NEW-YORK TRIBUNE.

A PRISON RHYME....For The Tribune.

BY JOSEPH BRENAN.

[I was imprisoned in Kilmenham jail when the news arrived of the establishment of a Republic in Rome. I improvised the following:]

On, it came like the voice which in Patmos told
The wonderous tidings to John;
And grand as another Apocalypse, rolled—
Earth shook as it thundered on.
The pale, stooped student grew flushed and proud,
As he hailed the opening soon:
For the spirit of Rome had burst its shroud,
And Humanity sang a pean.
The news careered on the mountain high,
And swam on the Ocean foam;
And the Nations hailed Man's destiny
In the Commonweal of Rome.

The Mother of Nations had lain in a trance—
A trance that was long and deep—
But the thunder-march of freemen in France
Aroused her from him a sleep.*
And she raised her head sublime again
And gazed on the universe wide:
The hot blood tingled in every vein—
She caught her ancient pride: [slave—
And the chain was snapped on the limbs of the
He won a freeman's home;
Yea! the spirit of Brutus was stirred in the grave
By the Commonweal of Rome!

A tomb was built by Herod's hands
O'er the corpse of his Lord and King;
But, though girt around by his hireling bands,
The chainless soul took wing;
So they built o'er Rome a tomb accurst,
And watched her thro' Centuries' night—
But the hour has tolled—and the tomb is burst,
And the spirit has leaped to the light—
The Roman stands on the Roman sod,
Sublime as his own great Dome;
And he offers the grandest Anthem to God
In the Commonweal of Rome.

Rienzi's vision has taken form—
And Petrarch's dream is fulfilled:
Their Prospero-thoughts have raised a storm—
It has cleared the air—and is stilled.
Thus the blood of the Martyr will ever bear fruit,
And enrich the soil which it stains.—
And the Tree of Freedom will deepen its root
In the drops which have leaped from his veins.
Then hurrah! for the Tribune whose thought takes form—
Whose soul makes the Future its home:
And hurrah! for the light which has sprung from
For the Commonweal of Rome. [the storm,

* When I penned these lines I had little thought that the French Revolution would have again fulfilled the prophecy of Vergniaud, and "drowned its own children."

CALIFORNIA.

LETTER FROM S. S. OSGOOD.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 25, 1849.

I shall inflict only one more epistle upon your good natured readers and I shall most probably be the bearer of it myself. You may imagine with what delight I anticipate returning to my *home*, though leaving a land where I am certain, should I stay and have my health, of amassing, in the course of one year, at least an independence for life; but the month approaches in which I promised my family I would return, and I cannot consistently stay beyond that time.

SAN FRANCISCO AND SACRAMENTO CITY.

I cannot refrain from putting my last impressions of the country which has so bountifully yielded up its golden store to me, upon paper: more especially as I think that they may be of some service to others. As one should speak well of a bridge that has carried one safe over, so I suppose that he should also speak favorably of that land wherein one has prospered. In my former letters, I fear that I have not done so, yet I have spoken as I thought: but it will be remembered that I have spoken of those places only through which I have passed or sojourned. I have no positive knowledge of any other, but if I may take the words of many persons who have endeavored to give me a more favorable impression of California I should believe that all parts of the country, except San Francisco, was a perfect Paradise—that the climate was enchanting, the air balmy, delicious, and invigorating—that fruits, flowers, and all kinds of vegetables grow there in great abundance all the year round. Such may be the case in many parts, and I am inclined to believe it, but my impressions are of the mines and San Francisco. With these places my associations are not of the most agreeable nature. It is true that buried as I was down, down, in that deep cañon; excluded from the more invigorating breezes which sweep over the tops of the table lands on either side. I well remember how refreshing was the change whenever I did ascend from that deep vale. Of San Francisco I have not spoken too harshly; it is not, and never can be a healthy or pleasant place of residence, while the extremes of heat and cold are so great as they are during the whole of the Summer months. Of its dust and mud it may be freed as the city is improved, but the hand of man cannot compel the winds to blow more gently or the sun to send down its heat with less intensity. It is astonishing to me that it has ever attained the extent and importance of which it now boasts; and I am inclined to think that it owes its growth to the general ignorance of Sacramento City and Stockton. No other place was known when the hundreds of ships were freighted with merchandise and houses for California; all, all were sent to San Francisco. No one then knew of the immense difficulties to be encountered before their goods could be landed—the great expense of lighterage, &c. No one knew what an undertaking it was to get them any distance from the water when they were once at the shore, in consequence of the depth of the slippery, clayey mud, which is two or three feet deep in most of the streets near the landing, into which teams have been stuck, and have been obliged to drop their load to extricate themselves, and where it has laid for weeks after. At times it has been impossible for timber and heavy goods to be brought away from the wharf where they were first landed. I was forcibly struck with the difference between Sacramento City and San Francisco in this particular. On a late visit to the former place, where I went for the purpose of making a correct sketch of Sutter's Fort to take home with me, having heard from interested persons of the impassability of the roads, I landed directly from the boat on a plank, and expected to be obliged to wade through the mud up to my knees, but instead of finding it that depth I did not find it over my ankles, and I purposely went through the worst places that I might be sure that my eyes did not deceive me, and that I could confidently assert what I know to be true. If I was agreeably surprised at the ease with which one could navigate the streets, I was much more so at the astonishing growth of the place since I came down from the mines the 28th of July. Considering that the inhabitants are mainly dependent for timber upon San Francisco for the erection of buildings, its growth has been proportionably greater than that of the port of entry. The settled portion extends one mile along the banks of the Sacramento River, and nearly three-quarters of a mile back toward the Fort.—There are several hotels erected of wood two or three stories high. One called the Sutter House is a very handsome building, which was to have been opened on the day I left. I availed myself of an invitation from my worthy and excellent friend, Schoolcraft, the Alcalde, to partake of a sumptuous dinner of game and other delicacies, at the Irving House, served in very good style.

I intended to have taken a view of Sacramento City from the opposite shore, but owing to the want of shelter from the torrents of rain which were falling at the time that I was there, I was compelled to leave without it.

STEAMERS ON THE SACRAMENTO—RIVER NAVIGATION.

After a very quiet night's sleep on board of the commodious steamer Senator, where I had succeeded in getting a berth, in order that I might be saved the inconvenience of coming on board in the dark and rain the next night, I proceeded, in company with one hundred and twenty passengers to San Francisco in the short space of nine hours. The distance is one hundred and twenty miles. The Senator is by far the best and fastest boat on the river, and of course commands the greatest number of passengers. She usually brings down a greater number. She is the largest boat yet on those waters, being 754 tons. The McKim, the next in size, is 350. These are followed by about twenty others, that are, or soon will be, running mostly on the Sacramento. Among these, I shall mention—

Capt. Butler,	El Dorado,	Lawrence,
Sacramento,	Mint,	Lincoln,
Corn Jones,	Mayflower,	Geo. Washington,
Leonore,	Islander,	Five Fly,
Hartford,	Cheapsnake,	Gold Hunter,

An iron boat, 100 feet long, not named, now on shipboard.

To these will be added the William H. Brown, which leaves New-York January 1st, and I presume several others are on their way.

The Sacramento is a magnificent river for steamboat navigation. Vessels drawing only ten and a half feet water can run six miles beyond Sacramento City all the year round, and from December to the middle of June twelve and a half feet may be carried over the bar at Cash Creek, being the shallowest place on the route between San Francisco and Sacramento City. Merchants will find it to their advantage to ship their merchandise in such vessels as can run directly up to Sacramento. By so doing, they will save at least one hundred per cent on their goods. They can be rolled ashore, and save the expense of lighterage, cartage, storage, commission and reshipment. At Sacramento, they are at the grand central depôt for all the Northern mines, which are by far the richest, according to all accounts, where they may be sold directly to the consumers.

From this circumstance the land lying back from the river will become proportionably of more value than that of San Francisco, as the trade is from the back country. Teams coming in from the mines for goods will stop at the nearest stores. Brokers will find it more desirable to have their offices at the upper part of the city to catch the miner as he comes in, ready to sell his dust. Six miles above Sacramento there is a bar on which there is not more than three feet water in Summer. After crossing this for one hundred and eighty miles, there is no place in the channel where there is not six feet of water at present. Owing to the snags which impede their progress, the boats which now ply this distance, are obliged to avoid the channel and make their way in shoal waters. Capt. Maynard, to whom I am indebted for my information, says that in exploring the river in the steamer Washington, drawing only 18 inches, he was obliged to leave the main channel and run in two and three feet water to avoid these snags, and that ten men with a whip-saw and boat, in four weeks could render the river navigable for steamers drawing three feet of water, at least 210 miles above Sacramento City by the river, but not more than 165 by land. Frequently you find fish wiers extending across the river, which have been constructed by the Indians for catching salmon. These are, however, easily removed. As you go beyond Vernon—a thriving town—twenty miles above Sacramento, the banks become higher and the timber more abundant and of a better quality.

Steamers drawing three feet water can run to the mouth of the Yuba river ten months in the year, and somewhat higher on Feather river. The American Fork is not navigable any distance. I believe that one of my former letters was calculated to convey the impression that Sacramento City was very unhealthy; but I am told that it is not the case, and that the great number of sick persons there in the Summer and Fall, are those that come from the mines to get cured.

Now, Messrs. Editors, I have had my say of Sacramento City. Has it occurred to you while you were reading this letter that the writer was interested in enhancing the value of real estate. I believe that one of my former letters was calculated to convey the impression that Sacramento City was very unhealthy; but I am told that it is not the case, and that the great number of sick persons there in the Summer and Fall, are those that come from the mines to get cured.

Now, Messrs. Editors, I have had my say of Sacramento City. Has it occurred to you while you were reading this letter that the writer was interested in enhancing the value of real estate. I confess that I am the owner of 24 very frankly confess that I am the owner of 24 house lots, and at the same time permit me to say that for that very reason I have especially avoided any exaggeration or praise of it in a commercial point of view, and have not even alluded to its superiority of climate over that of San Francisco.

HOMEWARD BOUND—EMBARKING.

CHAGRES, Jan. 25.

Thus far have I come toward *my home*—a change has come over my spirit. I am once more gay with joyous anticipations, after nearly one year of strange and eventful life. Improved in sight, health and experience—with a more profound knowledge of human nature, and last, not least, a little additional weight to my purse—I have every reason to be thankful.

On the last day of December we were to be on board the Oregon, as she was to take her departure from San Francisco at 7 o'clock on the night of the 1st of January. I embarked early in the afternoon, in order to avoid the crowd, and deposited my luggage safely, and again returned to the shore to look after some papers which I had left. My business detained me till the tide was running out with its utmost force, and although we kept up under a neighboring Point to a distance of nearly half a mile above the steamer, which lay about a mile from shore, we were unable to reach her, and fell alongside of a bark about a quarter of a mile short of the steamer, where we were obliged to lose two hours waiting for the tide to slack, when we again put off in our whaleboat, and succeeded in reaching the Oregon, surrounded by a crowd of boats.

SANTA BARBARA—SAN DIEGO.

Some of the passengers did not succeed in getting on board until near daylight, having been ever since the previous evening in their boats; one gentleman paid $200 to the boatman to get him on board. He was carried nearly down to Ladsolito. The steamer was detained by the want of punctuality of the passengers for three quarters of an hour after the time appointed for her departure. It rained at the time, but cleared up as soon as we were out of port. That evening we reached Monterey about 10 o'clock, took on board several passengers, and were on our way in an hour for Santa Barbara, where we arrived on the night of the third day, and here we were detained four or five hours, which permitted me to get a sketch of the town, one of the pleasantest places in California. The climate is delicious—fruits and vegetation abundant. The town is charmingly situated on a slightly inclined plain, bounded by high hills, rising one above another till they were lost in the clouds. Just above the town and a little to its left, in a beautiful location, stands the Mission of Santa Barbara, surrounded by its gardens of exquisite fruits and flowers. Soon after leaving Santa Barbara we saw the propeller Hartford, on her way to San Francisco. On the 4th we entered the harbor of San Diego about 7 o'clock, where we lay till noon, taking on board beeves, which the natives drive down to near the landing, and then one throws a lasso round the horns and another throws his round the hind leg, and by these means the animals are brought to the boats, very skilfully thrown upon their sides, and are then made to swim astern of the boat to the steamer and hoisted on board, and pent up till needed for food. The town of San Diego is several miles above the landing, at which there is a respectable looking house, occupied by the officers stationed there, and four or five board shantees, formerly occupied as depositories for hides. The hide-houses were standing when I went up in March. The house built by the officers has been erected since. Beside these there were from forty to fifty tents that have been pitched by immigrants, who are there waiting for passage up to San Francisco. From those who went on shore I learned that they were generally well and in good spirits. The numerous tents scattered on the shores of a place 500 miles from their destination, impresses one with the immensity of the tide of immigration setting into that far off, growing country.

MAZATLAN—BAYARD TAYLOR.

Our next stopping-place was Mazatlan, at which we arrived on the 9th. Mazatlan is a very pleasant and cleanly town, for a Mexican town, and the largest at which we touched on the route. Its harbor is remarkably peculiar; there are situated at its entrance two immense rocks or hills, directly opposite each other, which reminded me of two sleeping lions guarding the portal. They are about a quarter of a mile apart. This is the most picturesque of any of the ports at which we touched, and I might be tempted to give you a more detailed description, were it not that the more able and graphic pen of the indefatigable BAYARD TAYLOR, who left us at this point to cross Mexico will most probably better fulfill that task. TAYLOR, by the by, has gone over more ground than any other traveler in California, in so short a space of time, and by his universal good humor and obliging disposition won as many friends as any other man. His departure was very generally regretted by those on board. He has made some very faithful and clever sketches, which I believe are intended as illustrations for a book upon California.

ACAPULCO—VISIT TO THE SHIP—DIFFICULTY ON SHORE.

From Mazatlan we proceeded to Acapulco, arriving on Saturday evening about dark; we had a quiet night's rest in this land-locked harbor, surrounded on all sides by high hills. As our boats approached the beach we were greeted by a crowd of Mexicans, each anxious to take us upon his shoulders and carry us to dry land, by which means they pick up considerable change on the arrival of each steamer. The rush of passengers was for the market place, to feast upon the delicious fruits and other eatables—eggs were in great demand—After satisfying our appetites we had time to ramble all over the town; there is nothing of much interest here. There is one old church, which the earthquake left standing, through the miraculous intervention of the image of the Virgin Mary, which was taken down to the edge of the overflowing waters, when lo and behold, the waves ceased to rush onward—the shaking earth was quiet, and the church stood firm and erect on a solid foundation, while the remainder of the town fell into ruin. On the left of the town is a fortification, which was examined by several officers among our passengers, who pronounced it weak and pregnable. A very few hours sufficed for me on shore at this place, and I procured what I desired of tomatos, eggs, bananas and oranges, and went on board, where I found preparations making for company from the shore, and in time off came two or three parties, respectably clad, escorted by T. BUTLER KING and some other of the passengers. After examining the ship with wonder and astonishment, they sat down to a collation, and flattering sentiments were given and drank, and both parties separated, each, no doubt, better pleased with himself, his country, and the world in general. The party consisted of the Commandant of the Fort, with his family and relatives. Soon after they went on shore a tremendous commotion was observed there. Some were running one way and some another. Soldiers with fixed bayonets were pursuing Americans; fisticuffs were exchanged by some, and we, poor, ignorant creatures, out of hearing from the melee, very naturally supposed that another war had commenced till some charitable individual came to relieve us and gave us the true state of things.

It seems that on some night previous Capt. Pierson had ordered the lights to be put out in the state room of Capt. Williams while those in other rooms were still unextinguished, there being a regulation that the lights should be put out at a certain hour. This Capt. Williams had some reason to look upon as a personal affront, and when they met on shore Capt. Williams gave little Pierson the lie, which Pierson after a time returned; whereupon Williams says, "Now, Sir, we are even." Some further conversation occurred, whereupon, as I understand it, Pierson gave W. the lie again and received a blow in the face which levelled him; he, however, returned to the charge and some blows were exchanged, when Capt. Simmons succeeded in separating the combatants, and was holding Pierson to prevent further proceedings against his antagonist, who, probably seeing the soldiers approach, thought it best to get out of their reach. The soldiers had been ordered down to protect the Captain of the steamer, and supposing that Capt. Simmons was that functionary, and that Pierson was in his struggle making an attack upon him, gave Captain Pierson a blow over the head with his musket, which set the blood running pretty freely. About this time the Alcalde arriving on the spot, took one of the muskets from his soldiers, and was in the act of cocking it, when a perfectly peace-loving and amiable gentleman as ever existed, Mr William Hobson, who, understanding the language perfectly, supposing that the commander was about to fire upon some one, and foreseeing that serious difficulty might result if he did, undertook to remonstrate, and in doing so took hold of the officer's arms. This peaceful act being construed into an attack on their captain by the soldiery, some of them made a rush upon poor Hobson with their muskets, which compelled that gentleman to "cassose," and they after him. The chase continued for some time, when the dust allowed Mr. H. to escape, with only a flesh-wound in the side from a bayonet; another person received a bad wound on the head in his endeavors to shield Capt. Pierson, and another a scratch on the neck. In the meantime Capt. Williams was just about to step into the boat, when a soldier in close pursuit, who was in the act of putting his hand on him to arrest him, received a blow from some one behind, which sent him reeling to the ground eight or ten feet distant. When he gathered himself up, his victim was off in the boat, and the person who inflicted the blow stood near the infuriated bearer of a musket with features collected and arms folded, the cool and unsuspected author of the act. The perplexed Mexican looked among the crowd and was compelled to retreat without satisfaction. Capt. Pierson was taken to a house, his wounds dressed, and an explanation being given, apologies were offered and peace restored. It was the intention to have remained till next morning, as it was supposed that Pierson would not be able to take the steamer out that night; but the agent of the boat, Mr. Robinson, perceiving that the passengers were getting a little excited, came to the wise conclusion that they had better be removed from the scene of action, and consequently ordered the boat to sea.

It was fortunate that not one of the passengers on shore had a pistol with him, as it is most likely that one of the soldiers, at least, who was in pursuit of Mr. Hobson, would have been shot; he, Mr. H. being a universal favorite on board. Had we not left Acapulco that night, the town would have had an American flag floating triumphantly over it.

Acapulco is the only place where American coin is universally taken of all the Mexican ports at which the steamer stops. I had forgotten that we had stopped the day after we left Mazatlan, at that miserable hole, San Blas. We were there only four hours. The place seemed to be deserted. Many sick persons were seen in the hovels about the place, and I am inclined to think that the cholera was still raging there, notwithstanding an affirmation of the Custom-House officers to the contrary. It is not likely that they would forego the benefits arising from a visit of 300 Americans, who went ashore for the purpose of spending money.

OUR PASSENGERS.

I was thankful that we were not to stop again till we arrived at Panama, although the oranges and other fruits were very palatable which we had brought on board from the three last stopping places.

We had also proceeded far enough south to find the heat oppressive, and, of course, desirous to be once more in a more northern clime for other reasons than that the heat was uncomfortable. We had still nearly half the distance to run of the route on the Pacific side. It was accomplished with less tediousness than was expected.

Among the distinguished individuals of which our crowd was composed, were the two Senators elect, one of whom the wide world has already heard of. I mean Col. FREMONT, accompanied by Mrs. Fremont. The other, Dr. GWIN, who I suppose must be distinguished, although I never heard his name before I heard of his being a candidate for Senator from California. Then, again, we have GILBERT and WRIGHT, the two Members of the House. The former a quiet unassuming gentlemanly man, still very young, who is well known as Editor and proprietor of the *Alta California*, which he has conducted with much ability for a couple of years past. Of the latter, I know considerable, for chance threw us both on board the Oregon on our way to San Francisco, the same launch conveyed us up the Sacramento, and the same teams bore our baggage from Sacramento City to Sutter's Mills; he has yet to acquire an enviable distinction.

There were also several officers returning, among whom is Major Cross, the brother of the lamented Col. Cross. The Major is now on his return from his expedition across the Rocky Mountains to Oregon City, which he has conducted with very great success. It will be remembered that he was ordered to take charge of the eight regiments which were destined for Oregon, two of which he left at Fort Hall, and the other six at Oregon City. About sixty were lost from Cholera, accidents and desertion. His accounts of the country are extremely interesting, and his report will be read with much avidity. If he has time before he reaches New-York he has promised to give me an outline, which I will send you.

Major Rucker was also one of our passengers—This gentleman was sent out with supplies to the emigrants by Gen. Smith. Capt. Corser of the Navy, Capt. Smith, Lieuts. Sherman and Stevenson of the Army, complete the list of officers, unless our excellent friend, Dr. Bowen, still comes under that head. I believe he has resigned. The Dr. was a fellow passenger with me on the Oregon to San Francisco, and returns worth some hundred thousand more than he possessed when he landed in California. He was then attached to the Coast Survey. Samuel Wood, Esq. returned with us also. He has been among the fortunate in his operations. T. BUTLER KING is also among the number.

ARRIVAL AT PANAMA—N. Y. HOTEL—HIRING MULES—JOURNEY TO CHAGRES.

We arrived on the 20th at Panama, about 10 in the evening, and next morning, at the earliest dawn of day, the passengers were hurrying off from the steamer the distance of two miles to the shore. I stopped, with a number of others, at a den called the New-York Hotel, kept by a colored fellow with a very unprepossessing countenance. This Hotel is advertised as being elegantly and splendidly furnished; but I could not discover the elegance, and but precious little of the furniture in the room where I slept. There were five cots, two of which had a straw pillow and a sheet—the others only one sheet; and the tables were very scantily supplied; even plantain, which grows in such abundance in the neighborhood, was all gone before each person had a taste, and so with everything else that one could ask for. Of course we did not desire to remain any longer than necessary, and most of us engaged our mules to take us off the next morning, at 5 o'clock. Of course we did not suppose that the natives would be punctual to their engagements, it is not their nature. We were, however, some of us off as early as 7 o'clock. A greater part of our passengers engaged their mules of Signor Perez, at the sum of $20 each. This individual represents his mules to be corded, strong and capable of performing the trip to Gorgona in 10 hours, and tells you that you can get other mules at a less price, but if you take them from the streets as they offer, they are miserable half-starved animals, and will break down before you get over; yet the scamp hires the same mules of these poorer natives, probably at a very moderate price, and then hires them to you at a great advance. That he hires them from the streets I know to be a fact, for I saw him do so in more than one instance on that same morning, on which we left Panama. Both this person and the fellow who keeps the N. Y. Hotel require payments to be made in American gold, while at every other place silver is taken, and eight dimes go for $1. I required two mules, one for myself and one for baggage, and with a party of three other persons proceeded on our journey. We passed several females, some of whom rode astride, and some were carried in hammocks slung on a pole and carried by two men. Two of our corn-fed pack mules so much boasted of by Perez, broke down, and we were from 8 till 10 at night getting to within four miles of Gorgona, where, with about 100 others, we encamped for the night, exposed to the heavy night dews, which saturated our clothes. I was assured that the mules would go through in one day, and therefore was without blankets to cover me.—The next morning we were again en route at an early hour and reached Gorgona at about 8½, without any very serious accident. I was once thrown from my animal. We found many places where the creeks had not wholly dried up very difficult to cross. At most of the gullies I had trusted to my mule to find the best path, having observed that, as if by instinct, the faithful creature had chosen the one the least dangerous, but in this case he had misjudged and taken a position on a narrow place where it was impossible to turn and about three feet above a mud-hole into which he must go. I perceived at once the risk I ran and cleared my feet from the stirrups just as he leaped into the mud, where I supposed he would necessarily stick fast, but he made a second spring and landed on a plank bridge which had been laid across a narrow stream and precipitated me off into the bed of it, bruising my side considerably. I felt a little faint but succeeded in mounting again and walked him on to Gorgona, where we procured a canoe to take us to Chagres, at $5 each. At Gorgona we procured a delicious cup of chocolate, some excellent bread, tolerable potatoes and execrable beef, at a house kept by the Alcalde, for the moderate charge of 50 cents. We were detained two hours in waiting for the boatman to whom we had paid half in advance, rather an unwise move on our part, since they choose to indulge a little, knowing that they had us fast; however, we left at 11 o'clock and at 11 at night we were at Chagres, the conditions being that we should be carried through without stopping, except to eat. Our canoe beat every thing that started that morning; the offer of a couple of dollars extra makes these canoes remarkably fleet. Several alligators lay sleeping upon the banks, treating us with the utmost indifference as we passed. Not so when we went up. They had not then become so familiar, and long ere we came near them they would plunge into the water. We were notified long ere we arrived at the mouth of the river by the roaring of the surf that there was considerable sea running, and so we found it; not a canoe of the largest dimensions would venture to carry us off to the steamer; we at length succeeded in hiring a large whale boat to take us for $6—which we willingly paid, rather than sleep in one of those miserable hovels, to be devoured by fleas. The waves broke fearfully around our light boat, but she rode them bravely, and we at length reached the Empire City. But now the danger increased—the steamer was without coal for ballast, and pitched and rolled tremendously—but, by watching our chance, we at length succeeded in boarding her. When our trunks were safe on board, then we were once more at ease. For those I had the most fear, knowing that, if they fell into the water, they would soon find the bottom. The next day boats were forbidden to come off—the trade winds still blew with much force—but the next day they were less fierce, the sea became more quiet, and on the 26th almost all our passengers were on board. The sea still raged too high to risk bringing off the treasure, and we remained till afternoon, when it was deemed safe to remove it on board. While we were taking it in, the Alabama got under weigh and passed by us, receiving three cheers as she went. The Falcon had arrived that morning, and the Cherokee, before our anchor was up, came in with a crowd of passengers, one of whom came on board of us with two hundred papers, which, in less than an hour, were all sold at $1 each. About 4 o'clock we left, just as the English mail steamer crossed our bow and dropped anchor—she making the fifth large steamer at the port of Chagres in one day.

THE EMPIRE CITY—GOLD DUST ON BOARD.

The Empire City has on her manifest $1,135,000 worth of gold dust. She also has on board 270 passengers. It was generally estimated that the Oregon had three millions of gold on board, including what the passengers carried in their trunks and what was on freight, considerable of which went in the Alabama and Falcon.

We miss on board the Empire City, of those who left San Francisco with us, Col. Fremont and his accomplished wife, who was ill on board the Oregon, and was removed on shore, where she will remain until sufficiently recovered to proceed on her journey. Also, Capt. B. Simmons, of the firm of Simmons, Hutchison & Co.; Mr. William Hobson, of the firm of Cross, Hobson & Co., San Francisco and Valparaiso, and Dr. Gwin. The former is well known in California as a very benevolent and active member of society, who, one year since, sailed from New-York with his most amiable, intelligent and accomplished wife, who won the hearts of all those who were so fortunate as to have made her acquaintance—one of the few women that have visited California who was calculated to have had a beneficial influence on society. She arrived at San Francisco on the 1st of April, in the steamer Oregon, was taken ill a few days after her arrival, and in three weeks died, as her physician expressed it, a most glorious and saintlike death. As she approached the termination of her earthly career, she asked the Doctor if she had long to live; and upon his answering "but a few minutes," she requested them to give her a clean cap, which she put on herself, told her husband where he could find his clothes in the trunks, and spent her time in sending kind messages to her friends, and thanking her medical and spiritual advisers for their kind attentions. Just before she expired she turned to her husband and said, "I have one wish—a foolish wish perhaps—I should like to be buried beside my brother in the grave-yard near our home." And upon being promised that it should be so, she seemed delighted, and, thanking him for his devotion to her, her eyes closed and she breathed no more. Capt. Simmons took the Falcon to Havana, and from there goes on board the Ohio.

Mr. Hobson was returning to the States with the delightful anticipation of meeting his wife and child, one of the most beautiful boys, about six years old, that I ever saw. They had left San Francisco before the rainy season commenced, in the Ohio man-of-war ship, to go round the Horn, stopping at Valparaiso that he might visit some relatives there. At Panama he received an express informing him of the death of his child, and that Mrs. Hobson awaited him at Valparaiso.

Dr. Gwin, I believe, left Chagres in the Alabama.

ALMOST HOME—SANTA ANNA—KINGSTON—THE CLOSE.

NORFOLK MILLS OFFE SANDY HOOK.

We are fast approaching the harbor of New-York, after a pleasant passage from Chagres, stopping at Kingston to get coal and provisions. We remained one day, which gave us ample time to see the place and make sundry purchases of clothes, fruits, monkeys, maccaws, &c. and for those to see the renowned Santa Anna who had so much impertinent curiosity. This hero of Mexico resides about a mile and a half from Kingston, where some of our passengers went to obtrude upon him in his retirement.

At Kingston you are beset with Jews and negroes, offering you all sorts of wares for sale at about four times as much as they are willing to take. I made one or two purchases of them, but most of my dealings were with the very respectable and obliging house of Nethersole & Son, who receive new goods by every conveyance from England, and where one can get, at a very reasonable price, every article that he may desire. I saw but little of Kingston—I cared not for new scenes—I longed for old ones. My whole soul pined for home, and impatiently I waited for our magnificent steamer to be on her way; and as I approach the shore I am compelled to control my feelings, nor let my anticipations of delight make me wild with joy.

The day is a charming one, the air is cold but bracing, every body is in good spirits; how unlike yesterday, then we were crossing the gulf-stream, with the wind blowing fiercely from the North. So much colder was it than the water, that the latter was condensed and rose in columns, oftentimes joining the low clouds and forming water-spouts, then again, as the Sun's rays broke the clouds there appeared a distant fleet of sail or a forest of trees bending before the blast. This phenomenon I am told by the Captain is not common. Usually a vapor arises, but not in this form, it is more general. As we passed from the Gulf Stream, it was astonishing how defined was the line between the cold water and the warm, at once we had left the vapor which rendered the air damp and disagreeable.

The day previous to our entering the gulf, we passed a Spanish bark, with a spar for a rudder, having lost her own, with her mizen topmast—She was steering South West under a foresail and foretopmast staysail. The wind blowing very heavy. Our Captain bore away for her to give them a chance to bail us, but she appeared not to want anything.

Here, my dear Sirs, endeth my correspondence for your paper. I have volunteered it, that those who were bound for California might be informed of the true state of things there, and if giving my personal experience has appeared egotistic, I trust your readers will remember that I did so, in order that I might state what I knew to be true, for I learned that all were not to be believed, especially in their statements in regard to gold digging—Many extravagant stories have been fabricated about the different diggings by Store-keepers, who were interested in drawing the multitude into their vicinity; others again, have been told from a natural propensity to lie. Again, where men have been digging in certain spots, you ask them what they have done during the day, they will mislead you, by stating an eighth or sixteenth. Perhaps it is not to be expected that they would tell the crowd to come to their "hole," that they were getting hundreds of dollars per day, that would be a piece of verdancy, which but few are guilty of. On the other hand, I have known persons who were not fortunate, tell you that they were getting ten times as much as they were gathering in reality. Some do so from a desire to have the reputation of being fortunate; but watch them, and you will see that they seek other diggings than those out of which they pretend to have taken so much.

Some few mistakes have occurred, which I shall set down to my hurry and carelessness in writing, rather than as the errors of your compositors, and some wilful exaggerations have been made of my statements by other papers that have copied my letters from yours. One, in particular, I remember having seen in a Fall River paper, where they copy one of the letters from Cullons Mills, wherein I said that a man could get $20 or $30 a day, they have added an 0, and made it $200 or $300. That is probably more than they will get if they keep so far from the truth in their other articles. I suppose it will be attributed by that paper to the printer's error.

I am happy if my letters have been of any service. I have strained my eyes and stolen time from hours of rest to write them, and any one who is aware of the value of time in California will forgive any inaccuracies of style or ungracefully turned sentences. I have only aimed at making myself understood.

S. S. OSGOOD.

End of the Military Government in California.

The following is General Riley's Proclamation surrending his authority as Governor of California.

TO THE PEOPLE OF CALIFORNIA:

A new Executive having been elected and installed into office, in accordance with the provisions of the Constitution of the State, the undersigned hereby resigns his powers as Governor of California. In thus dissolving his official connection with the people of this country, he would tender to them his heartiest thanks for their many kind attentions, and for the uniform support which they have given to the measures of his administration. The principal object of all his wishes is now accomplished—the people have a Government of their own choice, and one which, under the favor of divine Providence, will secure their own prosperity and happiness and the permanent welfare of the new State.

Given at San Jose, California, this 20th day of December, A.D. 1849.

[Signed] B. RILEY,
Bre'vt Brig. Gen. U. S. A. and Governor of California.
By the Governor H. W. HALLECK,
Bre'vt Captain and Secretary of State.

HEADQUARTERS, TENTH MILITARY DEPARTMENT,
SAN JUAN, CALIFORNIA, Dec. 20, 1849.
[Orders No. 41.]

1. The Brigadier General commanding the Department has this day relinquished the Administration of Civil Affairs in California to the execution of the Government organized under the provisions of the Constitution ratified by the people of California, at the recent general election.

2. Brevet Captain H. W. Halleck, Corps of Engineers, is relieved from duty as Secretary of State.

By order of GEN. RILEY,
ED. U. S. CASEY, Asst Ad't General.

Review of the California Market, Dec. 31.

We have to notice a general decline in prices for all descriptions of merchandise since our last issue. The advent of Winter, and the subsequent rains have had the effect of closing operations in the mines, and rendering the roads therein impassable from Sacramento City and Stockton, the principal outlets of merchandise from this port. A large amount of business has been done the past season, under extremely unfavorable circumstances—the want of proper warehouses, and the difficulty and expense of lighterage and drayage, have been among the principal causes of annoyance to the merchant and in many instances of the sacrifice of goods. These objections are now being obviated by the erection of substantial wharves for the landing of goods and spacious warehouses for the proper storing of them. The establishment of a Merchants' Exchange, and the contemplated organization of a Board of Trade, will have the effect of preventing many of the extreme fluctuations in our markets, which have been experienced during the past season.

Saleratus remains without change; small lots are added to the stock almost every arrival, but the demand is fully equal to the supply. We notice sales of 800 lbs. Sfc. afloat and 1,200 lbs. landed at 6½c.

BRAN—There is a large stock of Pilot and Navy Bread on hand, which is fully sustained by constant arrivals. The demand is at all times limited, but little being used in the mines.

BOOTS AND SHOES—The stock of light Boots and Shoes is large at present, with a very limited demand. For heavy Boots and Brogans there is an active enquiry and all that are offered are readily taken at our quotations.

BRICKS—There has been a gradual decline in all descriptions of lumber since the sailing of the steamer. The stock consists of about two and a half million of feet, well assorted. Many of the holders are anxious to realize, and we may anticipate still further decline.

A large number of houses, varying in size from 12 by 12 to 30 by 60, have recently arrived from the States, but do not meet with the ready sale that was generally anticipated previous to their arrival. Those of the smaller sizes are for freight, has been manifested in regard to iron houses, which have heretofore been but little sought after.

BRICKS—The supply of bricks continues fair, with a moderate demand. Prices have receded since our last, but are firm now at our quotations.

LIME—We have no change to notice in this article since our last.

COAL—There has been no improvement in this article within the past month. The stock is moderate, and the demand increasing.

COFFEE—We quote sales of 410 bags Rio at 8c cash, also a lot of 600 bags Manilla, to arrive, at 8c.

CANDLES—The stock of Candles still continues small—The demand is steady, and holders are firm at our quotations.

DOMESTIC GOODS—A supply of Domestic Goods suited to this market is much wanted. Bleached and Unbleached Cottons and Brown and Blue Drills particularly, are in request, being used extensively in finishing the interior of buildings.

FISH—There is always a steady and active demand for Salt Fish of all descriptions.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The supply of Flour continues fair, and the demand light at present. Prices have receded since our last, and fresh arrivals being added to the stock on hand will cause a still further decline.

METALS—The inquiry for bar Metals is very limited and the stocks large; prices have not changed during the month. Sheets continue to improve, the stock being light and the demand for building and manufacturing purposes daily increasing.

OILS—The stock of Sperm and Whale Oil is fair, holders however have submitted to a decline since our last. The stock of Linseed continues small, and the demand active.

PAINTS—The stock of paints continues large; the demand however is increasing, and the improvement noticed in our last has been fully sustained.

PROVISIONS—There is a fair supply of provisions of all descriptions in the market. Flour, Pork and Beef, have been declining since our last, the demand for the upper country having ceased, and daily arrivals being added to the stock, will cause a still further decline. All other descriptions of provisions are nearly at our quotations.

SUGARS—The stock of Sugars is very light, and the demand brisk, unless the stock is increased soon, by fresh arrivals, a further advance may be anticipated.

WINES AND LIQUORS—The demand for Wines and Liquors, at present, is light, and the stock heavy. The improvement noticed in our last has been generally maintained.

EXCHANGE—Gold dust being scarce—little coming in from the mines at this season—has created an activity in the bill market. Rates are merely nominal, every man making the best bargain he can. We quote, however, rates of the best houses on London 12@ thirty days sight; New-York par; Gold dust at $16 the ounce, thirty and sixty days, and eight bills at par for gold coin.

GOLD DUST is readily purchased at $15½ per ounce. Gold Coin abundant.

CITY ITEMS.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, Feb. 2.

MAILS BY THE NIAGARA.—By accident, we omitted to notice this morning the untruth of the rumors so afloat that certain letters for Europe failed to reach the *Niagara*. The whole mail deposited in the Post Office was duly forwarded, and received in season. The mails were transmitted by the Norwich and Worcester Boat. It is due, however, to the Stonington line, to say, that it did reach Boston in season to connect with the *Niagara*, and matter transmitted by Harnden's Express was duly forwarded.

Mr. Brady departed from the usual route of transmitting this mail, (via Stonington) in consequence of information that the Stonington Railroad would not start until 6 P.M. instead of 4 P.M. the usual hour, and knowing the great importance of this mail, assumed the responsibility of sending it over the Norwich and Worcester line. Some few letters deposited on board the Stonington boat, intended for the steamer, were left behind, but nothing failed to go forward that was deposited in the Post Office.

RELIEF TO THE SUFFERERS OF THE NEW-YORK CALAMITY.—At a meeting of the operatives employed in the Philadelphia Spring Garden Foundry of W. P. Cresson & Co. on Thursday afternoon, the sum of $42 was collected, in a short time, and forwarded the same evening to New-York, to be distributed among the surviving individuals and families of the late dreadful and heart-rending occurrence.

FUNERAL OF YOUNG TISDALE.—The funeral of this heroic youth, who suffered uncomplainingly for twenty hours under the burning ruins of Taylor's Factory, took place from his father's residence in Beekman-st. Thursday afternoon. Large numbers