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Daily Alta California, Volume 1, Number 301, 29 November 1850 — SAN JOAQUIN INTELLIGENCE. [ARTICLE]

**SAN JOAQUIN INTELLIGENCE.**

FIFTEEN AMERICANS KILLED BY INDIANS.—From the *Stockton Journal* of Wednesday we learn that there has been a fight between the Indians and Americans, in the vicinity of Mokelumne Hill, in which fifteen of the latter were killed, and probably as many of the Indians. This news was confirmed in Stockton yesterday morning, we have been informed by a gentleman just from that place. The Indians are thought to be those driven from the upper Sacramento by the force under Col. Rogers. We hope and believe that the story has been exaggerated by those bringing it.

Numbers of new buildings are said to be in process of construction in Stockton, and business is flourishing.

Mr. John O'Neil, reported as having been killed by a fall from his horse, is recovering from his injuries.

EDGAR A. POE.—The memory of this talented and admired child of genius has been most virulently assailed by one whose own life should have taught him a little charity. The Rev. Rufus Wilton Griswold has written a memoir of the lamented poet, critic and satirist, in which his sole aim appears to have been to paint in the most vivid colors, all the vices into which he has fallen in the course of his most eventful career, and breathes not a word of his virtues. His principal cause of animosity appears to have been, that the unfortunate Poe had borrowed \$30 of him, and did not accord his peurile productions with that intense admiration the Reverend Rufus, in his own egotism and self-conceit, imagines he should have done. Graham, the editor of *Graham's Magazine*, in

his October No. gives the parson an awful scouring, and Nichols, of the N. Y Sunday Mercury, follows it up sharply. He concludes in the following just and richly deserved language.

" You rise from the reading of Dr. Griswold's memoir of Poe with feelings of anguish, of pity, and of sympathy for him, and of deep-rooted feelings of dislike and contempt for the literary Shylock and remorseless resurrectionist whom he made his literary executor in all the confidence of friendship and with all the faith of a poet. Dr. Rufus Wilmot Griswold, not content with dunning the dead body of the poet for his own paltry debt, makes himself a general collector, and exposes the fact—for what good end, in heaven's name?—that he was often a borrower. Altogether this memoir of Poe is the 'most contemptuous, insolent, petulant, selfish and brutal' that can be found in the English, or in any other language.

**THE MAILS.**—The great mails for the Atlantic States and Europe will close at the Post Office on Sunday afternoon, at 1 o'clock. A Letter Bag will be made up at this office, and at the Exchange News Rooms, both of which will remain open for the reception of letters and newspapers till half past 3 o'clock.

**THE REPUBLIC** sails this afternoon for Panama. A list of her passengers will be found under the appropriate head. She will leave Law's wharf at 3 o'clock, and takes nearly 400 passengers.

**SAILING OF THE OREGON.**—The U. S. Mail Steamer Oregon, Lieut. Patterson, commander, sails on Sunday afternoon.

**THE NEW WORLD.**—To Mr. Porter of this favorite steamer, we are under obligations for placing at our disposal, at 10 o'clock last evening, Sacramento papers.

**TODD & Co.'s EXPRESS.**—We are indebted to this efficient and obliging firm for Stockton papers.