



PRINTED AND PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY THOMAS J. ECCLES.

TERMS—Two Dollars per annum, payable in advance: \$2.50 if payment be delayed over six months. To Clubs—Three papers will be sent for \$5; and seven for \$10, in advance. ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at \$1 per square (14 lines) for the first, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

A Hint to Woovers.

The following couplets embody a volume of sound doctrine on a delicate subject: DOUBLE OR QUITS.

I've courted you, Ellen, for twelve months or more And am rather worse off, I believe than before;

'Tis a loving game, truly, I've played, 't is fit, I hope you'll allow, we should double or quit.

The other puts the proposition yet more forcibly:

"So long you have fooled me—half no and half yes—I am quite at a loss for your meaning, dear Miss;

Enough in all conscience you've baffled and sham'd— Say "yes," and be kissed—or say "no," and be d—d!

Dreaming on Wedding Cake.

The editor of the Evansville (La.) Journal writes as follows on being presented with a piece of bride's cake:—

With the wedding notice in another column, we received from the fair hand of the bride a piece of elegant wedding cake to dream on.—Well, we put it under the head of our pillow, shut our eyes sweetly as an infant, and blessed with an easy conscience, soon snored prodigiously. "The god of dreams gently touched us, and lo! in fancy we were married.— Never was a little editor so happy. It was 'my love,' 'dearest,' 'sweetest' ringing in our ears every moment. Oh! that the dream had been broken off here.—

But no, some evil genius puts it into the head of our ducky to have pudding for dinner, just to please her lord. In a hungry dream we sat down to dinner. Well, the pudding moment arrived, and a huge slice almost obscured from sight the plate before us.

"My dear," said we fondly, "did you make this?"

"Yes, love—ain't it nice?"

"Glorious—the best bread pudding I ever tasted in my life."

"Plum pudding, ducky," suggested my wife.

"O no, dearest, bread pudding, I always was fond of 'em."

"Call that bread pudding," exclaimed my wife, while her pretty lips curled slightly with contempt.

"Certainly my dear—reckon I've had to eat enough at the Sherwood house to know. Bread pudding my love by all means."

"Husband, this is really too bad.—Plum pudding is twice as hard to make as bread pudding, and is more expensive and a great deal better. I say this is plum pudding, sir," and my pretty wife's brow flushed with excitement.

"My love, my sweet, my dear love," exclaimed we, soothingly, "do not get angry; I'm sure it's very good, if it is bread pudding."

"But, sir, I say it ain't bread pudding."

"And, madam, I say it is bread pudding."

"You mean, low wretch," fondly replied my wife in a high tone, "you know it is plum pudding."

"Then, my'am, it is meanly put together, and so badly burned, that the devil himself wouldn't know it. I tell you, madam, most distinctly and emphatically, and I will not be contradicted, that it is bread pudding, and the meanest kind at that."

"It is plum pudding," shrieked my wife as she hurled a glass of claret in my face, the glass itself 'tapping the claret' from my nose.

"Bread pudding," gasped we, pluck to the last, and grasping a roast chicken by the left leg.

"Plum pudding" rose above the din, as I had a distinctive perception of feeling two plates smashed across my head.

"Bread pudding," we groaned in rage as the chicken left our hand and flying with swift wing across the table, landed in madam's bosom.

"Plum pudding," resounded the war cry from the enemy, as the gravy dish took us where we were depositing the first part of our dinner and a plate of beets landed upon a white vest.

"Bread pudding, forever!" shouted we in defiance, dodging the soup tureen, and falling beneath its contents.

"Plum pudding," yelled our amiable spouse as, noticing our misfortune, she determined to keep us down by piling

upon our head the dishes with no gentle hand.

Then in rapid succession followed the war cry. "Plum pudding!" shrieked she with every dish.

"Bread pudding," in smothered tones, came up from the pile in reply. Then it was "plum pudding" in rapid succession, the last cry growing feebler, till just as I can distinctly recollect it had grown to a whisper. "Plum pudding" resounded like thunder, followed by a tremendous crash, as my wife leaped upon the pile with her delicate feet, and commenced jumping up and down—when, thank heaven, we awoke, and thus saved our life.

We shall never dream on wedding cake again—that's the moral.

From the Warrington News. Letter from California.

New Town, California, } November 24, 1850 }

I am not, under ordinary circumstances, surprised to learn that my letters have not reached you all for so long a time, but I am really astonished when none of my letters, so numerous as they have been, not one has come to hand. I have regularly written every other mail, that is every other month.

To those who are fully acquainted with the horrid confusion and total neglect of the Post Office in San Francisco, to all letters from the States, we expect nothing but failures of letters on all hands. Your letters of June I got eight or ten days since, and along with them one from Ann, dated April. This letter I will send by a gentleman to New York, to mail it there, and, perhaps, it may reach its proper destination. As the gentleman is some three or four miles from me, and will leave early in the morning, this letter must be necessarily short, as it must be sent in one hour from this time.

I am in a brand new town, put up three or four weeks since, and count houses of one or two hundred. I have put up a very comfortable log cabin where Ras and myself pass our time very warm and dry.—This town is in half a mile of the place on Deer Creek where I have been mining all the summer. Three miles off is another town, called Rough and Ready, and a month or two older than New Town. Sprinkled over hundreds of ravines and hills, is a vast number of log cabins between the two places, and all of them filled with miners.

In addition to this, all around for ten or twelve miles, a vast number of persons have settled for winter. As all the streams have failed, almost altogether, in gold digging, all the miners have betaken themselves to the Hills and Ravines, waiting for the fall of rain to operate on the hills and ravines. I am by every month's observation more and more convinced that very small sums have been made by each man—a few, very few indeed have done well—not, I should say, above one man in three or four thousand. And when I say that he has done well, I mean to say that he has made some three or four thousand dollars.—I repeat what I have said in my former letters, that I would not give \$10,000 for what any man has made in fifty miles of this place, this season. Gold can be had almost wherever you place down your foot, but not in such sums as to make a man, in twelve months, rich. If any man can realize two or three thousand dollars a year, after hard work, he is lucky. I must acknowledge that it is reported that some men have made large sums; I do not say it is false, but I do say that I have never seen him, or have seen the man that has seen him.—For thousands and thousands I can truly confess that they have little done but to support themselves—and sorry to say, that many and many thousands have not done as well.

The man who places confidence in News Paper reports, and many letters sent to the States, will as surely be led into great errors as he lives. Truth and veracity are sunk to a low degree in California. Nine men in ten, of truthful characters before they left home, become great liars in a few months after breathing the air of California. You cannot get the truth out of them. I am confident that many would steal were they not afraid of our sharp and quick punishment.—extemporaneous trial and extemporaneous punishment. I am afraid that as soon as the regular Court House Law is extended over us—that Lawyers be brought in—and "the law's delays" can be had, that crime of all sorts will be multiplied. When I look around and see almost none but men, I feel convinced that unless we have more of the Salt of the Earth—we are gone, and relapse as sure as day into savage life and habits. Up, however, to this day in the Northern Mines, all is quiet and free from every species of violence—no man is made afraid. All of us from North Carolina, have done as well as most other people perhaps; I suppose that two or three thousand each will be about the size of our little pile. All of us expect to do much better this winter and next spring, as winter sufficient to work the ravines and hills, has recently been found out in many flat places some half a mile wide between hills—not mountains, they are as rich if not more so, than ravines and streams. These places are totally destitute of water in summer, but have a plenty after the wet season takes place. The fall of rain began last Tuesday to the delight of thousands. Every cradle and Long Tom has been ready for ten days to start in operation.—But after six or seven months of dry season, it will require ten or twelve days more of rain to put us in full operation.—New Town is on the edge of these gold flats—some of the best mines are on or near hills and flats between the hills. Millions

of dollars have been taken away on all the streams on various kinds of work. I could not think of returning until I made my pile grow \$10,000. I have been practicing of medicine to the sum above, by May next. So you all must learn to do without me until that time. My health and spirits—first firm and excellent—the last quite equal and high enough. If any person should speak of coming to California, advise him for me to remain at home, unless he is young, strong, hearty and used to work, and has a good supply of energy, and if possible, be as Peter Davis used to say, a *lean, sharp fellow*. Any man thus made up, can almost certainly make eight or ten dollars a day, and with a little luck, may make thirty or twenty dollars a day. But the average is about four or five dollars a day. All articles of food still continue high.—Flour \$20 dollars per hundred; Mess Pork \$3 dollars per hundred; Bacon \$1 per lb.; Sugar \$12.50 per lb.; Coffee 40 cents per lb.; Butter \$1 per lb. &c. You can get Irish Potatoes, very fine, at 30 cents per lb.; Onions, wonderfully fine, \$1 per lb. You can get any thing you want even up here in the mountains. But you must dig hard for gold, to gratify your appetite in such luxuries. I do venture to get Potatoes, and now and then an Onion weighing more than a pound. Ras and I are pretty good cooks, and have our appetites at all times much sharper than our knives. No man understands how to live like a prince, until he learns how to sharpen his appetite by exercise. I have been in my house ten or twelve days—the first time I slept in a house since last April twelve months ago, except a few nights at San Francisco and Sacramento four weeks since. These towns have grown wonderfully since I saw them last winter. The World supplies them with every luxury on earth in abundance, except Ladies.—This day is free from rain, and the sun shines out warm and brightly. Many days, I am informed, will be enjoyed through the wet season as fine as this day. Even here, high up the mountains, it is not nearly so cold as with you. I will write soon again by private hands, as many are now going home. Ninety-nine of a hundred are anxious to go home, even with one thousand dollars; and a very great number would be content to have enough to carry them home. It would require a strong working man to make ten or fifteen thousand dollars by remaining here four or five years, and be very frugal and judicious to do that. Few, very few, from choice, will remain here, a necessity will hold them here for some time, and then perhaps many may get engaged in some employment or other, and finally become content and satisfied with the country, especially the young men from the western States. I indeed, do not dislike California as much as I did—for where on the face of the earth, can you find so much to excite and employ the mind and body as in California! If there is any employment so deeply exciting as looking for gold, I have not experienced it. To see thousands of persons thus engaged, fills the whole atmosphere with its contagion, and a man is made of strange stuff to resist or escape it.—Small Pox is not more contagious.

This avowal from me must not alarm you, for home I come as sure as a gun if I live, and have made up my pile as large as I want, and a little larger, next summer. If ladies could stand this country, and be content and happy, I think I could make some arrangement for the men; but I honestly think that no lady half way cultivated, and accustomed to tolerable society could hardly exist here. Time, and circumstances, must have a fair play on the country and its population, before the better portion of the sex can venture here—indeed, if ever. If gold digging should sink a little lower in its rewards, California will be abandoned to the wild Indians, wild animals, still worse, to the vilest and most depraved men that the world can supply. As an agricultural country, that I pronounce impossible. Those towns on the Bay and large streams, will go to ruin as soon as the mines in the mountains cease to yield a good pay to labor. I see clearly that if our daily receipts sink a little lower, our daily bread cannot be purchased.—Food must be brought from abroad, and cannot fall in value below the point that compensates the man that brings it to us. Even in the present state of things, thousands do not get enough to eat. Pork and bad bread, with many, make up their Bill of fare, day after day throughout the year. Sixty thousand persons came over the south pass alone, this summer, arriving among the mountains in California from August up to this time. They came destitute of money—little or no food—no employment, and entirely ignorant of looking for gold or working for it. Few, very few mines can justify the owner to give four dollars a day for hire of a man, and consequently can give but little to those who need it.—Add to this mighty torrent of people, all that came by other routes, and you can then form some idea of the multitude that has spread over this country. With so many men and each man with two eyes, how can a particle of gold continue undiscovered! Look at any moment in the day, in any direction, and you see men like goats wandering in every possible direction, Prospecting, as called, that is examining every hole and corner for Gold. I passed four weeks since, from Sacramento Town, on the Sacramento River, up to Marysville on the Yuba, forty miles in the stage—we travelled on the valley being from fifteen to twenty miles wide, extending from the River Sacramento to the foot of mountains; throughout the whole extent I saw not one foot of ground in cultivation. On the west side of the River a like plain extends up to

the Coast Mountains, and not a Plough or Hoe has touched the soil. These plains that flank each side of the River, are overflown by water from four to ten feet deep; the water remains until June some feet deep, a large Whale Boat can sail over the plain from the Town of Sacramento up to Marysville, forty miles, and never find it necessary to go into River. When the water finally dries up by an intense sun, then a course of Grass springs up, and many cattle graze on it until the last of August or first of September, by which time the plain looks like it was scorched all over. To talk of cultivation of these plains is a folly. The moment you reach the foot of the mountains, no man would venture to expose his wheat of course as to talk of agriculture in the mountains. Be it as, as far as I could see from Sacramento Town, down to San Francisco, 150 miles, nothing like cultivation can be seen. Indeed it is self evident that the floods must soon cover over deep the whole country; as a proof of this, I ascertained beyond doubt that all fresh vegetables seen in the market in Sacramento are brought from low down on the Bay, and south of San Francisco. For Potatoes, Onions and Cabbage, Beets, Turnips and Grapes, few countries are equal to the south arm of the Bay of San Francisco. For some few years yet to come, the markets of San Francisco, and all over California, must demand a vast amount of all these productions, and continue to pay a very high price for them. Those who turned their attention to the growth of such things, must have realized great sums. I saw a Cabbage sold in San Francisco for four dollars, this was the common price in market. Had I half a section of land judiciously located, I would not give it for any dozen mines in California. But I understand that that part of the country is almost exclusively owned by Spaniards, Mexicans, and many speculators.—Americans. All the lands that are worth having will be lost to the Government, unless Congress does act quickly, and with energy. Fraud, corruption, and all sorts of rascality are in full play to get all. Tell Mr. T. to write to Badger, and request him to urge the Senate to so order things that a man may have a reasonable chance to get a slice of Uncle Sam's real estate on the Pacific. If I could get such a place, perhaps I could after some coaxing, persuade myself to remain in California, and finally invite you to come out and see the country.

T. C. POPE.

WALTZING.

INDELICACY is defined by Dr. Johnson, as "a want of elegant decency." And it is in general society we are to look for its most frequent examples? Are we to see it nourished and perpetuated in scenes of graceful life, and not seek to restrain and eradicate it, when we have the power and the means of effecting so desirable a purpose? The French or Italian waltz was introduced here some years ago, and it was some time before the natural and then prevailing modesty of our young ladies could be sufficiently overcome to insure its success; but as it had a foreign lineage, it soon became the idol of fashionable parties; indeed, it is now one of the first accomplishments in our polite amusements and every one who is not skilled in this modern violation of a decent propriety, is considered as not having reached the "elegant" extreme of refinement. A very large proportion of females we believe are sensibly averse to the practice of waltzing, and those in the very highest sphere of life are never seen mingling in it, while many parents will not allow their daughters to be engaged in it, unless with those of their own sex, and we would observe to those females who have not the same misgivings which some of their associates have, that a little more regard for an attribute which most especially adorns the character of woman, would tend much to elevate them in the estimation of discreet and sensible persons. The position occupied in the waltz is anything but that of propriety, which every lady would shrink from with indignation in any other place; and we never witness the indelicate proximity of those moving in it without an inward feeling of rebuke. Many, we suppose, may be thoughtlessly diverted from a modest and becoming dignity in the hour of excitement, but there is too great a number of a less scrupulous character, and for whom our remarks are particularly intended.

No woman of true modesty will consent to be a partner in the waltz, especially, of almost any one who may chance to ask her to accompany him, which is sometimes the case. We certainly have less respect for those in the waltz and polka, than we have for those in the quadrille and cotillon, having no objection to the latter amusements; and we will feel sure that we are not mistaken in believing—not being the advocates of the "largest liberty"—that the great freedom which is exercised in the former leaves a very unfavorable impression upon every reflecting mind in regard to those who appear in them.

"When pleasure takes the path which reason shuns, And gaiety supplies the place of sense, Then foremost at the banquet and the ball Death leads the dance, or stamps the deadly die."

STAGE DANCING.

Female stage dancing has likewise aided much to demoralize, and to create a licentious taste in our youth as well as in those of a mature age; and we have seen nothing in any public spectacle which we have ever witnessed, more corrupt and objectionable than its lascivious and indecent exhibitions.

We will remember its first representation upon our stage. The females of our community at that day were almost universally arrayed against it, as it was exhibited in other cities, and generally expressed a determination not to attend the theatre on such occasions, unless a more modest garb was substituted by the performers, and which was in consequence effected. But a week had scarcely elapsed ere the additional habiliments of decency had vanished! Still, myriads of the "fairest part of creation" continued to attend and increase, and to look on with a delighted complacency, to the blush oftentimes indicated an exception to its low and unseemly performances—as we have seen the deep and degrading verminousness of the floor of the theatre, and the moral range on many a fair cheek, though not without a feeling of pity as well as of humiliation. Alas! how weak, how frail and enervated, are the moral promptings of many human hearts. How few are governed and guided by a judgment of their own, or observe the self-respect which all should cherish for themselves. A great part of mankind, it would seem, are quite as willing and disposed to be wrong with the many, as to be right with the few, and have not sufficient independence, if they have the virtue, to adopt a course in conflict with the usages of the mass; but whatever has the sanction of a certain portion of the world, is very likely to have their assent though they may really disapprove of much which they countenance and support, being too regardless, also, of the effect it may have upon the lives and characters of others.

The Postage Bill, has passed the House of Representatives by 130 yeas, to 75 nays, with the following provisions: A uniform rate of three cents on letters weighing not over half an ounce. No diminution in the existing mail service and compensation to postmasters. On printed matter, not over two ounces, one cent postage; bound books, not over thirty ounces, to be made like. On newspapers, in the State where printed, only half the foregoing rates—no postage when mailed to actual subscribers in the county where printed, or within 30 miles. A deduction of 50 per cent, on magazines, when prepaid. A three cent coinage, and stamps, as now, to be sold at post-offices; forgery of them being punishable with fine and imprisonment. An appropriation of \$1,500,000 to meet any deficiency in the revenue. Letters uncollected for at the end of two weeks to be advertised once only. Suitable places to be provided for in cities, or towns for the deposit of letters, to be collected and delivered by carriers, at one and two cents each.

Kings Mountain Railroad.—We learn that the Kings Mountain Railroad, (says the Yorkville Miscellany) is progressing so rapidly as can reasonably be hoped for, the grading contracts are all let, with the exception of about a mile and a third.—Many of the timber contracts are also made, and persons are almost daily applying for those sections not under contract. The iron has been contracted for also, and is expected to arrive in all during the Spring. These facts will explain the rapid calls, that have been made on the Stockholders. It is certainly the interest of the Stockholders when once the expenditure of their money is commenced, to have the whole road completed as early as possible. Interest will in this manner be saved, and they will enjoy the benefits of their undertaking.

Our Own Mechanics.

In the N. C. Assembly, on the 22d ult, the Revenue Bill was under discussion. In the twelfth section, Mr. Steele moved to strike out \$100, as the penalty for not giving in property, and inserting \$50, which motion was lost. To the fourteenth section, Mr. Person of Moore offered an amendment, which was adopted.

Mr. Drake offered an amendment, to lay an ad valorem tax of 19 per cent, on all ready made clothing, shoes, boots, saddles, harness, liquors, wines, cordials, pleasure carriages, the manufacture of other States, brought into this State for sale; which amendment was lost.

Mr. Taylor an amendment to tax foreign made liquors 3 cts. per gallon. Mr. Caldwell moved to strike out 3 and insert one cent, which was disagreed to. The amendment was then rejected—yeas 34, nays 71.

Mr. Caldwell of Rowan offered an amendment to tax foreign made hats and caps, over \$3 in value, 50 cents each, upon every pair of boots of the value of \$4 fifty cents, and on boots of less value and on shoes 25 cents.

Mr. Scott opposed this tax. Mr. Erwin did not see how a protective tariff Whig like the gentleman from Cabarrus, could go against protecting our own Mechanics. The amendment was rejected.

REPORT OF THE BOARD OF HEALTH, for the week ending Tuesday, Jan'y 21st.—The Board report thirteen new cases and one death, of the prevailing disease, viz: DEATHS.

I negro man, aged about 27 years. ROBT. F. DAVIDSON. JNO. A. YOUNG. R. C. CARSON.

Charlotte, Jan'y 14, 1854.

A poetic young man, in describing the movements of a lot of gold fish, says "they flashed and darted about like bright hopes through a lover's brain." That young man should be looked to. He's been staying out o' nights and studying whiskey punch.