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John Mitchell, the exile, has invented a machine for type-setting, of remarkable simplicity and efficiency. Five of the machines have for several months been in successful operation at Trow's extensive establishment in Ann street. All the work of the published portion of Irving's Life of Washington, Bancroft's Miscellanies, and a number of other books, have been done upon them.

PRICE OF THROWING PAPER MISSILES.—
Mayor Van Ness fined David Newman \$15 or
ten days in the county jail, for the luxury of
throwing paper darts from the gallery of the
theatre at persons occupying the parquette and
dress circle.

GOV. FOOTE.—The State Journal suggests the propriety of Gov. Foote resigning his claims for U.S. Senatorship, and going in for the Presidency, as he would make an admirable Union candidate.

Quick Passage.—The clipper ship Hornet arrived in San Francisco, on the 12th inst., in 113 days from New York, her fourth passage, and the chickest this season.

Prolific.—The wife of Mr. Wm. Murdock, of San Francisco, presented her husband with three children a few days since—two girls and a boy.

Society at the Presbyterian Church, this evening, at 7 o'clock. A full attendance is desired.

The number of deaths in San Francisco, from the 3d to the 18th of Nov. amounts to 27—being six more than the week previous.

NOME LACKEE RESERVATION.—Col. Henley.

Indian Agent for California, who left the Reservation in Colusa county on Sunday morning, furnishes us with the subjoined items: There are now fifteen hundred Indians on the Reservation, which is superintended by Mr. Lovel, the Deputy Agent, Mr. Ford, having gone over to the Coast. Everything denotes business, activity and industry about the grounds, the Indians being assiduously engaged in hauling hay, sowing wheat, building houses, and preparing for the rainy season. The health of the Indians is good, and they appear contented and happy in their civilized home .-Sacramento Union. ENDURING BEAUTY BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY. The gose leaves all are scattered,

The rose leaves all are scattered,
They float upon the blast;
Ye may not gather them again,
Ye may not hold them fast.
The fily droops beside the stream,
And in the garden glade;
It had its time to smile and charm,
The time hath come to fade.

But there's a changeless beauty;
That bids both storm and frost:
That clings to winter's hoary crown,
When the forest glory's lost
It gathers riches, brilliance,
As flowers of earth decay;
The rose and lily of the soul,
That cannot fade away.

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