hundred and forty-six by Mr. McKenzie, was the second cultivated on the river; Mr. Shadden's, below Woodbridge, being the first. In August, eighteen hundred and forty-eight, the writer of these rough notes encamped here and travelled up the Mokelumne; since then he has not before visited the place. At that time he found Mr. McKenzie ready to supply food to man and beast. Our party, (John Harvey, Harry Wilson, and self,) purchased biscuits at one dollar each, and very small ones they were, too, at that. What a change since then?

The trees on Mr. Staples' ranch did not do well this year, owing to the overflow, the water standing two feet deep around them for three weeks. The recent overflow was occasioned by the filling up of the river with deposits, caused by the mining operations above, thus forcing the water out of its natural channel, during the freshet, over the bottom lands. This year the peach crop was very fine, producing Early Crawfords ten inches in circumference. On the slope near the house are some fine young peach trees, doing well, without irrigation; also, a few very large apple trees of the Bellefleur variety, four years old, the fruit of which has taken first premiums at two State Fairs. Mr. Staples is a very agreeable gentleman, and we rather like his genial, good old-fashioned way of doing the agreeable. His native wine was excellent, and he furnished us all the facilities and information in his power, for which we return thanks, in behalf of the Committee. He also promised to aid the coming District Fair by contributions and other efforts.

The valley of the Mokelumne being among the richest and most valuable land in the District, we made an effort to get the number of farms

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(we hate the term ranch) located in the river bottom, between Athearn's Bridge and Wilhelm's Ferry. The following is an incomplete list, with the number of acres, procured from such information as we could pick up from different individuals. Many of the farms have small orchards, but as no official record was made, we refrain from mentioning them. If there are any errors in the list, they are owing to want of fuller information. We should be pleased to have an accurate one.

MOKELUMNE RIVER, SOUTH SIDE.

Names.	Acres.
P. A. Athearn.....	1,500
D. S. Terry.....	800
C. Megerle.....	160
Thomas Parker.....	200
C. R. Montgomery.....	175
G. C. Holman.....	100
Dr. Locke.....	200
George Locke.....	200
D. J. Staples.....	600
S. Eppley.....	80
William Simpson.....	160
George Hardesty.....	80
Horatio Rogers.....	100
Mr. Talmadge.....	150

MOKELUMNE RIVER, NORTH SIDE.

Names.	Acres.
Bernard Poppe.....	150
Mr. McDowell.....	75
Mr. Bryant.....	300
Matthew Christian.....	150
Alfred Parker.....	275
Mr. Wilson.....	50
Mr. Foster.....	80
Mr. Haynes.....	30
James Christian.....	300
C. L. Benedict.....	250
Neal & Brothers.....	100
Mr. Compton.....	75
Mr. Place.....	30
Wilhelm's Ferry.....	20

This does not include the uplands, and the ranching interests on the plains adjacent to the river, where some of the finest barley crops in the District have been cultivated. The best barley raised in the county this

year, was harvested in the timber lands belting the Mokelumne River, below Staples' Ferry, in the region where the sandy loam takes the place of the gravelly soil.

After an hour's rest, and a liberal sampling of Mr. Staples' fine fruit, we returned to the main road, considerably refreshed. Proceeding west, on the north side of the river—the soil being very sandy and the roads "heavy"—a change was observable in the timber and shrubbery. Even the weeds were entirely different from those which covered the knolls and bluffs of the river, ten miles above. But few squirrels were to be seen. The "communities" of these pests (*spermophiles*), which are among the greatest plagues that infest the farms on the Upper Mokelumne, are scarcely known down among the sand ridges; they dislike the ashy quality of the mellow soil, because of the difficulty of excavating suitable chambers in their holes. Live oak and white oak timber abounds on either side of the road; in fact, at each farm, old-fashioned clearings, with Virginia worm fence, was the prevailing feature. In the river bottom, white oak, ash, elm, alder, etc., with the usual varieties of willow, might be seen.

Messrs. Haynes & Langford have a small orchard, planted on high ground; the trees look thrifty and vigorous, with no irrigation. We noted a growth on a peach tree, of this year, of six feet, and one inch in diameter. The Bellefleur apple ripens the first of October, and is a choice fruit.

J. L. Thompson's farm, two miles above Woodbridge, is well improved; has five hundred fruit trees, three hundred peach and two hundred apple, planted one year, and growing finely without irrigation; the peach trees especially, looked well. In this light sandy soil, trees soon accommodate themselves to the drouth, and the roots follow the moisture down, and sufficient is acquired to keep the tree in a growing condition; this result would be different in adobe soil. Mr. Thompson has seventy hives of honey bees; swarms mostly strong and healthy, but troubled with the moth and ants. Bees do well; have not made as much honey as last year. He has tried various experiments, and finds that dividing the bees is preferable to letting them swarm, as then he can attend to them; young bees, like most of young folks when they commence housekeeping for themselves, are apt to act imprudently, and commit extravagances which afterwards lead to idleness and dissipation. He sells the hives, with strong, healthy swarms, at twenty-five dollars each; honey at forty cents per pound, and his supply is not equal to the demand. The Egyptian sunflower is cultivated for the pollen it affords the bee, and the seed is excellent chicken feed. The hard-pan here is five feet below the surface; they have to dig twenty-eight feet for water, which is pure, clear as crystal, and very cool, as it filters through the sand-cake below. Mr. Harrow owns the ranch opposite, and also has trees and bees, with similar improvements; we had no time to call. The stubble in the grain fields was high and clear, with no weeds, and the huge stacks of straw indicated large crops.

From Mr. Harrow's we hastily drove to Woodbridge, through a continuous lane enclosing green fields on either side. Nearly all the land from Athearn's Ferry to Woodbridge, is enclosed, mostly with brush fence, ditched and staked, or stake-and-ridered worm fence, for the double purpose of enclosing stock ranges and monopolizing the water privileges of the river.

At Woodbridge we met with acceptable and useful aid in the liberality of Mr. J. H. Woods, who generously stabled our fagged and travel-worn

animals, and supplied us with a splendid turn-out of his own establishment. After duly moistening our clay with the iced beverages at the Union Hotel, kept by Mr. Corsaw, we proceeded, in company of our patron, to the north side of the river, to visit the splendid orchard of J. E. Perley. Passing through five or six gates, in half as many miles, we saw the orchard in the distance. All this section is on a Mexican grant, now in litigation, which accounts for the poor improvements and sparsely-settled condition of the country, and also for the apparent vandalism on the timber, especially the live oak, which, either standing or fallen, was literally "flayed alive," to procure tan-bark for the Stockton market; the bark readily sells at sixteen dollars per cord. The fallen timber is chopped up for wood and hauled to Mokelumne City, and thence shipped by steamer or sailing vessel to San Francisco, for a market, where it commands a higher price than any other kind of wood.

Mr. Perley's orchard is the neatest and best we have seen in California, for its size. We say this with great confidence, having repeatedly visited, for years, the best orchards and nurseries in this county, and also in Santa Clara, and a few in Sacramento. He has eighteen hundred trees, principally apple; very few peach and pear; orchard three years old, from the yearling grafts; cultivates without irrigation. The trees are large, thrifty, and made excellent growth this year; each tree is well proportioned from the low limbs, and of beautiful form. Some of the trees were bountifully laden with fruit. B. J. Knapp, of Oregon, is interested in the orchard. Most of the fruit is of late varieties, consisting of Winter Pearmain, Vandever, Newtown Pippin, Virginia Greening, Red Romanite, Baldwin, Rambo, Æsopus Spitzenberg, Roxbury Russet, etc. The new orchard contains two hundred trees, planted one year, and growing without irrigation. The soil is a sandy ash-loam, very mellow and moist, deep below the surface; not a stick, stone, or weed, to be seen; the trees are planted fourteen feet apart, at right angles, two hundred to the acre, and the rows are straight as an arrow. Plenty of excellent water is procured by digging twenty feet. The farm contains six hundred acres; and large grain fields, from which a good crop has just been harvested, surround the house. Mr. Perley showed us every attention, and promised to aid the Fair liberally; he will make out a report of the plans and experiments by which he has perfected his orchard to be so successful in fruit growing, which will be published with the Transactions of the Society.—[It is regretted that the Report has not been received.—Ed.]

Returning to Woodbridge we passed through the farm of Daniel Duval, eight hundred acres; McCracken & Morgan's, and others. Numerous charcoal pits are in the vicinity; the charcoal sells at forty-five cents per sack, and, like most of the wood, is shipped to San Francisco. McCracken & Morgan's farm contains three hundred and twenty acres, and two hundred and ten fruit trees. They milk twenty-six cows, make thirty pounds of butter, and some cheese, each week; in the spring, make seventy pounds per week; have bees, let them swarm, and they are profitable. Grapes look well; two years old from the cuttings, mostly early Sweet-water. Orchard and vineyard irrigated by a windmill of Derrick's patent.

Recrossing the bridge, we again entered the thriving town of Woodbridge, the finest in the county, outside of Stockton. As the many improvements and large business of the place have been recently enumerated, it is useless to repeat it. We noted large hotels, livery stables, (especially the Union Hotel, kept by Mr. Corsaw, and the stable kept by

J. H. Woods,) stores, shops, saloons, with the handsome array of residences on every street. From many buildings the American flag gallantly floated to the breeze, the largest and brightest of which graced the Union Hotel.

Mr. Woods settled here in August, eighteen hundred and fifty-two; he has eight hundred acres of land; one thousand fruit trees, mostly apple, planted in the river bottom, cultivated without irrigation. The garden contains an abundant supply of vegetables. After the June freshets, all kinds of vegetables may be planted and matured before frosts; potatoes, planted in July, from the first to the tenth, yielded last year from three hundred to four hundred bushels per acre; corn, from forty to sixty bushels to the acre. The peculiarity of the soil is, the longer it is cultivated the better it produces; it being more deeply pulverized, and thus more readily retaining moisture. Such is the general feature of the farms from three miles above Woodbridge, where the gravelly land ceases, to Mokelumne City, seven miles below, a uniformity of crops is produced; it makes no odds whether the season is wet or dry. However, crops are not so good this year as last, owing to the rust; wheat produced from twenty-five to thirty bushels per acre; barley much better, with bright and clean straw.

Mr. Woods has a fine "Black Hawk" colt, three years old twelfth of May last, fifteen hands three inches high, weighs twelve hundred and twenty-five pounds, out of Fred Werner's "Hamlet," dam, a "Morgan" and "Black Hawk" mare, owned by Major Arnold, of Sacramento, which has taken four State Fair premiums; the colt is apparently fast stock, and evidently of great strength and endurance. It is a complete horse, and a model of beauty.

We notice, among other features of prosperity here, a kiln of three hundred thousand brick, just opened. Brick are selling at eight dollars per thousand at the kiln. Many teams are now loading for Washoe, with barley, (at seventy-five cents per one hundred pounds,) also butter, eggs, chickens, fruits, etc. They cross the wire suspension bridge on the Cosumnes, and thence to Placerville. Much hay is brought into market, and sells to the livery stables at ten dollars per ton, delivered.

Adjacent to the western suburbs of Woodbridge, on the north side of the river, is the farm of S. H. Axtell, where another large orchard and a fine lot of fruit trees greeted our view. The Judge has three thousand fruit trees, (from B. J. Knapp's nursery, Oregon,) two thousand five hundred apple, and five hundred peach and apricot; don't irrigate; trees four years old; the young orchard of two thousand trees does not look thrifty, as the ground is caked by having been cultivated early in the spring, while too moist. Experiments are being made in cultivating the South Carolina sweet potato; several rows of thrifty vines are now growing, and look well. The young potatoes, about the size and length of a lady's finger, looked tempting enough to put a ring on. ["Don K."! Well!—Ed.] Hops, another branch of agriculture, are introduced by Judge A.; he has three thousand vines planted near the river bank; four hundred vines are poled; abundance of clusters, full of pollen, hang pendent from the luxuriant vines. About one thousand pounds will be sent to market this year. The balance of the vines are not poled, being too young to throw out vigorous climbers. Fresh hops are worth seventy-five cents per pound, and rising every day; the crop will prove one of the most profitable which can be cultivated.

On a low island in the river, we notice the planting of corn, potatoes, beans, peas, and garden truck, generally. Corn is produced here, from

twenty to sixty bushels to the acre. The farm contains two hundred acres, half of which is under cultivation. In a small building near by, is a diminutive steam engine, running one pair of French buhr-stones, for grinding corn and chopping barley for the immediate neighborhood.

In Woodbridge we found our horses rested and properly cared for, after their long drive of fifty or sixty miles. After a good supper we bade a grateful adieu to Mr. Woods, in remembrance of his commendable and liberal efforts in the cause, for which the company return especial thanks. Resuming our home journey at six o'clock, we started for Stockton, determined, late as the hour was, to visit a few of the orchards on the road as we passed along.

The first orchard of note was that of Freeman Mills; two hundred acres of land, five acres of orchard; sixteen hundred fruit trees, carefully and scientifically planted, with apple, pear, nectarine, and plum trees; irrigated last year; none this year; trees two years old from the nursery; the finest looking and largest trees for their age, except Perley's, we have seen. Some of the trees will produce over a bushel of apples this year. The apple trees stand in regular rows at right angles, twenty-four feet apart, with rows of peach trees between; ground worked with cultivator; half the orchard irrigated and half not; could not discover any difference in the growth of the trees or the color of the leaves. In the nursery were many young deciduous trees, such as silver maple, locust, elm, ash, linden, etc., cultivated for shade; also a fine bed of strawberry vines, of the British Queen variety, which was reported as prolific, delicious and profitable, costing but little attention and care.

James Taylor has three hundred and twenty acres of land, and a garden orchard of six hundred and thirty trees, and fifteen hundred vines, all California grape, planted on five acres of ground. The trees and vines are three years old, and look well.

Benjamin Hohn, also, has a garden orchard, of six hundred fruit trees, and two thousand five hundred California grape vines, two and three years old; irrigates; worked the soil five times this year with a cultivator. Trees look well, and everything about the premises appeared thrifty and prosperous, especially the neat cottage, and fine flower garden that surrounded it. Close by are the ranches of R. C. Smith and W. H. Smith, on opposite sides of the road; also, George Emerson's and Mr. Hill's, each having about two hundred trees, looking very fine, but time prevented our calling for particulars.

The last orchard visited was that of H. C. Shattuck, three and a half miles south of Woodbridge. The vineyard contains twenty thousand California grape vines, planted this year; and the orchard eight hundred fruit trees, planted this year; never irrigated, and don't intend to. Vines and trees look well, except in spots where alkali has burnt the soil. Some of the young vines have bunches of grapes on now. Vegetables thrifty, without irrigation. Mr. Shattuck came from Suisun Valley, where he formerly was engaged in the orchard and vineyard business. We sampled some of the native wine of his own making, from grapes raised in Solano County, which was superior to most of the high-priced fancy wines, being sweet, delicious, and without much "body;" just the thing for a fine table beverage.

Thus end our "Notes." Night, that dark hour which shows stars and women in a better light, was approaching; hare and rabbits were prancing along the road, or skipping over the fields. Silence and fancy reign as we rapidly hurry along.

At nine o'clock our journey of the day ended, after travelling over

seventy miles, and seeing and learning as much as can be well acquired in one day's seeking.

On Wednesday, August twenty-first, a portion of the Visiting Committee on Orchards and Vineyards, consisting of J. T. Mills, John Sturm, and A. G. Brown, proceeded to examine the southeast section of the county, including the timber region on the French Camp sloughs, and the sand plains beyond, bordering on the line of the winter roads from Stockton to the Southern Mines. Our "Notes" must be, necessarily, brief, as the section of country is sparsely settled, and but little attention given to fruit-raising or permanent improvements. Especially is this the case in the large extent of prairie land east of the San Joaquin and south of the French Camp timber. The day was excessively hot, and our team totally unfit for the service required.

From Stockton we travelled on the Sonora road to the "Nightingale." On the right were the Society's race track and cattle grounds, and the brick yards and gravel pits of P. E. Connor. On the left were the ranches of Mr. Chatfield and George Baldwin, each one hundred and twenty acres; P. E. Connor, three hundred acres; on the latter farm are the gravel pits from which the streets of the city are now being improved; seventy tons of gravel and sand per day are excavated. On the west are the ranches of Mr. French, Judge Creaner, Mr. Pock, Mr. Ford, Fanning Brothers, Dr. Holden, and others. Most of these ranches contain one hundred and twenty acres, used for stock, and are located immediately south of the race track.

Proceeding on the Hogan road, by a continuous lane, we observed some choice grain ranches, especially those of Charles A. Potter, Mr. Barry, and Mr. Burnett. Martin Sylvester's ranch contains four hundred and eighty acres of grazing land; has a small crop of grain, and his orchard is in good condition, the trees being large and well proportioned; six acres in trees and vines; four hundred peach trees, and fifteen hundred (assorted varieties) grape vines. The trees and vines are from one to six years old; irrigates with a horse-power pump, from a well eighteen feet deep. On the farm are large deposits of coarse gravel—valuable for improving roads. All the ranches in this vicinity are similarly favored with gravel beds.

John Kaller has a fine farm of one hundred and sixty acres, well improved, and a small garden orchard of three hundred fruit trees, and one hundred and fifty grape vines, and a few hop vines, Lawton blackberry, etc.; harvested one hundred and twenty acres of grain this year, mostly wheat, yielding eighteen bushels to the acre; the volunteer did not do well, and the crop was cut for hay; raised a crop of Nepal barley, ten acres, (from which pearl barley is manufactured,) which yielded forty-two bushels to the acre; the grain resembles wheat, and is very heavy, weighing eighty pounds to the bushel; tried the German bald barley, but the crop did not do well.

This is Weber School District; the school has sixty scholars, and is in a flourishing condition.

To the west is the ranch of Mr. Bohannon; one thousand fruit trees; do well, with irrigation. East is the grain farm of Christian Burchard, one hundred and sixty acres; this year's wheat crop averaged fourteen bushels to the acre. The adjoining farm, south, the same. Peter Mun-

son has one hundred and sixty acres of land; cultivated a small crop on new land; yielded eighteen bushels to the acre.

Andrew Wolf's farm contains eight hundred acres; five hundred in cultivation, and sixty acres in summer fallow for next year's crop. The wheat yielded thirty-seven and a half bushels to the acre; volunteer, twenty bushels to the acre; raised three thousand seven hundred and sixty-eight bushels of wheat, and two thousand eight hundred bushels of barley; total, six thousand five hundred and sixty-eight bushels, or three hundred and sixty thousand seven hundred and twenty pounds of grain; cuts sixty tons of hay, and grazes one hundred and twenty head of cattle, with sufficient horses and mules to do the farm-work. The orchard and garden are irrigated by one of the improved horse-power force pumps, manufactured by Keep & Briggs, Stockton; the well (artesian) is fifty-eight feet deep, throwing a continuous, full, strong, six-inch stream, affording ample water, in a few hours run each day, for irrigating the grounds and supplying the stock. The trees, about eight hundred in number, appear healthy, and are growing finely, but are pruned too high. Orchard trees do better pruned low, about eighteen inches above the ground, so that the limbs will shade the body of the tree. A great economy in irrigation is effected by covering the soil with straw muck, thus keeping the ground moist much longer than if exposed to the sun. A fine arbor from the house to the road, three hundred feet long, planted with vines on either side, adds relief to the deep green foliage of the trees, and lends an air of comfort and elegance to the premises. The improvements are substantial and of a superior order, located to good advantage, and of tidy appearance. These are the farm-house, barns, sheds, etc., for housing the crop and protecting the farm implements from summer suns and winter rains. Underneath the granary is an old-fashioned spring-house and cellar, for cooling milk and making and storing butter, cheese, etc. The fields are of uniform size, and well arranged; fencing good, with gates of improved pattern, in their proper places, adapted for use, neatness, and completeness, seldom seen on "ranches" in this State. We noted a great variety of chickens, (Brahma Pootra and other fancy kinds,) turkeys, eight or ten pea-fowls, pigeons, etc., each strutting and cooing in holiday attire. In the long line of water troughs were a number of fish—chubs and perch—from the slough near by, left in water-holes by the receding floods of last winter. Mr. W. owns three fine stallions: "Planter," draft horse, weighs sixteen hundred pounds, seven years old, and of superb stock; "Young Eclipse," four years old, and "Washerman," two years old—sire, "David Hill"—dam, "Mary Blane." The two latter colts are half brothers, and will compare favorably with the best blood stock in California.

Hairston Amyx's farm is the next east; farm contains three hundred and twenty acres; a young orchard of five hundred trees, planted this spring, appeared to be growing finely with irrigation. Next is the Hogan ranch, the first settled on the road.

We here left the main road, turning to the west in by-ways, through fields of stubble from which the grain had all been cut, crops averaging from ten to fifteen bushels to the acre; bad fences and poor improvements generally, without any fruit trees or shrubbery around the poorly-constructed houses. The trail directed us through a timber region from which wood is obtained for the Stockton market. Nearly all the finest trees have long since been culled by the woodman's axe, and the present occupants appeared to be skimming the forest by chopping up the long neglected tops and butts of the fallen trees into a poor, spongy article of

stove-wood, much to the disgust of the victims who are compelled to purchase that commodity. This land sells, improved, at from six to ten dollars per acre.

The school district is called "Wildwood;" we passed the school house where twenty-three scholars are now taught by private subscription.

Turning a little to the south, through a sparsely-timbered country, we came to the sand ridge which borders the French Camp road. This plain is of singular formation, being a series of continuous small hillocks of sand, formed either by whirlwinds or water eddies. They look as would the waves of an undulating ocean, were they in a moment petrified. The plain is almost barren at this season, except a stunted variety of heath, which *looks* fresh and green enough, but is entirely useless as a pasture for either hogs, sheep, or any other kind of stock.

On the French Camp road are many grain farms of large size, which appeared parched up, the burnt sand reflecting a heat almost insufferable, especially as the dust was abundant. No orchards, and but few gardens greet the eye, yet, with a liberal irrigation, the land is capable of producing all the fruits and vegetables of the country. In this vicinity, are the farms of Lyman Grover, Joel Munson, Charles Munson, Frank Ross, John Hitchcock, Peter Kritznier, Fred. Elsie, Levi Nice-wonga, Cyrus Steadford, Moses Munson, U. J. Munson, James Uren, Jeremiah Gooch, John Minges, Mr. Bailey, Mr. Wagner, and others. The farms are all large, from one hundred and sixty to fifteen hundred acres in size, mostly over four hundred acres. By different persons we were informed that the crops, this year, were lighter than usual, only averaging from ten to fifteen bushels to the acre; that the grain of the wheat was generally heavy, and of good, and even superior quality. Formerly, this section was famed for raising the heaviest wheat in the country, in favorable seasons; it being well known that California wheat is rated "best" in the New York market, the San Joaquin wheat "best" in San Francisco, and wheat from this section "*best*" in San Joaquin—at least it is so pronounced by millers and corroborated by the bakers, who use the flour. All the farmers we questioned, report that summer fallow yields one half more than the winter ploughed land or volunteer crop.

Returning through the timber belt, we inclined eastwardly over the apparently barren plains, occupied by some sheep ranches and a few enclosed fields. We crossed the Mariposa road at the Twelve Mile House, kept by William Bell. The place has tolerable improvements, and on either side of the road were large grain fields, from which average crops had been harvested. The land is much better than that passed, and improves as we proceed. Mr. Isaac W. Boucher, formerly of Stockton, did the agreeable, and a cool drink in the refreshing shade was as welcome to us as is an oasis in the desert to a weary traveller.

Proceeding east, through the fields, we came to the fine farm of Jacob Grundike. This is a large farm, of two thousand five hundred acres, and one of the best we have seen in California. Everything indicates the prudent and careful man, and industrious, competent farmer. The lanes and fields are properly laid out, and neatly arranged. The soil is thoroughly cultivated, and every expedient of art and science is taken advantage of to aid the efforts of man in his useful toil. The crop, this year, was one thousand one hundred acres, mostly wheat; three hundred acres of barley, and three hundred acres of summer fallow, now broken, for next year's crop. The summer fallow yielded this year from forty to forty-five bushels to the acre, on this farm—which is about one half more than winter ploughing, and two thirds more than volunteer.

His present crop, not all threshed yet, will be over twenty thousand bushels. Last year it was over forty-one thousand bushels, so we are since informed. Mr. Grundike settled here four years ago; he is from Western New York, and deserves the highest praise for the example afforded in neat and successful farming. His farm is certainly a model of utility, especially in the fencing, barns, sheds, etc. In behalf of the Committee we return thanks to Mr. Joseph Grundike, who, in the absence of the proprietor, showed us every courtesy, and gave us all the information desired. A small garden-orchard of peach trees, near the house, was full of fruit. No fruit trees can be raised here without irrigation.

Mr. Grundike has three hundred hogs, and, contrary to our bitter experience, and that of some others, they prove profitable. In fine, the Committee point to this highly cultivated farm as an example for the rising generation; here they will see exhibited the results of the experience and observation of the intelligent and practical mind of the industrious and energetic farmer.

Continuing eastward, through the farms of Samuel Merriman, Ebenezer Wood, Mr. Thomas, John Darrah, and others, all large ranches, rich land, heavy crops, and sparsely timbered, with fine oak, and a few ash trees—we came to the orchard of Nathaniel Rodgers, containing five hundred apple and peach trees; irrigated, and look well—trees three and four years old. This farm contains seven hundred and fifty acres—four hundred in grain; raised seven thousand bushels of wheat this year. Most of the farms just mentioned are equally large, and raised similar crops.

We came into the Sonora road at the ranch of John Rich. Farm contains four hundred and twenty acres; harvested this year three thousand bushels of barley. Has two hundred and eighty acres of summer fallow, ready for next year's crop, in good order. The orchard contains nine hundred fruit trees, mostly planted this year. We counted eight windmills on the place, for irrigating. They were of every variety, from Derrick's best, to the worst form of the "spinning" sort.

Returning towards Stockton, we called at the farm of I. D. Hamilton, (Twelve Mile House,) who has eight hundred acres of land—two hundred acres in grain, which produced ten bushels to the acre; cut two hundred acres of grass, which yielded one and a half tons of hay to the acre; has one thousand fruit trees—apple, peach, pear, and plum; irrigates all the trees, which do best where most irrigated; trees four and a half years old. Some of the peaches this year measured eleven inches in circumference. The orchard is planted on an Indian mound, consisting of sand-loam, with alluvial and vegetable deposits, mixed with gravel. Some of the trees are injured by the borer, and most of the apples destroyed by squirrels and birds. Dried one hundred bushels of peaches this year.

The buildings and improvements are neat and substantial; and some large locust trees before the door add a lively homestead appearance to the premises. The barn is two and a half stories high, one hundred by sixty-eight feet in the clear, and contains three hundred tons of hay and one hundred and eighty tons of barley.

Mr. Hamilton has some fast stock in the stable. We noted a neat little carriage horse, seven years old, colt of "Belshazzar;" also, a yearling colt, fifteen hands high, a complete horse, from "Clyde;" he has a neat, clean limb, smooth, silky hair, and an eagle eye; has not the "loguey" motion of the old "Clyde" stock. "Young Bertrand," an-

other fine stallion colt, sixteen and a quarter hands high, out of A. N. Fisher's "Old Bertrand," weighs thirteen hundred and fifty pounds, is four years old, and of a bright chestnut color. This animal will compete at the approaching Fair, for the premium "awarded to the best horse for all purposes;" he is a good roadster, and by a little training, will trot a mile in three and a half minutes. Four of his colts will be on the Fair grounds, and we are assured they will compare favorably with the best "Black Hawk," or "Morgan Black Hawk" colts in the country. As a lively competition will bring out the best stock in the District, we shall make a note of the exhibition, and verify the assertion, if true.

Next on the road towards Stockton, is the ranch of Mr. Griffin—four hundred and eighty acres of land. Two hundred and sixty acres in wheat, and harvested six thousand bushels. One field of one hundred and twenty acres, produced four thousand bushels.

Proceeding along continuous lanes for several miles, through splendid ranches, we came to the garden orchard of J. M. Arnest, four miles from Stockton. It contains five hundred and fifty fruit trees and three thousand grape vines—four hundred vines bearing; irrigated by trenches and sluices; water supplied from two windmills, improved lift pumps; trees two to four years old, and in full bearing; drying peaches for market, and selling fruit and vegetables from a stand on the road side. Ranch contains one hundred and twenty acres.

There being no other orchards worthy of note on our route, the Committee returned by six o'clock, to Stockton, after suffering from the intense heat and choking dust, about as much as human nature could bear in ten hours of misery.

From such details as these, in individual practice, a general idea can be gathered of the system adopted by the best farmers and orchardists of a considerable area. So long as agriculture remains in its present condition—a condition in which there is so much to be learned from example, and so little from any source to which experience does not chiefly contribute—the interest of the agriculturist and horticulturist will centre mainly in such facts as he can ascertain from the common daily experience of others, rather than in speculations, or even in the abstract statements of the principles that are really involved in experience. Hence, it is not "labor lost" to present a view of the farming of any locality, however trivial its details may appear, so only that the view be as nearly accurate as possible, both in little things and large. We have now devoted considerable space to a region of country not greatly favored by Nature, yet to some considerable extent improved by culture; and while, as in any grain and grazing county, we have been less concerned with the actual management of each crop, than with getting at the proportionate prominence it bears to other crops, and to the amount of stock kept, such a record of the condition of farming in such a region at least seems worthy of preservation, and may be useful to the Society, as well as practically suggestive and profitable to other communities settled on different and richer soils.

On Saturday, August thirtieth, Messrs. George Webster and J. T. Mills, of the Committee on Orchards and Vineyards, continued their observations by examining the north and northwest portion of the county.

Leaving Stockton in their company, at an early hour, we proceeded by the Telegraph road to Benson's ferry, on the Mokelumne River, twenty-three miles from Stockton. Passing the valuable farms of Messrs. Frazier and Sarles, (the latter a fine milk ranch, containing one thousand and forty-three acres,) and Sperry and Merrill, on the opposite side of the road, we crossed the Calaveras bridge, near the large and extensive brick-yards of the latter-named gentleman.

On the north side of the river, to the west, is the splendid ranch of M. J. Dooly, stage proprietor, whose liberality is manifested in the neat and substantial picket fencing just completed, which lines the road; in fact, the entire farm is newly and securely fenced, and adapted to grazing stage stock. A handsome lawn and park has been regularly surveyed, preparatory to improving and erecting a country seat in the grove of timber near the road. This is the old McSpeddon ranch, which, since its first settlement in eighteen hundred and forty-nine, has been rated among the best in the county.

Next adjoining, north, is the farm of Major Bradley, also John Bradley, D. J. Oullahan, and others. On the east side of the road are the farms of "Daddy Sly," and Messrs. Bradford, W. McK. Carson, and others to the east. All of this land is of the very best quality, and is generally known as "The Meadows," being overflowed, in part, each year. In the timber region, adjacent to David Wrightman's, the land is equally good, with fencing and residences of average order.

After passing the timber-belt the land is not so good, and, consequently, farms are larger and improvements inferior. Several large grain-fields are on both sides of the road; the heavy, bright stubble, glittering in the morning sun, shows that good healthy crops had been harvested. The land is a rolling, sandy ridge, sprinkled with noxious weeds, especially the ever-prevailing "tar-weed," which indicates strong soil, impregnated with alkali and other subtle terrene salts.

Our notes commence at the ranch of J. J. Flood, ten miles from Stockton. This farm contains three hundred acres of land; two hundred in grain; raised five thousand bushels of grain; yielded twenty-five to thirty bushels to the acre; crop mostly barley.

Opposite, on the east side of the road, is the farm of E. Thompson; one hundred and sixty acres; one hundred acres in grain. The farm is similar to Mr. Flood's, in cultivation, condition, and yield.

W. D. Bugbee has three hundred and twenty acres of land; crop light; most of the grain was fed, without harvesting, to the hogs. Three hundred fine porkers, very fat, were lazily lolling about, ready for market or the butcher's knife. A garden orchard of two hundred fruit trees, and two thousand California grape vines, surround the house.

Near by, is the farm of Mr. Pilgrim, and many others, north and south, adjacent to the road, from which large crops had been harvested, judging from the great number of high piles of straw in the stubble-fields.

Proceeding west, toward the tules, we came to the old Telegraph road, at the ranch of Sylvester Treadway. This is a large farm (on the Pico grant,) of four thousand acres; harvested two hundred acres of barley, which yielded twenty bushels to the acre; a few fruit trees, which did not flourish for want of water. We "noted" a fine young grizzly, five months old, which appeared savage as a meat-axe, and, at times, playful as a kitten—a sweet customer. Master George Treadway will introduce his pet "bruin" at the District Fair, as an improved *Pacific Hugging Machine*. He is a large cub of his age, and will weigh, when full grown, over sixteen hundred pounds.

R. C. Sargent is also located on the Pico grant, and has two thousand six hundred acres of land, besides three thousand acres of tule land, entered under the law for reclaiming the same; cut sixteen hundred tons of hay this year—mostly volunteer barley, mowed while in bloom; threshed fifteen hundred bushels of grain; has a large number of American and half-breed horses and cattle, and three hundred head of hogs, feeding in the tules. We observed a fine bay colt, out of "Jack Hawkins," which will prove a noble stallion. Surrounding the house is a fine garden, and trees growing thrifty with irrigation. The Sargent Brothers have several large ranches in other counties, used for grazing purposes. They own five thousand head of superior cattle, mostly California and half-breed stock.

The ranch of A. N. Fisher & Co., stage proprietors, (the next north,) is also very large, and mostly used as a stock range. The farm contains three thousand acres, including overflowed land, located under the State Act; all fenced, with good, substantial, post and rail fence; harvested two hundred acres of wheat, and cut a large quantity of hay. Grasshoppers proved a great nuisance this year, destroying most of the crop and grass. These pests made their first appearance on the fifteenth of May, and continued increasing in size and numbers until the twenty-fifth of August, when they suddenly disappeared. The grasshopper (*Locusta Gryllus*) appears every five years; hatched from shoals and millions of eggs deposited in the sand; in fact, they were so numerous that when they assumed active life, the sand appeared to *crawl* and move, as if suddenly sprung by a vital touch—the infant insect not being larger than a grain of sand, and of the same sombre gray color.

Fisher & Co. have three hundred head of fine American stock, principally horses. They will have eight or ten choice animals in the Fair. Of the stallions, "Sir Charles" is probably the finest, then "Bertrand," a noble chestnut sorrel, and the original sire of all the fine "Bertram" stock in this District. But by far the neatest horse is a bright bay colt, (which we take the liberty of naming "Mazeppa,") two years old, and over sixteen hands high, without any forced growth or aid in "getting up" for exhibition—the complete horse that Byron pictured.

As there are many fine horses in this State and District, of the improved "Morgan" and "Black Hawk" stock, we copy the following, to show their average value in the East, and relative estimation:

"MORGAN" HORSES.—In a late number of "Porter's Spirit," Mr. James D. Ladd, of Ohio, (good authority,) gives the following interesting statistics relative to the "Black Hawk" branch of the "Morgan" horse family: "Black Hawk" earned, as a foal getter, for D. & E. Hill, sixty thousand dollars; they and others sold, out of Addison County alone, for a number of years, from twenty thousand to thirty thousand dollars' worth of his colts annually. A great many stallions of his get have been sold, at from two to six years old, for from fifteen hundred to two thousand dollars; some at from three thousand to four thousand dollars; some at five thousand to six thousand dollars. The owners of "Ethan Allen" refused twenty thousand dollars for him. Of fast trotters he got "Ethan Allen," "Lancet," "Know Nothing," "Black Ralph," "Lady Lawrence," "Belle of Saratoga," "Black Hawk Maid," "Ticonderoga," "Sherman Black Hawk," "Stockbridge Chief," and many more. His stock have taken the first honors at the Vermont and Massachusetts Fairs for years, with scarcely a single exception. At United States Fairs, "Ethan Allen" has taken a first premium, "Ticonderoga" one, and

"Stockbridge Chief" two. "Ethan Allen" has always, when shown for them, taken the first at Springfield, Massachusetts; last fall he took the first at St. Louis, and "Stockbridge Chief" the first at Nashville. His colts have taken all the first premiums at Ohio State Fairs, with two exceptions, as roadsters, and a great many as horses for general purposes.

We also observed a large three fourths Durham bull, finest class animal in the county, except R. S. Bates' "Fourth Duke of Northumberland," and Dr. Holden's "Washington."

Jacob Brock, proprietor of San Joaquin Brewery, has three hundred acres of land, on Cheboya Grant; harvested two hundred acres of barley, which yielded eighteen bushels to the acre; cultivates a few trees, which grow thrifty, without irrigation; good water procured five feet from the surface.

Charles Dodge has a large ranch, on the same grant, of fifteen hundred acres; raised but little grain; in company with his neighbor, Luther Spaulding, they raised a larger crop. All this land is on a sand ridge, good soil, and sparsely timbered with live oak, white oak, etc. In fact, these oak openings extend throughout the entire sand ridge between the Calaveras and Mokelumne Rivers.

Passing through numerous bars and gates, leading to interminable lanes and fields, we came to the farm of Mr. John Thompson, (Assembly nominee.) This is a large farm of five hundred and eighty acres, bottom land; made up, like all other river land in this vicinity, of alluvial deposits and decayed vegetation. The crop this year was small and very light, considering the good quality of the soil; only thirty bushels to the acre. Last year the same fields produced sixty-six bushels to the acre.

Joseph Kyle owns the adjoining farm east, of six hundred and forty acres, of similar land. Messrs. Thompson & Kyle have just finished burning a kiln of three hundred thousand excellent brick, which readily sell at eight dollars per thousand in Mokelumne City.

Mr. Tubbs owns the adjoining farm, south.

Inclining to the west, with cornfields on our left, and dense willow groves and all kinds of timber usually found in swamp and overflowed land, on our right, we crossed a rickety bridge, spanning a blind slough, (in which was the skeleton of a shipwrecked boat,) to the island. The road is in a direct line of Mokelumne City, the large white houses of which loom up in the distance. In the low sweeps are abundance of tules and aquatic weeds, and the plains are liberally strewn with driftwood and alluvial deposits from the auriferous region. Many huge sawlogs, some round, some square, cradled in the Sierras, convenient and remote from the Big Trees, have found a resting place in the bogs that surround the island.

William Stearns owns three hundred and eight acres on this island, comprising some of the best land in the delta or triangular plot. It is here classed as the garden of San Joaquin County, but is no richer than any other reclaimed swamp and overflowed land. As an evidence of its value, Mr. Stearns sold a piece recently, of ten acres, at seventy-five dollars per acre, and he believes it to be now worth more. On this ground cornstalks over eleven feet high are now standing, burdened with massive ears, and pumpkins weighing one hundred and fifty pounds can be seen. Some of these vegetable monstrosities will be introduced at the Fair.

Mokelumne City is located on the river, about half a mile above Benson's Ferry, and at the supposed head of navigation, the tide rising and

falling about four feet. It is a new place, appears thriving, and the buildings, some eighteen or twenty, are large and substantial, especially the hotel, which is two stories high, fronting one hundred feet, with two wings of sixty feet depth each, and livery stable, just completed; they are owned by G. A. Keith. There is also a large hotel, kept by Perry Mills, three stories; blacksmith shop, wagonmaker shop, saloon, billiard saloon, etc. The town has every facility for making a city, being located just half way between Sacramento and Stockton, a fine grazing and agricultural region on the arid uplands, with the river bottoms and swamp lands to the east and west, of the richest order. The settlements on the reclaimed tule lands extend fifteen miles down the river, to the junction of the Mokelumne and San Joaquin. Dry Creek enters two miles above the city, and the Cosumnes nearly half a mile below. All the grain, hay, wood, charcoal, tan bark, etc., from the surrounding region of twenty miles square, is here shipped to San Francisco, and here, also, the population of that large extent of country receive their subsistence supplies, and all kinds of furnishing and other imported goods from that city. Last winter, four schooners were actively and constantly employed in this trade, and one small steamer made several trips. Freights to and from San Francisco were then one dollar to two dollars per ton. From one to three teams per day, during the last rainy season, were loaded for the mines. Some are now constantly freighting to the mines and to Washoe. The town is improving, and lots, forty by eighty feet square, are selling at from one hundred to five hundred dollars each; a price too high to encourage enterprising mechanics and business men to settle permanently. A new bridge across the river and sloughs, near the residence of Mr. Stearns, is about to be built, which will place Dry Creek and Liberty within eight miles of the town, and will do much to increase the trade, travel, and prosperity of the place, as it will open up to that section a nearer, speedier, safer, and cheaper place of trade than Sacramento, where now, much to their inconvenience, all local business is transacted.

One half mile below Mokelumne City, is the ferry and farm of Mrs. Benson. Here the river overflows, at high floods, on both sides, to a depth of two feet, and most of the cultivated soil is reclaimed tule land. The farm contains two thousand acres first-class land, located and held under the State law. Two hundred acres, now under cultivation, with a variety of crops, affords ample evidence of the unprecedented richness and yield of this kind of soil. The orchard contains six hundred apple trees, eight years old, of large size and vigorous growth; also three hundred California grape vines. The trees are all loaded with the best kind of grafted fruit, such as Gloria Mundi, Mammoth Pippin, Genetting, Rambo, Bacon Sweet, Red Streak, and other choice varieties. Most of the fruit was sold on the ground at from six to fifteen cents per pound—averaging ten cents. Each tree will produce, this year, from one to three bushels of superb apples. We strolled through the orchard and fields, and observed various crops, consisting of seven acres broom corn, very fine; the wisps were from one to two feet long, and of a rich bright yellow color; this product is sold in San Francisco; one half acre of tobacco, real Kentucky leaf, of giant growth and healthy color. The gardener, who is a skilful tobacco planter, says he never saw a finer crop in Kentucky than this; no rust, blight, frost or worms troubling the crop. A small field of white beets, (Mangel Wurzel,) for feeding hogs; two acres of pop corn, to please the children, several patches of Carolina sweet potatoes, huge squashes, watermelons, pumpkins, and all kinds of

garden truck, in abundance, filled up every notch and corner of the reclaimed land. The corn field is extensive, and of large growth—stalks ten to fourteen feet high, but very few ears, and most of them mutilated by blackbirds, shoals and millions of which are circling in the air, or making the welkin ring with their musical warblings in the groves and trees; these birds build their nests and hatch in the tules, and are the greatest pest the farmers and gardeners in this vicinity have to contend against—evil sprites, continually at war with the dominion of Pomona and Ceres. Neither the orchard nor crops are ever irrigated, except from overflow during high water. Mrs. Benson has about two thousand pounds dried fruit, apples and peaches, ready for market. Samples of most of the products of this farm will be on exhibition at the Fair. Last year, the orchard took the premium for best exhibit of apples. Travel on this road is not so extensive as by Woodbridge; the income from the ferry is about fifteen hundred dollars per year, while at Woodbridge it is over five thousand dollars per year. A rancheria of Indians is located "over the river," who have become sufficiently civilized to play cards, get drunk, rob orchards, steal watermelons, and "secede" with the contents of the hen roost.

Returning, we travelled the Woodbridge road as far as the "Snug," through a sparsely-timbered and thinly-settled country; the land is all fenced in, and but little cultivation to be seen; the stubble fields and straw appear of rank growth, yielding from twenty to thirty bushels to the acre.

Lemuel T. Dougherty, at the "Snug," has one hundred and sixty acres of land; forty-five acres in grain, yielding from fifteen to twenty bushels to the acre. His brother owns the farm opposite, and had a large crop, with better yield to the acre. We noticed on one of the highest trees near the residence, a large American flag, gently waving to the breeze in all its magnificent splendor.

At the "Meeker House" is a large grain field, from which three thousand two hundred bushels of wheat and barley were harvested this year, yielding twenty-five bushels to the acre. In this vicinity nearly all the farms are a full section, six hundred and forty acres, perfectly square, with lanes one hundred and twenty feet wide, at right angles on all sides, adding much to the beauty of the landscape, and convenience of the residents. Such taste and liberality on the part of the farmers adds at least twenty per cent. to the value of the land.

We have now done visiting orchards and vineyards for this year, and after careful inspection, and mature deliberation, judging relatively and comparatively, this county and valley is far superior, as a fruit and grain-growing district, to any of the Bay or Coast Range districts. Facts carry us out in the assertion, and the system of Nature and climate prevent a different conclusion. Near the foot-hills of the Coast Range of mountains, frosts often occur in spring and fall, owing to humidity and chilling blasts from the Pacific Ocean, which laves the western base of this range of low hills and undulating valleys. The fresh gales are wafted over the Santa Cruz Mountains, laden with moisture, and meeting the dry air on this side, it is absorbed by it. During the night the air becomes colder than the earth, condensation takes place, the consequence of which is a heavy frost; this is particularly the case in Santa Clara County. Before these ocean gales get to the Tulare Valley, especially this district, they have parted with this moisture. Hence we, who are living east of the San Joaquin, (the river runs through the centre of the valley,) have little frost. And even when we have one, it

is less severe than on the west side of the Coast Range, for reasons stated. Last season much fruit was killed in the seaboard valleys by frost, and the evil must continue to be the case frequently, in all time to come. Our conclusions are, that any part of this District will produce fruit trees and vines of fine growth, and the venture would prove profitable if they were properly attended to. All *adobe* soil must be irrigated, or the trees will die or be useless, from drouth. Sand ridge must be irrigated the first two years. On river bottoms and reclaimed tule lands, trees thrive better without irrigation. Reclaimed tule land is the very best soil for fruit trees, grape vines, and vegetables, that can be cultivated, being fifty per cent. better than the sand strata and alluvial deposits of river bottoms. Corn, tobacco, potatoes, sweet potatoes, rice, sugar cane, hemp, cotton, cranberries, broom corn, and in fact, almost every product of the torrid or temperate zones, can be cultivated with ease and success on any of the reclaimed tule lands of the Tulare Valley, at less expense and labor than in any part of the world.

Leaving Stockton at half past eight o'clock, on Tuesday morning, September sixteenth, we soon rounded the turn at Rough and Ready Ranch, three miles below the city, and entered the swift and muddy current of the San Joaquin, our speed being eleven miles per hour. "Rough and Ready" is a fine orchard and garden, made of reclaimed tule land, by throwing up embankments. The grounds are fringed with willows, to protect the fruit trees from wind, and the land from overflow; the fibrous roots of the willows strengthening the embankment. Next adjoining, below, is a French garden, with similar improvements; we noted a few acres of fine grape vines, very thrifty, and full of fruit; also, a large vegetable garden, and a small orchard of fruit trees. The cottage looked cosy and neat, spanned as it was by the plummy drapery of a huge drooping willow, which stood at the door, presenting a sombre air, no doubt much coveted by its reclusé occupants. Another small ranch, and we came to the "Devil's Elbow," five miles from Stockton. This curvature, which Satanic digits formed, is the terror of large boats; the turn, which is a little sharper than an acute angle, is gradually diminishing, as during the past ten years each steamer and sailing craft, in making the short turn, cuts a ginger-cake slice off the crazy-bone apex, thus improving navigation.

The "Lone Tree," two miles further on, is the next object to break the monotony of the tule world. On the left is "Barnes' Cut-off," which leads into Old River, forming a large island.

Telegraph slough is an estuary of the Calaveras, and the principal outlet of that stream. Black Slough, near by, makes in from the Coast Range, and heads away up near the foot-hills, at the base of Mount Diablo; it is navigable, and enters the San Joaquin fifteen miles from Stockton. In the mouths of these estuaries Chinese fishermen catch all the fish sold in the Stockton market. Large numbers of the moon-eyed Mongolians live here in boats and tule cabins; they place nets across the mouths of the inlets, thus trapping all the scaly customers of the finny tribe, (including now and then a beaver, otter, or muskrat,) as the tide recedes. The perch and trout are carried fresh to market, while the

salmon, slough-fish, etc., are salted and dried for the "John" market in the mines.

Opposite this point commence the surveyed tule lands, and as many Stocktonians are interested, we noted a few of the claims, giving such data as our limited information on the subject would allow of. The first claim is owned by Colonel Lanus, has one thousand two hundred and eighty acres, partially improved. Colonel Connor's is next; then Conley & Patrick's, four thousand acres; on the opposite side of the river are the claims of Captain Moseby, W. B. Norman, and others; Sam. Brannan has five thousand acres, partially reclaimed, and a house built, now occupied. Below Middle River all the land is entered, and claimed by different parties, but none of it yet improved, except Norman & Co.'s, who have one hundred and sixty acres reclaimed by embankment, taken from a ditch four feet wide and three feet deep.

The reason the land is not entered above Twenty-One Mile Slough, is that the soil is not so good, is lower, is harder to reclaim, not having the advantage of rise and fall of tide, and is affected by overflow from the river during winter freshets. Below, the tide is an advantage, naturally assisting art in the very heavy work and drainage. Just below Disappointment Slough, an embankment four miles long is thrown up, with a similar ditch as that on Norman's land. This plot is claimed and improved by Duncan Beaumont, Mr. Daniels, J. S. Belcher, William H. Lyons, and T. T. Bouldin, who own a large tract of land, and have one half mile frontage each, on the river. The ditch is generally two or three rods in from the river, but not visible from the top of the boat, on account of tules. Hay is being cut, and cattle, very fat and fine, are grazing in the distance. A house stands nearly a mile below, and is favorably located near a group of willows.

Mitchell's Slough is twenty-eight miles below Stockton, by the river, and makes in from the east, heading at Mitchell's Ranch, near the Calaveras.

Opposite the junction of the Mokelumne with the San Joaquin, a fine new house has just been built, by parties from San Francisco. Making the turn to take the four mile stretch up the Mokelumne, to the mouth of Georgiana Slough, we found the bar very shallow. The stream is broad and elegant, but twenty miles above, it is very narrow. From the pilot house we had a splendid view—the wide expanse of sky and land afforded a scene peculiar to California, and carried the weary eye away into the hazy limits of the tule world, where the mingled tints of green and blue formed rainbow galaxies of earth's creation. Many low bushes line the banks of the river, and much drift wood is upon them. Surveyors' flags are to be seen at every turn, about six hundred yards apart.

It is refreshing to leave the Mokelumne and enter Georgiana Slough, where cultivation abounds—whose densely timbered borders and shaded banks slope in gentle curves with the winding stream. A trapper's cabin and a milk ranch, tenanted by recluse hermits, amid the charms of solitude, reign in silence supreme, undisturbed by the wisdom or foolishness of the outside world. Truly, sages might envy their peace and plenty. About five miles further on, in a dense jungle, lives "Whiskey Bill"—a man of fine intellect and good qualities, but will drink. He has lived here many years, all alone, "not loving the world, nor the world him"—beyond the reach of heartless parasites.

The slough here curves to the east, and runs sixteen miles almost parallel to the Sacramento, entering the river a few miles below Steamboat Slough—varying from one half to two miles apart. The water at the

junction of the Mokelumne is fifteen feet deep. The stream increases until it averages forty feet in depth—much greater than the Sacramento River. The banks are heavily timbered with sycamore, ash, elm, and black walnut. Many of the trees are fringed with the rich drapery and dark green foliage of wild grape vines—festooned acolytes—hanging pendent from the topmost branches, ever offering incense on Nature's altar, to the regal magnificence of the Oriental scene.

Settlements are becoming thicker here, and ranches better improved. Nearly all the ranchers are old bachelors of the most incorrigible kind. Larry McClory is, however, an exception to the rule. He has a nice strip of land, "planted in pigs and potatoes, cows and pumpkins, corn and chickens—and faith, he's tired of his six years recluse life, and wants an ould 'oman to mind the cabin." The land is a rich, black loam, very fertile. Sweet potatoes are growing, and small pyramids of huge onions are piled up on every ten feet square.

Ashland Valentine, the next farm, is located on an old Indian rancharia. Near the house is a mound, from which vast quantities of aborigines' bones have been excavated. Settlements are thickly located on both sides of the slough. A species of live oak, very green foliage, and high, pertains to this vicinity.

Paddy O'Farrell, one of the "rale ould schtock," owns the next ranch. His shieling is a neat sample of the log cabin—an illegant edifice of its type, deserving a better-half to share the joys and sorrows, with other worldly comforts, which I am sorry to say—and so is Paddy—he has not.

Henry Garratt, from the Sucker State, owns the next. He is also an old bachelor—confound them. He raises bees, tobacco, sweet potatoes, and garden-truck generally.

Frank Duball has a similar ranch, and raises similar productions, etc.; has a good cabin, but no wife. This lets the old bachelors out—poor, solitary "cusses;" guess they think we are better off than they. If so, they are mistaken.

On the opposite side is the ranch of William and Jesse Phipps, sons of the great hydraulic man, of pump-invention notoriety. They enjoy single blessedness, with an occasional overflow from the river, or fire in the tules, destroying their crops, and thus adding to their domestic comforts. [Might as well be married.—ED.]

Tom Day owns the adjoining premises, but lives in San Francisco, preferring that execrable climate to this detestable solitude. "Should n't wonder."

Mr. Thomas Westfall (we will Mister a man who has sense enough to get a wife and sufficient goodness to keep her,) owns the ranch opposite to Phipps'. A happy group of smiling white-headed children stand at the door, and thence romp to the grape-vine swing—showing a decided increase of population.

Near by is the ranch of George Frisbie, from Albion's Isle. He has a small orchard of fine trees—a few black walnut—and a large quantity of sweet potatoes. We here noticed the first *native* black walnut trees; they were of large size and full of nuts.

John Crofton, from the Emerald Isle, lives opposite, has a nice farm and fine whitewashed residence, neatly enclosed and suitably arranged. Stephen Tyler owns the ranch opposite; it is a large farm, all under cultivation, employing a dozen hands most of the year; one hundred acres of land is improved; an orchard, one mile long, lines the east bank of the slough; the largest trees are eight years old—mostly apple and

peach. A large brick kiln is just burnt, and workmen are preparing to build a brick house suitable to the increasing wants of the enterprising proprietor; the buildings now in use are large and commodious. The large live-oak tree before the door is a perfect picture, and adds much to the elegance of the premises.

John Sharp, the next resident, has a fine brick house, built on an old Indian mound. The Walnut Grove post office, Sacramento County, is on this ranch. Many large walnut trees, the limbs well filled with nuts, stand near the premises. These nuts are different from the States walnut; have a soft, smooth shell, and are smaller, and the kernel is sweeter than the common black walnut.

Joe Blaisdell owns the ranch opposite, has a large orchard of big fruit trees, well pruned and carefully planted. This is near the entrance of the slough into the old Sacramento River.

Joseph White has a two-story brick house, large and fine—a garden, fences, etc., to correspond. The orchard is extensive; very thrifty and productive.

Casper Dodson also has a brick house, built half a mile from the river, on a mound one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet high. This mound is one of the greatest curiosities on the river; it contains about thirty acres, and connects with the plains by a narrow neck or tongue of land, formed by the numerous overflows of all previous time. The improved plat around the house contains thirty acres of sandy formation and alluvial deposits. Mr. Dodson has three farms, all well improved.

Grand Island is opposite, and Mr. Baker owns the ranch. His orchard and garden excels in all that is truly rich and beautiful. It is like a precious jewel set in the richest casing of emerald green. This island is formed by Steamboat Slough making off from the main Sacramento River, and is twelve miles long from Rio Vista to Kiercheval's ranch, all surveyed, and will soon be all reclaimed. The value of the ranches just described ranges from three thousand to five thousand dollars for one hundred and sixty acres, half improved, with tule land adjoining.

WEST & BROTHER'S FARM.—Through the politeness of Messrs. Webster, Brown, and Sturm, the Visiting Committee for this county of the Agricultural Society, we were favored yesterday evening with a jaunt through the northern suburbs of town, and out through some of the large pleasant farms and orchards a mile or two beyond town. We brought up at the house of Messrs. West & Brother, something near a mile north of the Insane Asylum. Their lands embrace two hundred and ten acres, and they have been residing upon them for ten years. The whole is under fence. The improvements in the way of buildings, are a small cottage dwelling, a barn, green-house, and scattering out-houses. The ground is as even as a floor, partly shaded with fine ornamental oaks, that give to the whole country around the appearance of a vast old orchard which has been neglected by its proprietor until the trees have lost their regularity of position. The soil is of a dark loam color and character, save here and there a spot which is covered with alkali and often overgrown with a dense coat of green, coarse grass, which is carefully avoided by cattle. There are four wells of water on the premises. A hole bored sixteen feet into the ground, with a lead

pipe inserted, will yield a fine stream of cold water anywhere on the place. This is conducted through small hose to the vines, and plants, and trees. The vineyard contains in all about ten thousand vines—seven thousand of which are of this year's growth, and three thousand of two years' growth. They are marked by a liberal mixture of foreign varieties; and among the vines of two years' growth are a few that are bearing. These have not been watered this summer, yet they look vigorous and healthy.

In the nursery and green-house there is a valuable and varied collection of choice ornamental trees, shrubs, vines, and flowers. Among others, in a large box, a number of Norway spruce pines, so *very* small that one must involuntarily smile at the thought of converting their kind into those "tall masts" to which authorship and Scandinavian tradition have consigned the pine forests of Norway. They were but of this season's growth. The orchard contains some of the finest varieties of plums and pears which we have ever seen. There are a thousand pear trees, of which the "Abbott," the "Dearborn Seedling" and the "Flemish Beauty" are of superior flavor or size, color, and symmetry. The "Flemish" variety is a round, rosy-cheeked, large pear, which Mr. W. informs us often attains a weight of from eighteen to twenty ounces. It is a most splendid fruit, and some of his trees, loaded down as they are with most perfect specimens, would be an ornament to the best garden in the world. The plums are of the best selections, not large-sized this year, but juicy and delicate of flavor. The failure in size is owing to a sparse irrigation.

The peaches, of which the orchard must contain several thousand trees, from three to five years old, are all stunted, and nearly worthless. The trees have been without any irrigation through the summer, and the result of this experiment is, that there is *not a good peach* in the orchard. We noticed a fine Smyrna fig tree near the house, five years old, filled with fruit. One crop which had ripened and passed away this year, has given to both tree and fruit an enviable reputation. This fig is large, weighing over half a pound, a yellowish white, and said to be of splendid flavor. On the whole, the Messrs. West have about as fine a piece of property as we have seen in the State.

The entire grounds are watered from a well near the centre, from which the water is raised by means of an invention conceived and executed by our townsmen, Keep & Briggs, and furnished at a cost of two hundred and seventy-five dollars. It is moved by a single horse attached to a shaft, and throws water enough to irrigate the ground for a quarter of a mile around. Sixty acres of the ranch have been cultivated in grain. The yield last year on the same ground, was—wheat, thirty bushels, barley, fifty bushels per acre. This year it will be less. On the whole, those gentlemen have a place of great beauty and value, and from their pains, taste, and industry, they *ought* to have it.

FARMS ON THE CALAVERAS.—The Agricultural Committee yesterday visited several of the principal farms on the lower Calaveras, in which visits we accompanied them. Taking the upper Sacramento road after leaving town, we passed through a tract of country which, for several miles, is more or less injured for farming purposes by the rank alkaline

character of the soil. In tracts on either side of the road, enclosed and embracing from two hundred to a thousand acres, the largest share of the land has for years been untilled, because experiments have demonstrated the fact that neither grain, nor fruit trees, nor vine, nor nutritious grasses, will grow in this alkali soil. Indeed, on the worst streaks and patches of it, the native oaks have never taken root; or, if there be here and there an exception, it is in favor of some miserable dwarf that bears about as much resemblance to its majestic neighbors as a sick monkey to a Circassian prince. As we went further up the valley, gradually nearing the Calaveras River, these alkaline soils disappeared, and the stubble, or loose grain, not yet threshed, which overspreads the fields, denotes soil of the very best quality, and the size and vigor of the timber confirm these signs.

We crossed the Calaveras seven miles from Stockton. It is at that point the merest apology for a river, having scarcely water enough to supply an ordinary bath-house. Its banks are not more than thirty feet apart, steep, not very high, and lined with a variegated belt of timber and shrubbery, very dense, and offering a most inviting shade to the cattle and horses which struggle through the adjacent fields. Among the varieties of timber, the maple, ash, alder, birch, and willow, are prominent; the wild rose is intermixed everywhere in profusion, and wild grape-vines spread themselves over nearly every other tree. The river here overflows its natural banks in the winter months, as a provision against which the owners of land on either side have guarded by throwing up artificial dikes; but they are not always a security against overflow.

The first farms on the northern bank of the Calaveras, fronting on the Sacramento road, are those of Mr. Frost and Mr. Leach. The former, lying on the east side of the road, with the river circling its southern line, contains four hundred and seventy acres. It is perfectly level, tolerably timbered, and has a soil of the first quality, dark, sandy, light, and quick. It is this year nearly all in stubble. The grain is, for the most part, still lying in swaths upon the ground; but the work of threshing it is going on at the rate of five hundred bushels per day. The machine which does up this rapid work employs twenty-one men. Three wagons are engaged in hauling up the loose wheat, each wagon employing three men; four men are employed feeding; one takes the wheat up in sacks; another sews it up and stacks it away; two take charge of the straw; one drives the ten horses which move the machine; another looks all around generally; and the superintendent keeps the works well oiled, that their friction may not set fire to the straw by their rapidity of motion. At the rate of five hundred bushels per day, we should thus have twenty-four bushels to the man. Some machines are capable of doing sixty per cent. better than this. The work is hot, dusty, and must be injurious to the general health. The only pleasant thought connected with it is, that it must soon be over. From Mr. F.'s we turned our faces westward, passing through Mr. Leach's farm—four hundred acres—flanked on the south by the Calaveras, and similar in soil and other respects to Frost's. The next farm on the west side of this contains one hundred and sixty acres; it belongs to Mr. Wells, whose neighbor, Ashley, next west of him, has a fine tract, with fair timber, of two hundred acres. West of this is the farm of Chamberlain & Co., with a superior soil and fair timber, embracing three hundred and forty acres, which, last year, on a great part of it, produced forty-five bushels of wheat to the acre. This place was purchased not long ago at twenty-five dollars per acre. It extends south

to the Calaveras, is well fenced, and well water can be had anywhere on it by boring twenty to twenty-five feet. There is not a square yard of the whole of it but is fit for cultivation. The improvements on the above named farms are not first class in any instance. The houses are unpainted frames, not large, nor surrounded by ornamental grounds or well cultivated gardens. In one or two instances, signs of neglect and decay were plainly visible, for which we were at a loss to account, until we reflected that wheat, for a year or two past, has been only worth from one dollar and ten cents to one dollar and forty cents per bushel, whilst the labor necessary to prepare the ground, sow and harvest the crops, commanded from forty to sixty dollars per month; add to this, that lumber, nails, mechanical work, etc., are all expensive, and it is not to be wondered that our farmers are backward with their improvements.

Passing through a broad gateway, we crossed the line of the Chamberlain farm. Our course lay a little to the south of west, with Mount Diablo a little to our right, and his range right before us, both dimly visible above the broad level that stretches off in that direction. The country toward the Mokelumne is well wooded thus far west, but toward the Diablo range there seems to be a great dearth of timber. The tule has it all its own way. We soon entered a grove of several hundred of the most magnificent oaks that ever cast a shadow upon the earth. They must be five hundred years old; and they stand so dense upon the ground as to make a continuous shade for half a mile in length and several hundred yards in width. They are the foreground to a rather elegant brick dwelling a hundred yards to the westward, surrounded by a tasteful yard and flower garden, with fruit and ornamental shade trees interspersed. This is the property of Mr. Alfred Starkweather. The farm contains four hundred acres; the garden, orchard, etc., about three or four acres. There is an air of comfort and content reigning around the premises which is always pleasant to contemplate. His fruits and vines have not been watered this season. They are dwarfed in consequence of that neglect. He has a small patch of maize in the corner of the garden, which has been irrigated since it was planted; it is of healthy growth, and looks as though it might come to a tolerably fair ear. On the next farm southwest of Mr. Starkweather's, we observed another patch of an acre or two planted in maize, which seemed to be in still better condition. The stalks are ten or twelve feet high, and the color of the blades is a healthy green.

Entering the "Cherokee Lane," we turned directly south toward Stockton. On either side of the road, for two miles, is a substantial plank fence, enclosing some of Captain Sutter's land, which here—four miles north of town—is partly covered with tule. The Calaveras River a mile or two east begins to spread out over the plain, and gradually sinks, and thus the tule growth is produced. The "Cherokee Lane" marks the termination of the river and the beginning of the swamp in which it is lost. The swamp land in this section is of excellent quality, and would not be very hard to reclaim by means of cross ditching, whereby the water would be drained into ditches and carried off by evaporation. The richness of the soil would mature a crop of Indian corn or rice if planted at any time during the month of May, and by the middle of that month evaporation would make the surface dry enough to plant and cultivate.

FRENCH CAMP.—The Agricultural Committee yesterday visited this place and a few of the farms south and southeast of it. The road from Stockton out for the first three miles passes through lands all well enclosed, and in a few places under tolerable cultivation. It is divided into large proprietorships, embracing in a single farm, under one division fence, as high as fifteen hundred acres. The timber is very scarce until we arrive at the first slough, nearly three miles from town. The first place on the suburbs of Stockton, to the right of the road, is owned by Mr. Post. It embraces twelve hundred acres, has a fine two-story brick dwelling, with a well cultivated enclosure, tastefully planted in shrubbery and ornamental trees; back of the house are fruit trees and a large garden. Passing this residence, the next one we come to is that of Dr. Harris, one of the first settlers of this county. He has fifty acres of ground, with an enclosure surrounding the house, of some six or eight acres, planted in the best varieties of fruit, and tastefully arranged in ornamental shades, vines, and flowers. Leaving this, we pass through an uninhabited space of two miles. On our right are the lands of Mr. Post, then a tract owned by Mr. Walker—one thousand acres—and south of that, lands of O. H. Perry, running beyond French Camp, and embracing fifteen hundred acres. On our left, next to town, and opposite the tract owned by Mr. Post, Sperry & Co. have an enclosure of fourteen hundred acres; south of them, on the same side of the road, Raynor & Patterson have a tract of five hundred and fifty acres, extending to French Camp. This last named farm is used as a pasturage for horses and cattle, no part of it being cultivated in grain. In the Sperry tract, four hundred acres of grain have been harvested this year. On the west side of the road the lands, as above named, extend westward to the tule. The general qualities of the soil do not appear to be equal, for agricultural uses, with the lands on the Calaveras. It was evidently never timbered, and the patches of "salt grass," as it is called by farmers, are more frequent and more extensive, than on the country towards the Calaveras and the Mokelumne.

French Camp, or as it is called in law-pleadings, and by the original American residents, "Castoria," is located three miles and a half south of Stockton, between two of the many sloughs which put up from the lower San Joaquin. It is bordered on the north by a belt of oak timber, not large in size, but standing thick upon the ground. Towards the west, south and southwest, a vast plain spreads out, with not a native tree visible until the vision rests upon the dim line of forest that skirts the San Joaquin, some eight miles away. At French Camp the soil undergoes a marked change. Hitherto the soil has been hard, level as the surface of a tranquil lake, and very little mixed with sand; but as soon as we crossed the slough and entered the belt of timber above mentioned, the wheels of our carriage sunk into a heavy quicksand, which deepened as we went further south into the treeless plain. The face of the country, too, is equally changed. It here presents the appearance of a sheet of water ruffled by a pretty sharp breeze, and broken into thousands of low, unconnected billows. These innumerable little mounds are seldom more than three feet high, and rise regularly as the swell of the sea. They offer no impediment in the way of the plough, but we should think might incommode a patent threshing machine considerably. Contiguous to the town, on the south and southwest, much of the land is unenclosed, and though the soil looks black and rich, the total absence of native timber, and the presence of the "salt grass" and "alkali weed" on most of

it, indicates that something is wrong; but what it is we could not find out, either by inquiry or conjecture. French Camp is one of the oldest white settlements this side of the Coast Valley. It received its present name from a company of Canadian French—members of the Hudson Bay Company—who camped there for hunting and trapping, in the year eighteen hundred and thirty-eight. They found it a most excellent headquarters for both branches of their business; game was plenty, and beaver not scarce; so they stayed a good while, and returned again at a later day, and from this connection the white settlers named the place. It was also once the headquarters of Captain Weber. At present there are some fifteen or twenty wooden buildings in the town, three of which are hotels. There is a large adobe building also, in which the post office is kept, by Mr. R. W. Noble, who settled there August twenty-fourth, eighteen hundred and forty-nine. In his garden we noticed two remarkable trees—a locust, eight years old, fourteen inches in diameter three feet from the ground; and an olive, the same age, and loaded with fine olives. The gophers and ground squirrels have proven very destructive to fruit trees, killing them nearly all. The grape vine, he informed us, is least molested by them. These little animals are scattered all over the country in this neighborhood. They are everywhere, and nothing escapes their investigation. Poison only thins them out temporarily. The next season after a general slaughter, comes another crew, as numerous and more hungry than the first. It is no use; they will breed, and they will steal, and have got as well used to poison as Mithridates.

From French Camp we drove southeast through a soil of deepening sand, two miles, to a farm owned by Mr. Samuel Myers. The quality of his land is apparently such as we have alluded to, in and around French Camp; without natural timber; having frequent patches of "salt grass," and a good deal of the "alkali weed," with here and there a depression like the bed of a small lake, encrusted with salts, and barren of vegetation. Yet, entering his garden and orchard, we found a growth of fair vegetables, and better qualities of fruit than are growing this season in the orchards on the Calaveras. His peaches are of superior size and flavor; several nectarine trees are loaded with the very best specimens of that fruit we have ever seen anywhere, and an apple tree, of the Holland pipin variety, three years old, and bearing some ten or twelve apples, is worthy a visit, on account of the perfection of its fruit. From this place we went to the orchard of R. Myers & Brother, a mile to the southeast. It embraces ten acres, containing a thousand fruit trees, and three thousand vines. The winds being violent on these naked plains, during the late autumnal months, these gentlemen have adopted an excellent plan to protect their orchard, by planting on the west and northwest, some twenty rows of locust trees. The locusts grow more rapidly than the fruit trees, and in two or three years make a secure shelter from the wind. This expedient is to be commended for another reason. On these plains post timber and firewood are only obtained at great expense. The former must be hauled from Stockton—at least six miles, and the latter from the San Joaquin bottom—not less than six or seven miles distant. But in seven or eight years these locusts will be large enough to cut up into posts, whilst their branches will serve for firewood. Indeed, considering how well this tree grows on this sandy soil, and that it requires no irrigation after the first year's growth, it is to be wondered at that owners of farms have not all planted out many acres of the seed. This they must do, sooner or later. When it is done, the aspect of general desolation, which pervades these dry shimmering plains, will be most pleasantly

and substantially modified. Water can be found anywhere, by digging or boring from fifteen to twenty feet. A road runs through French Camp, via Livermore Pass, to San Francisco.

Yesterday, by invitation of the Visiting Committee, we took another jaunt out among the farms to the north and northeast of this place. Our first stopping place was at McCloud's orchard, near the Asylum Grounds. This property was originally owned, and the orchard set out, by Mr. Webster, now Register of the United States Land Office for this District. It embraces seventy acres, planted with eighteen thousand trees—the staple fruits being apple, peach, and apricot, but almost every other variety of fruit tree known to this climate is represented in the collection. At present the McCloud orchard contains but little over fifty acres, and about fourteen thousand trees. They were planted out in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-nine, are large for their age, and of healthy growth. Here the experiment of raising peaches without irrigation has been tried this year, with fair success. The fruit is not generally either large or bright in color, but it is solid and richer in substance than the same varieties under the operation of the irrigating process. But a small share of the products of the orchard is marketed in the natural state. We found on the premises extensive arrangements for drying; and seventy-five baskets, of thirty pounds each, are cut up and spread out daily on the shelves for that purpose. Three Chinamen do this work, having time left to attend to other little matters besides. The apples do much better without irrigation than peaches. At the south end of the orchard an artesian well has been bored to the depth of one hundred and fifty feet, from which, by means of one of Keep & Brigg's ten-horse power steam engines, all the water necessary for irrigation is raised. The supply of water furnished from this well is inexhaustible. It is raised to a tank some sixteen feet above the surface of the ground, and thence carried in large underground wooden troughs to such places in the ground as it is needed. The quality of the soil is similar to that in Mr. West's farm, spoken of yesterday, and in fact, to most of the land around the city—a hard, black mould, slightly impregnated with salt. An alkali slough passes through the orchard, from east to west, on which nothing will grow. It is but a narrow strip, and is but little injury to the place. We are informed that the products of this orchard for the present year, will be something near twelve thousand dollars.

From McCloud's we went to the upper Sacramento road, driving northeast, through open ground, with here and there a farm, or garden, or vineyard. This is the road which drains the produce of the Calaveras Valley, and furnishes a great share of grain and hay marketed in Stockton. In the course of a mile and a half we passed or met fifteen wagons loaded with grain, hay, or wood, or returning from the city empty. One team contained seven spans of mules and horses, attached to three large wagons, and must have been freighted with from two hundred and fifty to three hundred sacks of wheat. The fine ranch originally settled by the lamented Henry A. Crabb, situated some two or two and a half miles to the northeast of town, is a very attractive place, from its prolific growth of majestic oaks, which here spread over a patch containing perhaps two hundred acres, so dense as to form a thorough shade. These oaks in this particular locality have attained a much larger growth than the same species on neighboring ground. A softer and mellow soil is the cause of it. The forest has been well cared for, and but few trees have been destroyed. It is to be hoped that the same spirit may

prevail in their favor for many years to come, as they constitute a noble and beautiful feature in the surrounding landscape.

Fifteen minutes drive found us halting under the shade of a dozen grand old oaks which immediately surround the residence of Mr. Overheiser. This farm, which contains about five hundred and fifty acres, all under fence, is one of the model grain farms of this State. It is as level as a floor, has a hard, rich, black soil, in places overlying to the depth of four feet a stratum of fine gravel, which is being dug out for the purpose of making roads and grading the city. Mr. Overheiser cultivated three hundred and fifty acres of grain this season. His wheat land has yielded an average of thirty bushels to the acre. He has a fine lot of stock, and with true farmer pride is rapidly discarding all scrub breeds and supplying their places with the best imported stock. We observed several very fine short-horn cows in the pasture grounds, and he showed us some of the finest specimens of hogs we have ever seen in the State. A pair of black Berkshires, a pair of Berkshire and Suffolk cross, and a pair of full-blood Chester Whites, may contest the premium on hogs in any Agricultural Fair to be held this autumn on the Pacific coast. The Chester Whites are perfect in symmetry, only four months old, and will weigh, we would say, one hundred and thirty pounds each. They cost him fifty dollars at the age of six weeks, and he says one hundred dollars would not buy them now. In his stable is the celebrated Durham animal, "John Bull," a thoroughbred, four years old, perfect in make, and weighing two thousand four hundred pounds. His owner, Mr. Coburn, is about to sell him for three thousand two hundred dollars.

In the garden we noticed a new variety of table grape, strikingly resembling the Black Hamburg, but not quite so dark, different in leaf and more compact in cluster. It is an importation from Boston, where, we are told, it is successfully cultivated in the open air. It is certainly a valuable acquisition to our vineyards. Leaving this place, we directed our course southward, visiting other orchards and farms, of which we shall take occasion to speak again.

DR. HOLDEN'S FARM.—The Agricultural Committee yesterday visited Dr. Holden's farm, situated a little over a mile to the southeast of Stockton. The place adjoins the Society's race track and cattle grounds; it contains five hundred acres, all fenced substantially—the amount of fencing on the whole being six miles. In the way of buildings there is a good-sized comfortable frame house, pleasantly shaded by splendid oaks—stabling for cattle, horses, and hogs, poultry houses, carriage houses, and such other arrangements as are usually found about the residence of intelligent and prudent farmers. The garden contains four hundred pear trees, with other varieties of fruit.

The orchard is worthy of description. It is planted on the very best quality of soil, free from all salts and alkali. The whole area of orchard and vineyard is thirty-two acres. There are three thousand fruit trees of all sorts, but in the main, apples, and six thousand grape vines, of seven varieties. Half of the vines and trees are two years old—half one year old. They are all vigorous and healthy, and have grown rapidly. The first summer after these trees were planted, they were irrigated

twice—once in July, then again in October; those of the second year's growth have received but one watering.

As a substitute for irrigation, Dr. Holden has adopted the plan of cultivating his orchard once a month, so that the ground is kept loose and the weeds clear. Under this system, out of the two thousand two year old apple trees, five hundred bear fruit, and all the trees in the orchard are doing remarkably well. All the water needed for irrigating the vines, vegetables, shrubbery, etc., is supplied from an artesian well, one hundred and forty-two feet deep, with a twelve-inch bore, and a pipe, through which the water is raised by means of a double-action Douglas pump, worked by one horse. The well has thus far proved inexhaustible, and the means of making its water available is thought to be as cheap as the cheapest method.

In planting trees, Dr. Holden placed them four inches deeper in the ground than is customary, to which circumstance it is probable they owe a part of their successful growth. It is his purpose to plant one hundred acres in a similar manner. When the trees which shall cover those one hundred acres, attain the age of ten years, we think his orchard may challenge comparison with any in America. At a low estimate, such an orchard would produce eighty thousand bushels of apples per year.

Great pains have been taken in the stock department of this fine farm. We saw here the fine Durham and Devon cross bull, "Washington." "Washington" was bred in Alameda County, and in eighteen hundred and fifty-six took the prize at San José; in eighteen hundred and fifty-eight he took a prize in the same county; in eighteen hundred and fifty-nine and eighteen hundred and sixty, he took prizes in Alameda; he also took the State prize, and the Bay District prize. He is valued, we believe, at two thousand dollars. In the field were half-blood Durham cows, and three-quarter-blood calves; but we did not go to see them.

The piggery contained a pair of Berkshires, a pair of Suffolks, and a pair of the Essex breed. The Suffolks and Berkshires, we believe, were imported from England. The former are noble specimens, and we think, nearly up to the perfect proportions of Mr. Overheiser's Chester Whites.

In the poultry department, we found some six or seven different varieties, including a Spanish breed of splendid fowls. Several "Black Hawk" colts were on the place, but we did not get a sight of them, as they were on the grazing ground.

To this gentleman's enthusiasm in the cause, the County of San Joaquin is indebted, in a large measure, for its Agricultural Society; and to his constant exertions in the improvement of stock, and his good taste in horticulture, the people around him, and the State, are under substantial obligations. He is blessed with a piece of land upon which his enterprise and taste will not be exhausted in vain.

WOODBRIDGE FARM.—From Dr. Holden's, a route through large enclosed fields led us for twenty minutes toward the west, and brought us to a stand at the house of Mr. Woodbridge, on the east bank of the French Camp Slough. The orchard here is the most noteworthy feature. It contains, perhaps, a thousand trees, the greatest share of

which are apples. The soil is a dark, loamy sand, and looks very rich, and grows native plants and timber of large size. In the main, the apple trees are healthy, of large growth for their age, and most of them filled with magnificent fruit. Peaches do not look so well; grapes look fair; vegetables not extra.

This farm is kept irrigated by means of a "China" belt pump, revolving around a six-foot drum, raising the water twelve feet, with a three-horse motive power. The stream thus thrown is about equal to a full miner's sluice-head—say twenty inches. A day in each of the summer months is all the time spent in irrigating.

Here we observed a very interesting phenomenon in the soil. Trees standing within ten feet of each other, planted from the same nursery, and in all respects equal and alike when set out, now contrast most strikingly. One is as healthy and of as large a growth as it could have attained anywhere, whilst the other is small, sickly, shrivelled in leaf, and evidently dying. There are many such contrasts presented in the enclosure. Mr. Woodbridge informs us that it was the doings of the alkali soil, which characterizes a patch here and there on his farm. On a streak of this kind of soil, which traverses the south end of his orchard, all the original planting of trees died out the second year. He guessed the cause, and adopted the plan of digging out the local soil for a circle of ten or twelve feet in diameter, and to the depth of four feet, filling up the hole with manure and soil brought from untainted localities. The trees thus planted did admirably for a while, until the roots had extended outward and downward into the poisoned earth, when they soon began to languish, and are now the sickly things of which we have been writing. Peach trees seem to be most susceptible; apples more capable of resistance; while vines do tolerably well, and the fig tree suffers not at all. Ordinary stable manure, being alkaline in its properties, has no influence in neutralizing the poisonous soil. Its components appear to be, in large proportion, Epsom salts; in smaller proportion, saleratus and common salt. Some of the apple trees, which are full of splendid fruit, have their leaves coated with white powder, which, when applied to the tongue, has the taste of common salt; yet these trees are doing well, while the sickly ones exhibit none of the white powder on their leaves. It is said that this kind of soil may be gradually cured by planting the sugar beet and rutabaga; but we should think that would be a slow and aggravating process. Considering how prevalent the evil is in many localities in this valley, we cannot but think that it would be an excellent idea for the Agricultural Society to offer a premium for the discovery of a cheap and practical method for neutralization.

The orchard of Mr. Woodbridge boasts the finest varieties of apples we have yet seen. His Fall Pippin and Northern Spy apples are perfection. One of the former, which was taken from a tree bearing perhaps a bushel, by one of the Committee, weighs thirteen ounces. On another we noticed the phenomenon of a tree loaded with fruit nearly ripe, and in blossom at the same time. Last year this tree matured two crops.

A few days before the commencement of the Fair, a portion of the Visiting Committee of the Agricultural Society proceeded by water to the San Joaquin River, for the purpose of examining some of the ranches

upon that stream. These ranches can be reached at the dryest season by a walk or ride of from one to five miles, but the distance by water is from five to twelve miles. What we mean by reaching them is, reaching the bank of the river opposite them, as they are all on the other side from Stockton. The appearance of the main slough banks is familiar to all of our citizens, the tule land prevailing on the south side. There are sundry sloughs, of different sizes, making up into both tule and high land. The largest is Mormon slough, on the left going down.

The noble, great cottonwood trees, which have grown to such an enormous size, betoken the locality of the Rough and Ready Ranch. The trees will astonish those who have not recently beheld them. It is a great pity that this description of shade tree has so many disagreeable qualities, such as the everlasting dropping of gum or pitch upon everything it shelters, as well as the abominable litter which is made when the "cotton" upon it ripens and is scattered. There are nine acres of land upon this ranch which have been rescued permanently from the water, by the most assiduous labor. The ranch contains, in all, three hundred acres. The Messrs. Crozier have spent a large sum of money, as well as years of their own personal labor, upon this place, and have been rewarded by becoming the owners of one of the most valuable spots of ground near Stockton. The bank is bulkheaded for some distance, and there are good steps, boats, scows, and everything which their business requires. A tolerably roomy dwelling-house is also near the landing. The owners have overcome many difficulties in bringing their place to its present state.

There are here twelve hundred fruit trees, such as apple, pear, plum, and cherry. About half of them are bearing. From one cherry tree Mr. Crozier sold, this year, thirty pounds of the fruit, and had enough remaining for the use of himself and friends.

We did not take any list of the names of the various kinds of apples and pears upon this ranch. There was a great variety, and they have previously been mentioned in our District Fair Reports. The Flemish Beauty apple particularly attracted our attention. There were also the Vanderveer and the Russet. There is no irrigation required. Mr. Crozier's display of all kinds of vegetables looks very thrifty. A large patch of huge egg plants is a curiosity to those who are not in the habit of seeing them in cultivation. Two of the apple trees upon the place are of great size, and their yield the present season will not be less than sixteen hundred pounds. Mr. Crozier is steadily enlarging his area of high land. His *modus operandi* is novel to a stranger. It is something like the following: We will suppose he wants thirty feet in width, for half a mile parallel with the river, raised three feet, to get it even with his dry dominion. He takes the same space immediately outside of the area which he wishes to reclaim, and throws all of the dirt down to the depth of three feet from that on the ground to be annexed, which raises it to the desired level. This, of, course, makes a canal of the outer space, but this is not desirable, so the next move will be to fill that up. The difficulty is remedied by running the river through this canal next winter, and the river will leave sediment enough to fill it up to its original level. Next summer the canal will be cut still further out, and the spot which is now cut down will be made a part of the high land.

From Rough and Ready we pass up the San Joaquin about half a mile, where the "navigator" turns to the left, quite a stream of water making up a little to the right. We pass the mouth of the French Camp slough, and along by the not very inviting looking banks. Most of the public

land upon them, however, has been taken up. One of the very best locations was only secured a few weeks since. In many places the holders of swamp lands have had sloughs cut through their banks, in order to permit the river with its load of mud to roll in at the different openings and leave its precious burthen of the richest of soil; for the sediment settles in places where the water is not in active motion, and after the water gets into the tules its motion is checked or stopped.

The ranch of Mr. Hurey, which is the next of importance, is well and favorably known to the horticulturists of this region, and here again is an evidence of what industry, skill, energy, and intelligence, can do. This place was settled in eighteen hundred and fifty-two. There are two very neat houses upon it, well raised up from the ground. They are connected by a platform, which is just the place to "lay off" on a warm day, and enjoy the benefit of the shade and breeze. There are pleasant shade trees about the house, and many arrangements for convenience and comfort. There are thirteen hundred trees upon the place, all but about three hundred, bearing. They consist of peach, apple, pear, apricot, etc., and are in fine condition. Among the specimens of apples are the Monmouth Pippin, Baldwin, Porter, Rhode Island, Maiden's Blush, Early Harvest, Strawberry, and Red Astrachan. Mr. Hurey has sent to San Francisco, this year, over thirty-five thousand pounds of peaches, and has also had a dozen or more men at work picking and drying, at times. The orchard contains five acres, and the trees are never irrigated except twice the first year they are set out, if it is a dry season. Mr. Hurey has also very large patches of superior onions, sweet potatoes, a quantity of tobacco, rhubarb, etc. He has also a show of bees, and his ranch generally shows evidence of industry, thrift, and plenty.

At the next ranch, there are some three hundred fruit trees in bearing. One very notable specimen of Bartlett pears, from this ranch, which measured thirteen and a half by fourteen and a quarter inches, attracted much attention in the Fair. Near it, at the time, was an apple from one of Mr. Hurey's trees. The smallest apple upon the tree from which it was taken, is probably larger than any ever seen at the East. They are of enormous size. This farm is also well cultivated, and there is a fine show of produce upon it. There must be a very large quantity of sweet potatoes upon this place, and the long rows of vegetables present a most wholesome likelihood of plenty of good market stuff for this part of the country. There are comfortable houses upon this place, but like the others on the river, they lack one important improvement about them, and that is, something in the crinoline way. Grapes do not prosper well upon the river, the mildew spoiling them.

Mr. McPrideon, who is a native of Georgia, has about seven hundred tobacco plants set out upon this place, all of which are doing well, and present a very handsome appearance. A specimen may be seen at Debnam's, in this city. There are three different kinds, the Virginia, Connecticut, and Havana; but our planter prefers the Connecticut. He has had much experience, and has no hesitation in declaring that the land and the climate of this vicinity cannot be excelled for tobacco-raising purposes. Land about here that is too wet for any other purpose will raise the article well.

In this State, also, there are none of the tobacco worms, while at the South, in making calculations for the year's crop, a loss of a third is sometimes allowed, as the damage likely to be caused by them. One point which has been gained thus far upon tobacco cultivation, is the raising of plenty of fresh seed in the neighborhood, which is very neces-

sary for the planter to use. We have some before us. It is finer than mustard seed, and the seed which has been raised from the plants on this place, is alone amply sufficient to plant the county in tobacco, so plentifully does the plant yield it. One important part of the labor of raising tobacco, is the work of transplanting the plants after they come up from the seed. The planting should be done in April, and the transplanting in June. In regard to labor, the California planter would not be at a disadvantage. At the South a stout negro cannot be hired of his master for less than one hundred and fifty dollars per year, and even if the planter owns him, the interest upon his value is not less than one hundred dollars per year. Whoever works him must clothe him, which costs twenty-one dollars per year, and also feed him. Chinamen, in quantities, can be hired here of their head men, for one hundred dollars per year. They, too, must be fed, but they clothe themselves. They live mostly on rice and fish, and a sweep of the seine in the river will procure enough of the latter to last a plantation full of them a week. The theory that tobacco can be raised in this country to advantage, seems to be a very reasonable one. It may yet become one of our chief staples.

GEORGE WEBSTER,
B. F. KOOSER,
J. D. STURM,
JAMES T. MILLS.

COMMITTEE No. 1.

FARMS AND FIELD CROPS.

To the Board of Managers of the San Joaquin Valley Agricultural Society:

Your Committee would recommend that the first premium be awarded to W. L. Overheiser, for the best improved farm; that the second premium be awarded to Alfred Starkweather, for the second best improved farm. That the first premium for the best grain farm be awarded to John Dodge; and the second premium to Forman & Boelzhoff, for the second best grain farm. We would also recommend a special premium, of a framed diploma, to J. Sarles, for the best dairy farm.

GEORGE WEST,
WILLIAM P. ASHLEY,
T. K. HOOK,
L. VANCE LEFFLER,
CHARLES GRATTAN.

[NOTE.—This Committee travelled extensively through the District, making diligent inquiry into the detailed workings of the various farms visited; the results of which have been submitted to the Board. As much, if not all, of the same ground was gone over by the Committee on Orchards and Vineyards, and as their voluminous report is published in full, the Board deemed it unnecessary to repeat the same general facts in a separate publication.—EDITOR.]