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Marysville Daily Herald, Number 6, 23 August 1850 — Untitled [ARTICLE]

LEADERS AND FOLLOWERS.—Our leader has gone to the "Bay." We follow *briefly*—no farther than the vestibule—until freely and fully permitted to enter the *sanctum sanctorum*. We don't wish to tread on any one's corns; and as a great many people up this way wear *tight boots*, we feel our way cautiously. Should we ignite a bunch or two of crackers during Mr. Taylor's absence, we don't intend, seriously, to hurt *any body*, though some "noise and confusion" may thereby be created. This is our "First Leader" in California.

GOLD.—We saw an old friend, last evening, from one of the forks of the Yuba, who exhibited a "long purse" of deer skin, containing nine hundred ounces of that, the love of which is said to be the root of all evil (how all do love that root!) which he had digged, with his own pickaxe and shovel, in two months. He thinks, now, that he will send for his family, and settle permanently in Yuba County. Many others in that vicinity, who have done well, intimate their intentions to do likewise.

MICHIGAN.—*Detroit Tribune*—Col. JONES, who passed through town yesterday, on the right way to El Dorado, chanced to cast the eye this way which he always keeps to windward—saw a shining, bald head—dismounted from his Canadian Poney, and gave us a hearty grip of his honest hand, which contained a copy of *Snow's Tribune*.—It did not *freeze* to us, though it adhered. We learn by it, that the wheat crop in Michigan, though somewhat injured by the open winter and absence of *Snow*, bids fair to give more than an average yield; that politics are about as usual;

that Gov. Barry still retains his bristles ; that Littlejohn's eyes are " in fine frenzy rolling ;" that "The Free Soiler," in Ionia County is still ringing his BELL and digging at his *ancient* enemies the Hunkers; that the State is irretrievably Loco; that the Whigs *mean* to carry it next time, as usual, if they can only get a fair *turn out* ; that Lansing is to be the permanent seat of government, including the mud, whiskey and mosquitoes ; that three honest men, who actually refused a bribe, were elected to the last Legislature ; that staves in Macomb are firm ; that Uncle Jake Summers is determined to go 'agin to the Senate' to raise and settle that *pint* of Order with Hon. Thomas Jefferson Drake; that Honest Jake will not consent to run again for Congress ; that Geo. C. Bates is not coming to California until after the expiration of Old Zack's present term ; and that Utica and Romeo Railroad stock is in great demand. Clear the track !

Direct your packages, hereafter, to MARYSVILLE, the only place in California.

— We are indebted to Macy & Co., Agents for Hawley & Co's Express, for a copy of "Solitaire's" Stockton Journal. Why, man, Taylor has sent you the Herald. Charge the failure to Uncle Sam, (with interest) or to me— whichever you think will pay best.— There ! I see two packages before me, which the Devil should have taken to the Post Office yesterday ! He is one of the Devil's unaccountable Devils, and, I fear, will go to the Devil, despite my efforts to save him. A link in that Chain Cable has been mislaid. Will find it and send the whole over. The Anchor is sure and steadfast. Who swallowed that 'Live Oyster ?'

— Somebody tried to burn San Francisco on Thursday night. Abortive.

" Take heed that ye do not your aims before men to be seen of them . . . When thou doest aims do not sound a trumpet before thee . . . But when thou doest aims let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." (Christ's Sermon on the Mountain.

[Christ's Sermon on the Mountain.]

A meeting was held on the Public Square, in front of the Covillaud House, on Wednesday evening, ostensibly for the relief of the suffering Overland Emigration. We were not present. Our Reporter says that Mr. Waldo was ; and that several truly eloquent, pathetic and taking speeches were made—but only one hundred and sixty dollars and twenty-five cents collected! The small size of our sheet, and the large size of our type precludes the publication of a full Report.

GOV. BURNETT, in a general, peculiar, but characteristic letter, addressed, through the *Pacific News*, to A. A. CALLEN, Esq., says that "the laws will be executed!" Would it not be better, Governor, to hang a few of the men who framed, and banish from the Halls of Legislation all who passed some of them?

N. B. We throw this out because, in the same letter, His Excellency condescends to say that he "is at all times, anxious and willing to receive advice or suggestions from the humblest individual in the State, if couched in decent and respectful language!" Have humble individuals any voice or agency in making Governors in California?

It is "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's," is the righteous injunction of the Divine Lawgiver, the Prince of Peace, the Great Pattern of Good. A decree has gone forth that all the people of California shall be taxed. Every good citizen should, and every honest man will comply with it, when called upon, by the proper authority to do so. The wheels of government require oil; and though some may be expended unnecessarily in the first experiment, the machinery will work well by and by. Pay your taxes, friends—keep the oil can filled.

There was a fearful gathering seen
On that eventful day;
And men were there who ne'er had been
The movers in a fray.

[Wetmore's Lexington.]

We learn by a Detroit paper of the 17th June, that the old steamer *LEXINGTON*

17th June, that the old steamer LEXINGTON, the oldest, we believe, on the Lakes, is a wreck on a rock near Port Washington. She was bound to Green Bay. The Lexington is the Boat which the Patriots forcibly chartered on the night of the 4th December, 1837, to cross the Detroit River and make the attack on Windsor. She was condemned then by Col. Prince, M. P., and a few on the American side. She has escaped confiscation and destruction, however, for nearly twelve years, and is now "foundered on a Rock." Some few in California will remember her.

LATEST AND MOST IMPORTANT FROM SAN FRANCISCO!—The editor of the *Pacific News* has ascertained where he can get a *cleanshaver*! Wonderful age this! And still the wonders grow! The Union is safe—California will be admitted—the taxes will all be paid—and—somebody will make a pile. What is the price of cement?

THOSE LAWS.—Are the Laws of California published and "reduced?" If so, when does our "*confrere*," the General, intend to trot or gallop them thitherward? We don't want the "*hombre*" set. The *Marysville Herald* is born, doubters to the contrary notwithstanding. It will tell eventually, laws or no laws. Take?

OWING.—The Great Apostle to the Gentiles says: "Owe no man anything." Are Friendship, Love and Truth—Faith, Hope, Charity—Duty to our Fellow-Men—no things? Will the Great Brotherhood reply?

VENUS.—The Editor of the *San Francisco Journal of Commerce* has fallen desperately in love with a French lady, who keeps a Restaurant, serves up vegetables right, and waits upon thirty men. He goes dead against all restrictions on foreigners.

What magic in lovely woman's eye!

N. B. He thinks it would not be a *Miss* to establish a daily paper in Stockton.

NOT DEAD.—We learn by the *Alta* of

the 18th, that Mr. Thomas Gihon, who it was reported, had been killed some two months ago, by the Indians, on the Klamath River, is now in San Francisco. He was severely wounded, but fortunately escaped the loss of life. He reports much gold that way.

✎ The following communication was unavoidably crowded out of our last issue. As it was 'Printers' "Saturday Night," we could not attend the meeting. We fully coincide with the spirit of the Resolutions passed, as reported by our correspondent.

Squatter Meeting.

MR. EDITOR:—

I attended, on Saturday evening, at the Court House, a Squatter Meeting. The house was filled to overflowing, and several speeches were made. J. T. McCARTY, Esq., addressed the meeting at some length, showing the necessity of agricultural pursuits, and the splendid adaptation of the bottom lands adjacent to Marysville, to such purposes; and contended that, as there had been no title shown to said lands, as a matter of course, the Squatters had a right to the occupancy thereof, until a title was proven. J. O. GOODWIN, Esq. then addressed the audience for a few minutes. Mr. G.'s remarks were rather non-committal; and a stranger might have been puzzled to tell which side of the question he had espoused. But to me, Mr. G. appeared to take a very lucid, common sense view of the matter. He wound up by telling the Squatters that they were incurring some risk, but that, in reality, there was but one thing about it, and that was, that if the proprietors of the ranche had a good title, they could easily show it; and if not, why then, as a matter of course, they had no earthly right to interfere with the Squatters.

The resolutions adopted by the meeting evinced a degree of coolness, moderation and good sense, which the Squatters below had not the good fortune to possess. They resolved it was *wrong* to settle upon city property, and therefore they discountenanced the prac-

therefore they discountenanced the practice of the same, as it conflicted seriously with the rights of third persons who had purchased for valuable considerations. They alluded, with sorrow, to the bloody strife of the ill-fated Sacramento; and, like men of integrity and sound judgment, declared that Marysville should not be the scene of human slaughter for the sake of a few town lots.

Yours, in great haste,

GLAUCUS.

Some of the papers below, insinuate that the "Gold Hunter" is the Boat on the Sacramento. If the owners would place her in charge of a civil Captain, a decent Clerk, and an accommodating Steward, who would employ subordinates fitted for their stations, the Boat itself might pass muster, and they make more money. Some men are odd enough, even in California, to object to insolence and impertinence in office. We travelled on that Boat once.

SUIT AGAINST MR. FORREST.—Mr Edwin Forrest has been held to bail in the sum of \$5,000, under an order of arrest issued by Justice Campbell, of the Superior Court, in an action for assault and battery, brought by N. P. Willis, in which the damages are laid at \$10,000.

Hope he will recover the full. The attack was characteristic of Forrest—brutal and cowardly.

"To attack a wearied man were shame."

"And there is music once a week
In Scudder's balcony." (Halleck's Fanny.

We have it every night in the vicinity of our office.

"Alas! poor Lucy Neal!
and how we do pity

"Old Rosin the Bow!"

Put him to bed. A few hours sleep will be refreshing. 'Stop dat knocking.'

IMMORAL.—We learn by the "Alta" of Tuesday, that a Juryman got drunk, while in the discharge of his functions. Hope the contagion did not extend to the Court, materially affect the witnesses, retard the progress of Justice, or

stagger the Editorial Fraternity.

JUDGES.—The Good Book tells us that the First Judge in Israel commanded the sun to stand still until he conquered, and that it obeyed him. Have all the Judges in California the same jurisdiction?

☞ One hundred mules, in one train, well packed at one store, passed by our office last evening, bound to the mines. Four or five trains, of from ten to thirty, went up in the morning. The mules speak for Marysville, and Marysville speaks for herself.

☞ When a Friend or Enemy requires aid, let him call.

SAN FRANCISCO ITEMS.—A man may get a night's lodging in the Station House, provided he talks snucy to Recorder Tilford, and has twenty dollars in his pocket. Can leave in the morning, "empty, swept and garnished."

Robert Mitchell, who had been on a visit to "Tom and Jerry," returned and stabbed Mr. Davis, a merchant there.

Some of the streets have been obstructed. The ever vigilant Police, aided by his Hon. "The Recorder," removed them *toot sweet*.

A man, (name mislaid) has been swindling somebody down there.—Brought before the Recorder; and was, by him promptly discharged—the Court having no jurisdiction in *such* matters.

The Ship Masters held a meeting on Saturday evening, and—*Resolved*, That "our sufferings *is* intolerable, and *cries* aloud for relief." *Matty* was absent.

A scoundrel robbed a poor widow of three hundred dollars, a quantity of sugar, a few potatoes and some pumpkins, in Happy Valley. Send him where we do cast-off type.

Help!—Gen. Winchester announces that he has, through Gregory, more cake than Ladies; and that Port Wine has had a fall. Lawyers, there, don't speak disrespectfully of one another in Open Court.

The Common Council refused to pay Mr. and Mrs. Pelton five hundred dollars — one months' salary for school teaching. We hope that honorable body will be *pelled heartily* for this Act, if for no other.

The Editor of *the Whig* organ in California, met with two cherished companions last Monday evening. The greeting was cordial. Crane says that Brinsmade knows something.

A man speculated to the tune of seven hundred, dug nine, squandered two cents for crackers and cigars, and streaked it back to Connecticut. For full particulars see *Evening Picayune*.

The Editors there have all witnessed Dr. Colyer's "Waxwork Show."

The *Journal of Commerce* man is down on Sunday.

Sound the trumpets...beat the drums...
For Judge M'Henry this way comes,

from New-Orleans. The *San Fran Herald* heralds the advent in a one column—*puff*. Who pays?

Gen. Winchester says that the Wedding Cake came 'round the Horn — Col. Nugent, that it crossed the Isthmus. They have both tried it, one way or another. Who shall be the umpire?

This is about all we can glean from our San Francisco files. Our intelligent readers will pardon us for the 'paucity.' Our 'pecuniary resources' are light.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE LADIES.—The Northerner brought, among other good things, *twenty-eight hundred pounds of Wedding Cake!* consigned to Gregory, the Express man. On the strength of it, the Editor of the *Pacific News* has sharpened his appetite for a fresh marriage. The General is a good looking man; and the ladies, who know him, coincide with us in this opinion. If Gregory will give us a taste, we will send him the remaining lock of our hair. Send up, Bald Head! Bears!!

Quiet reigns in Warsaw—Peace in Sacramento City—Order here. Brig. Gen. Winn says that Sacramento has a

"*united heart.*" Mayor Bigelow is slowly recovering. We hope to see him *stumping* it again, as in the olden time.

RULE OF THREE.—If wooden nutmegs, in the States, cost a penny a piece, how much will three hundred printed — subpoenas come to in California? *Judge ye.*

If *one* California Lawyer should amount to a *general issue*, how many Printers would it take to arrive at a *conclusion*?

REMEMBER!—To-night, Yuba City gathers, at the Western Hotel, "her Beauty and her Chivalry." Mount, in hot haste, your steeds! Away to Revelry!

COPPER.—The *Detroit Free Press* says, that the Copper Mines of Lake Superior pay will this year. Wish they would pay us a small deposit made there about four years ago.

IMPROVEMENT OF THE AGE.—A San Francisco Editor corrects an Error, into which, he says, he had *fallen*. Referred to Committee on Streets.