

THE WEEKLY BUTTE RECORD.

VOL. 9.

OROVILLE, SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 30, 1861.

NO 4.

Weekly Butte Record

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING

Office on Bird Street, between Myers and Hutton Sts.

TERMS.
One year per Mail \$5 00
Six Months do 3 00
Three Months do 2 00
Delivered by Carrier per Month 50
Single Copies 25

ADVERTISEMENTS
Per square of ten lines or less, first insertion, \$5 00
Each subsequent insertion 1 50
Clay A liberal discount will be made in favor of those who advertise by the year.
Business Cards inserted on reasonable terms.

Agents for Record.
THOS. BOYCE.....SAN FRANCISCO
A. BADLAM.....SACRAMENTO
SAM J. DAVIS.....DAVIS EXPRESS
R. C. GRIDLEY.....GRIDLEY'S EXPRESS

Business Notice.
Messrs. Tins' CALLOW and D. M. BISHOP, having purchased interests in the Record Newspaper and Job Printing establishment, will hereafter be associated in conducting the business of the same. No change will be made in the Editorial control of the Paper.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN LAMBERT,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW

OFFICE—With Judge Wells, up stairs in the Court House. n9tf

CHARLES F. LOTT,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC
Office—Bird st., between Myers and Hutton.

S. ROSENBAUM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Office—Bird st., second door from Theatre Block fronting the Plaza. aug4

L. C. GRANGER, Jr.
GRANGER & MAURICE,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW

Will practice in all of the Counties of the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Judicial District, and in the Supreme Court.
Office—on Bird street, between Hutton and Myers streets, OROVILLE. sep29tf

S. W. W. COUGHEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office—Bird Street, Oroville, Butte County, California. d138

J. H. MARPLE,
Justice of the Peace,
OPHIR TOWNSHIP.

OFFICE—Oroville, on Bird St., opposite Court House.
All business pertaining to duties of Notaries Public, done with care and dispatch. Declaration of Homesteads made out. Acknowledgments taken &c. Blanks on hand, and for sale.
Oroville, Dec. 8th, 1860.

J. A. GUFFIN, M. D.,
LATE OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Would respectfully announce to the citizens of Oroville and vicinity, that he has opened an Office at A. McDERMOTT'S DRUG STORE.
N. B.—Consultations Free. d1

D. C. BURLINGAME,
DENTIST.

OFFICE—In Matthews' Brick Building, on Bird Street, between Montgomery and Bird Sts., OROVILLE.

JAMES O'BRIEN, M. D.,

Particular attention paid to Chronic Diseases, and all others common to this country. Has had large experience in hospital and family practice, and confidently hopes for a share of public patronage.
Office—Within two doors of Clark & Bro's store, Myers St., Oroville.

GEORGE E. SMITH,
Watchmaker and Jeweler.

Montgomery St., between Myers and Hutton Sts., OROVILLE. d22
Don't forget his name. Geo. E. Smith.

JESSE BEENE,
Notary Public.

OFFICE—at his Book Store, Hutton St., OROVILLE. n12

CHARLES F. ROBBINS,
IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

Type, Presses,
PRINTING MATERIAL,
Tables, Card Stock,
ETC., ETC.

Nos. 111 and 113 Clay St., San Francisco.

PAINTER & CO.,
Practical Printers and Dealers in
Type, Presses, Printing Materials,
Ink, Paper, Cards, &c.
510 Clay Street, above Sansone, San Francisco.

Offices fitted out with dispatch. me2-ly

G. W. SOVEREIGN,

UNDERTAKER,
Southeast Cor. of the Plaza,
OROVILLE.

Notice.
REDUCTION IN PRICES at the ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL.

Board, per Week \$ 7 00
Board and Lodging, do, do, 10 00
1728-41 FRANK JOHNSON, PROPRIETOR.

HOTELS.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

The St. Nicholas HOTEL

General Stage Office!

THE SUBSCRIBER RESPECTFULLY informs his old friends and customers, and the public generally, that his New House, the

ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL,
Erected upon the site of the old house of the same name, is now furnished in all its departments and open to the resident and travelling public. Particular pains have been taken in the construction of the dormitories.

The Rooms and Beds
Are superior in their style to those of any public house in the interior, and will compare favorably with those of the cities below.

The Dining Room
Is LARGE, AIRY and COMMODIOUS, and

The Table
Is always supplied with every substantial and luxury procurable in the market. The office of the

California Stage Company
Being located in this house, it is particularly adapted to the convenience of the travelling public. A large and well furnished

Bar and Billiard Room
Is likewise connected with the St. Nicholas. The price of meals and lodging is fixed at the following low figure:

Single Meals, 50 cents.
Lodging per Night, 50 & 75 cents.
Share of public patronage is solicited.

FRANK JOHNSON, Proprietor.
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International Hotel

BIRD & O'NEAL,
PROPRIETORS.

THE PROPRIETORS take pleasure in informing their Old Friends and the Public generally, that they have removed from his old place on Myers street, to the

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL,
Corner of Montgomery and Lincoln streets, where they are prepared to accommodate the public in

The best Style.
The House is new, and newly furnished, and the

Table is Second to None
in the State.

THE OPPOSITION STAGE
Being situated in this House, it is particularly adapted to the convenience of the travelling public.

Single Meals, 50 Cents.
Lodgings, 50 to 75 Cents.
A share of public patronage is solicited.

RAUPH BIRD,
ROBERT O'NEAL.

HAMILTON HOUSE.

JAMES WAGSTAFF, Proprietor

The travelling public are invited to call. Hamilton, Butte Co., Jan. 1st, 1860.

GOLDEN GATE RESTAURANT,

Cor. Montgomery and Hutton Sts., OROVILLE.

MIKE CUBETT & CO.,
PROPRIETORS.

FROM A LONG EXPERIENCE in the business, the Proprietors are confident that they understand what is required in a first class Restaurant, and will spare no pains to make the Golden Gate Restaurant superior to all others in Oroville.

THE BAR
Attached to this Restaurant, will always be well stocked with the finest brands of Liquors, Cigars, &c.

TERMS:
Board per Week \$7 00
Single Meals 50

The proprietors have made arrangements at San Francisco by which they are receiving daily supplies of

FRESH OYSTERS!
Which will be served up in any style, to suit our patrons.

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT. d29

WHAT CHEER HOUSE

Myers St., bet. Bird and Robinson Sts., Oroville.

The public is respectfully informed that the BEST BOARD AND LODGINGS can be had at the above house, and at rates lower than any other in Oroville.

Board and Lodging per week, \$5.00
Board per week, 4.00
Single Meals, 25 cts.
Lodgings, 25 cts.

Call and examine for yourselves.
R. OLIVER & CO.

MARBLE WORKS.

Monuments, Tombs and Head Stones, Mantles, Table Tops, Wash Stands &c.

THE UNDERSIGNED WISHES TO INFORM the citizens of Oroville and vicinity, that they are prepared to furnish anything in the above line. Also, GRANITE and SAND STONE, for building purposes, such as Door Sills, Water Tables and Window Caps and Sills, at reasonable prices. N. B.—Orders from the country promptly attended to.

McREADY & BRO.,
No. 88 C st., bet. Third and Fourth, Marysville.
J. HAMMILL, Agent.
Bird St., Oroville.

UNDERTAKER,

Night.

Again, O tender and benignant Night,
My fevered temples unto thee I bare,
Bend softly downward from thy tranquil height,
And lay thy dewy finger gently there.
Again, O Night, again!
Until the turmoil of my brain shall cease,
And gentle peace
Shall come to banish pain.

Still! most passionate, most blessed Night!
The little wood-bird in its downy nest,
All safely sheltered in its wind-tost nest,
And softly tended, has been lulled to rest.
Thou rock'st the murmuring bee
To sleep amid the lily's curtain folds,
And slumber holds
All weary things, save me.

Have pity, pitying night! thy breath of balm,
Thy dewy dew o'er me. On my forehead bare
Make haste to lay thy tender, cooling balm,
Thy stilling finger on the pulse of care.
I thank thee, Night! I feel
O'er each tired sense soft spells begin to creep
In visions, sleep
Brings mine eyes to seal.

Bridal Wishes.
[The English language cannot be moulded into a more beautiful form than the following, by Barry Cornwall.]

Sweet be her dreams, the fair, the young;
Grace, beauty breathe upon her!
Music, hush! thou about her tongue!
Life, fill her path with honor!
All golden thoughts, all wealth of days,
Truth, Friendship, Love surround her!
So may she smile till life be closed,
And angel hands have crowned her!

The right way to make tracks—Gen. Butler repairing the road to Washington.

"Now is the time to get up clubs," as the boy said when the journalist's dog chased him.

CUSTOM in infancy becomes a habit in old age.

A MAN's name passes around most freely when it has a handle to it.

Take the world easy, but be careful lest by the world you are easily taken.

We may judge of a man's character by what he loves—what pleases him.

SMALL faults, indulged, are thieves to let in greater.

Why are the game laws the jolliest laws we have? Because their express object is to keep the game alive.

If you are not satisfied with the necessities of life, see whether you can't satisfy yourself with refining after luxuries.

CONSUMPTION for Greely: Why is Greely like Richard III? Because the advance on Richmond flooded him.

"Do you like cod fish balls, Mr. Wiggins?" Mr. Wiggins, hesitatingly: "I really don't know, Miss; I never recollect of having attended one."

The venom of a slanderous tongue ultimately poisons its own possessor.

The feeling is often the deeper truth, the opinion the more superficial one.

The Moon's condition just now closely resembles that of most of the Secession editors. She is rapidly approaching her last quarter.

The Richmond paper complain pitifully because the North has cut off the Southern supply of quinine. We have cut off their bark, and we shall soon stop their bite.

"Jon, why were you out so late last night?" "It wasn't so very late—only a quarter to 12."

"How dare you sit there and tell me that lie? I was awake when you came in, and it was 3 o'clock." "Well, isn't three a quarter to twelve?"

A FELLOW having imbibed rather freely, took it into his head that he could fly, and to get a good position, ascended a sign-post, and started. He was questioned the next day as to how he liked flying. "Oh," said he, "its nothing to fly, the lighting is the hardest part of the operation."

MEX who endeavor to look fierce by cultivating profuse whiskers, must be hair-em-scared fellows.

"FRIEND, the Bible tells thee to swear not at all." "Oh, well, I don't swear at all; I only swear at those I am mad at."

POVERTY frequently imposes a species of meanness upon men, more disgusting to themselves even than it is to others.

A WITTY philosopher says: "Some men's mouths seem to be like the dikes of Holland—made to keep out water."

The following notice was found posted on the bulletin of a Western Postoffice:

"Lost—a kaf. He had a white spot on 1 of his legs. He was a she kaf. I will give three dollars to evibodi that will bring him home."

The way they manage a postoffice at Rome, Italy, is queer, rather. A comedian recently applied for a letter at the postoffice, and was told there was forty cents to pay for it. I can't pay that," said he, "for I know what's in it." "Well, how much will you pay?" asked the postmaster. "Four sons is all it is worth to me," said the comedian. "Well, take it then," replied the postmaster, for I've read it, and it's only a love letter."

Our customs and habits are like the rats in roads. The wheels of life settle into them; and we jog along through the mire, because it is too much trouble to get out of them.

INTERESTING TO SOLDIERS.—Take the twig of a birch, elm or other tree having a pleasant taste, and cut in several pieces about half an inch in length each. Keep one of them in the mouth while traveling or working in the sun, for about an hour, throw it away and supply its place with another, and thus continue during the warmest hours of the day. By following this advice a person will feel no more desire to drink in warm than in cold weather.

It is said that words hurt nobody; nevertheless Samson jawed a thousand Philistines to death.

He that can keep his tongue is better than he that can keep a carriage.

An Hour with a Necromancer.

Having heard a great deal about Herrmann, the magician, we naturally enough did not care to see him. It is human to resist forcible impulses. When a man is called the rage, we like to stand aside out of the crowd which is running after him, and refuse to merge our independence in the universal shove. Where had not Herrmann been? What king, queen, crown prince, heir apparent or dukeling, had not said in the most astonished and unroyal manner: "Really, Herrmann, you quite take the hair off my head!" And it was generally credited that if Herrmann should put on all the decorations he had received from the sacred hand of sovereignty, it would be equivalent to the performance of one of his most celebrated feats of magic—making himself invincible. So we had never been to call on Herrmann.

A few days after his arrival in this country, however, there came to us a very polite secretary with a very polite invitation directed to Monsieur l'Editeur, asking the pleasure of his individual, or our collective acquaintance—that acquaintance to be founded and consolidated at a little supper which M. Herrmann would give on a certain Friday evening at No. —S street. Friday evening being possible to us, and the terms of the invitation so exceedingly gentlemanly, we signified our fixed determination to enter the necromancer's cave at the period proposed, merely stipulating that in case of rain, he should dispatch his glorified pumpkin shell for our conveyance, some other necromancer having performed for us the feat (would we could say, "never before attempted in America") of "the disappearing umbrella."

On Friday evening at eight o'clock we stood upon the necromancer's door-step. Fifteen minutes later we were in the diabolical yet courteous presence—acknowledging that "The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman; Herrmann he is called!"

The chambers of sorcery were anything but frightful. A pleasantly lighted parlor, filled with laughing faces, opened by folding doors draped with tapestry, into a large saloon beyond, whose adornments were not the ordinary dry and profitless plated tinware of the juggler, but a table laden with fruit, cake, wine and bonbons, afterwards proving themselves real by the most valid tests of the human sense.

Surrounded by a cordon of editors, magicians and miscellaneous guests, Herrmann was necromancing when we came in. A pack of cards was in his hand. He handed them to the gentlemanly editor of the Daily—never mind. "Is that a full pack?"

The editor counts them, and answers—"Correct in all respects."

"Please to look at any card in the pack, and remember it."

"Yes, I have done so."

"Hand the pack to the gentleman next you." (Addressing second gentleman.) "Shuffle the cards, if you please."

"Hand back the cards to the first gentleman. Now, sir," (addressing the editor) "you wish me to tell you where your card is. It is the ninth from the top. Look and see."

A pause. "Yes! So it is!"

"Perhaps I have deceived you. It may be an optical delusion. Shuffle for yourself."

"Yes! Very well."

"Now be so good as to look through the pack. Your card was the deuce of spades."

"What!"

"Oh, you needn't be surprised. Of course I know what it is—look through the pack and see if you can find it."

The editor took with the same eagle eye which he would give to the scrutiny of a contemporary's leading editorial—

"It isn't here!"

"I thought not. There's a gentleman at the other end of the room who seems cut out for a necromancer. I marked him when he came in this evening, and recognized a fraternal likeness in him. He has been watching you narrowly—he has evidently spirited that deuce out of your pack."

The young gentleman indicated blanches deeply. If you ever noticed, connection with a morning paper has something dewy and rural about it, which greatly contributes to the preservation of youth's rosy flush. The young gentleman furthermore, strenuously insists that he's no such person—hasn't the deuce—never did have it.

"Feel in the breast pocket of your coat," rejoins the magician, imperiously.

The young gentleman complies, as a mere matter of form, and to his own, as well as the assembled company's astonishment, brings out the missing deuce.

"I knew you had it," said Herrmann. "The pack is deficient without it. Please to put it back."

The deuce and general serenity being paradoxically restored at the same time, Herrmann takes the pack into his own hands.

"No one who has never seen it," he remarks, quietly, "would imagine the multiplying power of a single pack of cards. Take this, for instance. Will somebody please feel in all my pockets and look up my sleeves. I may conceal a magazine of packs about my person, you know."

His request was complied with. Nothing to be found. He now takes the pack like an accordion—opens it to the distance of three feet—the cards seem floating in the air between his hands—he shuts the pack again; once more opens it; and now the cards drop on every side of him in heaps. Kings by the score, aces by the dozen—it rains cards.

The bystanders rake them together, and every man is set up for life in the entire business, with at least two four-handed decks. But Herrmann is an Indian giver, and asks them back.

"You think there are a good many packs there, eh? (handing the gathered cards to a guest) Be pleased to count them."

"Only fifty-two—a single pack."

"Of course—that's all—I told you so."

He then passes the pack about among the gentlemen, and asks that each will notice and

Tyre.

Mounting our horses at 11 A. M., we passed out of the southeast gate, en route for ancient Tyre. Our path lay along the western border of the plain of Phœnicia, winding through groves of olives and beside private gardens rich in fruit trees and blooming with flowers. In three hours we reached the *Sola Tyriorum*, or "Tyrian Ladder," forming the boundary line between Phœnicia and the Holy Land. This promontory is the most southern root of Lebanon, with a white base dipping into the sea. The path over it is zigzag, and in fancy resembles a winding flight of steps. The descent down the opposite side was rough and broken, now over low mountain spurs, and again through a defile leading out to a noble plain. Occasionally we passed over bits of an old Roman road, now in ruins. Just before reaching Iskanderiyeh, in the mountain ravines to the east, we saw a company of French soldiers excavating a buried city, which had neither name nor story. They had succeeded in opening one temple and several elegant sarcophagi. As yet no inscription had been discovered to reveal the history of the unknown city. In half an hour we came to the white cliffs of Ras-el-Abiad, or the Promontorium Album of the ancients. This is one of the wildest and, at times, most dangerous passes on the Phœnician coast. The path is cut in the white limestone rocks five hundred feet above the level of the sea; the sides of the mountain are perpendicular, and the waves dash wildly against their base. Huge boulders had fallen from the cliffs above, and others seemed ready to follow. From the highest point we pass we gained our first view of the plain and peninsulas of ancient Tyre. Descending rapidly to the plain below, the dreariness of our pathway was relieved by the glorious appearance of Hermon, whose snow-capped summits were bright in the evening light, while the plain over which we rode was darkened by the shadows of the circumbient mountains. Traveling on for hours over the deep sandy beach, we passed Aes-el-'Ain in the dusk of the evening, but too late to examine those celebrated fountains, we pushed on and entered Tyre at 10 P. M. The next day was the holy Sabbath, and in the absence of a Christian church, we found it profitable to meditate upon the numerous prophetic allusions to this venerable city. Few cities can boast of a higher antiquity, of grander edifices, and of greater renown than Tyre. Originally, it was founded by the Phœnicians, rebuilt by the Romans, and again restored by the Crusaders. The ruins of its marble castles, of its splendid palaces, of its triple walls and gateways, of its lofty towers and spacious harbors, are now seen half buried beneath the drifting sand or washed by the restless waves. It was a "strong city" in the days of Joshua; it was the ally of Solomon, and was the coveted prize of Salmanser, Nebuchadnezzar, and Alexander the Great. The cradle of commerce, Tyre became the Mistress of the Seas; her merchantmen traded in every port in the known world, and from her thriving shore she sent her sons, dotting the coasts of Europe and Africa with flourishing colonies. Nothing can excel the accuracy of detail and the elegance of graphic description of the 27th chapter of Ezekiel on the wealth and glory of Tyre; and now, after the lapse of twenty-five centuries, her scattered ruins attest the truth of prophecy. Her walls are destroyed, her towers broken down, her stones and timber are in the midst of the water, and her ancient site is "a place for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea." Entering a small boat, we passed out of the inner basin into the larger harbor, and in almost every direction we saw immense red granite columns lying prostrate beneath the surface of the clear water, and others imbedded in the solid rock or cemented together by some powerful agent. In the southeast corner of the town are the remains of the church built in the fourth century by Paulinus, and consecrated by Eusebius, and in which repose the dust of Origen and of the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa. Six miles to the east of the town is the tomb of King Hiram. It is an imposing mausoleum, hewn out of the solid limestone rock, some 12 feet long, 6 wide, and 6 high, and surmounted with a pyramidal lid 5 feet in thickness; it rests upon a pedestal of brown stones 10 feet high, and being located on a hill, commands a view of the city of the great King and of the sea beyond. On the north side of it is a large vault, in which, no doubt, the dust of the good Hiram once reposed. Around it the country is strangely solitary—neither ancient ruin nor human habitation is near, but standing alone, it is like a venerable relic of the past and an impressive monument of the loneliness of death.

—Cor. N. Y. Methodist.

Big Bear.—Messrs. Bampus and Virgil Baker, of Red Bluff, killed a grizzly, near Antelope Mill, a few days ago, which weighed over 500 lb. They also killed on the same excursion, a deer weighing 250 lb.

STATISTICS.—We are indebted to Colonel Webb, County Assessor, for the following statistics: Number of horses in Tehama Co., 1,968; mules, 1,024; cattle, 38,947; sheep, 16,850; assessment of property for 1861, \$2,153,076; for 1860, \$2,086,213; increase during the year, \$66,863. When we take into consideration the depreciation in the value of cattle, these figures are very encouraging, for the assessment of cattle alone must have been \$200,000 less than the valuation of 1860, and for other stock nearly as much more, showing an increase in the permanent wealth of the county of nearly half a million of dollars.

—[Red Bluff Independent.]

"Per your tongue out a little further," said a physician to a female patient; "a little further, ma'am if you please—a little further, still."

"Why, doctor, do you think there's no end to a woman's tongue," cried the fair invalid.

THE nation most depended upon by the Union—its determination.

Don't Get Discouraged.

Don't get discouraged. Whoever gained anything by drawing down the corner of his mouth when a cloud passes over the sun, or letting his heart drop like a lead weight into his shoes, when misfortune came upon him? Why, man, if the world knocks you down and jostles past you in its great race, don't sit whining under people's feet, but get up, rub your elbows, and begin again. There are some people who even look at it worse than a dose of camomille tea. What if you do get puzzled on the dollar-and-cent question; others beside you have stood in exactly the same spot and struggled bravely out of it, and you are neither half, lame nor blind, that cannot do likewise. The weather may be dark and rainy; very well, laugh between the drops, and think cheerily of the blue sky and sunshine that will surely come to-morrow. Business may be dull; make the best of what you have, and look forward to something more hopeful. If you can't afford roast beef and plum pudding, eat your codfish joyfully, and bless the stars for the indigestion and dyspepsia you thereby escape—But the moment you begin to groan over your troubles, and count your calamities, you may as well throw yourself over the docks and down with it. The luckiest fellow that ever lived might have woes enough, if he set himself seriously to work looking them up. They are like invisible specks of dust—you don't see them until you put on your spectacles to discover what is a great deal better left alone.

Don't get discouraged, little wife! Life is not long enough to spend in inflaming your eyes and reddening your nose because the pudding won't bake, and your husband says the new shirts you worked over so long "set like meal lugs." Make another pudding—begin the shirts again. Don't feel "down in the mouth" because will settle and the clothes will wear out, and crockery will get broken. Being a woman don't procure you an exemption from trouble and care; you have got to fight the battle of life as well as your husband, and it will never do to give up without a bold struggle. Take things as they come, good and bad together, and whenever you feel inclined to cry, just change your mind and laugh. Keep the horrors at arm's length; never turn a blessing round to see it has got a dark side to it, and always take it for granted that things are blessings until they prove to be something else.

Never allow yourself to get discouraged, and you'll find after the world a pretty comfortable sort of place after all.—[Life Illustrated.]

A MODEL PUFF.—The Portland Times, an Oregon exchange, has the following amusing puff:

"Did you ever see the Devil with his iron-winding tool, digging up the gravel with his big toe nail? If you did not, just drop into our office some evening and witness the antics of our Devil after drinking a half gallon of Brown's Celebrated Oregon Cider."

A good wife is like a printer's roller, which is composed of molasses and glue. She is as sweet as the former article, and sticks to her husband like the latter. So says some one posted in connubiality, but one who gets the bad wife gets stuck the worst.

Five years ago we applied a cement composed of white lead paint, whitening and dry white sand, to a small tin roof that leaked like a sieve; it soon became nearly as hard as stone, has never scaled off, and has kept the roof since then perfectly tight. It was put on about the consistency of thin putty. Slaters' cement for stopping leaks around chimneys, is composed of linseed oil