

"It is reported that Lieut. E.F. Beall
(sic), Superintendent of Indian Affairs
in California, has been removed..."
Grass Valley Telegraph, July 6, 1854:
p. 2, col. 5-6.

It is reported that Lieut. E. F. Beall, Su-
perintendent of Indian Affairs in California,
has been removed, and the important trust
confided to the charge of Hon. T. J. Henley,
Postmaster at San Francisco. It is said that

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Mr. Beall's offence is malfeasance in office
and insubordination.

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GRASS VALLEY

GRASS VALLEY, CALIFORNIA, THURSDAY, JULY 6, 1854.

ONE OF THE POETES.

And gently beamed over them love's red colored rays,
(The bright groom and bride of this ballad.)
He said "let us walk at the close of the day,
My own lovely fall", and they sallied.

He plucked her the sweetest and loveliest flower
That scented the path where they wandered,
And when she exclaimed "let us turn from this bow-
er
And roam near the pond"—they powdered.

And when the glad sun hid his radiant light,
And the frogs a "joo-ee-ee" had croaked,
Said the bride—"At the moon is just peeping in
Again,
We'll walk round the slope"—and they sloped!

Old Time softly panned over the home of this pair,
Nor grieve, nor perchance grieved,
And when the weak husband asked, "what may I
doer?"
She answered "piled pants"—and he panted!

So, like a good wife, was his wardrobe her care
(Necessitating it seemed to her wicked,
And when she brought linen so shining and fair,
Saying—"Wear this, dear I like"—then he dickered;
And when a bright bud of divinity came,
To gladden the home where it married,
They put to a vote that the young stranger's name
"Sweet Canaan" should be—and 'Twas CANAAN!

The Volunteer Counsel.

Joba Taylor was licensed, when a youth of 21, to practice at the bar of Philadelphia. He was poor, but well educated, and possessed extraordinary genius. The grace of his person combined with the superiority of his intellect, enabled him to win the hand of a fashionable beauty. About a year afterwards, the husband was employed by a wealthy merchant of the city to go on a mission as an agent to the West. As a heavy salary was afforded, Taylor bid farewell to his wife and infant son. He wrote back every week, but received not a line in answer. Six months elapsed, when he received a letter from his employer that explained all. Shortly after his departure for the West, the wife and her

"I may be permitted to appear once by the courtesy of the court and bar. Here is my license from the highest court in America!" and he handed Judge Mills a broad parchment. The trial immediately proceeded.

In the examination of witnesses the stranger evinced but little ingenuity, as every one thought. He suffered each one to tell his story without interruption, though he contrived to make each one tell it over two or three times. He put some cross questions which with keen witnesses, only served to correct their tales, and he made notes, which always tend to embarrass mighty memories. The explanation being ended, as counsel for the plaintiff he had a right to the opening speech, but to the astonishment of every one he declined, and permitted the defence to lead off. Then a shadow might have been observed to flit across the features of Pike, and to darken even the bright eyes of Prentiss. They found that they had caught a Tartar, but who he was they found it impossible to guess.

Col. Ashley spoke first; he dealt the jury a dish of that close dry logic that has rendered him so famous in the Senate. The poet, Albert Pike, succeeded in a rich vein of wit and a hail-torrent of ridicule, and you may be sure neither the plaintiff nor the plaintiff's ragged attorney were forgotten nor spared.

The great Prentiss concluded for the defendant with a glow of gorgeous sentences, and a final burst of oratory that shook the house with cheers, the jury themselves joining, notwithstanding the stern order of the bench. Thus susceptible are the Southern people to the charms of impassioned eloquence.

It was then the stranger's turn. He had been perfectly abstracted during all the previous speeches. Still, straight and motionless in his seat, his pale smothered forehead shooting up like a mountain range of

kings was taken off his bed by lynchers and beaten almost to death. I have listened to Clay, Webster and Calhoun—to Dewey, Tyng, and Bascom—but have never heard anything in the form of sublime words even remotely approximating the eloquence of John Taylor—massive as a mountain and wildly rushing as a cataract of fire. And this is the opinion of all who have ever heard the marvellous man.

BURNING IN EFFIGY.—The Buffalo Courier very truly says: "Our political history discloses the sad fact that no individual has been burnt in any country for any act he may have committed as a public man, whose popularity has not been materially increased by the operation."

The Courier continues: "Burning in effigy has been a common affair since the organization of the government. In 1776, George Washington Patrick Henry and John Hancock were burnt in effigy in the streets of our cities. In 1800, Thomas Jefferson was burnt in effigy, because he advocated the rights of the people and opposed the property qualification of voters. In 1812, James Madison was burnt in effigy, because he advocated the war with England, which secured to American seamen their rights. In 1836, Andrew Jackson was burnt in effigy, because he crushed the famous swindling concern called the "United States Bank" and bent the British at New Orleans in 1814. In 1846, Geo. M. Dallas was burnt in effigy, because he voted for the people's tariff, which is now in operation, and which did not make the grass grow in the middle of the streets of our cities, as many of the croakers predicted it would. But no man, we believe, has in this country had the honor of being so frequently subjected to this species of federal indignation as the distinguished Senator from Tennessee."

SENTENCES.—In the case of Sheppard tried for the murder of Day, Judge Lake addressed the unfortunate man as follows:

It is very painful for the Court to pronounce the dread sentence of the law upon you. You are aware of the punishment which the law prescribes for your crime. It is death. Your days are numbered. And I earnestly entreat you to pass the remainder of the days allotted you in religious exercise. In conversing with the ministers and teachers of religion, and in preparing your soul to appear before the Bar of Almighty God. The sentence of the Court is, that you be taken to the County Jail, and there confined until the 28th day of July, and that on that day, between 11 and 3 o'clock, you be taken out by the Sheriff to the place of execution, and hanged by the neck until dead. And the Court concludes with the prayer that the Lord may have mercy upon your soul.

Foley, for the homicide of Dunn, was sentenced to imprisonment in the State Prison for the term of three years.

Sometimes rich dialogues may be heard in a printing office. Take the following as a sample:

Forman—John, what have you got?
John—"Ich and its cure."
Foreman—Bob, what are you distributing?
Bob—"The Great Railroad Dinner."
Foreman—Who has got that "Horrible Murder?"
Compositor—"I've just got to the place where he's cutting the other fellow's throat."
Foreman—Finish that up and then take hold of that "Runaway Horse."
Foreman—Devil, what have you done with the line I gave you?
Devil—"Threw it into hell! [a technical phrase applied to the compositor's work.]

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