CALIFORNIA.

Recollections of Acapulco—The Calentura—Departure—Voyage to San Francisco—Mazatlan—Arrival.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

SAN FRANCISCO, Thursday, April 15, 1852.

My recollections of Acapulco (for, thank God, Acapulco is now to me only a recollection,) will never be very pleasant. Its hot, heavy, moistureless atmosphere; its swarms of lean dogs, howling throughout the night; its lizards, buzzards, senoritas, cockfights and bad cookery, will long remain disagreeable sloughs, into which I must perforce occasionally plunge while wandering over the waste fields of memory.

Perhaps I would not recollect these things with so much bitterness were it not for that which aggravates them all, and would of itself render a paradise distasteful—the native fever, the *Calentura*—which haunts all those southern Spanish towns like a curse. For there, indeed, spreads the cocoa, there the orange and the lime are nurtured in the open sun; there the rare cactus flowers on the hill-side, and there besides are fifty others of these charms that are known to us Northerners by picture and by poesy alone. But no beauty can be perceived in nature by the eye that is dimmed by sickness, and no foreigner can long expect to remain in Acapulco without enduring an acclimatory process that is sure to disgust him with the place forever.

Undoubtedly this Southern fever is kept alive in these Mexican towns by the want of all sanitary regulations. In Acapulco, for instance, there are no *sinks*, and there is no ventilation. The first defect, of course, an American population would remedy at once; and even ventilation, though there are great natural obstacles in the way, would finally be obtained. The town and harbor are inclosed completely by a circular chain of hills, which excludes every breeze from the inland and from the ocean. But the west, south-west, and north-west trades blow almost constantly on the coast and a gap cut through the western hills to the sea would furnish the town with a current of pure air continually. Indeed the Spaniards—who were a wise and great people in their day—saw this and commenced the necessary works. But their power passed away, the project was left half executed—entirely inefficient for the purpose contemplated—and is now likely so to remain.

The fever, which in my last I mentioned as having attacked me, soon rose to its hight, and so continued for several days. I cannot express the terrible sinking which the spirit suffers, along with the body, from this sickness. Even after the violence of the attack had passed over, the lassitude that remained was most oppressive, and, oh, how I longed for fresh air, liberty, and the open sea.

Relief came at length in the shape of the steamer Isthmus from Panama, for San Francisco. I had determined to go in a sailing vessel—the brig Clorito—but the former opportunely coming into port, an arrangement was made with her captain, by the favor of Mr. Bill, agent of the Mail line, in virtue of which some fifteen of us were received on board.

Thither we repaired on Sunday morning, the 28th of March, and took our leave of Acapulco. Captain Spinny remained behind at the head of the Finance and Provision Committee, to be assisted by Mr. Bill and others. We put to sea. Our situation did not promise very well. We were obliged to sleep on deck—the staterooms being all full, and to eat at a second table. The Isthmus, also, (which was built for a Government transport) is a small and a slow boat. We had some disagreeable weather in the shape of hard blows, and some dangerous weather in the shape of fogs. But in spite of all these, Captain Harris, and the first officer, Mr. Clifton, by the strictest discipline, by the most untiring watchfulness, and by the most assiduous and gentlemanly attention to our wants and comforts, succeeded in rendering this part of our voyage infinitely more pleasant than any which preceded it, and in placing, by contrast, in a most striking point of view, the ill treatment we had hitherto received.

The incidents of our voyage up were such as are common to all voyages. Whales, seagulls and petrels by day engaged the attention of the crowd. By night a more studious few watched the polar star rising to its accustomed place in the heavens, or leaned over the side of the vessel to see the phosphorus that glittered over the foam from the wheels. The latter was often most striking, and presented what to an active fancy might have seemed another milky way, bright with countless nebulæ and stars, rushing over the dark field of a telescope.

We entered and left San Blas by night, not staying there more than an hour, so of its appearance I can say nothing. At Mazatlan, however, we were obliged to remain two days for repairages to our machinery, which afforded all who wanted it an opportunity to examine the place.

There is not much of any interest. It is a better Acapulco—larger, cleaner, more prosperous, better situated—but essentially the same kind of a town. From the harbor, however, the scenery around and beyond it is most beautiful. I was more delighted with it than with any single landscape I ever before had seen. At early morning the spectacle of the light mists breaking off from the foreground, and rolling away up the mountain gorges toward the sky had a charm beyond the power of words to describe. The outline of the distant high lands is peculiar—singularly broken and cloudlike, and the clouds, as is frequently the case, adapting themselves somewhat to the shape of the hills below, seemed frequently to continue the latter high up into the sky, so that it was difficult to distinguish reality from illusion—the solid land from the shifting vapor above. Toward the sea, however, the atmosphere was perfectly serene, and the sky like the sky of an Italian picture.

Mazatlan is just on the dividing line between the tropic and north temperate zones, and on leaving it we entered the latter. Two months spent between Cancer and Capricorn have satisfied me forever with those torrid regions. May my countrymen never enter them but as travelers, and may the necessity for even that be soon removed, by the construction of a great national highway within our own dominions. May no portion of our mighty race ever endure that fate which history assures us befalls all those who enter the tropics as conquerors: to be in the first generation restless, feverish adventurers; in the second, despotic voluptuaries; in the third, slaves. Such seem to be the progressive stages of the destiny which awaits the invaders of a clime where courage degenerates into cunning, sensibility into sensuality, and love into lust.

We reached San Diego at the same time with the steamer Northerner. Capt. Spinney came on her and visited us on board the Isthmus, bringing with him a week's later news from Acapulco. He reported that by the steamers Tennessee, Isthmus, Oregon and Northerner, and by the brig Clarita, all the North America's passengers, except about one hundred and eighty, had left Acapulco. For this remnant there remained at the disposal of the Committee, now under the direction of Mr. Bill, four days' provisions and $26,000—enough to keep them four months, if necessary—and for them also had been dispatched from San Francisco, according to a letter from Mr. Vandewater, the clipper-ship Northern Light. So that everything bids fair for their present comfort and early and safe removal. There is no more to say. This morning at 8 o'clock we entered the Bay of San Francisco; and so ends our eventful voyage. P.

Sulphur, Volcano, and Steam Geysers of California.

From The San Francisco Herald.

The following letter from an intelligent friend residing in Napa, gives some interesting particulars of a trip of exploration to a section of our State that he has well styled "Vulcania." While Hawaii has its burning mountain and Iceland its geysers, California it will be seen can exhibit both, side by side, and that too, not over one hundred miles from this city.

As soon as the facilites for travel to this wonderful spot are somewhat increased, it must become a great resort for the tourist, the man of science, and the seeker after pleasure. Two days' travel from our cities will soon take me curious to a spot where the raging fires beneath the crust of the earth everlastingly find vent—where every thing, from the vitrified mountains to the hot and cold streams within a span of each other, offers something of strange and peculiar interest.

A TRIP TO VULCANIA.

As the windy season is approaching with you, when relief from the dust and cold of San Francisco will be most agreeable, just turn your attention up hereaway, and we will not only show you hot springs and grizzlies, mountains of glass and a live volcano belching forth steam enough for all your steamers, and sulphur enough to supply his majesty below, should his accessions of population from California create a demand in his dominions. If you come, bring your rifle and blankets, and we will take a wagon to McDonald's, about forty-five miles from the embarcadero at Napa, and from thence go on horseback to the volcano.

I went up a short time since with a party, well mounted and having a pack mule along with our baggage.—The first night we were hospitably received at a friend's, half way up the valley, and bunked ourselves at an early hour, but awoke with a hearty shout to find our beds regularly labeled:—our geological doctor found himself "some pumpkins," while the botanical man was marked "old sledge." Each bore the name of his bunk the rest of the trip, in which of course I had to figure as the "old hoss" of the party. We dined at Knight's, the owner of a valuable ranch in Rockwell's valley, and were not a little delighted to find a piano and violin so far in the mountains.

This ranch is close under Mt. St. Delano, on top of which is a copper plate left by Russian explorers, the inscription on which we could not learn, and had not time to climb the mountain to examine. All the upper Napa Valley, through Rockwell's to McDonald's, the scenery was most delightful, and your citizens are little aware of the beauties they are losing at this season. One day spent to the satisfaction of the scientific gentleman, and our artist's sketch book having many rare additions, it was near sunset when we reached McDonald's. That gentleman, seeing the large addition we made to his family, quietly took his rifle, and in a very short time returned with a doe and grouse enough for a large party, which were speedily made into a mess that would tempt an alderman by his good-hearted wife. Next morning, having secured Mr. ... for our guide, and making the needful preparations for camping out, we started for the volcano, to which a road had been cut through the chapparal where necessary by a Mr. Briggs, whose services as guide can be had. But on this occasion Briggs was out with a hunting party, which, as expected, we shortly overtook. From McDonald's to the Vulcan River, 15 miles, over rock, hill and mountain, we were eight hours, and so thoroughly fatigued we were glad to encamp with the hunters, about 1½ miles from Vulcania. Good coffee, bear-fat and venison steaks, prepared us for the night round our camp-fire. At daybreak, with mountain appetites satisfied, we started again on horseback for one mile, and then a scramble over the rocks to Plutin River and Vulcania.

First we passed over rocks so hot as almost to burn the feet, steaming forth sulphur fumes and covered with the most beautiful sulphur crystals, and then round the mountain side to the head of the gorge where the most activity was visible. Here the rocks were too hot to stand upon; and what was once hard granite so decomposed as to admit running our canes their length into them. All around covered with green and yellow deposits from the furnace beneath, the large hole was roaring with the vigor of the steam-pipe of a large ocean steamer, and the smaller with less noise, but nevertheless actively sent the jets of steam fifteen and twenty feet high, and in some cases so near the mountain stream, that comes tumbling through the gorge, that in the breadth of one's hand, water of more than boiling heat and almost icy cold may be found. The lower part of the stream had a genial blood-heat, in which the unscientific of the party took advantage of a bath, while the others were geologizing and sketching. The whole scene passing description, and well worth a longer journey, and to which I shall be too happy to refer the first opportunity.

The mountain scenery is most beautiful, and the far off views of the Russian River and its valley alone worth the trouble of the trip. To add to this completeness, the fog came rolling in from seaward, filling the whole valley to the top of the mountains, which projected like islands in the midst of a frozen lake, with here and there the top of a tall pine shooting up above the level of the fog, requiring but little stretch of the imagination to conceive them the spars of ships and boats in the distance. As the sun broke out upon the whole, we had all the beauty of an Alpine glazier, without its accompaniment of cold and danger.

But what sport, you ask—what game? Well, we only saw thirty-one grizzlies, of which two were killed and five wounded. Elk and deer appeared in multitudes, for as we passed on over the mountains, affrighted deer would each moment start up before us, and make for the plains below.

I have given you this long letter to let you know that we have objects of curiosity—natural wonders in a beautiful, accessible country, not so far from your busy city, but that the good people can occasionally forget the shop, and run up here and see for yourselves. No one will be disappointed who comes, for I assure you my powers of description can never do justice to the wonders that exist, or depict one-half of the pleasures of the trip.

Wonderful Cave in Calaveras County.

From the Calaveras Chronicle.

Calaveras County seems to abound in natural curiosities, as there are many caves well worth visiting in this part of the country. The great prevalence of lime-stone in our ranges of hills will naturally account for these interesting formations. Lately I availed myself of the offer of a kind friend to conduct me to one of them, and was much pleased with my visit, although, I am sorry to say, that visitors seem to emulate each other in their zeal to deform and deface what should be most carefully guarded and protected. The cave to which I allude is situated about a mile from town, on the south bank of the South Branch of Sutter Creek. The entrance is through a small opening in the hill, just sufficient to admit a man's body. The descent is easy, the many projections of the rock affording ample means for safe footing.

Neither is it of very great depth, the top of the platform not being more than ten feet from the entrance, whence it slopes gently down till the center is reached, forming a chamber of about 30 feet high and about 50 long. The floor is composed of octagons of calcareous formation, along which, in a narrow bed, silently glides a crystal stream, rising from a spring in one of the lateral chambers. The roof is divided into compartments, the center being a large circle, from which depend clusters of stalactites of every variety, some crystalline, others opaque, while some again partake of a variegated hue, as if tinged by coloring matter in the rock through which they have percolated. The groining of the roof is as perfect as if molded by the hand of art, terminating in massive pilasters, with richly adorned capitals, strongly reminding one of an ancient Gothic cathedral. From the main chamber branch two galleries, leading into small apartments, rich in groups of the most fanciful petrifaction, varying from the massive block to the most delicate and finely-pointed crystalline needle.

At the entrance of the cave, our party had the pleasure of meeting with one of the merchants of our village, accompanied by his amiable and lovely lady, whose presence added much to our enjoyment of this romantic retreat, and whose sparkling wit suggested many pertinent and beautiful illustrations of the surrounding scene. To this lady the party were indebted for a rich musical treat, as, with fairy wand, she lightly and gracefully touched the sparkling pendants, producing melody of the softest and most exquisite sounds. The effect of the whole was greatly enhanced by the flashing of the torches, now reflected by a thousand glittering cones, and again seen away in the deep recesses of the cavern, casting a lurid glare on their hearers as, crawling low, they vainly endeavored to penetrate the secret recesses of the genii of the place. It is much to be regretted that modern Vandalism should have so mercilessly disfigured this cave; but I suppose we should rather thank them for permitting any traces to remain, and that it has not long since been blown to fragments in the avaricious search for gold. THETA.

SAN JUAN DEL SUR.

Passengers of the North America—Sufferings—Sickness and Death of Americans—Advice to Emigrants.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

SAN JUAN DEL SUR (Central America,) Monday Morning, April 19, 1852.

It is now thirty days since we left New-York, and yet we are not half way to our point of destination. I write now amid scenes of much suffering and sorrow, and cannot, for want of time, tell a tenth of the troubles that surround us. The public at home are well aware of the primary cause of our detention—the loss of the North America. A steam propeller, the Monumental City, has been chartered to take as many as possible of the North America's passengers, and we are momentarily expecting her here, she having gone down the coast some three days ago for coal.

There are at this port now some 700 to 800 passengers, including most of the Daniel Webster's passengers, and some 40 to 50 of the Independence's passengers, (who have been here some five weeks,) also about 150 brought by the Prometheus to take passage on the North America. Among so many, crowded as we are like cattle in small inconvenient apartments, there must necessarily be much suffering. At the time I am now writing there are perhaps one hundred sick, many of them very dangerous, and five have already died. The prevailing disease is diarrhea and dysentery. There are also many cases of fever and ague, and it is truly mournful to go round and see the numerous cases of wretchedness and suffering. One of our own party (Mr. S.) has been very sick, requiring constant attention. He is now convalescent and with prudence will soon get about again.

On Wednesday last we followed to the grave the remains of a young man from New-York, by name of Bence. Yesterday, again, another was buried by name of Rice, from Philadelphia. I have just returned from another scene of death, in the person of one Charles Symms, from Philadelphia, an Irishman. Again, I visited an hour ago a dying man, by name of Samuel Knowles, (since dead,) from New-Hampshire. This poor, barren and sandy town has scarcely a decent habitation for a human being, and yet here are huddled together some 800 passengers, besides perhaps 200 residents. All these, in addition to the natives, who are as thick as muketoes, and live and thrive anywhere, sleeping out-doors or in their little wigwams, without complaint or suffering.

If I had the power of persuasion to urge most of the California emigrants to remain at home, I should certainly use that power to the best of my ability. A majority of those who embark in this long and tedious and uncertain, yet most perilous journey, ought never to leave their quiet homes on so dangerous an enterprise. Our young men especially, who know not the ordinary dangers of traveling, are ill-fitted to embark for California. None but the hardy and enduring men, who have been accustomed to hardships, should think of coming hither. Probably the serious accident in the loss of the North America, has doubled and trebled our present troubles, but to such accidents one is constantly liable, and those persons who come away from "sweet home" unprepared for trials, often sink down and die. In most of the cases of death the sufferers have been depressed by outside cares, growing out of our long detention and uncertainty when we may get away.

As the case now stands, it is hoped that the Monumental City may be able to take perhaps 500 passengers, and if the Prometheus does not come heavily laden, perhaps the Pacific, (which has also been in port and now gone to coal,) may take the balance. A sailing vessel took off some forty to fifty passengers a few days ago, and another is now here capable of taking some sixty or seventy more. So, in Heaven's mercy, if we dare to estimate that there must be perhaps twenty deaths within the next fortnight, the balance may be able to get off within three or four weeks. But the whole scene is too solemn to speculate or even to reflect much upon.—For my own part, as I have gone around viewing the sick and the dead, I have truly felt relieved in soul as I looked upon the countenances of the dead, considering their lot transcendently better than that of many of the living. Many a poor fellow has not a dollar to take him to California or homeward, or to sustain life here. Their immediate sufferings have been in some measure relieved by subscription, and the American Consul is actively engaged, as I learn, to make the condition of all as comfortable as possible.

The Vanderbilt Company are surely most wrong and culpable in thus hazarding the health and happiness of so many human beings. In the first place, double the number tri-monthly leave New-York that ought to, increasing our difficulties and dangers at every point. At this dry season of the year it is almost impossible to get the boat up the rivers with any freight, and in some instances hundreds of passengers have been obliged to foot it for miles, carrying their own baggage along the rough and dangerous banks of the rivers, under the excessive heat of an equatorial sun. We were among the first passengers who left the Daniel Webster and came on without difficulty or much detention.

Yet over and above all our sorrows and sufferings, this is a glorious country, and only needs true Yankee spirit and enterprise infused into it to make it almost the very Garden of Eden. Everything heart can desire grows almost spontaneously here, and for my own part, since we landed upon the Isthmus, doing my own cooking and washing besides, attending to many of the sick, I never was healthier in my life. All that a traveler needs is prudence and an acquaintance with his own constitution, and then he may enjoy the good things which the beneficent Creator has so richly lavished here without detriment or danger. I eat heartily of oranges, bananas and good ripe watermelons daily. Some of the passengers have often been frightened at my temerity and predict dreadful consequences, but while many have been dosing and drinking and getting sick, others who have kept industrious and partaken freely of the good things which grow in abundance here have kept in good health and spirits.

You must pardon my very unconnected and rambling letter, for I write amid much confusion, and scarcely know how to put a sentence together. And now let me say to Californians, you who have comforts at home, and families whom you love, and who love you, better never embark upon this wild enterprise. Remain at home, and work out your own salvation, where none can annoy or make you afraid. You who are restless and discontented, and unsatisfied with the quiet of a home, and who might very properly leave your country for your country's good, if you have money in your pockets and some vital principles in your heart, a sound constitution and an insatiable desire to see the world, including the "Elephant," why, you may start to California. Yet let me warn you, brave and bold adventurers, you little dream of the sufferings to which you may be called. If you come by this route, bring your own cooking utensils, dried beef, ham, and plenty of ship bread. Also, any little nice preserves, such as you have at home. Good dried apples are an excellent article to bring, for those who love them. Everything of the kind here is very scarce and dear, and rarely fit to eat. There is no butter at all in this whole region. For a time I missed it sadly, but now find a better substitute in the sweet things that grow here. I find an excellent article of chocolate here, which the natives bring in in abundance, and of which I partake freely twice a day, making it as sweet as syrup. Coffee drinkers also find abundance of good coffee here. Tea is sold at reasonable prices (not very good) at the stores. Travelers who wish to live carefully should also be sure and bring abundant change of thin clothing and crash towels, and not fear to bathe freely in the salt or fresh water once or twice a day. Bring also plenty of dimes—eight pass for a dollar.

And now, friends at home, if you are prepared to go to California, and "your time has come," Heaven prosper your undertaking. Men of thought and men of action, it is to you I say, come to California. Ye bold, and brave, and careful, and calculating, and humane—you are needed, not only in California, but all along the route. But to you, thoughtless and adventurous youths, who leave anxious mothers at home, if you are madly bent on coming, first take your pack on your back, including your clothing, and food, and cooking utensils, and hammock or cot, go out into some rugged country, and stop a fortnight, and try your hand, and head, and heart at the hard fare to which you are surely subject here.

But, in the name of mercy, let me urge the public not to throng our steam vessels so multitudinously. The press and public of New-York, and indeed of all the States, should frown upon the attempts of ambitious capitalists to crowd their ships so uncomfortably. Oh! that some men of means and heart would turn their thoughts hither, (to which all the world are now wending.) Oh! that we had such noble ships as the Baltic or Pacific, or the Cunard steamers, on this California route. Thousands of lives might be saved by some immediate and efficient means of transit. Congress ought also to interfere. We might have, and ought to have a ship canal, prior to which a railroad might be easily graded here.

The Government here is inefficient and imbecile. A few energetic Anglo-Saxons could turn everything to right in less than a twelvemonth. Already, as I am writing, groups of men are discussing the project, and the day is not very distant when the steam-car and carriages will be heard here, where now the owl and orang-outang and the wild beasts, and almost as wild men, hold sway. It is too bad, in so beautiful and lovely a country, to be obliged to trudge over the rough mule roads at such peril of life and limb. Many of our passengers were seriously injured by being thrown from their mules. JESSE HUTCHINSON.

ECUADOR.

Guayaquil.

From the San Francisco Herald.

Guayaquil, the commercial metropolis of the Republic of Ecuador, situated on the Pacific coast, in 2° 13′ north latitude and 75° 53′ of longitude, by the meridian of Greenwich, according to the account given of it by the inhabitants, is "an ancient and renowned city," coeval with old Panama. The entrance to this thriving mart of commerce is a splendid inlet of the sea, commonly denominated the Gulf of Guayaquil, at the mouth of which is the curiously formed Island of Muerto, or Dead Man, so called from its resemblance to a human corpse.

The river which empties into the gulf is some seventy miles in length. As you go up, on the left hand side is the small town of Poomah, where a revenue officer and pilot are always to be obtained by vessels. This noble river is from one to two and a half miles in width above Poonah; the current is deep, the water riley and muddy, having the color of the Mississippi, and running seven or eight knots per hour.

Approaching Guayaquil, in ascending the river, the scenery grows wild, is deeply tinged with the hue of evergreen, and has a magnificent and varied stretch—in some places on the right hand side, is an undulating slope, covered over with the swampy growth of mimosas, liana and mangrove; further on the eye beholds savannas looming in the foreground, studded with herbage, on which the sun casts its broiling rays—the shades of purple, green and gold give a rich variety to the finest verdure; these savannas reach far out into the country, and are diversed with clumps of bushy trees of variegated foliage, dotted here and there with the different species of the palm, chaca, liana, mal, and other natives of the soil. Picturesque and lovely hills of primeval grandeur and imposing aspect, bound the view as far as sight can reach—those on the right hand side being a continuation of the mountain chain of the Cordilleras, penetrating far into the interior of the Republic, until they join the celebrated Chimborazo. Charming villas skirt the river banks, some of which, from the elegance of their construction, denote the opulence of the proprietors.

Guayaquil is located on the left bank of the river, and, viewed from it, presents a striking and romantic picture of beauty. The city is built at the foot of an amphitheatre of hills, on the confines of a wide-spreading savanna, the surface of which is a dead level; it is well laid out and handsomely paved. In front there is a large esplanade, which is generally lined with small craft of all descriptions—from the light canoe of the natives, loaded with bananas, pine apples, and other productions of the interior, to the large water-raft with its wooden house and family. In the center of the esplanade is the market, which is well stocked at all times with an abundance of the finest tropical fruits, as also a choice selection of fish, game, beef, vegetables, &c. That delicious bivalve, the oyster, in large cans or in the shell, is to be obtained here in profusion at the most reasonable price; for a warm climate, they have an excellent flavor, are rich and juicy, and would not compare unfavorably with those caught in colder regions, not excepting even the famous "scalloped" York and James' River. On many of the streets there is a delightful shade, even in the hottest hours of the summer solstice, occasioned by the overhanging balconies.

On the esplanade and some of the principal streets, the balconies are lined with cotton screens or curtains, the coolness of which present an agreeable contrast to the excessive heat of the more exposed portions of the city. On a church near the entrance of the market there is a town clock which strikes the chime regularly every half hour. The houses are built in the old Spanish style, each separate block consisting of a court or square. They are mostly two or three stories high; the lower stories are generally devoted to the purposes of trade, comprising store-houses, shops, magazines, &c.—the upper are inhabited by the old Dons and their families, the best of society. The balconies are enclosed by curtains of snowy whiteness, and in the evening from the open apartments may be heard the soft swelling notes of the piano or guitar, and the sweet mellow voices of the unseen divinities, the fair *cantoras*. The inhabitants, as a mass, seem to be a very industrious people, and some of the stores and magazines on the esplanade will vie with Valparaiso or San Francisco in the display of rich jewelry and foreign finery. The principal native productions are cocoa, tobacco, rice, coffee, and a fibry, grassy substance called in Castilian *peta*, of which a large and fanciful assortment of hats, hammocks, mats, baskets, &c., are made. The *sombreros* are commonly styled "Panama hats," though few, if any of them, are manufactured in New-Grenada, being exported from this and the adjacent country.

Of the churches, some five or six in number, it may be remarked, that with one exception, they do not exhibit that appearance of antiquity which is the distinguishing feature of those in Panama. They are numerously and well attended on the Sabbath and the other holidays, of which there are quite a number. The decorations are pretty much the same as those to be found in the edifices of all Catholic countries; still they are not characterized by either magnificence or splendor, being wrought out of hard native wood, some of which are finely carved and beautifully polished.

The population of the city amounts to 20,000; of which about 300 or 400 are foreigners—the French being the most numerous, some fifteen or twenty Englishmen, and ten or twelve Americans.

There is a saw-mill as the entrance of the city, the proprietors of which are Americans—it does a fine business, supplying the ship-yards and the whole country with lumber of the finest quality.

The lower orders of the people show more evidence of Indian extraction than is traceable among the inhabitants of the neighboring Republics. They are generally low in stature, have long, straight black hair, small eyes, a voluptuous mouth, high cheek bones, and a sharp, arched nose.

Generally speaking, the weather is excessively hot and sultry, except when the cooling breezes blow from the sea. The inhabitants, however, are abundantly supplied with ice, from the peaks of Chimborazo. It is plied with ice, from the peaks of Chimborazo. It is brought down the river on rafts. Ice creams and sherry cobblers, chicha and poncha, and other cooling nectars, can be had here at all seasons of the year, in their pristine purity.

The quartel or military barracks is situated at the western extremity of the city, where at almost any time of the day may be seen the tawdry dressed Indian-looking infantry of the Ecuadorian Republic—men drilled by Gen Flores, and possessed of all his well known bravery, as some of the chivalry of New-Granada can testify.

On the eastern limits is the hospital, where foreigners as well as natives are allowed admittance, and receive proper medical treatment, as also the kind ministrations of their necessary adjuncts—careful nurses.

There is a small steamer which plies up and down the river, carrying the mails, freight and passengers, from Guayaquil to a number of delightful little villas in the interior, where the inhabitants of the "renowned and ancient city" resort in crowds during the sickly season, which occurs in the rainy months of April and May.

Of late there has been some of those terrific outbursts of nature here called *tremblors*, but elsewhere known as earthquakes. On the first occasion it was accompanied by the usual rumbling sounds or undulations of the earth. The earth opened in various parts in deep chasms; in some places on the savanna fissures of three feet were observed. Those of the inhabitants who were domiciled near the churches immediately flew to the altars, and in attitudes of the deepest devotion invoked the assistance of the saints to save them from the impending calamity. Notwithstanding the consternation spread over the city, the devastations committed by this earthly ague fit, were chiefly confined to the bottles in the hotels and restaurants, which suddenly appeared to be afflicted by the spirits which they contained, and acted to perfection the symptoms of humanity under the operating influence of their contents, ending the pantomime by a general bursting up. In some of the apothecary shops on the esplanades, the whole of the show bottles in the front windows were shivered to atoms.

Latterly the "renowned and ancient city," and the city of Quito, the capital of the Republic, have been at variance; and the political excitement consequent thereon has raged with unusual violence. The proclamations of Quito found their way to Guayaquil, where they were received with the most eloquent bursts of indignation from the patriotic inhabitants. Contra proclamations were issued, and posted round the walls, calling upon the defenders of the "heroic city" to arouse and arm themselves in the cause of Liberty and Humanity. While we were there, last September, the "patriot army," as that of Guayaquil is called, arrived from the battle-fields, bearing the trophies of their hard-earned victories. There was a grand military parade in the principal square of the city, at which about 750 warriors were present, being principally composed of lancers and light infantry, shouting "Muerto La Paz" and "Viva General Flores." O.

The Jews and their "Amelioration."

On Saturday morning last, Rev. S. M. ISAACS, minister over the Jewish congregation worshiping at the Wooster st. Synagogue, delivered a discourse upon the sufficiency of the Israelitish faith, and the reasons why that people should seek no new lights for their spiritual guidance. The discourse was predicated upon the last verse of Leviticus:

"These are the commandments which the Lord commanded Moses for the children of Israel, in Mount Sinai."

The speaker observed that that the chief purpose of our public teaching must be the improvement of the heart, the enlargement of the understanding, the correction of abuses and the dissemination of our sacred Law. Three distinct rules have been laid down for our specific guidance in the diffusion of Divine knowledge: to use all necessary precaution as regards the nature of the information we would diffuse; the best mode for its conveyance; but above all, to be observant of time and place. After dwelling a moment on the first two rules, he remarked that as to time and place, no time can be better suited to analyze the principles of our religion than at the moment when we are summoned by Meliorating Societies to surrender our beloved faith, no place better adapted than the one we occupy for speaking plainly those truths so necessary to the soul's salvation. How delightful the reflection, how cogent the reasons for our self-congratulation, when we consider the wonderful manner in which our Law—whose 3,164th Anniversary we hope in a few days to celebrate—has survived and completely triumphed over the most dangerous times. Other establishments have outlived their rituals; opinions and systems have for a period been upheld and maintained, perhaps zealously defended, yet in turn have they been utterly exploded; but our sacred Law, our Divine behests, have effectually withstood all opposition and obstruction. Monarchies and empires leagued in dark confederacy to destroy the word of God, to obliterate the very name of Israel, consulting and coöperating to carry out their unholy schemes, Gibeon, Amnon and Amalek in olden times, as Spain, France, England and nearly all Europe in the Middle Ages. But how did such compacts succeed? How did such gigantic efforts end? Like all attempts by force or treason, by sword or tongue, by power or bribe, by tyrant or fanatic, by intolerance or mystification, it ended in rendering the Jew more faithful to his God, more attached to his faith. The most rigid coërcion and the fiercest opposition could no more extinguish Israel's ardor than the fires of Etna could be damped by winter's snow. The more the world oppressed them, the nearer were they to God; the more the modern world endeavored to seduce them from their hallowed system of religion, the more faithful did they become to its enactments. He who dwelleth on high frustrates all intentions to injure them. To this day He has in His benign mercy watched over his radiant mistal, and, despite the hostility of contending factions, the holy records remain unchanged, and ye, the offspring of Jacob, stand unmoved. On these grounds alone the law of God should be our continual delight and meditations. Has this inestimable boon been productive of its desired effects, in refining, expanding and elevating our souls to the contemplation of that eternal, gracious Being, who never said to the children of Israel, "Seek me in vain." * * * * * * * * * Moses, in the wilderness, having performed his divinely-commissioned duties, thus speaks to the heart of Israel: "These are the commandments which the Lord commanded Moses for the children of Israel in Mount Sinai." Malachi, the last of Israel's prophets, fifteen centuries subsequent to that period, repeats the words: "Remember the law of Moses my servant, which I commanded him in Horeb for all Israel." These statutes and judgments are in force to this day; we, and all who have the care of souls, repeat the expression: "Remember and observe the laws and commands, as they were first given on Sinai; obey the behests of God, so that, rescued from ignorance and idolatry, you may enjoy the glorious privilege of the Sons of God." Still we think we hear some one say that all this is mere rhapsody; that many of us are Jews mainly because we have been born in that faith, that many of our ceremonies are irksome, many of the enactments severe, many of the commands oppressive, that the heavenly yoke bears down the shoulders. To the few who argue thus, and to those who wish to give us an easier faith, we will proceed to bring the substance of our holy religion, as we are now bound to believe and to practice, into the smallest possible compass: "Fear God, and keep his commandments, for God shall bring every word into judgment." In that passage is involved the three fundamental articles of our faith. "Fear God" at once asserts the existence of a God; "keep his commandments" teaches divine relation; "For God shall bring every word into judgment," points to future reward and punishment. First, we fear God; "I fear God," said Joseph, and his life evidenced that he knew the God he feared. Let us consider this point first, for it is the ground-work, the basis, the citadel, the life of Judaism. To remove this prop from its votaries, has been the labor of ages; yet the belief in one God is as strong in the heart of Israel this day as it was on the day the Eternal proclaimed from the mount: "I am the Lord thy God. Thou shalt have no other Gods." They do not ask, "Is there a God?" for Revelation presupposes this fact; nature, life, reason, the heart, the whole contents of the holy books, the doctrine itself, certify its truth; on every hand we hear the same voice—There is one God, who lives and rules over all. (The Rev. speaker protracted to considerable length his argument of the permanence of the belief in one God as the first principle of the Jewish faith, and illustrated his teaching by frequent allusions to the history of the chosen people.) But (said he) it is not enough to know there is a God: the heathen bows to the Great Spirit which his untutored mind has wrought. We must know Him rightly; and we who have served Him the longest should naturally know Him the best. Our doctrines teach us not to fall into the hands of those rival enemies, Superstition and Unbelief—that is, to believe too much, or too little.—"Take ye good heed," said the Lord "unto yourselves, for ye saw no manner of similitude on the day that the Lord spake unto you in Horeb, out of the midst of the fire." The dogma that the Supreme Being is a Spirit, the highest Spirit, incorporeal, and neither may nor can be represented by any likeness, is of the greatest moment. The God we serve never was a man, to falsify his extraordinary greatness, nor descended from mortal to repeat himself of anything He had promised. Has He ever said anything which He has not performed? Has He spoken, and will it not be established? He is elevated above all the passions, free from all the foibles, exempt from all the frailties which degrade man. His essence is one in itself, single and invisible. In Him, there is neither a plurality, nor a division, nor a contradiction, conceivable. There are none other who could stand at His side, nor who could be compared to Him. Nothing beside Him is God. The highest, must be an only one. On this head, how sublime is the teaching of Moses. His master mind is employed in contrasting the Gods of the Gentile world with the distinguishing feature of Israel's faith. "Thou shalt have no other God before me," the root of the whole tree of life, laid down on Sinai as the foundation of truth. This is the rock of our faith: One God, and no other under any form or name, neither as Minister nor Saviour. To this doctrine we have ever adhered in times of danger, and it is not reasonable to suppose that in the present bright chapter of our history we shall blacken the page with the record of our treason to the God of our fathers, to that message to which your sires responded, when, on the sixth day of Sivan, the sublime dogma of the unity of God was promulgated in the words, "All that the Lord speaketh we will perform." At a period when the earth shook, and the heavens dropped in the presence of God, the devouring fires of Sinai proclaimed the deliverance of the law to Moses, three millions of human witnesses trembled, from amid the dense clouds which hung on the mountain, the voice of God sanctified and established Judaism for eternity. On this awful revelation rests the the foundation of your faith; a faith which requires no mystification, no spiritualism; your religion is a fact, and if the fact requires any support, it has been amply supplied with evidence from the Divine assistance rendered them in the wilderness. When they were famished, the manna fell; when perishing with thirst, the rock flowed. But imagine not for a moment, that we rely upon miracles alone for our belief in the Mosaic Law. Certainly not. As Maimonides expresses it: "It was at the foot of the Holy Mountain—that our ancestors beheld (and not by the intermediate sight of others,) the devouring fires of heaven, and listened to the cry of the voice from the cloud, "Moses! Go thou and speak to the people." The spirit of the Law was itself the greatest prodigy. And, my hearers, permit me to ask, Do you yet know your God rightly? We answer, yes; for your lives and your ritual bring him constantly before you. You are accustomed to mark the seasons of the year and the dates of events by religious feasts and fasts. You are watching the sunset which brings your Sabbaths to your habitations; the new moon to note its solemn celebration; and the earliest star that calls you back to life, when at the close of the day of atonement you feel regenerated, hoping you have heard the divine words, "I have pardoned." You offer up your prayer to the God of the thunder, and the rainbow, as you do for the gracious being who supplied you with bread and water. Your God is the God of Nature, and you adore the Creator in his creation. One point more. What does the fear and the knowledge of God teach? It instructs us to trust in God, and to do good. To worship, and to serve him. And here again now different our fear from the fear of any other power. As a general rule we have little confidence in him we fear. But the more we fear God, the more our confidence in Him must be increased in strength, when we are convinced that with God is power which can give, and goodness which will give; that we owe to Him alone, and to no other power, all the benefits of our past, and our present. Very often he who is the object of a miracle, at first does not perceive it. Such discovery of God's omnipresence, infinite goodness and kindness, must be a new ground of hope, of trust, and of cordial submission. We feel ourselves bound to worship Him alone, and no one else; firstly, because God himself declared, "I am the Lord thy God," commonly rendered, "I am what I am," but according to the Hebrew meaning, "I will be what I will be." Again, Moses, in Deuteronomy, at the close of his eventful life, addresses his charge in words that have ever left an indescribable pleasure in the heart of Israel, from babbling infancy, in pristine health, on the verge of the grave. Hear it Israel: "The ineffable one is our God; the unspeakable is one." In order to secure happiness for ourselves and others, we must adhere to that dogma, remain steadfast to that sheet-anchor of our hope, firmly rooted to the tree of Judaism, and to the living branches which form part of the tree. To that sound trunk nothing must be engrafted, for it will bear no addition. Alone it has weathered the storm of ages, and around it, in the glorious future, all nations will gather. Such is the leading principle of Judaism; such is the golden banner we unfurled in the dark ages, when danger encompassed us, and that glorious standard we yet hold up, and, according to our Scripture, shall continue to elevate, until the final ingathering. One word more: We may be asked, is the Law of Moses still obligatory? Has not God discarded us? Has he not punished us? Is there not a new dispensation? And are there not other matters which point to a new heart and a new spirit? My dear friends, would that you had patience, and ourselves time, we might traverse the pages of Scripture, leaf by leaf, and demonstrate the fallacy of all endeavors to strip words of their true meaning. But we are admonished to be brief. Let us then solemnly asseverate, that in all its truths and precepts, which have eternal value for earthly welfare and everlasting salvation, the Divine law, which the Lord commanded Moses for all Israel, is still the same. It is perfection itself. Besides the eternal and imperishable, it comprehends