

## CALIFORNIA GOSSIP.

### Wars and Rumors of Wars—Fenianism Hon. Anson Burlingame—Representative Cole—A Mint in China, &c.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, June 9, 1866.

Wars and rumors of wars, panics, and a general disturbance politically and financial, is the burden of our meagre telegraphic dispatches from the East. The wires (or the somebodies who control them) have cut up all sorts of antics. They are up, and then down, at most convenient seasons for those who don't know how to grope in the dark; that is, the public are in the dark; but people there are who are malicious enough to say that certain parties get a little telegraphic light and have learned by long practice to read very clearly by the aid of electricity, and can see gold quotations several hours sooner than outsiders, and by instinct seem to know when to buy and sell greenbacks, and when the wires are reported down and no private individuals can get any messages through. There are whisperings around among a chosen few of certain important items, such as heavy English failures, &c. The rumor of the failure of the Bank of London certainly came very gently, and was whispered very softly before the public knew it—that is, it is so charged. Of course there are always people to say mean things, and don't always mean what they say; but, as Capt. BRADBURY says, you can't prove it by me, for your modest correspondent is one of those unsophisticated individuals who believe Presidents, superintendents and operators in telegraph offices to be selected particularly for their honesty, integrity and good moral characters, and are, therefore, without reproach. That wires will tell tales, and some people make money thereby, is no fault of theirs, of course. They have eyes, but they see not, and ears that—are mighty sharp. I don't say anything, am not going to; but the wires have behaved very peculiarly the last ten days, and while there have been few or no quotations of gold, the emerald-hued currency of this great Government has seemed possessed of a spirit of great uneasiness, and has been busy circulating very freely—as the money articles say, "changed hands." I think the only thing for the officers of the Overland Telegraph Company to do, is to take me into camp with them, and thus enable me to deny the soft impeachment from personal observation and knowledge of what isn't so.

The Fenian war is being fought over in every corner grog-shop in town; and if the invaders only had been blessed with a few valiant recruits from this quarter, something would have been taken—either Canada or a pocket-book or two. A great deal of military experience and advice has been offered, and a great deal of whisky drank over the question, which seems to be an unusually thirsty one—almost as bad as a city election.

HON. ANSON BURLINGAME and suite, and Gen. VAN VALKENBERG and attaches, sailed on Monday morning last in the clipper-bark *Swallow* for Kanagawa. They touch at the Sandwich Islands for a few days, and then proceed to Kanagawa, where Gen. VAN VALKENBERG lands, and Mr. BURLINGAME proceeds to Shanghai, where he debarks and starts on his long journey to Peking. While here, Mr. BURLINGAME went everywhere and saw everything, and became personally a very popular man. He purchased a fine tract of land about 20 miles from the city, on the line of the San José Railroad, consisting of a thousand acres, which he proposes to lay out in five-acre country seats, reserving a splendid site for himself, and the height of his ambition seems to be to return here and become one of us. The opening for a new man of his well-known soundness is splendid, and I prophecy a brilliant future for such a one. Our old politicians are worn threadbare, and we are precious tired of them; some of them never will see day-light again, and they had better make the most of their time.

Of our newly-elected representatives in Congress the State expects much. Mr. COLE has proved himself a good man to "tie to," as they say in the West, and Mr. McKUEN is fast winning popularity. His action in regard to the several bills affecting so vitally the interests of the people of California has made him many friends. We have a dispatch relative to the Suscol Rancho which nobody can make anything out of, the wording being, obscure, and both sides claim the victory. Our representatives are expected to take care of that little bill that proposes to settle all our mining disputes by quietly bagging the whole concern, and selling them out to pay the National debt. I fear the National debt would not be very greatly reduced; it would simply ruin thousands of hard-working men who have toiled for years, sometimes against hope, and by perseverance and desperate energy have developed their "claims" only to lose them and their years of toil and labor. Such men are not likely to go out of office quietly, and I had rather not be a purchaser under the provisions of that bill, or, if I was, should immediately get insured against accidents, and have my policy read very clearly on the question of cold lead. The miners of California are very peaceable men, unless imposed upon, and then they are not safe to handle. There will be some very lively times when the railroad companies undertake to claim some of their quarter sections, taking in some of the most valuable mines in California. Some of the provisions of those bills must have been read hastily, and passed thoughtlessly and without due consideration for the interests of the settlers and best people of the State.

Very rich discoveries of quartz and copper have been made recently on the line of the Central Pacific Railroad, and I saw yesterday an assay of quartz that came from a vein within two miles of the line that assayed \$1,600 per ton in gold alone. The work on this road is being pushed rapidly. Superintendent CROCKER writes that by the Fall of 1867 he will take passengers to the Truckee Meadows, nearly two hundred miles through the Sierra Nevada mountains. They are driving the work bravely, and are now working between nine and ten thousand men and a thousand horses, and they make short work of the much dreaded, never-to-be-overcome, frowning summits of the Sierra Nevadas. Man is a great animal, especially if you associate the horse with him; combined, they work wonders indeed. They both require oats; the one the cereal, and the other takes them in a metallic form, and when the manger is full, don't they walk into each his own kind?

The clipper ship *Seminole* is loading with copper ore from Copperopolis, which still sends forth its thousands of tons monthly. Several fine copper districts have recently been opened in Lower California, which bid fair to add greatly to the product of the coast. We ought to own that country. It is no great shakes for agricultural purposes, but it is rich in minerals, and Mexico is short of the coined article, and can't wait for it to be produced by the slow method of mining. I charge nothing for the suggestion.

The panics East and in Europe will not affect the Pacific Coast seriously—in fact, will scarcely be felt; the effect being to increase our shipments of coin and bars for the benefit of the increased premium, which is of course to our profit. Mopey is abundant here, and although the demand in Europe may draw away some foreign capital, we will have plenty for all commercial purposes.

The establishment of a mint in China (Hong Kong,) will have a tendency to divert a large share of the gold and silver that has heretofore been shipped to Europe, and will have a favorable effect on our East India trade, and reduce the high rates of exchange. The shipments to China have been quite large the past year, and still continue, which accounts in some measure for the falling off in Eastern remittances. Another reason for the falling off is the fact that our merchants owe very little money eastward. We are now getting largely in the manufacturing way, and will soon produce nearly all we require. Heretofore it was thought that we could not compete with the East on account of cost of labor, but we are fast learning better, and here our friends the Celestials come to our relief. The operatives in our two largest woolen mills are Chinamen, and they are found expert, intelligent, quick to learn, and quiet and inoffensive, and never indulge in "strikes." It is the best disciplined labor we have. They attend strictly to their duties, and don't fancy they own the establishment. All that is wanted now to make our almond-eyed neighbors "friends and bretheren," is to give them a vote, and then how they will rise in public (political) estimation. At present, anything that can't vote once or oftener is valueless.

The Gould & Curry Mining Company has declared a dividend of \$20 per share, or \$60 per foot for the quarter. Ophir, I am sorry to say, is quite unwell. The large body of ore upon which we all placed so much dependence and which promised so flatteringly, gave out suddenly in the lower workings, and they have found nothing encouraging since, but are still drifting and sinking for the vein, which they hope to find again. The last time I saw the mine and was long in its depths, I thought it a sure thing for a long period of prosperity; there was a large vein of good ore before me, but it proved of no great depth, and soon gave out. I, not being blessed with sufficient penetration to enable me to see into the middle of the vein, and three or four feet into solid rock, did

not tell you it would give out. I said, on the contrary, I thought it would not; but it did, for all that. I have consequently lost faith in my prophetic soul, and shall hereafter go the other way, and then, if it so proves, will say, "Didn't I tell you so?" If it proves good, and me an ass, I won't say anything about it, and hope you won't.

We are trying to get up an Opera season. A number of music-loving gentlemen have associated themselves together and formed a club or company, having their by-laws and rules, the object of which is to offer some reliable support to artists who undertake opera. Each member pledges himself to subscribe a fixed rate per month, which goes to make up a fund to make good any losses sustained by the Empresario. With this encouragement, Signor BIANCHI, who has been our ULLMAN for five years past, has undertaken to import a few good artists, which, with the several here will constitute a good troupe, made and provided he engages those that are good; for the people here do know what good music is. A large proportion of our opera-goers are foreign, or have traveled, and have heard the best artists. BIANCHI is a clever bandy-legged little Italian, and has a wife who is considerably more so, every way. He is short and fat, and she is a second Albani; but they both sing well—BIANCHI, the male, being a tenor, the lady a soprano, with an occasional bad note which, being belabored by its followers, makes its appearance slightly compressed and thin; but they are handy to fill in with when the prima donna gets in a passion—a cold, I mean—and BIANCHI is always ready, at five minutes' warning, to sing anything ever written. I do hope we may be favored with a few really good voices. There is my friend Col. JOSEPH LAWRENCE, the early pioneer newspaper man of this coast, now in New-York, if the cholera has not made him take up his valise and move on, who does know what will suit this community. Will he not lend a helping hand? No man is better fitted for the office, and he owes us that much service for continuing to remain away and show such bad taste as to prefer Central Park to the dust and wind of Montgomery-street, much to our grief.

FORRESTER is doing a splendid business. Crowded houses every night, and McCULLOUGH is becoming a great favorite. FORRESTER grows upon the people, and startling as he did without any clap trap or flourish of trumpets, he has increased his houses gradually until it is now almost impossible to obtain standing room. The houses average \$2,000 nightly, which is very good considering that the theatre will not hold any more at a dollar a ticket.

A quartz ledge has been discovered in Lightning Gulch, Josephine County, Oregon, from which \$5,400 was taken out in two hours. One pan of the decomposed rock yielded \$2,000. Lightning don't often strike twice like that, and it is more like the early days when the honest miner shoveled it up and was as speedily relieved of it by the "shoveller d'industrie," which means another honest miner who win it all in a little game of "pharaoh."

PODGERS.