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THE TRINITY JOURNAL.

To Correspondents.

We are anxious to collect all the mining and news items from the different localities of our county, and publish them weekly for the benefit of our readers. If some of our friends will oblige us in this respect we shall feel very grateful. Many hesitate because they feel reluctant to write for a paper. This is certainly a poor excuse.—It makes no difference to us how badly communications are written if they only contain facts.—Any man of common intelligence can give us mining items—how claims are paying, the improvements, discovery of mines, &c., which are common to every locality in the county. We say then to those of our friends who may feel disposed to send us mining or other news, don't stop for bad writing or spelling. Just give us the facts, and we shall take pleasure in setting them correctly before the public.

To Subscribers.

Persons sending subscriptions for the JOURNAL to be forwarded to their friends in the Atlantic States, will please be particular in writing the name and address in a plain, legible hand. The name of the county (which is often neglected,) should always be given.

ORIGINAL.

PIONEER PAPERS.

The Reunion of a Scattered Household—Continued.

BY IVOE.

"But come, come," said Grotius, "let us not forget in the ecstacies of a joyful recognition, the more essential mark of welcome. Judge, you have not, I presume, eaten this morning. You will therefore be patient a little, and Tim will replenish the viands." "Yes, yes, Judge," responded Tim, "you may bet your odd rib on that; but Grotius' viands had no place on the bill of fare this morning,—therefore please qualify that last remark, or else the Judge may think the absence of such luxuries is caused thro' my neglect." I have only noticed this matter in order to set myself right on the main question, as the member from Arkansas said when he spoke at length on the bill fixing a high price on coon skins, and a low price on whiskey. "But Judge," continued Tim, "when you leave out the viands, as Grotius calls them, and come right down to a plain cup of coffee, good fried bacon, a corn dodger, or a gum-elastic slap-jack, I'm right thar." "Tim, my dear boy," said Judge Portable, "you have not, I am glad to see, lost any of the humor which so well becomes your generous soul. But do not, I pray, put yourself to any inconvenience for my sake, but allow me to enjoy the meal without any reference to its quality." "All right, Judge," said Tim. "just sit by; here's the coffee, here's the bacon, Judge—and Judge! here's a slap-jack that Baron Von Humboldt might have readily sketched the diagram of his Cosmos upon." "By gracious, Tim," said Judge Portable, raising himself with a sort of good-natured grunt, and a pleasant, half way smile, that had more than one kindness in view, "you have in addition to your other great resources of mind a knowledge of science, eh?" "Well yes, Judge," said Tim, "I have experienced some little shocks that way." "Explain, Tim," said Grotius, "you don't mean to say that by experiencing the shocks of science that you have been trying to imitate Franklin, or anything of that kind do you?"—"Well no, not exactly, Grotius," Tim replied, "but I suppose my experience will bear some comparison with Franklin's." "Well, well," said Charley, who was stretched horizontally on the ground, after having put a new stem in his pipe, and placed a coal of fire on the tobacco in the old meerschaum, "you've seed fire, Tim, you have." "Well, Charley, I've seen right smart, and I've done considerable, but I'll tell you one thing, Charley that I did'nt do!" "What was that, Tim?" "Why I did'nt do the boring of that pipe stem that you have been trying so hard for the last ten minutes to draw smoke through." The whole camp was thrown into a loud fit of laughter at Charley's expense. "Now Judge," said Tim, "let me pour some coffee for you." "No, no, Tim," replied the Judge, "thank you; I have eaten very hearty, I assure you." "Judge," said Tim, as he stood over the old man in a coaxing attitude, and broke out in one of his fondling pleas, "just dispose of that last quarter of slap-jack, for I don't know of any way that we can pack it, besides there is probably enough for two or three, but certainly not enough for five of us." "There, Judge," said Grotius, "you can take Tim's remark as a high compliment to the delicacy of your appetite." "Yes," replied Judge Portable, "but Tim is privileged, and if I have ommitted gluttony it is all to be attributed to he art and proficiency of Tim's cookery." "But im," said Grotius, "you have not given us your xperience in the sciences." "Well, Grotius, it's matter I don't much like to talk about, because recalls some very unpleasant sensations, and esides it is one of the little incidents in the life f a man that leaves its impress upon the heart," "Well, I declare, Tim," said Grotius, "if I had thought for a moment that you had pursued science for the mere sake of drawing melancholly sensations and comparisons. I should not have intruded my request upon you by any means, but have chosen rather to deprive myself of the pleasure of tasting the fine fruit which your mind has plucked from the tree of knowledge, and harvested from the encyclopedia of science." "Now Grotius," responded Tim, "you and I don't exactly understand each other. You have reference to the science got by book learning, while my experience is all about a girl." "Oh!" said Grotius, "I beg leave to withdraw my request, because I did not design to touch a tender cord.—I am well convinced that the man who conquers in the battle of love, and comes out successful in affairs of the heart, requires at least some art if he does not possess a knowledge of the sciences." "You bet your odd rib on that, Grotius," quaintly responded Tim, before Grotius could make another pass. "I tell you Grotius," continued Tim, as he threw his head a little to one side, his mouth ajar, and scratching his head gently, "it takes main strength and shape to curb the fluctuations of woman's love and bring her constancy to a fair test." "I declare," said Judge Portable, who had been silent for some time, as he turned with a sort of anticipating rapture towards Charley, who was apparently listening to Tim's story, and at the same time hard at work boring his pipe stem with the wire handle of the coffee pot, which he had heated in the fire, "Tim's love experience has made him a true judge and expounder of the intricate philosophy of human nature." "Yes Judge, remarked Charley, "I jest think that Tim has had the dog-garnedest, wustest time of any man you ever seed in his love affar,"—Tim by this time had rumaged through a little sack which contained his wardrobe, and found a plug of tobacco of the quality commonly known as "pig tail" or "black twist," which he exulted over very much, and calling Grotius' attention to a letter which he held in his hand, exclaimed:—This little document or piece of diplomacy is more important to me than the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo." Tim seated himself on the ground close to the Judge and Grotius, and holding the folded letter in one hand, with the other drew the pig tail from the breast pocket of his red flannel shirt, and nipping off from one to two and a half inches, commenced as follows:

"You see now these little matters that always touch a fellow where he lives, are delicate instruments to play upon, but I am satisfied that discord must always be produced before reaching harmony on any instrument. You recollect my wishing last night to be rich, or to just get gold enough to accomplish a certain object; I'll tell you now about the whole affair. About ten years ago I first became acquainted with a girl named Sarah Chism. Her father lived near the Skillet Fork of the Wabash, and not far from the Blue Gut of Moccasin bend. This last name was given to it in early times because the people did'nt have any shoes to wear but moccasins made from deer skin. Well, to come to my story, I commenced going over to old Chism's considerable. I only lived about two miles and a half from him. My father sold Chism his farm, so you see that it was business that first made us acquainted. Well, things progressed pretty fine. Sally—yes, that's what I used to call her—she told me she liked to be called Sally, because it was "short and sweet." Sally called me Tim, and I liked her to call me so, because I always felt that such a voluntary familiarity was an indication of kindness of heart. Sally was about ten years older than myself, but I did'nt care anything about that. She was tall and possessed an easy, genteel and graceful figure. She was splendidly educated, and could speak French, but she had an awful bad temper, and when she did get fairly mad her eyes looked sixteen cornered Lehi coal, coming at you by the ton, but then when she felt like being sociable and good natured, her black eyes looked for all the world like two melting tar pots, running into and all over you." "Well I'll be dad drabed ef I haint seed jest sich as her in old Pike," said Charley, who was lying on the ground, supporting his head by elbow props, and resting his chin and cheeks in a sort of wedge position between both hands. "Well, Charley," said Tim, "I never saw but her, and I love her, sure."

"Well, to tell you the balance of my trouble, how I came out, and how things stand now, I'll just proceed. Old man Chism had but two children, Sally and Bob. The boy was the worst young rascal I ever saw. He was continually making fun of everybody and everything. One day in front of old Ben Swab's grocery, Bob commenced making fun of the shortness of my homespun pants, which, by the way, were made for a smaller brother of mine. He halloed out at the pitch of his voice, "Tim, you must have had your shin bones spliced." I hated this remark because it got to be a standard phrase at Swab's grocery. I walked off about two hundred yards from the grocery, and called Bob. At first he didn't want to come, but I told him I just wanted to talk to him in reason. This brought him "into camp." I told him he ought to know better than to talk to me in that way. "Well, Tim, you can't tell how blamed funny it looks to see a great big "linkum" like you wearing such blamenation small breeches." I tell you, I could'nt stand it any longer, so I just took him by the shoulders, turned him "right about face" and tried the virtue of shin bone propelling power on him for nearly five minutes. You may bet your odd rib that he came to the conclusion that there was no splice nor anything else but the real natural shin bone and marrow about that. This affair was the principle cause of all my trouble. Bob made a desperate case of it to Sally and old Chism, and the consequence was that she sent me word not to visit her any more. I have got her note to that effect in a little testament in my bag there." Reaching over at this moment and running his hand into the bag, he exhibited the note and told Grotius to read it. Grotius read—

PUDDEN CREEK, MOCCASIN BEND,
July 1, 1848.

TIM—Dear Sir:—I have every reason to believe from recent events that your feelings and friendship is not mutual for all the members of our family. Kindness for one and hostility for another, is a feeling which I cannot tolerate or admire. You will please suspend your visits henceforth. I am my own first,

SALLY CHISM.

"Why Tim, she's a regular bee hive," exclaimed Grotius. "Yes," said Charley, who still lay in his former position on the ground, "I'll be dad bun'd if she ain't right peart." "But," resumed Tim, I found a way to bridge her anger, and walk right into her affections after that. Old Chism you see owed my father a balance on the payment for the farm. Father held his note, which was payable after corn husking. I was talking to the old man one day in the field about our little affairs. He offered to give me Chism's note, five barrels of corn, and a splendid brown horse mule, if I would work on until the first of new year. I agreed to do it. I took the note and went over to old Chism's one Saturday evening, and told him that I should have to call on him soon for the payment. The old man looked quite surprised, and spoke of the scarcity of money and the impossibility of paying the note before spring. I put on a few airs, but with no sort of hard feeling towards the family. You know how natural it is for men to put on airs with those who are obligated to them. I saw it was going to work well. Sally and the old woman were in close counsel about the matter, and seeing the old man's anxiety to join the conference, I took a stroll in the barn yard, as if there was nothing at all in the house that attracted my attention.—The old man soon came out and commenced talking about the strange conduct of Sally and "since I quit going to the house." He said, "Tim, I am frank to confess that Sarah will never be anything like she used to was if you don't continue your visits." I replied by assuring him that I was all right, and was willing to go on as we did before. Sally made her appearance at the door and called, T-i-m! beginning in a mild tone and running up to a scream. Her father understood it and said, "Come Tim, let's go to supper." I went, of course, and I will say that I never eat a more hearty meal in my life. After supper the old folks left Sally and me alone.—They were mighty good people about that, and we talked the whole thing over. I stopped until Monday morning, and when I left I told the old man he need'nt make himself any way uneasy about the payment of the note. Chism smiled and said, "All right, Tim." Things went on very smoothly for a few weeks, until a little wire-eyed, blue gilled, hungry-looking pettifogger, commenced to interfere with my arrangements. I told him I would'nt be fooled with, and that if I caught him meddling with my affairs, there would be an injured "limb of the law." He replied that I had better go along about my business, and that he would attend to his and mine too, if I troubled him. I knew that he would be revenged of me I know, because he was said to be very spiteful, so I always kept my "top eye" open for him.

"There was in the neighborhood an old half-cracked carpenter who used to go by the name of "Wind and Chips" and who was a particular friend of "Blue Gill" and by the influence of the little lawyer this old mad head cut a trap-door in the small bridge that led across Moccasin creek and about the fourteenth of last February, when I was returning one night from Sally's house, I went caswash right through the trap door, striking my chin on the rim of the door and both elbows on the casing. It was a dark and overcast night, but I saw stars for half an hour after I fell, and when my elbows struck I felt as though there was two streaks of double chained lightning running through me. After a while I recovered, and whenever I hear of Ben Franklin's catching lightning, I think of that night—the trap door—the stars I seen, and the double chain lightning that run through me." "Well," said Grotius, "that was experiencing the sciences sure enough, Tim." "Yes, Tim" said the Judge, "that was going to the foundation of science, or rather sounding the depths of mechanical philosophy." "Well now," said Tim. I'm coming to the cause that has driven me here. I found out that the little lawyer was at the foot of it, and so determined to give him fits. I knew he carried pistols so I procured one, and went out in old Dick Bellamy's timber and sent Jack White to tell him that old Pete Buster, on the other side of the timber, was just dying, and had sent for him immediately to draw up his will. This brought him. Jack and he came along a t a quick pace. I hailed him when he came up to where I was setting and told him to draw his pistol and defend himself.—He replied that he had no pistol, so I "gathered" him and pounded him until I smashed his collar bone, broke two ribs, and twisted one of his ancles. Jack carried him back to where he lived. He commenced a suit against me immediately for an assault with intent to kill. The sheriff instituted search for me immediately, but Jack White who was always a good friend of mine, told the sheriff in confidence that I had left the same night for Chicago, so he put out after me to Chicago, hoping to arrive there before me and nab me when I got there, but I had no notion of going there at all. I spent three days under the wreck of a flat-boat that had been hauled out of the Wabash. Jack went and acquainted Sally with the whole affair, and she wrote this very letter."—Tim passed the letter to Grotius, and requested him to read it. Grotius commenced reading:

PUDDEN CREEK, Feb. —, 1849.

MY DEAR TIM:—I have no ink dark enough to write my indignation against your enemies; nor have I any language to convey to you my sorrow. To have lost my parents would indeed have been a serious bereavement, but the fear of losing my own dear Tim, the prop, hope and idol of my future life and happiness, is more than humanity can bear up under.

In the present crisis your personal safety is beyond every other consideration, so take my advice and go to California, and if there is gold to be found there by honest labor, apply yourself faithfully. Industrious days spent there, will leave long, happy years of ease and plenty here. Be not reluctant to leave on my account, for nothing mortal shall dare to approach me on matters of love. I kiss this because its sentiments are for you, and it is the last thing that shall touch my lips until my own dear Tim shall return to me to part no more. Through sunshine and storm, I am, yours devotedly,

SALLY CHISM.

Tim folded the letter and put it away with a sort of complaisency saying "you see Grotius that I kinder control the little institution that wrote that." "Well Judge," said Grotius, "since we have concluded to remain here till tomorrow, what say you for a stroll to town."—This proposition took well. The whole camp struck out for the village of Sacramento and passed the day traveling from tent to tent through the brush.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NEATNESS IN NEBRASKA.—We always did like neat people. We always did cherish a kind of tender feeling for all neat women. But we never were really 'struck' by one, until last week, and the way of it was this: We were 'out west' a few miles and got belated; looked for a place to stay all night; found a cabin; asked to be accommodated, and a tall woman, with freckled face, red hair, buffalo skin mossasins, buckskin dress and a baby, said she 'reckoned we mout.'

We got off our horses, hitched them to a cotton wood crib and went in. We asked for supper. We got some bacon, molasses, broiled pumpkin and corn dodger. We ate heartily.

After meal was passed the woman said to the oldest girl: 'Now, Doddy Jane, you have jist got to keep that old slut and them ere pups from sleepin' in this ere meal-box any longer. In makin this stranger's cornbread, I was first naturally pestered to death pickin the small hairs and dead fleas out of it that come off them pesky dogs; and it they sleep in it a week longer it won't be fit to use.'

We were in love with that woman on account of her neatness. And that evening we laid down upon the rough hewn floor and had pleasant dreams. Ghostly fleas were hopping about thro' our corporeal diversities, and spectre sluts, with goblin pups, danced before us in boxes of unearthly meal, during the livelong night; and our great-great-grandfather sat straddle of us for six hours, and with a ram rod to a six pounder cannon, stuffed cords of that neatly prepared corn dodger down our unwilling throats, and whistled all the time for the dogs, while the baby and its timid mother sat by and wept for the departing hoe cake. We like neatness.

BURSTS OF ELOQUENCE.—The following burst of eloquence was delivered before a court of justice in Franklin, Verango co., Pa.:

'Your honor sits on the adorable seat of justice, like the Asiatic rock of Gibraltar, while the eternal river of mercy, like the cadiverous clods of the valley, flows meandering at your feet'

To which the opposing counsel eloquently replied:

'May it please the court—I would rather live for thirteen hundred years on the small end of a thunderbolt, chaw the ragged end of a flash of lightning, swallow the corners of a Pennsylvania worm fence, and have my bowels torn out by a green briar, than to be thus bamboozled by the gentleman.'

AN EDITOR'S VALEDICTORY.—One of the fraternity out West, who appears to have become disgusted with the profession, assigns the following reason for vacating his chair:

'The undersigned retires from the tripod with the complete conviction that all is vanity. From the hour he started his paper to the present time, he has been solicited to lie on every given subject, and can't remember having told a wholesome truth without diminishing his subscription list, or making an enemy. Under these circumstances of trial, and having a thorough contempt for himself, he retires in order to recruit his moral constitution.'

'THEM LITTLE HEELS!'—People on the street, yesterday, says the Sacramento *Age*, were much distracted by the appearance of an elegant lady dressed in the almost forgotten 'Bloomer costume.' But she paddled proudly along, regardless of what was said and thought about the small black 'pants' she wore, and her little boots with high heels on them. Oh! 'them little heels!' what fanciful little marks they left in the mud!

HORRIBLE.—The *Lancet* tells us that the cholera in the islands of Mauritius and Bourbon, is probably owing to the pork imported there from India; for, says the *Lancet*, 'the hogs of India feed by droves and droves upon the thousands of corpses which strew the banks of the common grave, the Ganges.

USES OF CRINOLINE.—The New York ferry boats are just now frequented by elegant lady operators in the pickpocket line. Their victims are female passengers. These operators make use of the ample folds of their dress to partly cover that of their neighbors and under this cover ply their trade without detection.—*S. F. Chronicle.*

WE always suspected there was mischief going on under those absurd dresses.—*Nevada Journal.*

PROTECTING OUR EAGLE.—While at the landing a few days since, says the Fulton (Mo.) *Telegraph*, we heard the following little circumstance that occurred just across the river, which amused us, and may amuse others:

A large number of eagles daily gather on the bars of the river, and perch on trees near the banks. One day last week a tall, raw-boned Missourian observed a Dutchman stealing slowly and cautiously toward the perch of an eagle, with his gun poised in the crotch of his arm. Instantly the Missourian stood before the Dutchman, and asked—

'What are you going to do—kill that eagle?'

'Yaw,' said the Dutchman, 'he shteal mine peegs.'

The Missourian walked up to him fiercely, and wrenching the gun from his hands, pointed to the eagle, saying:

'Look here! that's an *American* bird, and he's got more right to a pig in this country than you have, and if I ever hear of your killing an eagle, I'll kill you?'

The Dutchman did not exactly understand the legal right an eagle had to a Dutchman's pigs, but was nevertheless content to escape with his gun and a whole skin.

MAIDENS, BEWARE.—Madame M——, a celebrated beauty, had the habit of whitewashing herself—so to speak—from the soles of her feet to the roots of her hair.

One day she discovered that certain pimples, like a group of little volcanos, were piercing the thick crust of dead white, and threatening to cover her arms with pathological arabesques.

Under the advice of a physician, she ordered a medicated bath, and with the hesitation of a woman of delicate nerves, she plunged therein her beautiful person. Hardly had that adorable plaster cast disappeared to the neck, in the sulphurious wave, when suddenly from head to heel, the whiteness of milk changed to the bronzed blackness of an Ethiopian. You would have declared her a negress badly whitened, or a white dame attacked with extraordinary cholera symptoms.

The last supposition prevailed, and the physician called in haste, laughed immoderately.

'Madame,' said he, 'you are not ill; you are a chemical product. You are no longer a woman, you are a sulphuret. It is not now a question of medical treatment, but of simple chemical reaction. I shall analyze you.

'Come, I shall submit you to a bath of sulphuric acid diluted with water. The acid will have the honor to combine with you—will take up the sulphur and the metal—will produce a sulphate, and we shall find as a precipitate a very pretty woman.'

Snowy Dianas, let this serve you as a lesson.—Never use a white powder which has a metallic base.—*French Paper.*

REACTIONARY SPEECHES.—The editor of the Cooperstown (N. Y.) *Journal* is a wild democrat, a good writer and a good orator. During the late Presidential canvas he took the 'stump,' and the folly of doing so he shows up as follows:

'Two or three weeks before election, we declined making any more political speeches. We are now convinced that we should have 'held up' before we did! We made two speeches in this town, and here the democrats got licked dearly! We spoke from one of the pulpits in Burlington, and 'thunder' was the result. We attended one meeting at Milford, and there the democrats got 'particular jessie!' Went over to Richfield and talked an hour and a half to a full meeting—look at the figures! Spent a day and a half in making a pilgrimage to Morris, and there the 'unterrified' are thrashed out of their boots! Spoke one night at Westford, and were assured that our speech had a 'decided effect.' So we think!—large increase of opposition majority!'

A MILLIONAIRE NEGRO SINGER.—Among the celebrities of New York is E. P. Christy, the negro minstrel, who, having made a princely fortune out of burnt cork and Ethiopian melodies, now lives the life of a wealthy and fashionable New Yorker. He recently made a great dash in the streets with a magnificent sleigh, which attracted unusual attention from its splendor and the beauty of the prancing stud of snow white horses, to which it was attached. In the summer he drives out in an elegant carriage, behind two splendid bays, with a fine large coach-dog running under the carriage. He is quite a connoisseur in horse flesh, and in driving out alternates between his bay and white horses. In his promenade he is accompanied by a large bull-terrier, a splendid specimen of the canine race. His wealth is prodigious, and as he has been economical and laborious while earning it, he feels authorized to use it freely. He may be frequently seen in the dress circle of the Italian Opera, and is always the observed of all observers.

ANECDOTE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.—A corporal of the Life Guard of Frederick the Great, who had a great deal of vanity, but at the same time was a brave fellow, wore a watch chain, to which he affixed a musket-bullet instead of a watch, which he was unable to buy. The king, being inclined to rally him, said:—'Corporal, you must have have been very frugal to buy a watch; it is six o'clock by mine—tell me what it is by yours.'

The soldier, who guessed the king's intention, instantly drew out the bullet from his fob, and said:—'My watch marks neither five or six o'clock; but it tells me every minute that it is my duty to die for your magesty.'

'Here, my friend,' said the king, quite affected, 'take this watch, that you may be able to tell the hour, also.' And he gave him his watch adorned with diamonds.

NO COURTIER could have paid a more delicate compliment than the following, from one whose calling does not lie particularly in that way:

At a market a lady, laying her hand upon a joint of veal, said: 'I think, Mr. Smith, this is not as white as usual.' 'Put on your gloves, ma'am,' said the butcher, 'and you will think differently.'

MAJORS AND MINORS.—The New York *Mirror* says the young lady who eloped a few months ago with a 'distinguished major,' has returned with a minor in her arms.

DIVORCE cases have constituted the principal business of the Supreme Court now in session at Salem, Mass., and more than half the applications were from, California widows.

WOMAN is like ivy—the more you are ruined the closer she clings to you. A vile old batchelor adds: Ivy is like woman—the closer it clings to you the more you are ruined. Knock that bachelor down.

'MORE trouble coming,' said Mrs. Partington, laying down her paper; 'there's the State of affairs; I suppose it will be applying for admission into the Union,' and the old lady resumed her darning with a look of patriotic anxiety.