

Petaluma and Weaverville Road.

SANTA ROSA, SEPT. 23d, 1856.

EDITOR OF JOURNAL:— Agreeable to a promise made you some time since, I now give you a more particular account of the country between this place and Weaverville.

Agreeable to the instructions of the Committee, we left this place on the 31st of July, and arrived at the rancho of Mr. Charles Jarbo, at the mouth of the cañon on Russian River, where we lay until the 3d of August, making preparations for the trip; when we again started. Here we found the first work done by Mr. Kelsey, on the road. Traveling through the cañon, we encamped at the rancho of Alexander Fulices, which is one of the most beautiful valleys on this side of the bay. On the morning of the 4th, we again started up the broad open valley of the river, traveling up this valley for twelve miles, when we again crossed the low hills into Yohia Valley, a large fertile valley, containing some of the best land in the State, if one be allowed to judge from the magnificent corn which we passed. This valley offers great inducements to settlers, as there are but few settlers in it at present, and no Spanish grants above Mr. Fulice's. To-day our route has been mostly over valley land, with but few settlements.

Leaving the head waters of Russian River, we encamped at the Yerba Buena Springs. On the morning of the 5th, we again took up our line of march, traveling some five miles over the hills, we came down into Little Lake Valley, where we found some three or four settlers; the last

1 Leaving Eden Valley at one o'clock, by
2 hard traveling we reached Round Valley
3 about sun-down, where we found a great
4 many Indians, but they all fled at our ap-
5 proach. This is one of the finest valleys
6 that we have seen on our route, and is ca-
7 pable of containing a large settlement, be-
8 ing perfectly round and about 12 miles
9 across it. Leaving here early in the morn-
10 ing, our course lay over hills and across
11 small streams. To-day we crossed the
12 middle fork of Eel River, after which, the
13 route lay over a ridge or back bone for 12
14 miles, when we encamped at a small spring.
15 Leaving this place, we were again travel-
16 ing over hills and small streams. To-day
17 we killed an old bear and her cub. The cub
18 being very fat, we enjoyed the picking of
19 his bones, with a relish which nothing but
20 a hard day's travel in the mountains can
21 give. The next day we arrived at Van-
22 dusen's Fork, the next day we crossed
23 Mad River and South Fork of Trinity, and
24 encamped on Hay Fork of Trinity. Ar-
25 rived here without any accident, except
26 getting one of our horses shot by the
27 Indians.
28 Yours, in haste, - J. W. B.

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Poetry.

THE HOMESTEAD.

Not as it used to be,
When you and I were young;
I found such elm and maple trees
A honey-suckle clinging
All I love the country where
I read my early youth
A single face in their
A memory endures
Not as it used to be,
I need be on the roof,
From their nests beneath the eaves
I shall we keep about
Robin-bog they used to sing
When you and I were young;
But didst the wild bee bring
A open flower among?
Not as it used to be!
The voices loved of yore,
The forms we were then, went lower,
I hear and see no more.
Aunt, we look in vain,
Above us whom we clung,
Then you and I were young.

PERILLIANTS.

'Tis not a bench, however rude,
With some little flower
In front of its solitude,
And bent the weather-harm

an extra team and set of tools, the master of any farm, over and above what the surplus of the farm could have accomplished himself. Look, for instance: Where is there a man who has been farming on a large scale, that has made any thing in three years? He may make something this year, but next he may lose twice as much as has been the case the past few years. The only way for farmers to do, is, to work themselves—depend upon their own exertions, and what little they make is theirs, or what little they lose, is but their labor. But enough on this branch of the subject.

It is a well known fact, that we have but few practical farmers amongst us. They all plow, sow, reap and mow, in a reckless, haphazard way, with no specific rule or practical system to govern them. If their crops are good, it is merely by chance. I do not profess to know of any theory of operations that will prevent the failures of crops. Be sure, rust, or worms, but it is my opinion, there is a remedy, and if farmers would investigate the subject, and make known the result of their investigations, no doubt a remedy could be found.

I will now give you a few rules for a guide to practical farming, believing at the same time, that but few agree with me on the subject, for the reason that men are too eager to make all in one year, regardless of the fact that they cannot do it, and are ruining their farms at the same time. Land in this country is not going

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Leaving the head waters of Russian River, we encamped at the Yerba Buena Springs. On the morning of the 5th, we again took up our line of march, traveling some five miles over the hills, we came down into Tait's. L. S. V. Allen

Direction for Grape Culture.

Make the soil rich, deep and dry, and plant the vines about ten feet apart, not too deep, but so that the roots may have the full benefit of the light and warmth of the sun. Erect a trellis after the manner of a picket fence—(I like this better than the horizontal bars)—so that the upright bars are no longer placed further apart. Along these bars train and tie up the vines. In the latter part of February, or early in March, or at any time before the sap starts, cut away a large portion of the last year's growth, and cut back the leading canes to two thirds their length.

I know that finer clusters and finer flavored fruit may be grown by careful pruning, mainly according to the directions laid down in the books, but if a man has neither books nor time to look into every time he puts his spade into the earth, or his knife to the branches, why let him raise them without the books, depending on his own good judgment. I have seen Isabella vines do well and bear full crops of very good fruit, which never felt the keen blade. But in a rich soil, the Isabella is such a rampant grower—such a "bouncing" sort of a thing, that it needs a good dressing out every year, and in summer some of the branches often need cutting away, so as to let in light and air to the fruit. Never mind about the rule for this; reflect upon what you are going to do. You know that fruit ripened in the shade has but little, or very poor flavor, compared with fully exposed specters; and you know also that the leaves serve to prepare the food for the nourishment of the fruit, which the sap brings up in solution from the earth; so weighing these two considerations the summer pruning becomes an easy matter. It is a capital plan to pinch off the growing wood

The Perils of Lispering.

The following is said to be a veritable incident in the experience of a Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church: "A couple brought their little child to me one day to be baptized, and upon my inquiring the name chosen, to my astonishment, I heard sounds which resembled very much one of the titles bestowed upon the arch-enemy of mankind. Supposing that my ears deceived me, I inquired again, when the same words to my horror, were more distinctly repeated. I said, 'I beg your pardon, such a name.' I cannot baptize a child by such a name.' I bent over once more, and a third time asked the question. The answer was still the same, and repeated louder with an emphasis, as if the parents were determined to have the name or more. By this time my situation had become embarrassing, for there I was, in the presence of the whole waiting congregation, standing up with the baby in my arms, which, to add to my consternation, set up a squall as if to convince me he was entitled to the name. I could stand the name no longer; so, hastily dipping my fingers in the font, and resolving he should have a good name, as appropriate as possible to the diabolical one extremely selected, I baptized the infant George Washington. I thought the parents looked queer at the time, but the rite was performed, the baby had got an excellent name, and I was relieved. I conceive if you can my confession when after service, the father and mother came into the vestry, and the latter bursting into tears, exclaimed: 'O that, what have you done! Ith a girl, and a girl, and you've called her George Washington! My poor little Lathy, my dear little Lathy!' Alas! the mother sighed, and when I asked for the name, she, seeming to be very polite, and say 'Lucy, sir,' in reply

Balloon Ascension.

Mr. Winchester, communicates to the Fire Press (Ohio) a statement of what he saw and felt during his recent balloon ascension. He traveled some fifty miles, and landed in the top of a tree, ninety-five feet from the ground. Of his highest flight he says:—"During my ascent I felt some inconvenience from the cold and put on my overcoat. It was now twenty-six minutes past four o'clock, mercury indicated eight deg above zero; at the rate of 1000 feet per minute, I, at 8 now 3041.6 feet from the earth; the balloon was fully distended, and the hydrogen nearly escaped at the lower orifices; I felt a crackling sensation in my ears; my eyes pained and I felt a general feeling of embarrassment of the system; respiration was not natural, but so very difficult. I felt a disagreeable taste over me, and when I looked at my watch again, twenty-eight minutes had elapsed. I was weak and nearly helpless; my balloon was fast discharging hydrogen, with difficulty I threw over some bits of paper. I looked for my thermometer—very thing seemed to be displaced; at last I found it; my fingers were numb with cold, and could scarcely hold the thermometer; the indication was five deg below zero; it appeared the escape valve to reach a street level, but held it open too long; found I was descending too fast; took some ballast to throw overboard, and found the bag of sand frozen hard; I broke these across my knees and threw pieces overboard one at a time; I now felt less of the fullness of my system, but my eyes were still sore. I could now see Akron, Kalamazoo, Hudson, Cleveland, Willoughby, Charlevoix, Palmsville, and much of the country around as the clouds had now cleared away. The water of the lake had a dark blue appearance, and the water in the river, pond and canal, had a bright