

# PLACERVILLE HERALD.

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PLACERVILLE, EL DORADO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 11, 1853.

NUMBER 7.

the Henpecked.  
ark as the midnight wave,  
like kindling fire,  
as sweet as the spirit's voice  
as the seraph's lyre.

sharp as a toasting fork,  
strong as a bear's;  
and she gouged my eye,  
and me down the stairs.

that is made of glass,  
a wig that's new;  
in corkstrew curls,  
clouded blue.

knuckles full in my face,  
up to my beard,  
stick over my head—  
all afraid.

ever to keep the peace,  
me a crab-tree case;  
I come, and the justice too,  
with me again.

sk is the linen cap,  
with in the patch;  
at the torch of love  
is a brimstone match!

approach of their game. On one occasion I had kept my station for some hours to no purpose, when I was induced to desert it, and to proceed into the woods which skirted the upper part of the clearing; but before I had proceeded far into the forest, I observed a large buck extended upon the earth with his throat much torn and lacerated; and although the blood was still oozing from the wounds, the poor creature was apparently quite dead. It was evidently the deed of some ravenous beast of prey, for had the animal been run down by the dogs of any other of the neighboring hunters, I must have heard their voices echoing from rock to rock, and from hill to hill. I carefully examined the various passages by which the destroyer might have retreated on my approaching the scene of slaughter, but I could discover no indications of any living creature being in the vicinity, for the surrounding forest was as silent as the tomb.

Considering the buck, therefore, as my lawful prize, and apprehending no danger in taking possession of him, I seized him by his noble antlers with the view of dragging him towards the cleared ground, a little further down the valley, when I intended to skin and quarter him, according to the practice of the hunters of the backwoods. I had proceeded but a short distance with my prize, for it was no easy matter to haul him along, when, stopping to rest for a few moments, and accident-

From the New York Tribune.

## The Railroad Massacre near Chicago.

ACCOUNT OF A PASSENGER.—Having been a passenger on the express train out of Chicago, Illinois, on the fatal eve of the 25th ultimo, it occurred to me (and afterwards was suggested by some one connected with the Tribune) that some of the numerous incidents of horrible and thrilling interest that fell under my own eye, in connection with the awful collision, might in some measure satisfy the public mind. And certain I am, that it will give a more truthful representation of the tragedy than has yet appeared in the eastern prints. Railroad corporations are marvelously ignorant of the details of such calamities, and exceedingly prone to give the best side of the picture to the public eye.—Would that they were equally gifted in preventing them: If, occasionally a lovely wife, blooming daughter or noble son of some of the managers or corporations of our railroads should be numbered with the crushed and mangled victims of their guilty recklessness, it would doubtless exert a most hallowed influence for the safety of the traveling public. We left the Rochester, Syracuse and Chicago Railroad for the great Southern Michigan Railroad about 9½ o'clock P. M., (being some two hours behind time,) about six miles out of Chicago, at a place known as the junction. Some of the officers on the fatal passenger train expressed their

Australia.

Mr. Wm. Howitt, the celebrated English author, now in Australia, in a letter to the London Times, gives a graphic, though not very encouraging, picture of his experience and observation in Australia. We make the following extract from his letter in which he gives an account of some of the discomforts of gold diggings:

"The season has been frightfully unhealthy, and the journey to the gold fields has been fatal to many. Thousands have been struck down by sickness, hundreds have already returned, cursing the parties who sent them one-sided statements of the gold fields and the climate; hundreds are still lying ill from the insidious influence of this fine, salubrious climate. In a letter just received from Melbourne, I hear that scarcely a soul there but has been ill, and all up the country it is the same.

Gentlemen who have been in India, China, and over the whole continent of Europe and America, say that this is the worst climate known. Without any apparent cause, people are everywhere attacked with dysentery, rheumatism, cramp and influenza. All this ought to be fully and fairly stated. One-sided statements are a dishonest procedure—a delusion, a mockery, and a snare. The little black fly of Australia is a perfect devil. The grass seeds in summer, which pierce your legs like needles, and actually run through them, are a perfect torment.