

Verily, this man *was* gifted with "gorgis abilities," and it is happiness to me to embalm the memory of their lustre in these columns. If it were not that the poet crop is unusually large and rank in California this year I would encourage you to continue writing, Simon Wheeler ; but, as it is, perhaps it might be too risky in you to enter against so much opposition.

"PROFESSIONAL BEGGAR."—No ; you are not obliged to take greenbacks at par.

"MELTON MOWBRAY," * *Dutch Flat*.—This correspondent sends a lot of doggerel, and says it has been regarded as very good in Dutch Flat. I give a specimen verse :—

"The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming with purple and gold ;
And the sheen of his spears was like stars on the sea ;
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee."

There, that will do. That may be very good Dutch Flat poetry, but it won't do in the metropolis. It is too smooth and blubbery ; it reads like buttermilk gurgling from a jug. What the people ought to have is something spirited--something like "Johnny Comes Marching Home." However, keep on practising, and you may succeed yet. There is genius in you, but too much blubber.

* This piece of pleasantry, published in a San Francisco paper, was mistaken by the country journals for seriousness, and many and loud were the denunciations of the ignorance of author and editor, in not knowing that the lines in question were "written by Byron."