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Trip to Cape May.

Sketches by travelling editors have become so common—so much matters of course, in the editorial routine, as scarcely to challenge criticism in any point of view;—hence we feel emboldened to venture upon one, in an interval of graver labors. In speaking thus of travelling editors, we desire not to be understood as disparaging the efforts of those connected with the public press, whom pleasure or business may have sent abroad. On the contrary, we differ widely from many of the conclusions recently expressed in the columns of this paper in regard to the racy and graphic sketches of WILLIS in his European wanderings. We generally turn to them with pleasure, and enjoy the contrast which they present to the more elaborate and finished pictures of BRANT, now on the same side of the Atlantic. Nor have we failed in being both profited and delighted whenever our esteemed contemporary of the United States Gazette, commences with this "Arm Chair," during a ramble from home. We have observed too, that our friend FOXLEY of the Lancaster Intelligencer, travels with his eyes open, and knows right well how to describe what he sees.

The very mention of these, renders us more diffident in sending to press our own hasty penicillings, made literally by the way-side. Having entered upon an explanatory and apologetic strain, we may as well at this time also promise, that in our occasional labors for this paper—with all due respect to its readers be it spoken—we seek as much our own amusement as any thing else; and least of all, do we write from any pride of authorship. There are, in the lives of all—and much too frequent here they come to us in later years—melancholy moments—when a heavy-hearted despondency has crept over us, on finding some long-cherished friend, rubly driven from his favorite resting-place;—or moments of morbid gloom, when a listless indifference seems to have swallowed up even our best hopes and affections, and we feel for a season, abandoned on the wide waste of careless existence, without a place to cast anchor, and without a shore in view, to exercise a single wish, or give the slightest interest to contemplation. In such moments as these, we are sure to find relief in the cheerful exercise of the pen. To comment, criticize, or reason—careless often as to the thought or the subject we seize upon—to roam any where in the infinite field of mental speculation, serves to recall the mind to its wonted tone and energy, and to dispel the gathering clouds. Such, frequently have been our incentives to literary labor; and such especially was the spirit in which we set down to fill up our notes of a "trip to Cape May."

A bright and beautiful morning in July, we entered a carriage that had been summoned for the purpose to the door of some hospitable friends with whom we had been sojourning in Philadelphia, determined to obey the fashionable impulse—which was accelerated in our case, by the plea of ill-health put in by a *compagnon du voyage*—and so to the Cape. Not by any means intending to invade, that we were Mrs. Caudle's into a jaunt, which gentlemen are quite as fond of taking, as the ladies—though they often pretend otherwise. As we neared Chesnut Street wharf, a shower of printed bills setting forth the merits of the rival steamboats, then in readiness for the Capes, was thrown into our carriage; and soon breathless runners on each side, also vigorously to claim our patronage. "Turn to the right"—"take the left." "The Portsmouths." "Napoleon at your service sir." "This way." "O, take our boat sir"—were shouted in deafening cadence and eager earnestness, by a half dozen voices. "Which boat shall we take?" asked one of our party doubtfully. In spite of the attraction of a great name, we entered the Portsmouth—being the safest boat in case of rough weather in the Bay.

In a few moments we were plunging our way through the broad and placid bosom of the Delaware. We watched the city we had left, and as it gradually sunk in the distance, and one after another its swelling domes and glittering spires faded from the view—our mind reverted to memories of its crowded streets, its varied contrasts of want and wealth—of virtue and depravity. Every large city in these respects is the same. The luxurious and gilded carriages of the rich, roll carelessly on, while the shivering beggar clamors for bread, or pines in sullen hate; grace and deformity jostle each other in its crowded pathways—and the sweet tones and gentle wail of virtuous beauty, are often borne on the same breeze with the hollow laugh and heartless hilarity of the strolling wanton. The ravishing music which peeps from its splendid boulevards and drawing-rooms, secretly draws the voices of anguish that rise in the stilly atmosphere of pent-up courts, where cluster the crowded dwellings of the poor. Nor is misery and vice to be found only in the low abodes of poverty. Could we see the mask from the face of splendor and wealth, how many features would be black with evil passions, or convulsed in the darkest despair? There is in city-life much to covet; and many in its thronging crowds whom we could admire and love. But more—how much more—is there, unworthy and illusive! Like the dangerous gardens of the fair East, where fair flowers and shady trees wave in beauty and bloom; but beneath them cowers the green adder and the basilisk, and around, prowls in stealth, the gaunt wolf and merciless tiger, panting for blood.

At length, the windings of the river shut out suddenly from our view, the dim outline of the city, and changed the current of our musing. Thus distance affects the physical, as time does the moral world. A few more years will glide by—a little longer shall we tosa upon the billows, or drift on the bosom of the lazy current of life, or be hurried swiftly along its swelling tide; and the incidents we have met with—the pleasures we have enjoyed, and the friends we have so fondly clung to whether in sun-shine or in storm—will all gradually fade from the mind's-eye, and be nearly forgotten, when tyrant death, like an angle in the stream, shall at once blot them from before us, and open perhaps, a new and different scene to our vision.

The harsh voice of the colored steward—"all gentlemen what have not paid their passages, please step to the Cap'n's office and settle"—soon roused us from our reveries, and turned our attention to more practical affairs. The day continued beautiful in the extreme. A fine breeze from the ocean, lifted the waters of the river against the prow of our steamer, which dashed them off again, long in a track of foam on either side. We stopped at

Wilmington and New Castle to take in passengers. At the latter place there was a large accession to our numbers—mostly from Baltimore. Below New Castle, the bay grows wider; its low green shores spreading out, as it were, to embrace the "bounding sea." Soon these were no longer visible, and there was

All around us, one broad ocean—All above us, one blue sky. Just before losing sight of land, we passed the fine ship *Susquehanna*, of Philadelphia, homeward bound from Liverpool. Her decks were crowded with passengers—emigrants escaping from the tyranny of the old world, seeking the just reward of honest toil under our equal and benign institutions. And who shall say they may not? Why should not our country be and become the asylum of the oppressed? It is another question what probation they shall undergo—how long they shall be required to study the principles of our government, before they are permitted a voice or a vote in selecting its rulers;—and it is a question about which we may honestly differ. But what American freeman can look upon the suffering and oppression of the down-trodden masses of Europe—suffering and oppression which if it had not been for the spirit and valor of his forefathers, might to a great extent even now have been his own;—and not feel his sympathies aroused, and his heart opened to allow all who may escape to these free shores, a home in our wide-spread domain?

Late in the afternoon we reached the landing-place on Cape Island. Here we were crowded promiscuously into small Rockaway wagons (as they are called) and driven at a snail's-pace through the sand, some four or five miles to the village. This we found to consist of a cluster of common-looking wooden buildings, irregularly placed and occupied in the summer chiefly as boarding-houses—interspersed with four large, showy hotels. The buildings—hotels and all—were surmounted as usual in New Jersey, with staring red roofs. "Jersey blue," (especially with its political and historical associations,) is well enough. But "Jersey red," every where capping the otherwise plain and neat dwellings of Jersey farmers—has always been our aversion. We learned to detest the color, for marking some very beautiful landscapes in Pennsylvania. Even savages, never employ it, except as an emblem of war and hatred!

We found very comfortable quarters at the new "Atlantic Hotel," notwithstanding the crowd—there being an invalid "lady in our case;" and were soon fairly established, with leisure to look around us. Of course, our attention was first attracted by the Ocean, whose swelling waves with all their white crests dancing

Came, like thick plum'd squadrons, to the shore Gallantly bounding—

though far away in the distance, it seemed as calm and placid as the blue Heaven above. There is a strange sympathy in the mind with external objects, which no philosophy can repress. Stoicism may teach us to bear what we cannot escape; but there are certain emotions which it cannot master. No man on the summit of a lofty mountain, feels as he did upon the plain. Even the sight of a mountain, swells the heart with a feeling of admiration. But how much more—especially in him who looks upon it but seldom—does the great ocean expand the senses and give rise to lofty ideas. As we beheld a vast body of waters rolling in eternal commotion, and embracing in its deep bosom so many wonders—our thoughts naturally recur to that inconceivable Being who rocks it forever in his mighty led! And then—to stand upon the vessel's deck, far out from shore, amid the waste of waters, and watch the rising storm. To see the black clouds float swiftly and silently upon the track of sky, like armed ships ranging for a battle, and as if guided by an invisible storm-spirit. Soon, the red sheet of dazzling flame leaps out from its hiding-place, and the crashing thunder peals aloft; and the very air groans as it were, with terror—while the searing eye screams, and the sea-lion flaps his broad wings and wheels above the sullen water. Onward now dashes the heaving billow, and the sea becomes white with foam; the wind sweeps through the bare and creaking masts, and the ship rocks and trembles and plunges, as if in agony—while the blinding sheet of rain pours over its streaming deck. Oh! it must be a stern and proud spirit indeed, that will not quail, at least for a moment, in a war of elements like this; and trembling feel the being and presence of a God who "rides upon a whirlwind and directs the storm." Once it was our chance to witness such a scene at sea, and long will it be before we forget its awful sublimity.

Always since we first read them, whenever we gaze upon the ocean, those noble stanzas in "Childe Harold" rise almost involuntarily to our lips:—

Roll on, thou dark and deep blue ocean—roll! Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain; Man marks the earth with ruin—his control Stoops with the shore;—upon the watery plain The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain A shadow of man's ravage, save his own, When, for a moment like a drop of rain, He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan, Without a grave, unknell'd, unconfined, and unknown.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form Glisters in frowns, or tempests, in all time; Calm or convuls'd—in breeze, or gale, or storm, Lying, or leaping, or in torrid flame; Dark-heaving, boundless, endless, and sublime—The image of eternity—the throne Of the invisible;—seen from out thy slime The monsters of the deep are made; each zone Obays thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

Barry Cornwall, in his "Marcan Column," has also a thrilling apostrophe on the same subject, which, though less hackneyed, is scarcely second in beauty and power to that of Byron.

O thou vast Ocean! Ever sounding sea! Thou symbol of a *divine immensity!* Thou thing that windeth round the solid world Like a huge animal, which downward bur'd From the black clouds, lies weltering and alone, Lashing and writhing till its strength be gone. Thy voice is like the thunder, and thy sleep Is as a giant's slumber loud and deep. Thou speakest in the East and in the West At once, and on thy heavily laden breast Fleets come and go, and shapes that have no life Or motion yet are moved and met in strife. The earth hath nought of this; no chances no change Of life or surface, and no *spiritus dare* Give answer to the tempest-waken'd air; But o'er its waves the weakly tenants range At will, and wound its bosom as they go; Ever the same, it hath no ebb, no flow; But in their sated rounds the seasons come, And pass like visions to their viewless home, And come again, and vanish; the young Spring Looks ever bright and blossoming, And winter always winds his sullen horn, And the wild Autumn with a look forlorn Dies in his stormy mesh; and the skies

Weep and flowers sicken when the summer flies. Oh! wonderful thou art, great element! And fearful in thy sleepless honors bent, And lovely in repose; thy summer form Is beautiful, and when silver waves Make mosaic in earth's dark and winding caves, I love to wander on thy pebbled beach Marking the sunlight at the evening hour, And hearken to the thoughts thy waters teach—Eternity, Eternity, and Power.

A stroll on the beach by moonlight, and an hour or two spent as a looker-on at a dance—"hop," is the fashionable phrase—which had been arranged in the large dining-hall of our hotel—made up our first evening at Cape May.

The favorite hours for bathing in the surf, are eleven in the morning, and five in the evening. Then may be witnessed a scene of the most animated and exciting description. Several hundred persons of all sexes and ages—bathing dresses of all colors and fashions. Ladies, in their little oiled-silk caps, or in coarse straw gypsy hats drawn down at the sides;—gentlemen, with hats and caps of all patterns, and many without any thing of the kind;—children dressed, or undressed just as it may happen—all mingled in the dashing surf—screaming, hallooing, shouting, laughing in one grand chorus. Not unfrequently you hear in the intervals, a child, or a timid, nervous woman screaming and remonstrating at being held up to be whelmed again in the chill and pitiless wave. Yonder, is a fine Newfoundland dog, barking the sea and anxiously watching its floating master or mistress;—near by, may be seen a favorite horse, sharing the invigorating exposure with its owners—whilst over the whole scene, the glorious sun is shedding warmth, and life—flashing brightly on each rising billow, and sparkling in every drop of spray.

Whenever the bathers become tired of their sport, they retreat to the little wooden sheds or closets, placed along the beach, for purpose. Here the dripping bathing-dress is thrown off, and dry clothes huddled on, so as to reach their chambers directly—always avoiding recognition by the way, if possible. An elaborate toilet and its mysteries, soon enables them to re-appear.

"The glass of Fashion, and the mould of Form"—ready for the trying glare of the dinner hour, or the more softened light of the evening meal. We gaze— we wonder—we admire;—but the ugly costume of the surf—the merciless clinging and drenching of the waves—why will ye thus haunt our memory? Corsets and bustles and cotton-bags? May we never speak again of you again—never! We know better now. Our eyes were opened by the salt-water, and our understandings enlightened by the sea-breeze at Cape May. Silent we mean to be on the subject—except to advise all ladies who are indebted to their milliners for any of what Hogarth terms the "curve lines of beauty," to go to Nahant for sea-bathing;—where, according to Miss Martineau, there is a luxurious place for them—a little beach, shut in by rocks along the top of which runs a high fence, and where the retirement is complete.

Paulding, speaking of this fashionable bathing in the open sea by ladies, has somewhere ill-naturally said, that in their transit to and from the waves—instead of looking like the fabled goddess rising from the ocean—they reminded him of "old-clothes women when they went in, and drowned rats when they came out." By the way, speaking of the "fabled goddess" we must be suffered to add, that if Phryne of Athens, had put on any thing like modern bathing costume of the sea, when she took it into her pretty head to bathe on the open shore during the feast of Eleusis, not much caring who or how many were looking on—sure we are, that two of the *chef d'oeuvres* of Grecian art, the Venus of the waves by Apelles, on canvas, and the Guiden Venus of Praxiteles in marble, would never have been modeled after her. And in spite of her matchless beauty, the offer to rebuild Thesus, if she could be allowed to inscribe upon his walls—"Alexander ditait sed meretrici Phryne refecit"—would have been the proudest record of her memory.

Well—having disposed of and described the bathing unless we go to particular and personal history, (which of course we shall not do)—we may as well draw our rambling, desultory sketch to a close. The generalities of life at Cape May, can be enumerated in a very brief space. First in the day, comes breakfast; then, bathing—dressing—dinner—bathing again, dressing—tea. A stroll on the hard white beach—a ride or a drive, and dancing afterwards, (if you like it)—make up the evening. Newspapers—cigars and— for the gentlemen; and delicate little bits of scandal for the ladies, fill up the intervals. A week, being all we could spare from business, for the present season, sufficed us. During this period we picked up our quota of Cape diamonds—swallowed more than our share of sea-water;—conceded many a new and interesting page in the great book of human nature, and came away, at least as well satisfied, as we had expected to be. We have engaged to make another trip—but don't be alarmed gentle readers—whatever we may do in the premises—of this rest assured—we shall never again undertake to write you an account of it.

THE AFFECTION OF OLD AGE.—How beautifully affecting to witness an aged couple who have weathered life's storm, hand in hand, and smiled on each other amid all the trials and tribulations which they have met in this "vale of tears"—even as when basking together in the brightest sunshine of prosperity—whose pleasures in each other's society are decreased not by the buffeting of Time—that sure dispenser of all that is beautiful in the "human form divine." To such a couple, thoughts are an inexhaustible spring of joy, as, from the mirror of memory, the bright rays of their youthful happiness and love are once more reflected upon them; and the pure Spirit of Religion unfolds to their view, through the portals of the tomb, the hopeful prospect of a happy re-union in that world.

"Where parting is no more."

PURITY OF HEART.—Purity of heart is of all virtues, the most elevated. A Greek maid being asked what fortune she could bring to her husband, answered, "I will bring him what is more valuable than any treasure, a heart unspotted, and virtuous without a stain, which is all that descended to me from my parents."

TAKING IT COOLLY.—The editor of a Buckeye paper has been threatened with a flogging. He very quietly insinuates that he may be found up stairs, "and that it is but forty feet to the bottom."

Fremont's Exploring Expeditions.

January 20.—The party started with a guide. Suffering much from the cold, one man had his feet frost-bitten. At night, many Indians visited his camp. Held a council with them by signs. They appeared to have no knowledge of the use of fire arms. Engaged a guide, repaired moccasins, leggings, clothing, and made every arrangement to cross the "Sierra Nevada." The guide was also clothed.

February 2.—It had ceased snowing, but the air was clear and frosty. The peaks of the "Sierra" were near. The guide "shook his head, and pointed to the icy pinnacles shooting high up in the sky." The people were unusually silent, "for every man knew that our enterprise was hazardous and extremely doubtful." The snow deepened rapidly. Today the journey was 16 miles, the elevation above the sea, 6,760 feet.

February 3.—Could make only 7 miles; snow and ice impeding progress at every step. The road had to be opened, and the snow was so deep in the hollows, that he was obliged to keep on the mountain side. "We cut a footing as we advanced, and a road through for the animals; but occasionally one plunged out of the trail, and slid along the field to the bottom, a hundred yards below." Towards a pass which the guide had indicated, endeavors were made to force a way; but, after great efforts, it had to be abandoned. The animals had not sufficient strength to get on, even without a load; and the road was strewn with camp stores and horses floundering in the snow. That night the party had no shelter. Some Indians joined them, and one gave them a talk.

"He spoke in a very loud voice, and there was a singular repetition of phrases and arrangement of words, which rendered his speech striking, and not unamused."

"We had now begun to understand some words, and, with the aid of signs, easily comprehended the old man's simple ideas." "Ruck upon rock—rock upon rock—snow upon snow—snow upon snow," said he; "even if you get over the snow, you will not be able to get down from the mountains." He made us the sign of precipices, and showed us how the feet of the horses would slip, and throw them off from the narrow trails which led along their sides. Our Chinook, who comprehended even more readily than ourselves, and believed our situation hopeless, covered his head with his blanket, and began to weep and lament. "I wanted to see the whites," said he; "I came away from my own people to see the whites, and I would not care to die among them; but here"—and he looked around into the cold night and gloomy forest, and drawing his blanket over his head, began again to lament.

Seated around the tree, the fire illuminating the rocks and the tall bolts of the pine r and about, and the old Indian haranguing, we presented a group of very serious faces.

February 5.—The night had been too cold to sleep, and we were very early. Our guide was standing by the fire with all his fiery on, and seeing him shiver in the cold, I threw on his shoulders one of my blankets. We missed him a few minutes afterwards, and never saw him again. He had deserted. His bad faith and treachery were in perfect keeping with the estimate of Indian character, which a long intercourse with this people had gradually forced upon my mind.

While a portion of the camp were occupied in bringing up the baggage to this point, the remainder were busy in making sledges and snow-shoes. I had determined to explore the mountain ahead, and the sledges were to be used in transporting the baggage.

The mountains here consisted wholly of a white micaceous granite. The day was perfectly clear, and, while the sun was in the sky, it was warm and pleasant.

By observation, our latitude was 38° 42' 28"; and elevation, by the boiling point, 7,400 feet.

February 6.—Accompanied by Mr. Fitzpatrick, I set out to-day with a reconnoitring party, on snow-shoes. We marched all in single file, trampling the snow as heavily as we could. Crossing the open basin, in a march of about ten miles we reached the top of one of the peaks, to the left of the pass indicated by our guide. Far below us, dimmed by the distance, was a large snowless valley, bounded on the western side, at the distance of about a hundred miles, by a low range of mountains, which Carson recognized with delight as the mountains bordering the coast.

"There," said he, "is the little mountain—it is 15 years ago since I saw it; but I am just as sure as if I had seen it yesterday." Between us, then, and this low coast range, was the valley of the Sacramento; and no one who had not accompanied us through the incidents of our life for the last few months, could realize the delight with which at last we looked down upon it. At the distance of apparently 30 miles beyond us were distinguished spots of prairie; and a dark line, which could be traced with the glass, was imagined to be the course of the river; but we were evidently at a great height above the valley, and between us and the plains extended miles of snowy fields, and broken ridges of pine-covered mountains.

It was late in the day when we turned towards the camp; and it grew rapidly cold as it drew towards night. One of the men became fatigued, and his feet began to freeze, and, building a fire in the trunk of a dry old cedar, Mr. Fitzpatrick remained with him, until his clothes could be dried, and he was in a condition to come on. After a day's march of 20 miles, we straggled into camp, one after another, at night-fall; the greater number excessively fatigued, only two of the party having ever traveled on snow-shoes before.

All our energies were now directed to getting our animals across the snow; and it was supposed that, after all the baggage had been drawn with the sleighs over the trail, we had made, it would be sufficiently hard to bear our animals. At several places, between this point and the ridge, we had discovered some grassy spots where the wind and sun had dispersed the snow from the sides of the hills; and these were to form resting-places to support the animals for a night in their passage across. On our way across, we had set on fire several broken stumps, and dried trees, to melt holes in the snow for the camps. Its general depth was five feet; but we passed over places where it was twenty feet deep, as shown by the trees.

With one party drawing sleighs loaded with baggage, I advanced to-day about four miles along the trail, and encamped at the first grassy spot where we expected to bring our horses. Mr. Fitzpatrick, with another party, remained behind, to form an intermediate station between us and the animals.

February 8.—The night has been extremely cold; but perfectly still, and beautifully clear. Before the sun appeared this morning, the thermometer was 3° below zero; 1° higher, when his rays struck the lofty peaks; and 9° when he reached our camp.

February 9.—A severe storm—the trail covered with snow; had to remain in camp that day, men becoming weak from insufficient food. The elevation of the camp "by the boiling point, is 7,920 feet."

February 10.—The wind kept the air filled with snow. The elevation of the camp by the same "point" this day, 8,050 feet—1,000 feet above the "South pass of the Rocky mountains, and still we are not done ascending." Went out exploring on snow shoes. "The glare of the snow, combined with great fatigue, had rendered many of the people nearly blind."

February 11.—The high wind continued. At work in beating a road, Feb. 12—made "mules" and worked hard upon the road. "13—continued the labor upon the road. "We had to-night an extraordinary meal—pea-soup, mule, and dog." 14th, 15th, 16th—still toiling and working on. Had become satisfied, from his numerous reconnoitings, that he had found the stream upon which Mr. Sutter lived, and then returned to his camp. But we will again use the words of Capt. Fremont:

"I was now perfectly satisfied that we had struck the stream on which Mr. Sutter lived; and, turning about, made a hard push, and reached the camp at dark. Here we had the pleasure to find all the remaining animals, 57 in number, safely arrived at the grassy hill near the camp; and here, also, we were agreeably surprised with the sight of an abundance of salt. Some of the horse-guard had gone to a neighboring hut for pine nuts, and discovered unexpectedly a large cake of very white, fine-grained salt, which the Indians told them they had brought from the other side of the mountain; they used it to eat with their pine nuts, and readily sold it for goods."

On the 19th, the people were occupied in making a road and bringing up the baggage; and, on the afternoon of the next day, Feb. 20, 1846, we encamped with the animals and all the material of the camp, on the summit of the Pass in the dividing ridge, 1,000 miles by our traveled road from the Dalles of the Columbia.

The people, who had not yet been to this point, climbed the neighboring peak, to enjoy a look at the valley.

The temperature of boiling water gave for the elevation of the encampment 9,338 feet above the sea.

"This was 2,000 feet higher than the South Pass in the Rocky mountains, and several peaks in view rose several thousand feet still higher. Thus, at the extremity of the continent, and near the coast, the phenomenon was seen of a range of mountains still higher than the great Rocky mountains themselves. This extraordinary fact accounts for the Great Basin, and shows that there must be a system of small lakes and rivers here scattered over a flat country, and which the extended and lofty range of the Sierra Nevada prevents from escaping to the Pacific ocean. Latitude 38° 45'; longitude 120° 28'."

"Thus this Pass in the Sierra Nevada, which so well deserves its name of Snowy mountains, is 11° west, and about 4° south of the South Pass."

February 21.—We now considered ourselves victorious over the mountain; having only the descent before us, and the valley under our eyes, we felt strong hope that we should force our way down. But this was a case in which the descent was not facile. Still deep fields of snow lay between, and there was a large intervening space of rough-looking mountains, through which we had yet to wind our way. Carson roused me this morning with an early fire, and we were all up long before day, in order to pass the snow-fields before the sun should render the crust soft. We enjoyed this morning a scene at sunrise, which even here was unusually glorious and beautiful. Immediately above the eastern mountain was repeated a cloud-formed mass of purple ranges, bordering with bright yellow gold; the peaks shot up into a narrow line of crimson cloud, above which the air was filled with a greenish orange; and over all was the singular beauty of the blue sky. Passing along a ridge which commanded the lake on our right, of which we began to discover an outlet through a chasm on the west, we passed over alternating open ground, and hard-crusting snow-fields, which supported the animals, and encamped on the ridge after a journey of six miles. The grass was better than we had yet seen, and we were encamped in a clump of trees twenty or thirty feet high, resembling white pine. With the exception of these small clumps, the ridges were bare; and, where the snow found the support of the trees, the wind had blown it up into banks ten or fifteen feet high. It required much labor to hunt out a practicable way, as the most open places frequently led to impassable banks.

best line we could discover for the next day's march, and had, at least, the consolation to see that the mountain descended rapidly. The day had been one of April—gusty, with a few occasional flakes of snow; which, in the afternoon, enveloped the upper mountain in clouds. We watched them anxiously, as now we headed a snow-storm. Shortly afterwards we heard the roll of thunder, and, looking towards the valley, found it all enveloped in a thunder-storm. For us, as connected with the idea of summer, it had a singular charm; and we watched its progress with excited feelings until nearly sunset, when the sky cleared off brightly, and we saw a shining line of water directing its course towards another, a broader and larger sheet. We knew that these could be no other than the Sacramento and the bay of San Francisco; but, after our long wandering in rugged mountains, where so frequently we had met with disappointments, and where the crossing of every ridge displayed some unknown lake or river, we were yet almost afraid to believe that we were at last to escape into the genial country of which we had heard so many glowing descriptions, and dressed again to find some vast interior lake, whose bitter waters would bring us disappointment. On the southern shore of what appeared to be the bay, could be traced the gleaming line where entered another large stream; and again the Buenaventura rose up in our minds."

February 22.—Moved on early in the morning over the frozen snow. That night killed another mule, now the "only resource from starvation."

February 23.—A difficult and laborious day. Had, in many cases, to "crawl across the snow-beds." Axes and mauls were necessary to make the road. That evening reached the creek, and encamped on a dry, open place in the ravine.

February 24.—Early that morning, the thermometer 2° below zero; latitude 38° 44' 56"; longitude 120° 24' 20". The descent was now very rapid, along which the party hurried with great energy.

"The opposite mountain-side was very steep and continuous, unbroken by ravines, and covered with pines and snow; while, on the side we were traveling, innumerable rivulets poured down from the ridge. Continuing on, we had a moment at one of these rivulets, to admire some beautiful evergreen trees, resembling live-oak, which shaded the little stream. They were forty or fifty feet high, and two in diameter, with a uniform tufted top; and the summer green of their beautiful foliage, with the singing-birds, and the sweet summer wind, which was whirling about the dry oak leaves, nearly intoxicated us with delight; and we hurried on, filled with excitement, to escape entirely from the horrid region of inhospitable snow, to the perpetual spring of the Sacramento."

"When we had traveled about ten miles, the valley opened a little to an oak and pine bottom, through which ran rivulets closely bordered with brush, on which our half-starved horses fell with avidity; and here we made our encampment. Here the roaring torrent has already become a river, and we had descended to an elevation of 3,864 feet."

"Another horse was killed to-night, for food."

February 25, 26, 27, continued down the valley of this stream, with comparative comfort, living on horse or mule soap. Still the dangers were not over; one of his men became "light-headed and wandering," and unless food could be found for the horses, death yet hung his gloomy pall over them. While searching for grass, a loud shout from Carson was heard: "Life yet!" said he, as he came up. "I have found a hill side sprinkled with grass enough for the night." Three horses "gave out" that day—the remainder were conducted to the fork, which had been found. February 29th, rested, for the horses had gained strength, and to recover those that had failed and strayed. Another man became deranged. "The time were severe when stout men lost their minds from extremity of suffering—when horses died—and when mules and horses ready to die of starvation, were killed for food; yet there was no murmuring or hesitation." The journey still continued down the valley of this stream. On the 5th March, Mr. Preuss recovered the camp; after having been wandering alone for several days. On the 6th, the horses had recovered sufficient strength to carry riders. On that day, they (that is, the advanced party) reached "Sutter's." Yet, the joy at the termination of this dreadful passage of the "Sierra" did not make Capt. Fremont forget his men. He started back the next day, to meet those left behind under the care of Mr. Fitzpatrick, taking with him a supply of fresh horses and of provision. He met them in two days—a forlorn and pitiable sight—all on foot—each man, weak and emaciated, leading a horse or mule as weak and emaciated as himself. Many of the animals had fallen over precipices; among others, a mule with the plants which had been collected since leaving "Fort Hall;" others had been eaten; so that out of 67, with which the passage of the "Sierra" had been commenced, only 33 had reached the valley of the Sacramento. On the 8th of March the whole party were together, near hospitable mansion of Captain Sutter. Here we will let them rest, and here also, we will take some rest ourselves.

WELL ANSWERED.—A young wife remonstrated with her husband, a dissipated spendthrift, on his conduct. "My love," said he, "I am only like the prodigal son, I shall reform by and by." "It will be like the prodigal son, too," she replied, "for I will arise and go to my father," and off she went.

QUAINT.—Some philosopher gives good advice in the following quaint style: "Ye who are eating the apple dumplings and molasses of wealth, should not forget those who are 'sucking the herring bone of poverty.'"

"No MAN is born nobler than another," says Seneca, "unless he is born with better abilities, and a more amiable disposition."