THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

"EVERY DIFFERENCE OF OPINION IS NOT A DIFFERENCE OF PRINCIPLE."—JEFFERSON.

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The People's Advocate.

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Poetry.

For the People's Advocate.

Hurrah! I am Free!

BY A PEDAGOGUE.

With an angry scowl, and a fearful cry,
Ringing out o'er the heav'ns loud and long,
The "free boy" rode like a spirit by,
And shriek'd, as he flew, this frantic song:

"I have burst the bond, and now I am free!
Too long have I still and sluggish lain:
I'll hie me away o'er land and o'er sea—
Hurrah! I am free—I am free again!

I'll skim o'er the sky on my raven black wing;
I'll hurl at the earth my lightnings amain;
And I'll howl in my glee till the heav'ns shall ring,
Hurrah! I am free—I am free again!

I'll dash, in my wrath, at the mountain's head,
As it pierceth the clouds, in defiance, so vain;
And I'll tear the old oaks from their forest-bed;
Hurrah! I am free—I am free again!

Then out o'er the sullen old ocean, I'll ride;
I'll cut the crest of the foaming main;
And I'll stir the dark depths of its shore-beating tide;
Hurrah! I am free—I am free again!

The billows I'll lash till they kiss the blue sky,
And I'll break them as fine as the driving rain;
Then on in my robe of pale foam, I'll fly—
Hurrah! I am free—I am free again!

Ha, ha! of the sea and the land I am king!
Once more extends o'er the wide world my reign:
And still, in my glee, this song will I sing:
Hurrah! I am free—I am free again!"

WORCESTER, O., Nov. 1846.

LITTLE WILLIE.

BY AUGUSTUS DUGANNE.

A fairy form is frolicking,
In beauty round me now;
With cheek of sunny loveliness,
And fair and open brow.
He sporteth now around my knee,
In gambols free and wild—
A thing of youth and gentleness,
A gladsome, winsome child.

He spieth now a butterfly,
And boundeth o'er the green,
The daisies and the buttercups
He heedeth not, I ween:
His little hand he clapperth,
By the wing'd sprite beguiled,
And laugheth, in his gladsomeness—
The happy, thoughtless child.

Now back he sadly turneth
For the butterfly has gone;
With wings so bright and beautiful,
That in the sunbeam shone;
He seeketh to his mother's side,
His mother fair and mild,
And pelleth with a troubled lip,
The sorrow of her child.

The mother's hands are parting now
His bright and wavy hair—
His sunny brow she presseth,
And a love-kiss lingers there.
My heart grew youthful as I saw
How sweet that infant smiled;
O, I would barter wealth and fame,
To be a trusting child!

Miscellany.

Jaquemont's Journal in India.

From the Westminster Review.

The clever author of the well-known 'Letters from India' died in Bombay, in 1832, at the early age of thirty-one. His letters were given to the world in 1833, but the present much more important and interesting work, the complete journal of his four years' travels, was unaccountably suffered to remain in the manuscript for nine years after the author's death. It is to be regretted that it has been published in so voluminous and costly a shape as will make it inaccessible to many readers. A volume and a half of the text and two volumes of plates are exclusively occupied with details of botany, zoology, and natural history, which have scarcely any interest for the general reader. A well-executed translation of the more popular part of the work would, we think, be well received in this country. A few specimens of the author's delineation of Hindu manners and customs may not be unacceptable in this place.

"The Europeans in the towns of India know scarcely anything of the way of life of their native servants. In this country domestic service is like military service in other parts of the world; it lasts for each man some hours every day, and for the rest part of the time he is free. There is perhaps no European in Calcutta who knows where any one of his servants lives, whether they are married, have children, brothers, parents, and in what country; what they do with their savings, &c. The jealous care with which the English strive to keep all strangers at a distance is very curious, and is peculiar to their nation; in this country the natives make no attempt to overcome their reserve. The numerous class of *bekras*, the most domesticated of all those in the service of Europeans, living in close contact with them, under their very roofs, and in their rooms, following them from room to room during nine months in the year to fan them, has not yet produced one man who could speak English. * * * * * * Some servants never see their master's face. In traveling, they come of necessity, under your observation. My people appeared greatly disconcerted by this for a few days, but now a month is past, and thy are quite habituated to be looked at and questioned about things they are fond of concealing. Sometimes, in talking to me of their poverty, in order to obtain some small presents, they have afforded me an opportunity to question them about their families. * * * My four Hindus, one of whom is but nineteen years of age, are married; their wives are in their native places, three, four and five hundred miles from here.—They all say they make their wives a monthly allowance proportioned to the wages they receive, the lowest, a rupee, which is paid by the poorest of the four, who earn four rupees a month. But one fellow, who can hardly stand upright on his legs, though he says he never was better in his life, is the only one of them all who has two wives, who receive from him half his slender pittance, leaving him four shillings a month to defray all his expenses. What does a man want with two wives, or with one wife, under such circumstances? I cannot tell, and I am sure these poor wretches themselves cannot.

"The slave negresses in Bourbon are at least on an equality with the males of their degraded race; but here the women seem not to belong even to the abject species of their husbands. Neither Mussulmans nor the Hindus eat with them; and the Brahmins, who have only a hut to live in, turn out their wives to sleep with the cattle at certain periods.

"A mile below Serampour, there is a large pagoda held in extreme veneration. The principal idol is brought out once a year on a car like that of Juggernaut to visit some of his neighbors. An immense concourse is always collected on these occasions, and here, as at Juggernaut, the poor wretches throw themselves under the wheels of the car to be crushed to death. Mr. Packenham, Lord William Bentinck's private secretary, happened to be passing through the place on horseback last year at the time of the ceremony. He saw a Hindu throw himself down in the way of the car; the wheels were near upon him, when Mr. Packenham galloped up and belabored the martyr with his horsewhip. The poor devil jumped up and ran as fast as his legs could carry him into the jungle, shouting murder! He was quite prepared to endure a most horrible death, but a horsewhipping was a thing that had never entered into his calculations.—What a capricious principle is courage! Timid and spiritless as these people are, there are forms under which death seems to them a matter perfectly indifferent.

"The cold awoke me several times during the night, though I lay near a great fire, and my servants seemed to rest no better than myself. They dose at night rather than sleep; and this seems enough for them.—Negroes likewise do not *sleep*. The delight of the men of the south is to doze night and day. The mere passive sense of existence constitute their highest enjoyment in this world, and their imaginations have conceived none other for the blessed in Paradise.—Though much more inured to cold and heat than we are by the habit of going naked, the Hindoos complain as we do when they are equally exposed to cold; I often hear those do so on the road near sunrise, yet they prefer bearing it all and walking slowly, rather than warm themselves by quickening their pace for ten minutes. Physical pleasure and pain no more admit of an exact measurement than do happiness and unhappiness. There is reason, however, to believe that the principle on which they depend, viz: physical sensibility, is very unequally developed, not only among individuals, but also among various races. I believe it to be very obtuse in the Hindus. Their children cry as seldom as they laugh. I have seldom seen them beaten by their parents; punishment must be very severe to make them scream out. Are we to presume, because they show little sign of pain, that they feel it the less? I think so.

"In what country of Europe could wretches be found who, for a small payment, would allow themselves to be hung on a rope by two sharp hooks inserted in the flesh in their backs, and to be rapidly whirled in the air? Every spring, at one of the religious festivals, there are men who willingly undergo this torture, being paid by rich hypocrites, who hope to save their souls by these vicarious mortifications; and they go through the whole without a groan, some of them even singing. After being cured of their wounds, they are ready to undergo the same process the following year. Yet they are not martyrs, cheered under their sufferings by the prospect of heavenly beatitude; they know perfectly well that their reward will be just ten pounds.

"The Chinese go still further. They not only torture themselves by deputy, but sometimes suffer decapitatation in the same commodious manner. A rich man, condemned to lose his head, is somtimes allowed to find a substitute, who shall suffer in his stead—and he finds one! Nor is it merely decapitation which the man has to undergo, but he is usually tortured before he receives the final blow. A man sells himself in China to the executioner to find bread for his family; just as in Europe, he devotes himself to the chances of war. What must be the love of such a man for his family, or the obtuseness of his physical sensibility? The one and the other are to us alike incomprehensible.

"It was reported one day to Captain Kennedy, that the grave of a young child buried the year before in the graveyard of the station (Simla) had been thrown down, and the body carried away. * * * The police were busy making inquiries for several days, but they could discover nothing. The Captain at last hit upon a singular expedient. He gave notice that if the body was not recovered within twenty-four hours, he would have a cow hung up in the bazaar. The threat had its desired effect, and that very night the body was replaced.

"The inhabitants of the mountains are all Hindus, who pay little regard to the distinctions of castes, and to many devout practices of the Hindus of the plains; but are exceedingly punctilious in all that regards the sacredness of oxen. Captain Kennedy prohibits the public slaughter of these animals in Simla, and the measure tends greatly to conciliate the good-will of the mountaineers. The Ganges water on which witnesses are sworn in the courts of justice, by no means deters them from perjury; it is Captain Kennedy's practice, therefore to make witnesses take hold of a cow's tail and swear by the animal. The truth is then sure to come out.

"The impression made upon the Hindus when they see us eating beef is the same as we should experience on witnessing a banquet of cannibals; it is disgust and horror. When we eat pork in their presence, their feeling is that of intense disgust only; they think of us as we should think of people who devour filth. The English Government has for five and twenty years been exerting its influence with the Rajpoot princes, its tributaries or proteges, to get them to put an end to the practice of putting to death most of the female infants in families of illustrious blood. It professes sympathy for the victims and abhorrence of human sacrifices. Now all the castes of Hindus entertain infinitely more abhorrence for the sacrifices of oxen, which are permitted in all the provinces of India under British authority, than the English feel for the suttees and infanticides they want the natives to abolish. Many civil servants of the company, though in other respects differing widely in their views and principles of government, agree in banishing pork from their tables. Frazer excludes beef also from his: but he is the only one I know of sufficiently un-English to do so.—But few English have sought to make themselves thoroughly acquainted with the feelings of the natives on these matters; almost all are disposed to disregard such things.—Lord William Bentinck had oxen slaughtered in his camp at Rajpoot, on the territory of a Sikh chief, and in the sight of Runjet Singh's Sikh army, notwithstanding the representations made by the Clerk, the political agent for all the Sikh principalities on the left bank of the Sutlej. The chief on whose territory the oxen were slaughtered has been ever since despised by his neighbors, just as a petty German or Italian prince would be who should allow the leader of an allied army, passing through his territory wantonly to commit the most wanton atrocities, without at least trying to prevent them by the most energetic remonstrance.

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"In India, that El Dorado of European imaginations, the vast majority of the population, instead of *having, owes*. The agriculturist (and India is peopled with little else than agriculturists) almost always borrows from the village banker the little sum necessary to buy seed; and in the poorest provinces he is even obliged to borrow the money to buy a pair of oxen when plowing season comes in. At all events if he is fortunate enough to be able to meet these moderate expenses, his own resources are always insufficient for any kind of cultivation that is rendered more than commonly expensive by the labor it requires, such for instance as that of opium. There is not a peasant in the company's provinces, at Patna or Benares, who owns the opium he raises on his land. The company's agent advances the sum necessary for the culture of the poppy, and takes the opium at his own price, which is sufficient to render this kind of crop as profitable to the husbandman, as any other he could raise, and even a little more so, for the cultivation of the poppy is not forced.—But if it enables the peasant to live somewhat less wretchedly than he would otherwise do, it does not give him the means of laying by enough to do without pecuniary aid from the government the following year. In Malwa these loans are advanced by the bankers and usurers of each little town and village, who reserve to themselves by contract the propriety right of the crop, taking the chance of loss if the season is unfavorable, and securing all the profit in the contrary case; in short, the usurers are the real farmers; and the husbandmen, or proprietors of the soil, unable for want of means to cultivate it on their own account, hire out the use of it and of their own labor to these men. This is the system universally prevailing from Cape Comorin to the Himalaya. There is a class of capitalists much more numerous than in Europe, who lend out money in petty sums; and the rest of the population are from birth to death their debtors. Every peasant has his account open with the *soaker*, to whom he pays, all his life, the interest on the capital of his debt, which increases in bad seasons and on the occurrence of marriages and other domestic events, and diminishes when there is a succession of favorable seasons.

"I have often since my arrival in India made the observation I am here about to mention, that I have no doubt already set down in my journal. It is a sort of apology, if not eulogium, of the institution and prejudices of castes as they exist in India. Undoubtedly they are in many respects injurious to the native social interests. They form, in my opinion, an insurmountable obstacle to any notable change or important amelioration in the moral and physical condition of the Hindu. But after all there remains something to be said in their favor, that the lowly do not suffer in India from the pride of the great. The disdain with which the high castes look down on the low ones never cause the members of the latter any painful feelings. Every caste and subdivision of a caste forms a little distinct society in the general community. Its members enjoy a sense of equality among themselves, whilst their position in all respects towards the other members of the general community is determined before their birth by a traditional iron discipline, contemporaneous with the establishment of the Hindu governments. The dhair of the Deccan, or the bhil of Malwa, forbidden to enter the limits of the village whose property he guards at night, is more humiliated before a Brahmin or a husbandman, for being what he is, a dhair or a bhil, than is a soldier by the act of mounting guard before his colonel's door. This man, whom we call a pariah, an outcast, has his own caste too, and is no less attached to it than is a Brahmin to the prejudices and customs of that to which he belongs. The dhair of the Deccan, for instance, who feeds on the flesh of oxen and buffaloes and camels that have died of sickness or old age, regards the flesh of domestic swine with no less loathing than the Brahmin. He has his peculiar notions of purity and uncleanness relative to his caste; and these strange notions regulate, in the lowest and most dispised caste, the alimentary regimen and the relation between the sexes, just as well as in the higher classes, though differently. The members of the latter bear no malice or pity for those of the former, who again feel no envy, hatred, or desire for vengeance against the castes above them.—The divine origin of castes being universally admitted, there is no ground for personal animosity. It is not a human and changeable institution: if, then, it is unjust, what is the use of complaining? And why should those whom its injustice favors be held responsible? Is it their fault?

"These odd, fantastic prejudices, which condemn a nation to be poor and weak, because they stifle the the germ of almost every kind of ambition, by confining the growth of each individual within the bounds of his caste, are favorable to individual happiness. There is not a single individual in India who is ashamed of his condition. There the poor suffer only through the direct effects of their penury, whereas the poor of Europe are afflicted besides by the angry passions with which they are filled by the sights of comforts beyond their reach. In the United States, where there are hardly any poor, and those who are least endowed with means are almost as well fed and clothed as the rich, the lower classes of society lead the most unhappy existence, being continually tormented by the idea of their inferiority and degradation.

"Thus there are in the United States so many sore and bitter circumstances incident to the exercise of the humblest callings, particularly that domestic service, that persons born in the poorest classes make extraordinary efforts of toil to rise in the social scale. The result is abundant production, national and individual wealth, but, as it appears to me, little happiness. These free men work like negroes, and are compelled to do so, to avoid falling among the most miserable of all parihas, the lowest class of the American republic. A bhil or a dhair of the Deccan, the ill-paid servant of a village community, or the chamar of that village, all regarded by the other peasants as impure beings whose contact would be pollution, excluded from the village as if they had the pestilence, watching the crops and the cattle night and day, exposed naked to the sun and rain, and no better fed than clad—these men consider themselves as lacking nothing which they deem essential to their dignity; they have no need to blush for their condition in the presence of any man, nor do they blush; their lot is enviable, if compared to that of the well fed and well clothed American who serves a master."

The Consequnces of Smoking.

The wide spread habit of smoking has not had due medical attention paid to it and its consequences. It is only by two or three year's observation that Dr. Laycock has become fully aware of the changes induced in the system by the abuse of tobacco, and to the varied and obscure forms of disease to which especially excessive smoking gave origin. He proceeds to state some of them as they were met with in the pharyngical mucous membrane, the stomach, the heart, the lungs, the brain, and the nervous system. The tobacco consumed by habitual smokers varied from half an ounce to twelve ounces per week, the usual quantity from two to three ounces. Inveterate cigar smokers will consume from four to five dozen per week.

The morbid result is an inflamitory condition of the mucous membrane of the lips and tongue; then the tonsil and pharynx suffer,—the mucous membrane becoming dry and congested. If the thorax be examined well, it will be found slightly swollen, with congested veins meandering over the surface, and here and there a streak of mucous. Action ascends upwards into the posterior nares, and there is a discharge from the upper part of the pharynx, and irritation is felt within the anterior nares. The eye becomes affected with heat, slight redness, lachrymation, and a peculiar spasmodic action of the orbicular muscles, experienced together with intolerance of light on awakening from sleep in the morning. The frontal sinuses do not escape, but there is a heavy dull ache in their region.

Descending down the alimentary canal we come to the stomach, where the result, in extreme cases, are symptoms of gastritis. Pain, tenderness, and a constant sensation of sickness and a desire to expectorate, belong to this affection.

The action of the heart and lungs is impaired by the influence of the narcotic on the nervous system; but a morbid state of the larynx, treacha, and lungs result from the direct action of the smoke. The voice is observed to be rendered hoarser, and with a deeper tone. Sometimes a short cough results; and a case of ulceration of the cartilages of the larynx came under the doctor's notice. The patient was such a slave to the habit that he hardly ever had the pipe out of his mouth. Similar sufferings have been caused by similar practices in many other instances.

Another form is a slight tickling down in the pharynx or trachea; and patient coughs, or rather hawks up a grumous looking blood. It is so alarming as to be mistaken for pulmonary hæmoptysis.

The action of tobacco smoking on the heart is depressing; and some persons who fell it in this organ more than others complain of an uneasy sensation about the left nipple—a distressing feeling, not amounting to faintness, but allied to it. The action of the heart is observed to be feeble and irregular. An uneasy feeling is experienced in or beneath the pectoral muscles, and oftener on the right side than on the left.

On the brain the use of tobacco appears to diminish the rapidity of cerebral action, and check the flow of ideas through the mind. It differs from opium and henbane, and rather excites to wakefulness, like green tea, than composes to sleep—induces a dreaminess which leaves no impression on the memory, leaving a great susceptibility, indicated by a trembling of the hands and irritability of the temper. Such are the secondary effects of smoking. So are blackness of the teeth and gum boils: there is also a sallow paleness of the complexion, an irresoluteness of disposition, a want of life and energy, and, in constant smokers who do not drink, a tendency to pulmory phthisics.

Dr. Wright of Birmingham in a communication to the author, fully coroborates his opinions: and both agree that smoking produces gastric disorders, coughs, inflamatroy disorders of the larynx and pharynx; diseases of the heart and lowness of spirits: and, in short, is very injurious to the respiratory, circulating, alimentary, and nervous system.—*Lit. Gaz.*

Operations of Captain Fremont in Upper California.

Letter from Senator Benton to the President.

SIR:—In the absence of official information on the subject of Lieutenant Colonel (then Captain) Fremont's operations in Upper California, I deem it my duty to lay before you the private letters which I have received from that officer, for the purpose of showing you his actual position at the latest dates: the unwilling manner in which he became involved in hostilities with the authorities of that province, before he had heard of the war with Mexico; and especially to disprove the accusation, officially made against him by Governor Castro, of having come into California with a body of United States troops, under the pretex of a scientific expedition, but in reality to excite the Americans settled in that quarter to an insurrection against the Mexican government. This accusation is of the gravest character, most seriously implicating the good faith and honor of our government, and officially made by Governor Castro, in a despatch to the minister of war and marine, under date of the first of April last, and published in *El Monitor Republicano*, in the city of Mexico, by order of the Mexican government, on the tenth of May last. A copy of this paper was sent to Mrs. Fremont, my daughter, by the Hon. Mr. Slidel, and an English translation is herewith presented.

When Captain Fremont left the United States to complete his scientific labors beyond the Rocky mountains, it was with a full knowledge of the political as well as the personal difficulties of the enterprise. He knew that the relations of the United States was critical both with Great Britain and Mexico—that he was going through the territories of the one, and among the settlements of the other—that jealousy would attach to his movements, and all his acts be referred to his government—and he was perfectly determined to use the utmost circumspection in all his conduct, confining himself wholly to his scientific pursuits, and carefully avoiding as well the appearance as the reality of a political mission. With this view, and after having traversed the desert, and crossed the Great Basin which lies between the Rocky mountains and the Sierra Nevada of the Alta Californias, he left his men upon the frontier, an hundred miles to Monterey, and went alone to that city to explain his object and wishes in person to Gov. Castro. He did this in the most formal and official manner, in company with the United States consul, Mr. O'Larkin, (at whose house he stopped,) and, conforming to the whole detail of Spanish ceremonial, he not only called on the governor, but also on the prefect and the alcalde. The interview was perfectly satisfactory. To the governor's remark that he was bringing a considerable number of United States troops with him, Capt. F. answered that it was not so—that he had no troops at all—only a few hired men for security against Indians, and killing game—that he was not even an officer of the line, but of Topographical Engineers—and that he was seeking a new route (among other objects of science) to the mouth of the Columbia, upon a line farther south than the present traveling route, and which had brought him through the unsettled parts of the Upper California, and that he now wished to winter in the valley of the San Joaquin, where there was game for his men, and grass for his horses. To this the governor agreed, and Capt. Fremont left Monterey to bring his men to the beautiful valley which he had explored in a previous expedition, and to which both himself and his men looked forward as to a paradise of refreshment, after their toilsome and perilous march of three thousand miles among savage tribes, and through wilderness and desert countries.

Scarcely had he arrived in this valley, when information began to reach him from all quarters that the governor was raising the province against him, and coming upon him with troops of all arms—cavalry, artillery and infantry—and that his situation was most critical and dangerous. The consul sent a special messenger to warn him of his danger; the American settlers below offered to join him; but he utterly refused their assistance, because he would not compromise them. But he did what honor and self preservation required, and what the courage and fidelity of his men enthusiastically seconded; he took a position, and waited the approach of the assailants; and that position was nearer to them, on the summit of the Sierra, overlooking Monterey, at thirty miles distance, and whence, with their glasses, they could painly see the troops, with their artillery, which had crossed the bay (of Monterey) to San Juan on their way to attack him. The governor, with these troops, and with all his threats, after coming towards the camp on the Sierra, did not come to it; and Capt. Fremont, faithful to his design to avoid collision, if possible, finding himself not attacked, determined to retire, and to proceed to Oregon, on his intended route of the Scramento, Tlamath lake, and the valley of the Wahlamath river. Accordingly, about the 10th of March, he left his position on the Sierra, descended into the valley of the San Joaquin, and commenced his march by slow and easy stages, of four and six miles a day towards Oregon.

It is of this encampment on the Sierra that Governor Castro complains in his despatch to the Minister of War and Marine, as an evidence of hostile intentions, and where the American flag was raised, a fortification built, and the American settlers called in for its defence. Unhappily we have no letters from Capt. Fremont detailing the events of these days; but the want of such a letter is well supplied by the official communications from the American consul at Monterey to our Secretary of State, and by Capt. Fremont's brief note to the consul, (written in pencil,) while expecting the attack of Gov. Castro, and which has heretofore been published in our papers. Mr. Buchanan furnished us, as soon as they were received, with copies of these dispatches, which are herewith laid before you, and from which it will be seen that Gov. Castro's accusations are entirely unfounded—that so far from having excited the Americans to revolt, he absolutely refused to receive those who offered to join him! and more, that when after leaving his position, and granting discharges to five or six of his men, he refused to fill their places from the men in the country! so determined was he to avoid as well in appearance, as in fact, the smallest act offensive or injurious to the Mexican authorities. The same correspondence shows the entire falsehood of all the gasconade which Gov. Castro put into his official report about the spoils of the camp—the dispersion of Fremont and his men—their flight into the bulrushes, and through the desert—his suffocation in the cradle of a dangerous conspiracy; &c., with all which imaginary exploits his despatch was filled, while Fremont, with sixty two men and two hundred horses, were slowly retiring in a body, almost in his view, and utterly abstaining from any act of offence to the province or its authorities. It was no doubt this false report to his government, and the ridicule he incurred by it in California, that led to his subsequent operations in May to exterminate Fremont's party, and all the American settlers on the Sacramento.

On return from the evacuated camp on the Sierra, the governor also put forth a proclamation, in the vein of his report, and even worse, styling Fremont and his men a band of highway robbers, plundering the people, &c., which accusation of plundering, the consul took the trouble to investigate, and found it to be a very trival offence of manners (not law or morals) which the injured party valued at five dollars, and for which Capt. Fremont gave ten. For the rest, the consul, after all this, declares the inhabitants are well pleased with Capt. Fremont, and that he might walk the streets of Monterey the next day alone, if he choose. The only truth in Gov. Castro's dispatch is, that Capt. Fremont took a military position, entrenched it, raised the American flag; but these events were the consequence, and not the cause of Gov. Castro's movement against him; and this is fully shown in that brief, heroic note, written in pencil in answer to the consul's warning, in which Capt. Fremont, after refusing the aid of the American settlers, declared for himself and his sixty-two men that they had done nothing wrong to the people of the country—that if they were attacked they would defend themselves, and die to the last man under the flag of their country, and leave it to their country to avenge their death. All they did was in self-defence. The flag was raised, not as a standard of insurrection, or as a sign of contempt to the Mexican government, but as the American symbol of honor and patriotism, which was entitled to respect from others—and which they had displayed in that hour of danger as a warning to the approaching assailant—as a bond of union and devotion among themselves—and as an appeal and invocation (if they should be destroyed) to the avenging spirit of their far distant country. To my mind, this entrenching on the mountain, and raising the national flag, was entirely justifiable under their case: and the noble resolution which they took (refusing the aid of their countrymen) to die, if attacked, under the flag of their country, four thousand miles distant from their homes, was an act of the highest heroism, worthy to be recorded by Xenophon, and reflecting equal honor upon the brave young officer who commanded and the heroic SIXTY TWO by whom he was supported.

The first letter that we received from Capt. Fremont after his withdrawal from Sierra, and from the valley of the San Juan, is dated the first day of April, in latitude 40, on the Sacramento river; and though written merely to inform Mrs. Fremont of his personal concerns, becomes important in a public point of view on account of subsequent events in June and July, by showing that on the first of April he was on his way to Oregon—that he had abandoned all intention of returning through any part of California,—would pass the Rocky mountains though the Northern Pass on the line between the Upper, or Kettle falls of the Columbia, and the Great falls of the Missouri—and be in the United States in September. This shows that he had, at that time, no idea of the events in which he was subsequently involved, and that he had abandoned the cherished field of his intended scientific researches for the express purpose of avoiding all offence to the Mexican authorities. Of the events in the valley of the San Joaquin and the camp on the Sierra, he speaks a few words, without detail, but descriptive of his condition, characteristic of his prudence in not compromising his country, and worthy to be repeated in his own language. He says; "*The spaniards were somewhat rude and inhospital below, and ordered me out of their country after having given me permission to winter there. My sense of duty did not permit me to fight them, but we retired slowly and growlingly before a force of three or four hundred men, and three pieces of artillery. Without a shadow of a cause the governor suddenly raised the whole country against me, issuing a scandalous proclamation. Of course, I did not dare to compromise the United States, against which appearances would have been strong; but though it was in my power to increase my party by Americans, I refrained from*