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P U T ' S

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CALIFORNIA SONGSTER,



ARRIVAL OF THE GREENHORN.

g in a few words what would occupy volumes, detailing the hopes, trials and joys of a miner's life.

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SONGSTER,

GIVING IN A FEW WORDS WHAT WOULD OCCUPY
VOLUMES, DETAILING THE

Hopes, Trials and Joys of a Miner's Life.

4TH EDITION, 18TH THOUSAND.

San Francisco :

PUBLISHED BY D. E. APPLETON & CO.,
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1868.

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 In presenting the present edition of "PUT'S ORIGINAL CALIFORNIA SONGSTER," the Publishers have aimed to please, and spared no expense to render it more worthy of your support.

Trusting it in the hands of its Dedicators—
California's best and truest men—

We remain,

Yours, respectfully,

THE PUBLISHERS.

PREFACE.

In dedicating this little Book of Songs to the Miners of California, those hardy builders of California's prosperity and greatness, the author deems it his duty to offer a prefatory remark in regard to the origin of the work and the motive of its publication.

Having been a miner himself for a number of years, he has had ample opportunities of observing, as he has equally shared, the many trials and hardships to which his brethren of the pick and shovel have been exposed, and to which in general they have so patiently, so cheerfully, and even heroically submitted. Hence, ever since the time of

his crossing the Plains, in the memorable year of '50, he has been in the habit of noting down a few of the leading items of his experience, and clothing them in the garb of humorous, though not irreverent verse.

Many of his songs may show some hard edges, and he is free to confess, that they may fail to please the more aristocratic portion of the community, who have but little sympathy with the details, hopes, trials or joys of the toiling miner's life ; but he is confident that the class he addresses will not find them exaggerated, nothing extenuated, nor aught set down "in malice."

In conclusion, he would state, that after having sung them himself at various times and places, and latterly with the assistance of a few gentlemen, known by the name of Sierra Nevada Rangers, the songs have been published at the request of a number of friends ; and if the author should thereby succeed in contributing to the amusement of those he is anxious to please, enlivening the long tedious hours of a miner's winter fireside, his pains will not be unrewarded.

San Francisco, Sept., 1855

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The Fools of '49.

AIR—*Commence, you Darkies all.*

When gold was found in '48, the people said 'twas
gas,
And some were fools enough to think the lumps
were only brass;
But soon they all were satisfied, and started off to
mine,
They bought their ships, came round the Horn, in
the fall of '49.

Chorus:

Then they thought of what they had been told,
When they started after gold,
That they never in the world would make a pile.

The people all were crazy then, they didn't know
what to do,
They sold their farms for just enough to pay their
passage through;
They bid their friends a long farewell; said, "Dear
wife, don't you cry,
I'll send you home the yellow lumps a piano for to
buy."

Then they thought, etc.

The poor, the old and rotten scows, were advertised
to sail
From New Orleans with passengers, but they must
pump and bail;
The ships were crowded more than full, and some
hung on behind,
And others dived off from the wharf, and swam till
they were blind.

Then they thought, etc.

With rusty pork and stinking beef, and rotten,
wormy bread,
And captains, too, that never were up as high as the
main-mast head,
The steerage passengers would rave and swear that
they'd paid their passage,
And wanted something more to eat besides Bologna
sausage.

Then they thought, etc.

Then they began to cross the plains with oxen, hol-
lowing "haw ;"
And steamers they began to run as far as Panama,
And there for months the people staid that started
after gold,
And some returned disgusted with the lies that had
been told.

Then they thought, etc.

The people died on every route, they sicken'd and
died like sheep,
And those at sea, before they were dead, were launch-
ed into the deep ;
And those that died while crossing the Plains fared
not so well as that,
For a hole was dug and they thrown in, along the
miserable Platte.

Then they thought, etc.

The ships at last began to arrive, and the people
began to inquire :
"They say that flour is a dollar a pound, do you
think it will be any higher ?"
And then to carry their blankets and sleep out-doors,
it seemed so droll,
Both tired and mad, without a cent, they d——d the
lousy hole.

Then they thought, etc.

A Life by the Cabin Fire.

9

AIR—*A life on the ocean wave.*

A life by the cabin fire,
A home in the northern mines,
We'll make a pile and retire,
Won't that be charming and fine?
We'll roam the Sierra Nevadas
'Till we kill the grizzly bear,
And send the fur home to the ladies,
For pantalets—how it will wear!

Chorus—A life by the cabin fire,
A home in the northern mines;
We'll make a pile and retire,
Won't that be charming and fine?

The city's no longer in view,
The ground is beginning to rise;
If stories they told us are true,
How the lumps will dazzle our eyes!
We built us a cabin so fine,
Got grab to last us a while,
Commenced in the morning to mine,
But at night fell short of a pile.
A life by the cabin fire, etc.

We soon had a row in the camp,
For no one was willing to cook,
We kicked out a miserable scamp,
We did it as neat as a book.
The rest of us could'nt agree,
On the manner of setting the tom;
'Twas just as I knew it would be
Before we started from home.
A life by the cabin fire, etc.

The doctor would give us advice,
And the lawyer would argue the point,
But we couldn't get rid of our lice,
No matter how often we'd oint.

A Life by the Cabin Fire, concluded.

10

The clerk, with his breeches worn out,
Look'd more like a Panama ape,
That you'd see on the Chagres route—
What a change from needles and tape!

Chorus—A life by the cabin fire,
A home in the northern mines,
We'll make a pile and retire,
Won't that be charming and fine?

We hung on a kettle of beans,—
The diet we miners admire,—
The last of our grub and our means,
And they tipp'd o'er in the fire.
So then we divided the tools,
And each took a different route,
Concluded we'd acted like fools,
But none of us died of the gout.

A life by the cabin fire, etc.

The doctor and lawyer combined,
And agreed that the doctor should kill,
And the lawyer should come on behind,
And collect the exorbitant bill.
The preacher could not make a pile
At the gospel he came out to preach,
He fiddled and gambled awhile,
But money kept out of his reach.

A life by the cabin fire, etc.

The cabin is now out of sight,
That stood on the western slope,
We left it for nothing but spite,
For that was our only hope.
The most of the party went home,
Disgusted with what they had seen,
And I left behind to roam,—

“Oh, wasn't I wonderful green!”

A life by the cabin fire, etc.

Prospecting Dream.

11

AIR—*Susannah.*

I dreamed a dream the other night, when everything
was still,
I dreamed that I was carrying my long-tom down a
hill ;
My feet slipp'd out and I fell down, oh, how I járr'd
my liver,
I watched my long-tom till I saw it fetch up in the
river.

Chorus :

Oh, what a miner, what a miner was I,
All swelled up with the scurvy, so I really thought
I'd die.

My matches, flour, and Chile beans, lay scattered all
around,
I felt so bad I wished to die, as I lay on the
ground ;
My coffee rolled down by a rock, my pepper I could
not find,
'Twas then I thought of Angeline, the girl I left be-
hind.

Oh, what a miner, what a miner was I,
All swelled up with the scurvy, so I really thought
I'd die.

I took my shovel, pick and pan, to try a piece of
ground,
I dream'd I struck the richest lead that ever had been
found ;
Then I wrote home that I had found a solid lead of
gold,
And I'd be home in just a month, but what a lie I
told !

Oh, what a miner, what a miner was I,
All swelled up with the scurvy, so I really thought
I'd die,

I dug, I panned and tommed awhile, till I had but a
dollar,
I struck it here, and right down there, I could not
raise the color ;
John Chinaman he bought me out, and pungled down
the dust,
Then I had just an ounce in change to start in on a
“bust,”

Oh, what a miner, etc.

I went to town and got drunk ; in the morning, to
my surprise,
I found that I had got a pair of roaring big black
eyes,
And I was strapp'd, had not a cent, not even pick or
shovel,
My hair snarled up, my breeches torn, looked like
the very d——l.

Oh, what a miner, etc.

I then took up a little farm, and got a señorita,
Grey-eyed, hump-backed, and black as tar—ner
name was Marguerita ;
My pigs all died, hens flew away, Joaquin he stole
my mules,
My ranch burnt “down,” my blankets “up,” like-
wise my farming tools.

Oh, what a miner, etc.

I left my farm, and hired out to be a hardware clerk,
I got kicked out, “cos” couldn't write, so again I
went to work ;
But when they caught me stealing grub, a few went
in to boot him,
And others round were singing out, “Hang him,
hang him, shoot him !”

Oh, what a miner, etc.

AIR—Caroline of Edinburgh.

Come all you Californians, I pray ope wide your ears,
If you are going across the Plains, with snotty mules
or steers ;

Remember beans before you start, likewise dried
beef and ham.

Beware of ven'son, d—n the stuff, it's oftentimes a
ram.

You must buy two revolvers, a bowie-knife and belt,
Says you, "Old feller, now stand off, or I will have
your pelt ;"

The greenhorn looks around about, but not a soul
can see,

Says he, "There's not a man in town, but what's
afraid of me."

You should'nt shave, but cultivate your down, and
let it grow,

So when you do return, 'twill be as soft and white as
snow ;

Your lovely Jane will be surprised, your ma'll begin
to cook ;

The greenhorn to his mother'll say, "How savage I
must look !"

"How do you like it overland ?" his mother she will
say,

"All right, excepting cooking, then the devil is to
pay ;

For some won't cook, and others can't, and then it's
curse and damn,

The coffee-pot's begun to leak, so has the frying-
pan."

It's always jaw about the teams, and how we ought
to do,

All hands get mad, and each one says, "I own as much as you:"
 One of them says, "I'll buy or sell, I'm d—d if I care which;"
 Another says, "Let's buy him out, the lousy son of a b——."

You calculate on sixty days to take you over the Plains,
 But there you lack for bread and meat, for coffee and for brains;
 Your sixty days are a hundred or more, your grub you've got to divide,
 Your steers and mules are alkalied, so foot it—you cannot ride.

You have to stand a watch at night, to keep the Indians off,
 About sundown some heads will ache, and some begin to cough;
 To be deprived of health we know is always very hard,
 Though every night some one is sick, to get rid of standing guard.

Your canteens, they should be well filled, with poison alkali,
 So when you get tired of traveling, you can cramp all up and die:
 The best thing in the world to keep your bowels loose and free,
 Is fight and quarrel among yourselves, and seldom if ever agree.

There's not a log to make a seat, along the river Platte,
 So when you eat, you've got to sit or stand, or sit down square and flat:

It's fun to cook with buffalo wood, take some that's
newly born,
If I knew once what I know now, I'd a gone around
the Horn!

The desert's nearly death on corns, while walking in
the sand,
And drive a jackass by the tail, it's d—n this over-
land;
I'd rather ride a raft at sea, and then at once be lost,
Says Bill, "Let's leave this poor old mule, we can't
get him across."

The ladies have the hardest time, that emigrate by
land,
For when they cook with buffalo wood, they often
burn a hand;
And then they jaw their husbands round, get mad
and spill the tea,
Wish to the Lord they'd be taken down with a turn
of the di-a-ree.

When you arrive at Placerville, or Sacramento City,
You've nothing in the world to eat, no money—what
a pity!
Your striped pants are all worn out, which causes
people to laugh,
When they see you gaping round the town like a
great big brindle calf.

You're lazy, poor, and all broke down, such hard-
ships you endure,
The post-office at Sacramento all such men will
cure;
You'll find a line from ma' and pa', and one from
lovely Sal,
If that don't physic you every mail, you never will
get well.

16 **California as it Is and Was.**

AIR—I remember.

I remember, I remember, when once I used to mine,
My cabin still is standing beneath a sugar-pine ;
From daylight in the morning, till the sun went out
of sight,
Alone I used to dig for gold, and mend my clothes
at night.

Alone I used to dig for gold, and mend my clothes
at night.

I remember, I remember, when grub was very high,
We had to live on pork and beans, 'twas little pork
indeed,
And miners were very poor, could not afford to
buy ;
With enough to grease the frying-pan, we thought
we'd struck a lead.

With enough to grease the frying-pan, we thought
we'd struck a lead.

I remember, I remember, when we flumed American
river.
The floods came down, swept off our dam, and all
hands d—d together ;
We lost our time and mining tools, and everything
we had,
Instead of leaving a pile we were left without a seed.

Instead of leaving a pile we were left without a
seed.

I remember, I remember, when the Yuba used to
pay,
With nothing but a rocker, five hundred dollars
a day ;
We used to think 't would always last, and would
with perfect ease,

If Uncle Sam had only stopped the coming of Chinese.

If Uncle Sam had only stopped the coming of Chinese.

I remember, I remember, we're compelled to pay a tax,

Which people say is gambled off—I wonder if those are facts?

And certain ones are trying to give our mineral lands away,

To build a railroad from the States, to San Francisco Bay.

To build a railroad from the States, to San Francisco Bay.

I remember, I remember, when we hadn't any laws,

We then could live in peace among the diggers and their squaws;

But now it's Whigs and Democrats, and Know Nothings of late.

All fighting after office, with a chance to rob the State.

All fighting after office with a chance to rob the State.

I remember, I remember, when Captain Lynch was boss,

We had no use for prison brigs, we hadn't that, old hoss;

But now it's thieves on every side, political thieves in flocks,

All promised office if they wait till Frank Pierce buys more rocks.

All promised office if they wait till Frank Pierce buys more rocks,

Away Up on the Yuba.

AIR—*Old folks at home.*

Away up the Yuba river,
 Far up in the mines,
 There's where I've been mining, ever
 Since we dug our rockers out of pines ;
 All up and down the digger nation,
 Many times I've roamed,
 All dirt and rags, besides starvation,
 Hair that seemed it never had been combed.

Chorus :

All the mines look hard' and dreary,
 Everywhere I roam ;
 Oh, miners, how my heart grows weary,
 Ne'er a cent, and far away from home !

All around the northern mines I've wander'd,
 With my blankets on my back ;
 All I made for whisky then I squandered,
 Never had a dollar in my sack.
 When I was fluming on the Feather,
 I was going to make a strike,
 Till drove out by the rainy weather,
 Such thund'rin' luck, I never saw the like.

All the mines look hard and dreary,
 Everywhere I roam, etc.

When I was mining with my partner,
 He and I could not agree ;
 I made all the bread, did this, that and t'other,
 He got mad if he had to make the tea :
 He was lazy as the very devil,
 Swore with me he wouldn't work ;
 We divided, he took tent, pick and shovel,
 Away he went, the lazy, lousy shirk.

All the mines look hard and dreary,
 Everywhere I roam, etc.

Seeing the Elephant.

19

AIR—*Boatman Dance.*

When I left the States for gold,
Everything I had I sold :
A stove and bed, a fat old sow
Sixteen chickens and a cow.

Chorus :

So leave, you miners, leave, oh, leave, you miners,
leave,
Take my advice, kill off your lice, or else go up in
the mountains ;
Oh no, lots of dust, I'm going to the city to get on
a " bust,"
Oh no, lots of dust, I'm going to the city to get on
a " bust."

Off I started, Yankee-like,
I soon fell in with a lot from Pike ;
The next was, " D—n you, back, wo-haw,"
A right smart chance from Arkansaw.
So leave, you miners, etc.

On the Platte we couldn't agree,
Because I had the di-a-ree,
We there split up, I made a break,
With one old mule for the Great Salt Lake.
So leave, you miners, etc.

The Mormon girls were fat as hogs,
The chief production, cats and dogs ;
Some had ten wives, others none,
Thirty-six had Brigham Young.
So leave, you miners, etc.

The d—d fool, like all the rest,
Supposed the thirty-six the best ;
He soon found out his virgin dears
Had all been Mormons thirteen years.
So leave, you miners, etc.

Being brave, I cut and carved,
 On the desert nearly starved ;
 My old mule laid down and died.
 I had no blanket, took his hide.

So leave, you miners, leave, oh, leave, you miners,
 leave, etc.

The poor coyotes stole my meat,
 Then I had nought but bread to eat ;
 It was not long till that gave out,
 Then how I cursed the Truckee route !

So leave, you miners, leave, oh, leave, you miners,
 leave, etc.

On I traveled through the pines,
 At last I found the northern mines ;
 I stole a dog, got whipt like h—ll,
 Then away I went to Marysville.

So leave, you miners, leave, oh, leave, you miners,
 leave, etc.

There I filled the town with lice,
 And robbed the Chinese of their rice ;
 The people say, " You've got the itch,
 Leave here, you lousy son of a b——."

So leave, you miners, leave, oh, leave, you miners,
 leave, etc.

Because I would not pay my bill,
 They kicked me out of Downicville ;
 I stole a mule and lost the trail,
 And then fetched up in Hangtown Jail.

So leave, you miners, leave, oh, leave, you miners,
 leave, etc.

Canvas roof and paper walls,
 Twenty horse-thieves in the stalls ;
 I did as I had done before,
 Coyoted out from 'neath the floor.

So leave, you miners, leave, oh, leave, you miners,
 leave, etc.

I robbed a nigger of a dollar,
And bought unguent to grease my collar;
I tried a pint, not one had gone,
Then it beat the d—l how I daubed it on,
So leave, you miners, leave, oh, leave, you miners,
leave, etc.

The people threatened hard my life,
Because I stole a miner's wife;
They showed me a rope, to give me signs,
Then off I went to the southern mines.
So leave, you miners, leave, oh, leave, you miners,
leave, etc.

I mined a while, got lean and lank,
And lastly stole a monte-bank;
Went to the city, got a gambler's name
And lost my bank at the thimble game.
So leave, you miners, leave, oh, leave, you miners,
leave, etc.

I fell in love with a California girl;
Her eyes were gray, her hair did curl;
Her nose turned up to get rid of her chin—
Says she, "You're a miner, you can't come in."
So leave, you miners, leave, oh, leave, you miners
leave, etc.

When the elephant I had seen,
I'm d—d if I thought I was green;
And others say, both night and morn,
They saw him coming round the Horn.
So leave, you miners, leave, oh, leave, you miners,
leave, etc..

If I should make another raise,
In New York sure I'll spend my days;
I'll be a merchant, buy a saw,
So good-bye, mines and Panama.
So leave, you miners, leave, oh, leave, you miners,
leave, etc.

22 **Australia and the Amazon.**

AIR—*Emma Snow.*

Farewell, old California, I'm going far away,
Where gold is found more plenty, in larger lumps,
 they say ;
And climate, too, that can't be beat, no matter where
 you go—
Australia, that's the land for me, where all have got
a show.

Chorus •

But I found that good time over,
For all was grief and pain,
And I should never, never make
My ounce a day again.

I sold a claim that paid me just half an ounce a day,
Got robbed at Sacramento, and licked down at the
 Bay ;
I took the Monumental, for Sydney she was bound.
Her boilers bursted, she burnt up, and five hundred
were drowned. But I found, etc.

We soon found we were lousy, which did us much
surprise,
To hear the cabin gentry say, "They're lousy, blast
their eyes!"
But when our journey ended, and we had seen the
mines,
Without a cent were shoved in jail, for taxes and for
fines. But I found, etc.

But give me California, where all have equal rights,
Or the Amazon with all her snakes, I'd run the risk
of bites ;
Such mean, infernal, theiving, outlandish lies are
told ;
The d——l will get the next poor whelp that does
discover gold. But I found, etc.

AIR—*Combo.*

When I left old New York, to go hunting after gold,
Chorks bigger than my head I could pick up, I was
told;

I stopped at Sacramento, on a d——l of expense,
And they sent me to the mountains, where I've not
been sober since.

Chorus :

Tang de di, de ding, de dang ; de diddle al de da.

The first man I saw in the Sacramento Valley,
Was his Honor lying drunk, on a ten-pin alley,
With half a dozen more, some whose names I dare not
call,

If you'd rolled for the center you'd been sure to got
them all.

Tang de di, etc.

The people in the mountains, they were all on a
bust,

They were going through at Monte, though they
pungled down the dust.

I went into a temperance house to get a bit segar,
And there laid the landlord drunk behind the bar.

— Tang de di, etc.

I went to eat some oysters, along with Captain
Sutter,

And he reared up on the table, and sat down in the
butter ;

The Mayor and Recorder, they were both drunk as
ever,

So the next day they sent me up fluming on the
river.

Tang de di, etc.

The river of a sudden, then began to rise,
But the d——l was coming, which did me surprise ;

'Twas a big pine log, coming neat as a pin,
Which stove both ends of my long tom in.

Tang de di, etc.

I looked up the river, and the next thing I saw,
Was a rocker and a pail floating down towards me,
And when they got abreast of me, says I,
"Old rocker, you've earned me a pile, good bye."

Tang de di, etc.

It seemed too bad, 'twas a d——l of a shame,
To work all summer, and then to lose a claim,
With a bully little pick, and a long handled shovel,
And a chance for the flume left to go to the d——l.

Tang de di, etc.

So those that had money, they were bound to have
a spree,

But they that had'nt any, said, "You can't fool me;
We know where you're going, or at least we mis-
trust,

You are going to Nevada, to get on another "bust."

Tang de di, etc.

I bucked awhile at Monte, at a half dollar bank,
And the dealer he got trusted for the whisky that I
drank;

I drank 'till my throat got so sore I could'nt swal-
low,

So I tapp'd him on the Jack, and I won half a dol-
lar.

Tang de di, etc.

I hav'nt had a cent since I failed on the river,
Nor I hav'nt had clothes enough my nakedness to
cover;

These breeches I got trusted for, but now I cannot
pay;

This is the only shirt I've had since the 23d of May.

Tang de di, etc.

My hair pulled like the d——l, I was troubled with
the shorts,

So, without a cent of money, I went hunting after
quartz;

And I found as rich a lead as ever had been seen,
But the d——l of it was, I had no machine.

Tang de di, etc.

The people were surprised; when we told them, how
they laughed,

That a dozen of our company had gone to sink a
shaft,

And we'd all make a pile, around the Horn have a
sail,

When the Sheriff took the dozen, who were digging,
off to jail.

Tang de di, etc.

The stories they were going, going very fast indeed,
And the miners going faster, to stake off the lead;
Among the rest a coming, that was going to make a
strike,

On a spike-tail mule, was a man from Pike.

Tang de di, etc.

The excitement died away, there was nothing in the
lead,

So those that bought an interest, among themselves
agreed,

For the flour they had bought, and a little gnarly
ham,

They would never pay a cent, for the lead war'nt
worth a d——n.

Tang de di, etc.

AIR—Now, I warn all you darkies not to love her.

I suppose you have heard all the talkin'.
Of the very noted horse-thief Joaquin;
He was caught in Calaveras, but he could'nt stand
the joke,
So the rangers cut his head off, and have got it now
in soak.

Chorus:

Now I warn every body not to ramble.
Never drink, never fight, never gamble,
For you'll never have a cent, all your money will be
spent,
And you to Sacramento to the prison brig be sent.

They took three-fingered Jack, and cut his hand off,
Then the Rangers drove the rest of the band off;
Then they took the head and hand, and they had it
well preserved,
And the Rangers got the credit, which they very
much deserved.

Now I warn every body not to ramble,
Never drink, never fight, never gamble,
For you'll never have a cent, all your money will be
spent,
And you to Sacramento to the prison brig be sent.

Joaquin to the mountains was advancing,
When he saw Lola Montez a dancing;
When she danced the spider danee, he was bound to
run her off,
And he'd feed her eggs and chickens, make her cackle,
crow and cough.

Now I warn every body not to ramble,
Never drink, never fight, never gamble,
For you'll never have a cent, all your money will be
spent.
And you to Sacramento to the prison brig be sent

Joaquin, just before he was taken,
Killed a Chinaman, and then stole his bacon ;
Then he went to Sonora, where he killed eleven
more,
And a big Digger Indian, which made the twenty-
four.

Chorus :

Now I warn every body not to ramble,
Never drink, never fight, never gamble,
For you'll never have a cent, all your money will be
spent,
And you to Sacramento to the prison brig be sent.

You have heard of the steel he wore round him,
I will tell you what it was when they found him,
'Twas a long-tom iron, to protect him in his crimes,
And they swore by the holes he'd been shot a thou-
sund times.

Chorus :

Now I warn every body not to ramble,
Never drink, never fight, never gamble,
For you'll never have a cent, all your money will be
spent,
And you to Sacramento to the prison brig be sent.

Now the head it can be seen at Sacramento,
But to have it there, they never did intend to ;
For they fought like the d——l, while they had half
a show,
But the Rangers put an end to the terror of Mexico.

Chorus :

Now I warn every body not to ramble,
Never drink, never fight, never gamble,
For you'll never have a cent, all your money will be
spent,
And you to Sacramento to the prison brig be sent.

Striking a Lead.*AIR—Dan Tucker.*

I took my shovel, pick and pan,
 And went to mining like a man;
 I picked up chunks that weighed a pound,
 That lay like lemons on the ground.

Chorus:

Get out of the way, I'm mad as fury,
 Get out of the way, I'm mad as fury,
 Get out of the way, I'm mad as fury,
 I'm from Pike, in old Missouri.

I allowed the d——l was to pay,
 For miners came from every way,
 With stakes and tools to take a claim,
 But the lead run out—war'nt that a shame:

Get out of the way, I'm mad as fury,
 Get out of the way, I'm mad as fury,
 Get out of the way, I'm mad as fury,
 I'm from Pike, in old Missouri.

I laughed to see so many fools,
 Come running with their mining tools,
 When up a sign went, "Whisky out,"
 One bit per glass for good rot-gut.

Get out of the way, I'm mad as fury,
 Get out of the way, I'm mad as fury,
 Get out of the way, I'm mad as fury,
 I'm from Pike, in old Missouri.

I'm going home, I've made my pile,
 I'm going through in cabin style;
 I'll get my money and life insured,
 For fear I'd get knocked overboard

Get out of the way, I'm mad as fury,
 Get out of the way, I'm mad as fury,
 Get out of the way, I'm mad as fury,
 I'm from Pike, in old Missouri.

AIR—Low Back Car.

When first I went to mining, I was uncommon green,
With a "gallus" rig I went to dig, and claimed a
whole ravine;

But when I could not make my grub, with imple-
ments to gag,
An honest miner might have been seen at night with
a pig in a bag.

Chorus—As he lugged it away from the pen,
Was thinking how lucky he'd been;
Went into a hole, dug deep after gold,
With pig in the bag tumbled in.

I wandered round from place to place, and no one
did mistrust,
But what an honest miner had—most any amount of
dust;

It seems a gang of thieves had robbed a hen-roost
neat and clean,
An honest miner wringing their necks, might possi-
bly have been seen.

Chorus—As he thought of the elegant stew,
The rooster would make—but he flew;
But he'd cook up the hens and invite in his friends,
As the dog run him out of the roost.

No matter who was robbed or killed, 'twas all laid
to Joaquin,

His band out in the chapparal not long ago was seen;
With pick and shovel on his back, as though out on a
tramp,

An honest miner might have been seen, robbing a
Chinese camp.

Chorus—As he pulled them around by the tails,
They scratched with their long finger nails;
A tom iron round his body was bound,
So of course it must be Joaquin.

A certain class will drink and fight, and gamble all
 the while,
 And live among the prostitutes, in low, degraded
 style;
 The people think it's with the few, but I for one will
 tell,
 An honest miner's often seen crawling out of a Spanish
 corral.

Chorus—And pretend to respectable be
 Will damn them from A to Z;
 They're first in the shout of "Let's run 'em out,"
 And the first to get round where they be.

An honest miner's like a pile—almighty hard to find;
 So, what's a chicken among so few, when they are
 chicken inclined?
 But if you'll give the d——l his due, there's not a
 cent to choose,
 An honest miner's often round when pigs and chick-
 ens you lose.

Chorus—Though it's always a gang of thieves,
 The lucky one laughs in his sleeves;
 He looks with surprise, and seems to despise
 Anything like a pig in a bag.

An honest miner'll drink and fight, and raise the very
 d——l;
 But that's all right, if once a week he's seen with pick
 and shovel.
 Of course he'll starve before he'll steal, but, try him
 a trip and see,
 I've mined too long to be deceived, I have that,
 yes-sir-ree.

Chorus—But we're all of us bound to live,
 By mining though, without or with;
 Though after awhile we'll all make a pile,
 So, remember the pig in a bag.

AIR—*Jeanette and Jeanot.*

I've just got in across the Plains, I'm poorer than a
 snail,
 My mules all died, but poor old Clip I pulled in by
 the tail ;
 I fed him last at Chimney Rock, that's where the
 grass gave out,
 I'm proud to tell, we stood it well, along the 'Truckee
 route.
 But I'm very weak and lean, though I started plump
 and fat—
 How I wish I had the gold machine, I left back on
 the Platte !
 And a pair of striped bed-tick pants, my Sally made
 for me
 To wear while digging after gold ; and when I left
 say : she,
 " Here, take the laudanum with you, Sam, to check
 the di-a-ree."

When I left Missouri river, with my California rig,
 I had a shovel, pick and pan, the tools they used to
 dig ;
 My mules gave out along the Platte, where they got
 alkalied,
 And I sick with the " di-a-ree," my laudanum by my
 side.
 When I reached the little Blue, I'd one boot and
 a shoe,
 Which I thought by greasing once or twice, would
 last me nearly through ;
 I had needles, thread and pills, which my mammy
 did prescribe,
 And a flint-lock musket full, to shoot the Digger
 tribe,
 But I left them all on Goose Creek where I freely did
 imbibe.

I joined in with a train from Pike; at Independence
Rock,
The Indians came in that night, stampeded all their
stock;
They laughed at me, said, "Go a-foot," but soon they
stopped their fun,
For my old mule was left behind so poor he could
not run.
So I packed my fancy nag, for the rest I could not
wait,
And I traveled up Sweet Water, till I came to Devil's
Gate;
When my mule gave out in sight of where I started
in the morn,
I'd have given all my boots and shoes if I had not
been born,
Or I'd rather stripped at New Orleans, to swim
around the Horn.

I arrived at Salt Lake City, on the 18th of July,
Old Brigham Young was on a "bust," he swore
they'd never die;
I went to see the Jordan, with a lady, God forgive
her,
She took me to the water's edge, and shoved me in
the river;
I crawled out and started on, and I managed very
well,
Until I struck the Humboldt, which I thought was
nearly h——l;
I traveled till I struck the sink where outlet can't be
found,
The Lord got through late Saturday night, he'd finish-
ed all around,
But would not work on Sunday, so he run it in the
ground.

The Peyouts stole what grub I had, they left me not
a bite,
And now the d——I was to pay—the Desert was in
sight ;
And as the people passed along, they'd say to me,
" You fool,
You'll never get through in the world, unless you
leave that mule."
But I pushed, pulled and coaxed, till I finally made
a start,
And his bones, they squeaked and rattled so, I
thought he'd fall apart ;
I killed a buzzard now and then, gave Clip the legs
and head.
We crossed the Truckee thirty times, but not a tear
was shed,
We crossed the summit, took the trail, that to
Nevada led.

When I got to Sacramento, I got on a little tight,
I lodged aboard the Prison brig, one-half a day and
night ;
I vamosed when I got ashore, went to the Northern
mines,
There found the saying very true, " All is not gold
that shines."
I dug, packed and chopped, and have drifted night
and day,
But I havn't struck a single lead, that would me
wages pay,
At home they think we ought to have gold on our
cabin shelves,
Wear high-heeled boots, well blacked, instead of
rubbers No. twelves ;
But let them come and try it, 'till they satisfy them-
selves.

California Bloomer.

AIR—*Lucy Long.*

Miss Ella she is twenty-nine,
Has taken two degrees,
And torn her shirt-tail off behind.
So she can show her knees.

CHORUS:

So take your time, Miss Ella, take your time,
Miss Ella, do,
And I will rock the cradle, give the oro all to you.

Miss Ella is a gallus nag,
Miss Ella she is neat,
Her eyes look like a saffron bag,
And, Lord, what awful feet!
So take your time, etc.

I saw Miss Ella on the Platte
Where she got alkalied,
Her jackass he was rolling fat,
And straddle she would ride.
So take your time, etc.

She's from Lumpkin County, Georgia,
I know her like a book;
I used to see her wash her feet
In Johnson's saw-mill brook
So take your time, etc.

Miss Ella has a claim, they say,
She works it all the while;
She creviced round the other day,
Panned out a little pile.
So take your time, etc.

She'll get it all after awhile,
If patiently she waits;
I'll leave her when I make a pile,
And vamore for the States.
So take your time, etc.

The Gambler

35

AIR—*Bob-Tail Mare.*

A Gambler's life I do admire,
Du-da, du-da,
The best of rum they do require,
Du-da, du-da, da ;
The poker sharps begin to pout,
Du-da, du-da,
I played all night and cleaned them out,
Du-da, du-da, da.

Chorus—I'm bound to play all night,
I'm bound to play all day ;
I bet my money on the ace and king,
Who dare bet on the trey ?

Monte's mighty hard to beat,
Du-da, du-da,
They say the dealer's bound to treat,
Du-da, du-da, da ;
Bar-keeper, give me a glass of porter,
Du-da, du-da,
Gin for me, with a glass of water,
Du-da, du-da, da.

Chorus—I'm bound to play all night,
I'm bound to play all day ;
I bet my money on the ace and king,
Who dare bet on the trey ?

The king's a lay-out from the top,
Du-da, du-da,
That's where I let my money drop,
Du-da, du-da, da ;
I like to deal, and I like to buck,
Du-da, du-da,
I'm down on noisy chuek-aluck,
Du-da, du-da, da.

Chorus—I'm bound to play all night,
I'm bound to play all day ;
I bet my money on the ace and king,
Who dare bet on the trey ?

There's faro, sledge, and twenty-one,
 Du-da, du-da,
 For me to beat 'tis only fun,
 Du-da, du-da, da,
 Gamblers, always hold your tongue,
 Du-da, du-da,
 French monte-dealers have all been hung,
 Du-da, du-da, da.

Chorus—I'm bound to play all night,
 I'm bound to play all day ;
 I bet my money on the ace and king,
 Who dare bet on the trey ?

What will we do these license times,
 Du-da, du-da,
 I'll steal before I'll work the mines,
 Du-da, du-da, da ;
 The miners used to bet their dust,
 Du-da, du-da,
 But now they lay it away to rust,
 Du-da, du-da, da.

Chorus—I'm bound to play all night,
 I'm bound to play all day ;
 I bet money on the ace and king,
 Who dare bet on the trey ?

I used to wear a ruffled shirt,
 Du-da, du-da,
 But now I'm covered with rags and dirt,
 Du-da, du-da, da ;
 A Colt's revolver and a Bowic-knife,
 Du-da, du-da,
 I'm bound to gamble all my life,
 Du-da, du-da, da.

Chorus—I'm bound to play all night,
 I'm bound to play all day ;
 I bet my money on the ace and king,
 Who dare bet on the trey ?

Coming Around the Horn. 37

AIR—Dearest May.

Now, miners, if you'll listen, I'll tell you quite a tale,
About the voyage around Cape Horn, they call a
pleasant sail ;
We bought a ship, and had her stowed with houses,
tools and ⁷³ rub,
But cursed the day we ever sailed in the poor old
rotten tub,

Chorus :

Oh, I remember well, the lies they used to tell,
Of gold so bright, it hurt the sight, and made the
miners yell.

We left old New York city, with the weather very
thick.

The second day we puked up boots, oh, wus'nt we all
sea-sick !

I swallowed pork tied to a string, which made a
dreadful shout,

I felt it strike the bottom, but I could not pull it
out.

Oh, I remember, etc.

We all were owners in the ship, and soon began to
growl,

Because we hadn't ham and eggs, and now and then
a fowl ;

We told the captain what to do, as him we had to
pay,

The captain swore that he was boss, and we should
him obey.

Oh, I remember, etc.

We lived like hogs, penned up to fat, our vessel was
so small.

We had a "duff" but once a month, and twice a day
a squall ;

A meeting now and then was held, which kicked up
quite a stink,
The captain d—d us fore and aft, and wished the box
would sink. Oh, I remember, etc.

Off Cape Horn, where we lay becalmed, kind Provi-
dence seemed to frown,
We had to stand up night and day, none of us
dared sit down ;
For some had half a dozen boils, 'twas awful, sure's
you're born,
But some would try it on the sly, and got pricked by
the Horn. Oh, I remember, etc.

We stopped at Valparaiso, where the women are so
loose.
And all got drunk as usual, got shoved in the
Calaboosc ;
Our ragged, rotten sails were patched, the ship made
ready for sea,
But every man, except the cook, was up town on a
spree. Oh, I remember, etc.

We sobered off, set sail again, on short allowance, of
course,
With water thick as castor oil, and stinking beef
much worse ;
We had the scurvy and the itch, and any amount of
lice,
The medicine chest went overboard, with blucmass,
cards and dice. Oh, I remember, etc.

We arrived at San Francisco, and all went to the
mines,
We left an agent back to sell our goods of various
kinds ;
A friend wrote up to let us know our agent, Mr.
Gates.
Had sold the ship and cargo, sent the money to the
States. Oh, I remember, etc.

Gold Lake and Gold Bluff. 39

AIR—*Fisherman's Daughter.*

In eighteen hundred fifty, when Gold Lake was in
its prime,
The people swore the dirt would pay from three cents
to a dime;
The merchants trusted out their goods, the miners ran
away,
They soon returned, well satisfied that Gold Lake
would not pay.

Lad el de fal, etc.

In eighteen hundred and fifty-one, Gold Bluff waa
all the go,
The ships, with passengers and grub, were full as
they could stow;
They'd nothing in the world to do, but gather up the
sand,
The fools that went without a cent, Gold Bluff tee-
totally d——d.

Lad el de fal, etc.

They climbed up to the very top, where gold must
surely be,
They laid down on their bellies, and peeped over in
the sea;
They tied a rope unto a pail, dipped up a little
sand,
But all the gold was in the sea, too far away from
land.

Lad el de fal, etc.

They left their grub aad blankets, and patent gold
machines,
The fleas were thick, and body-lice were large as
Chile beans;
They all returned, well satisfied they'd all been nice-
ly fooled,
For nothing there was to be found, as speculators
told.

Lad el de fal, etc.

AIR—*Massa's in the cold ground.*

When gold was first discovered,
 At Coloma, near the mill,
 All the world at first endeavored
 To get here, and they keep a coming still ;
 When our war was through with Mexico,
 And we paid them for the land,
 Those who had fought at Palo Alto
 Were driven off by nations they had tanea.

Chorus:

Down in the deep ravines,
 Hear that roaring sound,
 There the miners are digging,
 Digging in the cold, damp ground.

When our glorious Yankee nation
 Sent her war-ships to the coast,
 They left the mines for all creation—
 Now, tell me, who is benefited most ?
 Here we're working like a swarm of bees,
 Scarcely making enough to live,
 And two hundred thousand Chinese
 Are taking home the gold we ought to have.

Down in the deep ravines,
 Hear that roaring sound, etc.

Here they make their Queen Victoria laws,
 In spite of simple Uncle Sam,
 And jump our diggings, say they'll break our jaws—
 Our government, they say, ain't worth a d—n.
 When I make enough to take me home,
 I'll leave the mines well satisfied,
 I'll give old Johnny Bull my long-tom.
 To prospect where it never has been tried.

Down in the deep ravines,
 Hear that roaring sound, etc.

AIR—*Nelly was a Lady.*

I have just arrived across the Plains,
Oh, didn't I have awful times!
It makes the blood run greasy through my vein,
I'm so disappointed in the mines.

First Chorus :

AIR—*Dan Tucker.*

When I go home with an empty sack,
I'll show them where the Indians shot me in the back,
And how my mules laid down and died,
And I near starved to death beside.

Second Chorus :

AIR—*King of the Cannibal Islands.*

Hokey, pokey, winker wun,
We're all good fellows, we'll have some fun,
And all get married when we go home,
So what's the use of talking.

I was taken with the bilious cholera,
While I was traveling up the Platte ;
All my friends they ran away and left me,
Then, to die contented, down I sat—

First Chorus :

Cramping, twisting, down I sat,
My inwards all tied up in a knot ;
My old mule he began to bray,
I, seared to death, began to pray.
Hokey, pokey, winker wun,
We're all good fellows, we'll have some fun, etc.

When I reached the desert, I was starvin',
Surely thought I'd never get across ;

Then I thought of my big brother, Marvin,
Then the bacon and the mule I'd lost.

First Chorus :

The times to reach the mines were past,
And I, poor d—l, was about the last ;
And when I thought of my big brother,
I bid farewell to my kind old mother.

Hokey, pokey, winker wun,
We're all good fellows, we'll have some fun, etc.

I got through at last, and went to mining,
Stole myself a shovel and pick,
But could not raise the color big and shining,
Swore I'd never strike another lick.

First Chorus :

Then I went round among my friends
To see if I could raise some tens
To take me home, for I was scared,
My hair was all turning into beard.

Hokey, pokey, winker wun,
We're all good fellows, we'll have some fun, etc.

If I get home, I bet my life I'll stay there,
California 'll trouble me no more ;
I've tried my luck at everything and everywhere,
And never had been half so poor before.

• First Chorus :

For I've nothing in the world but meat,
And that I really cannot eat ;
Such times, I never saw the like,
Oh, Lord, I wish I was back in Pike !

Hokey, pokey, winker, wun,
We're all good fellows, we'll have some fun, etc.

Humbug Steamship Companies.

43

AIR—*Uncle Sam's Farm.*

The greatest imposition that the public ever saw,
Are the California steamships that run to Panama ;
They're a perfect set of robbers, and accomplish
their designs
By a general invitation of the people to the mines.

Chorus :

Then come along, come along, you that want to go,
The best accommodations, and the passage very
low ;
Our boats they are large enough, don't be afraid,
The Golden Gate is going down to beat the Yankee
Blade.
Then come along, don't be afraid,
The Golden Gate is going down to beat the Yankee
Blade.

They have opposition on the route, with cabins very
nice,
And advertise to take you for half the usual price ;
They get thousands from the mountains, and then
deny their bills,
So you have to pay the prices, or go back into the
hills.

Then come along, come along, you that want to go,
The best accommodations, and the passage very low ;
Our boats they are large enough, don't be afraid,
The Golden Gate is going down to beat the Yankee
Blade, etc.

When you start from San Francisco, they treat you
like a dog,
The victuals you're compell'd to eat ain't fit to feed
a hog ;

And a drunken mate a cursing and damning you
around,
And wishing that the boat would sink and every one
be drowned.

Then come along, come along, you that want to go,
The best accommodations, and the passage very low ;
Our boats they are large enough, don't be afraid,
The Golden Gate is going down to beat the Yankee
Blade, etc.

The captain goes to dinner and begins to curse the
waiter,
Knocks him out of hearing with a thundering big
potato ;
The cabin maid, half crazy, breaks the meat dish all
to smash,
And the steward comes a running with a plate of
mouldy hash.

Then come along, come along, you that want to go,
The best accommodations, and the passage very low ;
Our boats they are large enough, don't be afraid,
The Golden Gate is going down to beat the Yankee
Blade, etc.

You are driven round the steerage like a drove of
hnngrny swine,
And kicked ashore at Panama by the Independent
Line ;
Your baggage is thrown overboard, the like you never
saw,
A trip or two will sicken you of going to Panama.

Then come along, come along, you that want to go,
The best accommodations, and the passage very low ;
Our boats they are large enough, don't be afraid,
The Golden Gate is going down to beat the Yankee
Blade, etc.

AIR—*Kentucky Home.*

The tall pines wave, and the winds loudly roar,
 No matter, keep digging away ;
 The wild flowers blossom round the log cabin door,
 Where we sit after mining all the day.
 A few more days and our mining all will end,
 The cañon so rich will be dry ;
 The tools on the bank shall be left for a friend,
 Then, my Log Cabin Home, good-bye.

Chorus :

Mine no more, oh, never no more but play,
 We will always remember
 The Log Cabin Home,
 The Log Cabin Home far away.

The weary may be glad for a shelter thro' the night,
 Not knowing, perhaps, it may be,
 By the old fireplace we are chatting with delight,
 By the blaze of the sugar-pine tree.
 The old cooking tools shall be left in the camp,
 All ready to bake and to fry ;
 They all may be used by some miner on a tramp,
 Then, my Log Cabin Home, good-bye.

Mine no more, oh, never no more but play,
 We will always remember, &c.

We'll hunt no more for the grizzly in the nook,
 The diggers, we'll soon leave behind,
 We'll drink no more from the-clear crystal brook,
 As around the Log Cabin it winds.
 The old oak tree, under which the Cabin stands,
 All shady at noon where we lie ;
 A fond look at the old oak so grand,
 Then, my Log Cabin Home, good-bye.

Mine no more, oh, never no more but play,
 We will always remember, etc.

AIR—*King of the Cannibal Islands.*

I heard of gold at Sutter's Mill,
 At Michigan Bluff and Iowa Hill,
 But never thought it was rich until
 I started off to prospect.
 At Yankee Jim's I bought a purse,
 Inquired for Iowa Hill, of course,
 And traveled on, but what was worse,
 Fetched up in Shirt-tail Cañon.

Chorus :

A sicker miner every way
 Had not been seen for many a day ;
 The devil it always was to pay,
 When I went off to prospect.

When I got there, the mining ground
 Was staked and claimed for miles around,
 And not a bed was to be found,
 When I went off to prospect,
 The town was crowded full of folks,
 Which made me think 'twas not a hoax ;
 At my expense they cracked their jokes,
 When I was nearly starving.

Chorus :

A sicker miner every way
 Had not been seen for many a day ;
 The devil it always was to pay,
 When I went off to prospect.

I left my jackass on the road,
 Because he wouldn't carry the load ;
 I'd sooner pack a big horn toad,
 When I went off to prospect.
 My fancy shirt, with collar so nice,
 I found was covered with body-lice ;

I used unguentum once or twice,
But could not kill the grey-backs

Chorus :

A sicker miner every way
Had not been seen for many a day ;
The devil it always was to pay,
When I went off to prospect.

At Deadwood I got on a tight—
At Groundhog Glory I had a fight ;
They drove me away from Hell's Delight,
When I off to prospect.

From Bogus-Thunder I ran away—
At Devil's Basin I wouldn't stay ;
My lousy shirt crawled off one day,
Which left me nearly naked.

Chorus :

A sicker miner every way
Had not been seen for many a day ;
The devil it always was to pay,
When I went off to prospect.

Now all I got for running about,
Was two black eyes, and bloody snout ;
And that's the way it did turn out,
When I went off to prospect.
And now I'm loafing around dead broke,
My pistol and tools are all in soak,
And whisky bills at me they poke—
But I'll make it right in the morning.

Chorus :

A sicker miner every way
Had not been seen for many a day ;
The devil it always was to pay,
When I went off to prospect.

The Lousy Miner.*AIR—Dark-eyed Sailor.*

It's four long years since I reached this land,
 In search of gold among the rocks and sand ;
 And yet I'm poor when the truth is told,
 I'm a lousy miner,
 I'm a lousy miner in search of shining gold.

I've lived on swine 'till I grunt and squeal,
 No one can tell how my bowels feel,
 With slapjacks swimming round in bacon grease.
 I'm a lousy miner,
 I'm a lousy miner ; when will my troubles cease ?

I was covered with lice coming on the boat,
 I threw away my fancy swallow-tailed coat,
 And now they crawl up and down my back ;
 I'm a lousy miner,
 I'm a lousy miner, a pile is all I lack.

My sweetheart vowed she'd wait for me
 'Till I returned ; but don't you see
 She's married now, sure, so I am told,
 Left her lousy miner,
 Left her lousy miner, in search of shining gold.

Oh, land of gold, you did me deceive,
 And I intend in thee my bones to leave ;
 So farewell, home, now my friends grow cold,
 I'm a lousy miner,
 I'm a lousy miner in search of shining gold.

FRUGAL HOUSEWIFE—"Oh, Mr. Stickins, I see by the daily paper that meat has fallen two cents per pound, and I think you ought to make some reduction in your charges."

BUTCHER—"Very sorry, ma'am ; I don't take the daily paper, and so I can't see it."

AIK—*Lilly Dale.*

When the gold fever raged, I was doing very well,
With my friends all around, young and old ;
'Twas a long time ago, and I bade them farewell,
And embarked for the land of gold.

Chorus :

Oh, miners! poor miners, hungry and cold,
Though poor, I'll return to my home far away ;
So, farewell to the land of gold.

'Twas a hard thing to part from those little ones so gay,
That were playing in the yard round the door,
And my wife sobbed aloud as I started away, I
Saying, "Farewell I'll see you no more!"

Oh, miners! poor miners, etc

Now the little gold locket my wife used to wear,
Seems to fade by disease every breath ;
Once happy and gay, now the picture of despair,
And those little ones all paler than death.

Oh, miners! poor miners, etc.

I dreamed I was at home in the old orchard tread,
With those loved ones so gay it did seem,
As I reached for the apples that hung o'er my head,
Disappointed I woke from my dream.

Oh, miners! poor miners, etc.

Cold, wet and hungry, I've slept on the ground,
When those visions of happiness came,
But sad and disheartened, awoke by the sound,
Of the screech-owl that lit on my claim.

Oh, miners! poor miners, etc.

I toil'd night and day with the hope of gaining wealth,
Through the cold winter's rain with delight ;
But, alas! sad misfortune has ruined my health,
So, my fond friends at home, all, good night.

Oh, miners! poor miners, etc.

AIR—*Ben Bolt.*

Oh, don't you remember Bill Walker, the great,
 Bill Walker, the captain of the band,
 That went to Sonora to clean out the State,
 To take up and fence in the land?
 They tore down the flag at the Enseñada Camp,
 And hoisted the Star-spangled Banner,
 Which terrified the Greasers, though nothing but fun,
 For Walker to scare Santa Anna.

Oh, don't you remember the town of Lopez,
 Where Walker commenced his career,
 And was shot in the back, so Fred. Emory-says,
 While stealing a poor Spanish steer?
 Lopez still is standing, as filibuster dens,
 And each hole and corner is full
 Of filibuster thieves that were caught stealing hens,
 And others their backs lined with wood.

Oh, don't you remember the ship-loads that went,
 In spite of their friend, Uncle Sam,
 With knives, guns and pistols, they started h—ll-
 bent,
 For greasers they didn't care a d—n.
 But warn't they astonish'd when they heard Sam
 had bought
 Sonora, Chihuahua, and all,
 And the "Portsmouth" was coming to hang all she
 caught,
 So Walker's Republic did fall.

Juhus, can you tell me who am de wust folks in
 de world? ... No, who is de wust folks in de
 world? ... Why, de candle makers! ... Why so? ...
 'Cause all ob deir works am *wick*-ed, and all ob deir
wick-ed works am brought to *light*!

Honest John and William Relief.

51

AIR—*Oh, wasn't I glad!*

Honest John and William Relief,
About the time of election,
Were thinking which was the biggest thief,
Or nearest to perfection;
When on the levee they chanced to meet,
They both were drunk as ever,
John pitched headlong in the street,
And William in the river.

Chorus—*Oh, wasn't I glad, oh, yes;
Wasn't I glad, oh, yes!*

William, he went to the mines,
Where he had been before,
His shirt-tail hanging out behind,
Where his breeches they were tore.
The Whigs' advice to him was, "Leave,
And never more be seen!"
So, shirt-tail out, as when he came,
He ran down Puke ravine.

Oh, etc.

William, he ran all that night,
Got back to Sacramento,
Swore with John he'd have a fight,
But still he didn't intend to.
Then honest John came up behind,
To see what might befall him;
And there, if William made a speech,
He swore again he'd maul him.

On, etc

William, he began to see,
His case it was a gonner—
So he got mad, went on a spree,
And fell down in a corner;
And there he lay so nicely curled,
And snoring so like fury,
Says he, "If beat, I'll leave the world,
And go back to Missouri!"

Oh, etc.

Additional Songs.

Good News from Home.

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Publishers, 547 Broadway, New York.

Good news from home, good news for me,
Has come across the deep, blue sea,
From friends that I have left in tears,
From friends that I've not seen for years;
And since we parted long ago,
My life has been a scene of woe,
But now a joyful hour has come,
For I have heard good news from home.

Chorus:

Good news from home, good news for me
Has come across the deep, blue sea,
From friends that I have left in tears,
From friends that I've not seen for years.

No father's near to guard me now,
No mother's tear to soothe my brow,
No sister's voice falls on mine ear,
Nor brother's smile to give me cheer;
But, though I wander far away,
My heart is full of joy to-day,
For friends across the ocean's foam
Have sent to me good news from home.

Good news from home, etc.

When shall I see that cottage door,
Where I've spent years of joy before ?
'Twas there I knew no grief nor care,
My heart was always happy there ;
Though I may never see it more,
Nor stand upon my native shore,
Where'er on earth I'm doomed to roam,
My heart will be with those at home.

Chorus :

Good news from home, good news for me,
Has come across the deep blue sea,
From friends that I have left in tears,
From friends that I've not seen for years.

Melting Accident.

He clasped his Juliana's form—
That form, the fairest under heaven ;
His love, just like the day, was warm,
The mercury at ninety-seven.

"O ! Juliana, dear !" he cried,
"My love its top degree is getting ;
'Tis gold, in truth's alembic tried,
That never can grow less by sweating."

She bowed her head upon his breast,
As hotter grew the summer weather,
And as her form he warmly pressed,
They melted right away together.

When are soldiers not soldiers ? When they are
mustered, (*mustard*.)

Why is a steam hatched hen like a bad child ? Be-
cause it comes without leave of its mother.

Life Among the Miners.

Seen here are many changing scenes
 Met with in a miner's life,
 Some of his comforts and his joys,
 Some of his toils and strife;
 His life is one of hard, unceasing toil,
 A truthful tale is told
 Of joys and sorrows, incident
 To those who dig for gold.

His cabin built of logs, and in
 A quaint, primeval style,
 Intended but to shelter him,
 Until he makes his pile,
 We see the miner hard at work,
 As steady as a saint—
 His ground is rich, and he has got
 Poor ground to make complaint.

This washing dirt for gold is well,
 When well they make it pay;
 But few attractions unto them
 Is the red slirt washing day.
 Upon a bed of sickness, now,
 No loving friend is there;
 How much he needs a sister's aid,
 A mother's anxious care!

Saturday night they weigh their dust,
 All anxious faces there;
 While waiting for the truthful scales,
 To give to each his share.
 Letters from *home*—there's nought can give
 The miner joy like this—
 Good news from loved ones, far away,
 Is life, extasy, and bliss.

Why is a dandy like a venison steak? Because he
 is a bit of a buck.

P A R O D Y .

Not a doubt was heard, nor discouraging thought,
As to prospect our claim we hurried ;
Not a partner but hoped, as he planted his foot
On the spot where our fortunes lay buried.

We dug it down bravely from morning till night,
The dirt on our shovels uplifting,
By the scorching sunbeams' dazzling light,
And the sands most blindly sifting.

No paying dirt we found on the ledge,
Not the color of prospect to cheer us,
As we sat on the bank looking over the edge.
With our idle tools lying near us.

We thought as we sadly picked up our tools,
And prepared for a leave in a hurry,
How that miners hereafter would say we were fools,
As the claim would tell them our story.

Lightly they'll speak of the work we have done
And o'er our ill fortune will joke us,
But little care we for their jeers or their fun,
For digging this claim has not broke us.

The whole of this fruitless task was just done,
As the sun down the west was retiring,
And we heard the welcome and well-known gun
That our cook was suddenly firing.

Slowly but surely we dug out our bounds
From the hill where't had rested for ages ;
We threw out the dirt, and we rolled out the stones,
And left it all bare on the ledges.

Why are the United States like the sun? Because
their influence is felt all over the globe.

Poker Jim.*AIR—Raging Canal.*

Now I'll tell you of my history since eighteen forty-seven,
When I lived in old Missouri, and my home was like
a heaven ;
I had a buxom little wife, as purty as could be—
She said as how she loved me well, and I'm certain
I loved she.

But there came a lot of news along, I shall ne'er
forget the day,
About there being lots of gold in Cal-i-for-nia :
I said, " Good-bye " unto my wife, though my heart
felt many pains,
But thought the road to fortune, sure, lay straight
across the Plains.

The first place that I got into is now called Placer-
ville,
In them days it was Hangtown, but they thought
that ungenteel :
I went to work right willingly, with shovel, pick,
and pan,
And every chunk of gold saved for my Mary Ann.
In about two years I made a pile, though things
were awful dear,
And then I started home again, to fetch my wife
out here ;
I took passage by the steamer, just because it went
so quick,
But I'll never travel so no more, for the darned
thing made me sick.

I stayed at home for half a year, and then we left
for good.
My wife and children all were well, I was in a
merry mood :

I bought a right good ox-team, and a wagon for the trip,

And, when we started, Mary Ann said, "Joshua, let 'em rip!"

We had a very pleasant time, and all got safely through,

I went to work right willingly, and so did my wife, too:

To make my home a happy one, my Mary Ann did try,

But very shortly after that, began my mis-e-ry.

There was a noted gam-ba-lier a living in our camp,

They called him Poker Jim, and, oh! he was an awful scamp;

He used to come and talk to her, while I tried to make a strike,

And said she was a fool to love such an ugly d—d d—d Pike.

One night I felt almighty tired, I'd been at work all day,

When I got home the neighbors said my wife had run away:

My heart was nearly bursting, and my head began to swim,

She'd left a letter saying as how she'd sloped with Poker Jim.

I tried to keep my dander up, but felt awful bad of course,

For the d—d d—d critter she commeneed an action for divorce;

She got it, and with Poker Jim she went off and got wed,

And the only ground she got it on, was because I snored in bed!

An Oft-told Tale.

Up in the mountain solitudes,
 Beside a "pile" of clay,
 A wight with shovel, pick and pan,
 Stood at the close of day ;
 His shirt and sash were very red,
 His nose was very blue,
 And though the scene around was
 grand,
 The *prospect* wouldn't do.

His hat—enough—'twas shocking bad,
 His sunburnt neck was bare ;
 One eye looked droll, the other sad,
 Beneath his unkempt hair ;
 His muddy jackboots, all of jet,
 Were long ago bereft ;
 And unto them, like unto him,
 But little *sole* was left.

From out his pale unsmiling lips,
 With rank beard overgrown,
 Outspake this lonely mining man,
 In semi-growling tone,
 Whilst restlessly his jackboot kept
 The devil's tattoo drumming :
 "I had no *sense* in coming here,
 I've gained no *cents* by coming."

Fortune, 'tis written, smiles on fools,
 Wherever they may labor,
 And surely I've been fool enough
 To win her choicest favor ;
 But ever she eludes my grasp,
 Despite the proofs I gave her ;
 That I'm an ass she turns from me
 To wanton with my neighbor.

I have not sinned as some folks do ;
 I pick but not to *steal*,

And though my ways of life are *hard*,
My heart is *soft* to feel.
My neighbors' failings I let pass ;
I covet not a shade
Of all his goods, nor ox, nor ass,
Nor man, nor servant-maid.

But for this last I claim no grace,
Though some may not approve it,
Because, in this infernal place
There are no maids to covet,
Nor sparkling eyes, nor beaming smiles,
That filled my dreams of yore :
Alas, alas ! those days are past,
My day-dreams now are *ore* !

Oh, for one hour where early life
Flowed passing merrily,
Where youth still hung on low-toned
words,
And not upon—a tree ;
Where friends could wrangle and debate
About each passing trifle,
And meet a flash of wit, instead
Of bowie knife or rifle."

He paused, he sighed, he gazed about,
Then spake,—"'Tis all cursed *fine* !
Oh, for a pull of 'Double Stout,'
To cool this thirst of mine ;
But never more I'll taste a pot
Of glorious 'Lager Beer.'"

N. B. The miner "turned and left the spot,
And wiped away a tear."

SIMON.—If you'll have me, we'll nappy be, the
happiest ever seen.

KATE.—I can't. You see, the cholera's round—
I'll venture nothing green.

Gold.—PARODY.

By Mrs. Mary Dunn.

Come listen to me, jolly lads,
 A story I'll relate,
 Which happened in the valley
 Of the California State ;
 'Twas down the Feather River land
 We hearties went so bold,
 And worked like hungry tigers
 For the bright and shining gold.

Chorus: For gold, they say, is brighter than the day,
 And when it's mine,
 I'm bound to shine,
 And drive dull care away.

My creditors gave me a year
 To pay them what I owed,
 I thanked them very kindly,
 And was off for the land of gold ;
 And as we scraped the valleys dry,
 Where the waters used to roll,
 I filled my trousers' pockets full
 Of the bright and shining gold. For, etc.

Beneath the hot and scorching sun,
 I worked for many a day,
 Most happy, 'cause I got so rich,
 I soon was going away ;
 A monstrous heap of gold I had,
 Which from the sand I parted—
 I got some boards and boxed it up,
 And off for home I started. For, etc.

O, the mountains and the valleys there,
 I tell you they're not slow,
 And Nature's works in grandeur are,
 Whichever way you go ;
 And there our glorious stars and stripes,
 For evermore shall fly,
 As each new day the rising sun
 Shall gild the eastern sky. For, etc.

Away "deown east" there dwelt a man,
 E'en over in the State of Maine,
 Who had enough of tall pine trees
 Himself and wife to well maintain.

But years rolled by, and children came
 Around the little fireside,
 And claimed a right to eat and drink,
 Nor could such wants be well denied.

The pine trees grew, and children, too,
 Though in their manner far apart;
 The trees grew *thin*, the children *thick*,
 And thus from Maine were doomed to
 part.

Old Zenas to his wife did say,
 "I'll move you all to Michigan,
 And California I will seek,
 And dig until a richer man."

Across the plains he bent his steps,
 And passed large droves of buffalo,
 Wild horses, turkeys very fine,
 And tigers, jackalls, Indians, too,

At times he hadn't *nary* piece
 Of meat whereby to feed upon,
 Nor any water for his thirst,
 And thus he saw the *Old Lion*.

At last his clothes in tatters hung
 About his sore and weary form;
 His "harp of hopes" was soon unstrung,
 And fancied nigh the gathering storm,

He mourned his lot, and often wept
 To think he ever took the *gaunt*;
 And then he'd rave, and swear he b'lieved
 He's soon to see the *Elephant*.

Josh, John.

You have strayed away from your Josh, John,
 You have strayed away from your Josh ·
 And between the spot where you stand
 And your home in the flowery land,
 The waves of an ocean dash, John,
 The waves of an ocean dash.

Your "tail" is severed clean off, John
 Your pig tail is clean cut off;
 I should like to see you, John, sit down,
 Right in the midst of your native town—
 Yah! wouldn't the Johnnies scoff, John!
 "How can!" they would cry in scoff.

The hair now covers your head, John,
 The hair now covers your head;
 You have lost your nankin shirt of blue,
 And a sorry coat of doubtful hue
 Is seedily worn in its stead, John,
 Is shabbily worn in its stead.

A boot of at least thirteen, John,
 A boot of at least thirteen,
 And made of cowhide, strong and good,
 In the place of sole of solid wood,
 On your elegant foot is seen, John,
 On your sweet little foot is seen.

You have come, as it were, alone, John,
 You have come, as it were, alone;
 And you lead an unhappy kind of life,
 Coming without a cheerful wife,
 A cheerful wife of your own, John,
 An almond-eyed wife of your own.

You've left your national god, John,
 You've left your god and your land
 You've left the dress of the land of flowers,
 And in leaving these, haven't taken ours;
 And you've friends upon neither hand, John,
 You have friends upon neither hand.

A pilgrim from away down East
Stood on Nevada's strand,
A tear was in his troubled eye,
A pick-axe in his hand.

The pilgrim stood, and looking down,
As one who is in doubt,
He sighed to see how fast
His boots were wearing out.

“Thrice have I left this cursed spot,
But mine it was to learn
The fatal truth, that ‘Dust we are,
To dust we shall return!’”

Once more returned, at close of day,
To a cheerless, dismal home,
He vows if he was back in Maine,
He never more would roam

Now hunger makes his bowels yearn
For yams or Irish roots:
But these he looks in vain to find,
Then tries to fry his boots.

The night is passed in happy dreams
Of youth and childhood's joys,
Of times when he got flogged at school
For pinching smaller boys.

But morn dispels these fairy scenes,
And want arouses pluck;
He shoulders pick and pan once more,
Again to try his luck.

He digs in dark, secluded depths,
The spots where slugs abound,
And, oh! what rapture fills his breast—
His pile at last is found!

His wardrobe changed, behold him now
 In affluence and pride,
 Surrounded by the forms he loves,
 With joy on every side.

Pressed closely to his heart, he holds
 His wife and children dear,
 The latter shouting gaily,
 While the former drops a tear

Backbone.

To dress, and sit, and walk genteelly,
 To bow with easy grace;
 To speak in accents soft and mealy,
 To wear a studied face;
 These, and like goodly gifts and graces,
 Are well enough, I own;
 But what we want in this soft age,
 Is bone, backbone!

A heart to feel, a mind to think,
 Despite each base control;
 A tongue to speak, a hand to work
 The purpose of the soul:
 By these and other goodly tokens
 It may be surely known,
 If thi, or that, within his body
 He's bone, backbone!

Give me a man that's all a man,
 Who stands up straight and strong,
 Who loves the plain and simple right,
 And will not yield to wrong;
 Who deals with firm, untrembling hand,
 Gives every one his own—
 O! a blessed thing in anybody,
 Is bone, backbone!

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By JOHN A. STONE,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States
for the Northern District of California.

PREFACE.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Induced by the indulgence and favor you have extended to my previous "Local Songsters"—as also at the solicitation of many personal friends—I again adventure a *third series of observations* in verse, and trust that my efforts, as exhibited in the following pages, will receive your approval and support.

Originally commenced to relieve the tedium of a lonely cabin life, and with no thought at the time of their publication, I have endeavored to portray, as graphically as possible, LIFE IN CALIFORNIA, at a time when the restraints of society had to some extent become released; and I can only imagine—from the success which has attended my humble efforts—that I have "held the mirror up to Nature;" and if the *reflections* to some may seem *honest*. I have only to say

that your recognition of their truthfulness has incited me to this characteristic production, and that I have "nothing extenuated nor set down aught in malice."

This number corresponds in size to the "ORIGINAL CALIFORNIA SONGSTER," and being entirely different in matter and music, will be an acceptable companion to the patrons of the former editions. "PUT *this and that together!*"

Gratefully, yours,

THE AUTHOR.

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THE GOLDEN SONGSTER.

Loss of the "Central America."

AIR—"Carry me back to old Virginnny."

The "Central America," painted so fine,
Went down like a thousand of brick,
And all the old tubs that are now on the line
Will follow her, two at a lick.
'Twould be very fine were the owners aboard,
And sink where they never would rise ;
'Twould any amount of amusement afford,
And cancel a million of lies.

Repeat—'Twould be very fine, &c.

These murdering villains will ne'er be forgot,
As long as America stands ;
Their bones should be left in the ocean to rot,
And their souls be at Satan's commands.
They've murdered and swindled the people for years
And never will be satisfied
Till death puts an end to their earthly careers,
Then may they with demons reside.

Repeat—They've murdered and swindled, &c.

Parting Friends.

AIR—"The Drummer Boy at Waterloo."

With parting friends, no tongue can tell,
 No heart can feel the grief and pain,
 But those who bid good-by—farewell—
 Perhaps to never meet again.

But those who bid good-by—farewell—
 Perhaps to never meet again.

He goes—and soon home is forgot,
 No tidings of him do they hear ;
 His vows to write he heeds them not,
 Which causes many a silent tear.
 His vows to write, &c.

No joy the dreadful wound can heal—
 The tale of sorrow dies untold—
 Still o'er his mind those words will steal,
 "God speed thee to the land of gold!"
 Still o'er his mind, &c,

With aching hearts and watery eyes,
 In vain they look for his return ;
 "He's dead ! he's dead !" the weeper cries—
 As for the dead they for him mourn.
 "He's dead ! he's dead !" &c.

Washing.—Cæsar, what am de difference between
 an honest and dishonest washerwoman ? Why de form-
 er irons your linen and de latter one steels it,

The Vocal Miner.

9

AIR—Do they miss me at Home.”

When the miner returns from his labor,
And lays himself down to repose,
He wonders the luck of his neighbor,
And how he got all his good clothes;—
But soon there's a change of sensation;
For sleep, the twin sister of death,
Will whisper a dream of relation
That soon will depart like a breath—
That soon will depart like a breath.

With his shovel and pick on his shoulder,
He starts in the morning to mine;
At noon he sits down on a boulder,
And wishes 'twas still '49;
For then he could do so much better.
But this is what troubles him most:
The mail has arrived—but no letter!
Why shouldn't he give up the ghost?
Why shouldn't he give up the ghost?

He can see the hot cakes in the kitchen,
The innocent children at play,
And see his old mother at knitting,
Who soon will be passing away.
Their letters are always inviting,
No matter how poor, to return;
But some one is always backbiting,
And saying, “He'll come—in a horn!”
And saying, “He'll come—in a horn!”

If his friends, old and young, could behold him,
With frying-pan baking his bread,
A wife or a sister might scold him,
Because it was heavy as lead.
Then one earning more than another,
Is what they don't well understand,
And lay it to this, that and t'other,
Conclude he is working in sand—
Conclude he is working in sand.

When the sleigh-bells are merrily ringing,
And music resounds at the ball,
Is some fond heart to him still clinging,
Or is he forsaken by all ?
Perhaps they have heard of his stealing,
And wonder what people have lost ;
If here they could tell by the squealing
And squawking in many a hen-roost—
And squawking in many a hen-roost.

Do they write to his friends that he's drinking,
And gambling his money away—
Pretend it was done without thinking,
Or trying to lead them astray ?
From Death with grim visage inviting,
With horror their souls will recoil ;
And demons will get them for writing,
And *deal* with them " 'cording to *Hoyle* !"
And *deal* with them " 'cording to *Hoyle* !"

A vain man's motto—Win gold and wear it.

You who don't Believe it.

11

AIR—"Blue-tail Fly."

There is no land upon the earth,
Contains the same amount of worth;
And he that could not here reside,
Had ought to freeze the other side!

Chorus.—You who don't believe it,
You who don't believe it,
You who don't believe it,
Come yourselves and see!

We've got more gold than all the world,
A flag that wins whene'er unfurled,
And smarter men to help us through,
Than England, France or Mexico.

Chorus.—You who don't believe it, &c.

We've smarter ships than Johnny Bull,
Larger sheep with finer wool;
A prison too! you cannot fail
To throw a *Bull* through by the tail.

Chorus.—You who don't believe, &c.

We raise the largest cabbage heads,
Got more and better feather beds;
Of everything we've got the best,
And *thieves* until you cannot rest.

Chorus.—You who don't believe it, &c.

All ruffianism now is o'er,
 The country's safer than before ;
 Our cities keep the rowdies straight,
 Or send them through the Golden Gate.

Chorus.—You who don't believe it, &c.

We've got the highest mountains here,
 Taller trees and faster deer,
 And travel more, at higher rates,
 Than people in the Eastern States.

Chorus.—You who don't believe it, &c.

We've got the smartest river boats,
 And, ten to one, old whiskey bloats ;
 We're blest with very heavy fogs,
 And any amount of *poodle dogs* !

Chorus.—You who don't believe it, &c.

We've got a few unmarried g'hals,
 Railroads, ditches and canals ;
 Although we did repudiate,
 A joke 'twas only to create.

Chorus.—You who don't believe it, &c.

To one and all, both young and old,
 You're welcome to the land of gold ;
 So come along, be not afraid,
 We guarantee you *all* well paid !

Chorus.—You who don't believe it, &c.

A California Ball.

13

AIR—"Wait for the Wagon."

'Twould make our Eastern people cave,
To see the great and small,
The old, with one foot in the grave,
All "splurging" at a ball.

Chorus.—Wait for the music!
Wait for the music!
Wait for the music,
And we'll all have a dance!

On foot they through the diggings wind,
And over mountains tall,
With young ones tagging on behind,
"Flat-footed" for the ball!

Chorus.—Wait for the music, &c.

A dozen babies on the bed,
And all begin to squall;
The mothers wish the brats were dead,
For crying at the ball!

Chorus.—Wait for the music, &c.

The manager begins to curse,
And swaggers through the hall,
For mothers they've gone out to nurse
Their babies at the ball!

Chorus.—Wait for the music, &c.

Old women in their Bloomer rigs
 Are fond of "balance all!"
 And "weighty" when it comes to jigs,
 And so on, at the ball!

Chorus.—Wait for the music, &c.

A yearling miss fills out the sett,
 Although not very tall;
 "I'm anxious now," she says, "you bet,
 To proceed with the ball!"

Chorus.—Wait for the music, &c.

A married woman—gentle dove—
 With nary tooth at all,
 Sits in the corner making love
 To some "pimp" at the ball!

Chorus.—Wait for the music, &c.

A drunken loafer at the dance,
 Informs them one and all,
 With bowie-knife stuck in his pants,
 "The best man at the ball!"

Chorus.—Wait for the music, &c.

The Spanish hags of ill repute,
 For brandy loudly call;
 And no one dares their right dispute
 To freedom at the ball!

Chorus.—Wait for the music, &c.

The gambler all the money wins,
To bed the drunkest crawl;
And fighting then of course begins
With rowdies at the ball!

Chorus.—Wait for the music, &c.

They rush it like a railroad car;
And often is the call
Of, "Promenade up to the bar,"
For whiskey at the ball!

Chorus.—Wait for the music, &c.

"Old Alky" makes their bowels yearn,
They stagger round and fall;
And ladies say when they return,
"Oh, what a splendid ball!"

Chorus.—Wait for the music, &c.

Got it Cheap.—Tom Palmer came home yesterday, and his wife says, My dear, what shall we have for dinner? Why, one of your lovely smiles, replied Tom, I can dine on that any day. Yes, but I can't, said his wife. Well, then take this, said he, giving her a kiss. He then went out, and came back soon after for his dinner. This steak is excellent, said Tom, what did you give for it? Why, what you gave me this morning, said his wife.

The Mountain Cottage.

AIR—"The Maid of Monterey."

One pleasant summer evening, 'twas in the month of
May—

The flowers they were blooming, delightfully and
gay—

The pick and shovel silent lay, the day's work being
o'er ;

A happy group assembled round the mountain cottage
door.

(Repeat.)

The pick and shovel silent lay, the day's work being
o'er ;

A happy group assembled round the mountain cottage
door.

A green old oak, with branches wide, hangs o'er the
little ranch ;

The birds are skipping to and fro with joy from branch
to branch ;

A lovely wife, in silver tones, is singing "Roam no
more,"

And all is joy and comfort round the mountain cottage
door.

A lovely wife, in silver tones, &c.

The old Sierras, fair to view, capped with eternal
snow—

The rich and pleasant valleys lay fresh and green be-
low—

A lovely child, with rosy cheeks, is playing on the
floor,

And all is joy and happiness round the mountain cot-
tage door.

A lovely child, with rosy cheeks, &c.

The summer's sun, when peeping through the lattice
in the morn,

Beholds a smiling countenance, the cottage to adorn ;
The towering pines' majestic forms defy the winds that
roar ;

While gently glides the brook beside the mountain cot-
tage door.

The towering pines' majestic forms, &c.

'Tis high up in the mountain, a lovely spot indeed ;
The window blinds are open ;—ye single men, take
heed—

No earthly joys can be compared, with heart and heart
in store ;

'Tis wealth and happiness around a mountain cottage
door.

No earthly joys can be compared, &c.

A New Machine.—Pete, I hear say dat some
Yankee down East hab invented a machine for taking
de noise out ob thunder. Well, Bill I guess it's so,
case I habn't heard any dis winter.

I'm Sad and Lonely Here.

AIR—"Oft in the stilly Night."

I'm sad and lonely here,
 Though joy and wealth surround me,
 I dare not speak, for fear
 Some fighting man will pound me.
 Were I at home I would not roam
 So far from thee again ;
 But there would camp for years to come,
 Beside my Peggy Jane.

I'm sad and lonely here,
 Though joy and wealth surround me ;
 I dare not speak, for fear
 Some fighting man will pound me.

I long have looked for gold,
 But little have I found ;
 I own that I've been sold,
 For 'tis not in the ground.
 I feel " as how " I'd sooner plow,
 Yes, hoe or husk the corn ;
 Or even milk the brindle cow
 That kicks so in the morn.

I'm sad and lonely here,
 Though joy and wealth surround me,
 I dare not speak, for fear
 Some fighting man will pound me.

REUBEN, what does you take for your cold ? Why,
 Johnson, about four pocket handkerchiefs a day.

The Last Good-by.

19

Air—"Lily Bell."

In my ear their words are ringing,
Though I see their forms no more,
Still to hope I'm fondly clinging,
On this wild and golden shore.
Dreams of home, whene'er I slumber,
Carry me to friends so dear;
Morning comes, and with it hunger,
Mingled with a transient tear.

Chorus.—Oh, never, no, no, never,
Shall I, till the day I die,
Once forget those friends so clever,
Bidding me the last good-by!

When the miner, cold and weary,
To his camp returns at night,
All around looks cold and dreary,
Gold has vanished from his sight!
When at home his name is spoken,
Does some loved one weep or sigh?
Or, are vows so sacred broken,
Given with the last good-by!

Chorus.—Oh, never, no, no, never,
Shall I, till the day I die,
Once forget those friends so clever,
Bidding me the last good-by!

'Neath an oak beside the mountain,
Stands a miner's lonely grave,

Near a cool and sparkling fountain,
 Far beyond life's troubled wave ;
 Now his friends are sadly weeping,
 " Can it be he's dead and gone ? "
 Yes, in death he now lies sleeping,
 Sleeping gently and alone.

Chorus.—Oh, never, no, no, never,
 Shall I, till the day I die,
 Once forget those friends so clever,
 Bidding me the last good-by !

Though I love the mountains dearly,
 Where the savage, wild, doth roam,
 Better still and more sincerely
Do I love my good old home !
 When I'm roaming through the cañons,
 'Mong the fir trees, dark and high,
 Brings to mind my old companions
 Bidding me *the last good-by !*

Chorus.—Oh, never, no, no, never,
 Shall I, till the day I die,
 Once forget those friends so clever,
 Bidding me the last good-by !

A YOUNG girl named Mary Ann Aldridge, had occasion to send a note to a gentleman, and put two r's in her first name in the signature, thus: "Marry Ann Aldridge." The man was a bachelor, and he accepted the proposal at once.

Sacramento Gals.

21

AIR—"Bobbing Around."

The Sacramento gals are some,
Nipping 'round, around, around ;
They're down on men what live on rum,
As they go nipping 'round.

They're pretty gals, I must confess,
Nipping 'round, around, around ;
And "Lordy-massy" how they dress,
As they go nipping 'round.

On J street they are to be found,
Nipping 'round, around, around ;
Their bustles lift them off the ground,
As they go nipping 'round.

Their hoops will reach around a dray,
Nipping 'round, around, around ;
They're "airy" on a windy day,
As they go nipping 'round.

There's many a gal from Ar-kan-saw,
Nipping 'round, around, around,
Who well remembers hollowing "haw,"
As she went nipping 'round.

Their faces covered with paint and chalk,
Nipping 'round, around, around ;
Their hoops take up the whole sidewalk,
As they go nipping 'round.

They're here and there, like Santa Anna,
Nipping 'round, around, around ;
They're fresh and mellow as a ripe banana,
As they go nipping 'round.

Give me a rosy country gal,
Nipping 'round, around, around ;
No matter if her name is Sal,
As she goes nipping 'round.

But of all the gals I ever see,
Nipping 'round, around, around ;
The Sacramento gals for me,
As they go nipping 'round.

OLD Swiggs came out of his house early one morning, and was much in want of a swig of cider. Thought he—How shall I get it? Seeing his neighbor's horse quietly grazing in a lot adjoining his cottage, a thought struck him. He went and drove the animal out into the road; then taking a gallon jug, he led the horse by the mane down a few rods to the owner's house. "Hello," said he, "here's your hoss!" Neighbor—"Well, what are you doing with him?" Swiggs—"Why, nothing, only I cotched him in my beans this morning, and so I thought if you was a mind to fill this 'ere jug with cider, I'd call it even!" The jug was filled, and the horse went to grass again.

AIR—"The Raging Canawl."

When miners get into a row about their mining
ground,

A miners' meeting then is called, and miners flock
around;

Each party clearly states his case, then both proclaim
aloud,

"We'll introduce our evidence, then leave it to the
crowd."

A witness then is called upon, who tells a crooked
yarn,

Declares the diggings "jumpable," so far as he can
"larn."

Is positive they've not been worked as mining laws re-
quire,

And any man that says they have, he'll tell him *he's*
a liar!

A witness on the other side tells quite another tale,

An interested party then presents a bill of sale,

And proves it clear, and furthermore, that he's been
very sick,

Not able since he bought the claim to strike a single
lick.

Now "Bob" brings up a man and proves "he has not
been unwell,

But since the date of bill of sale has been as drunk
as h—ll."

The friends of "Bob" begin to howl, and "Jake's"
begin to swear,

A few go in and fight it out, or "try it on the square."

A call is made from either side to hear the ayes and
noes—

By this time half the crowd is drunk, and care not how
it goes ;

And all begin to curse and swear, and out with bowie-
knives,

All ready, should it come to blows, to take each others'
lives.

A drunken bully in the crowd throws off his hat and
coat,

And right or wrong, no matter which, he thus demands
the vote—

"Now all in favor of OLD BOB will please to hollow
AYE,

And all who vote the other way shall leave the dig-
gings dry."

The crowd send forth a hideous howl, and "Bob" has
won the day,

Who now invites all hands to drink before they go
away,

"Old Jake" concludes he's badly beat, and quietly re-
tires,

Well satisfied that "Bob" has raised *the largest crowd
of liars!*

'The Rowdy.

25

AIR—"Comin' through the Rye."

If a rowdy meet a rowdy,
Going down the street—
If a rowdy ask a rowdy,
Must a rowdy treat ?

Chorus.—Every rowdy has his toddy,
Ne'er a "tod" have I ;
But all the rowdies follow me,
Whenever they are dry.

If a rowdy sees a rowdy
Take a glass of grog,
Should a rowdy call a rowdy
D——d infernal hog ?

Chorus.—Every rowdy has his toddy, &c.

If a rowdy meet a rowdy,
Anywhere in town,
Should a rowdy curse a rowdy,
Knock a rowdy down.

Chorus.—Every rowdy has his toddy, &c.

If a rowdy sees a rowdy
Trying to raise a "fout,"
Should a rowdy say to rowdy,
"Go in, let's clean him out."

Chorus.—Every rowdy has his toddy, &c.

If a rowdy will be rowdy,
 Ride him on a rail;
 Tar the rowdy, feather rowdy,
 Take him off to jail!

Chorus.—Every rowdy has his toddy, &c.

So would I.

If Eastern fops who paint their cheeks,
 And wear their standing collars,
 Would live and work with me two weeks
 I'd give five hundred dollars.

For breakfast, ere we went to work,
 We'd take a bite "for greens,"
 For dinner we'd have beans and pork,
 For supper, pork and beans.

If California was an eel,
 A bullhead, shark or whale,
 I'm satisfied, as I now feel,
 That I would be the tail!

A SOUR old maid once asked the advice of a neighbor how she should get rid of a troublesome suitor. "Oh, marry him," was the advice. "Nay," said she, "I had rather see him hanged first." "That's all the same," was the reply, "for after your marriage it will not be long before he will hang himself."

ARR—"Rosin the Bow."

I've travelled the mountains all over,
And now to the valleys I'll go,
And live like a pig in the clover,
In sight of huge mountains of snow.

In sight of huge mountains of snow,
In sight of huge mountains of snow—
And live like a pig in the clover,
In sight of huge mountains of snow.

I'll marry a rich señorita,
And live on a ranch in the west ;
Have forty young greases to greet her,
And fifty, if put to the test.

And fifty, if put to the test,
And fifty, if put to the test,
Have forty young greasers to greet her,
And fifty, if put to the test.

I'll wear a "right *pee-rt*" standing collar
And smoke cigaritos, of course ;
And when I run short of a dollar,
I'll try and obtain a divorce.

I'll try and obtain a divorce,
I'll try and obtain a divorce—
And when I run short of a dollar,
I'll try and obtain a divorce.

I'm greatly in favor of mining,
 With me, though, it does not agree ;
 I'd rather be gently reclining
 With Beauty, upon a settee.

With Beauty, upon a settee,
 With Beauty, upon a settee,
 I'd rather be gently reclining,
 With Beauty, upon a settee.

I'm not much in favor of thieving,
 At all events, just as I feel ;
 But never will work for a living,
 So long as I'm able to steal.

So long as I'm able to steal,
 So long as I'm able to steal—
 I never will work for a living,
 So long as I'm able to steal.

A CONNECTICUT match-maker puts this postscript to his advertisement of Superior Friction Matches :

N. B.—I would here caution the boys not to come to see my darters unless they think of striking up a match. Their time is money, for I keep them to work. I suppose they must get husbands now while they are young, if ever, and therefore you fellers who really want wives, come on. But you who only want to joke, and take up the gals' time, stay away from the factory, if you please.

On Board the Steamer.

29

AIR—"Midnight Hour."

On board the steamer, homeward bound,
With joyful hearts and noiseful glee ;
Good-by! Good-by! Shake hands all round
Then travel o'er the sea.

Chorus.

But ne'er forget those pleasant times,
The mountains high and grizzly bear,
The good old camp up in the mines,
The mountains fresh and fair.

'Tis twelve at night, the moon shines bright,
The ship glides gently o'er the waves ;
The soul is filled with pure delight,
And danger boldly braves.

Chorus.—But ne'er forget, &c.

'Tis mirth and jollity on board—
The mind runs wild as home draws nigh—
No cheerless look, no angry word,
As homeward bound you fly.

Chorus.—But ne'er forget, &c.

Good-by! good-by! to all again—
The long and tedious voyage is o'er ;
Good-by! good-by! the raging main,
Long may thy billows roar.

Chorus.—But ne'er forget, &c.

War in Camp.

AIR—"Woodman, spare that Tree."

First Miner.

Partner, leave that grub,
 Touch not a single bean ;
 For that we've got to play the rub,
 As you have acted mean !
 I bought the mining tools,
 And likewise blankets found ;
 Like many other fools
 Took up our mining ground !

Second Miner.

You did not buy the tools,
 Nor anything in camp ;
 But did, like other fools,
 Steal them ! you thieving scamp !
 Our camp is very wide.
 And each will take an end,
 What grub we've got divide—
 Then neither lend.

First Miner.

We ought to be ashamed
 For acting as we do ;
 If I by accident got lamed,
 What could I hope from you ?

Second Miner.

Well, let us act like men,
 And live within our means ;
 But don't you ever try again
 To stop my eating beans !

AIR—"Dandy Jim of Caroline."

There's no respect for youth or age
On board of a California stage ;
But pull and haul about for seats
As bed-bugs do among the sheets.

Chorus.

They started as a thieving line
In eighteen hundred forty-nine ;
All "opposition" they defy,
So the people must "root hog or die."

You're crowded in with Chinamen,
As fattening hogs are in a pen ;
And what will more a man provoke,
Is musty plug tobacco smoke.

Chorus.—They started as a thieving line, &c.

The ladies are compelled to sit
With dresses in tobacco spit ;
The gentlemen don't seem to care,
But talk on politics and swear.

Chorus.—They started as a thieving line, &c.

The dust is deep in summer time,
The mountains very hard to climb ;
And drivers often stop and yell,
"Get out, all hands, and push—*up hill!*"

Chorus —They started as a thieving line, &c.

The drivers, when they feel inclined,
 Will have you walking on behind,
 And on your shoulders lug a pole,
 To help them through some muddy hole.

Chorus.—They started as a thieving line, &c.

They promise, when your fare you pay,
 "You'll have to walk but *half* the way;"
 Then add *aside*, with cunning laugh,
 "You'll push and pull the *other half*!"

Chorus.—They started as a thieving line, &c.

They have and will monopolize
 The business, 'till the *people rise*,
 And send them "kiteing" down below,
 To start a line with Bates and Rowe!

Chorus.—They started as a thieving line, &c.

A STINGY Dutchman, who was very fond of cider, and always kept good cider in his cellar, was once called upon by a stranger. Stranger—"I hear, Mr. Schneider, that you keep the best cider around here." Schneider—"Yaas, I hash good cider—Hans, go draw a mug." The boy fetched the cider and handed it to his father, who drank it all at a single pull; then turning to his astonished visitor, exclaimed, "Tare, ten—if you don't dink dat is coot citer, chust schmell of te mug!"

The Shady Old Camp.

83

AIR—"Ben Bolt."

Oh don't you remember the shady old camp,
That stood by the side of the brook,
Where we lay on the ground after many a tramp,
And the fire-place where we used to cook ?
The shady old camp has gone to decay,
And the ham bone has dropped from the pin ;
The roof and the door both have rotted away,
And the chimney has all tumbled in.

The roof and the door both have rotted away,
And the chimney has all tumbled in.

Oh, don't you remember the cool summer breeze,
So welcome in June and July,
And the table that stood 'neath the shady oak trees,
At the foot of the mountain so high ?
The table is standing, as when we were there,
Though not as we often have seen,
For bushes have grown o'er the ground then so bare,
And miners have worked our ravine !

For bushes have grown o'er the ground then so bare,
And miners have worked our ravine !

Oh, don't you remember the mountains of snow,
In sight from the camp all the year,
And the valleys so green, where the wild flowers grow,
And where we went hunting the deer ?
The cool little brook where we used to drink,

Will always be running the same
As when we were talking of home on the brink,
Or cursing the day that we came.

As when we werè talking of home on the brink,
Or cursing the day that we came.

Oh, don't you remember the well-beaten trail
That led from the camp to the spring,
And the potpies we made of the squirrel and quail,
And the evenings when we used to sing?
The trail and the spring we shall see them no more,
Though never forget till we die;
The shady old camp, with the ground for a floor,
Forever, we bid thee good-by!

The shady old camp, with the ground for a floor,
Forever, we bid thee good-by!

DURING the recent war in India, a native commander captured a lot of English provisions, and among them several thousand circular canisters of preserved fresh meats and fish. The natives thought these were canisters of missiles (called canister-shot), and they fired them right into the British camp. One of the officers wrote home as follows: "For the last two days we have had showers of provisions fired into our fort, such as cooked lobster, turkey, chicken and other delicacies. Our soldiers are having a feast. The enemy have mistaken our preserved meats for canister-shot, and are using them for ammunition."

And thus he Spoke.

85

AIR—"The Fatal Separation."

One stormy night, when winds blew wild
Around his cabin door,
A miner sat on a *three* legg'd stool—
The reason, it had not *four*.

Chorus.

And thus he spoke, while from his eye
A tear rolled down his cheek—
"Oh, give me back my little home,
For that is all I seek."

"I once possessed a cheerful heart,
A poor though happy home,
Until misfortune did us part,
And doomed me here to roam."

Chorus.—And thus he spoke, &c.

"The cry of GOLD gave him life,
A ray of hope appeared;
I started in the hellish strife,
And found it as I feared."

Chorus.—And thus he spoke, &c.

"The wind is howling worse and worse—
I know not what it means,
Nor do I care a single curse
For I have burned my beans!"

Chorus.—And thus he spoke, &c.

The Unhappy Miner.

AIR—"Old Dog Tray."

My happy days are past,
 The mines have failed at last,
 The cañons and gulches no longer will pay,
 There's nothing left for me,
 I'll never, never see
 My happy, happy home far away.

Chorus.

Oh, happy home, now where art thou,
 Friends that were kind and sincere?
 Alas, I do not know, my heart is full of woe,
 Thinking of loved ones so dear.

I mine from break of day,
 But cannot make it pay,
 Disheartened return to my cabin at night,
 Where rattlesnakes crawl round
 My bed made on the ground,
 And coiling up, lay ready to bite.

Chorus—Oh, happy home, &c.

My poor old leaky lamp
 Is always cold and damp;
 My blanket is covered with something that crawls:
 My bread will never rise,
 My coffee-pot capsizes.
 I'd rather live inside of prison walls.

Chorus.—Oh, happy home, &c.

My boots are full of holes,
Like merchants, have no *soles* ;
My hands, once so soft, are harder than stone ;
My pants and woolen shirt
Are only rags and dirt ;
And must I live and die here alone ?

Chorus—Oh, happy home, &c.

I know how miners feel
When pigs begin to squeal,
Or hens on their roosts to cackle and squall ;
It makes my blood run cold
To think its all for gold,
And often wish that Gabriel would call !

Chorus.—Oh, happy home, &c.

It's " Starve or pay the dust,"
For merchants will not trust,
And then in the summer the diggings are dry ;
Of course then I am broke, .
Swelled up by poison oak ;
It's even so, I really would not lie.

Chorus—Oh, happy home, &c.

I've lived on pork and beans,
Through all those trying scenes,
So long I dare not look a hog in the face ;
And often do I dream

Of custard pies and cream ;
But really it is a *quien sabe* case.

Chorus.—Oh, happy home, &c.

If I were home again,
To see green fields of grain,
And all kinds of fruit hanging ripe on the trees ;
I there would live and die,
The gold mines bid good-by—
Forever free from bed-bugs and fleas.

Chorus.—Oh, happy home, &c.

A YANKEE and a Frenchman owned a pig in copartnership. When killing time came, they wished to divide the meat. The Yankee was very anxious to divide so that he would get both hind quarters, and persuaded the Frenchman that the proper way to divide was to cut it across the back. The Frenchman agreed to it on condition that the Yankee would turn his back and take choice of the pieces after it was cut in two. The Yankee turned his back accordingly. Frenchman—"Vich piece vill you have—ze piece wid ze tail on him, or ze piece vat haint got no tail?" Yankee—"The piece with the tail on." Frenchman—"Zen, by gar, you can take him, I take ze ozer one." Upon turning round, the Yankee found that the Frenchman had cut off the tail and stuck it into the pig's mouth!

California Bank Robbers.

39

AIR—"Jordan is a Hard Road to Travel."

The California people are determined if they find
Another such a band of robbers
As the banking firm of Adams, from beginning to the
end,
They will hang them as they have a lot of rowdies.

Chorus.

So be careful all you rowdies and you rich banker
thieves,
Or the California people will hang you ;
So be careful all you rowdies and you rich banker
thieves,
Or the California people will hang you, I believe.

They agreed among themselves they could easy make
a pile,
By stealing all they had on deposit ;
They would do it by a failure, and be honest all the
while—
Then a million and a half—what of it ?

Chorus.—So be careful all you rowdies, &c.

The merchant rushed in, looking whiter than a sheet,
The miner came tearing like a bull-dog ;
Poor old washerwomen crying in the street,
And Johnny Bull croaking like a bull-frog.

Chorus.—So be careful all you rowdies, &c.

Women carried round on the shoulders of the crowd
Really was a sight very funny ;

Legs all bare, though they didn't seem to care,
They were bound to have a sight for their money.

Chorus.—So be careful all you rowdies, &c.

The blind man said to the bankers, "I'm poor—
Surely, man, you don't intend to rob me!"
The Chinaman said, as they kicked him out the door,
"Me no shabee, John, me no shabee!"

Chorus.—So be careful all you rowdies, &c.

In came the shad-bellied Yankee, out of breath,
And he says, "Old feller, goll-darn-ye!"
Then along came Pike, saying, "I'll be the death
Of you bank robbers, dog-on-ye!"

Chorus.—So be careful all you rowdies, &c.

I. C. Woods *sabed* something very strange,
So he *vamosed*, though he knew it wouldn't sound
well.

He hid among the hills in the Contra Costa range,
With a bag of bogus dust—what a scoundrel!

Chorus.—So be careful all you rowdies, &c.

Ladies in the jam now and then were heard to say,
"Oh, Lordy-massy, how you squeeze us!"
When a Jew got to the counter, he began without de-
lay,
"Vel, I vants my money, by Sheeus!"

Chorus.—So be careful all you rowdies, &c.

Frenchmen they were squalking like a flock of hungry
geese ;

Vainly did they parley-voo-de-ding-dong. \

Sauer-Kraut was looking for a Justice of the Peace,
To send all the Yankee thieves to Hong Kong.

Chorus.—So be careful all you rowdies, &c.

Adams he declared that his name was just a sale,
To give "The House" a wholesome reputation ;

I. C. Wood says they both agreed to fail,
And swindle all o' God's creation.

Chorus.—So be careful all you rowdies, &c.

The bank robber Woods had to hunt another hole,
For many were determined they would kill him ;

So he gathered up the money he maliciously had stole,
And away went the black-hearted villain.

Chorus.—So be careful all you rowdies, &c.

Their "Receiver" is a thief—you can see it by his looks,
And the Lord knows what he wouldn't swear to ;

After fobbing all the money, why he then stole the books,
And a thousand other things that would scare you.

Chorus.—So be careful all you rowdies, &c.

They were thrown into the bay 'bout the middle of the
night,

By the long-eared, fish-faced Cohen ;

And the moment they were found he was quickly out
of sight,

For he thought it was time to be goin'.

Chorus.—So be careful all you rowdies, &c.

Page & Bacon, after Adams, thought they'd make a
strike,

Concluded in a hurry they would try it,
Pocket what they could, go a-kiteing back to Pike—
Now I wonder if they ever will deny it.

Chorus.—So be careful all you rowdies, &c.

Like a great many others, they were taken by surprise,
When they came to overhaul their plunder ;
Instead of half a million they were sure to realize,
They hadn't stole a dollar, by thunder !

Chorus.—So be careful all you rowdies, &c.

They were bound to make a raise, so they started in
again,

And carried on a wholesale thieving,
Robbed the orphan, the widow, the farmer of his grain,
And were taken with—a *very sudden leaving* !

Chorus.—So be careful all you rowdies, &c.

If the English and the French cannot take Sebastopol,
They had better let the job to the Yankees ;
Uncle Sam will do it cheap, unless he is a fool—
He could steal it with the California bankers !

Chorus.—So be careful all you rowdies, &c.

The Happy Miner.

43

AIR—"I get in a Weaving Way."

I am a happy miner, I love to sing and dance ;
I wonder what my love would say, if she could see my
pants,
With canvas patches on the knees, and one upon the
stern ;
I'll wear them while I'm digging here, and home when
I return.

Chorus.

So I get in a jovial way, I spend my money free,
And I've got plenty, will you drink lager beer with
me ?

She writes about her poodle-dog, but never thinks to
say,
"O, do come home, my honey dear, I'm pining all
away."
I'll write her half a letter, then give the ink a tip ;
If that don't bring her to her milk, I'll coolly "let her
rip."

Chorus.—So I get in a jovial way, &c.

They wish to know if I can cook, and what I have to
eat,
And tell me should I take a cold be sure to soak my
feet ;
But when they talk of cooking, I'm mighty hard to
beat—

I've made ten thousand loaves of bread the d——I
could not eat

Chorus.—So I get in a jovial way, &c.

I like a lazy partner, so I can take my ease,
Lay down and talk of going home, as happy as you
please ;
Without a thing to eat or drink, away from care and
grief,
I'm fat and saucy, ragged too, and tough as Spanish
beef.

Chorus.—So I get in a jovial way, &c.

The dark-eyed señoritas are very fond of me,
You ought to see us throw ourselves when we get on a
spree ;
We are saucy as a clipper ship dashing round the
horn ;
Head and tail up, like a steer rushing through the
corn.

Chorus.—So I get in a jovial way, &c.

I never changed my fancy shirt, the one I wore away,
Until it got so rotten I finally had to say,
'Farewell, old standing collar, in all thy pride of starch,
I've worn thee from December till the seventeenth of
March."

Chorus.—So I get in a jovial way, &c.

No matter whether rich or poor, I'm happy as a clam,
I wish my friends at home could look and see me as I
am,
With woolen shirt and rubber boots, in mud up to my
knees,
And lice as large as Chili beans fighting with the fleas.

Chorus.—So I get in a jovial way, &c.

I'll mine for half an ounce a day, perhaps a little less ;
But when it comes to China pay I cannot stand the
press ;
Like thousands here, I'll make a pile, if I make one
at all,
About the time the allied forces take Sebastopol.

Chorus.—So I get in a jovial way, &c.

THE father and mother of Mirabeau, the celebrated French writer, lived very unhappily together, and finally separated, much to the scandal of the Count de Mirabeau, *pere*, who thereupon employed his son to write a pamphlet in his defence. For this service, the son received one hundred louis d'ors. The pamphlet reflected somewhat severely upon the conduct of Madame, and she upbraided the writer as ungrateful and unfilial. "You misunderstand me, Madame," said Mirabeau, "I am still your devoted son; give me one hundred louis d'ors and I will earnestly vindicate your cause in another pamphlet against Monsieur le Compte, my honored father."

A Ripping Trip.

AIN—"Pop Goes the Weasel."

You go aboard of a leaky boat,
 And sail for San Francisco ;
 You've got to pump to keep her afloat,
 You have *that*, by jingo.
 The engine soon begins to squeak,
 But nary thing to oil her ;
 Impossible to stop the leak—
Rip goes the boiler !

The captain on the promenade,
 Looking very savage ;
 Steward and the cabin maid
 Fighting 'bout a cabbage ;
 All about the cabin floor,
 Passengers lie sea-sick—
 Steamer's bound to go ashore—
Rip goes the physic !

"Pork and beans" they can't afford
 To second cabin passengers ;
 The cook has tumbled overboard
 With forty pounds of "sassenagers ;"
 The engineer, a little tight,
 Bragging on the Mail Line,
 Finally gets into a fight—
Rip goes the engine !

The cholera begins to rage,

A few have got the scurvy;
Chickens dying in their cage—
Steerage topsy-turvy.
When you get to Panama,
Greasers want a back-load;
Officers begin to jaw—
Rip goes the railroad!

When home, you'll tell an awful tale,
And always will be thinking
How long you had to pump and bail,
To keep the tub from sinking.
Of course you'll take a glass of gin,
'Twill make you feel so funny;
Some city sharp will rope you in—
Rip goes your money!

A KENTUCKIAN lately visited New York and put up at the Astor House. When he was ready to leave, the clerk asked if he should send up for his baggage. "Wall, yes," said he, "it is so far up them dod rotted stairs, that you may send for it." The waiter went up, and soon returned, saying there was no baggage in the room. "I forgot to tell you," says Kentucky, "that I put it under my pillow, last night, there's so many of these strikers round." "What is it, then?" asked the waiter. "Why, a bowie-knife and a clean dicky, wrapped up in a piece of paper. My revolver I've got here, for I allers sleep with that in my side pocket, d'ye see?"

48 **I often Think of Writing Home.**

AIR—"Irish Molly, O."

I often think of writing home, but very seldom write;
A letter *now and then* I get, which fills me with de-
light;
But while I'm here with Romans, I'll do as Romans
do,
And *let it rip*, till I return, and tell them all I know.

Chorus.

For it keeps a man a numping round to keep up with
the times,
And "pen and ink" is very scarce with people in the
mines,
And *writing* don't amount to much, unless you have
the dimes.

If I would write them every mail I know it would
them please;
But neighbors would then flock around them like a
swarm of bees—
And great would be the cry abroad that such a man's
a fool,
And if he was a friend of mine, I'd have him sent to
school.

Chorus.—For it keeps a man a numping, &c.

I've half a mind to drop a line and tell them I'm
alive,
And watch the California boats whenever they arrive,

For I intend to home return, whene'er I feel inclined,
Then drop a line informing them I've lately changed
my mind.

Chorus—For it keeps a man a humping, &c.

I like to live among the hills, and pleasant mountain
towns,
And like the cities better since they drove away the
hounds ;
But were they fifty times as fair, for *all* I would not
fail
To be a man forevermore, and write them every mail.

Chorus—For it keeps a man a humping, &c.

A FARMER in Ohio was sued by an unprincipled store-keeper for certain goods sold and delivered. The farmer went to a lawyer to defend him, declaring that he had never bought a dollar's worth of goods of the man in his life. Lawyer—"It is a bad case, then, for I assure you he would never sue under such circumstances unless he had witnesses to swear to the delivery of the goods." Farmer—"What shall I do, then?" Lawyer—"You'd better settle, and save costs, unless you can bring witnesses to prove that you've already paid the debt." The farmer took the hint; and when the trial came on he admitted the purchase, declared the debt had been paid, and proved the payment of the money. Thus the villainous store-keeper was beaten by his own game.

Sweet Betsey from Pike.

AIR—"Villikins and his Dinah,"

Oh, don't you remember sweet Betsey from Pike,
 Who crossed the big mountains with her lover Ike,
 With two yoke of cattle, a large yellow dog,
 A tall shanghai rooster and one spotted hog.

Chorus.—Tooral lal looral lal looral lal la,
 Tooral lal looral, &c.

One evening quite early they camped on the Platte,
 'Twas near by the road on a green shady flat,
 Where Betsey, sore-footed, lay down to repose—
 With wonder Ike gazed on that Pike County rose.

Chorus.—Tooral lal looral, &c.

Their wagons broke down with a terrible crash,
 And out on the prairie rolled all kinds of trash;
 A few little baby clothes done up with care—
 'Twas rather suspicious, though all on the square.

Chorus.—Tooral lal looral, &c.

The shanghai ran off, and their cattle all died;
 That morning the last piece of bacon was fried;
 Poor Ike was discouraged, and Betsey got mad,
 The dog drooped his tail and looked wondrously sad.

Chorus.—Tooral lal looral, &c.

They stopped at Salt Lake to inquire the way,

When Brigham declared that sweet Betsey should stay ;
But Betsey got frightened and ran like a deer,
While Brigham stood pawing the ground like a steer.

Chorus.—Tooral lal looral, &c.

They soon reached the desert, where Betsey gave out,
And down in the sand she lay rolling about ;
While Ike, half distracted, looked on with surprise,
Saying, “ Betsey, get up, you’ll get sand in your eyes.”

Chorus.—Tooral lal looral, &c.

Sweet Betsey got up in a great deal of pain,
Declared she’d go back to Pike County again ;
But Ike gave a sigh, and they fondly embraced,
And they travelled along with his arm round her
waist.

Chorus.—Tooral lal looral, &c.

They suddenly stopped on a very high hill,
With wonder looked down upon old Placerville ;
Ike sighed when he said, and he cast his eyes down,
“ Sweet Betsey, my darling, we’ve got to Hangtown.”

Chorus.—Tooral lal looral, &c.

Long Ike and sweet Betsey attended a dance ;
Ike wore a pair of his Pike County pants ;
Sweet Betsey was covered with ribbons and rings ;

Says Ike, "You're an angel, but where are your wings?"

Chorus.—Tooral lal looral, &c.

A miner said, "Betsey, will you dance with me?"
 "I will that, old hoss, if you don't make too free;
 But don't dance me hard; do you want to know why?
 Dog on you! I'm chock full of strong alkali!"

Chorus.—Tooral lal looral, &c.

This Pike County couple got married of course,
 And Ike became jealous—obtained a divorce;
 Sweet Betsey, well satisfied, said with a shout,
 "Good-by, you big lummux, I'm glad you've backed
 out!"

Chorus.—Tooral lal looral, &c.

A WESTERN preacher who was discoursing on the parable of Lazarus and Dives, said: "You may think it strange, my friends, that our Lord took so much notice of a poor beggar; but begging in them days was a different kind of thing from our modern begging; individuals of that calling didn't then get from rich men's tables, as they do now, little bits of bread, and 'taters, and pork, and pickles; no, my hearers, they got great hunks of cake, and plates of pie, and sich things; hence we view, that Lazarus was in danger, when surrounded with dogs that might have stolen half his victuals!"

AIR—"When I can read my title clear."—(Old style.)

When first I heard the people tell
Of finding gold in veins,
I bade my friends a long farewell,
And started o'er the plains.

And started o'er the plains,
And started o'er the plains—
I bade my friends a long farewell,
And started o'er the plains.

I joined a train and travelled on,
And all seemed satisfied,
Until our grub was nearly gone,
And I got alkalied.

And I got alkalied—
And I got alkalied—
Until our grub was nearly gone,
And I got alkalied.

My bowels soon began to yearn,
My legs began to ache ;
My only show was to return,
Or winter at Salt Lake.

Or winter at Salt Lake,
Or winter at Salt Lake.
My only show was to return,
Or winter at Salt Lake.

The Mormons knew that Uncle Sam
 Had troops upon the route,
 And Brigham prayed the Holy Lamb
 Would help to clean them out.

Would help to clean them out,
 Would help to clean them out,
 And Brigham prayed the Holy Lamb
 Would help to clean them out.

The distance then, one thousand miles,
 Me in the face did stare,
 For Brigham swore no d—d Gentiles
 Again should winter there.

Again should winter there,
 Again should winter there—
 And Brigham swore no d—d Gentiles
 Again should winter there.

I reached the mines with "nary red,"
 Was treated rather cold;
 I found no lumps, but found instead
 I'd been completely sold.

I'd been completely sold,
 I'd been completely sold—
 I found no lumps, but found instead
 I'd been completely sold,

I hope and pray that every man,

If mineral lands are sold,
Will drop his shovel, pick and pan,
And leave the land of gold.

And leave the land of gold,
And leave the land of gold,
Will drop his shovel, pick and pan,
And leave the land of gold.

IN former years, eels were a staple commodity of food among the people of Derryfield, New Hampshire. A Down-East poet thus immortalizes the fact:

Our fathers treasured the slimy prize,
They loved the eels as their very eyes,
And of one 'tis said, with slander rife,
For a string of eels he sold his wife.

From the eels they formed their food in chief,
And eels were called the Derryfield beef,
And the marks of eels were so plain to trace,
That the children looked like eels in the face;
And before they walked it is well confirmed,
That the children never crept, but *squirmed*.

Such a mighty power did the squirmer wield
O'er the goodly men of old Derryfield—
It was often said that their only care,
And their only wish, and their only prayer,
For the present world, and the world to come,
Was a string of eels and a jug of rum.

He Ought to Know.

AIR—"Twilight Dews."

The man who never saw our land
 Knows more than we do *here* ;
 So hear him talk one moment, and
 I'll treat to lager beer.

He'd have a different mining rig
 From people now-a-days ;
 As others do *he* would not dig !
 But hear him what he says :

" I've heard them say t'was *all in luck*,
 But that's all very fine ;
 I'm satisfied—with diggings struck—
 They don't know how to mine.

" At first I'd try some *small* ravine,
 Take out an ounce a day.
 I'd show them there I weren't as green
 As some of them to-day.

" I know there's spots and places round
 Which never have been dug,
 And was I there they'd soon be found (?)
 And likewise many a slug !

" I'd eat no beans, but pies and cake,
 Avoid those thundering fools ;
 And should I go, I'd with me take
 A kit of mining tools.

“ I would not hang around saloons,
Nor wear those woolen shirts,
But ‘ galluses ’ with pantaloons,
Instead of saddle girts.

“ If people there were civilized,
I’d go and stop awhile ;
And he who’d by me be advised,
Like *me* would make a pile !

A Hoosier Judge.—A case was tried out West of a merchant suing a young man to recover the price of some clothing which he had furnished him. The debt was fairly proven, when the young man sought to evade its payment by pleading non-age. “ Jess Hawkins ! ” exclaimed the judge, “ you are an infernal rascal, you good-for-nothing sneak, you ! will you stand there and plead the baby act and cheat the man out of his money, after you’ve been convorting about the country with his goods ? Though the law may favor you, I won’t stand it. I’ll not give these big lawyers a chance to help you ; and if you don’t pay over the amount, my son Tom, thar, shall lick you quicker nor a streak of greased lightnin’, before you leave the court-room.” The counsel for the defendant remonstrated against this treatment of his client ; but a suggestion from the judge, that he would be the next victim of his son Tom, unless he was “ mighty kearful,” quieted him, and the young man actually paid over the amount in controversy.

Hangtown Gals.

AIR—"New York Gals."

Hangtown gals are plump and rosy,
 Hair in ringlets mighty cosy ;
 Painted cheeks and gassy bonnets ;
 Touch them and they'll sting like hornets.

Chorus.

Hangtown gals are lovely creatures,
 Think they'll marry Mormon preachers ;
 Heads thrown back to show their features—
 Ha, ha, ha ! Hangtown gals.

They're dreadful shy of forty-niners,
 Turn their noses up at miners ;
 Shocked to hear them say "gol darn it !"
 Try to blush, but cannot come it.

Chorus.—Hangtown gals are lovely creatures, &c.

They'll catch a neighbor's cat and beat it,
 Cut a bean in halves to eat it ;
 Promenade in silk and satin,
 Cannot talk, but murder Latin.

Chorus.—Hangtown gals are lovely creatures, &c.

On the streets they're always grinning ;
 Modestly they lift their linen ;
 Petticoats all trimmed with laces,
 Matching well their painted faces.

Chorus.—Hangtown gals are lovely creatures, &c.

To church they very seldom venture—
 Hoops so large they cannot enter ;
 Go it, gals, you're young and tender,
 Shun the pick and shovel gender.

Chorus.—Hangtown gals are lovely creatures, &c.

The Miner's Dream.

59

AIR—"Nelly Bly."

The miner when he goes to sleep, soon begins to snore ;
Dreams about his friends at home, whom he may see
no more ;

A lovely wife or sister dear he may have left behind ;
Perhaps a father old and gray, a mother good and kind.

Chorus.

Now will you, say will you, listen while I sing
A song that's called the miner's dream ?
'Twill joy and comfort bring.

His boyhood years return again, his heart is filled with
joy—

Is rolling hoops or playing ball as when he was a boy.
'Tis winter time—he's skating now, of which he was so
fond ;

'Tis summer now—he's swimming in the old familiar
pond !

Chorus.—Now will you, say will you, &c.

His boyhood days are past and gone, for now he is a
man—

Is going to California to try the pick and pan ;
Bright visions now of happiness are dancing o'er his
mind ;

Disturb him not, but let him dream so long as he's in-
clined.

Chorus.—Now will you, say will you, &c.

His mind is home among the fields of wheat and yellow
corn—

Sits down beneath an apple tree, all shady in the morn ;
But morning comes—and at his door a neighbor gently
knocks ;

He wakes, and finds himself in bed among the hills and
rocks.

Chorus.—Now will you, say will you, &c.

'Then Hurrah for Home.

AIR—"A Few Days."

I'm going home to stop awhile ;
 Farewell ! Farewell !
 Before I go we'll take a smile,
 Then hurrah for home !
 These banking thieves I will not trust,
 Farewell ! Farewell !
 But with me take my little dust,
 Then hurrah for home !

Oh, won't I have some high old times,
 Farewell ! Farewell !
 Telling yarns about the mines ?
 Then hurrah for home !
 I'll leave this world of rags and dirt,
 Farewell ! Farewell !
 And wear a plug and ruffle shirt !
 Then hurrah for home !

I'll put on airs like Harry Meiggs,
 Farewell ! Farewell !
 Live on oysters, ham and eggs,
 Then hurrah for home !
 I'll sink enough to pay my fare,
 Farewell ! Farewell !
 Return when tired of staying there,
 Then hurrah for home !

Chorus.

Although I like the diggings,
 Farewell ! Farewell !
 Although I like the diggings,
 I'm going to leave !
 For I can't always be with you,
 Farewell ! Farewell !
 For I can't always be with you,
 Then hurrah for home !

(Repeat.)

The Steam Navigation Thieves. 61

AIR—"Walk ye in."

The only legal swindle which the people cannot sever,
Is the steamboat imposition on the Sacramento river,
It would surely be a blessing if the company would
fail ;
Then should any other organize, ride them on a rail.

Chorus.

Remember now! remember now! remember what I
say ;
Keep your hands upon your money, or they'll rob you
on the way—
Keep your hands upon your money, or they'll rob you
on the way—
If you don't believe it, try it, either to or from the Bay.

They have robbed a world of people, still there's none
that say a word,
For if ever they were passengers, they'd be thrown
overboard ;
If they start an opposition, then eight out of every
nine
Will support the *imposition* of the combination line.

Chorus.—Remember now! remember now! &c.

When you start from Sacramento and get stuck upon
the sand,
All you have to do is jump ashore and foot it up by
land.
If the devil ever gets them, he will *Put* them every
soul,
In the lowest pits of purgatory, there to shovel coal.

Chorus.—Remember now! remember now! &c.

The Sensible Miner.

AIR—"The Irish Emigrant's Lament."

I'm mining in a dry ravine,
 That may not pay at all ;
 I've dug a long and fancy drain,
 To sluice through in the fall ;
 But should the rain hold off till late,
 And keep me in suspense,
 I'll write a line and tell dear Kate,
 My hide is on the fence.

When I have filled my pockets with "rocks,"
 I'll live an easy life ;
 I'll buy an Allen pepper-box,
 Likewise a bowie-knife.
 No man shall rob my camp at night,
 No, even he weighs a ton ;
 I'll show that miners are some on the fight,
 And a "right smart chance" on the run.

The money "*I'm looking for!*" troubles me now,
 And unless I should build a balloon,
 To send it safe home I've no idea how,
 No more than the man in the moon.
 'Twould never arrive should I send it by mail,
 For they'd steal it and spend it for beer,
 And sharpers would swindle me some way or fail,
 So I think I'll enjoy it here.

I've never done anything here I regret ;
 Hard work and I cannot agree ;
 Like other poor devils I'm hugely in debt ;
 But don't be alarmed about me—
 My debts will outlaw, and then I shall be free
 With the world, as I'll be when I quit ;
 Then dress and appear like a rich millionaire—
 Like Brigham, "I'll git up and git."

Mining Localities Peculiar to California.



Jim Crow Cañon,
Happy Valley,
Ground Hog's Glory,
Red Dog,
Hell's Delight,
Jackass Gulch,
Devil's Basin,
Bogus Thunder,
Ladies' Cañon,
Dead Wood,
Last Chance,
Miller's Defeat,
Gouge Eye,
Greenhorn Cañon,
Loafer Hill,
Puke Ravine,
Shanghai Hill,
Mad Cañon,
Plug-head Gulch,
Shirt-tail Cañon,
Guano Hill,
Slap Jack Bar,
Skunk Gulch,
Rattlesnake Bar,
Quack Hill,

Snow Point,
Wild Cat Bar,
Paradise,
Nary Red,
Dead Mule Cañon,
Blue-Belly Ravine,
Gas Hill,
Dead Man's Bar,
Wild Goose Flat,
Sluice Fork.
Ladies' Valley,
Brandy Flat,
Shinbone Peak,
Graveyard Cañon,
Gridiron Bar,
Seven-up Ravine,
Gospel Gulch,
Hen-Roost Camp,
Loafer's Retreat,
Chicken-Thief Flat,
Lousy Ravine,
Humpback Slide,
Hungry Camp,
Lazy Man's Cañon,
Swellhead Diggings.

Coon Hollow,
Murderer's Bar,
Whiskey Bar,
Pepper-Box Flat,
Poor Man's Creek,
Poverty Hill,
Nigger Hill,
Humbug Cañon,
Greasers' Camp,
Seventy-Six.
Bloomer Hill,
Christian Flat,
Piety Hill,
Grizzly Flat,
Rough and Ready,
Hog's Diggings,
Rat Trap Slide,
Ragtown,
Brandy Gulch,
Pike Hill,
Sugar-Loaf Hill,
Liberty Hill,
Port Wine,
Poker Flat,
Love-Letter Camp,

Mud Springs,
Logtown,
Cayote Hill,
Skinflint,
Git-up-and-git,
Poodletown,
American Hollow,
Gopher Flat,
Yankee Doodle,
Gold Hill,
Stud-Horse Cañon,
Horsetown,
Pancake Ravine,
Bob Ridley Flat,
Petticoat Slide,
Centipede Hollow,
One Eye,
Chucklehead Diggings,
Nutcake Camp,
Push-Coach Hill,
Mount Zion,
Seven-by-nine Valley,
Puppytown,
Barefoot Diggings,
Paint-Pot Hill.

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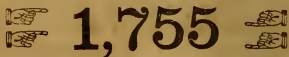
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