

true, for the value of an Indian's life in the eye of the rulers scarcely exceeds that of one of the wild cattle. The commandant-general is frequently said to hunt them, and by his prowess in these expeditions he has gained some reputation. Salvadore Vallejo is engaged in agricultural pursuits, and particularly in raising cattle, which, under the governor, he has the especial privilege of supplying to vessels, which he does at prices that insure a handsome profit. In times of scarcity, vessels are sure to be supplied by applying to the governor, who will order supplies to be furnished, and even obtain them by compulsion. On my arrival, finding that we wanted supplies, and not knowing how long (in the event of an accident to our land party) I might be detained, I was advised to apply to the commandant-general, through whom I would be sure of obtaining them. I therefore despatched a note by an officer, whom the general treated with great politeness, and returned for answer, that he could supply me with the following articles: Lima beans, wheat, potatoes, and other vegetables, which we had been unable to obtain. Fortunately for us, as well as for the lower orders and Indians, the party arrived, and we were not under the necessity of making use of his powerful intervention. The general, I was told, considers every bushel of grain as much at his command as he does the persons of the people, and the property of the state. Zonoma is to be the capital of this country, provided the general has power and lives long enough to build it up. An idea has got abroad that he is looking to the gubernatorial chair, and to be placed there by the same force that has raised Alvarado and himself to the posts they now occupy.

Zonoma is on the road that leads to Ross and Bodega; and by this route Captain Suter has transported all the stock he purchased of the Russians.

The reality of the hostility said to exist between these two rival administrators, seems doubtful, at least to the extent reported by the residents.

The state of society here is exceedingly loose: envy, hatred, and malice, predominate in almost every breast, and the people are wretched under their present rulers; female virtue, I regret to say, is also at a low ebb; and the coarse and lascivious dances which meet the plaudits of the lookers-on, show the degraded tone of manners that exists.

The mission of San Rafael is in the fertile valley of that name, about twelve miles from Sausalito, and consists of a large building, with a small chapel at its end; it is in a tolerable state of preservation, and is under the superintendence of an Irishman, named