

The Sumter Banner

DEVOTED TO SOUTHERN RIGHTS, DEMOCRACY, NEWS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

WILLIAM LEWIS,
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"God—and our Native Land."

TERMS—\$2 IN ADVANCE

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TERMS.
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Destruction of the Acquisition in Spain.

In 1809, Col. Leljanowsky was attached to that part of Napoleon's army which was stationed in Madrid. "When in this city," said Col. L., "I used to speak freely among the people about the priests and Jesuits, and of the Inquisition." It had been decreed by the Emperor Napoleon that the Inquisition and Monasteries should be suppressed; but the decree, as some of the laws enacted in this country, was not yet executed. Months had passed away, but the prisons of the Inquisition were still unopened. One night about 10 or 11 o'clock, as Col. L. was walking the street of Madrid, two armed men sprang upon him from an alley, and made a furious attack. He instantly drew his sword, put himself in a position of defence, and while struggling with them, saw at a distance the lights of the paterals. French soldiers mounted, who carried lanterns, and rode through the streets of the city at all hours of the night, to preserve order. He called to them in French, and as they listened to his assistance, the assailants took to their heels and escaped, not, however, before he saw by their dress that they belonged to the guards of the Inquisition.

The Colonel went immediately to Marshal Soult, then Governor of Madrid, and told him what had taken place, and reminded him of the decree to suppress this institution. Marshal Soult replied that he might go and destroy it. Col. L. told him that his Regiment (the 9th of the Polish Lancers) was not sufficient for such a service, but if he would give him an additional regiment—the 117th, he would undertake the work. The 117th Regiment was under the command of Col. De Lile, who is now like Col. L., a minister of the Gospel, an pastor of an Evangelical church, in Marseilles France. The troops required were granted, and I proceeded (said Col. L.) to the Inquisition, which was situated about five miles from the city. It was surrounded by a wall of great strength, and defended by a company of soldiers. When we arrived at the walls, I addressed one of the sentinels, and summoned the holy fathers to surrender to the Imperial army, and open the gates of the Inquisition. The sentinel, who was standing on the wall, appeared to enter into conversation for a moment, with some one within, at the close of which he presented his musket and shot one of my men. This was the signal for attack, and I ordered my troops to fire upon those who appeared upon the walls.

"It was soon obvious that it was an unequal warfare. The walls of the Inquisition were covered with the soldiers of the holy office, there was also a breast-work upon the wall, behind which they but partially exposed themselves as they discharged their muskets. Our troops were in the open plain and exposed to a destructive fire. We had no cannon nor could we scale the walls, and the gates successfully resisted all attempts at forcing them. I could not retire and send for cannon to break through the walls without giving them time to lay a train to blow us up. I saw that it was necessary to change the mode of attack, and directed some trees to be cut down and trilled, to be used as battering rams. Two of these were taken up by detachments of men, as numerous as could work to advantage, and brought to bear upon the walls with all the power which they could exert, while the troops kept up a fire to protect them from the fire poured upon them from the walls. Presently the walls began to tremble, a breach was made, and the Imperial troops rushed into the Inquisition. Here we met with an incident which nothing but Jesuitical craftiness is equal to. The Inquisitor-general, followed by the father confessors in their priestly robes, all came out of their rooms as we were making our way into the interior of the Inquisition, and with long faces, and their arms crossed over their breasts, their fingers resting

on their shoulders, as though they had been deaf to all the noise of the attack and defence, and had just learned what was going on, they addressed themselves in the language of rebuke to their own soldiers, saying, "Why do you fight our friends the French?"

Their intention, no doubt, was to make us think that this defence was wholly unauthorized by them, hoping, if they could make us believe that they were friendly, they should have a better opportunity, in the confusion of the moment, to escape. Their artifice was too shallow, and did not succeed. I caused them to be placed under guard, and all the soldiers of the Inquisition to be secured as prisoners. We then proceeded to examine all the rooms of the stately edifice. We passed through roof after roof; found all perfectly in order, richly furnished with altars and crucifixes, and wax candles in abundance, but could discover no evidences of inequity being practiced there—nothing of those peculiar features which we expected to find in an Inquisition. We found splendid paintings, and a rich and extensive library. Here was beauty and splendor, and the most perfect order on which my eyes had ever rested. The architecture—the proportions were perfect. The ceiling and floors of wood were scored and highly polished. The marble pavements were arranged with a strict regard to order. There was everything to please the eye and gratify a cultivated taste; but where were those horrid instruments of torture of which we had been told, and where those dungeons in which human beings were said to be buried alive. We searched in vain. The holy fathers assured us that they had been buried; that we had seen all, and I was prepared to give up the search, convinced that this Inquisition was different from others of which I had heard.

"But Col. De Lile was not so ready as myself to relinquish our investigation, and said to me, 'Colonel, you are commanded to day and as you say, so it must be; but if you will be advised by me, let this marble floor be examined. Let water be brought, and poured upon it, and we will watch and see if there is any place through which it passes more freely than others.'" I replied to him, "Do as you please Colonel, and ordered water to be brought accordingly. The slabs of marble were large and beautifully polished. When the water had been poured over the floor, much to the dissatisfaction of the Inquisitors, a careful examination was made of every seam in the floor, to see if the water passed through. Presently Col. De Lile exclaimed that he had found it. By the side of these marble slabs the water passed through last, as though there was an opening beneath. All hands were now at work for further discovery; the officers with their swords, and the soldiers with their bayonets, seeking to clear out the seam and pry up the slab with all their might to break it, while the priest remonstrated against our desecrating their holy and beautiful house. While thus engaged, a soldier who was striking with the butt of his musket, struck a spring, and the marble slab flew up. Then the face of the Inquisitors grew pale as lead, when the handwriting appeared on the wall; they trembled all over. Beneath the marble slab, now partly up, there was a staircase. I stepped to the altar, and took from the candlestick one of the candles, four feet in length, which was burning, that I might explore the room below. As I was doing thus, I was arrested by one of the Inquisitors, who laid his hand gently on my arm, and with a very demure and sanctimonious look, said, "My son you must not take those lights with your bloody hands, they are holy." "Well," I said, "I will take a holy thing to shed light on iniquity; I will bear the responsibility; I took the candle, and proceeded down the staircase. As we reached the foot of the stairs we entered a large square room, which was called the Hall of Judgment. In the centre of it was a huge block, and a chain fastened to it. On this they had been accustomed to place the accused, chained to his seat. On one side of the room was an elevated seat, called the Throne of Judgment. This the Inquisitor General occupied, and on either side were seats less elevated, for the priestly fathers, while engaged in the solemn business of the Holy Inquisition.

"From this room we proceeded to the right, and obtained access to small cells, extending the entire length of the edifice; and here such sights were presented as we hope never to see again. "These cells were places of solitary confinement, where the wretched objects of inquisitorial hate were confined year after year, till death released them from their sufferings, and there their bodies were suffered to remain until they were entirely decayed, and

the rooms had become fit for others to occupy. To prevent this being offensive to those who occupied the Inquisition, there were flues or tubes extending to the open air, sufficiently capacious to carry off the odor. In these cells we found the remains of those who had paid the debt of nature; some of them had been dead apparently but a short time, while of others nothing remained but the bones, still chained to the floor of their dungeons. "In other cells we found living sufferers of both sexes, and of every age, from three score years and ten down to fourteen and fifteen years, all naked as when born into the world, and all in chains! Here were old men and aged women, who had been shut up for many years. Here, too, were the middle aged, and the young men, and the maiden of fourteen years old. The soldiers immediately went to work to release these captives from their chains, and took from their knapsacks their overcoats and other clothing, which they gave them to cover their nakedness. They were exceedingly anxious to bring them out to the light of day; but being aware of the danger I had food given them, and then brought them gradually to the light, as they were able to bear it.

"We then proceeded to explore another room on the left. Here we found the instruments of torture, of every kind which the ingenuity of men or devils could invent." Col. L. describes four of these horrid instruments: "The first was a machine by which the victim was secured, and then, beginning with the fingers, every point in the hands, arms, and body was broken, or drawn, one after another, until the sufferer died. The second was a box, in which the head and neck of the accused was so closely screwed that he could not move in any way. Over the box was a vessel, from which one drop of water a second fell upon the head of the victim, every successive drop falling precisely on the same place, which suspended the circulation in a few moments; and put the sufferer to the most excruciating agony. The third was an infernal machine, laid horizontally, to which the victim was bound; this instrument was then placed between two beams, in which were scores of knives, so fixed that, by turning the machine with a crank, the flesh of the sufferer was torn from his limbs in small pieces. The fourth surpassed the others in fiendish ingenuity. Its exterior was a beautiful woman, or large doll, richly dressed, with arms extended, ready to embrace its victim. Around her feet a scimitar was drawn. The victim who passed over this fatal mark touched a spring, which caused the diabolical engine to open, its arms clasped him, and a thousand knives cut him into as many pieces, in their deadly embrace."

Col. L. said that the sight of these engines of infernal cruelty kindled the rage of the soldiers to fury. They declared that every inquisitor and soldier of the Inquisition should be put to the torture. Their rage was unquenchable. Col. L. did not oppose them; they might have turned their arms against him, if he had attempted to arrest their work. They began with the holy fathers. The first they put to death in the machine for breaking joints. The torture of the inquisitor put to death by the dropping of water on his head was most excruciating. The poor man cried out in agony to be taken from the fatal machine. The Inquisitor general was brought before the infernal engine called "The Virgin." He begged to be excused. "No," said they "you have caused others to kiss her, and now you must do it." They interlocked their bayonets so as to form large forks, and with these pushed him over the deadly circle. The beautiful image instantly prepared for the embrace, clasped him in its arms, and he was cut into innumerable pieces. Col. L. said that he witnessed the torture of four of them; his heart sickened at the awful scene, and he left the soldiers to wreak their vengeance on the last guilty inmate of that prison-house of hell!

In the meantime it was reported to rough Madrid that the prisons of the Inquisition were broken open, and multitudes hastened to the fatal spot. And oh! what meeting was there! It was like a resurrection! About a hundred of those who had been buried for many years were now restored to life. There were fathers who found their long lost daughters; wives were restored to their husbands, sisters to their brothers, and parents to their children; and their were some that could recognize no friend among the multitude. The scene was such as no tongue can describe.

When the multitude had retired, Col. L. caused the library, paintings, furniture, etc., to be removed; and having sent to the city for a wagon load of powder, he deposited a large quantity in the vaults beneath the

building, and placed a slow match in connection with it. All withdrew to a distance, and in a few moments the assembled multitude beheld a most joyful sight. The walls and turrets of the massive structure rose majestically toward the heavens, impelled by the tremendous explosion, and then fell back to earth a heap of ruins!

Sweetened Drink.

In a small village in the Southern section of Missouri resides a certain Major, who keeps a small, cozy, comfortable little inn, famous for its sweetened drinks, as well as a jovial landlord; and a few of the surrounding farmers visit the neighborhood, without giving the major friendly call, to taste his "mixtur." The gay host, with jolly phiz, round persons, bright eye, and military air, deals out the rations, spiced with jokes, which if they are not funny, are at least laughed at, for the Major enjoys them so vastly himself that his auditors are forced to laugh, out of pure sympathy.

"A good old couple, who resided about six miles from the major's, for a long period, had been in the habit of visiting him once a month and as regularly went home, dreadfully sweetened with the favorite mixture; but of late, we learn, the amicable relations existing between the major and his old visitors have been broken off by green-eyed jealousy. On the last visit, good cause was given for an end being put to any more "sweet drinking."

"Uncle Merrill, how are you, any how?" was the major's greeting; and I declare if the missus aint with you, too—just as if he expected she wouldn't come. "What'll you take, missus? shall I sweeten you a little about the best Cincinnati rectified that ever was toted into these 'ere parts?"—it jest looks as bright as girl's eyes!" and here the major winked and looked so sweet there was no resisting, and she did take a little "sweetening."

"The hours flew merrily by, and evening found the old couple so overloaded with sweets, that it was with great difficulty they could be seated on the old gray mare, to return home; but after a many kind shake from the host, and just another drop of his 'sweetening' off they jugged see sawing side to side on the creaker, the old lady muttering her happiness, and the old man too full to find words to express himself.

"Such another nap as that Major," says she, "ain't nowhere—and such a mixtur' as he does make is temptin' to temperance lectures. He is an amazing nice man, and if anything he sweetens the last drop better than the first. Good gracious! what a pleasin' critter he is!"

"Ever and anon these encomiums on the major and his mixture broke from the old lady, until of a sudden, on passing a small rivulet, a jolt of the mare's silenced them, and the old man rode on a short distance in perfect quietness. At length he broke out with—

"Oh woman, you and that 'ere major's conduct, to day, war rather unbecomin'—his formalities war too sweet to be mistook, and you ain't gettin' that a gin in a hurry!"

"Silence was the only answer. "Oh, you're hully, are you?" continued the old man. "Well, I guess you can stay so till you give in, and be jugged in a silent jealous mood. On arriving at the farm, he called to his negro to lift the old woman off but, Sam, the nigger, stood gazing at him in silent astonishment.

"Lift her off, you sam, do you hear?"—and do it carefully, or some of her wrath'll bile out. In spite of the major's sweetenin' she's mad as thunder."

"Why, de lawd, massa, de ole man aint dar," replied Sam his eyes standing out of his countenance. "Jest turn round, massa, and satisfy yourself dat de ole man dar gone an' nissin—de lawd!"

"And sure enough on a minute examination by the old man, she was found missing." The major was charged at once with abduction, instant measure were taken for pursuit, and a party dispatched to scour the road. On proceeding two miles on the road to the major's they were suddenly halted at the small rivulet, by finding the missus with her head lying partly in the little stream, its waters laying in her lap, and her lips softly murmuring—"Not a drop more, major, unless its sweetened!"

A Curiosity.—A Paris correspondent of the New York Courier states that eggs and bones of a huge bird have been discovered in Madagascar, in the country of the Sakaves. In 1850, two eggs and some fragments of bones of a similar kind were sent to France and placed in the museum of natural history at the Jardin des Plantes. Captain Arnauld, of the French merchant service, has just

brought home two others of these eggs, and he declares that the Malagache assured him in the most positive manner, that an immense bird still exists in the interior of the island, and that it was able to carry off a cow. One of the two eggs now brought home contains nearly three pints more than those in the museum. How far these discoveries may go to verify the history of Sinbad the Sailor, the reader must judge.

King Richard III.
In the walls of the ancient house of Sir Edward Deiring, in the county of Kent, lately pulled down, and rebuilt, a latin manuscript was found, written by a bastard son of Richard III, not mentioned by any of our historians. The occasion of its being is as follows. The youth was privately educated in the country, at great expense, under the best masters in every science. The tuition answered the royal expectation.

The night before the fatal battle of Bosworth Field, the king sent for him, and he was privately conducted to his tent. The attendants being dismissed, he declared to him the grand secret—that he was his father, and presenting him with fifteen hundred pounds (a large sum in those days,) said, "Son, thou must await the issue of to-morrow;—if fortunate, I will acknowledge thee, and create thee Prince of Wales. If the battle goes against me, and I fall, forget what thou art, and live retired; that money will procure a maintenance."

The son withdrew to a place of secrecy and observation. The fatal day came—the battle ensued—Richard fell. His son immediately set off for the capital, and placed himself with a man of great eminence, being about sixteen years of age. The gracefulness of his person and behavior bespoke that parentage which however, he had the art and address to disguise and conceal. The master quickly discovered the genius of his apprentice, whose skill and judgment he relied upon in the nicest and most difficult parts of architecture.

Being engaged in some alterations and repairs in this ancient house, Richard's son was sent down to superintend the workmen, where his wit, not less than his ingenuity, was so engaging, that the owner of the seat retained him, and permitted him to build on his estate a little mansion to reside in. He lived some years in this retirement, devoted to reading and contemplation, in great repute for his learning, piety, and modesty, and during that period he wrote his life.

At the approach of death, he gave the manuscript to his patron, with a request not to read it till after his decease. He recovered, but soon after died, and the aforesaid manuscript (enclosed, as it is supposed by his friend within the wall,) was not known or discovered till so lately as 1787. It is now in the possession of the family of the Deirings.

Dodsley's Register.
How an Indian can Die.
A touching instance of this characteristic trait occurred at the late engagement between a small war party of the Chippewas and a greatly superior party of the Sioux, near Cedar Island Lake. The Chippewas, who were en route for a scalping foray upon the Sioux villages on the Minnesota, here fell into an ambush, and the first notices of danger that saluted their ears was a discharge of fire-arms from a thicket. Four of their number fell dead in their tracks. Another, named the War Cloud, a leading brave, had a leg broken by a bullet. His comrades were loth to leaving him, and while the assailants were reloading their guns, attempted to carry him along with them to where they could get the shelter of a thicket, a short distance in the rear. But he commanded them to leave him, telling them that he would show his enemies how a Chippewa could die. At his request, they seated him on a log, with his back leaning against a tree. He then commenced painting his face and singing his death song. As his enemies approached him, he only sang a louder and a livelier strain, and when several had gathered around him flourishing their scalping knives and screeching forth their demoniac yells of exultation not a look or a gesture manifested that he was even, aware of their presence. At length they seized him and tore the scalp from his head. Still seated with his back against a large tree, they commenced shooting their arrows into the trunk around his head, grazing his ears, neck, &c., until they literally pinned him fast without having touched a vital part. Yet our hero remained the same imperturbable stoic, continued to chant his defiant strain, and although one of the number flourished his reeking scalp before his eyes, still not a single expression of his countenance could be observed

to change. At last, one of the number approached him with a tomahawk, which, after a few unheeded flourishes, he buried in the captive's skull, who sank in death with the song still upon his lips. He had, indeed, succeeded well in teaching his enemies "how a Chippewa could die." A few days after they were taught how a Chippewa could be avenged.

Mickey Maloney.
Was rather a bad boy. He was much given to night brawling, and other gregarious pastimes. In one of these shindies, Mickey got, injured in the head with an axe-helve, and that so dangerously that his life was despaired of.

At the suggestion of Widdy Donnelly, Mickey sent for a priest to "prepare for a long journey."
"Mickey, you have been a very wicked man," said Father O'Toole after listening to a detail of Mr. Maloney's exploits—"so very wicked that it is almost a sin to grant you absolution. Have you never done a single good action?"
"Niver, your reverence—hold I did—I converted a Jew, the murderin' hathen."
"Converted a Jew—satisfy me that you did this and the church will no longer hesitate about discharging your enormities. How was it done my son?"
"Listen and I will tell you. Well, you see I and Larry Blake went a fishing once in the Mississippi, opposite New Orleans, and while we were seated in the boat a Jew makes his appearance in a skiff in front of us. We invited him to cast anchor, and he did so. He then got out bait and life and threw out for a bite, and by jabsbers he got one. A cat fish seized his line, and with such force as to jerk the hathen overboard. To save his life I plunged in after, and for a while it was pull cat-fish, pull Maloney. At last I got up to the old sinner and sassed him by the hair, just as he was going down for the third time."
"And what then did you do?"
"I asked him, says I, do you believe in the Virgin, and he said 'Moses forbid, I do not.' At that I poked him under the water again for the matter a minute or two, when I riz him up again and asked him, says I, do you believe in the Virgin, and he said, again 'Moses forbid, I do not,' and I dipped him under once more, and kept him there till he was as blue about the gills as an oyster, when I gave him another hist and asked him 'do you believe in the Virgin?' and he said 'Moses is wrong I doens.'"
"And what did you say then?"
"I replied, die penitent, you old thafe, and save your soul while the luck is on you; and suiting the action to the word, I just let go my hold to spit on my hand, and he went to the bottom like a stone."
Whether this sort of conversation secured Mickey absolution we cannot say until we see Bob Holmes, to whom we are indebted for Mickey's history.

Memory.—Whatever has once given us pain or pleasure is remembered long, and recurring to often as we pass down the journey of life to the grey hairs and solitudes of our last year.—Love has been to every one the source of both. Every one has treasured away on the sacred pages of memory a thousand little incidents, ever to be recalled in time, to which, as to some fascinating fiction, it returns, whenever a gloomy, or an idle, unsocial hour calls up the musing spirit—and turns the mind upon the past. Life, reviewed through the mist of by gone years, seems rather a curious wrought fiction, or a feverish dream, than a stern reality. We are surrounded by mementoes of the affection of friends, but these friends, themselves are gone. We remember the counsel of wisdom, the sage instructions of experience, by which our minds are formed, and a direction given to the current of our thoughts and habits, but the lips from whence they flowed have long been mute as the still valley where they lie mouldering. We have dined and sung with the gay and giddy, and been enraptured at the trilling voice and kindling eye of beauty, but we are alone. The visions have passed from us. In one grave, yârd, and another there are little hillocks, and white stones bearing remembered names, and this is all left to us.—But it is among the melancholy ruins of the past that we gather this richest store for the future. It is there we learn how very vain are earthly hopes—how fleeting earthly friends; how frail even the strongest chords of affection. It is there we learn to prepare for another state of being.

YANKEE.—We Americans have a strange mode of salutation. When a friend meets a friend in the street, he extends his hand and asks, "how do you do?" The other replies, "how do you do?" Then both apparently well satisfied, pass on.

The Power of the Mind.—The mind of man is celestial origin. When we reflect upon its character, its wonderful capacities, and the immense power which it exerts both for good and evil, we are lost in wonderful admiration. Its powers are boundless. It travels with the rapidity of lightning; passing instantaneously it flies around the earth, encircling the whole globe in a moment, and not content with viewing arbitrary objects, it still passes on annihilating space; it soars from star to star, as far as the Great Creator has spread his universe. When would it fain praise and reflect upon the Wisdom, Power, and Omnipotence of the author of all these beautiful planets, and long to investigate the various phenomena which they present to his observation. The vast intellectual power of the mind enables man to trace out the causes and effects of many of these, thus affording them a subject for thought and contemplation, in which they may feast and revel until they are lost in a labyrinth of doubt, conjectures and uncertainty. But before the mind can be qualified and capacitated to grasp mighty objects, solve intricate and complex problems, and trace effects to their causes, it is indispensably necessary that it should undergo a process, of education and self discipline, which shall enable it to concentrate its utmost powers upon a single object, and shut out from its vision all other subjects.

This intellectual faculty of man is susceptible of the greatest improvement and of being beautifully moulded by the refining influence of education and religion.

Every one should endeavor to store well his mind with useful knowledge that he may be prepared to act well his part in life. A mind thus stored is the best wealth a person can possess: earthly riches are transitory and uncertain, but this wealth no earthly power can take from him. And is not this worth making an effort to obtain? It will not only have a tendency to make us happy here, but if a right use be made of it, will fit us, to enjoy another and better state of being.

This is a principle that will last when earth is tried by fire, when all nature dies, when the mountains and hills totter and crumble to dust, when the heavens vanish like a scroll, and the stars are shaken and fall by the convulsions of the revelation morn.—It will expand and continue to grow brighter and brighter, through the infinite ages as it revolves in the spheres around the Eternal Throne.

A LITTLE HUSBAND AND A LITTLE WIFE.—The Sandusky Register is responsible for this: Two little children—a boy and a girl, aged four and three years respectively—were missed by their families, and search made every where for them, but in vain. The day passed, and considerable alarm existed. Persons were out in all directions, and the bell-ringer had been sent for, when, passing a thicket of bushes in the garden, the mother thought she heard low voices near. Pulling away the leaves, there were the trunks, with their night clothes on, locked in one another's arms, and very comfortably stowed away for the night. The precocious lovers were stirred from their nest, but the boy expressed the utmost indignation; for, said he, "the hired man had married me and sissy, and that bush house was his'n, and they were goin' to live there till it rained." The donment was so comical that it was concluded to let the babies be married until they had a falling out, which occurred the next day, and now they live apart—a separated man and wife.

FARMING IN CALIFORNIA.—Three years ago it was thought by most people that California would produce nothing but gold. Now it is known that it is the most productive country in the world, or can be made so. The trouble now is that we produce too much; things are too plenty, and as a natural consequence, too cheap. Potatoes would not pay for being carried to market. Barley was offered yesterday for sale at a cent per pound, and no one stood ready to buy. There are now one or two ships, loading with flour for Australia. Think of all this, when only two or three years ago many of these articles were worth from twenty to fifty cents per pound. Here is a change not beneficial in all cases to the producer, but showing clearly that with proper exertion California can sustain a dense population, and that time and labor only are required to give us all the advantages which elder sections of the country possess.

THIS PAGE CONTAINS