SUNBURY AMERICAN.

H. B. MASSER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OFFICE, MARKET STREET, OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Politics, Literature, Morality, Foreign and Domestic News, Science and the Arts, Agriculture, Markets, Amusements, &c.

NEW SERIES VOL. 2, NO. 5. SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1849. OLD SERIES VOL. 9, NO. 31.

TERMS OF THE AMERICAN.

THE AMERICAN is published every Saturday at TWO DOLLARS per annum to be paid half yearly in advance. No paper discontinued until ALL arrearages are paid.

All communications or letters on business relating to the office, to insure attention, must be POST PAID.

TO CLUBS.

Three copies to one address,	$5 00
Seven Do Do	10 00
Fifteen Do Do	20 00

Five dollars in advance will pay for three year's subscription to the American.

One Square of 16 lines, 3 times,	$1 00
Every subsequent insertion,	25
One Square, 3 months,	2 50
Six months,	3 75
One year,	5 00
Business Cards of Five lines, per annum,	3 00
Merchants and others, advertising by the year, with the privilege of inserting different advertisements weekly.	10 00

☞ Larger Advertisements, as per agreement.

H. B. MASSER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SUNBURY, PA.

Business attended to in the Counties of Northumberland, Union, Lycoming and Columbia.

Refer to:
P. & A. Rouvier, Lower & Barron, Somers & Snodgrass, Reynolds, McFarland & Co. Spering, Good & Co., } Philad.

THE CHEAP BOOK STORE.
DANIELS & SMITH'S
Cheap New & Second Hand Book Store.
North West corner of Fourth and Arch Streets Philadelphia.
Law Books, Theological and Classical Books,
MEDICAL BOOKS,
BIOGRAPHICAL & HISTORICAL BOOKS
SCHOOL BOOKS.
Scientific and Mathematical Books.
Juvenile Books, in great variety.
Hymn Books and Prayer Books, Bibles, all sizes and prices.
Blank Books, Writing Paper, and Stationary, Wholesale and Retail.
☞ Our prices are much lower than the regular prices.
☞ Libraries and small parcels of books purchased.
☞ Books imported to order from London.
Philadelphia, April 1, 1848—y

PORTER & ENGLISH,
GROCERS COMMISSION MERCHANTS and Dealers in Seeds,
No. 3, Arch St PHILADELPHIA.
Constantly on hand a general assortment of
GROCERIES, TEAS, WINES, SEEDS, LIQUORS, &c.
To which they respectfully invite the attention of the public.
All kinds of country produce taken in exchange for Groceries or sold on Commission.
Philad. April 1, 1848—

BASKET
MANUFACTORY,
No. 15 South Second street East side, down stairs.
PHILADELPHIA.
HENRY COULTER,
Respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he constantly keeps on hand a large assortment of childrens willow Coaches, Chairs, Cradles, market and travelling baskets, and every variety of basket work manufactured.
Country Merchants and others who wish to purchase such articles, good and cheap, would do well to call on him, as they are all manufactured by him in the best manner.
Philadelphia, June 3, 1848.—1y

CARD & SEAL ENGRAVING.
WM. G. MASON,
46 Chesnut st. 3 doors above 2nd st., Philadelphia
Engraver of BUSINESS & VISITING CARDS,
Watch papers, Labels, Door plates, Seals and Stamps for Odd Fellows, Sons of Temperance &c., &c.—Always on hand a general assortment of Fine Fancy Goods, Gold pens of every quality, Dog Collars in great variety. Engravers tools and materials.
Agency for the Manufacturer of Glaziers Diamonds.
Orders per mail (post paid) will be punctually attended to.
Philadelphia, April 1, 1848—y

MEYER'S
FIRST PREMIUM PIANO FORTES
THE SUBSCRIBER has been appointed agent for the sale of CONRAD MEYER'S CELEBRATED PREMIUM ROSE WOOD PIANOS at this place. These Pianos have a plain, massive and beautiful exterior finish, and, for depth of tone, and elegance of workmanship, are not surpassed by any in the United States.
These instruments are highly approved of by the most eminent Professors and Composers of Music in this and other cities.
For qualities of tone, touch and keeping in tune upon Concert pitch, they cannot be surpassed by either American or European Pianos.
Suffice it to say that Madame Castellan, W. V. Wallace, Vieux Temps, and his sister, the celebrated Pianist, and many others of the most distinguished performers, have given these instruments preference over all others.
They have also received the first notice of the three last Exhibitions, and the last Silver Medal by the Franklin Institute in 1843, was awarded to them, which, with other premiums from the same source, may be seen at the Ware-room No. 52 south Fourth st.
☞ Another Silver Medal was awarded to C. Meyer, by the Frahklin Institute, Oct. 1845 for the best Piano in the exhibition.
Again—at the exhibition of the Franklin Institute, Oct. 1846, the first premium and medal was awarded to C. Meyer for his Pianos, although it had been awarded at the exhibition of the year before, on the ground that he had made still greater improvements in his Instruments within the past 12 months.
Again—at the last exhibition of the Franklin Institute, 1847, another Premium was awarded to C. Meyer, for the best Piano in the exhibition.
At Boston, at their last exhibition, Sept. 1847 C. Meyer received the first silver Medal and Diploma, for the best square Piano in the exhibition.
These Pianos will be sold at the manufacturer's lowest Philadelphia prices, if not something lower. Persons are requested to call and examine for themselves, at the residence of the subscriber. H. B. MASSER
Sunbury, April 8, 1848 —

THE CHEAP
Brush, Comb and Variety STORE.
BOCKIUS AND BROTHER,
BRUSH MANUFACTURERS,
AND DEALERS IN COMBS & VARIETIES
No 96 North Third, below Race St. and North East conner of Third and Market street,
PHILADELPHIA.
WHERE they offer for sale a general assortment of all kinds of Brushes, Combs and varieties which they are determined to sell Lower than can be purchased elsewhere.
Country Merchants and others Purchasing in the above line will find it to their advantage to call before purchasing elsewhere as the quality and prices will be fully guaranteed against all competition.
Philadelphia, June 3, 1848—1y

COL. FREMONT
AND HIS EXPEDITION.

The National Intelligencer publishes the subjoined letter from Colonel Fremont to his wife, giving an account of his horrible sufferings. It will be seen that they exceed the accounts previously given in their terrible details. The Intelligencer adds that bad as it is, what is to follow in the next letter, is worse. These letters were furnished by Colonel Benton, to whom they were directed in case of the absence of Mrs. Fremont. This first letter is dated Taos, New Mexico, January 27th. The letters were brought by Capt. St. Vrain.

"Former letters will have made you acquainted with our progress as far as Bent's Fort, and, from report, you will have heard the circumstances of our departure from the Upper Pueblo, near the head of the Arkansas. We left that place on the 25th of November with upwards of one hundred good mules and one hundred and thirty bushels of shelled corn, intended to support our animals in the deep snows of the high mountains and down to the lower parts of the Grand river* tributaries, where usually the snow forms no obstacle to winter travelling. At Pueblo I had engaged as a guide an old trapper, well known, as "Bill Williams," and who had spent some twenty-five years of his life in trapping in various parts of the Rocky Mountains.

"The error of our expedition was committed in engaging this man. He proved never to have known, or entirely to have forgotten, the whole country through which we were to pass. We occupied (after passing the mountain) more than half a month in making the progress of a few days, blundering along a tortuous course, through deep snow, which already began to choke up the passes, and wasting our time in searching the way. The 11th of December we found ourselves at the mouth of the *Rio del Norte canon*, where that river issues from the *Sierra San Juan*—one of the highest, most rugged, and impracticable of all the Rocky Mountain ranges, inaccessible to trappers and hunters, even in summer. Across the point of this elevated range our guide conducted us, and, having still great confidence in this man's knowledge, we pressed onwards with fatal resolution. Even along the river bottoms the snow was already breast deep for the mules, and falling frequently in the valley and almost constantly on the mountains.—The cold was extraordinary. At the warmest hours of the day (between one and two) the thermometer (Fahrenheit) stood, in the shade of a tree trunk, at *zero;* and that was a favorable day, the sun shining and a moderate breeze. Judge of the nights and the storms!

"We pressed up towards the summit, the snow deepening as we rose, and in four or five days of this struggling and climbing, all on foot, we reached the naked ridges which lie above the line of the timbered region, and which form the dividing heights between the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. Along these naked heights it storms all winter, and the raging winds sweep across them with remorseless fury. On our first attempt to cross we encountered a *pouderie*—(dry snow driven thick through the air by violent wind, and in which objects are visible only at a short distance)—and were driven back, having some ten or twelve men variously frozen—face, hands or feet. The guide came near being frozen to death here, and dead mules were already lying about the camp fire. Meantime it snowed steadily. The next day (December—) we renewed the attempt to scale the summit, and were more fortunate, as it then seemed. Making mauls, and beating down a road, or trench through the deep snow, we forced the ascent in defiance of the driving *pouderie*, crossed the crest, descended a little, and encamped immediately below in the edge of the timbered region. The trail showed as if a defeated party had passed by—packs, pack saddles, scattered articles of clothing, and dead mules strewed along. We were encamped about twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea. Westward the country was buried in snow. The storm continued.—All movement was paralyzed. To advance with the expedition was impossible: to get back, impossible. Our fate stood revealed. We were overtaken by sudden and inevitable ruin. The poor animals were to go first. The only places where grass could be had were the extreme summits of the Sierra, where the sweeping winds kept the rocky ground bare, and where the men could not live. Below, in the timbered region, the poor animals could not get about, the snow being deep enough to bury them alive. It was instantly apparent that we should lose every one.

"I took my resolution immediately, and determined to recross the mountain back to the valley of the *Rio del Norte*, dragging or packing the baggage by men. With great labor the baggage was transported across the crest to the head springs of a little stream leading to the main river. A few days were sufficient to destroy that fine band of mules which you saw me purchase last fall on the frontier of Missouri. They generally kept huddled together; and, as they froze, one would be seen to tumble down, and disappear under the driving snow. Sometimes they would break off, and rush down towards the timber till stopped by the deep snow, where they were soon hidden by the *pouderie*. The courage of some of the men began to fail.

"In this situation I determined to send in a party to the Spanish settlements of New Mexico for provisions, and for mules to transport our baggage. With economy, and after we should leave the mules, we had not two weeks' provisions in the camp; and these consisted of a reserve of maccaroni, bacon, sugar, &c., intended for the last extremity. It was indispensable to send for relief. I asked for volunteers for the service. From the many that offered I chose King, Brackenridge, Creutzfeldt, and the guide, Williams; and placed the party under the command of King, with directions to send me an express in case of the least delay at the settlements. It was the day after Christmas that this little party set out for relief. That day, like many Christmas days for years past, was spent by me on the side of the wintry mountain, my heart filled with anxious thoughts and gloomy foreboding. You may be sure we contrasted it with the Christmas of home, and made warm wishes for your happiness. Could you have looked into Agrippa's glass for a few moments only! You remember the volumes of Blackstone's Commentaries which I took from your father's library when we were overlooking it at our friend Brant's? They made my Christmas "*amusements.*" I read them to pass the time, and to kill the consciousness of my situation.—Certainly you may suppose that my first law lessons will be well remembered.

"The party for relief being gone, we of the camp occupied ourselves in removing the baggage and equipage down the side of the mountain to the river in the valley, which we accomplished in a few days.—Now came on the *tedium* of waiting for the return of the relief party. Day after day passed, and no news from them. Snow fell almost incessantly in the mountains.—The spirits of the camp grew lower. Life was losing its charm to those who had not reasons beyond themselves to live. Proue laid down in the trail and froze to death.—In a sunshine day, and having with him the means to make a fire, he threw his blanket down on the trail, laid down upon it, and laid there till he froze to death! We were not then with him.

"Sixteen days passed away, and no tidings from the party sent for relief. I became oppressed with anxiety, weary of delay, and determined to go myself, both in search of the absent party, and in search of relief in the Mexican settlements. I was aware that our troops in New Mexico had been engaged in hostilities with the Spanish Utahs, and with the Apaches, who range in the valley of the Rio del Norte and the mountains where we were, and became fearful that they (King and his party) had been cut off by these Indians. I could imagine no other accident to them. Leaving the camp employed with the baggage, under the command of Vincenthaler, with injunctions to follow me in three days, I set off down the river with a small party, consisting of Godey, his young nephew, Preuss, and Saunders (colored servant). We carried our arms and provisions for two or three days. In the camp (left under the command of Vincenthaler) the messes only had provisions for a few meals, and a supply of five pounds of sugar to each man. If I failed to meet King, my intention was to make the Mexican settlement on the Colorado, a little affluent of the Rio del Norte, about half a degree above Taos (you will see it on my map), and thence send back the speediest relief possible to the party under Vincenthaler.

"On the second day after leaving the camp we came upon a fresh trail of Indians—two lodges with a considerable number of animals. This did not lessen our uneasiness for our long absent people.—The Indian trail, where we fell upon it, turned and went down the river, and we followed it. On the fifth day (after leaving the camp) we surprised an Indian on the ice of the river. He proved to be a Utah, son of a Grand River chief whom we had formerly known, and he behaved towards us in a friendly manner. We encamped near them at night. By a present of a rifle, my two blankets and other promised rewards when we should get in, I prevailed on this Indian to go with us as a guide to the Little Rio Colorado settlement, and to take with him four of his horses to carry our little baggage. The horses were miserably poor, and could only get along at a slow walk. On the next day (the sixth of our progress) we left the Indian lodges late and travelled some six or seven miles.—About sunset we discovered a little smoke, in a grove of timber, off from the river, and, thinking perhaps it might be our express party (King and his men) on their return, we went to see. This was the twenty-second day since that party had left us, and the sixth since we had left the camp under Vincenthaler. We found them—three of them; Creutzfeldt, Brackenbridge, and Williams—the most miserable objects I had ever beheld. I did not recognize Creutzfeldt's features, when Brackenridge brought him and told me his name. They had been starving! King had starved to death a few days before. His remains were some six or eight miles above, near the river. By aid of the Indian horses we carried these three with us, down to the valley, to the *Pueblo* on the Little Colorado, which we reached the fourth day afterwards, (the tenth after leaving the camp on the mountains,) having travelled through snow, and on foot, one hundred and sixty miles.

"I look upon the feeling which induced me to set out from the camp as an inspiration. Had I remained there, waiting the return of poor King's party; every man of us must have perished.

"The morning after reaching the Little Colorado *Pueblo*, (horses and supplies not being there,) Godey and I rode on to the *Rio Hondo*, and thence to Taos, about twenty-five miles, where we found what we needed: and the next morning Godey, with four Mexicans, thirty horses or mules, and provisions, sat out on his return to the relief of Vincenthaler's party. I heard from him at the Little Colorado *Pueblo*, which he reached the same day he left me, and pressed on the next morning. On the way he received an accession of eight or ten horses turned over to him by the orders of Major Beall, of the army, commanding officer of this northern district of New Mexico. From him I received the offer of every aid in his power, and such actual assistance as he was able to render. Some horses, which he had just recovered from the Utahs, were loaned to me, and he supplied me from the commissary's department with provisions, which I could have had nowhere else. I find myself in the midst of friends. I remain here with these old comrades, while Godey goes back; because it was not necessary for me to go with him, and it was necessary for me to remain, and prepare the means of resuming the expedition to California as soon as he returns with the men left behind. I expect him on Wednesday evening, the 31st instant, this being 17th.

"At the beginning of February (Godey having got back at that time) I shall set out for California, taking the southern route—the old route—by the Rio Abajo, the Paso del Norte, the south side of the Gila, entering California by the Agua Caliente, thence to Los Angelos, and immediately to San Francisco, expecting to get there in March, and hoping for your arrival in April. It is the first time I have *explored* an old road, but cannot help it now. I shall move rapidly, taking with me but a part of my party. *The survey† has been uninterrupted up to this point, and I shall carry it on consecutively.* As soon as possible after reaching California, I shall go on with it. I shall then be able to draw up a map and report of the whole country, agreeably to our original plan. Your father knows that this is an object of great desire with me.—*All my other plans remain entirely unaltered.* A home in California is the first point, and that will be ready for you in April.

"*Evening*—Mr. St. Vrain and Aubrey, who have just arrived from Santa Fe, called to see me. I had the gratification to learn that St. Vrain sets out from Santa Fe on the 15th of February for St. Louis; so that by him I shall have an early and sure opportunity of sending you my letters—the one I now write, and others after the return of Godey, and up to our departure for California. Lieut Beale left Santa Fe on his way to California on the 9th of this month. He probably carried on with him any letters that might have been in his care, or at Santa Fe, for me.

"*Monday January* 29.—My letter assumes a journal form. No news from Godey. A great deal of falling weather—rain and sleet here—snow in the mountains. This is to be considered a poor country, mountainous, with but little arable land, and infested with hostile Indians.

"I am anxiously waiting to hear from my party, and in much uneasiness as to their fate. My presence kept them together and quiet: my absence may have had a bad effect. When we overtook King's famishing party, Brackenbridge said to me '*he felt himself safe.*'"

*A fork of the Colorado of the Gulf of California.
†With a view, among other great ojects, to the Mississippi and Pacific highway.

From the National Intelligencer.

COL. FREMONT AND HIS PARTY.

Further and Final Accounts.

We resume the extracts from Col. Fremont's Letters, prefacing them with some brief description of the localities made memorable by disaster, for the information of those who have not recent maps at hand.

It is known that the great Rocky Mountain chain a general direction north and south sends out a branch towards the southeast from between the heads of the Arkansas and the *Rio del Norte;* and this branch forms the dividing ridge between the upper valleys of these two rivers, and between the head-waters of the *Red River* and *Del Norte;* and having accomplished these purposes it subsides and disappears in the plains of Texas. The highest part of this branch chain, and the governing object in it to travellers, are the Spanish Peaks, first made known to American geography by the then young Lieutenant Pike. These Peaks are about in north latitude 37½ degrees, and west longitude from London 105 degrees, and about on a line longitudinally with the Pueblos of the Upper Arkansas, distant from them half a degree, and in sight. They are seen at a great distance, and are guiding objects to travellers. The road to Santa Fe passes below these Peaks, and crosses the chain about two degrees South. Colonel Fremont passed above them, and entered the valley of the *Del Norte* high up above the Mexican settlements, and above *Pike's stockade*, and intended to follow the *Del Norte* to its head, and cross the great Rockey Mountain chain through some pass there to be found. He was therefore, so to speak, going into the forks of the mountain—into the gorge of two mountains—and at a great elevation, shown by the opposite sides of the Rocky Mountains at that part—the Arkansas and Del Norte on the east, the Grand River fork of the Colorado of the gulf of California on the west. It was at this point—the head of the Del Norte—where no traveller had ever gone before, that Col. Fremont intended to pass to survey his last line across the continent, complete his knowledge of the country between the Mississippi and the Pacific, and crown the labors of long explorations by showing the country between the great river and the great sea to be inhabitable by a civilised people, and practicable for a great road, and that on several lines, and which the best.—He had been seven years engaged in this great labor, and wished to complete it. It was the beginning of December that he crossed the chain from the Arkansas valley into the valley of the Del Norte; and although late, with the full belief of the old hunters and traders at the *Pueblos*, the guide inclusive whom he *there* engaged, that he would go through. He was provided with every thing to carry the men to California, and with grain to carry all the animals across all the mountains into the valleys of the tributaries of the Great Colorado of the West, where the snows would be light, wood and grass sufficient, game abundant, and the hardships of the expedition all surmounted and left behind. In two weeks he expected to be in these mild valleys. Unhappily, the guide consumed these two weeks in getting the head of the Del Norte—a distance which only required four or five days of travel, as Col. Frement showed in coming back. This was the cause of the first calamity—*the loss of the horses and mules.* The same guide consumed twenty-two days, when sent with the party for relief, in making the distance which Col. Fremont, (with Godey, Preuss, and a servant,) without a guide, on foot, in colder weather, deeper snows, and half famished, made in six. That was the cause of the second and irreparable calamity—*the death of the men.*

The immediate scene of suffering in this great disaster, where the ascent of the great mountain was forced and its summit scaled, must have been about north latitude 38½, and west longitude from London 107, the elevation above twelve thousand feet, and the time that of dead winter—Christmas! From this point the noted objects, Pike's Peak and the Three Parks, would bear about E. N. E., and the Spanish Peaks about E. S. E.

With this notice of localities, to which a mournful interest must long attach, we proceed to give extracts from the remaining and final letters from Col. Fremont. The first of these is dated—

"Taos, New Mexico, Feb. 6, 1849.

"After a long delay, which had wearied me to the point of resolving to set out again myself, tidings have at last reached me from my ill-fated party.

"Mr. Vincent Haler came in last night, having the night before reached the Little Colorado settlement, with three or four others including Mr. King and Mr. Proulx, we have lost eleven of our party.

"Occurrences, since I left them, are briefly these, so far as they came within the knowledge of Mr. Haler: I say briefly, because I am now unwilling to force my mind to dwell upon the details of what has been suffered. I need reprieve from terrible contemplations. I am absolutely astonished at this persistance of misfortune—this succession of calamities which no care vigilance of mine could foresee or prevent.

"You will remember that I had left the camp (twenty-three men) when I set off with Godey, Preuss, and my servant in search of King and succor, with directions about the baggage, and with occupation sufficient about it to employ them for three or four days; after which they were to follow me down the river. Within that time I expected relief from King's party, if it came at all. They remained seven days, and then started, their scant provisions about exhausted, and the dead mules on the western side of the great *Sierra* buried under snow.

"Manuel—(you will remember Manuel—a Christian Indian of the Consume tribe, in the valley of the San Joaquin)—gave way to a feeling of despair after they had moved about two miles, and begged Vincent Haler whom I had left in command, to shoot him. Failing to find death in that form he turned and made his way back to the camp, intending to die there; which he doubtless soon did.

"The party moved on, and at ten miles Wise gave out—threw away his gun and blanket—and, a few hundred yards further, fell over into the snow, and died. Two Indian boys—countrymen of Manuel—were behind. They came upon him in the snow on the bank of the river.

"No other died that day. None the next.

"Carver raved during the night—his imagination wholly occupied with images of many things which he fancied himself to be eating. In the morning he wandered off, and probably soon died. He was not seen again.

"Sorel on this day (the fourth from the camp) laid down to die. They built him a fire, and Morin, who was in a dying condition and snow-blind, remained with him. These two did not probably last till the next morning. That evening (I think it was) Hubbard killed a deer.

"They travelled on, getting here and there a grouse, but nothing else, the deep snow in the valley having driven off the game.

"This state of the party became desperate and brought Haler to the determination of breaking it up, in order to prevent them from living upon each other. He told them them that he had done all he could for them—that they had no other hope remaining than the expected relief—and that the best plan was to scatter, and make the best of their way, each as he could, down the river, that, for himself, if he was to be eaten, he would, at all events, be found travelling when he did die. This address had its effect. They accordingly separated.

"With Haler continued five others—Scott, Hubbard, Martin, Bacon, one other, and the two Cosumne Indian boys.

"Rohrer now became despondent, and stopped. Haler reminded him of his family, and urged him to try and hold out for their sake. Roused by this appeal to his tenderest affections, the unfortunate man moved forward, but feebly, and soon began to fall behind. On a further appeal he promised to follow, and to overtake them at evening.

"Haler, Scott, Hubbard, and Martin now agreed that if any one of them should give out the others were not to wait for him to die, but to push on, and try save themselves. Soon this mournful covenant had to be kept. But let me not anticipate events. Sufficient for each day is the sorrow thereof.

"At night Kerne's party encamped a few few hundred yards from Haler's, with the intention, according to Taplin, to remain where they were until the relief should come and in the mean time to live upon those who had died, and upon the weaker ones as they should die. With this party were the three brothers Kerne, Captain Cathcart, McKie, Andrews, Stepperfeldt, and Taplin. I do not know that I have got all the names of this party.

"Ferguson and Beadle had remained together behind. In the evening Rohrer came up and remained in Kerne's party. Haler learnt afterwards from some of the party that Rohrer and Andrews wandered off the next morning and died. They say they saw their bodies.

"Haler's party continued on After a few hours Hubbard gave out. According to the agreement he was left to die, but with such comfort as could be given him. They built him a fire and gathered him some wood, and then left him—without turning their heads, as Haler says, to look at him as they went off.

"About two miles further, Scott—you remember him; he used to shoot birds for you on the frontier—he gave out. He was another of the four who had covenanted against waiting for each other. The survivors did for him as they had done for Hubbard, and passed on.

"In the afternoon the two Indian boys went ahead—blessed be these boys!—and before night-fall met Godey with the relief. He had gone on with all speed. The boys gave him the news. He fired signal guns to notify his approach. Haler heard the guns, and knew the crack of our rifles, and felt that relief had come. This night was the first hope and joy. Early in the morning, with the first gray light, Godey was in the trial, and soon met Haler and the wreck of his party slowly advancing. I hear that they all cried together like children—these men of iron nerves and lion hearts, when dangers were to be faced or worships to be conquered. They were all children in this moment of melted hearts. Succor was soon dealt out to these few first met; and Godey with his relief, and accompanied by Haler, who turned back hurriedly followed the back trail in search of the living and the dead, scattered in the rear. They came to Scott first. He was yet alive, and is saved!—They came to Hubbard next; he was dead, but still warm. These were the only ones of Haler's party that had been left.

"From Kerne's party, next met, they learnt the deaths of Andrews and Rohrer; and, a little further on met Ferguson, who told them that Beadle had died the night before. All the living were found—and saved—Manuel among them—which looked like resurrection—and reduces the number of the dead to TEN—one-third of the whole party which a few days before were scaling the mountain with me and battling with the elements twelve thousand feet in the air.

"Godey had accomplished his mission for the people: a further service had been prescribed him, that of going to the camp on the river, at the base of the great mountain to recover the most valuable of the baggage secreted there. With some Mexicans and pack mules he went on; and this is the last we heard of him.

"Vincent Haler, with Martin and Bacon, all on foot, and bringing Scott on horseback, have just arrived at the outside *Pueblo* on the Little Colorado. Provisions for their support, and horses for their transport, were left for the others, who preferred to remain where they were, regaining some strength, till Godey should get back. At the latest, they would have reached the little *Pueblo* last night.—Haler came on to relieve my anxieties, and did well in so doing; for I was wound up to the point of setting out again. When Godey returns I shall know from him all the circumstances sufficiently in detail to understand clearly every thing. But it will not be necessary to tell you any thing further You have the results, and sorrow enough in reading them.

"*Evening.*—How rapid are the changes of life! A few days ago, and I was struggling through snow in the savage wilds of the upper Del Norte—following the course of the frozen river in more than Russian cold—no food—no blanket to cover me in the long freezing nights—(I had sold my two to the *Utah* for help to my men)—uncertain at what moment of the night we might be roused by the Indian rifle—doubtful, whether I should ever see you or friends again. Now I am seated by a comfortable fire, alone—pursuing my own thoughts—writing to you in the certainty of reaching you—A French volume of Balzac on the table—a colored print of the landing of Columbus before me—listening in safety to the raging storm without!

"You will wish to know what effect the scenes I have passed through have had upon me. In person, none. The destruction of my party, and the loss of friends are causes of grief; but I have not been injured in body or mind. Both have been strained, and severely taxed, but neither hurt. I have seen one of the other, and sometimes both, give way in strong minds, and stout hearts; but, as heretofore, I have come out unhurt. I believe that the remembrance of friends sometimes gives us the power of resistance which the desire to save our own lives could never call up.

"I have made my preparations to proceed. I shall have to follow the old Gila road, and shall move rapidly, and expect to be in California in March, and to find letters from home, and a supply of newspapers and documents, more welcome perhaps, because these things have a home look about them. The future occupies me. Our home in California—your arrival in April—your good health in that delight climate—the finishing up my geographical and astronomical labors—my farming labors and enjoyments. I have written to Messrs. Mayhew & Co., agricultural warehouse, New York, requesting them to ship me immediately a threshing machine; and to Messrs Hoe & Co., same city, requesting them to forward me at San Francisco two runs or setts of mill stones. The mill irons and the agricultural instruments shipped for me last autumn from New York, will be at San Francisco by the time I arrive there. Your arrival in April will complete all the plans."

[These extracts in relation to Colonel Fremont's intended pursuits are given to contradict the unfounded supposition of gold projects attributed to him by some newspapers.

SELECT POETRY.

GIVE PLACE, YE LADIES.

A ballad, copied in Collier's Extracts, from the Registers of the Stationer's Company—dated 1566—7.

Give place, you ladyes all,
Unto my mistress faire,
For none of you, or great or small,
Can with my love compare.

If you would knowe her well,
You shall her nowe beholde,
If any tongue at all may tell
Her beautie[s] many folde.

She is not high, ne lowe,
But just the perfect height,
Below my head, above my hart,
And than a wand more straight.

She is not full, ne spare,
But just as she shoulde bee,
An armful for a god, I sweare;
And more she loveth mee.

Her shape hath noe defect,
Or none that I can finde,
Such as in deede yod might expect,
From so well formede a minde.

Her skin not blacke, ne white,
But of a lovolie hew,
As if created for delight;
Yet she is mortall too.

Her haire is not to[o] darke,
No, nor I weene to[o] light;
It is what it sholde be; and marke-
It pleaseth me outright.

Her eies nor green, nor gray,
Nor like the heavens above;
And more of them what neodes I say,
But that they looke and love!

Her foote not short, ne longe,
And what may more surprise,
Though some, perchance, may think me wrong
'Tis just the fitting size.

Her hande, yea, then, her hande,
With fingers large or fine,
It is enough, you understand,
I like it—and 'tis mine.

In briefe, I am content
To take her as she is,
And holde that she by Heaven was sent
To make compleate my blisse.

Then ladyes, all give place
Unto my mistress faire,
For nowe you knowe so well her grace,
You needes must all despaire.

LEPROSY.

The awful disease of leprosy still exists in Africa. Whether it be the same leprosy as that mentioned in the Bible, I do not know; but it is regarded as perfectly incurable, and so infectious that no one dares to come near the leper. In the south of Africa there is a large lazar-house for lepers. It is an immense space, enclosed by a very high wall, and contains fields which are strictly guarded. When any one is found with the marks of leprosy upon him, he is brought to this gate and obliged to enter in never to return. No one who enters in by that awful gate is allowed to come out again. Within this abode of misery there are multitudes of lepers in all the stages of the disease. Dr. Helbeck, a missionary of the church of England, from the top of a neighboring hill, saw them at work.—He noticed two particularly, sowing peas in the field. The one had no hands, the other had no feet—these members being wasted away by the disease. The one who wanted hands was carrying the other who wanted the feet upon his back, and he, again carried in his hands the bag of seed, and dropped a pea every now and then, which the other pressed into the ground with his foot, and so they managed the work of one man between the two. Ah! how little we know of the misery that is in this world. Such is this prison house of disease. But you will ask who cares for the souls of the hapless inmates? Who will forsake father and mother, houses and land, to carry the message of a Saviour to these poor lepers?—Two Moravian missionaries, implied by a divine love for souls, have chosen this lazar-house as their field of labor. They entered it never to come out again. And I am told, that as soon as they die, other Moravians are quite ready to fill their place. Ah! my dear friends, may we not blush and be ashamed before God, that we, redeemed with the same blood, and taught by the same spirit, should yet be so unlike these men in vehement, heart consuming love of Jesus and the souls of men.—*M'Cheyne.*

A Letter from Havana says, that a slaver from the coast of Africa recently arrived at Mariel, a neighboring port, with 400 to 500 slaves on board.