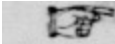
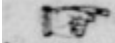


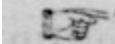
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 Harry Edwards, Esq., one of the Indian Agents, returned to this city on the *Southerner* yesterday, from Superintendent Beal's camp at Tejon Pass, which he left on the 17th inst. Beale gave a grand entertainment on the previous day, at which about three thousand Indians, from all parts of the mountains—including the four Creeks, and those residing the other side of the Sierra—feasted to their heart's content upon beef, rice, etc. At night all the tribes joined in a grand dance, which was kept up till nearly morning. The best feeling prevailed, and all appeared delighted at the prospect of going to work. Many of them brought their boys to work. Mr. Beale was running thirty plows, and has fifty by this time, worked entirely by Indians. He was sowing wheat, which completed, he intended to put in a crop of barley and corn, besides about three thousand acres in turnips, water melons, pumpkins, etc. The hills and mountains around were covered with snow, and yet the weather in the valley was delightful. The furrows are a mile long, each Indian boy making six rounds a day—ploughing twelve miles. The Indians were much pleased with the prospect of the coming crop, and promised to bring large accessions into the Reservation. Those already in, are permanent settlers. Next spring they all expect to build adobe houses.

S. F. Herald.

 I do not wish to say anything against the individual in question,' said a remarkably quiet man, 'but I would merely remark, in the language of the poet, that, to him, 'truth is strange, stranger than fiction.'

 The Sandwich Islands, twelve in number, contain six thousand one hundred square miles. Four of the islands are so rocky as to be uninhabitable.

SUMMONS