

# THE CALIFORNIA STAR.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY JULY 24, 1847.

**Deserting Seamen.**—The Fall season is fast approaching, the season of rough winds and dense fogs, yet the season of activity, bustle and life in seaport, and consequently the preferable of the four. The Autumn winds have fairly set in with their usual severity, and the past week, with the exception of an occasional hour or two of Summer weather, at morning, has been cold and unpleasant. A few weeks only, and the harbors of the California coast will be thronged with our Western Pacific whaling vessels, the comparatively deserted ports of our country coast, will be crowded with ships of all dimensions, and at once restore the animation and business aspect, lost in the dull, monotonous summer season of the year. San Francisco with her ten-fold advantages, will be the harbor to which the fleet will flock. Here can the adventurous whaler cast his anchor, and repose in security, with no "Soul" easters to "rise up and make him afraid," with ample room to float the shipping of the world, this bay is to form the grand attraction,—for where is its rival on the Pacific coast?

We do not remember of ever having mentioned the subject of desertion among seamen. We are not aware that the attention of our municipal authorities was ever called to the importance of taking measures for the apprehension of deserters from vessels, and if possible, prevent the evil. It is, perhaps, then necessary that our rulers should be reminded of the fact, a notorious one, that instead of a suppression of the vice, it receives encouragement, and every inducement held out to the crews of vessels to desert: and this desertion benefits no one, not even the deserter. He soon finds that he has entrusted his everything in the hands of dishonest men, that he is penniless, half clothed, and among strangers: too indifferently to seek employment, he retires to the interior country and there awaits the departure of his vessel, then comes forth and for a livelihood sets up a *pulperia*, or in connection with kindred spirits, engages in the establishment of a gambling den. To the ship-master, the loss of one man only, is attended with disabling effects, not only is it an inducement to the remainder of his crew to escape, but the vacancy cannot be supplied, and to prevent further desertion he leaves the coast; inwardly resolving to keep clear in future, of those harbors where seamen may desert with impunity.

And last, but in no wise least, let us see if the country is benefited by the addition of this sort of character in search of "liberty." It is altogether doubtful whether *pulperias*, or *doggeries* form valuable acquisitions to the settlement of the soil, but whether gambling houses are included among the *essentials* of a new country, for the propagation of civilization, is yet a matter of uncertainty, yet some still insist upon the practice being deleterious to the morals of a community, and exclaim, "Thrice happy that people who know not its prevalence!"

With these facts in view, let us hope that our town authorities will, at least, take the matter, of vital importance to our citizens, into consideration. It is highly discreditable and injurious to the welfare of our village, that no effort to recover runaway seamen, or what would be more effectual, to bring to punishment those inducing and aiding in desertion, should be made by our municipal officers. No sea captain will venture his vessel in a port of such notoriety, and naturally enough caution his brethren of the "brine" against "putting in there."

**The Indians again.**—Most deplorable accounts of alarming increase of hostilities among the Indian tribes of the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys, continue to reach us. By Capt. Sutter's launch, direct from New Helvetia, we have received letters of interest from our Sacramento correspondent, and intelligence of unusual excitement among the hitherto peaceful and friendly tribes of that valley. A recent arrival from the region of the San Joaquin, gives information of the exasperated tribes infesting that country, at best to be feared, but at present daring and in their depredations to be dreaded, having expelled the agent and murdered two of his party. We have not as yet heard the particulars of this outrage, but with the name of one of these victims to Indian barbarity we are familiar, Jas. Rock, of Pueblo de San Jose, an old resident in California, and a highly esteemed and respected citizen. Mr. Thompson, the agent, says our informant, escaped by flight, and arrived in a state of extreme destitution in the settlement.

From the valley of the Sacramento we have tidings of an outrage having been committed by the whites upon

a defenceless encampment of Indians, 60 miles north from New Helvetia. The particulars of this disgraceful act are set forth in the annexed extract from a letter written by a gentleman residing at the fort, to an officer of the Navy, who has kindly favored us with the perusal:—

NEW HELVETIA, July 10, 1847.

"Much excitement now prevails among the Indian tribes in the upper part of this valley, in consequence of outrages having been lately committed by a party of Spaniards joined by some recently foreigners. The facts, as well as I can learn, are these.

The said party started from Sonoma or vicinity, and proceeded up this valley about sixty miles above this place, to a tribe of friendly Indians. On going into the village, these Indians manifested the most friendly feelings, offering acorn bread, and other food. The Spaniards, after having partaken of their hospitality, commenced making prisoners of men, women and children, and in securing them, some ten or twelve were killed—shot by the Spaniards in attempting to escape. Thirty were secured principally women and children, tied together and driven to the settlements. Young children who were unable to proceed, were murdered on the road. In one instance, an infant was taken from its mother, and killed in her presence, and that too in the most brutal manner."

By the above it will be seen that the Indians, in this instance, are not the aggressors. That their recent acts of violence truly serves to illustrate the Indian disposition, and retaliatory of the inhuman treatment received at the hands of those who they were willing to treat as their friends. But while measures to arrest the threatening career of a revengeful people, should be immediately taken by our authorities, the villains who called forth their wrath should be hunted down and brought to justice. Is nothing to be done by those to whom we are told to look for protection? Shall the farmer lay aside the scythe and resume the rifle, or the frontier settler fly from his interior home to the sea-coast, and under the guns of the Navy seek protection from the knife and arrow of the savage? And on the other hand, and in the face of a Republican government, are the vices of the old Spanish regime to be revived, or in a word is the *curse and crime of slavery* to be brought among us? Our readers are well aware that we have repeatedly directed the attention of the authorities to the suppression of the frontier tribes of hostile Indians, and recorded outrage after outrage, trusting that our government would eventually act decisively, and prevent the recurrence of similar offences. Now we are again called upon to publish continued acts of violence, outrage, and with the agreeable assurance that this state of lawlessness must exist, from the fact that no effort has been yet made to suppress it. What wonder then, that the Indian should become emboldened, and pursue his thievish propensities to excess, when he can rob with ease and murder with impunity?

The sale of the Beach and Water Lots in front of the town, commenced, and advertised, on Tuesday last, and ended on the 10th day after. The sales were well attended, and the property commended high prices, beach lots at one hundred dollars, and averaging two, three, and four throughout. Of this sale we shall speak probably more in detail hereafter. We have no room just now for comment.

**How to restore Peace.**—Divers methods have been proposed to bring about an adjustment of affairs with Mexico. A correspondent of the *N. Y. Herald*, has hit upon the following plan, and submitted the same to the judgment of *Beauregard*:

"There is a way by which we may effect a speedy peace with Mexico. March to the capital—occupy it—occupy Vera Cruz—razee that castle—and in the halls of the Montezumas issue a pronouncement declaring Winfield Scott President *ad interim* of the Republica Mexicana.—Let him form a cabinet—submit overtures of peace—make a treaty with him acknowledging the independence of Mexico under certain restrictions, and having accomplished that important duty, he may return and run for the Presidency at home, leaving Old Zack on the lines to watch the Mexican."

The Bavarian government has just prohibited the sale of fulminating cotton. This article is placed in the same category as gunpowder, to sell which it is requisite to take out a special licence.

**COAL MINES IN THE PYRENEES.**—Cognat Castellane has caused different points in the Pyrenees to be examined, in the hopes of discovering veins of coal. After considerable expense his efforts have at length been crowned with success, and a vein of coal has been discovered by him in the commune of Orignac, in the district of Bagneres, which gives great hopes. The depth of the layer discovered is about ten feet English, and runs in a horizontal line in every direction, without it being able to ascertain to what extent. M. de Castellane has purchased part of the ground in which the mineral is embodied, and has demanded the cessation of the mine. The matter has been laid before the administration of the department of the Hautes-Pyrenees.

[Cal. Star's Sacramento Correspondent.]

"Camp Stockton"—The 4th at Nappa—Sacramento Valley—Crops—Oregon Emigration—The Fourth at the Fort—Gen. Kearny—The Weather—Indians—Schroeder Sacramento, &c. &c.

FORT SACRAMENTO, July 13, 1847.

Sir.—I left your city on the 2d ult., and arrived at Sonoma on the ensuing 3d, after a very disagreeable passage across the Bays in a whale boat. Early on the morning of the 4th, we were in the saddle for Nappa; a delightful ride of a few hours brought us to the camp of Commodore Stockton; the gallant Commodore was absent on a visit to the Pueblo Valley, all hands were busy making preparations for their trip to the States over the mountains. The camp was beautifully arranged; near the Commodore's tent the flag was flying, and I hope that flag may protect the camp until they arrive on the banks of the Missouri. The Bowery Boys would say, the Commodore is "doing up things brown," he allows no one to go over with him, unless under his pay. His tent is arranged very much after the style of the ancients, bedsteads, chairs, &c; the man in the *closet coat*, remarked that all those things would do very well in the "tent scene," on the Park Stage, but he doubted whether it would pay on the Sierra Nevada and Rocky Mountains, I am told this *passer* over the mountains, will cost the Commodore five thousands dollars.

At 12 o'clock, I walked over a beautiful prairie to the camp of our old friend George Yount, Esq. (you will please recollect this was the glorious Fourth of July, so frequently spoken of by poets,) this camp I can assure you entirely eclipsed the Commodore's; in a beautiful little cove surrounded by mountains, long tables were set under most splendid oak trees, groaning under the weight of all the "delicacies of the season," and very frequently a bottle of California wine. Settling and standing in groups under the beautiful oaks, were some one hundred and fifty beautiful ladies and well-dressed men, and all of them Anglo Americans much to my astonishment. In another part of the camp was a large number of native Californians, descendants of Red Jacket, or some one else, barbecuing several and sundry pigs, hogs, sheep, deer, elk, oxen, &c. [going the whole hog you will recollect Sir.] At two o'clock, the company sat down to the first Fourth of July dinner in California; in the centre of the table the ladies (God bless them,) had placed a large cake which supported a beautiful silken "Star Spangled Banner;" it was one of the most agreeable pick nick parties I ever had the pleasure of attending, Hoboken and Hudson River, not excepted. This dinner was given at the expense of Gen. Yount, Esq., and most beautifully got up by the ladies of Napa Valley.

Early on the morning of the 5th I again took the saddle for the great Sacramento, and on the seventh arrived at the Fort. As comparison is generally considered odious, I will not speak of the great superiority of this extensive and beautiful valley over every other part of California. What will the farmer of the New England States think when I inform him that one farmer in this valley cuts two thousand acres of wheat this year, which if carefully harvested will yield over forty thousand bushels of the best wheat on the globe? Our little ten acre western farmer would say, that it was decidedly a large "crop;" and the most of this enormous crop is cut with the sickle by the wild Indian; some half a dozen of the tame Indians have this season been taught the use of the cradle, and use it as well as the white men of the East.

On my way up I met the Oregon emigration, consisting of 80 odd souls on horseback, they inform me that the past season in Oregon has been very unfavorable for the farmer, and that there will be hardly wheat enough raised in that country for home consumption. In this party I found several that had left California for Oregon some year or two since, and had returned to live here perfectly satisfied; among others was a Mr. Keyes, who was induced to write and publish June 19, 1846, to induce emigrants for California to turn to Oregon, a letter, a copy of which you will find in your file No. 8, in which among other things, he says, "I have seen enough of Oregon to perceive that it is the best grazing country of the two, and for agriculture they want compare," he has returned to California to reside—"nuff said."

A National salute was fired from the bastions of this fort on the Fourth of July in honor of the day. General Kearny arrived at this fort on the thirteenth of June, and was saluted with the big guns by Lieut. Anderson, of the New York Legion, in command of the garrison. Gen. Kearny and suite arrived at the fort with Capt. Sutter on the 14th, he moved camp for the United States, on the 16th of June, Capt. Sutter and the gentlemen of the fort