

*San Francisco Daily Morning Call*  
*July 16, 1864*

### *A Gross Outrage*

Yesterday noon, Sansome street was witness of one of those feats so common to New York City, among the butcher boys, of racing through the public streets. The driver of Clark's furniture and Express wagon and some other Expressman, getting their mettle up as to the relative speed of their respective plugs, let out, both laying on the whip plentifully, until they overtook Crosky's grocery wagon, which Clark's vehicle (No. 2,859) unceremoniously knocked into "pi," landing driver, groceries and other Sundries in the street. These outrages are becoming too frequent in our thickly-populated streets, and need the strict attention of our city authorities. Eyewitnesses to this race at full speed up the railroad track, freely expressed themselves that if any ladies or children had been unfortunate enough to be on the street at the time, nothing could have saved them from being ridden down.

### *Moses in the Bulrushes Again*

On Thursday evening, officers John Conway and King had their attention attracted by the crying of a child at the Catholic Orphan Asylum door; where, upon examination, they discovered an infant, apparently but a few days old, wrapped up in a shawl. It was delivered to the care of the benevolent Sisters at the Institution. It appeared to be a good enough baby—nothing the matter with it—and it has been unaccountable to all who have heard of the circumstance, what the owner wanted to throw it away for.

### *The "Coming Man" Has Arrived*

John Smith was brought into the city prison last night, by Officers Conway and Minson, so limbered up with whiskey that you might have hung him on a fence like a wet shirt. His battered slouch-hat was jammed down over his eyes like an extinguisher; his shirt-bosom (which was not clean, at all) was spread open, displaying his hair trunk beneath; his coat was old, and short waisted, and fringed at the edges, and exploded at the elbows like a blooming cotton-boll, and its collar was turned up, so that one could see by the darker color it exposed, that the garment had known better days, when it was not so yellow, and sun burnt, and freckled with grease spots, as it was now; it might have hung about its owner symmetrically and gracefully, too, in those days, but now it had a general hitch upward, in the back, as if it were climbing him; his pantaloons were of coarse duck, very much soiled, and as full of wrinkles as if they had been made of pickled tripe; his boots were not blacked, and they probably never had been; the subject's face was that of a man of forty, with the sun of an invincible good nature shining dimly through the cloud of dirt that enveloped it. The officers held John up in a warped and tangled attitude, like a pair of tongs struck by lightning, and searched him, and the result was as follows:

Two slabs of old cheese; a double handful of various kinds of crackers; seven peaches; a box of lip salve, bearing marks of great age; an onion; two dollars and sixty-five cents, in two purses, (the odd money being considered as circumstantial evidence that the defendant had been drinking beer at a five-cent house); a soiled handkerchief; a fine-tooth comb; also one of coarser pattern; a cucumber pickle, in an imperfect state of preservation; a leather string; an eye-glass, such as prospectors use; one buckskin glove; a printed ballad, "*Call Me Pet Names*;" an apple; part of a dried herring; a copy of the *Boston Weekly Journal*, and copies of several San Francisco papers; and in each and every pocket he had two or three chunks of tobacco, and also one in his mouth of such remarkable size as to render his articulation confused and uncertain. We have purposely given this prisoner a fictitious name, out of the consideration we feel for him as a man of noble literary instincts, suffering under temporary misfortune. He said he always read the papers before he got drunk; go thou and do likewise. Our literary friend gathered up his grocery store and staggered contentedly into a cell; but if there is any virtue in the boasted power of the press, he shall stagger out again to-day, a free man.

### ***The Camanche***

Steamboat Point, the place where Messrs. Donahue, Ryan & Secor are building the iron clad *Camanche*, looks brisker and very considerably brisker every day, in proportion as the progress of the work opens a larger field and affords more elbow room for mechanics and laborers. Mr. Ryan commenced with ten men the first day, when everything was so mixed up and the yard so encumbered with trash, that a greater number could not work together without being in each other's way; afterwards men were added by the dozen, as use could be made of them, until now the number employed is fifty, and things begin to look ship shape about the premises. These enlistments will be constantly continued until the yard swarms with workmen. About ninety feet of the keel had been laid and bolted together yesterday up to one o'clock in the afternoon, although the work in that department was only commenced yesterday morning; it will be finished this morning, and the construction of the "garboard streak" commenced. The *Camanche* will be one hundred and sixty feet long from stem to stern post, and two hundred feet on deck. Many of the materials are lost and others broken, and much hindrance is experienced from this source. The work is fairly under way now, and not a moment will be lost until the *Camanche* is completed and afloat.

### ***Remarkable Clock***

They have been adding all manner of conveniences to the offices of the clerks of the Fourth, Twelfth and Fifteenth District Courts, and beautifying them with paint, and making them smell infernally by the same means. But the last astonisher in this line is a handsome clock, which runs three years with once winding up. We are not entirely certain on the latter point—we only jumped to the conclusion because the clock is hung so high up on the wall that it will be at least three years before they will find anybody tall enough to reach up there and wind it.

(Source: <http://www.twainquotes.com/callindex.html>)