

Now hurl their howling squadrons down
 To Lethe's silent shore;
 They bark so loud, we scarce can hear
 Our sleeping sentries snore.

Lay low the watch-dog first of all;
 For he's a saucy loon,
 That bays all night the modest man
 Who figures in the moon.

Then down the pointer: he it is
 That threads the leaves and grass—
 To train the sportman's ready fire
 At some poor luckless ass.

Then wing the lap-dog, that pert imp
 Befondled by the fair,
 And catching all the tender looks
 Old bachelors should share.

O'er him, who falls in this dread strife,
 The thunder-clouds shall roll,
 Through shaking cliffs and caverned hills,
 A requiem to his soul.

And dewy stars shall softly bend
 From their celestial bowers,
 To greet the meek-eyed spring, that comes
 To strew his grave with flowers.

TUESDAY, JAN. 12. After three weeks, in which we had a cloudless sky and balmy air, the wind has hauled into the southeast, and a gentle rain has commenced falling. Its having crept upon us so softly, is a symptom that it will continue with us some time. The first break of sunshine may be a week hence.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 13. We have no intelligence, as yet, from the seat of war. The solicitude of the public to know the result is at the highest pitch. No one doubts that the issue has been very decisive. A report reached us to-day that the town of Los Angeles had been taken by our troops, and that a large portion of the Californians had laid down their arms. This rumor comes through the washerwomen of this place. They get their intelligence from the Indians, who cross the streams in which they wash their clothes. Singular as this sort of mail may seem, it very often conveys news, not only with wonderful dispatch, but with extraordinary accuracy.

The first capture of Los Angeles, by Com. Stockton, was announced here by these washerwomen; they were also the first to spread the intelligence of the breaking out of the insurrection at the same place, and knew of the retreat of the Americans at San Pedro before any other class of people in Monterey. So much for a wash-tub mail. You may think lightly of it as of the soap-bubbles that break over its rim; but if you are wise you will heed its intelligence. It is an old mail that has long been run in California; and has announced more revolutions; plots, and counterplots, than there are mummies in Memphis. Who, in other lands, would dream of going to an old woman, washing her clothes in a mountain stream, for the first tidings of events in which the destinies of nations tremble? Mr. Morse need hardly come here with his magnetic machine. One of these women would snap

the news from a napkin or shirt before his lightning-mail had got under way.

THURSDAY, JAN. 14. The small party of Californians who recently took up arms on the bay of San Francisco, soon increased to two hundred. They were, with few exceptions, men of the better stamp—men who had a permanent interest in the soil, and who had refused to join the rash spirits at the south. They had captured Mr. Bartlett, the chief magistrate of the jurisdiction, and several other Americans, whom they held as hostages.

Capt. Marston, with fifty men from the Savannah, and Capt. Maddox, with a company of mounted volunteers, and Capt. Weber, with another band of resolute spirits, met them. A general and decisive engagement was anticipated; but after a few hours of pretty sharp fighting, the Californians withdrew from Santa Clara, which was entered by our forces. A flag of truce was sent in, and the leading spirits on both sides assembled under the shadows of a great native oak. The Californians stated that they had taken up arms, not to make war on the American flag, but to protect themselves from the depredations of those who, under color of that flag, were plundering them of their cattle, horses, and grain; and that on assurance being given that these acts of lawless violence should cease, they were ready to return quietly to their homes. These demands were not enforced in a spirit of menace, but with that moral

firmness which belongs to a deep sense of wrong. They were acceded to, and the parties separated, never again, I hope, to meet as belligerents.

This is a much better mode of settling differences than through the arbitrament of the bayonet. It is an easy thing to dislodge a man's argument by dislodging his life; but this summary process of getting rid of an opponent will generally be followed by something worse. There is terror even in the ghost of a misdeed.

FRIDAY, JAN. 15. We have further intelligence from the seat of war. General Kearny, with his staff and a guard of one hundred dragoons, arrived on the 6th ult. from New Mexico at San Pasqual, about thirty miles from San Diego. Here he encountered a hundred and sixty Californians, under Andres Pico, well mounted, and armed with rifles and lances. A sanguinary engagement ensued, marked by the most daring, determined conduct on both sides. Captain Johnson, with twelve dragoons, led the charge, and was shot dead in the furious onset. Captain Moore, with fifty dragoons, rushed to the front: the enemy wavered—retreated; when this gallant officer, with a few of his men who were better mounted than the rest, rushed on in pursuit. The enemy suddenly wheeled; and now it was hand to hand between the heavy sword and lance. Captain Moore, on his white charger, was a mark which none could mistake. Lance after lance was shivered by his

flashing steel, till, at last, he sunk overpowered. All this lasted but a few minutes, but long enough to reach its tragic results before the remainder of the guard could come up.

The Californians at last retreated, and Gen. Kearny encamped on the disputed field. But what a night it must have been! The camp fire threw its pale light on the countenances of nineteen, who sprung to their saddles at the break of day, but who were now locked in the still embrace of death. The burial rites performed, and another sun in the heavens, the general was again on his way. But another hill bristling with lances obstructs his march; it is stormed, carried, and here again the weary and the wounded require repose. Through the energies of Lieut. Beale, who seems ever to be where the hardest enterprise demands, a message is conveyed through the beleaguering lines of the enemy to the camp of Com. Stockton, and a detachment of seamen and marines, under Lieut. Gray, of the Congress, is sent out. This fresh force obliged the Californians to relinquish their purpose of another engagement. Had they not arrived, it was the intention of Gen. Kearny to cut his way to San Diego, be the odds against him what they might. His gallant guard had shown the reliance which might be reposed in them, by the desperate valor which they had already evinced. The conduct of Capt. Turner, of Lieut. Emory, and Capt. Gillespie might give a feature to any field where life is perilled and laurels won; while the muse of history would

inscribe her glowing eulogy on the tombs of a Johnson, a Moore, and a Hammond. They sleep in the soil of California, where the undying year

“Garlands with fragrant flowers their place of rest.”

SATURDAY, JAN. 16. The depredations complained of by those who took up arms in the neighborhood of San Francisco, were committed by some of the volunteers, previous to their joining Col. Fremont on his present campaign. They are a class of persons who have drifted over the mountains into this country from the borders of some of our western states. It is a prime feature in their policy to keep in advance of law and order, and to migrate as often as these trench on their irresponsible privileges. Their connection with our military operations here is a calamity that can only find a relief in the exigencies of war.

Were their lawless proceedings directed against those who are active participators in this revolution, the evils which they inflict would have some palliation. But the principal sufferers are men who have remained quietly on their farms, and whom we are bound in honor, as well as sound policy, to protect. To permit such men to be plundered under the filched authority of our flag is a national reproach. No temporary triumph can redeem the injuries inflicted, or obliterate their stain. But the rash acts committed by one portion of the Californians, and the wrongs endured by another, are fast drawing to a close.

SUNDAY, JAN. 17. As I was passing this morning one of the little huts sprinkled around the skirts of Monterey, my steps were arrested by the low moans which issued from its narrow door. On entering, I found on a straw pallet a mother whom disease had wasted to a mere shadow, but whose sufferings were now nearly over. She did not notice my entrance, or any thing around; her eyes were lifted, fixed, and glassed in death. A slight motion drew my attention to another corner of the hut, where I discovered, in the dim twilight of the place, a little boy lying on a mat, whom I supposed asleep; his young sister was near him, and trying to cross his hands on his breast. She did not seem to notice me, spake not a word, but went on with her baffled task, for the hand which she had adjusted would roll off while she was attempting to recover the other. Now and then she stopped for a moment and kissed the lips which could return none, while her tears fell silently on the face of her dead brother. In a few minutes two women entered, who, it seems, had gone out to call their clergyman to administer the last rites to the mother. He was too late: her spirit had fled. He spoke to her, called her by name—but there was no answer; he turned to the little boy, whispered Raphael, but all was silent and still. Directing the women where to procure grave-clothes at the expense of the alcalde's office, I wended my way home. How little heeds the great stream of life the silent rivulets of sorrow which mingle with its noisy tide!

MONDAY, JAN. 18. It is deeply to be regretted that the military operations in California should prevent, at this time, an experimental proof of the fertility of her soil. The rain that has already fallen is so abundant, that all the arable land will retain its moisture sufficiently to enable the crops to come to maturity. But this war has broken up every agricultural arrangement, and defeated every possibility of a generous harvest. The calamity will be felt most severely by the emigrants. They arrive here with very slender means; and the idea of paying twenty dollars a barrel for flour covers them with dismay. Instead of having reached a land of plenty, they hastily conclude that they are to suffer the miseries of destitution, and yield to a despondency deeper than that which shook the faith of the Israelites before their wants were miraculously supplied. But there is no manna here, and no quails, except those which are secured by the hunter's skill. The day of miracles is over, even in California.

TUESDAY, JAN. 19. One of my boys caught a dove, a few days since, clipped his wing, and placed him in our yard, which has a high wall around it. He looked very lonely at first, but his mate soon came, hovered around on the wall, and finally preferring captivity with him to freedom without, flew down to his side. How beautiful is that affection which never forsakes in adversity, but becomes deeper and stronger as the waves of affliction roll higher over the object of its sympathy and trust!

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 20. There is one feature in our military operations here which is far asunder from that system of order which appertains to a well-disciplined army. Every one who can raise among the emigrants thirty or forty men, becomes a captain, and starts off to fight pretty much on his own hook. Nor is he very scrupulous as to the mode in which he obtains his horses, saddles, and other equipments. He takes them wherever he can find them, and very often without leaving behind the slightest evidence by which the owner can recover the value of his property. He plunders the Californian to procure the means of fighting him. Public exigency is the plea which is made to cover all the culpable features in the transaction. This may justify, perhaps, taking the property, but it never can excuse the refusal or neglect to give receipts. It is due to Com. Stockton and Col. Fremont to say, that this has been done without their sanction. Still, it reflects reproach on our cause, and is a source of vast irritation in the community. No man who has any possible means of redress left will tamely submit to such outrages; and yet we expect the Californians to hug this chain of degradation, and help to rivet its links. Let foreigners land on our own coast, and do among us what Americans have done here, and every farmer, in the absence of a musket, would shoulder his pitchfork and flail. Human nature is the same here as there, and a sense of wrong will burn as deeply in the one place as the other. I utter, for one, my note of re-

monstrance, though it be as little heeded as the whispers of a leaf in the roar of a storm-swept forest.

THURSDAY, JAN. 21. The scarcity of provisions in Monterey continues. Flour is twenty-five dollars the barrel, and there is hardly a barrel in the place at that. We have in our garrison about a hundred and fifty men, and all are on a short allowance of bread. There is wheat in the interior, but the mules which should be there to grind it have gone to the wars. Even that sorry animal seems here not wholly insensible to military glory. The trump of fame finds an echo even in his long ears.

FRIDAY, JAN. 22. The flag on the fort informed us this afternoon of the approach of a ship within the rim of our bay. As she neared, the signals on the Dale told her to be an American man-of-war. We conjectured at once that she must be the Congress; but as she rounded into her berth we could not recognize, in her majestic form, the features of our old friend. She proved to be the Independence, commanded by Capt. Lavellette, and bearing the broad pennant of Com. Shubrick. She sailed from the U. States on the twenty-ninth of August, and arrived at Rio de Janeiro in fifty-three days; remained there ten days; doubled the Cape and reached Valparaiso in thirty-four days; stopped there seven, and reached here in thirty-eight. This is splendid sailing; but the Independence is one of the fastest, as well as one

of the most powerful ships in our service. Though razeed of her carronades, all her effective force remains. Her battery is a frowning mass of thunder. Her officers are men of enterprise and professional merit. They have brought a mail, well filled with letters and papers, from the United States. If you would know the value of a single letter, let an ocean roll between you and your home.

SATURDAY, JAN. 23. The Independence left the Columbus at Valparaiso, under the broad pennant of Com. Biddle, who has instructions to favor us here with a visit. The Columbus was in want of supplies, and would be detained several days in procuring them. She had better lay in all she will require, for there is nothing here. Unless a transport arrives soon, there will not be salt provisions enough on the coast to enable our squadron to go to sea two weeks. There has not been a transport here for six months; our sailors have been living on fresh meat till they hanker for the salt more than they ever did for the fresh. As for clothing, they can hardly muster a shirt a piece, and one pair of shoes among half a dozen is becoming rather a rare sight. This is a hard case, when our markets at home are glutted with these articles. The sailor is required to be faithful to the government, and the government should be faithful to him. He should not be left here barefooted to patter about like a duck in shallow water. It is well for him that it is a California winter through which

he is obliged to pass in his destitution; in the same latitude on the Atlantic he would nearly have perished.

SUNDAY, JAN. 24. It is difficult to make the Californians understand why you will not attend to office duties on the Sabbath. The apology that you want it as a day of recreation, would be appreciated; but the plea of its sanctity is with many wholly unintelligible. If you would make a person respect the Sabbath, you must rear him in its sacred observance.

MONDAY, JAN. 25. The wash-tub mail is still further establishing its claims to confidence. Its intelligence is no bubble breaking over its rim, and evaporating into thin air; but a chain of facts carrying with them the destinies of a nation. All that has reached us through this singular mail is confirmed this morning by a California youth who has arrived from below.

He left Los Angeles some fourteen days since, and states that previous to his departure, Com. Stockton had entered the town at the head of the American forces from San Diego. He says there had been some pretty hard fighting, in which the Californians had suffered severely. Col. Fremont, he states, was within two days' march of the Pueblo, and in a position to cut off the retreat of the Californians to the north. He believes that most of them have surrendered. This intelligence is, in every essential partic-

ular, identical with that which reached us several days since through the washerwomen of this town. They must have obtained it from those who swept through to the north when the rout below first commenced.

TUESDAY, JAN. 26. A Californian made me a present to-day of a wild goose which he had just killed. I value the gift for the giver, rather than any benefit it may be to me. I live mostly on mush; such a thing as a wild goose never floats within the shadows of my domestic dreams. Even the drum of the partridge is rarely heard there. Wild geese prevail here in the greatest abundance; every lagoon, lake, and river is filled with them. They fly in squadrons, which, for the moment, shut out the sun; a chance shot will often bring two or three to the ground. The boys will often lasso them in the air. This is done by fastening two lead balls, several yards from each other, to a long line, which is whirled into the air to a great height. In its descent the balls fall on opposite sides of the neck of some luckless goose, and down he comes into the hands of the urchin hunter; sometimes a pair are brought down, but one generally manages to effect his escape. The boy little heeds the domestic relation that may have subsisted between them; and yet there is something in killing the mate of even a goose that might be relieved in the thought that no other goose loved him.