THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER.

"THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS THE LEGITIMATE SOURCE, AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE PEOPLE THE TRUE END OF GOVERNMENT."

VOLUME XXIV. MONTROSE, PENN'A., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1849. NUMBER 12.

THE REGISTER.
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
James W. Chapman.

Advance payment in Cash per year,	$1 50
If paid within the year,	2 00
If not at the end of the year,	2 50

Comfort for the Girls.

There's a good time coming, girls,
A good time coming;
Then we all shall married be,
And ended single misery,
In the good time coming,
Pouting lips may gain our end,
But coaxing words are stronger;
We'll win our conquest by their aid—
Oh! wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, girls,
A good time coming;
Husbands shall no longer rule,
And treat their wives like girls at school,
In the good time coming;
But *we'll* assert a woman's right,
And make our influence stronger,
And raise a revolution quite—
Oh! wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, girls,
A good time coming;
Carrees then we'll give and balls,
And have delighted opera stalls,
In the good time coming.
With loves of bonnets, shawls and gowns,
O shan't we come out stronger,
And fear a husband's frowns—
Oh! wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, girls,
A good time coming;
Then we'll pack our family
Up into the nursery,
In the good time coming.
The little brats may learn to write,
And read, when they get stronger:
Meantime they may romp and fight,
And wait a little longer.

The Test of Affection.

Philadelphia Police, Nov. 28.

Mr. Archibald Stanhope—a groggy sentimental-ist, residing in Berkley street—conceived the harrowing suspicion that his wife was not as passionately fond of him as a lady of good taste should be; and to put the matter to a fair trial, he hit on a little stratagem which he put in practice yesterday afternoon, with the results hereafter to be detailed.

He took a suit of his clothes and composed an effigy of himself by stuffing the garment with a quantity of straw, which had lately been discharging from an old bed. Having suspended this figure to a rafter in the garret by means of a piece of clothes line, he crouched himself behind a pile of rubbish in the same garret to watch the effect.

After a while, his little daughter came up after a skipping rope, and caught a glimpse of the suspended figure. She ran down stairs screaming, "Oh, mother! mother! dilly's hang himself!"

"Now for it," thought Archibald in ambuscade; "we shall have a touching scene presently."

"Hang himself!" (he heard Mrs. Stanhope repeat, as she walked leisurely up stairs;) "he hasn't got spunk enough for such a thing, or he would have done it long ago. Well, I do believe he *has* done it, however," she continued, as she came within view of Archibald's straw representative. "Molly, go to the house and I think he might to be cut down. You had better go into the kitchen and get a kitchen knife; but don't go down too fast, or you might fall and hurt yourself. Stay—I forgot; there's no knife in the kitchen sharp enough. You can go round to Mr. Holmes, the shoemaker, in Sixth street, (he's only two squares off,) and ask him to lend us his paring knife;—tell him to whet it on a stone before he sends it. And Molly, while you are in the neighborhood, you can call at your aunt Sidney's and ask how the baby is. And Molly, you can stop at the grocery store as you come back, and get me a pound of seven cent sugar—poor Archy!" (sighed Mrs. S. when her daughter had departed,) "I hope we'll get him cut down before the vital spark's *dis*tinct—for these burynigs is very troublesome, and costs money. He *wants* to put an end to himself, too; and I think I ought to let him have his own way for once in his life;—he used to say I was always a crossing of him. I wish he hadn't a spoiled that new clothes-line though; any old rope might have answered his purpose."

Here a voice, which sounded like that of the supposed suicide, broke in on Mrs. Stanhope's soliloquy, with "You confounded jezabel, I'll be the death of you!"

Mrs. Stanhope, thinking this must, of course, be a ghost, or Archibald, uttered a wild scream, and attempted to escape down the narrow stair case—but Archibald, starting from his place of concealment, pursued her. Mrs. S. stumbled midway on the flight of steps; and Mr. S., having just reached her and made a grasp at her disheveled hair as it streamed backwards, the amiable partners were precipitated to the bottom together.

Both were rather badly bruised, and the cries of the lady raised the neighborhood. Archibald was arrested for making a disturbance, and practicing on the tender sensibilities of his wife. He was recognized in the sum of $200, and jocularly proposed his suspended effigy as his surety; but "straw bail," as he found to his sorrow, is not acceptable under the administration of Major Jones.—*Pennsylvanian.*

The latest achievement of the New Hampshire boys at Dartmouth College, is the following brace of bits:

Freshmen.—Why is the sophomore class studying trigonometry, like the scribes and pharisees of old? Because it is a wicked generation seeking after sine.

Sophomores.—Why is the freshmen recitation room like that remarkable tree whose leaves quiver in the slightest breeze? Because it is an *aspen.*

The authors of the above are to have degrees conferred upon them immediately—descending degrees.

☞ The Country Press, at the present day, is the great pioneer of Education. Wherever you find an ignorant, illiterate community, you may rely upon it, but few papers are taken in *that* neighborhood. Remember this, reader, and if you would have your children intelligent and well-informed, supply them well with newspapers.

A cotemporary says that this world would be a very benevolent world, if benevolence were only more profitable. Almost any man will do good for eleven per cent. upon the investment. As Dobbs very justly observes, the most rigid philanthropist likes to see the interest on his benevolence come in at least semi-annually.

☞ The Louisville Journal says: "A correspondent has sent us several conundrums—this among the rest: 'Why is the editor of the Democrat like an ass?' The answer must be, because he isn't like any thing else."

A Thrilling Story.

THE SONG AND THE SINGER.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

It was in the year 1792, during the early days of the great French Revolution, when a young officer in delicate health took up his quarters in the city of Marseilles for six months of his leave of absence. It seemed a strange retirement for a young man, for in the town he knew no one, and in the depth of winter Marseilles was no tempting residence. The officer lived in a garret looking out upon the street, which had for its sole furniture a harpsichord, a bed, a table, and a chair. Little but paper ever entered that apartment, where food and fuel both were scarce; and yet the young man generally remained in doors all day, assiduously writing, or rather dotting something upon paper, an occupation he alternated with music.

Thus passed many months. The young man grew thinner and paler, and his leave of absence seemed likely to bring no convalescence. But he was handsome and interesting, despite his sallow hue. Long hair, full beaming eyes that spoke of intelligence, and even genius, frankness of manner, all prepossed in his favor, and many a smile and look of kindness came to him from beautiful eyes that he noticed not nor cared to notice. In fact he rarely went out at night, and then to walk out by the booming sea, which made a kind of music he seemed to love. Sometimes, it is true, he would hang about the theatre doors when operas were about to be played, and look with longing eyes within: he never entered; either his purse or inclination failed him. But he always examined with care the name of the piece and its author, and then walked away to the shore to muse and meditate.

Shortly after his arrival in Marseilles, he visited one after another, all the music sellers and publishers in the town with a bundle of manuscripts in his hand; but his reception was not apparently very favorable, for he left them all with a frowning air, and still with his bundle of manuscripts. Some had detained him a long time, as if estimating the value of the goods he offered for sale; but these were no more tempted than the others to try the saleable character of the commodity. The house he lodged in had attached to it a large garden.—By permission of the landlord, the young man often selected it for his evening walks, and despite the cold, would sometimes sit and muse in a rude and faded bower under a wall at one of the gables. Here he would occasionally even sing in a low tone, some of his own compositions. It happened once or twice that when he did so, a female head obtruded from a window above him, seeming to listen. The young man at length noticed this.

"Pardon, lady," said he one evening, "perhaps I disturb you?"

"Not, at all," she replied. "I am fond of music, very fond; and the air you hum are new to me. Pray, if not a rude question, who are they?"

"Citoyenne," he answered deffidently, "they are my own."

"Indeed," cried the lady with animation, "and you have never published them?"

"I shall never try—*again,*" he murmured, uttering the last words in a low and despairing tones, which, however, reached the ears of the young woman.

"Good night, Citoyen," said she, and she closed her window. The composer sighed, rose and went out to take his usual walk by the sea beach; there, before the grandeur and sublimity of the ocean, and amid the murmur of the bellowing waves, to forget the cares of the world, his poverty, and his crushing vision of glory and renown—the day-dream of all superior minds—a dream far oftener a punishment than a reward; for of those who sigh for fame, few indeed are successful.

Scarcely had he left the house, than a lady, habited in cloak and hood, entered it, and after a somewhat lengthened conference with his *concierge*, ascended to his room, and remained there about an hour. At the end of that time she vanished. It was midnight when the composer returned. He entered with difficulty, the Cerberus of the lodge being asleep, and ascended to his wretched room. He had left it littered and dirty, without light, fire or wood. To his surprise a cheerful blaze sent its rays beneath his door. He opened it, not without alarm, and found his apartment neatly ordered, a fire burning a lamp, and on the table a supper.—The young man frowned, and looked sternly at the scene.

"Who dares thus insult my poverty? Is it not enough that I am starving with cold and hunger, that I am rejected by the world as a useless and wretched thing, incapable of wielding either sword or pen, but I must be insulted by charity? Fire, light and wood, all sent by one who knows my necessity! And yet who knows? Perhaps my mother may have discovered my retreat. Who else could have acted thus? My mother, I bless thee both for your action and for respecting my concealment!" And the invalid officer sat down to the first hearty meal he had eaten for weeks. He had left home because his friends wholly disapproved of his making music a profession, and wished him to employ his leave of absence in learning another occupation. His mother so pressed him, that he saw no other resort but a soldier's last chance—a retreat. For two months no trace of the fugitive had been seen—two months spent in vain efforts to make his chosen career support him, and now, doubtless, his mother had found him out, and had taken this delicate way of exposing his secrecy and punishing his pride.

Next morning the young man awoke with an appetite unknown to him of late. The generous food of the previous night had restored his system, and brought him to a natural state. Luckily, sufficient wine and bread remained to satisfy his craving, and then he sat down to think. All his efforts to get music sung, played, or published, had been in vain. Singers knew him not, publishers declared him unknown; a logical consequence very injurious to young beginners in literature, poesy, music, and all the liberal arts. But he was determined to have one more trial. Having eaten, he went out in the direction of the shop of the Citoyen Dupont, a worthy and excellent man, who in his day had published more music, bad and good, than a musician could have played in a life time.

"You have something new, then, Citoyen?" said Dupont, after the usual preliminaries, and after apologizing to a lady within his office for leaving her a while. "As my time is precious, pray play it once, and sing it if you will." The young man sat himself at the harpsicord, which adorned the shop, and began at once the "Song of the Army of the Rhine." The music publisher listened with the knowing air of one who is not to be deceived, and shook his head as the composer ended.

"Rough, crude, but clever. Young man, you will, I doubt not, do something good one of these days, but at present, I am sorry to say, your effort wants finish, polish."—The singer rose, and bowing, left the shop, despair at his heart. He had not a sous in the world; his rent was in arrear; he knew not how to dine that evening, unless, indeed, his mother came again to his aid—and aid he was unwilling to receive. His soul recoiled from it, for he had parted from her in anger. His mother was a Royalist, and she had said bitter things to him at parting. But most of all, the composer felt one thing: the world would never be able to decide if he had or had not merit; and this was the bitterest grief of all.

That day was spent in moody thought. The evening came, and no sign of his secret friend, whether mother or some unknown sympathiser.—Towards night hunger became intolerable, and after numerous parleys with himself, the young man ascended to his room with a heavy parcel. His eye was wild, his cheek pale, his whole mien unearthly. As he passed the door of his lodge the *concierge* gave him a ticket for the Opera, signed Dupont, who was co-manager of the theatre.

"Go yourself," said the composer in a low husky voice, and he went up stairs.

Having gained the room, the unhappy and misguided young man sat silent and motionless for some hours, until at length hunger and despair, and his dreamy visions had driven every calm and good thought from his head, and then he dared quietly proceed to carry out his dreadful and desperate intent. He closed carefully the window, stuffed his matrass up the chimney, and with paper stopped every aperture where air could enter. Then he drew forth from his parcel charcoal and a burner, and lit it. Thus had this wretched man determined to end his sufferings. He had made one last effort, and now in that solitary, dismal garret, he laid him down to die; and poverty and misery, genius and death, were huddled close together.

Meanwhile, amid a blaze of light, the creaming amusement had begun at the theatre. A new opera from Paris was to be played, and the primadonna was the young, lovely and worshipped Claudine, the Jenny Lind of that time and place. The house was crowded; and the first act succeeded beyond all expectation; the audience were hieing.

"She is a jewel!" said M. Dupont, who from his private box, admired the great supporter of the theatre. A roar of applause from the pit delighted at this instant the good man's ears. Claudine, called before the curtain, was bowing to the audience. But what is this? Instead of going off she has signed to the orchestra to play. She is about to show her gratitude to the audience in verse. M. Dupont rubs his hands, and repeats twice between his teeth, "She is a jewel!" But with ease and rapidity the band has commenced playing an unknown air, and the next instant M. Dupont is standing up with a strange and wild look. Hushed and still was every breath; the audience look at each other; not a word of communication takes place; men shudder, or rather tremble with emotion. But the first stanza is ended; and then the frantic shout, a starting of all to their feet, a wild shriek of delight, a cry of a thousand voices thundering the chorus, shows how the song electrified them.

M. Dupont frowned, for the air and the song were not new to him; it was the "Song of the Army of the Rhine" he had refused that morning!—But Claudine proceeds; again the audience is hushed in death like silence; while the musicians, roused to an unusual degree of enthusiasm, played admirably; and Claudine, still singing with all the purity, feeling and energy of her admirable voice, plunge her eyes into every corner of the house—in vain. At each couplet the enthusiasm of the people became greater, the anxiety of the singer more intense. At length she concluded, and never did applause more hearty, more tremendous, more approvingly greet the voice of a public songstress. The excitable population of Marseilles seemed mad.

When silence was restored, Claudine spoke:—"Citoyens and citoyennes!" she exclaimed, "this song is both written and composed by a young and unknown man, who has sought in vain to put his compositions before the public. Everybody has refused them. For myself, I thought this the greatest musical effort of modern time; and as such I practised it to-day; and, unknown to manager or author, I had the band prepared the surprise. But the author is not here. Poor and despairing, he is at home lamenting his unappreciated efforts! Let us awake him; let him learn that the generous people of Marseilles can understand and feel great music. Come, let all who have hearts follow me, and chaunt the mighty song as we go." And Claudine, stepping across the orchestra, landed in the pit, and, bareheaded, light dressed as she was, rushed towards the door, followed by every spectator, and by musicians, who, however, put on their hats, and even threw a cloak and cap on the excited and generous young songstress.

Meanwhile, the composer's dreadful resolve was being carried out. The horrid fumes of the charcoal filled the room; soon they began to consume and exhaust the pure air, and the wretched youth felt all the pangs of coming death. Hunger, exhaustion, and despair, kindled a kind of madness in his brain; wild shapes danced around him; his many songs seemed sung altogether by coarse, husky voices, that made their sounds punishment; and then the blasted atmosphere oppressing his chest, darkening his vision, his room seemed tenanted by myriads of infernal and deformed beings. Then again he closed his eyes, and soft memory stealing in upon him, showed him happy visions of his youth, of his mother, of love, and hope, and joy; of green fields, and the murmuring brooks which had first revealed nobody to his soul; and then the young man thought that death must be come, and he was on the threshold of a better world.

But an awful shout, a tremendous clamor, burst on his ear—a thousand voices roared beneath his window. The young man starts from his dream: what is this he hears?

"Aux armes! citoyens,
Formez vos battaillions," &c.

"What is this?" he exclaims. "My song of the Rhine!"

He listens. A beautiful and clear voice is singing: it is still his song; and then the terrible chorus is taken up by the people, and the poor composer's first wish is gained: he feels that he is famous.

But he is dying, choked, stifled with charcoal—he lies senseless, fainting on his bed: but hope and joy give him strength. He rises, falls rather than darts across the room, his sword in hand. One blow shivers the panes of his window to atoms; and the broken glass lets in the cool sea breeze and the splendid song. Both give life to the young man; and when Claudine entered the room, the composer was able to stand. In ten minutes he had supped in the porter's lodge, dressed and come out, to be borne in triumph to the theatre, where that night he heard, amid renewed applause, his glorious song sung, between every act, and each time gaining renewed laurels.

Ten days later, Benget de L'Isle was married to Claudine, the primadonna of Marseilles; and the young composer, in gratitude to her and her countrymen, changed the name of his song, and called it by the name it is still known by—"The Marseillaise!"

☞ An amusing specimen of "individuality" in language was lately mentioned to me by an entertaining friend. A man in one of the eastern cities, somewhat noted for his wrestling, sparring and other physical feats, having been persuaded to enter a church on the Sabbath, and "sit out" a long doctrinal discourse, was asked, after retiring after the service, what he thought of the sermon.—"Think!" said he, contemptuously, "why, if I could not preach a better sermon than that *with one hand tied behind me*, you can take my hat."—*Knickerbocker.*

From the New York Tribune.

Bayard Taylor's Letters---No. XX.

Law and Society in California.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 10, 1849.

Messrs Greeley & McElrath:

I reached this place yesterday, after an absence of nearly three weeks. When I had climbed the last sand-hill, coming in from the Mission, and the town and harbor and the crowded shipping again opened to the view, I could scarcely realize the change that had taken place in so short a period. The town had not only greatly extended its limits, but seemed actually to have doubled its number of dwellings since I left. High up on the hills, where I had seen only sand and chapparel, stood clusters of houses; streets which had been merely laid out, were now built up and thronged with people; new warehouses had sprung up on the water side, and new piers were creeping out towards the shipping; the forests of masts had greatly thickened; and the noise, motion and bustle of business and labor on all sides were incessant. Verily, the place is in itself a marvel. To say that it is daily enlarged from twenty to thirty houses, may not sound very remarkable to you at home, after all the stories that have been told; yet this, for a country which at present imports both lumber and houses, and where labor is $10 a day, is an extraordinary growth. The rapidity with which a ready made house is put up and inhabited, strikes the stranger in San Francisco as little short of magic. He walks over an open lot in his before-breakfast stroll—the next morning a house complete, with a family inside, blocks up his way. He goes down to the bay and looks out on the shipping—two or three days afterwards a row of storehouses, staring him in the face, intercepts the view.

But I must leave all the peculiar and picturesque features of this place for a separate epistle. The state of society throughout the country presents many points of interest, some of which are not fully appreciated here. In fact, it is difficult to preserve a stand-point of observation, unshaken by the continual excitements which prevail on all sides.—I am not enough of a philosopher to pretend to this, yet having so far neither dug gold nor speculated in town lots, I have been able to look in on the centre of the whirlpool without feeling more than the current along its verge.

There probably never occurred, in all history, a more wonderful combination of circumstances than that out of which the present condition of California has grown. It is a phenomenon the like of which can never happen again; since there is no part of the world in which it is possible. Regions as rich in the precious ore may be discovered elsewhere, but never in connection with such soil, climate and scenery, and under the impulse of a similarly constituted community. The remarkable state of society attending the discovery of the placers and the unprecedented rush of emigration from all parts of the world into a country almost unknown, and but half reclaimed from its original barbarism, are familiar facts. The first consequence was to render all law virtually null, and bring the established authorities to depend entirely on the humor of the population for the observance of their orders. The countries which were nearest the golden coast—Mexico, Peru, Chili, China and the Sandwich Island—sent forth their thousands of ignorant adventurers, who speedily outnumbered the American population. Another fact, which none the less threatened serious consequences, was the readiness with which the worthless and depraved classes of our own country came to the Pacific Coast. From the beginning a state of things little short of anarchy might have been reasonably awaited.

From the beginning, however, a disposition to maintain order and secure the rights of all, was shown throughout the mining districts. In the absence of all law or available protection, the people met and adopted rules for their mutual security—rules adapted to their situation, where they had neither guards nor prisons, and where the slightest license given to crime or trespass of any kind must inevitably have led to terrible disorders. Small thefts were punished by banishments from the placers, while for those of large amount or more serious crimes, there was the single alternative of hanging. These regulations, with slight change, have been continued up to the present time. In proportion as the emigration from our own States has increased, and the digging community assumed a more orderly and intelligent aspect, their severity has been relaxed, though punishment is still strictly administered for all offences. There have been, as nearly as I can learn, not more than 12 or 15 executions in all, about half of which were inflicted for the crime of murder. This awful responsibility has not been assumed lightly, but only after a fair trial, and a full and clear conviction, to which was added, I believe in every instance, the confession of the criminal.

In all the large digging districts, which have been worked for some time, there are now established regulations, which are faithfully observed.—Alcaldes are elected, who decide on all disputes of right or complaints of trespass, and who have power to summon juries for criminal trials. When a new placer or gulch is discovered, the first thing done is to elect officers and extend the area of order. The result is, that in a district five hundred miles long, and inhabited by 100,000 people, who have neither government, regular laws, rules, military or civil protection, nor even locks or bolts, and a great part of whom possess wealth enough to tempt the vicious and depraved, there is as much security to life and property as in any part of the Union, and as small a proportion of crime. The capacity of a people for self government was never so triumphantly illustrated. Never, perhaps, was there more to provoke license or a community formed of more unpropitious elements; yet, from all this seeming chaos has grown a harmony beyond what the most sanguine apostles of Progress could have expected.

The rights of the diggers are no less definitely marked and strictly observed. Among the hundreds I saw on the Mokalume and among the gulches, I did not see a single dispute or hear a word of complaint. A company of men may mark out a race of any length and turn the current of the river to get at the bed, possessing the exclusive right to that part of it, so long as their undertaking lasts. A man may dig a hole in the dry ravines, and so long as he leaves a shovel, pick or crowbar to show that he still intends working it he is safe from trespass. His tools may remain there for months without being disturbed. I have seen many such places, miles away from any camp or tent, which the digger had left in perfect confidence that he should find all right on his return. There are of course exceptions to these rules—this would be a Utopia if it were not so—but they are not frequent. The Alcaldes sometimes make awkward decisions, from inexperience. I have heard of one instance in which a case of trespass was settled to the satisfaction of both parties, and the Sheriff ordered to pay the costs of Court—about $40. The astonished functionary remonstrated, but the power of the Alcalde was supreme, and he "suffered."

In a moral point of view, society here is equally interesting. Gambling tables are universal, and at a rough guess I should say [illegible] American and Californian, and, one-[illegible] population, frequent them. The consumption of wine and ardent spirits is apparently enormous, and all other species of dissipation prevail to a greater or less extent. Yet with the exception of gambling, the passion for which is happily subsiding, one sees far less of the evil results of such indulgence than he anticipates. With a great deal of drinking, there is very little drunkenness, and the two or three examples I have seen excited general commiseration. The native Indians, it is true, are a filthy and degraded race, and spend the whole of their earnings in drink.

Abundance of gold does not beget, as moralists tell us, a grasping and avaricious spirit. The principles of hospitality are as faithfully observed in the rude tents of the diggers as they could be by the thrifty farmers of the North and West. The cosmopolitan cast of society here, resulting from the commingling of so many races and the primitive mode of life, gives a character of good fellowship to all its members; and in no part of the world have I ever seen help more freely given to the needy, or more ready co-operation in any humane proposition. Personally, I can safely say that I never met with such unvarying kindness from comparative strangers.

The treatment of the Sonorians by the American diggers has been one of the exciting subjects of the past Summer. These people came into the country in *armed bands*, to the number of 20,000 (some say 30,000) in all, and took possession of the best points on the Towalume, Stanislaus and Mokalume Rivers. At the Sonorian camp on the Stanislaus there were, during the Summer, several thousands of them, and the amount of ground they dug up and turned over is almost incredible. For a long time they were suffered to work quietly, but the opposition finally became so strong that they were ordered to leave. They made no resistance, but quietly backed out and took refuge in other diggings. In one or two places, I have been told, the Americans, finding there was no chance of having a fight, coolly invited them back again! At the time of my visit, however, they were leaving the country in large numbers, and there are probably not more than 5,000 in all at present scattered along the various rivers.

As to their repass on our soil, there seems to be no question. I am aware of no existing law which would debar American citizens or bona fide emigrants, from whatever country, from working in the placers; or if there be such, it is a dead-letter in the present condition of things. But there are armed parties coming by thousands from a foreign country, with the manifest design of plundering the property of the United States, and $10,000,000 which, if it had not otherwise enriched the Government Treasury, would at least have been spent within the limits of the country and for its improvement, are taken home to Mexico by them. The unanimous sentiment of the country is in favor of their expulsion, since it can be effected without violent means, and many of the Sonorians themselves acknowledge its justness. Some of them, notwithstanding, according to late news from the South, have committed numerous outrages on their way home, stripping small parties of the emigrants by the Gila route of all they possessed. It is not likely that the country will be troubled with them next Summer.

The emigrants who arrive here, very soon divide into two distinct classes. About two-thirds, or possibly three-fourths of them are active, hopeful and industrious. They feel the singular intoxication of society here, and go to work at something, no matter what, by which they hope to thrive.—The remaining portion see everything "through a glass, darkly." Their first bright anticipations are unrealized; the horrid climate of San Francisco chills and unnerves them; or, if they go to the placers, the severe labor and the ill success of inexperienced hands, completes their disgust. They commit a multitude of sins in the shape of curses upon every one who has written or spoken favorably of California. Some of them return home without having seen the country at all, and others, even if they obtain profitable situations, labor without a will. No man who is not willing to work, and work hard, should come here. This is, less than any country in the world, a place for an idler.

Another cause of disappointment is the extravagant hopes with which many have undertaken the journey. I have heard mechanics in this town complaining of their poor chance for making a fortune. "Why," it was asked them, "do you not get steady work at $10 a day?" "Yes." "And you can live tolerably well on $1,50, or at most $2 a day?" To this they also assented. Here were men clearing $48 per week, or about twelve times as much as they would have made at home, in a place where money can be loaned, on good security, at from 10 to 20 per cent. a month! One of the most amusing instances of disappointment I have seen, was that of a traveler who met us on the first day of our journey to the diggins. He complained bitterly of the rough fare, and told us we might not believe, but we would absolutely be compelled to sleep on the ground. We found his words true, of course.

In what I have said concerning the condition of California, metallic, topographic and social, I have endeavored to give as fair and impartial a picture as possible. On my first arrival, I heard so many contradictory accounts of the country, that I resolved to wait until I had seen part of it, before expressing any opinion. There will no doubt be many conflicting statements sent home this year, and the present, I am convinced, will differ from at least half of them.

MR. CLAY.—A Washington letter, alluding to the great men of the Senate, says:

"But first and foremost among all, towers the Great Western of Kentucky, Henry Clay. He drops into the House to see what is going on, but there soon gathers around him a group, which prevents him from seeing much beyond the group about him. He is watched and noted by every body. Time deals gently with him. His health and spirits are good, his step firm, and he looks like having a long lease of life even now."

TEMPEST IN A TEAPOT.—Gov. Wood, of Texas, in his recent message, complains very bitterly of the General Government for exercising political authority in the territory of New-Mexico, in exclusion of the jurisdiction of Texas. The Governor, in an overflow of patriotic indignation, recommends taking forcible possession of the country, and sustaining the rights of Texas, if necessary, by the whole military power of the State. This sounds some like South Carolina nullification, and will probably amount to about as much.

A NEW WAY TO COLLECT DEBTS.—An undertaker in New York, not long since being unable to collect some old debts, after calling and sending in vain, took out his hearse and drove up to the dwelling of a creditor. Much surprise was expressed by the family, who, on hearing that the hearse would remain until the money was paid, speedily handed over the cash. He repeated the operation with all his creditors, and before night the debts were paid.

"Is these fellers alive now?" said an urchin to his teacher, [illegible] old person do you mean, my dear?" [illegible] and Luke, and Deuteronomy, and them—

Blutting a Peddler.

There was a certain tinware peddler travelled the city to dispose of notions to such as are willing to bargain. He was a persevering trader, and never allowed himself to be bluffed off with a short answer. One house in particular he continued to visit in spite of continued rebuffs and assurances that nothing was wanted—they never bought goods in that way. Nevertheless he made his calls steadily with each regular round, until he became a regular pest, and in reply to the information that it was useless to call, he made known his determination to do so just as often as he pleased. One bitter cold day the house bell rang, the good lady hastening from her work to answer the call of the bell, found the peddler at the door.

"Any tinware to-day, ma'am?"

"Have you any tin kitchens?"

"Yes, ma'am," and away he went to bring samples, chuckling at the idea that his zeal was to be successful at last.

The tin kitchens were brought, and the pans were next called for. The pans were brought and other articles enumerated, to seven different kinds, until a goodly proportion of the peddler's load had been transferred to the house.

"Anything more you want, ma'am?"

"Oh, no—I don't want any of these; I only asked you if you had them; I didn't say I wanted them."

The peddler was fairly "sold," and for a moment he felt like getting angry—but the idea rather tickled him and he commenced to return his wares to the cart without uttering a word. He then mounted and rode off satisfied. He has never called at the house since.

MATRIMONIAL SPECULATION.—Some years ago, when all the world were mad upon lotteries, the cook of a middle aged gentleman, drew from his hands the savings of some years. Her master, curious to know the cause, learned that she had repeatedly dreamed that a certain number was a great prize, and had bought it. He called her a fool for her pains, and never omitted an occasion to tease her upon the subject. One day, however, the master saw in the newspaper that number was actually a prize of £20,000. Cook is called up—a palaver ensues—had known each other many years—both to part, &c.; in short, he proposes marriage, and is accepted. They were married the next morning; and as the carriage took them from the church, the following dialogue ensued:

"Well, Molly, two happy events in one day.—You have married 1 trust a good husband; you have something else. But first let me ask you where your lottery ticket is?"

Molly, who thought he was beginning a banter on the old subject, replied—

"Don't yo say any more about that. I thought how it would be—I never should hear the end on't—so I sold it to the baker for a guinea profit. So you needn't make any more fuss about that.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

ANECDOTE OF DR. PARKMAN.—Dr. Parkman was very punctilious and close in his business habits, but nevertheless bestowed much charity in an unostentatious way. The Boston Medical Journal relates the following anecdote of him:—

A politician once stopped him in the street and asked him to subscribe to a fund for firing a salute in honor of some party victory. "Just step with me round the corner," said the Doctor. Taking him up a dirty alley, through a dark doorway, and up three flight of rickety stairs, the Doctor tapped at a door, which was opened by a wretched pale-faced child. A poor woman, apparently in the last stage of consumption, was sitting propped up in bed, and feebly attempting to sew upon a shirt. There was no fire in the stove, although it was a cold March day. "Now," said the Doctor, turning to the politician, "here is ten dollars; you may either fire it away in powder or give it to this poor woman. I won't attempt to bias you." The Doctor darted out of the room and down stairs, leaving the nonplussed politician standing by the bedside of the invalid. He did not hesitate long as to his disposition of the money. He deposited it in the hands of the sufferer, and departed a wiser man.

☞ When the State of Maine was young, the good people used to pay their parish priest in the fruits of the earth instead of cash. In one parish, labored a long haired, pious old divine, whose pulpit was his only hope of subsistence for himself and his nine little children. He received yearly five hundred bushels of rye as a salary, and one donation party extra. One unlucky Sabbath, being more animated than usual, he let fall some expressions that raked a little too severely the conscience of "the *session.*" They waited on their minister in the evening, and told him he must alter his doctrine entirely, or his salary would be withheld, and a new man called to take his pulpit.—The good minister in great dismay, instantly answered them and restored everything to harmony again by saying, "Gentlemen just tell me what doctrine you wished to have preached, and I'll preach it, for I must have that rye!"

NOT ENGAGED BUT MARRIED.—Some ridiculous mistakes occur among foreigners at times, owing to the different meaning applied to the same word in our language. During the absence of a physician of our acquaintance the other day, a gentleman called to see him, and rung the bell at the door. The summons was answered by a Dutch servant girl, of whom he inquired if the Doctor was in.

"No."

"Was his lady in?"

"Yes."

"Was she engaged?"

The girl looked at him a moment, while a curious expression settled on her features, as she replied:

"Why no! *she is already married!*"

☞ A poor shoemaker having plunged into the water to save the life of a miser's child, the latter was profuse in thanks.

"What do I not owe you?" said he. "I owe you everything."

"Very well, you may just pay me ten dollars of it now," said the other, "and I will wait till you get ready to discharge the remainder of the debt." The miser slipped.

A negro having purchased a hat was observed to take it from his head on the fall of a shower of rain, and to manifest considerable anxiety to preserve it from the wet. On being remonstrated with for his supposed stupidity in thus leaving his head exposed, he witily observed, "Hat belong to me—head belong to mese."

A soldier on sentry duty stabbed a dog, who was set on him by some boys, with his bayonet. The owner came up and was much vexed to see his cur lifeless. "Why could you not have struck him with the butt of your gun?" said he.

"So I should," said he, "if the dog had run at me tail foremost."

☞ Eggs carried loose in a basket in a carriage over a rough road, turn out generally when they are cracked up to be.