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C. C. HEMPSTEAD, Editor and Proprietor.

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Poetry.

TO THE ABSENT WIFE.

'Tis night—the silvery moon is high—
The stars look down on dewy plains—
The balmy winds pass softly by,
And sweetly sound the vesper strains.
Bathed in the moonbeams' mellow light,
The limpid streams go dancing by,
And every wavelet seems as bright
As gems suspended in the sky

But I am sad! Thou art not here—
Within these walls thy tread is not,
And yet, remembrance brings thee near.
And we are happy. Are we not?
Thy gentle voice, though far away,
Falls on my ear like music sweet—
I quickly turn, as well I may,
Thy meek, submissive glance to meet.

I gaze upon the dome of heaven,
Where countless lamps hang high and fair,
Whose pensive beams illume the even—
And seem to trace thy image there!
The world is hushed—deep silence reigns—
Still as the hopeless grave it seems—
And, gathering flowers among the plains,
I see thee in my midnight dreams.

Morn breaks—night's shadows flee away—
The stars are lost in purer light—
Save that which ushers in the day,
And shines the loveliest through the night,
Like it, thy smiles have nerved my soul
To tread the thorny path of life,
And back the waves of sadness roll,
When thou art here my gentle wife.

LIVE THEM DOWN.

Brother, art thou poor and lowly,
Toiling, rolling, day by day;
Journeying painfully and slowly,
On thy dark and desert way?
Pause not—though the proud ones frown!
Shrink not, fear not,—LIVE THEM DOWN!

Though to Vice thou shalt not pander,
Though to Virtue thou shalt kneel,
Yet thou shalt escape not Slander—
Jibe and jeer thy soul must feel—
Jest of witling—curse of clown—
Heed not either!—LIVE THEM DOWN!

Hate may wield her scourges horrid,
Malice may thy woes deride;
Scorn may bind with thorns thy forehead—
Envy's spear may pierce thy side!
Lo! through Cross shall come the Crown!—
Fear not foemen!—LIVE THEM DOWN!

☞ Salem has sent several vessels to San Francisco, in rather a quiet way; and one of her citizens, Mr. Alfred Peabody, has gone out to establish himself as a commission merchant. When the bark Eliza sailed, on Saturday week, there was a large gathering at the wharf, and at the moment of casting off, a trio of the passengers appeared on the quarter-deck, and sang a humorous ditty, which we annex. When they had concluded, the congregation on the wharf gave three times three, and the bark filled away and took her departure.

The California Emigrant.

BY "ONE OF 'EM."

Tune—"*Oh! Susannah.*"

I come from Salem city,
With my wash-bowl on my knee
I'm going to California,
The gold dust for to see.
It rained all night the day I left,
The weather it was dry,
The sun so hot I froze to death—
Oh! brothers! dont you cry!
Oh! California!
That's the land for me!
I'm going to Sacramento,
With my wash-bowl on my knee!

I jumped aboard the 'Liza ship,
And travelled on the sea,
And every time I thought of home,
I wished it wasn't me!
The vessel reared like any horse
That had of oats a wealth;
It found it couldn't throw me, so
I thought I'd throw myself!

I thought of all the pleasant times
We've had together here;
I thought I ort to cry a bit,
But couldn't find a tear.
The pilot bread was in my mouth,
The gold dust in my eye,
And though I'm going far away,
Dear brothers, don't you cry!

I soon shall be in Francisco,
And then I'll look all 'round,
And when I see the gold lumps there,
I'll pick them off the ground.
I'll scrape the mountains clean, my b'hoys,
I'll drain the rivers dry.
A "pocket full of rocks" bring home—
So brothers, dont you cry!
Oh! California!
That's the land for me!
I'm going to Sacramento,
With my wash-bowl on my knee!

Where they learn it.

"I don't see where my children learn such things," is one of the most common phrases in the mother's vocabulary. A little incident which we happened to be an eye-witness to, may help to solve the enigma. We smiled a little at the time; we have a good deal since, and we trust not without some profit.

"Bub," screamed a little bright-eyed girl, somewhat under six years of age, to a younger—who was seated on the curb-stone making hasty pudding of the mud in the gutter—"Bub, you good-for-nothing, dirty little scamp, you tarnal imp of a child, come right into the house this minute, or I'll spank you till the skin comes off!"

"Why, Angeline, Angeline, dear, what do you mean, where did you learn such talk?" exclaimed the mother in a wondering tone as she stood on the steps courtesying an adieu to a friend.

Angeline looked up very innocently and answered—"Why, mother, you see we're playing, and he's my little boy, and I'm scolding him just as you did me this morning, that's all."

Miscellany.

The Quilting Party.

The times of old—the good old days of frankness and honesty and singleness of heart!—Their memories linger around us like sunshine upon ruins, or like the incense of flowers whose beauty has been trampled beneath the feet of the spoiler!—We fear the glorious days of New England have gone by—that the characteristics of her children have departed—that the luxuries and the vices and the fashions of strangers have usurped the beautiful plainness and simplicity—the freedom, the generosity and the bravery of New England. A false and evil spirit has gone over the land, undermining the foundations of her strength, and despoiling her real beauty—lopping away the noble oaks of her forests—the rough-natured but useful products of her own soil—to give place to the graceful but worthless exotic. It has penetrated every-where—from the thronged village to the isolated farm-house; and the plough has been exchanged for the insignia of professional life, and the spinning-wheel for the piano.

'Tis an evil change;—and we fear that there is no going back to our original ground. Strange, that the young farmer—he, whose association of life's purest and dearest enjoyments are with the homestead of his ancestors, should so readily leave the beaten and proved track of honorable industry, for the uncertainty and danger and mortification of more *fashionable* pursuits. Strange—that he can thus leave the hills and steams of his boyhood—the blue skies that bent like a blessing above his childhood—the sanctuary of his neighbors—the playmates of his infancy—the companions of his opening manhood—the very graves of his fathers! Where will he again find the deep affection of the friends he is leaving? Where again will the eye of love beam so kindly on him, and where will the grasp of friendship be as warm and as sincere as in his own loved birth-place? Does he hope to find them in the gay circle of fashionable folly? Miserable will be his disappointment. For him there will be vexation—and changing hope—and fear—slight, indignation, resentment, and hate—confidence misplaced, and vows broken and affection outraged. It is in the solitude and awful beauty of nature that heart answers to heart, thrilling with the passionate touch the mysterious chords of human sympathy—rather than in the artificial beauty and heated atmosphere of fashionable existence.

Reader—were you ever at a quilting Party—an old-fashioned quilting party? If not, you will do well to read our description, which, of course, must fall far short of the reality—and this reality, as the thing is now nearly obsolete, you may never have the satisfaction of witnessing. 'Tis one of the pleasant things in the whole round of, a country-life to attend one of these gatherings together of the young and light-hearted. Let it be understood in the first place that these quiltings are indispensable. The quilts, &c., must be made—the girls must have their "things ready," as the phrase is—or they will assuredly meet with no attention from the marriage-seeking young men. This preparation of the requisites of domestic life is a sort of implied declaration of readiness to receive the addresses of the lover, and to encounter the perils of matrimony, and is understood and acted upon, accordingly.

When a quilting is to take place, the respectable young ladies of the neighborhood are all invited—there is no aristocracy—no singling out of favored individuals. They assemble early at the dwelling of their friend, and immediately fall to work, as if their very lives depended upon their exertions. They consider it absolutely necessary to forward their work in such a manner as to prevent any material encroachment of it upon the hilarity and mirth of the evening. The evening is always looked forward to with a great deal of satisfaction, and many a fine eye glances impatiently at the slowly setting sun—whose tardiness seems to mock the feverish anticipations of the fair quilters.

Night at length comes—a New England winter night—for the Quiling is usually in the long evenings of Winter—with its gorgeous skies—clear, beautifully clear in the dark coloring of sky—moonlight resting like a universal smile upon the white lustre of the snow—streaming through the naked branches of the wild forest-trees—and flashing like pale fires upon the distant icy hills. The merry sound of bells now rings upon the ears of the fair listeners within doors. "The fellows are coming," cries some eager voice, and a sudden smile steals like electricity around the apartment.—There is a moment of rapid preparation—a hasty glance at the small mirror—a trembling adjustment of curls and combs—and then all are seated demurely at work. One after another the "fellows" arrive, until the apartment is literally crowded with as merry a company as ever laughed away an evening. The girls, however, still remain perseveringly at their work, their fair heads stooping almost to the out-stretched quilt before them, albeit, now and then, exchanging a sly glance, or sharp reply, or a meaning nod, with the fine, healthy-looking young gentlemen around them. They are soon interrupted;—one complains of the loss of her thimble—another that her thread has been taken away—and a third that the "fellows plague her so that she won't work, nor touch to," and in a few moments a Babel-like confusion is effected—very much to the satisfaction of all parties. The owner of the quilt now interferes; and carefully removes the quilting frame, blushing all the while at the good-natured jokes of the young men, relative to herself, her quilt, and her lover, who—if she is so fortunate as to have one—is pretty sure to be present. The scene is now all life and gaiety.

In one part of the room may be seen the student of the old village Doctor, amusing and astonishing by his quotations of Latin—and laughing at the amazement of his friends. Hard by is the Schoolmaster of the district—a privileged and favored personage—you may know him by his pale cheeks and fair hands. He is leaning familiarly over the chair of a pretty girl—the very fairest in the room. She is telling his fortune by the odd and curious method of palmistry—tracing out with her own pretty fingers, the various lines of good fortune that intersect the hand of the master. There are strange blushes on her cheek, and they steal at times even to her neck, with a variable and beautiful play of coloring. She knows that the eye of the general favorite is upon her, and her young heart is thrill with a new sense of joy. Nor will her pleasant dreams be broken in upon by disappointment. There is admiration and honest love, but nothing of the deceitful and the designing, in the gaze of her lover.

Meanwhile the sports of the evening go on—the "Blind man's Buff," with its odd encounters and very ridiculous mishaps—the play of "Pawns," with its kindly pressure of fingers—the whirling pewter plate, in default of catching which, before its revolution ceases, the delinquent, if a male, is doomed to kiss all the fair cheeks in the company, and *vice versa* if a female. Then too, there is a mock marriage ceremony of leaping over the broom-stick—a pretty certain precursor of that more imposing ceremony, whose bonds are broken only by death.

But, the evening passes away almost insensibly, and the time of departure arrives. The sleighs are speedily laden with the merry company—and the jingle of bells, and the loud cheers from one vehicle to another—and the rich-toned laugh of the fair travelers, break upon the calm cold air of midnight. There is nothing on earth like a sleigh-ride by moonlight—when the path is smoothly worn—and the horse springs onward as freely and lightly as if he were running wild in the desert, and rejoicing in his untamed freedom.

We can duly appreciate the blessings of untamed society—we know how much the rugged asperities of our nature are softened by an intercourse with those whose minds and feelings have received the polish of education and fashion. Our sole object in the above hasty sketch has been to convince those who from education and habit have learned to hold in contempt the simplest pastimes of our ancestors, that the pure third of pleasure may be awakened in the rustic farm-house, as well as in the gay halls of fashion, where the chastened and rich light lends a deeper beauty to the fair brow with its wreathing tresses, and a wilder lustre to the laughing eye, and where music melts upon the ear like a very dream of melody and love.

Debtor and Creditor,

Or, A New Way to Pay old Debts.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ORPHAN."

A wise value of a good Man's Counsel.—In days gone by, there resided in the vicinity of Mercer, Pennsylvania, an old gentleman, named Trotter, remarkable for his singular habits. He belonged to no denomination of Christians whatever, though in his conduct he appeared, strictly speaking, a moral man; evincing a great reverence for the religion of all sects. His wife was a member of the Methodist Church.—Therefore, it was not an unusual thing to see the circuit minister stopping among the members of his Church, (Mr. Trotter's in particular,) to pass a night and eat and lodge with them; for having neither 'scrip nor purse,' he was unprepared to stop at any public house to obtain lodgings, where the 'one thing needful' was required in order to obtain life's comforts. The minister, Mr. J———, was continued on the same circuit for two successive years; and as things human are inclined to change, so with our Minister. The conference had deemed proper to remove him to a new station, and place another in his stead. Having tarried often with the family of Mr Trotter, and partaken of their hospitality, he conceived it his duty to call and take a farewell of them.

Towards the close of the day, he rode up to the house of Mr. Trotter, dismounted and was invited to tarry all night; with which request he complied. In the morning he had taken a sad farewell of all the family, except Mr. Trotter, who happened to be engaged at a barn among his horses and cattle. The minister rode forward and saluted him:

"Good morning, friend Trotter; I am about leaving, and come to return you my heartfelt thanks for the continued kindness with which I have always been welcomed beneath your hospitable roof. I therefore thank you sincerely. And in the name of Him, whose cause I advocate, I implore the richest blessings on your head, that the gift of prosperity and happiness may dwell upon your household."

As he finished speaking, he extended his hand for a parting grip; the old man made no motion to respond, but looking into the minister's face, remarked:

"I am much obliged to you for your good wishes, and hope that I have done you good service; but, my dear sir, you have stopped a good many times at my house, lodged with me and partaken of my fare; therefore, do you not think it would be as well to settle whatever little account may be existing between us?"

The honest minister was thunder-struck. This was something entirely unexpected, but putting the best possible face on the matter, he responded—

"Mr. Trotter, I am fully aware of my indebtedness to you for sundry lodgings and meals; but such, at present, are my circumstances regarding finances, that I feel utterly unable to offer you any remuneration."

"Well, well, let us at any rate square our accounts to see how we stand. If there is any balance on either side, it can be paid at any other time."

Without exchanging another word, both proceeded to the house. Dismounting, the minister and Trotter retired to a small private apartment—both were seated. Trotter produced a book from a small drawer, which he opened and began turning over the leaves. He paused at the 90th page. Calling the minister's full attention, he read the following bill of items:

DEBTOR.

To 41 nights lodging at 12 1-2	$5 12 1-2
" 41 suppers "	5 12 1-2
" 41 breakfasts "	5 12 1-2
" 25 bushels of Oats at "	6 25
" sundry quantities of Hay	2
Total	$23 62 1-2

The minister stared wildly during the reading, and seemed to feel much uneasiness. "There," said Trotter, "is your account."

"And I believe it is right," said the minister. "But how am I to pay you, unless some of the brethren will lend a hand? As it is, I must go away in your debt.—This I do not wish to do. But if my word is a guarantee, you shall be paid at some future day."

"Ah! that is very well; but you have not heard me read the credits which are on the opposite page. Listen."

The minister stared. Trotter read as follows:

CREDIT.

By 41 blessings at supper at 12 cts	$5 12
" 41 prayers before retiring 15 "	6 15
" 41 blessings at breakfast 12 "	5 12
For various conversations from which I derived much good information	
	8 00
Total	$24 39
From which subtract	23 62
And you have in your favor	$ 0 87

"But my dear sir!" began the minister.

"Hush! hush! my friend; its all right. Betsey,"—addressing his wife—"bring me 87 cents here, quick!" But my good, kind sir," interposed the minister, "you do not really mean to—"

"Yes, but I do, though," said Trotter emphatically. "You have earned all that I have given you credit for. And, Sir, you must take the balance in your favor."

The money was at hand. It was handed to the minister, who was forced to accept it. For a while he was unable to speak. Tears choked his utterance; and as he grasped the hand of the eccentric, but, kind, honest-hearted farmer, he cried:

"Farewell—God bless you!" Rushed to the door—mounted his horse and left the spot.—*Saturday Mercury.*

Hired Girls.

We are inclined to plead with the Philanthropist and Christian in favor of this unfortunate, though useful class of our population. It often happens that persons die to all ranks and professions of life, having little or no property. Where there are no friends able or willing to take them, the children must be put out, to be raised by others. Young women grow up and must go out to service—to hire in other people's families to do "house work." They are too generally kept at a distance—kept at the *alley gate*, to see the passing world. They are not permitted to eat with the family nor sit with the mistress or her children; what is too often, and too generally the consequence? We are social beings, and must have society; if we cannot find good, we are too apt to take up with bad, and the consequence too often is degradation and ruin. Why not permit your *hired girls* to eat at the same table with you, and when work is over, to sit in the same room with you and your children? There they might learn what is good and useful, and go into the world to make virtuous and useful wives and mothers, and bless you for your kindness and consideration, while it might, and no doubt would, save a world of degradation, crime & misery. And who are too often *chargeable* with the crimes they loudly condemn in this unfortunate class of our population? We answer the heads of families! Let good Christian wives and mothers—heads of families—teachers of religion and morals think of these things. Let them remember their own offspring; we do not know the lot of our families. Let us cherish virtue in all around us, hoping that ours may (if need be) equally cared for, in time to come. We ask heads of families, each one, how many *hired girls* have been ruined by your neglect? By your keeping them at a distance? By your neglect of their mental and social capacities, and judicious culture? In the country, they are generally treated more on an equality with the family, and the result is that some of the best women in the country have in early life been hired or bound girls. Let us all have due care and consideration for all those around us, the more unfortunate the more our care and attention is needed.

The New Orleans papers describe a watch manufactured in that city, of the size of a five-cent piece, a line and a third thick weighing the twentieth part of an ounce, keeps good time, and is valued at fifteen hundred dollars, which is about fifteen hundred times its weight in gold—an expensive as well as a rare curiosity.

NEW YORK CITY.—The population of the city of New York in 1712 was 5,840; in 1731, 8,620; in 1840, about 400,000. During the Revolution, it was about 30,000.

EFFECTS OF SUDDEN FRIGHT.—During a late fire at Carlisle, Penn, which destroyed the dwelling of a Mr. W. H. Trout, a German, baker, C. Grossman, who lived close by, was so overcome by fear and apprehension, that he fell dead on the spot.

☞ Use not evasions when called upon to do a good action, no excuse when you are reproached for doing a bad one.

Geographical Memoir

UPON

UPPER CALIFORNIA:

BY JOHN CHARLES FREMONT.

(Continued.)

Maritime Region West of the Sierra Nevada.

West of the Sierra Nevada, and between that mountain and the sea is the second division of California, and the only part to which the name applies in the current language of the country. It is the occupied and inhabited part, and so different in character—so divided by the mountain wall of the Sierra from the Great Basin above—as to constitute a region to itself, with a structure and configuration—a soil, climate and productions—of its own; and as northern Persia may be referred to as some type of the former, so may Italy be referred to as some point of comparison for the latter.—North and south, this region embraces about ten degrees of latitude—from 32°, where it touches the peninsula of California to 42°, where it bounds on Oregon. East and west, from the Sierra Nevada to the sea, it will average, in the middle parts 150 miles; in the northern parts 200—giving an area of above one hundred thousand square miles. Looking westward from the summit of the Sierra, the main feature presented is the long, low, broad valley of the Joaquin and Sacramento rivers—the two valleys forming one—five hundred miles long and fifty broad, lying along the base of the Sierra, and bounded to the west by the low coast range of mountains, which separates it from the sea. Long dark lines of timber indicate the streams, and bright spots mark the intervening plains. Lateral ranges, parallel to the Sierra Nevada and the coast, make the structure of the country and break it into a surface of valleys and mountains—the valleys a few hundred, and the mountains two to four thousand feet above the sea. These form greater masses, and become more elevated in the north, where some peaks, as the Shastl, enter the regions of perpetual snow. Stretched plains and valleys of only a few hundred feet above the level of the sea—and backed by the long and lofty wall of the Sierra—mildness and geniality may be assumed as the characteristic of its climate. The inhabitant of corresponding latitudes on the Atlantic side of this continent can with difficulty conceive of the soft air and southern productions under the same latitudes in the maritime region of Upper California. The singular beauty and purity of the sky in the south of this region is characterised by Humboldt as a rare phenomenon, and all travellers realize the truth of his description.

The present condition of the country affords but slight data for forming correct opinions of the agricultural capacity and fertility of the soil. Vancouver found, at the mission of San Buenaventura, in 1792, latitude 34° 16', apples, pears, plums, figs, oranges, grapes, peaches, and pomegranates growing together with the plantain, banana, cocoa nut, sugar cane, and indigo, all yielding fruit in abundance and of excellent quality. Humboldt mentions the olive oil of California as equal to that of Andalusia, and the wine like that of the Canary Islands. At present, but little remains of the high and various cultivation which had been attained at the missions. Under the mild and paternal administration of the "*Fathers*," and thousands were employed in the fields, the orchards, and the vineyards. At present, but little of this former cultivation is seen. The fertile valleys are overgrown with wild mustard; vineyards and olive orchards, decayed and neglected, are among the remaining vestiges; only in some places do we see the evidences of what the country is capable. At San Buenaventura we found the olive trees, in January, bending under the weight of neglected fruit; and the mission of San Luis Obispo (latitude 35°) is still distinguished for the excellence of its olives, considered finer and larger than those of the Mediterranean.

The productions of the south differ from those of the north and of the middle.—Grapes, olives, Indian corn, have been its staples, with many assimilated fruits and grains. Tobacco has been recently introduced, and the uniform summer heat which follows the wet season, and is uninterrupted by rain, would make the southern country well adapted to cotton. Wheat is the first product of the north, where it always constituted the principal cultivation of the missions. This promises to be the grain growing region of California. The moisture of the coast seems particularly suited to the potato and to the vegetables common to the United States, which grow to an extraordinary size.

Perhaps few parts of the world can produce in such perfection so great a variety of fruits and grains as the large and various region enclosing the bay of San Francisco and drained by its waters. A view of the map will show that region and its great extent, comprehending the entire valleys of the Sacramento and San Joaquin, and the whole western slope of the Sierra Nevada. General phrases fail to give precise ideas, and I have recourse to the notes in my journal to show its climate and productions by the test of the thermometer and the state of the vegetable kingdom.

Valleys of the Sacramento and San Joaquin.

These valleys are one, discriminated only by the names of the rivers which traverse it. It is a single valley—a single geographical formation—near 500 miles long, lying at the western base of the Sierra Nevada, and between it and the coast range of mountains, and stretching across the head of the bay of San Francisco, with which a *delta* of twenty-five miles connects it. The two rivers, San Joaquin and Sacramento, rise at opposite ends of this long valley, receive numerous streams, many of them bold rivers, from the Sierra Nevada, become themselves navigable rivers, flow toward each other, meet half way, and enter the bay of San Francisco together, in the region of tide water, making a continuous water line from one end to the other.

The valley of the San Joaquin is about 300 miles long and 60 broad, between the slopes of the coast mountain and the Sierra Nevada, with a general elevation of only a few hundred feet above the level of the sea. It presents a variety of soil, from dry and unproductive to well watered and luxuriantly fertile. The eastern (which is the fertile) side of the valley is intersected with numerous streams, forming large and very beautiful bottoms of fertile land, wooded principally with white oaks (*Quercus longiglanda*, Torr. and Frem.) in open groves of handsome trees, often [illegible] feet in diameter, and sixty to eighty feet high. Only the larger streams, [illegible] hundred and [illegible] yards wide, [illegible] the upper parts [illegible] the Tulare [illegible] [illegible] small streams, which [illegible] a few miles beyond the hills, the springs which supply them not being [illegible] enough to carry them across the plains. These afford many advantageous spots for [illegible] is the [illegible] The rolling surface of the [illegible] [illegible] exposures, [illegible] having a [illegible] favorable [illegible] suitable [illegible] will adapt to the cultivation of the [illegible] and will probably become the principal vine [illegible] region of California. The uplands bordering the valleys of the large streams are usually wooded with evergreen oaks, and the intervening plains are timbered with groves or belts of evergreen and white oaks among prairie and open land. The surface of the valley consists of level plains along the Tulare lakes and San Joaquin river, changing into undulating and rolling ground nearer the foot hills of the mountains.

A condensed notice from observations, made during several journeys through the valley, will serve to give some definite ideas of its climate and character.

We left the upper settlements of New Helvetia on the 14th December, and, passing through the groves of oak which border the Rio de los Americanos, directed our course in a southeasterly direction across a plain toward the Rio de los Cos-um-nes, a handsome, well wooded stream, about thirty yards wide. The Cos-um-ne Indians, who give name to this river, have been driven away from it within a few years, and dispersed among other tribes; and several farms, of some leagues in extent, have already been established on the lower part of the stream. We encamped at one of these, about eight miles above the junction of the Cos-um-ne river with the Mo-kel-um-ne, which a few miles below enters a deep slough in the tide water of the San Joaquin *delta*.

At this place the temperature at sunset was 55 deg, and at sunrise 27 deg.

Our road on the 15th was over the plain between the Cos-um-ne and Mo-kel-um-ne rivers inclining toward the mountains. We crossed several wooded sloughs, with ponds of deep water, which, nearer the foot hills are running streams, with large bottoms of fertile land; the greater part of our way being through open woods of evergreen and other oaks. The rainy season, which commonly begins with November, had not yet commenced, and the Mo-kel-um-ne river was at the low stage usual to the dry season, and easily forded. This stream is about sixty yards wide, and the immediate valley some thirty or forty feet below the upland plain. It has broad alluvial bottoms of very fertile soil—sometimes five hundred yards wide, bounded by a low upland, wooded with evergreen oaks. The weather in the evening was calm, the sky [illegible] with clouds, and the temperature at sunset 52 deg.

Leaving the Mo-kel-um-ne, (December 16,) we travelled about twenty miles the [illegible] [illegible] of white oak, crossing in the [illegible] several stream beds—among them the Calaveras creek. These have abundant water, with good land above; and the Calaveras makes some remarkably handsome bottoms. Issuing from the woods we [illegible] about sixteen miles over an open prairie, partly covered with bunch grass, the timber reappearing on the rolling hills of the river Stanislaus in the usual belt of evergreen oaks. The river valley was about forty feet below the upland, and the stream seventy yards broad, making the usual fertile bottoms, which [illegible] were covered with green grass among large oaks. We encamped in one of these bottoms, in a grove of the large white oaks previously mentioned, as *quercus longiglanda (Torr. and Frem.)* This oak is a new species, belonging to the division of white oaks distinguished by the length of its acorn, which is commonly an inch and a half, and sometimes two inches. This long acorn characterizes the tree, which has accordingly been specified by Dr. Torrey as *quercus longiglanda*—(*long acorn oak*.*) The tree attains frequently a diameter of six feet, and a height of eighty feet, with a wide spreading head. The many varieties of deciduous and evergreen oaks, which predominate throughout the valleys and lower hills of the mountains, afford large quantities of acorns, which constitute the principal food of the Indians of that region. Their great abundance, in the midst of fine pasture lands, must make them an important element in the agricultural economy of the country.

The day had been very warm, and at sunset the temperature was 55 deg., and the weather clear and calm.

* The names of plants mentioned in this memoir rest on the authority of Dr. Torrey, by whom the specimens have been examined.

XXXth Congress—2d Session.

WASHINGTON, Jan 3, 1849.

SENATE.—Mr. Dix presented a petition praying an appropriation for the purpose of purchasing Munroe's papers, and moved that it be printed. Referred to Com.

The resolution submitted yesterday by Mr. Baldwin, relating to trade and laws, for reciprocal or joint trade with foreign nations, was taken up, and after being briefly discussed, was passed.

The joint resolution providing for the advance of three months pay to certain officers and soldiers who served in the late war with Mexico, came up for consideration, and was referred to the committee on military affairs.

Mr Breese moved to take up the bill for the settlement of titles and surveying of lands in the territories of California and N. Mexico, which was adopted. The bill was read and informally passed over.

HOUSE.—Various petitions were presented and referred. One by Mr. Giddings, of Ohio, for the abolition of slavery, from women of Ohio.

Mr Thompson, of Miss., wished to debate its reception and reference. It was finally laid over.

Mr. Ingersoll, from the judiciary committee, reported a resolution authorising the Clerk of the House to purchase 20,000 copies of Hickey's Constitution, at $1 60 each.

Mr. Jones of Tenn., opposed the passage of the resolution as extravagant.

January 4.

SENATE.—Sundry memorials and petitions were read and referred.

The Vice President laid before the Senate a report from the Secretary of War.

Mr. Dix gave notice of a bill for a removal of the rocks of Hellgate.

A bill in favor of Major J. M. Brantland was passed.

The remainder of the session was devoted to private bills. Adjourned.

HOUSE.—Mr Evans, of Md., moved a reconsideration of the vote of yesterday referring the message of the President relating to the levying of contributions during the Mexican war to a select committee of [illegible], and further moved to lay the matter on the table, which was assented to.

On motion of Mr Hunt, it was resolved that the House adjourn at 2 o'clock, to enable the officers to attend the funeral of Mr Gould, late Assistant Clerk of that body.

A bill from the Senate, extending certain custom house laws to the port of Whitehall, N. Y., was passed.

The bill continuing the charter of the Washington and Alexandria Steamboat Co. was taken up.

Mr. Jones, of Tenn., offered as an amendment, a clause making the stockholders responsible for the liabilities of the Company, which was rejected by the vote of ayes 89, nays 91.

Mr. Jones obtaining the floor, commenced a speech, which he had not concluded when the hour of 2 o'clock arrived, and the House adjourned.

January 5.

SENATE.—Messrs. Dix, Borland, Rush and others, endeavored to obtain the floor, to present favorite measures; when

Mr. Dix obtained leave to bring in a joint resolution, which was read by general consent, and referred to the committee of the whole, for the removal of certain obstructions at Hurl Gate.

Mr. Hannegan presented a memorial in favor of appropriating certain public lands for colonizing the free people of color.

The Senate then proceeded to the consideration of the resolution, calling on the President for correspondence in relation to the purchase of Cuba.

HOUSE.—Mr. Boyden made a minority report adverse to the claim of Mr. Sibley, to his seat in the House as a delegate from Wisconsin.

After an ineffectual attempt to go into committee of the whole on the private calender,

The House went into committee of the whole, and took up the bill for the establishment of a board for the settlement of claims.

January 6.

SENATE.—The New Postal Treaty with Great Britain was confirmed yesterday.

The nomination of Maj. Lewis Cass, jr., as Charge of Affairs to Rome, was also confirmed by the Senate yesterday.

HOUSE.—After organizing, sundry petitions were presented and referred.

Mr. Ashmun presented a resolution to terminate the debate on the bill establishing a board of examiners of claims on Monday.

Mr. Taylor offered a resolution to cede to Ohio all the unsold lands lying in Chillicothe land district.

On motion it was referred to the committee on public lands.

Mr Giddings has taken the floor, and is now addressing the House with great force and earnestness upon the motion to reconsider the engrossment of the bill for the relief of the legal representatives of Antonio Pacheco for the loss of a slave.

January 8.

SENATE.—Mr Houston, of Texas, offered a resolution for the appointment of a select committee, to inquire into the expediency of a railroad, for military purposes, between San Francisco on the Pacific and the Mississippi, which was laid on the table.

Mr. Hale presented a petition against the extension of slavery to new states; for the abolition of slavery and slave trade wherever Congress has jurisdiction, and moved its reference to the committee on the District of Columbia, with instructions to report a bill.

Mr. King moved to lay the question of reception on the table, yeas 25, nays 16.

Mr. Corwin offered a similar petition. The question of reception was laid on the table.

Mr. Hale offered a joint resolution directing the President to present a sword to the male relatives of Major Ringgold. It was referred to the military committee.

The bill for establishing reciprocal trade in certain articles of produce, between Canada and the United States, was taken up.

Mr. Dix supported the bill showing the advantages which would result to the U. S. by a free interchange of commodities, and the produce of the respective countries. He considered these measures would sug-