

Wives let your husbands' stores alone, if they have not committed them to your charge. Husbands commit them to your wives that belongs to them, and never search their boxes, without their consent. I can boast of this. I have lived in the marriage relation near 30 years, and I never was the least to open my wife's chest without her consent except once, and that was to get out a likeness that I wanted on the instant, and she was at home to get it for me. That was the first time I ever opened a trunk in my life that belonged to my wife, or to my child.

The child's little chest with its contents is as sacred to him, as mine is to me. If this principle was strictly carried out by every man, woman and child among the Saints, it would make us a blessed people indeed. We should seek to preserve our neighbor's horse or ox from starving in the cold of winter; and if we saw any of his property in jeopardy, we should be as careful of it as if it were our own. Our object would be to save everything we can, both of our neighbor's and our own.

Let every man pay his just debts. The editor of the News has published a piece in the paper about owing no man anything. Read it, reflect upon, and practice it. I can owe everybody everything; that is one side of the matter, and to pay everybody is the other. I mean to owe every man a debt of gratitude.

I have perhaps spoken too long. I have given you all a text to preach upon, and to act upon in your lives; do it faithfully and it will do you good. May the Lord God of Israel bless you, and save you in his kingdom is my prayer: AMEN.

#### The Smithsonian Institute.

We know it is very easy to rail against any institution, and to gain a kind of clapnet popular applause, even when facts will not warrant it, by being sharp and severe in censuring; but we hope we shall never be guilty of seeking such orations. What we have to say therefore, respecting the above named Institution springs only from a desire to do good in presenting our views respecting its management.

It is our opinion that if Smithsonian were to rise from the dead, his first object would be to try and get the funds he bequeathed to our nation "for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men" removed from the guardianship of our government at Washington. Let us briefly recur to his bequest.

James Smithsonian, an eminent chemist, and natural son of the Duke of Northumberland, died in 1826, and in his will made the following bequest in the event of the death of his nephew and heir, "I then bequeath the whole of my property to the United States of America, to found at Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian Institution, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge."

In 1835 his nephew died, and in 1836 President Jackson selected Richard Rush, of Philadelphia, as the special agent of the United States to proceed to England and prosecute the bequest to its full recovery. This commission he faithfully and successfully executed, and on the first of September, 1838, he deposited in gold at the Philadelphia mint, the sum of \$303,318.16, being the proceeds then recovered of the bequest.

More than thirteen years have since passed away, and what has been done to carry out the will of this lover of our country. Considering the donor, and the nature of the bequest, our government should have executed the bequest of Smithsonian with sacred and religious scrupulousity. But this has not been done, nor has a decent approach yet been made to do so. Our Congress wrongfully invested the money in the bonds of a few States, which for a number of years did not pay a single cent of capital or interest.

For eight years after the money was obtained, not a stone was laid to found the Institution for which it was donated, and now, since the structure has been erected and the Institute organized by law, with guardians and officers appointed for its government, what has it done "for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men?" Nothing to what it should have done. It is true that it has an able secretary, Professor Henry, and if we had been called upon to name the most suitable man in our country for this office, he would have been the one we should have selected; but the Institution is faulty, we think, in management.

The object of Smithsonian was the increase and spread of the most useful knowledge among men—democratic knowledge—that which is elevating and beneficial, not that which involves mere learned curiosity—the only kind for which the Institution has been most distinguished. As Smithsonian was a chemist, he no doubt desired to see a knowledge of that science spread abroad among men.

What has the Smithsonian Institution done to promote the advancement of chemical knowledge among our people? Nothing. It was not until two weeks ago that we knew it had published any work on chemical science; this is a collection, a very useful one no doubt, but is composed mostly of extracts from foreign magazines. It has also published a number of abstract works on very unimportant subjects—which are of no general interest whatever. Everything connected with it seems to have been mismanaged; the building is a grim distasteful pile, not creditable to the taste of the architect; and twice as much money was spent to erect it, as honor, common sense, and the objects for which it was originally designed, required.

We believe that the will of Smithsonian could be carried out in the best manner to pay nine or ten eminent professors—men of scientific reputation—liberal salaries, for the purposes purely of making experiments, searching after knowledge, giving a certain number of free lectures each season, then publishing the results of their experiments every year, in a cheap form for diffusion among the people.

The American Academy of Arts and Sciences at Cambridge, Mass., a voluntary unendowed association, does ten times more for science every year than the Smithsonian Institution. This should not be, and as the latter Institute is national, we speak in the name of the people, and request Congress to do its duty with respect to the will of Smithsonian, and endeavor hereafter to carry out his bequest in a liberal and honorable manner.

The Smithsonian Institute has done a great deal of good since it was organized; this we cannot deny, we are glad to be able to say this, but it certainly should have done more, so far as it relates to popular useful science for the millions; that was the object of Smithsonian in making the bequest—he was a scientific democrat—or he, an English nobleman's son, never would have left his fortune to found such an Institution in republican America.—[Scientific American.]

#### American Steamboats on the Amazon River.

A letter addressed to the Boston "Traveler," dated Para, South America, December 22, 1853, gives an account of the trial trip of Dr. Whitmore's new steamers, designed to navigate the river Amazon. Some time ago he took a contract from the Peruvian government, to furnish two or more steamboats suitable for the navigation of the Amazon, a treaty having been made with Brazil with this end in view.

Dr. Whitmore came to New York, contracted for the boats and machinery, superintended their construction, had them taken to pieces and packed in a sailing vessel and shipped for the mouth of the Amazon, all at his own hazard. He then secured a sufficient number of competent mechanics to go out with him, to put the steamers together, and set up their machinery, and on the day of the date of the letter, the enterprise had been so far crowned with success, that the first of these little river boats had made its trip, and appeared off Para, some seventy miles from the mouth of the Amazon.

It was a gala day. The city was astir with joyful anticipations; and the little steamer was received with every demonstration of satisfaction. She was decked with flags, among which the stars and stripes were conspicuous, and bore a gladsome company, some two hundred persons.

#### Moldavia and Wallachia.

These two provinces of Turkey, now occupied by the Russian troops, and in the latter of which the war is now raging, have been before the theatre of hostilities between the two nations. Both provinces were occupied by the Russians in 1806 and in 1828. When the peace of 1812 was concluded between Turkey and Russia, the Sultan ceded to the Czar that portion of Moldavia lying to the east of the Pruth. No resistance was made to the Russian occupation of the provinces in 1828.

Wallachia, of which Bucharest is the capital, lies on the northern bank of the Danube. The population is said to be about a million. They call themselves Romans, but are a mixture of different breeds, Romans, Dacians, Goths, Scythians, and a smart sprinkling of gypsies. Their religion is Greek, and that language is spoken by the upper classes, and a corrupt Latin by most of the inhabitants. It is a fruitful country, but its rich soil and considerable mineral treasures are not possessed by a people capable of appreciating their advantages.

The southern portion of Wallachia, which is the seat of hostilities at the present, is a region of plains and valleys; the northern portion is mountainous.

Moldavia lies north of Wallachia, and has on its eastern border the river Pruth, by which it is separated from Russia. Its present population is estimated at about half a million, and its superficial extent, 12,000 square miles.

The inhabitants are attached to the Greek church; they speak the same corrupt language with the Wallachians, and like them claim to be Romans. Both people are of the same origin. Under the Romans, they formed the province of Dacia Transalpina. They have been often at war with each other, and have formed two independent States. Both provinces have suffered more from the Turks than they have from the Russians.

Moldavia became tributary to Turkey about the close of the fifteenth century, and Wallachia, in one thousand six hundred and forty-one, but both were allowed to retain their own princes, laws, and religion. They were often, however, plundered by the Turks, and in 1716 the Porte assumed the power of appointing the princes or hospodars, selling the dignity to mercenary Greeks, who made the best use of their opportunities to pillage the people.

A revolt, which occurred in Moldavia in 1821, was suppressed by the Turkish armies, who committed unparalleled atrocities.

Turkey evacuated the province upon the demand of Russia. By the treaty of Adrianople, in 1829, it was stipulated that the hospodars should be chosen by the nobles of the provinces from their own number, subject to the confirmation of the Porte; that the inhabitants should enjoy the free exercise of their religion, freedom of trade, and a separate administration, and that the yearly tribute to the Porte should be fixed at a certain sum, beyond which there were to be no further requisitions.

"If You're Coming, why don't you come along?"

So "Mose" was wont to say, aforetime, and it embodies "a good bit" of practical philosophy. Every now engine shrieks it—every new railroad is a record of it—every line of telegraph exemplifies it—every medium of advertising illustrates it. The saying originated in the "Bowers," may be, but it is destined to be a cosmopolitan. It began with individuals; it is going on with nations; it will end with the world.

"If you're coming, why don't you come along?" It is uttered in almost all tongues, in almost all lands. It has rung around Christendom; the iron bodiest of Progress has been left behind, with the torch and the faggot. It has sounded like a slogan through the political world, and the "old fogies" are among the baggage-wagons and wounded.

It has electrified the realm of literature; prose is becoming the living voice of humanity, and poetry, its echo. The old Romance press has given place to the cylinders whirled by the panting engine, and thought that moved at a funeral pace, now rushes on in a tremendous charge. "The Old Guard" and "Marion's men" were nothing to it.

"If you're coming, why don't you come along?" "Six paces to the front" is the word to everybody and everything that wants to be listened to or looked at. If you have anything to say, say it; if you have anything to do, do it; if you wish anybody to see something, show it. "If you're coming, why don't you come along?"

It used to take six men to make a pin; now one boy, a pull, a clip and two strokes, do the business.

Once, cradles rocked the grain for the garner; now, a whirlwind on wheels outs, threshes, and bags it in a breath.

Once, fathers and mothers had the precedence by a few years; now, babies with dolls, and beaux in pinfolds, distance "the old folks at home," and take up the cry of the world, "If you're coming, why don't you come along?"

Once, they crossed the Atlantic in a hundred days; now, let them exceed ten, and somebody hails them from land's end, and they heave in sight, "If you're coming, why don't you come along?"—[Tribune.]

#### A Strict Constructionist.

"I say Bill," said one of those shrewd, sharp, precocious urchins who out their teeth young, and become men long before their mothers do, "let's have a ride down Wilson street. The ice and snow is slippery, we can go it like a kite." "Take care Tom," replied Bill, the tempted, "the Stars are around, and they'll pull us sure." "Bless your silly soul, the Stars can't shine on us, no how. I've got a smooth plank shaved up at the end and there's no law agin ridin' down hill on that. It aint a handsleigh no how you can fix it, but it will go down the street like a knife." "All right, I see," said Bill, and away they went with their plank toward the top of the hill. Every body knows how slippery the streets were Monday. The rain came down slowly and steadily all the night before, freezing as it fell, and making the sidewalks and streets one glare of ice.

They planted their plank towards Broad-

way, and sitting on it, one behind the other, sticking their feet out on either side, like a pair of open tongs, started on their downward career. On they came like a locomotive running away, tearing and shooting down the street and cross Pearl like an arrow, and brought up in Broadway, under the very nose of a policeman, who seized Tom with his right hand and Bill with his left.

"Now," said he, "you young scamps you're in for it and no mistake, Squire Cole will put you up the spout for a month, sure."

"Squire Cole be blowed," replied Tom, jerking himself loose from the policeman, but not offering to run a way, "if you're got any warrant agin Bill or me just be kind enough to show it, and I'll go peaceable."

"I don't want no warrant," replied the officer, "I've catched you in the act."

"What act?" said Tom, innocently.

"Ridin' down hill on a handsleigh," replied the officer, "and that's agin the law."

"All right," said Tom, laying his thumb on his nose and extending his digits; "that's a handsleigh I suppose," pointing to the plank; "may be you can show me the runners, and beams, and the raves, and the roller, and the tongue, or the place to tie the rope to.—You see 'em all—I don't. That board is a handsleigh, of course it is!"

"It aint nothin else," responded Bill, "they keeps 'em for sale at the stores—boys buy 'em—only they don't."

"The officer was a little staggered. He had a copy of the city ordinance against riding down hill on handsleighs in his pocket, but not a word could be found in it about boards or planks."

"Look here my fine fellow," said Tom, to the officer, "you jist let go Bill's collar, or you'll wake snakes; we haint broke no law, and salt and batter's the word if you interfere with us. We've taken a lawyer's advice, we have, and your the fellow what's brakin the law. Now take us if you dare, my Cove, and we'll put you up the spout, and no mistake."

The officer was beaten. The cool impudence of the urchins overcame his courage and he walked away, and the strict constructionist shouldered his plank and marched for another course down the street, in spite of the law against riding down hill on a handsleigh.—[Alb. Rec.]

THE MORMONS AND POLYGYMY.—A new question is likely to arise in politics. "Shall the Mormons, with their Polygamy, be admitted into the Union?" We wish to commit ourselves in advance, and say yes, certainly, to be sure, why not? We have thirteen States now, in which Polygamy is practiced, and provided for by law. We have an administration whose chief business it is to defend, spread, and perpetuate the institution. Now, we like variety, and as these thirteen States have all one kind of polygamy, and the Mormons another, we want the Salt Lake folks, to make up a collection.

We have long been in national communion with a set of men who keep concubines and sell their children. We should like a specimen of those who educate and support all of their offspring.

To our mind a plurality of wives is decent and proper, compared to purchasing mistresses like sheep, as do our brethren of the South, or yet to licensing brothels and gaming and drinking houses, as do the "fathers" of our Eastern cities.

While men are sole legislators, they will provide for their own wives, and we think the Mormons have taken by far the most decent course. The present members of this confederacy have not been and are not so very circumspect in their own morals that they need be very prudish about their company.—[Saturday Visitor.]

Dr. Hooker, in the course of his "Himalayan Journals," just published, gives the following sketch of a pleasant excursion on the Nepalese Himalaya: Leeches swarmed in incredible profusion in the stream and damp grass, and among the bushes; they got into my hair, hung on my eyelids, and crawled upon my legs and down my back.—I repeatedly took upwards of a hundred from my legs, where the small ones used to collect in clusters on the instep; the sores which they produced were not healed for five months afterwards, and I retain the scars to the present day. Another pest is a small midge, or sand fly, which causes intolerable itching and subsequent irritation, and in this respect the most insufferable torment in Skikim; the minutest rent in one's clothes is detected by the acute sense of this insatiable blood-sucker, which is itself so small as to be barely visible without a microscope. We daily arrived at our campaigning ground streaming with blood, and mottled with the bites of peevish gnats, midges, and mosquitos, besides being infested with ticks.

How Friction Matches are Made. The first introduction of friction matches into the United States, was in the year 1836. They were, however, very different from those now in common use. They were called "unifers," and were at first exclusively as segar lighters. This match consisted of a preparation of phosphorus, upon a narrow strip of brown paper, saturated with saltpetre, and fire was obtained by drawing it briskly between two pieces of thick sandpaper. These matches did not blaze, but burned slowly like a fusee. Within a very short time after, such improvements were made as to render them capable of producing a flame, but as they were all imported from Europe, they were too expensive for general use, and the old tinder-box still held its own. Yankee ingenuity, however, soon set itself to work to discover how the important improvement in the means of obtaining fire could be made of general service, and it was not long before a shrewd Yankee, by the name of Phillips, took out a patent for the combination of chalk and other earthy substances, with glutin and phosphorus, in the preparation of matches. In a very short time, too, the mechanical skill of the country was taxed to produce such machinery as should be able to make an article destined for such universal use as rapidly and cheaply as possible. This resulted in the invention of various machines, all tending to the same result, and in less than a year after the first introduction of foreign lucifer matches, a better and more useful article was in general use throughout the country, at less than a third of the price at which the imported matches were sold.—The manufacture of matches now gives employment to a large number of persons in almost every city in the United States, and matches are exported from this country to the farthest ends of the earth.

The rapidity with which these useful articles are made is really astonishing, and the machinery among the most ingenious ever invented. Few who draw a match across some rough surface, and after obtaining a light, and forget the means that produced it, think that each match passes through no less than eight different hands before it is fit for use, or that a box which contains matches, passes through a like number of hands, so that sixteen different persons are employed in making up a box of matches. The wood used for matches was formerly obtained from old ship spars, but it was

found that the destruction of tools used in cutting it, from contact with the number of nails, spikes, &c, which these spars contained, made the use of this timber more expensive than new lumber, and consequently none but the best clear three inch white pine joist is now used. This is cut into blocks by a circular saw, each block being just twice the breadth of the length of a match. This block is placed in a box, beneath which is a set of knives which score the block, with the grain, the exact thickness of the match, while another knife passes through it and cuts off the sticks as they are scored. So rapidly does this machine work, that no less than twenty-two match sticks are cut by each revolution; two hundred revolutions are made in a minute, which amounts to 4,400 match sticks a minute, 264,000 an hour, 2,640,000 per working day of ten hours, and the immense number of 821,040,000 per year. The match sticks, as they are cut, fall into a trough below and are then carried into large bins where they are gathered, as it is called—that is, they are disengaged from the mass, in which they are collected, an operation which is performed by boys with great rapidity, and laid out in racks, which are measured to contain a certain number. They are then tied in round bundles and carried into another part of the building, where there are a large number of little children at work, some of them not more than five years of age. These children untie the bundles and place, by very quick manipulations, each match stick in a groove which keeps it isolated in what is called a "slat;" some dozen of these grooved "slats," filled with matches, are screwed together and form a "batch." From the sides of this batch the ends of the matches protrude about an inch. The "batches" are then carried by boys to a room where the ends are dipped in a brimstone vat. This vat is over a hot fire, and it requires some considerable experience on the part of the dipper to keep the hot brimstone always of the same depth, because if the brimstone should be too deep in the vat the sticks would receive too much of it, the fumes of which when the match should be burned would be extremely disagreeable. He first dips one side of the match, and then the other, when it is carried into another room, where it is again dipped into the phosphorus. This process is somewhat different. The preparation, which consists of chalk or Paris White, glue and other glutinous substances, mixed with phosphorus, is kept hot in a kettle, under which enough heat is kept to keep it fused. When the matches are to be dipped, the preparation of phosphorus is taken from the kettle and thinly spread over stones which are kept hot by means of steam pipes. The matches already dipped in the brimstone are now dipped into this to the depth of about an eighth of an inch, and are then placed in large racks to dry. The quickness of the drying process depends altogether upon the atmosphere. If it is damp they will not dry at all, and the whole building becomes enveloped in a thin vapor, with an exceedingly unpleasant odor, which comes from the phosphorus. When the atmosphere is not damp they dry in from three to eight hours sufficiently to admit of their being packed into boxes. The matches are first taken out of the grooved slats by boys, and placed in a little rack of the same size as those in which they were originally placed when gathered from the mass, and taken into another room, where a number of girls stand surrounded by thousands of match boxes and piles of matches. Before each trio is a knife, which operates perpendicularly, and is used for cutting the matches in two. The girl who stands immediately in front of this knife, with an acuity that long practice could alone give her, takes in her hand a bundle of matches from the rack; she puts her foot upon the trestle, descends and cuts the bundle in the middle.—Each of the severed ends is taken by the girl on each side of her, and put into the box, on which the cover is placed, and the box of matches is then thrown into a receptacle for them, from which they are taken to be packed in parcels of a gross each. The operation of filling the boxes is performed with great rapidity, and makes one wonder at the flexibility of the muscles and sinews of the human hand.—[Sunday Courier.]

A Railway under London. Among the bills which have just received the sanction of Parliament, there is one for the purpose of making a railway underground from the lower end of the Edgware road to King's Cross. The line will, for the most part, run beneath the New road. The estimated capital for the execution of the work is £300,000; and as a proof that the scheme can be completed for this sum, a responsible contractor has already offered to undertake the execution of it at considerably less than the amount we have specified. What is more, a party of the highest respectability has engaged to give a guarantee of six per cent, for the period of twenty years on the amount of the capital expended.—The length of this underground railway will be less than two miles and a half. There will be stations at very short distances—say, at every quarter of a mile; and it is intended that the charges shall be so moderate that the omnibuses running along the New road will not have a chance against their subterranean rival. The charges for the whole distance in the first class will be only 2d. Every carriage will be abundantly lighted. It is expected that the line will be in full operation in little more than twelve months.

Eruption of Vesuvius. AN AMERICAN KILLER.—Our foreign papers state that the eruption of Vesuvius, during the 2d week of February, 1854, was one of the most brilliant that has ever taken place. It continued for five days and nights, and illuminated the whole region as far off as the island of Capri, some 20 miles. The railroads out of Naples ran all night to carry persons who went out to witness the grand spectacle.

The emission of lava was so great that it flowed in a stream three miles wide and thirty feet deep to the distance of seven miles, on the side of the mountain opposite Naples. Thirty two houses, two churches, and an immense number of vineyards and farms were destroyed by the burning river.

An entirely new crater, it is said, has been formed, tho' we have as yet no scientific account of the phenomenon. It appears that the eruption was remarkably sudden, as none of the usual signs had preceded it. A letter states that the mountain literally reared with the efforts it made to disgorge itself. The noise was like the firing of cannon at sea, and at every discharge, there was thrown up a mass of lava and rocks, which at night looked like balls of fire. A guide, who was on the mountain at the time, says:—

"In the middle of the mountain towards Somma, in an instant, a grotto was formed full of stalactites of salt and marine salt. I was about to gather some portion of it when the grotto began to open as if under the influence of an earthquake, and as I fled I found that my clothes were buried upon my back. Had I not quickened my speed my life would have been sacrificed, for in the same moment there issued forth a current of lava forty paces in breadth—whence, as also from the crater, were thrown up bombs and lightnings. In ten minutes the lava had extended to the foot of Somma, forming a most wonderful and beautiful scene."—[Ex. by the O'x Mail Traveler.]

## DESERET NEWS.

A. Carrington, Editor.

THURSDAY, AUG. 24, 1854.

#### News! News of the World!

It is probable that some of our readers may have noticed an occasional shrinkage in the Summary columns. It is impossible to obviate this so long as our mail brings some half dozen or so of old exchange papers instead of two or three bushels direct from the lower world; for even an editor cannot evolve something from nothing, tho' they are often found trying to overcome that impossibility.

Again, our city is not fashionably prolific in duels, murders, assassinations, incendiarism, and the long catalogue of criminal statistics, and it never will be, so long as righteousness prevails in our midst as hitherto.

In noticing any that occur abroad, we shall omit the greater portion or all of the customary detail, for we are not so hard up for variety as to be willing to aid in printing out the method for crime, or enter for a vitiated taste.

A judicious Summary is an excellent plan for conveying much information in a small compass, and will be used when there is anything to sum from, which there doubtless will be in abundance, and of value, if we are fairly dealt by in mail matter, for which the prospect is now fluttering, both on the Eastern and Western routes.

#### The Nebraska-Kansas Bill.

We feel to congratulate ourselves, the Territories, and country at large on the passage of this Bill in its present shape, for it indicates that the majority in Congress are willing to allow inhabitants of Territories the same privileges in regulating their internal policy, as are allowed to those who live in States. And why not? This course will guarantee to each State and Territory the right to settle the slave, and other vexed questions, as each shall prefer, without troubling Congress, or any other power that has nothing to do with the matter.

#### Buried Alive!

In this city on the 21st inst., Brigham H. Young, son of Phinehas, and nephew of Governor Young, went down his well to get a bucket, and when at the water, the curbing gave way, and the loose earth behind followed it filling the well to within six or seven feet of the surface. A large number of persons soon collected, and, under the supervision of Mr. John Y. Green, and Capt. Hardy of the Police, with the severe and well applied labor of Mrs. Eliza Everett, L. N. Christensen, and others, for 3½ hours, removed the earth and stones to the surface of the water, a thickness of some 13 feet, and most fortunately succeeded in rescuing Mr. Young in a very weak and bruised condition, though not seriously injured. Dr. Sprague reports that he will probably be able to attend to his business in a few days.

As many of our wells are walled up, as this was, with more or less cobble stones, this accident should suggest the propriety of not venturing into them alone, or in a way that the sides will be disturbed by the feet or hands. It would also be prudent to wall up wells more securely, and where the bottom is in quicksand, to begin the wall on a strong circle of wood of a proper width, which would tend to prevent caving when a well is being cleaned.

#### Australian Mission.

On the 14th inst., Elder William Hyde arrived from his mission to Australia. He left here in the fall of '52, and after very diligent and successful labor in that field, was obliged to return on account of ill health, and his health is still poor.—Sixty Saints, the first fruits of that far off mission, accompanied him as far as San Bernardino, and thence they are awaiting further counsel. At Elder Hyde's earliest convenience, we shall be pleased to lay before our readers a detailed account of his missionary labors.

For the benefit of our readers, we shall always be pleased to publish the reports of our missionaries on their return, also letters from our Elders abroad, whenever they can find time to furnish them.

#### The Weather.

Though quite warm occasionally, has been unusually cool and showery thus far this summer, and on the evening of the 20th, a regular, old-fashioned States' rain storm commenced, and continued, with intervals, to the night of the 22nd.—At times the rain fell in torrents, and again in slight showers. Nine a.m. of the 23rd, cloudy and warm, with indications of more rain. The ground is saturated, though the streams have risen but little, owing to the dry state of the soil when the storm began.

#### Pah-van-tes.

Ka-no-she, a Corn Creek chief, and a few other Indians from Corn Creek, and the Sevier, visited Governor Young on the 21st. They came in to learn for themselves the existing feelings at head quarters, reporting that there were various rumors afloat, and they wished to know the truth on certain points. They were well pleased with their reception, and told the Governor that before the whites settled here, they were naked and often hungry, but now most of them were comparatively well clothed and fed.

Ka-no-she and another Pah-van-tes have watered and guarded twelve acres of excellent wheat, the ground having been plowed and sowed by persons from Fillmore. Several others of the tribe have, in like manner, raised more or less wheat and vegetables. If they secure their crops with as much care as they have raised them, which they promise to do, they will have nearly or quite enough to bread them until another harvest.

#### The Indians

Who are said to have killed the two boys, William and Warren Weeks, as noticed in our last, were brought to this City on the 21st, by some friendly Indians, and delivered to the United States Marshal, to be dealt with according to the testimony and the laws on that subject. We have not learned with certainty whether there were three or four alleged to have been concerned in the murder, but have understood they belong to a very small, isolated company, who will not make peace.

#### More Eastern Mail by OX TRAIN.

Twenty-two more sacks of old mail delivered at the Post Office in this city on the inst. This makes THIRTY-EIGHT sacks of eastern mail hauled through by oxen, and many more are still on the way by the speedy mode of conveyance, or laying by of Laramie, or entirely destroyed, we have yet no means of telling. When we find we will endeavor to give the right persons credit for such unjustifiable conduct.

The sacks were mostly filled with Congressional Documents which might have attracted some attention, had they arrived at seasonable date, but in this progressive age the owners of them, and wait patiently to receive information by mail before they are fully informed by newspaper rumor. Nearly all the newspapers were damp, mouldy, rubbed to pieces, dirt worn off, and having dates running back to April '54 to '52; truly an interesting method subscribers to receive the value of their money.

#### Latest News by the California Mail.

Summary to July 8th. [SACRAMENTO WEEKLY UNION.] It is reported by some packers that a man who had murdered his companion, was taken and hung on the Humboldt, on the 28th of July. [No names given.]

Grass was good on the Humboldt, but the same disease prevails among the stock on the same river that was so fatal last season.

The "Sink of the Humboldt" is said to have lately cut its way some thirty miles through the desert, and now empties into the "Sink of the San River."

We learn that some one has begun to farm on the south side of the Humboldt, and about miles below its source.

The Indians along that river are said to be stealing stock whenever they get a chance from the rumors which reach us, then a more white renegades than Indians engage in stock stealing. Look out for your horses, and when you kill a thief examine the color of his skin, each color may be fairly dealt by.

From January 1st to July 8th of the current year, 11,787 persons left San Francisco by sea, and 29,201 had arrived. Of those arriving, 4502 were females.

On Saturday night, July 1st, the Baptist meeting house at San Jose was entirely consumed by fire.

July 3rd, a fire in the town of Sonora burned 8 houses and one Mexican.

Smut is seriously damaging the wheat crop both in California, and Oregon.

Severe hail storm at Portland, Oregon, Mr. 25th. Douglas' Ranch, on Calaveras river, is infested by locusts.

At San Francisco, July 4th, the thermometer read 96 at 3 p.m., wind N. W.

[SAN FRANCISCO SUN.]

Yellow mustard is entirely too plenty in the grain fields of Santa Clara, San Jose, and other counties.

"During the past three months, murders, berce, anons, high-handed outrages, feuds, and squatter difficulties have reigned, almost supreme, so much so, indeed, as to compel citizens to band together for their own protection, and declare, contrary to all law, that themselves would administer the laws, rather unpleasant pediment for the glacial metropolis of the extreme west."

The news from the mines reports them still in a flourishing condition, though the reports of dust are not as heavy as heretofore, caused, as is alleged, by greater outlay in productions. [TIMES AND TRANSCRIPT.]

June 10th, Lieut Beckwith and party were at Lawrence's Meadows on the Humboldt. He succeeded in reaching that point from G. S. City in a much shorter time than it could have been done by traveling what is called the "Native route." Lieut B. reports this new route more practicable and direct than any other for emigrants, and was of the opinion that the distance between G. S. City and Oso Valley is thus shortened at least one hundred and fifty miles. The road is reported to be good, and grass and water plenty, and at convenient distances along the route. The ten heavily laden government wagons which passed could have doubtless made a plain trail.

[SAN BERNARDINO.]

Advices from that place represent cattle grain plenty, wheat at \$1.25 cents per bushel, cash scarce, and the general health good. Lieut Charles C. Rich intends ere long to start for this city, where he will probably spend the coming winter.

Since selecting the above items, we have been furnished with a copy of the Los Angeles Star of July 22nd, from which glean the following:

On the 9th of July the town of Minnesota, except three buildings, was burnt to the ground. Loss \$2,000. On the 10th, Columbia at the same rate. Loss \$500,000. On the 11th, three squares in the lower part of San Francisco were laid in ashes in three hours. Loss \$1,000. On the same day nine squares were burned in Sacramento; between four and five hundred buildings were destroyed, including the Court House. Loss estimated at one million dollars. Total, nearly two millions in the successive days.

[HARRAD.] At San Jose, Benicia, Marysville, Grass Valley, and Diamond Springs the incendiary has been at work, and there is do disguising the fact, that at present there are a band of desperadoes in our midst engaged in a systematic attempt to destroy our cities.