THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER. "FEARLESS AND FREE." TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOLUME XXII. GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVINING, JUNE 27, 1851. NUMBER 16.

BOOKS! BOOKS!

Classical, Theological, Literary & Miscellaneous.

S. H. BUEHLER

HAS just received a new supply of Goods from the City, and invites the attention of the public to his present stock of

Books and Stationery,

of every variety, constituting the largest and best assortment ever offered in this market—which will be sold, as usual, at the LOWEST RATES.

He has constantly on hand a large and full assortment of SCHOOL BOOKS and STATIONERY, Pen-knives, Gold Pens, Pencils, Letter Envelopes, Visiting Cards, Motto Wafers, with a variety of Fancy Articles, to which the attention of purchasers is invited.

The subscriber returns his acknowledgment for the long continued and liberal patronage extended to him, and thinks that, in the variety and excellence of his present assortment of Cheap Books and Stationery, will be found evidence of a determination to continue to merit that patronage.

☞ Arrangements have been made by which any Books not embraced in his assortment can be promptly ordered from the City.

May 23—tf

LOCUST GROVE STEAM MILL.

INASMUCH as the streams are now failing, the Farmers will please bear in mind that at this Establishment they can at all times have their grinding done on short notice and in the best manner. Persons from a distance, by waiting over night, can take with them their grain manufactured as desired. The building has been much enlarged, and a large quantity of grain can now be received.

☞ Patronize this establishment—it has been built at heavy expense, for the special convenience and accommodation of the neighborhood and surrounding country. GEO. ARNOLD.

Germany township, June 6—te

ANOTHER REVOLUTION.

We won't be beat in selling bargains!

LATEST ARRIVAL OF

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,

At the Cheap Store of A. B. KURTZ,

SOUTH-EAST CORNER OF CENTRE SQUARE.

THE subscriber announces to his numerous customers and others, that he has just received from the Eastern cities, the *largest, best and cheapest* assortment of

***Dry Goods, Groceries, and* QUEENSWARE,**

ever offered in this place. To test this he invites the attention of all who are desirous of purchasing, before calling else where.

☞ To his numerous customers, for the very liberal patronage bestowed, he returns his sincere thanks, and trusts that they will not forget to call and see his present unrivalled assortment.

April 18.—tf A. B. KURTZ.

NEW GOODS.

JUST FROM THE CITY.

J. L. SCHICK has just returned from the city of Philadelphia, with one of the largest & most beautiful assortments of

FANCY GOODS,

ever brought to this place; and his stock of

Ladies' Dress Goods,

is as varied as it is splendid, and he takes special pride in calling the attention of the Ladies of the town and country thereto.—His goods will compare in style, quality and variety with any that can be bought in the cities, and to prove this he only asks a call.

He has also laid in a very fine stock of **Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, &c.** which he feels confident will please all who examine.

His prices he has placed as low as possible, believing that "quick sales and small profits," is better for both buyer and seller.

April 4, 1851.—tf

REMOVAL.

ALEXANDER FRAZER

TAKES this method to return his thanks for the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed upon him, and to inform the public that he has removed his establishment to the room adjoining Middlecoff's Store, and opposite Christ's Church, on Chambersburg street, where he has on hand a very fine assortment of

CLOCKS AND WATCHES,

Jewelry, Spectacles, and every thing else in his line, and at such prices as cannot fail to please. His stock has recently been enlarged, and he asks all persons who may want Clocks, Watches, Spectacles, Ear-Rings, Finger Rings, Breast Pins, Watch Chains and Guards, Watch Keys, &c., &c., to give him a call.

Clocks and Watches REPAIRED as usual, at the shortest notice; also Spectacle Glasses changed.

Gettysburg, April 18, 1851—tf.

QUEENSWARE and GROCERIES of every variety and cheap at FARNESTOCK'S.

JUST received, a few more of those cheap Cloth Sack COATS, also, some new Cassimere PANTS, of every variety, at SAMSON'S.

April 25—tf

THE OLD FARMER'S ELEGY.

FROM THE KNICKERBOCKER.

On a green grassy knoll, by the banks of the brook
That so long and so often has watered his flock,
The old farmer rests in his long and last sleep,
While the waters a low, lisping lullaby keep;
He has ploughed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain,
No morn shall awake him to labor again.

The blue bird sings sweet on the gay maple bough,
It's warbling oft cheered him, while holding the plough,
And the robins above hop light on the mould,
For he fed them with crumbs when the season was cold;
He has ploughed his last furrow, he has reaped his last grain,
No morn shall awake him to labor again.

Yon tree that with fragrance is filling the air,
So rich with its blossoms, so thrifty and fair,
By his own hand was planted, and well did he say,
It would live when it's planter had mouldered away;
He has ploughed his last furrow, he has reaped his last grain,
No morn shall awake him to labor again.

There's the well that he dug, with the water so cold,
With its wet dripping bucket, so mossy and old,
No more from its depths by the patriarch drawn,
'For the pitcher is broken,"—the old man is gone!
He has ploughed his last furrow, he has reaped his last grain,
No morn shall awake him labor again.

'Twas a gloom-giving day when the old farmer died;
The stout-hearted mourned, the affectionate cried;
And the prayers of the just for his rest did ascend,
For they all lost a BROTHER, a MAN and a FRIEND;
He has ploughed his last furrow, he has reaped his last grain,
No morn shall awake him to labor again.

For upright and honest the old farmer was;
His God he revered, he respected his laws,
Though fameless he lived, he has gone where his worth
Will outshine, like pure gold, all the dross of this earth;
He has ploughed his last furrow, he has reaped his last grain,
No morn shall awake him to labor again.

THE MINIATURE.

A LYNCHING SCENE IN CALIFORNIA.

In the year 1849, during the hot month of August, I left Sacramento City, with a party of six, including myself, for the remote regions of Feather river. I had tried several of the rivers without much success, and as some friends whom I met in town, endeavored to convince me that this was the only true and legitimate spot where the "*pile*" could be made, I very willingly gave my consent to make one of their party.

We settled all the arrangements to our our satisfaction, and then bought provisions enough to last us for six months, hired a six mule team, packed our stuff on their backs, and, one afternoon, about six o'clock, took up our line of march for the above named place, distant about one hundred and fifty miles from Sacramento City. One among our company played on the bugle decently well, and as the soul inspiring notes rang out through the vallies, we all imagined ourselves worth, at the least calculation, fifty thousand dollars—or soon would be.

Alas! where are they, and their hopes and expectations, now? All but one have laid their bones in a strange land. Famine, disease and murder, have taken them, one by one, until I alone am left, a monument of God's mercy.

But I am digressing. Nothing worth noticing occurred on our route, and after four days' hard travel, we arrived, with blistered feet and aching bones; everybody unhappy, and every body as disagreeable as any six men could conveniently be.

After unloading the team, and taking a good bath in the clear, cold waters of the river, we pitched our tent, cooked our supper, and then, as men generally do, in such cases, felt better. All retired early and enjoyed a good night's sleep.

All went on smoothly for a week. We made the acquaintance of most of the miners at work in the neighborhood, and found them all to be pretty good fellows; their worst fault appeared to be drinking, but then they worked hard, and pleaded as an excuse that the climate was so bad that drinking was beneficial.

One morning just as the day was breaking, our accustomed hour for getting up to breakfast, we observed a large crowd gathering around the *store*, and curiosity getting the better of us, we started to see what the matter was, leaving one to cook the breakfast. As we drew near, I could see the tall form of Jones mingled with the crowd, and gesticulating violently.—I inquired of him what had brought so many together, thus early in the morning.

"Matter enough," he replied. "Here's that scoundrel of a Morgan stole no less than three thousand dollars from Dory, store keeper."

"Is he taken?" I asked, astonished at the robbery.

"Yes, we have him safe enough, and the money also," chuckled Jones.

After some inquiries, I found that about 2 o'clock in the morning, Dory was awakened by a slight noise inside of the tent. In an instant all was quiet, but thinking that everything was not right, he took his revolver from under his bed, and commenced a search about in the dark.—All at once his hand came in contact with a man's head.

"Who's this?" he asked, and received for an answer a tremenduous blow, which nearly stunned him, but instantly rallying he discharged his revolver repeatedly at a form that darted past him, and then followed as swiftly as possible in pursuit, shouting "stop thief!"

Some dozen or two turning out, gave chase, and succeeded in capturing Morgan, after a desperate resistance, in which he used his knife rather freely. About 60 yards from the store he had thrown away two buckskin bags that contained the dust, and that was safely delivered to the owner. They were now about forming a jury to try him for the robbery, and twelve Americans were accordingly chosen, with Jones as Judge. The trial was soon over, and the jury were not out more than half an hour before they returned, and pronounced him worthy of death, leaving it to the Judge to decide in what manner he should die.

"Well, boys, you have acted wisely and as I am a merciful man, I decide that at ten o'clock this forenoon, he be tied to a tree, and six of our best markemen load their rifles and have a crack at him, and may God have mercy on his soul. Mr. ——," Jones continued, "I appoint you, with as many assistants as you want, to see the law carried into effect."

I intimated to the honorable Judge that I should like to be excused from performing so disagreeable a duty, but with a savage look, he ordered me to "perform the task he had assigned me, and make no more words about it."

Morgan had had a fair trial. His guilt was too evident, and as he lay in the store with his feet and hands bound with strong cords, looking dirty and ragged, with the blood slowly drippling from his arm, where a ball had lodged from the revolver of Dory, I could not help pitying the poor wretch.

He must have read compassion in my face, for, making an effort to sit upright, in which he was not successful, he asked me for a drink of water. I instantly handed him some, and after drinking heartily, he appeared to feel relieved. I asked him if there was anything else I could do for him. He remained silent for a moment, and then said: "The Judge has appointed you to see that this sentence is carried into effect, has he not?"

"I am sorry to say that he has, Morgan," I answered.

"Well, never mind, I would rather it were you than some others, here. But I have a particular favor to ask of you. Perhaps you will laugh, and think it is a weakness, but I can't help it. Have you a Bible at your tent?"

I told him that I never traveled without one, and that I should be happy to read to him.

"Thank you," he said. "I have not looked into one for years, more shame to me; if I had followed its precepts, I should not have been here."

I left him and walked back to my tent. How I hated myself for the part that I had got to play in the murder, for I could call it no better. It was in vain I pondered plans to escape from my task. I could see no remedy, and the idea that I must assist in the execution almost drove me frantic.

It was now about nine. Morgan had one more hour to live. I went to the head of my bed, and taking my Bible, left for the store, where the prisoner was still confined. A large collection of people had assembled from the different *bars*, and were passing the time away in one or two drinks, to give them an appetite for the tragedy that was soon to be enacted.

"Make way for the sheriff," shouted one or two noisy fellows, as I endeavored to force my way into the presence of Morgan.

"Looks a blamed sight more like a minister. Don't you see his Bible?" said another.

I passed into the store, where I found Morgan seated on a box. He looked pale and thoughtful, but a smile illuminated his countenance when he saw that I had brought the book with me.

"I had almost given you up," he observed, as I seated myself by him.

I made no reply, but commenced reading a chapter in a low voice. In an instant every head was uncovered within hearing, and all was still within the store. Morgan listened with great attention, but by the time that I had finished the third chapter, the loud voice of Jones called out, "Time's up, bring out the prisoner."

I slowly closed my book, and arose.—Morgan also arose, and cut the cords that bound his feet and stepped to the entrance of the store. He was now very pale, whether from the loss of blood or anxiety, I do not know.

While I had been reading to him, they had been drawing lots on the outside, and six of the best marksmen on the river had the chance of shooting at the poor fellow. Their rifles were taken and loaded by a third party, two of them with nothing but powder, so that it should not be known who shot him.

We walked along with the prisoner, to the spot that had been chosen. It was a high plain just back of the store. I asked Morgan if he was ready.

"Cut these confounded cords and take my jacket off, so that I can stand up like a man," he answered.

I bound his hands, and commenced removing his jacket, when something fell to the ground. I stooped to pick it up, and found that it was a miniature. It represented a young and beautiful female, holding in her arms a young babe apparently only a few months old. The mother was looking at the child with such a look, as only a mother can give, while the child appeared to be making a playful effort to reach a ringlet of the hair, which fell in long curls about her neck. I looked up and asked, "Morgan, whose portrait is this?"

He then for the first time observed that I had it.

"That is the portrait of my wife and child, whom I left in New York," he said, and burst into tears. "Bury it with me, for it is all I have now."

I felt as though a good crying spell would do me good about that time, and if a drop fell upon her beautiful face, let me hope that it did not tarnish the bright color of the picture.

In the meantime a large crowd had assembled, and were gazing over my shoulder at the picture, with evident delight. I passed it round to them, and every one of those rough men appeared to have a spark of human feeling in their breasts, that only needed to be touched to produce good results. I had never made a speech in my life, but a new feeling seemed to flow through my veins. Springing upon a large log, I commenced a rumbling address. I alluded to his poor wife and infant child, their dependence on him for support; and the anxiety and sorrow they must feel should they never hear from him again. Before I had finished, I heard the loud voice of old Jones exclaiming,

"Darn it all, boys, let the felow go. I have got an old woman myself and half a dozen of children, I kinder guess how they would feel if I should pop off."

"Yes let him go," said a hat dozen of the most influential men on the river.

"Put it to vote, boys, put it to vote," said another.

"To vote it is then," said I, overjoyed at my success. "All those in avor of letting Morgan go will please signify it by saying yes."

"Yes! yes!" roared nearly every voice in the crowd.

I now turned to look at Morgan. He had sunk on his knees when the result of the vote had been declared, and I sincerely believe that he made a short acknowledgement to heaven for his wonderful preservation. He arose from his knees and taking my hand, he thanked me with tears in his eyes for the interest I had taken in his trial. I walked along with him towards my tent, and observed that it would be best for him to leave and go to some other mines at once.

"I shall leave to-night," he replied, "but there is one thing I should like to obtain from you, and that is your Bible."

"Willingly," I replied, "and may it do you as much good as it has mi."

I gave him some supper and when he arose to go, I put the Bible in his hand.—He squeezed my fingers, and then taking his wife's miniature out, he forced it on me, saying, "keep that to remember me by," and was gone before I could reply.

I have the miniature now. And each day when I gaze at it, a sweet smile seems to play upon the lovely countenance of the young bride, as though she thanked me for helping the partner of her bosom to escape from such an ignoble death.

As for Morgan, I never heard of him afterwards. Whether he is dead or alive, I cannot tell, and my object in writing this sketch, was to obtain, if possible, some tidings of him.

The President in a Lunatic Asylum.

A most affecting scene was witnessed at the Lunatic Asylum at Utica. On entering the Chapel where some two hundred of these unfortunates were quietly seated, the overseer introduced the President of the United States, when all rose, respectfully bowed, and resumed their seats. Each member of the party was then introduced by name, to the inmates, when the same ceremony was profoundly repeated. Dr. Maltby, a wise Lunatic, then arose and welcomed the President in a strain of graceful and touching eloquence that drew tears to every eye. He is a tall, thin, pale man, with penetrating eyes, a fine voice, and gestures belonging to the polite oratory of 'gentlemen of the school.' The President's reply was also very happy and affecting. So orderly and so well behaved a company surely has not greeted him in all his travels. In one of the female wards the whole party was individually introduced to an elegantly dressed, and most accomplished lady, the daughter of one of the most distinguished lawyers New York has ever produced. She had the right word ready for every one who addressed her, and presented the President with a sweet little boquet of her own arranging, in the most tasteful and graceful manner. We saw the same "act of presentation" performed a hundred times, but in no instance with such exquisite simplicity and grace, as marked the offering of this accomplished lady. She is about forty years of age; and in mentioning the names of some of the distinguished men she had entertained at her father's house, added,—"but for the last seven years I have been——very much out of the world."

There was a young girl in the Asylum, who also attracted much attention by her beauty of person and elegance of dress.—She did not appear to be over seventeen years of age, and there was not the slightest indication of lunacy, or even of "irregularity" about her. She stood in the door of her room which was adorned with flowers, gracefully acknowledging the bows of the visitors, though no one presumed to speak to her. She wore a beautiful wreath of peach and cherry blossoms in her dark hair, the only ornaments appropriate to her rare and touching beauty. Thinking of the "fair Ophelia" and the heart-broken "Bride of Lammermoor," and all the delicate feminine harpstrings that were ever broken by sorrow or sin, we left the beautiful Lunatic, and for hours afterwards, every sound seemed a moan, every breeze a sigh, and even the "drops of the morning" which glistened in the flowers, looked more like tears of sadness than gems of joy.—*New York Mirror.*

THE FOOL'S REPROOF.—There was a certain nobleman, says Bishop Hall, who kept a fool, to whom he one day gave a staff, with a charge to keep it until he should meet with one who was a greater fool than himself. Not many years after the nobleman fell sick, even unto death. The fool came to see him, and his sick lord said to him—

"I must shortly leave you."

"And whither art thou going?" said the fool.

"Into another world," replied his lordship.

"And when will you come again?—Within a month?!"

"No."

"Within a year?!"

"No."

"When then?"

"Never."

"Never?" said the fool, "and what provision hast thou made for thy entertainment, whither thou goest?"

"None at all."

"None!" said the fool, "none at all!—Here, take my staff, for with all my folly I'm not guilty of such as this."

"Hale," said a brother Senator to the New Hampshire man, "do you know what Cass says of you?"

"No!"

"He says you are a 'Granite goose.'"

"Just tell the General for me, will you, that he is a Michigander."

A Rich Story.

Some weeks ago there was a gathering of the alumni of Rockland College, Louisiana, when the following hitherto uncredited story was told. We are indebted for it to a correspondent of the New Orleans Delta:

A tall, awkward-looking chap, just from the green mountains of Vermont, came on board of one of the most spendid North River boats at Albany. His curiosity was amazingly excited at once, and he commenced "peeking," as he called it, into every nook and corner of the boat. The Captain's office, the engine room, the water closets, the barber's shop, all underwent his inspection in turn; and then he went on deck and stood in amazement at the lever beam, the chimney and the various "fixins," till at last he caught a glimpse of the bell. This was the crowning wonder, and he viewed it from every position, walked around it, got down on his knees and looked up into it, and exclaimed:—

"Wall, raly, this beats the bell on our meetin' house, a darned sight."

By this time the attention of the captain and several of the passengers was attracted to this genius.

"How much would you ask to let a feller ring this bell?"

"You may ring it for a dollar, sir," said the captain.

"Wall, it's a bargain, all fair and agreed, and no backing out."

"It's a bargain, sir," said the captain.

Our hero went deliberately and brought a seat and took hold of the bell-rope, and, having arranged everything to his satisfaction, commenced ringing slowly at first, and gradually faster and faster, till every body on board thought the boat was on fire, and rushed on deck screaming with alarm.

There stood the captain, and there sat the "Vairmonter," ringing away, first slow, and then fast, and then two or three taps at a time. The passengers began to expostulate; the captain said it was a bargain. But the passengers became urgent that the eternal clangor should be stopped. All the while there sat our hero, undisturbed, ringing away more ways than a cockney chime-ringer ever dreamed of.

At last the captain began to think it was time to stop the simpleton, but his answer was, "a fair bargain, and no backing out," and he rang away for dear life.

"Well," says the captain, "what will you take to stop?"

"Wall, captain, I guess I sheant lose nothing if I take five dollars and a *free passage* to New York, but not a darned cent less."

"Well, walk down to the office and get your money and passage ticket," said the captain.

INSANE WIT.—An insane woman, in one of our hospitals, became so unruly the other day that it was necessary to confine her in a room by herself. This was more easily said than done, however. It was not until she had mastered several of the attendants, that she was forcibly lifted up and carried by four of them towards the room. Finding herself overpowered, her whole demeanor instantly changed, and with a look of comic resignation she said—"Well, I'm better off than my master was. He was carried by *one ass, but I'm carried by four.*"

LEAD MINES.—A cave of lead was discovered about three miles from Dubuque, in Iowa, by a Mr. Thomas, about six months since. Since then about $28,000 of lead have been taken from it, most of which was lying loose in the cave. The supply is considered inexhaustible, and it is thought to be the richest deposit of mineral ever found in America, not excepting California.

A DECIDED TASTE FOR HANGING.—When the Governor of Indiana pardoned Bland, who was to be hung at Bloomfield, the crowd assembled to witness the execution gave him three groans, not because the pardon was unjust, but because they had been disappointed. It would appear from this that the taste which prevailed in Swift's day has not died away. His servant girl went a long way to see a man hung. She returned crying and deeply affected. In answer to the inquiry what had distressed her so much, she blubbered out, "I had all my walk for nothing—they pardoned the man!"

AN INSIDE POLITICAL HISTORY.—We learn from Washington, that Col. Benton, who is now in that city, is engaged in the preparation of a history of the working of the government, from the day he took his seat in the U. S. Senate, to the 4th of March last, a period of 31 consecutive years, during which he was a member of that body. Into that history he will doubtless incorporate sundry extracts from his speeches, some of which have been marked with extraordinary ability and research.

TO DESTROY RED ANTS.—As every house-keeper may not know how to get rid of these troublesome little intruders, I will state my experience. Place a piece of fat bacon, or a pan of grease or butter, near the place where they enter the kitchen or pantry. This will soon attract them together when they can be easily removed, or destroyed by a little hot water. Thousands may be destroyed in this way, in a few days.—*Ohio Cultivator.*

"Madam," said old Roger, to his boarding house keeper, "in primitive countries, beef is often the legal tender; but, madam," said he, emphatically, thrusting his fork into the steak, "all the laws in Christendom couldn't make this beef legally or physically tender." He looked around the board for encouragement, and found it in the fact that all the boarders who eat the beef held their jaws.

An honest Hibernian had come far to see Niagara; and while he gazed upon it, a friend asked him if it was not the most wonderful thing he ever seen, to which he replied:—"Niver a bit, mon—niver a bit. Sure its no wonder at all, at all, that the water should fall down there, for I'd like to know what could mather it?"

The Great San Francisco Fire.

Picture of the Fire—San Francisco Re-Building—Great Fire at Stockton.

We have received copies of the Francisco papers to the 12th ult., from which we extract the following additional particulars of the destructive conflagration at San Francisco:

PICTURE OF THE FIRE.

The editor of the Alta California gives the following vivid picture of the conflagration:

Iron and zinc curled up like scorched leaves, and sent forth their brilliant flames of green, blue and yellow tints, mingling with and modifying the great red tongues of fire which flashed upward from a thousand burning houses. The hill sides were lighted as if the sun were above the eastern mountains, and the trees, shrubs, herbage and houses were as distinguishable in the bright light as if it were noon.—Darkness hung over a large portion of the shipping, where the broad and heavy ocean of smoke lay down in impenetrable gloom over the bay. People became paralysed. Many removed their stocks of goods, or portions of them, four or five times, and had them overtaken and destroyed by the flames at last. The streets were crammed with masses of human beings and rushing teams, only giving way before the advance of the elements, as the smoke and heat and crashing walls pushed them back.

Men became mad; some rushed headlong into the flames. Weeping women and prattling infancy were wandering amid ashes and destruction. Every few moments the earth and air trembled, as great buildings were torn into fragments by explosions of gunpowder, and the atmosphere was filled with shattered timbers, brick and mortar. The multitude hung upon the borders of this "vast sea of flame;" few, comparatively, knew or could know what were the dangers and exertions of those who were within the range of the stifling smoke and scorching flame. In less than nine hours from the beginning, more than twenty squares existed only in memory, and the ascending columns of smoke and flame which covered the city's site.

But the saddest sight of all was the destruction of brave, but bewildered men, who, finding themselves suddenly surrounded with fire, rushed, staggered and uncertain, from flame to flame, in hopeless efforts to escape; until strangled and scorched they writhed and fell in full view of hundreds, who were completely powerless to save them. Others, after battling inside of what the had considered fire proofs, finding their efforts to save buildings vain, endeavored to escape, but too late. The doors and window blinds were red hot, and could not be opened in some instances, and their last chance of safety failed them.

We cannot express our sensations of yesterday, while looking upon the blackened remains of poor humanity, as they lay, burned to coals, amid the fire which filled the cellar of a building on Montgomery street, still beyond the reach of all who gazed upon them. May we never again see so horrible a spectacle.

We were furnished, yesterday, with the names of the six noble men, who were burned to death in their endeavors to save the store of Toffe & Cahill from destruction. Captain Welsh was recovered from the ruins and buried yesterday. The others are Messrs. Edward McCahill, Leon Greenabaum, Reuben Baker, Neubaum, and Rothensal.

SAN FRANCISCO RE-BUILDING.

The whole city is alive with workmen, engaged in re-building the burnt district. The Alta California gives the following astonishing instance of the recuperative energy of San Francisco:

From Monday, 5th inst., when the fire ceased, up to the present time May 14, an interval of ten days, 357 *buildings have been commenced, of which the major part are finished and occupied.* This is exclusive of the many that are going up in other parts of the city not touched by fire.—Including them, the total number of houses just completed, or in course of erection throughout the city, will not fall short of 450! Of course, from the rapidity with which they have been put up, most of them are frame, but still, in every instance in which a brick building was burned, either the walls still standing will be used in rebuilding, or where they are unfit, a new brick fire proof building will be erected in the place of the one destroyed.

James King, of Wm., was himself badly injured during the fire, but the contents of his house and the building itself escaped without being in the least harmed.—He is still carrying on his business at the old stand.

SUMMARY OF EVENTS.

The auriferous quartz mines are being rapidly developed. They have been discovered in all parts of the State, and had we not seen specimens of them the accounts of their richness would be absolutely incredible. They are undoubtedly destined to be a source of immense and lasting wealth to the State.

The political world is all alive, making preparations for the State and Congressional elections that are to take place in August.

Strict party lines have been drawn throughout the State. Delegates have been appointed by nearly every county to attend the Democratic State Convention to be held at Benicia on the 19th inst.

The Whig Convention for the nomination of State officers and Congressmen will be held in this city on the fourth Monday in May.

The Indian commissioners have succeeded in making treaties with the Indians in San Joaquin district. The United S. troops and volunteers are still in the field to protect the inhabitants.

An attack had been made within a few days by the Indians in the Sacramento Valley, upon the miners in the neighborhood of Placerville. Three or four whites had been killed.

On the morning of the 15th ult., the shock of an earthquake was felt at San Francisco, which lasted nearly a minute. No damage was known to have been done.

The Whigs have elected their entire tickets of council and town officers at Sacramento, with the exception of the Mayor.

THE CONFLAGRATION AT STOCKTON.

[From the Alta California.]

We have a Journal extra, giving an account of a most destructive fire at Stockton on the 7th inst. The following extract gives an idea of the extent of this sad calamity:

The fire originated in a new and beautiful house just opened under the name of Merchants' Hotel, formerly known as the branch, and beyond a doubt was the work of an incendiary. It is supposed that some miscreant intended by this diabolical means, to succeed in releasing the prisoners now confined in the county jail; but the purpose failed in its accomplishment, as the wind proved unpropitious, and turned the course of the devastating element upon more precious and costly fuel to satisfy its long slumbering rage.

From the point at which it originated, the fire swept up Levee st., prostrating Montgomery's stately auction establishment, the large and magnificent El Placer building, the El Dorado, Hotel de Mexico, Drs. Clement & Reine's drug store, Dickinson House, and all the buildings on those two central squares. From them it spread across to the Central House, and in three-quarters of an hour from the first alarm, our large three-story building was enveloped in flames. By the most strenuous exertions, we succeeded in saving our press and printing materials, though in a very damaged condition.

Every mercantile house on Levee st. except six; all on main st., all on Centre st., all on El Dorado st, except two; and all on Hunter, except three; compose the victims of this incendiary attempt.

A GOLDEN THOUGHT.—Nature will be reported. All things are engaged in writing their history. The planet, the pebble, goes attended by its shadow. The rolling cock leaves its scratches on the mountain, the river its channels in the soil, the animal its bones in the stratum, the fern and leaf their modest epitaph in the coal. The falling drop makes its sculpture in the sand or stone; not a foot steps into the snow, or along the ground, but prints in characters more or less lasting, a map of it march; every act of the man inscribes itself in the memories of his fellows, and in his own face. The air is full of sounds—the sky of tokens; the ground is all a memoranda and signatures, and every object is covered over with hints, which speak to the intelligent.—Emerson.

LESSON IN ARITHMETIC.—Teacher—"John, suppose I were to shoot at a mile with five birds on it, and kill three, how many would be left?"

John—"Three, sir."

Teacher—"No, two would be left, you ignoramus."

John—"No, there wouldn't, though—the three shot would be left, and the other two would be *fleed away!*"

Teacher—"Take your seat, John."

The Sheffield Independent states that the Mormons have determined on a great and systematic attempt to convert England to Mormonism. They are at this moment adding to their churches, by adult baptism, 400 disciples every month. So confident are they, that they propose to hold a great Mormon Conference in London, in the month of June.

"Digby, will you take some of this butter?" "Thank you, marm, I belong to the Temperance Society, and I can't take any thing strong."

"I cannot conceive, my love, what's the matter with my watch; I think it must want cleaning," was the exclamation of an indulgent husband to his better half, the other day.

"No, pa," said his petted little daughter, "I know it don't want cleaning, because baby and I washed it in the basin, ever so long, this morning."

A YOUNG lady at an examination in grammar, was asked why the noun "bachelor" was singular. She replied immediately, with much naivete, "Because it is very singular they don't get married."

A WAG has truly said, that if some men could come out of their coffins and read the inscriptions on their tombstones, they would think they had got into the wrong graves.

QUEER PUNISHMENT.—It is said that if a Turkish butchers sells bad meat, he is nailed by the ear to his own door post, from sunrise to sunset.

A little boy hearing his father say there is a time for all things, climbed up behind his mother's chair, and whispering in her ear, asked, "When is the proper time for hooking sugar out of the sugar bowl?"

The natives of Egypt carry their rice up and down the Nile in boats, stopping where flowers abound.

Flax is a native of Persia. Cotton is a native of India, and was first brought to the United States in 1789.

Cherub is a Hebrew word signifying knowledge. Seraph is likewise from the Hebrew, and means a flame.

Bells were invented by Paulinus, bishop of Nola, a city of Campain, about the year 400, A. D.

In 1800 there was not a railroad in the world. In America there are now 8,797 miles of railroad, costing $286,000,000. In England and on the Continent there are about 22,000 miles.

The editor of a newspaper out towards Lake Champlain, has discovered a way of keeping eggs from spoiling. His method is to *eat them while they are fresh*.—Bravo!

Without contentment there is no joy; without energy, there is no profit; no pleasure, no anything.