

# Santa Fe Weekly Gazette.

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## Santa Fe Weekly Gazette

### TERMS.

WEEKLY—\$2 50 a year, payable invariably in advance; single copies 12 1/2 cents. Advertisements, \$1 00 per square of ten lines for the first insertion, and 50cts. for every subsequent insertion.

### D. V. WHITING,

COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS,

Pennsylvania,

Connecticut,

New Hampshire.

Santa Fe, Jan. 1, 1852—11.

## NEBRASKA HOUSE,

INDEPENDENCE, MISSOURI.

B. W. TODD.

I have removed from the "Noland House," to the "Nebraska House," in Independence, Missouri. The Nebraska House is a large new building, and has recently been much improved by alterations and additions. Having taken this house for a term of years, I intend to make every effort to promote the convenience and comfort of travellers. The patronage of my friends and the travelling public is respectfully solicited.

B. W. TODD.

January 1st 1853—1y.

THE undersigned begs leave to inform his friends and the public generally, that he is prepared to do all kinds of cabinet and carpenter's work on the most reasonable terms. Shop, two doors above the door of Jesus Love.

Santa Fe, May 7, 1853.—y

JAMES H. CLIFT.

### NOTICE.

THE undersigned, being about to leave this Territory, hereby gives notice that LEVI SPIEGELBERG is his only authorized agent, for the settlement of his business.

S. J. SPIEGELBERG.

Santa Fe, August 18, 1853—4L.

### SHORT PATENT SERMONS.

BY "DOW JR."

#### THIS BUSTLING WORLD.

TEXT.—This is a bustling world, and man must bustle to live.  
My friends! all is life in the world we inhabit—  
For ever in action is all!  
Life everywhere stirring—nay! it skips like a rabbit.  
Upon this terraqueous ball,  
My start! what a bustle!  
Good Lord! what a hustle!  
How they hurry and hustle!  
One another about.  
There's no pause for the wicked,  
No rest for the sick head—  
E'er they go or be kicked,  
Is the law given out.

The beasts and the birds, from the morning so early.

Unto uncle Day-God has set,  
As hither and thither, and all busy-burly—  
Because they've a living to get;  
And so they must snatch it up,  
Or root it, or scratch it up,  
Or plan it, or hatch it up,  
The best way they can;  
From a skilful to Tabor,  
God's made them to labor  
As well as their neighbor—  
That animal—man.

That animal, man, is the laziest creature  
The Heaven or Nature e'er made;  
The rogue he exhibits in every feature,  
And lying 'twould seem is his trade.  
Now, when the Creator  
Had 'done' th' alligator,  
(As the second relator)  
He pronounced the thing good;  
'Did he say thus of man, sir?'  
You ask me—'I'll answer  
As well as I can, sir:  
HE WOULD IF HE COULD

THAN LIVE by the toil of his hands he'd much rather  
HALF live by his wits all alone;  
He'd swindle his brother, and rob his own father,  
Were he sure it would never be known.  
To this precious sonny  
What's sweeter than honey?  
Why, money, O money.  
That 'root of all evil'!  
But rather than work for't,  
The rascal would lurk for't,  
Or scrape, bow and smirk for't—  
O, go to the devil!

Yes, gold is the stuff for which mortals all scramble,  
How many, though, don't budge an inch!  
They look for success on the chance of a rabble,  
And hope for good luck—on a pinch.  
Then, so lack-a-daisy—  
I might say half crazy—  
All misty and mazy,  
They lie off at ease;  
And no trouble borrows,  
Quite sure that to-morrow  
Will bring them no sorrow,  
But something to please.

Now, friends, I'd advise you to stir and keep doing—  
Do something ye get it and ye small;  
Though should it amount to but kissing and wooing.  
Tis better than nothing at all.  
Keep on, and keep trying—  
Some truth and some lying  
Will keep you from dying,  
As you all may see,  
But should the old Harry  
Advise you to marry,  
Consider and tarry,  
And so mote it be.

### MODERN YOUTH.

TEXT.—Now, Mr. Shakespeare, tell me, if you can,  
The difference between a youth and a young man?

My hears: this question was once asked of my friend Shakespeare by a drunken, mahogany-faced, carbuncle-nosed blacksmith. The reply was, that there existed the same difference as between a scalded and a coddled apple. We see,

then, that, in the time of the great bard, a youth was nothing more nor less than an acipient man. Though physically juvenile, he was self-opinionally endowed with all the ripened attributes of manhood. He scorned to be called a boy, though he proved himself a child by pouting when addressed 'my lad.' Because his mother's apron-strings were then, as now, composed of gum-elastic, which stretched so as to allow him to roam somewhat at random, he foolishly imagined that he had clipped them asunder with the scissors of independence, and was at liberty to enjoy all the rights and privileges of the adult. Yet boys will be boys, in spite of their strongest endeavors to appear men.

My friends: in these degenerate days of ours, we have no youth among the masculine gender. They are either babes or men. No sooner has a lad arrived at the age of sixteen than he begins to curse, swear, and swagger, like a graduate in the school of profanity and pomposness—chews tobacco as a horse eats hay—smoke cigars as if his reputation were based upon the commitment or non-commitment of the act—drink rum as though his character might suffer disparagement if he didn't indulge according to the habits and customs of his elders; and try to cultivate whiskers for the sake of exciting the jealousy of his fellow playmates. How proud is the fledgling when he first dis covers a few penfeathers starting from his callow chin! He is no longer a child then, but a man in every sense of the word. Should his mother ever have the temerity to scold him, he calls her 'no gentleman'; and if the father undertake to chastise him, he complacently draws his finger across his upper lip as much as to say, 'If you lay hold of me, you take the lion by the beard.' Oh! these modern youth; they are bright enough without any extra rubbing; let them alone. All they want to become perfect men are, heathenish whiskers, a standing shirt collar, high-heeled boots, and a big pocket-book. If they don't shine then in full meridian splendor, they never will. But what looks worse upon the cheeks of a boy than a pair of precious whiskers? They resemble to my mind's eye a paucity of half-a-creed lichens encircling a sickly fungus. And then as for chewing tobacco: to see such a temple of primal purity, clean and new from the hand of the Great Architect, bedaubed with the filthiest of the filthy, is enough to turn the stomach of an ostrich. As to youth imbibing alcohol, that double distilled dæmon to young souls, for the sake of being thought men, I would rather that a son of mine should saw his legs off, or venture upon a speculation in Wall street, than be guilty of such a mind-debasing and body-destroying practice. Then to have a full-lad, before he is old enough to wrestle with a full-grown grasshopper, boldly take the name of God in vain, and set at defiance the hosts of heaven and the minions of hell, is indeed most awful. I don't mind a boy's swearing a little, just a little, according to what he is allowed by those who are older, and have a right to swear as they choose. For instance, he may make use of such expressions as 'By Golly,' 'By Gosh,' or 'By the great never-living jumping Moses!' These will all do pretty well; they come near to the mark, but don't touch the profane privileges of grown people. But here in Gotham, this city of swearing, gambling, swaggering, hypocrisy, foolishness, popery, affectation, and all sorts of sin—I see no difference between boys, young men, and men of mature years. Put them altogether in a bag of colossal dimensions, give them a good shaking-up, and empty them out in a he p, and it would puzzle Old Nicholas himself to tell which is the man and which the boy.

This is a great country, my friends; it grows with its growth, and the underground growth with marvellous rapidity. Heaven only knows what we shall arrive at in the end; but I sincerely hope, and venture to trust, that we shall all reach heaven at last. So mote it be.

A SHARP BUSINESS LETTER.—A cotemporary publishes the following specimen letter from one of a class who think there is nothing valuable but trade in the world. It purports to come from a "cute" merchant, who writes in reply to a boyish epistle from his son at a boarding-school, to his master, to send him home for reasons which he thus characteristically explains:

"Sir—My son's of 10th inst came duly to hand, and cont's noted. Sorry to hear he's been stud'g Latin, &c. What's use? I never studied any such thing—nothing but Webster's Sp'g Book, and Daboll's Arith'k and P'r Richard's Alm'k; yet got a long well enough—made money; am Bank Direct'r, Memb. Chamb. Com. &c. &c. &c. Latin!—better look into M'ulloch—some use in in that. Learn all about Dr. and Cr., et., per et cur'ey, exch., bank facit., ind'ze, &c.; that's the commodity of true knowledge—the best ind'ze for counting room—always in dem'd—always available in market, when y'r Latin and y'r Greek would't fetch a soomarktee, as my captain says.

"But to point, My son is now 14 yr's old—am in want of another clerk—must have finished his ed'n by this time, surely; would have let him stand another half year though, but for the Latin and high rates of tuition at board'g sch'l. Please ship him on board Switser, with invoice and bill of lad'g., of books, &c., consigned to Merx & Co. N. Y'k.

"P. S.—Send bill, and will remit by return mail. Stocks rather heavy. Sh'd be glad to sell you a lot of damaged Java at 7 cts. per lb.—very cheap, and good enough for board'g sch'l. Please advise."

A Good housewife should not be a person of one idea, but should be equally familiar with the flour garden, and the flour barrel; and though her lesson should be to lessen expense, the scent of a fine rose should not be less valued than the cent in the till. She will doubtless prefer a yard of sherry to a yard of satin. If her husband is a skilful sower of grain, she is equally skilful as a sewer of garments. He keeps his hose bright by use, she keeps the hose of the whole family in order.

### Curin' the Shakes.

"Thar! there he goes."  
"Who?"  
"Why, don't you know who? Well it's that are darn Professor of mesmerism; who cuts up all kinds of shines, and bedizens the people with his monkey doin's an' the gals with his fine-e-fied fix-ups an' slick 'store close.' He can raise the dead, they tell me, jump out of his hide, play cards with the devil, and swaller a pair of tongs!"  
"You don't say so?"

"Yes I do—and he can make spip spar, cut a feller's leg off with a piece of sunshine, and cures the measles for a cent a dozen."

"Do tell."  
"Certainly! But there he goes agin—see! I say yeow!—s'pose you trot down here amongst this congregation, and tell us a little of your experience."

In obedience to this invitation, the 'Professor,' a long-legged, red-headed feller from the "Sucker Stait," came down the Court-House steps and mixed in with "the boys," who looked at him a few minits in silence, for they heard he carried 8 or 10 quarts of thunder in his hat.

After a while Tom Soop, the spunkiest one of the bunch, took off his cap and spoke:—

"'Pfeffer,' sez he, 'I think yure mesmerism's a nice thing—darn if I don't. Now I've got a tooth that wants excavatin', and ef you'll get it out without pullin', I'll give you a dollar, by thunder."

"Is it a molar or incisor?"  
"Scissors be demed!—its a buster!—got three prongs an inch long, and the way it hums is a caution to hornets."

"Well," sez the Professor, takin' off his cote, "I can extract it without pullin' easy entlemen!—jest han me a stone for to knock it out!"

One of the boys picked up a brick which they said would answer the same purpose—but when our magnetic friend turned about Tom Soop was fast vanishing over the fields.

"Ha!" sez the Professor, "that feller reminds me of a youngster I cured of fever 'nagur, only he don't travel half so spry."

"Tell us about that," sez the boys.  
"I will," sez the Professor. "It was in Briar Swamp; old Squire Hitchcock had a son who had catched the 'Shakes' the wust fashion—so he sed—and dun nothin' but dance for sixteen munsel!—He'd jump out of his boots—out of his breeches—into the fire—and one day he came cussed near being fried to death! Well the old Squire heard of my popular way of curin' folks, so he sent for me to come right off, or else his boy would shake out all his ribs! I went, and when I got there I asked the old man to show me the case. He sed he would. He then took me up to the garret, and there was a six-foot youth tied up in a bag, and his jaws were rattlin' lik a barrel of clam-shells! He'd shook his teeth all out of his head, and both of his kneepans was missin. The boy stared at me."

"Sez he—I'm desperate.  
"Sez I—I'm aware of that fact, and I've come to cure you by the time-savin', go a-head, double-extracted essence of biled thunder an' littenin'."

"Then he looked awful wild, and his hair stood up like a pitchfork.  
"When are you goin' to commence? sez he.  
"Direckly, sez I, so be easy till I go down stairs after the masheen, and I left."

"Now I had a whoppin' big squirt-gun it held about three quarts—and I went in to the kitchen and filled it with hot water. Up stairs I went agin—the bull family a follerin' and the boy begun to yell. While I'd been gone, he'd got out of the bag he was up in, an' had crawled in under the bed."

"Come out of there, sonny, sez I, at the same time squirting a dose of hot water all over him, or you'll get particularly steamed."

"Well, he did come out—a yellin' like mad—and made a lunge for the door. I after him—(squirt)—Oh, Lord!—I'm scalded! sez he—chased him down stairs—(squirt agin!)—jumped over the fence—ran him all over the orchard—when he leaped into a big tree, and sed he was cured!"

"When I found my patient was well so quick, I went back to the house to inform the old man of my success. He thanked me kindly, gave me a V. and when we both repaired to the spot, there the boy sot up in the tree—well as ever—and sed he'd hos the pertaters!"

"It was the wust case of the 'Shakes,' (laziness) I ever heard on," sed the Professor, puttin' on his cote, "but I reckon I cured him beautiful, don't you?"

### READING FOR THE LADIES.

With the exception of French fashions, it is questionable whether there is anything in this world more subject to caprice than the female woman. Weathercocks may be taught to crow—lobsters to dance cotillions, and three cent liquor to chafe itself—but who ever expects to meet with a woman that is perfectly contented either with her house, self, or embellishments! Like a miser, her love of "change" is without bounds, and full as much without reason.

She goes to church, not to see what is new in the way of texts, but what is new in the way of bonnets; and raises her eyes to heaven, not because she is thinking of her latter end, but because she can't make out what that "fright" has got on who occupies "the left hand corner of the choir."

Does she get a harp, it will not be a week before she will be teasing "the brute" her husband for a piano. Get a piano, and a month will scarcely elapse before she will be so annoyed with its "eternal ding," that she will have strong thoughts of placing a leg of it on the hand-irons, for the purpose of giving a tone to the kitchen fire.— Among the ladies whose talent for this sort of variety almost amounts to genius, is the wife of friend Fantadling. For three months previous to the birth of her first child, "the gentleman that pays her bread bill" was kept on a keen jump, like a frightened kangaroo or a lamp lighter.—The moment the markets were closed, she felt as if she could eat a beef steak, while oysters were no sooner out of season, than nothing but selfish, in her opinion, would save her from an untimely grave.

One night we met the poor devil when the snow was up to his knees what do you suppose his lady needed then—two water-melons and a pint of strawberries. The last time we saw him was in January last, when he was sitting on the wharf, trying to catch a fresh shad with an oyster tong; his wife looking upon it as "sinful" to use either a seine or a book-to end his miseries, he hung himself about the middle of April, leaving a "warning to courderoys" in his left boot. The most singular part of the story remains yet to be told.

Since the demise of the he Fantadling, his lady has recovered her stability. She eats cold potatoes with a constancy and relish that even wood-cock could not once excite—while her desires for shell-fish are limited to semi monthly visitation of "six-pence worth of clams." From this the reader will perceive that a large portion of the caprice in the market is nothing but selfishness—while the best way to lessen a woman's wants, is to deprive her of her husband. Wives are as easily spoiled as children, and in nine cases out of ten, from the same cause, too much humoring. Wether your matrimonial voyage therefore is a pleasant one or not, depends altogether on how you allow your consort to carry sail. Let us sing!—N. Y. Dutchman.

### Interesting Statistics.

A gentleman who keeps the run of facts, figures and babies, has just laid before "an enquiring world" the following statistics: The whole number of languages spoken in the world amount to 3,064 in Europe, 936 in Asia; 276 in Africa, and 1,264 in America. The inhabitants of our globe profess more than 1,000 different religions. The number of men is about equal to the number of women. The average of human life is about 33 years. One quarter part die previous to the age of 7 years; one half before reaching 17 years of age, and those who pass this age enjoys a felicity refused to one half the human species. To every 1000 persons only one reaches 100 years of life; to every 100 only six reach the age of 66, and not more than one in five hundred live to 80 years of age. There are on the earth 1,000,000,000 of inhabitants and of these 333,333,333 die every year, 91 324 every day, 3,710 every hour, 60 every minnte or one every second. These losses are about balanced by an equal number of births.—The married are longer lived than the single, and above all, those who observe a sober and industrious conduct. Tall men live longer than short ones. Women have more chances of life in their favor previous to being 50 years of age than men have, but fewer afterwards. The number of marriages is in proportion of 175 to every 1,000 individuals. Marriages are more frequent after the equinoxes; that is during the months of June and December. Those born in the spring are generally more robust than others. Births and deaths are more frequent by night than by day. The number of men capable of working or bearing arms is calculated at

one fourth of the population. Some of these statements are rather singular, and yet many of them are susceptible of an easy solution. That marriages take place more frequently in June and December, than other months of the year, was just what we had always suspected was the case. Those who marry in June, do so because they can't help it; while those who conubialize in December, do so, doubtless, to guard against the chilly pillows which distinguish the frost bitten months of winter. The matches which came off in June, are commonly love matches, and are brought about by green fields, and the contagious influence of bobolinks and yellow birds; while those which happen in December, are brought about, in a great degree, by mixing plain mathematics with the market value of flannel under-garments.

### Aged Ministers.

Your minister is "superannuated," is he? Well, call a parish meeting and vote him a dismission; hint that his usefulness is gone; that he is giving to repetition; that he puts his hearers to sleep—Turn him adrift like a blind horse or a lame house dog. Never mind that he has grown grey in your service—that he has smiled on your infants at the baptismal font, giving them lovingly away in marriage to their heart's chosen; and wept with you when death darkened your door. Never mind that he has laid aside his pen, and listen many a time and oft, with courteous grace to your tedious, procy conversations, when his moments were like gold dust; never mind that he has patiently and uncomplainingly accepted at your hands the smallest pittance that would sustain life because "The Master" whispered in his ear "tarry here till I come." Never mind that the wife of his youth, whom he won from a home of luxury, is broken down with privation and fatigue, and your thousand unnecessary demands upon her strength, patience and time. Never mind that his children, at an early age were exiled from the parsonage roof, because there was not "bread enough and to spare" in their father's house.—Never mind that his library consists only of a bible, a Concordance and a Dictionary; and that to the luxury of a religious newspaper, he has been long years a stranger. Never mind that his ward robe would be spurned by many a mechanic in our cities, never mind that he has "risen up early and sat up late," and filled the ground for earthly "manna," while his glorious intellect lay in fetters—for you! Never mind all that; call a parish meeting and vote him "superannuated." Don't spare him the startling tear of sensibility, or the flush of wounded pride by delicately offering to settle a colleague, that your aged pastor may rest on his staff in grateful, grey-haired independence. No! turn the old patriarch out; give him time to go to the moss-grown church-yard and say farewell to the unconscious dead, and then give "the right hand of fellowship" to some beardless, pedantic, noisy college boy, who will save your sexton the trouble of pounding the pulpit cushions; and who will tell you and the Almighty, in his prayers, all the political news of the week.—FANNY FERN.

MINE OF WEALTH.—Dr. J. V. C. Smith, in an address recently delivered in Boston, on Palestine alluded to the following circumstances.

The Shieks or Arab chiefs, are in the habit of burying their treasures in the sand of the desert; no matter what it is, an American half eagle or a tin box, anything they wish to preserve secure they immediately repair to the desert and deposit it, where none but themselves can hope to find it.

When the Doctor visited the Dead sea, he hired Shieks to accompany him as guides and protectors; he gave five dollars to each, besides the present always necessary at the close of a bargain; the Shieks went immediately out into the desert place to deposit their money.

Some of these Arabs live to be 125 years old; they continue to bury their wealth as long as they live; they are reputed to be wealthy because they have much wealth buried; increase of riches make scarce any difference in their indulgence, or mode of life. In their old age they forget where the articles are deposited, and die without ever leaving anything for their children.

It is supposed that no less than a million dollars in value is thus buried annually! and the time will come when the searching for and recovering of this hidden wealth, will be an extensive and profitable business.