THE WONDERS OF CALIFORNIA.

Our California Correspondence.

SACRAMENTO CITY, Nov. 1, 1851.

Mail Robbery by the Indians—Hostility and Equipment of the Tribes—Dangers of the Overland Route.

Our *Daily Union* of to-day, gives a hurried account of the capture of the United States mail by Indians, between this and the valley of the Great Salt Lake, on the 8th ultimo. I was an eye witness of the affair, and would fain crave permission through your columns to apprise the public of the dangers of the route, and the necessity of our government taking immediate cognizance of such depredations, and adopting measures to prevent their now alarmingly frequent occurrence.

The plains have become the high road to and from California, a road by which the farmer of the West, will, in future, gain access to this market, the only one open to the poorer citizens of our country, and for the peaceable use of which an annual toll is paid to the Indian tribes. Will our government permit its people to be butchered and scalped on this public thoroughfare, while they are burthened to pay an army who remain housed and fed almost within sight of the audacious savage who revels over the bloody trophy torn from the brows of its most industrious, useful, and peaceful citizens? Surely not, when it is made publicly aware of the grievous outrages.

When the first overland emigration to California occurred, the Indians of the far west were found to be destitute of fire arms or horses. There is not now a tribe to be met with but what is equipped with rifles, and possess horses of the best American breed, the property of murdered individuals.

The United States mail has now been seized, and but for the intrepidity of two gentlemen, who travelled with it, Dr. Hylton and Mr. Inman, the postman must have fallen a victim to the scalping knife. It will possibly be gratifying to the friends of these brave men to learn that when the terrified little band of eight, to which they belonged, were fired [illegible] and charged by the overwhelming force of some three hundred Indians, they alone were calm, confronted the yelling savage, and sternly played their part, killing five Indians, and holding the others in check until the postman could cut the horses from the wagon, and prepare for flight; and when that flight had to be conducted over a desert plain, six hundred miles in extent, these master spirits alone held out to the last, unconquered by fatigue, hunger, and exposure, and were the only men who never murmured at the necessity of travelling night and day for nine tedious days. On the ninth day they were fortunately relieved by a train of wagons which they overtook.

The two following articles, from two respectable and reliable San Francisco papers, afford a striking exhibit of the almost miraculous products and resources of California:—

Address before the Agricultural and Mineral Fair.

[From the San Francisco Herald.]

We present to-day, some interesting extracts, illustrative of California and her productions, from the address delivered last night by Mr. Andrew Williams, before the audience assembled at Mr. Shelton's Agricultural and Mineral Fair. We regret that our limits will not permit us to give it full:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—Having been invited by Mr. Shelton to present to our fellow citizen, Mr. Horner, a silver goblet, as a premium for his success in advancing the agricultural interests of our State, I embrace the opportunity to congratulate you on the occasion upon which we are assembled. I congratulate him whose laudable enterprise and untiring industry in producing so varied and rich a display of the products of our soil and State, have been crowned with such brilliant success; and especially do I congratulate our State and country upon the first dawn of that developement of our agricultural wealth and resources, which is destined soon to convert these Western "forests into a garden, and make the wilderness bud and blossom as the rose." In most of the others a single excellence is characteristic and predominant. The lumber of Maine, the granite of New Hampshire, the wool of Vermont, the manufactures of Massachusetts, the agriculture of New York, the coal and iron of Pennsylvania, the grain and fruits of the Middle and Western States, the copper of Michigan, the corn, tobacco, and hemp of Virginia and Kentucky, the cotton of Alabama and Georgia, the sugar of Louisiana, the sugar, cotton, and indigo of Texas, the turpentine of North Carolina, and the rice of South Carolina, constitute respectively their most prominent and distinctive interests, and are the pride and glory of their citizens. But there is scarcely one of these that cannot be found or produced in our own State. In the natural productions of the earth, conducive to the sustenance of man, is our State abundantly prolific.

As we approach the centre of the State, the banana, the orange, the lemon, the olive, the fig, the plaintain, the nectarine, the almond, the apricot, and the pomegranate of the South, mingle in the same luxuriant gardens of Los Angeles, with the peach, the pear, the cherry, the plum, the quince, and the apple of the North—the fruits of the oak and the pine, of gigantic size and delicious taste, furnishing to man and beast the richest and most nutritious food; the beautiful salmon of the noble Sacramento, often weighing thirty, forty, and in some instance, sixty pounds, vieing with any, either in fineness of texture and richness of flavor, as well as in size; and one uncommon article of fine white sugar, the exudation of a species of pine tree called the sugar pine; the successive range of mountains, whose extent is lost to view in the distance, waving with rich harvests of oats, the spontaneous productions of the soil; solid trees of the red wood on the banks of the Trinity and Shasta rivers, sixty-eight feet in circumference; hollow ones whose cavity has sheltered sixteen men and twenty mules for the night; pines crowning the dizzy peaks of the Sierra Nevada, three hundred and eighty feet in height, the first two hundred and fifty feet without a branch or limb—an extent of growth so far beyond the ordinary size, as to seem almost incredible, but well known, and seen, and verified by the uniform and concurrent testimony of many whom I see sitting around me.

And we have some still larger and taller specimens of other things nearer home, here in our own city, to which many who hear me will bear witness from experience, and which come to maturity "monthly in advance"—rents, the tallest kind of rents, put up higher than the pines, and sometimes harder to get around than red-wood! I hold in my hand a statement signed by twelve citizens of the county of Santa Cruz—Messrs. McLean, Gibson, Mallison, Peck, Clements, Pedrict, Mills, Stevens, McHenry, Sanborn, Kista and Loveland—gentlemen of unquestionable integrity, an extract from which is as follows:

"On land owned and cultivated by Mr. James Williams, an onion grew to the enormous weight of twenty-one pounds; on this same land a turnip was grown which equalled exactly in size the head of a flour barrel. On land owned and cultivated by Thomas Follen, a cabbage grew, which measured while growing, 13 feet 6 inches around its body; its weight is not known. The various cereal grains also grow to a height of from 6 to 12 feet. One red-wood tree in the valley, known as Fremont's tree, measures over fifty feet in circumference, and is nearly 300 feet high." Added to these astonishing productions are, a beet grown by Mr. Isaac Brannan, at San Jose, weighing 63 pounds; carrots 3 feet in length, weighing 40 pounds. At Stockton, is a turnip weighing 100 pounds. In the latter city, at a party for twelve persons, of a single potato larger than the size of an ordinary hat, all partook, leaving at least the half untouched.

These may be superlatives, but they do exist, and they show what our climate and soil are capable of producing. Nor are these more seemingly incredible than the well known fact of a portion of our State, nearly 600 miles in length, and 50 in breadth, whose every foot of ground from hill top to valley, is more or less impregnated with gold of every conceivable form and size, from dust up to lumps weighing 30 pounds.

But let us cast our eyes around this hall, and what do we see—even from this hasty collection and casual contribution—an agricultural, botanical, geological, mineral, and floral exhibition, embracing nearly one thousand varieties of pressed flowers, of every hue, and of surpassing brilliancy, nearly 200 varieties of which are illustrated by truthful and beautiful drawings; seeds of more than 3,000 varieties of native flowers; 20 varieties of lily and other bulbous roots, embracing the remarkable soap plant, rivalling the finest boast of the toilet, and adding to it its healing qualities, as if provided by nature for the double purpose of sanitary and ablucent properties for the native sons of the forest; specimens of 1,000 varieties of the principal quartz veins and soils of the State; about 20 varieties of the principal grapes and clovers, many of the specimens pressed, embracing the burr clover, that feeds to fatness "the cattle of a thousand hills," when all other sustenance is parched and withered: Shelton's mammoth clover, whose stalks from one root covered an area of 31 square feet, some of the stalks 6 feet long, a half inch in diameter, and the clover head five inches in circumference; single stalks of the white lily, producing 160 flowers, of indescribable delicacy and beauty; beautiful specimens of minerals and pressed flowers from H. Pratten, Esq., of Nevada; stalks of the oats gathered by Mr. Shelton, 13 feet high; specimens of wheat and barley having 150 and 200 mammoth stalks springing from one root, the produce of a single seed; the red sugar beet, grown by Mr. L. M. Beard, of San Jose, twenty-eight inches in circumference and weighing 47 lbs.; some from the luxuriant gardens of Alderman Green, of this city, of only two months growth, weighing six or seven pounds; cucumbers, raised by the same, eighteen inches in length; onions, cultivated by Messrs. Chamberlain & Musser, five, six, and seven inches in diameter, and weighing three and four pounds each—nearly 70,000 pounds to an acre—and the whole number from the acre supposed to average one pound each; potatoes, from Mr. H. Speel, of Santa Cruz, 120 pounds from five vines of a single hill; one from Mr. B. J. Stevens, of Santa Clara, 13 inches in length, 27 inches in circumference, and weighing 7½ pounds; the Russian bald barley, grown by Mr. Johnson, on his ranch, upon the banks of Bear river, weighing 66 pounds to the bushel, with a kernal nearly double the size of large wheat; raspberries five inches in circumference; barley from the San Jose valley, of which 965 bushels were produced from less than five acres of land; some from the farm of Madame Scoofy, of Sonora, where 12 acres, by ordinary cultivation, produced a crop of 53,000 lbs.; these walls, festooned with luscious grapes from Captain Maltby, of Los Angeles—single bunches from the garden of Gen. Vallejo, at Sonoma, weighing 10 pounds; apples, peaches, figs, and other fruits of enormous size, from the same; from Mr. Horner, tomatoes weighing two pounds each; pumpkins and squashes 100 to 140 pounds; cabbages two feet in diameter, and weighing 50 pounds; onions, beets, and potatoes of enormous size, not isolated, but by hundreds of bushels, the top onion produced the first season from the ordinary seed; with samples of wheat and barley of uncommon size and weight; and added to the exhibition are also beautiful specimens of the daguerrean and photographic art from Mr. Shew, and also from Mr. Bradley; lemon syrup of exceeding excellence, manufactured and exhibited by Messrs. Sweet & Co., of this city; exquisite feather work by Madame Paacard; besides samples and specimens of countless varieties of plants, herbs, vines, fruits, grains, and esculents of exceeding size and singular perfection, collected by Mr. Shelton, to the enumeration of which the proper extent of this address is wholly inadequate. Among the tropical productions introduced by him, are coffee, ginger, banana, plaintain, and pomegranate, which are now in progress of successful cultivation, and he has this day received from Valparaiso, a choice assortment of rare and valuable exotics, the entire stock of a greenhouse, embracing two thousand of the choicest French and Italian grape vines, fifty varieties choice pear trees, six varieties of plums, three of apricots, twenty of peaches, five of currants, and seven thousand asparagus plants. Of flowers, there are fifty varieties of jessamines, four of althea fratres or African Hibiscus, eight of chrysanthemums, twelve of althea, the wax plant, pinks, cacti, eighty-four dahilas, and over one thousand rose bushes.

I have recently been informed by one of our adopted Celestials, whose phrenological developements of "*auri sacra fames*" predominated over his "*amor patriæ*," that our soil, climate, and seasons are well adapted to the growth of the tea plant, and that as there existed no natural obstacle to its successful cultivation here, he had sent to China for seed, and intends to commence growing it in the ensuing spring.

Indeed, there is scarcely a fruit or a plant, a shrub or a flower, a mineral or a vegetable, of which any land can boast, but what is embraced within the limits of California, a "bright and particular star" in the constellation of States—the crowning gem in the tiara of freedom.

The speaker then gives the following as the product of 800 acres of Mr. Horner's farm in Santa Clara Valley, for the fifth year, with the average aid of sixty co-laborers:—

Potatoes, bushels	120,000	Solid headed cabbages	108,000
Onions, do	6,000	Chickens	605
Table beets, do	4,000	Eggs, dozen	1,200
Turnips, do	1,000	Onion seed, lbs	800
Tomatoes, do	1,200	Beet seed, do	200
Barley, do	5,000	Cabbage seed, do	100
Pumpkins, tons	30		

—And thus, at a cost of about $50,000, producing a crop worth at present prices some $200,000.

If any of these remarks should meet the public eye (for I see here present representatives of the press,) I wish none abroad to be misled by the supposition that all can be as successful as yourself—or that great gains can be obtained without great labor—but I hazard nothing in saying that no richer field for the farmer than our fertile valleys ever spread its alluring invitation to man, and that the cultivation of the soil here is far more conducive to personal happiness, far more advantageous to the State, far less expensive and laborious, far more healthy and profitable, and far more certain of abundant remuneration for toil than the all absorbing mania for gold. And when mills shall be erected on our hundred streams, co-extensive with our wants, California, instead of importing foreign breadstuffs, will be the great granary for supplying the commercial marine of the Pacific and Southern oceans with the staff of life.

The speaker then presented Mr. Horner with a silver goblet, at the same time highly complimenting him for his contributions to the agricultural wealth of the State.

I am also requested by the committee, in behalf of Mr. Shelton, to present to Messrs. Boyd & Dalsen of this city, a miniature hat, made of pure California gold, as a premium, from the prolific and perfect factory of Messrs. Jacks & Woodruff, of this city, for the best specimens of California manufactured hats; and in cheerful compliance with their request, I present to you, gentlemen, this gold hat, an appropriate emblem of the extraordinary beauty and style of the specimens exhibited by you. Notwithstanding the great difficulty and prodigious expense of procuring suitable implements, tools, and appliances, your perseverance has triumphantly surmounted all discouragements, and the beautiful fabrics before us would do credit to any part of the world.

Mr. Boyd returned his thanks for the premium that had been awarded him, in a brief and neat address.

The Tulare Lakes.

[From the San Francisco Picayune, Nov. 15.]

These magnificent sheets of water, which form one of the distinctive features of California, and which, though frequently mentioned, have not been generally visited by the whites, are situated at the extreme end of the Tulare Valley, and close to the northern boundary of Los Angeles county. They are three in number, and are all of very considerable size. Their extent varies considerably with the seasons, but it would be safe to state the width of the largest at thirty miles, and its length at forty. The others, though somewhat smaller, do not vary much from this.

The two lower lakes in the spring and early part of the summer, are connected; but from the upper one there is no visible outlet. From the lowest of the three a deep slough flows with a sluggish current, into the San Joaquin river; the course of this is exceedingly tortuous, and from which other sloughs are continually cutting off, so that it would, in many places, be difficult to recognise which is the main stream. On the slough the timber is exceedingly scarce, the stream presenting, in this respect, a marked contrast to the San Joaquin, which, at the point of junction, and for many miles above and below, is very heavily timbered.

A more desolate looking country than that entered by the traveller on striking the Tulare slough, can hardly be imagined. The soil is seemingly rotten; in the vicinity of water it forms a quagmire; where there is no moisture, it flies into dust, and chokes both horse and rider. The slough, in its upper part, where it is much divided, is in many places unapproachable on account of this peculiarity, and a more unpleasant country to camp in could not be found in California. To find grass, the traveller has to sleep on damp ground, while no fuel can be found but such as is supplied by the mustangs and wild cattle. The country on this side of the lakes and slough is exceedingly level, elevated, as it would appear, hardly a foot above the surface of the water; and the consequence is, that in many spots tracts of several hundred yards in extent will be passed, which have evidently been basins that have received the water which has overflowed from the lakes.

At the point where the slough issues from the lower lake, the sheet of water is so broad that no boundary can be discerned on the other side, save the purple streak which marks the Sierra Nevada. At this point reside the Atache nation of Indians, or that portion of them governed by Tinsin, one of the most powerful braves in the southern section of the country. The rancheria is a large one, consisting of some forty very large huts, built entirely of tules, and capable each of accommodating, in the way in which the Indians live, from ten to fifteen persons. Tinsin himself, a brawny giant, whose frame would compare advantageously with that of any Rocky Mountain chief, and who boasts of five wives, possesses a hut in which twenty men could easily sleep. The rancheria is built on the border of the lake, and not a tree is to be seen within miles of it.

The lake, at this point, deserves, in the fullest extent, the name of Tulare, or Tule. A border of these rushes, of nearly one hundred yards wide, each stalk of enormous size, fringes the sheet of water for mile after mile. In fact, all around the lake the same border extends, but in no place which we have seen so heavy as at the Atache point. The Indians use the rushes for a great variety of purposes. Their huts are built of them entirely. The green roots are used for food, and when ground into pulp and baked into cakes, are very palatable, and seem to be nutricious; the dry roots serve for fuel; from the stalks baskets are made; while more than one Indian conceals his nakedness under a mat of them. Cattle and horses are exceedingly fond of them; and a better bed than a mass of fresh-pulled tules, no man could desire.

The banks of the lakes, after leaving the slough a few miles behind, begin to rise, the mountains advancing nearer to the water, or more properly, the water forcing its way nearer to the hills. The main sheet of water is still, however, in most places, inaccessible, a marshy border, filled with dead tule roots, preventing approach. Water is, in many cases, difficult to procure on this account, so that the traveller suffers to a very unpleasant degree the tortures of Tantalus, perishing with thirst while a boundless expanse of water spreads before his eyes. The country, until the Sierra side of the valley is reached, continues poor, although not nearly so bad as the region in the immediate neighborhood of the slough.

It is probable that the communication between the lower lakes is at times cut off, as the whole intermediate country shows that their boundaries change very materially, according to the character of the seasons. At times, too, the waters rise to such an extent as to render the passage across the isthmus impossible. The country here, too, is low and swampy, and the Indians live mostly on fish, tules, and the small black seeds of a plant resembling the marigold, which they collect carefully and grind between stones, calling the product pinoll.

At the Sierra side the banks of the lakes are more elevated, and one of the finest agricultural districts in California opens before the traveller. The timber is abundant and heavy, the grass most luxuriant; and to him who has travelled up the Tulares, and around the lakes, it seems an earthly paradise. This tract stretches for many miles along the lakes, as far, indeed, as the most northerly of the Four Creeks, and even to King's river; after that a rolling country, destitute of timber, is found, over which immense herds of elk, deer, and wild horses roam unmolested. The Indians throughout all this region are very numerous.

The waters of the lakes are generally, as is currently reported, shallow, although, from the formation of the country, we should think that in some parts, particularly towards the eastern border, they must be of very considerable depth. There can be no doubt, however, that in some places they are fordable completely across during the low stages of water; and various places have been pointed out to us, at which, according to the Indians, fords exist, and that at points where the opposite shore could not be seen. Throughout the whole length of the western and southern borders, the water appears to be exceedingly shallow, not more than two feet deep at a distance of fifty yards from the shore.

In the lowest lake quite a large number of islands are to be found, on some of which wild horses can be seen. The generality of them, however, are not over a couple of hundred yards long, and all are, as usual, bordered by a heavy belt of tules. It is doubtful whether those more distant from the shores are ever visited by the Indians, as they have no better means of navigating the waters than light rafts of dried tules, upon which they float about for the purpose of fishing.

The abundance of fish of all kinds in these waters is absolutely astonishing. The waters seem alive with them, and the variety is as great as the quality of most of them is good. Pike, perch, bass, salmon trout, eels, suckers, and many other kinds, with the names of which we are unacquainted, are caught with the greatest ease, and we have no doubt that the lordly salmon himself frequents the lakes in his proper season. Strange as it may seem, the Indians catch them with their hands alone, and that so rapidly that we have seen four strings, each of which when held in a man's hands in an upright position trailed along the ground, caught by two Ataches in this method, in certainly less than half an hour. Upon one of them might be seen a pickerel, which must have weighed five pounds.

The quantity of game which frequent these magnificent sheets of water, and build their nests and hatch their young among the tules, is immense. Large flocks of geese, swans, pelicans, cranes, ducks, teal and curlews, can be seen at every point, and furnish a great part of the subsistence of the Indians, who frequently bring in large baskets full of eggs from among the tules. Some of the largest eagles to be met with in California are to be seen in this section of the country; and, if game abounds, so also do rattlesnakes, there being more, in any square mile of this district, than in ten of any other. The Indians seem to mind them very little, however, and kill them by means of a tule and a forked stick. Other reptiles are also to be met with, but not in such abundance.

The color of the water at the borders of the lakes is nearly that of a tan vat, which is caused by the number of decayed roots and other vegetable matter. In the middle, it is clear, pure, and very soft.

The climate in the neighborhood, as might be expected from the situation, is much warmer than in the same latitude on the coast. A dull, smoky mist, probably caused by the evaporation of the water, floats over the earth for a considerable portion of the year, becoming frequently so dense, in the middle of the day, as to shut out the neighboring mountains from view. Towards sunset this mist clears away, and the nights are delightful. The fog prevails mostly on the western and southern sides of the lakes, which are destitute, to a great degree, of timber.

A number of fine streams fall into these lakes, from Kern river, which is the most southerly, to King's river, which flows into the lower lake. The four creeks—Elbow Creek, and a number of small streams—empty their waters, after a tortuous course, into these receptacles. King's river is a deep, bold stream, fully as large as the San Joaquin at Grayson (fifty miles above Stockton), and runs with a very swift current. Its banks are nearly perpendicular, presenting, in many places, an abrupt wall of from sixty to one hundred feet in height. As it approaches the lake, however, it divides into a number of sloughs, forming a large delta. The other streams are, in the spring and summer, deep and rapid, but become fordable in the autumn. The lakes cannot be reached from the San Joaquin by any other means than by canoes.

The country back of the lakes, its capabilities, its mineral wealth, &c., may form the subject of another article.

The Wants of California.

California, great and astonishing as are her resources, has her wants. The country in midsummer wants rain, in winter it wants a little more dry weather; but the great want is the want of women, and society in California will inevitably decline to barbarism and the wildest anarchy, unless this want is supplied. Hear the appeal of an editor in distress:—

WOMEN IN CALIFORNIA.

[From the Alta California.]

Some two years ago the cheering intelligence reached this then far-off land, that a ship with the pretty name of "Angelique" was about to sail from the harbor of New York, freighted with a precious cargo of respectable young women from the New England States, who were coming here with the intention of remaining and settling down, and who would not object to forming matrimonial alliances. For a few days after the reception of the news, joy sat upon many a bachelor's countenance that had been wreathed in sorrow at the thought that his days were to end in this country, with no wife—no dear loved one to pass through the weary world with him. But like the speculation of Jem Bags, this all "busted up," and when the Angelique arrived, she brought only three or four ladies, who were either married, or had passed the age when matrimonial alliances are sought with any degree of avidity. Then came the old sorrow again; and from that time to this no attempt has been made to introduce amongst us in any number respectable and virtuous young women, who should become helpmates to those who have made this God-blessed land their permanent home.

The Scriptures inform us that it is "not good for man to be alone," and all time and experience have proven the truth of the text. Woman has ever been to man his other self. In joy she has passed with him in the sunshine and beauty of the world. In sorrow she has mingled her pearly tears with his. In danger she has breasted with him the storm of life, and has been to him ever a blessing and a joy. Who that has been separated for a time from the bright being, who, years ago at the holy altar step, pledged her young love to him, has not often thought upon the blessing of a virtuous wife—how she anticipated his slightest wish—how eagerly she ran to meet him as his returning footstep pressed the threshold of his and her home—how, in the long winter evenings, he sat at his own fire side, and she, his early choice, was with him, and how the little prattlers, their children, played about his knees, and welcomed him with her when he entered his home! Years of absence from these fond and happy scenes fail to dim their remembrance, and the absent wanderer turns back to them in thought, and revels in their memory with the pleasure that the thirsty traveller on the desert sands of Arabia quaffs from the clear spring in the oasis the bright and crystal water.

Moonstruck lovers, silly maidens, and crack-brained poets have so distorted, so etherealized the principle of love—the affection which man, in his nature, bears to woman—that it has come to be too much looked upon as a subject not to be handled. It is, nevertheless, a reality, and should be viewed in a real and practical light; and so let us view it.

The humanizing and refining influence of woman has been acknowledged all the world over; and certain it is, that no society can grow up with the true and finer feelings of nature properly developed, unless her hand has been used, and her bright example shown, in the moulding of them. Society without her presence is but half made up.

California has now come to be looked upon as not only a habitable, but a desirable, place of residence. The wild ideas of the rapid accumulation of fortunes, and a safe retreat from the country, have given way to more practical ones of settling here, and living as well as in any other quarter of the globe. God has blessed us with a land rich in agricultural and mineral wealth—a land affording every variety of climate—a land of noble golden hills and lofty mountains, of beautiful sunny vales and broad plains, as yet unbroken by the ploughshare of the husbandman. It is a glorious land, and wants but one addition to make it as near an earthly Paradise as earth can afford. We want an emigration of respectable females to California; of rosy-cheeked "down east" Yankee girls—of stout "Hoosier" and "Badger" lasses, who shall be wives to our farmers and mechanics, and mothers to a generation of native Yankee Californians. We want amongst us females of every grade in social position, so that they be true, good women. With the introduction of such an influence, the charms of the gaming table and the tippling shop would be forgotten, and the hard working laborer, miner, mechanic or farmer, or the thrifty, toiling merchant, would work and toil on with renewed hope and vigor, cheered by the thought that the sharer of his toils would be also the sharer of his hard-earned gains. A more settled and contented state of society would ensue. The idea of "going home," instead of reaching far off to the Atlantic shores, would extend only to the dwelling here in our own loved land, where the partner in his life journey would welcome to her heart her husband.

In the Atlantic States, there is a surplus of what we so much need here. In the eastern manufacturing States, amiable, virtuous and well educated girls work from daylight to dark in the dim and dingy cotton factories, deafened by the eternal din of the whirling spindles or dashing shuttles. In the crowded cities, others, poor, but capable, if properly circumstanced, of adorning the society in which they might move, strain their eyes from Monday morning to Saturday night, over their tasks of sewing, for which they receive a bare and grudged pittance from some Shylock of an employer who fattens on their toil. Others, naturally as good as any, are driven into sin and misery in the pestilential cities. How much better would it be for these girls to come in hundreds here to California—to come with the intention of becoming Californians, and of making this their home! They would become the wives of our miners, laborers, mechanics, farmers, merchants and tradesmen, and would not only better their own condition, but would exercise a greater influence toward building up here a solid and permanent society than any other means which can be thought of. Many can save sufficient means to come here, and for those who cannot, means should be provided. Who will devise a plan to bring out a few cargoes of respectable women to California?

Theatricals in California.

The suddenness of California's growth is in nothing exemplified more forcibly than in the forwardness of theatrical amusements. In this city there are two very handsome theatres, and there is scarcely a town of one thousand inhabitants in the mining counties, where dramatic performances have not been introduced. Wherever theatricals have gone the gaming table has lost its charm, and the existence of a healthy relish for the refinements of the drama is fully demonstrated in the patronage bestowed on such amusements, and the steady decline of the gaming houses. The profession of an actor is, therefore, highly profitable in this country—the remuneration of his services corresponding to the demand of their exercise. This fact has induced many excellent actors to emigrate to California from the older States; and there is now, in the larger cities, a very respectable share of dramatic talent—indeed sufficient, if properly husbanded and intermingled, to enable managers of theatres to present their entertainments in handsome style. But the difficulty appears to be that there are too many stars in this limited theatrical firmament of ours.—*San Francisco Herald.*

O Know Ye the Land!

Some philosopher has sent us a dozen or more of verses, in the style of Byron's passionate song of Greece, commencing as above, in which all the "horrors on horrors' head accumulated" of life in California are "set to tune." Inasmuch as the present state of society will permit of the worst being shown without fear of a "bowie knife's sheen or a six-shooter's shadow," we subjoin a sample of the author's prowess in poetry, merely remarking that he has succeeded better in rhyme than in reason. Here it is. Know ye the land!

The land where we find, if you trust to the papers,
More gold in a hole than fills up a big tub;
The land, too, where chance cuts such damnable capers
That some can scarce dig out the price of their grub.

The land, too, where Justice and Law grew so jealous,
They plied all their arts to the very last stretch;
And Justice's friends were so strong and so zealous,
That gentlemen ran for the post of Jack Ketch.

The land where, three times in a year, its best cities
In smoke and in vapor ascend to the skies,
While harpies, like Nero, chant praise-giving ditties,
To the tune of 'How carpenters' wages will rise!'

The land where, like Tantalus tied in the fable,
We hunger and thirst for a surfeit of gold,
While it lies full as near as to him did his table;
But where it lies buried I'd like to be told.

The land where the morning, intended by heaven
For prayer and reflection, religion and rest,
Is idly spent watching a deuce or a seven,
While hundreds are staked on the worst or the best.

The land where the old scattered builders of Babel
Have met and united, by tribe and by clan;
Where they gabble so strange that no linguist is able
To tell if he talks to a horse or a man.

A LUCKY CALIFORNIAN.—The Albany *Express* of Thursday gives a history of the adventures of Mr. William Hanse, formerly of Albany, who has accumulated from the mines the nice little fortune of $150,000. He had no particular good fortune, till, wandering about, sick and disheartened, his eye fell upon a small piece of rock near by, with something intermingled with its formation which to him appeared like the object of his search. His hopes suddenly revived. In an instant the thought of untold wealth, competence, and commanding influence, flashed across his mind. With the assistance of the stock or butt of his gun, he quickly separated the piece from its native position, and found that gold—pure gold, of a rich quality—was part of the material of this quartz rock. Without prosecuting his labors further that day, he retraced his steps to his hermit home, a short distance from the locality; first having marked the spot at which he hoped to realize a fortune. The succeeding day, armed with a small chisel, he returned to the spot, and at once commenced his work. Without any extraordinary exertion on his part, in the brief space of five hours, he secured, in quartz rock gold, a sum in value equal to fourteen hundred dollars! His bright vision of future plenty was already half realized. A mine of wealth seemed to open to his view; and his ideas expanding, he looked forward now to the full enjoyment of the treasures hidden in the "mountain of gold." Keeping his discovery a secret, he at once started for San Francisco. Arriving there, he obtained a deed of the place, recorded it in the County Clerk's office, and immediately returned with another Albanian, (Mr. Nicholson,) having entered into a copartnership with him. By the use of such machinery as could be obtained, the mine was most successfully worked, and still continues to yield a rich return to the original proprietors, who yet work it. They have also engaged in other business, a branch of which is the transportation of passengers from one point to another; and coaches, of Troy manufacture, are now making regular trips between different places in California. Mr. William Hance, (formerly known as Bill Hance, but the $150,000 adds a greater dignity,) is one of the lucky ones; and like him who draws a prize in a lottery, is the exception rather than the rule.

Oregon.

VEGETABLE PRODUCTIONS OF OREGON.

The *Oregonian* of Nov. 1st., gives the following account of some specimens of the vegetable production of the country:—

John B. Mills sent to our office, a few days since, a specimen of potatoes raised by him, on the Columbia Bottom—two of which measured twenty-four inches by seventeen in circumference each. Another gentleman sent us the product of one hill, planted in the usual way, and dug from a common field, which weighs thirty-two lbs. We have also received from the Dalles, by the hands of J. C. Bell, some beautiful specimens of potatoes, &c. Lieut. Woods, of the U. S. A., sent us from the Dalles a few heads of oats, which surpass any thing we have yet seen. The heads average one foot in length, one of which was fourteen inches—all hanging full of seed, and heretofore known in the States as the English black oats; the kernel is very large and heavy. On one head we counted eighty-one husks, in each one of which there were two oat grains, and in some we observed three. We have heard of several farmers who have harvested sixty bushels of wheat to the acre, where the land was ploughed only once—the seed scattered on and dragged in, without applying manure or any other substance to enrich the land, or assist the growth. We have seen and used a solid cabbage head, which grew in a common field, measuring four feet nine inches in circumference, and turnips weighing over thirty lbs.; rutabagas, measuring six feet, top and root; beets, parsnips, carrots, onions, &c., that far surpassed anything of the kind we ever witnessed in the States. Lettuce, planted in the spring, will mature, and produce the second crop. Robert Thompson has now in his garden, green peas with well filled pods, which are from the seed of those grown on the same land this spring. When we take into consideration the fact, that all these can be produced in great abundance in Oregon, with less than half the labor necessarily used in the States for their cultivation, we can well and truly say, Oregon is a "growing" if not yet a great country. The plains and fields are, at the present time, clothed in their richest garniture of green, and everything looks more like the blooming spring, than that of the "sere and yellow leaf."

MARRIED.

The *Oregonian* gives the following marriage notices:—

In this city, on Thursday evening, by the Rev. J. H. Wilbur, Mr. John F. Thomas to Miss Elvira, daughter of Mrs. Apperson. The cake received as the printer's fee wasn't hard to be-a [illegible]—Cymir, Jr.

By the same, on the 26th ult., in the Methodist chapel, Dr. E. H. Griffin to Miss Emily Roberts. *Hale muckamuck—[illegible]*

On the same day, by the same, Mr. J. H. McMillen to Miss Tirzah Barton. *Wake [illegible] muckamuck.*

Also, Mr. John W. Patrick to Miss Nancy A. Morton. *[illegible]*

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 20, 1851.

The Policy of the Government—Non-Intervention—Action of Congress.

Your remarks in the HERALD in regard to the dinner given to Kossuth by the gentlemen of the press, in New York, have excited general attention and remark. No friend of the Union can view with indifference the course of proceeding on that occasion, under the guidance of those who led the way in it. The omission to toast the President of the United States was an act of injustice, only equalled by the insult offered to Mr. Webster by hissing his letter of apology for not being able to attend the festival. What real friend of the Union could be guilty of such conduct towards the President and Mr. Webster, after the patriotic services they have rendered the country in the great crisis just passed? Are such services so soon forgotten? Or were these insults offered by those who never appreciated the value of them?

The President and Mr. Webster have also been assailed for their course in regard to the reception of Kossuth. What more could they do? The President sent a war steamer for him, as he was requested to do by the joint resolution of Congress, and then recommended to Congress to take the proper steps for his reception. He could do no more in his official capacity. In addition to this, he sent his son to tender to Kossuth the hospitalities of the executive mansion. He could do no more in his official or his individual capacity. We have the authority of General Foote for saying, that his resolution in the Senate, of welcome to Kossuth, was introduced at the instance of Mr. Webster, and approved by the President. And still, the former is hissed, and the latter entirely unnoticed at this editorial banquet. I can scarcely conceive of anything more disgraceful. I assure you your remarks on the occasion have given great and very general satisfaction.

The course of the HERALD, in regard to Kossuth has been marked by great sagacity, as well as by great prudence. Your article of the 8th inst. contains just and sound views. Like yourself, I do not approve of all he asks. At the same time, I do not blame him for asking; but it is for the government and people to grant what they deem prudent. I agree with you, that if the United States and Great Britain, with the consequent co-operation of France, should adopt the principle of non-intervention which Kossuth asks, there would be no attempt on the part of Russia again to interfere in the struggle for Hungarian independence. All would be accomplished, without the expenditure of a dollar, or the shedding of a single drop of blood by Great Britain or the United States. But if Russia should interfere, what would be the result? You have foretold that as clearly as if it were written with a sunbeam. I quote your views, they cannot be too often repeated.

"A naval alliance between England, France, and the United States would be competent to hold the Czar fast within his legitimate boundaries, though all the Continent without might be trembling under the throes of a general revolution. His intervention would, of course, demand a blockade of the Baltic and the Black Sea, by the combined fleets of the allied powers. Thus, upon the ocean, at least, he would be rendered utterly powerless, while the commerce of the world, upon the world's great highways, would flow on without the slightest interruption or disturbance. The combined fleets of England, France, and the United States more than quadruple the whole naval power of the rest of the world. They could dictate peace to the Czar at St. Petersburg, or lay his capital in ashes. They could not only lock him up in the Baltic and the Black Sea, but exterminate his forces in those waters, and give him abundance of employment in the East, by furnishing arms and munitions of war to the Circassians. The Czar, the great dictator of the Continent, and the powerful protector of absolutism, is the only serious obstacle to Europe's liberation; nor can there be any coalition sufficient to hold him in check, except the alliance suggested between the two great naval powers of Europe and the United States."

I see no danger from such a stand. It is a matter, however, which ought to be maturely considered. Congress, after some delay, has passed the resolution of welcome to Kossuth; but I have no idea that any action will be had in that body in regard to the principle of non-intervention. Some complain because Senator Seward has taken such a lead in this matter of welcome. The folly was with General Foote, in withdrawing his resolution. That being done, Seward had sagacity enough to become the champion for the reception of Kossuth. He has gained reputation by it. If any complain of that, it was their folly, and not his fault.

X.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 20, 1851.

Movements of Mr. Foote—Printing Contract—Bureau of the Interior—Theatricals, &c.

Talk—talk—talk, is the sum and substance of the doings of Congress, so far; and from all appearances will form the great staple for months to come. Honorable gentlemen have so many private axes to grind, so much capital to make, for their own individual use, that they have no time, and less inclination, to attend to any measures for the good of the country at large. Thus, in the Senate, Mr. Foote, in order to strengthen his position in Mississippi, has occupied the attention of that grave and respectable body, for a couple of weeks, in discussion on the compromise, gracefully interlarded with allusions to the distinguished part he has played in having brought those measures to a successful issue. But, let us not be hard upon the erratic little gentleman. He leaves for home on Monday, and perchance he may find it hard work to return. He has certainly done the State some service, and we wish him a safe deliverance.

The joint committee of Congress on printing have agreed to give the census job to Messrs. Donalson and Armstrong, of the *Union*, and there is no doubt the matter will be thus arranged. As between the *Union* and Blair & Rives, we unhesitatingly approve of the decision. It is due to the *Union* that it should receive this support from its friends, so long as the doctrine of keeping up the party organs by public pap prevails; and that this course will continue to prevail for a considerable time longer, is very likely. As an abstract, no-party, independent, question, the establishment of a national printing office as a bureau of the government, possesses many and great advantages; but then Congress is not composed of no-party and independent material, and therefore is it that all the arguments which may be used in favor of a national printing office, will meet with but small favor. Besides all this, it cannot be denied that the establishment of a printing bureau is also in itself open to objection. No one familiar with the mode in which the great majority of the clerks under the government work, need be told, that if these same clerks were employed in a merchant's counting office they would not—doing the same amount of work they render to Uncle Sam—be able to earn their salt. And if you establish a national printing office, it would at once assume the same inertness, the same inefficiency which now characterizes all the bureaus of the government, whether under the control of the Executive or the legislative branches, whether employed at one end of Pennsylvania avenue or the other. If this objection could be overcome, then, indeed, would the establishment of a national printing office be a vast improvement on the present system.

The Secretary of the Interior recommends several new bureaus to be established—a census bureau, an agricultural bureau, &c., &c. Now, of what use, in the name of practical common sense, is there in either of those just mentioned, as permanent institutions. The census, under the constitution, has to be taken every ten years. Under a system of "wise" legislation, a vast amount of other information, apart from the mere enumeration of inhabitants, has been ordered to be gathered for the present census tables, and the same was the case in 1840. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are expended in procuring this information, and when you have it, what does it amount to? Nothing—absolutely nothing! The response may startle the reader, but a moment's reflection will convince any unprejudicial man that it is so. The information is collected by persons going around and asking every man what the amount of his business is—how much money he is making, &c. Now, if this information is given at all, it is always accompanied by that want of definiteness, that sort of exaggeration, which renders the facts either far below or above the actual statement made. In the mere matter of ages alone, it has become a parable that the information given is always mere moonshine; and this want of accuracy, so unimportant in the mere matter of ages, is carried into every other branch of the inquiries, where the information would really be desirable. You have then a large mass of figures, given at random, without any responsibility, and which are paraded before the country at vast expense, no person in the end reading them, or placing any confidence in the result. And it is this sort of a bureau—to obtain this description of information—which it is now sought to make permanent.

As for the agricultural bureau, it has a very telling name, as a mere matter of buncombe, for the farmers, but of what good would it be to them? The mere collection of statistics, if deemed necessary or useful, could be accomplished by a clerk or two attached to the Department of the Interior, without the great expense of an additional bureau. Let us have bureaus for practical objects—to achieve real benefits—and not mere visionary offices, for the sole benefit of the lucky gentlemen who get the management of them.

Mr. Clay has positively sent his resignation to the Kentucky Legislature, to take effect the first of September next. He has adopted this course, more in order that the Legislature, which will not again, after its adjournment, meet for two years, may have an opportunity of electing his successor, than from any very alarming sudden failing of his health. Under any circumstances he would not attend another Congress, and, if he were to hold over longer than the present session, it would leave a vacancy in the Senate till the next meeting of the Legislature two years hence. Mr. Clay's cough is very troublesome, but he is not confined to his bed by it. He still attends to his correspondence, and writes nearly all his own letters. He will attend the Senate whenever his presence is required, and, inclement as the weather was yesterday, he intended to have gone to the capitol and recorded his vote in favor of the Foote resolution, had a vote been taken.

Mr. Marshall's elegant theatre, a description of which you gave in the HERALD some weeks ago, was opened on Monday with an excellent company, under the management of Mr. Fleming, a gentleman who has already become a favorite here. The audiences have been highly fashionable, and the performances given great satisfaction. The President, Mr. Webster, Mr. Crittenden, and nearly all the diplomatic corps, together with most of the distinguished people here, have attended during the week. The Seguins commence an engagement on Monday next.

California Travel.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD.

IRVING HOUSE, Dec 20, 1851.

In the *Herald* of this day, under the head of Nicaragua Correspondence, "the citizens of the United States residing in San Juan, or Grey Town" request the publication of a statement. The statement, in connection, follows, signed at the bottom of the whole article with the names of seven gentlemen, who declare themselves to be the present council, chosen by general election by the people, and that Mr. Green, the English Consul, is chairman. The article does not tell us how Mr. Green becomes the Chairman, and his name is not among those who declare themselves as constituting "the Council;" so that we are to infer that the authority to act is a usurpation in keeping with the whole organization, which appears to have form only to establish its own vitality. We are told, in the same statement, that but two of the signers are Americans; and as the whole document emanates directly from the Council, and is signed by them, the irresistable conclusion is, that those two gentlemen are "the citizens of the United States residing at San Juan." Then we should be glad to know what those citizens of the United States do at San Juan, administering a government there in connection with one "Frenchman," one "native of this coast," and "a native of Scotland," and commanding the Queen's man of war to enforce their usurpations, without being her loyal subjects. If they are not her subjects, but citizens of the United States, we should be glad to know, also, what right her majesty has there, in ball and powder uniform, except to protect her own subjects, and then to be very modest about it. But here we find her exercising sovereignty over the acknowledged offspring of Brother Jonathan, La belle France, the kilted Highlander, the britchesless King of the Mosquitians, and two others, whose pedigree is not told us.

The British Consul is chairman over the gravity of this Council, when declaring that any act, whether relating to the city or the harbor, must be approved of by the Council before it can become a law; that all vessels entering the harbor must be boarded by a port captain and a port surgeon, whose duty it is to board all vessels entering the harbor, which are required to pay harbor dues, except the English mail steamers which are exempt, because they bring a mail to and from that place, which exempts any other vessel in like service.

This ridiculous document, emanating from that singularly amalgamated organization, presents the extraordinary fact, that in view of the Prometheus having departed several times from that port without paying port dues (in a free port by treaty), at the same time that "all other vessels arriving and departing paid the regular dues, caused a warrant to be issued" (the Council approving) for the arrest of the captain of the steamer for debt. The captain resisted; the Prometheus was dropping down the harbor, and immediately "the English brig-of-war Express got under weigh; one or two blank cartridges were fired, a round shot was then sent across the bow, and another across the stern, from the brig."

Thus we have the statement of the councilmen of Greytown, verifying, in every particular, the statement of the captain of the Prometheus as to the outrages, and without offering anything in extenuation but a claim for port dues.

The accusation that the Prometheus repeatedly called on the authorities and the Captain of the English brig of war in the harbor, for assistance in quelling insubordination on board their vessel, is pronounced to be a falsehood. But if true, that would not prove a recognition of absolute control or custody of police regulations on the part of either of them: for aid, in relief of distress, of any character, is always sought by every vessel of any other vessel or any people that may be the most easily accessible in momentary emergency.

The Councilmen of Greytown cautiously avoided introducing into their statement, in vindication of the act of the English man of war, the following article in the treaty of protection made between this country and Great Britain, for the consummation of which treaty we are indebted to Mr. Vanderbilt:—

"The government of the United States and Great Britain hereby declare that neither the one nor the other will ever attain or maintain for itself any exclusive control over the said ship canal; agreeing that neither will ever erect or maintain any fortification commanding the same, or in the vicinity thereof, or occupy or fortify, or colonize, or assume, or exercise any dominion over Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito coast, or any part of Central America; nor will either make use of any protection which either affords or may afford, or any alliance which either has or may have, or to any State or people, for the purpose of maintaining or erecting any such fortification, or occupying, fortifying or colonizing Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito coast, or any part of Central America, or assuming or exercising dominion over the same; nor will the United States or Great Britain take advantage of any intimacy, or use any alliance, connection or influence that either may possess with any State or government." &c., &c., &c.

COMMERCE.

The Bar Banquet.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD.

Not having seen any opinion in your columns on the conduct exhibited towards Judge Duer, at the banquet given by the New York bar to Kossuth, on Friday last, I have taken the liberty of hastily compiling a few ideas on the subject, which I submit to you for publication. They are directed rather to an inquiry as to the propriety of the conduct, than to its reprehension.

The object of Kossuth, in visiting the United States, is principally to ask our countenance as a nation, of Hungarian independence, and if need be, to throw our force in the scale, in order to outweigh any power of any foreign nation, which may be directed to prevent its attainment. This he must ask us, as a nation, to do, either as a matter of principle or as a matter of policy. He does not simply submit the question to us as a proposition for our consideration, but urges its importance on us by strong and eloquent reasoning, and we, to give an opportunity of informing us what he wants us to do, offer him occasions on which to advance his views. The banquet of the bar, on Friday evening last, was one of these occasions. Now, then, if the case of Hungary exhibits any disregard on the part of any nation of any international principle, which has heretofore been solemnly regarded by the world as obligatory on all, then our advocacy of its cause is not with us a matter of choice, but a matter of duty as a nation. If it exhibits no such case, then it is a matter of option, and not of duty. In either case we suppose that what Kossuth requests of us is not sufficiently self-evident to be classified, by universal consent, with either questions of policy or of duty. It therefore requires reasoning to bring it forth and give it that clearness which it does not itself possess. And it is to this end that Kossuth is directing his efforts; and, moreover, he insists that the question involves our country in a matter of duty. Whether duty or policy is involved, we contend that each one has the right to be heard, either that he may satisfy any objections which may exist in his mind against it being a point of duty, or to enter his protest or approbation to it as a matter of policy. Why, then, was not Judge Duer heard on Friday night? Kossuth certainly does not wish to enforce his views or demands upon us with or without our consent. Judge Duer expressed no bigotted or insulting remarks on the subject. On the contrary, no one can fail to observe how temperate they were, and with what a judicial impartiality they were conceived. The very language of the toast to which Judge Duer was replying would seem to have warranted him in making any reply which was dictated by honesty of purpose. The company in which he was should have afforded him a facility rather than have offered a rebuke to his reply. A profession, the object of the pursuit of which is to elicit scintillations of truth by the clash of minds—to oppose truth to error, and to make truth appear more brilliant by its victory over error—this was the profession which denied to one of its most respected members the exercise of a right which is the life of its body. No rules of courtesy or good taste condemned the propriety of Judge Duer's remarks. Kossuth had been invited to meet the Bar for his own benefit—to promulgate his views. If he had met with applause only, he could very justly have construed it into general assent to his demands. If he had accepted an invitation to deliver an address which did not necessarily bear on any future action of those who heard him, good taste would have forbidden a reply. But it was to actuate the future conduct of his audience that he spoke—instead of endeavoring to avoid, he courted a reply. And shall we condemn one who, being led by his admiration of the man to join his society, has the honesty to answer and give his views when thus indirectly appealed to, and who, although he denied the propriety of our government advocating the cause of unfortunate Hungary, yet lent his sympathy to the cause which Kossuth had so nobly espoused?

Impromptu Lines,

SUGGESTED BY THE SPEECH OF KOSSUTH, WHEREIN HE SAYS "HE HAS NO HOME ON EARTH."

Oh! say not so, thou hast a home,
'Tis everywhere thine own,
Thou'lt find where e'er thy steps may wend,
All honest hearts thy throne.

No home! for Kossuth not a home!
The universe will rise
To build an altar for his name,
Whose height shall reach the skies.

The great, the godlike patriot—
Not claim a home on earth!
The world at large is his abode,
His voice gives freedom worth.

His language gives a lustre—
A soul-inspiring ray;
His presence, like the sun, illumes
Where'er he wends his way.

The mind of man grows stronger,
Each heart with ardor burns
For freedom for the human race,
And all oppression spurns.

No home! Oh! noble Kossuth,
Thy home is in the heart
Of every Christian upon earth—
Our brother, though we part.

One father for the universe,
Therefore each child is free;
This lesson all the world should learn,
Great teacher—learn of thee.

He, who thy mind inspired,
And animates thy soul,
Will give to thee a home of rest—
Will all thy thoughts control.

Farewell! thy home is onward,
And still 'tis ever nigh;
Thou'lt trace it in the smiles of earth
And meet it upon high.

New York, Dec 22, 1851. ELIZA C. HURLEY.