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JOURNEY FROM NEW ORLEANS TO CALIFORNIA.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

[This is the first of a brief series of papers descriptive of the journey, and its adventures, through the American wilderness to California. The heroes of the narrative are real persons, and actually performed their extraordinary pilgrimage to the temple of the golden idol, the route of which is by this time marked out with human bones and human graves.]

In our dear island-home of Britain, nature is on a scale so circumscribed, that we can hardly realise suitable ideas of the interminable prairies, stupendous mountains, and sea-like lakes of the New World. *There* are trackless wastes awaiting the culturing hand of man; boundless forests, of which buffalo and deer are the aborigines; and majestic lakes and rivers, to which the largest of our own are but as brooks and millponds. To these boundless regions, inviting the swarming population of an older country, the philanthropist rejoices to see many of the hardy sons of toil bending their way, with energies newly braced, and resolutions bravely formed, to secure for themselves a home of plenty, and for their posterity, influence and independence.

But there has lately arisen another influence, more potent than the prospect of agricultural and rural plenty amidst the fertile prairies—namely, the hope of becoming quickly rich—the love of gold, that omnipotent agent by which we attain all the glitter and *agrémens* of an old-established and luxurious state of society. California, however, has chiefly attracted only a particular class of restless spirits—those who would not, most probably, have sufficient perseverance in industry to settle in a rural position, with nothing in prospect but a slow-advancing competency—or those who, tolerably well situated at home, would never have dreamed of emigration, except under such shining auspices—or, finally, those who resolved to try some new country, and hesitating to what locality to direct their way, feel impelled first, at all events, to seek their fortune in the tempting field of newly discovered gold. True, it has already proved but an *ignis-fatuus* to many; but that does not deter multitudes from embarking in the same chase of the glittering dust, that so frequently ends in wo, and so seldom in contentment of spirit. Towards the shining hills and streams, then, of California, the tide of migration has for years set with an overmastering current—overmastering distance, difficulty, severe privation, imminent dangers, friendship's remonstrances, and affection's tear.

There was in 1849 an amiable, well-educated, and delicately nurtured young gentleman, a native of the aristocratic state of South Carolina, who had been settled as a merchant for three years in the noble city of New Orleans. All the world was then pressing thither, as the starting-point for California. There came the cautious 'go-ahead' Yankee, the stalwart Kentuckian, the polished Virginian, the recently settled backwoodsman, the newly imported Irishman, the steady Scot, and the enterprising Englishman. There, too, were clever Germans and lively Frenchmen, the Spanish Mexican, and the delicate Creole. One singular feature of this *omnium gatherum* was the general absence of the female sex. In this, how unlike the ordinary progress of emigration, where man feels that his best helps, as well as soothers, are his wife and children! But what have delicate women and tender babes to do in the mighty struggle to reach, and the toil then to be endured in, the 'gold-diggings?' Men are glad to leave their gentle ones safe at home, when they bend themselves to such rugged tasks, fit for the stalwart strength of manhood alone. Indeed, from the moral as well as physical features of the gold-regions, we are impressed with the idea that men here are seen in their most uncouth, most turbulent, most toiling aspect.

Among the throng that came to New Orleans were many persons with whom the young gentleman we have alluded to, and whom we shall call Tom Edwardson, had been acquainted—had lived with and loved in his earlier years, or who were well known to his parents and friends. They all with one accord assured him of the glorious opening for merchants at San Francisco, where a man with a small capital, or only good business connections, must in a time incredibly short become incredibly rich. Tom Edwardson's mind became quite excited with the all-engrossing theme. But it was not so much the wealth as the enterprise he coveted—not the gain in comparison with the romance—that induced him seriously to listen to proposals to undertake what is called the land-route to California. Up the Mississippi, over the prairies, across the mountains, amongst savage tribes, through desolate wildernesses, camping by night, hunting by day—these all looked most enticing to a youth of energy and ambition.

Having made his money-arrangements, Mr Edwardson and three friends, with views similar to his own, engaged a passage to St Louis in a steam-boat called *La Belle Creole*. The boats of the American rivers are of a very peculiar build. One of our nearly extinct species of conveyance, the canal-boat, on a gigantic scale, would give the most correct idea of them. They have neither mast nor rigging, and have high-pressure engines and paddle-wheels. The deck, for three-fourths of the length of the vessel, is occupied by a

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grand saloon, lighted from the roof, and surrounded by the gentlemen's sleeping-berths. It enters from the extreme forward. The after-cabin is assigned to the ladies. The whole length of *La Belle Creole* was above 240 feet. It was crowded with emigrants; some of them bound for California, and some for the western states and backwoods, the latter of whom had their families with them. The boat was therefore bound for St Louis direct, the great emigrant-depôt, without intermediate stoppages.

On the 8th of April, Mr Edwardson's little party found themselves afloat on the 'father of waters'—not more poetically than truly so called—their hearts springing forward to the novel and exciting scenes amidst which they expected soon to find themselves. There was not a little to interest and amuse even at their first outset. At that season, the breaking up of the ice towards the sources of the river, and the melting of the snow on the distant hills, had swelled the always majestic stream, till it spread far and wide like a mighty lake or an inland sea. Indeed, this similitude would have been complete even to delusion, had it not been for the houses and trees peeping out from the bosom of the water, together with cattle gathered on the knolls, to which they had betaken themselves, as the river rose and swelled around. Boats also were passing between dwellings and outhouses, or from one domicile to another, giving evidence that man in his social capacity was living amidst this watery waste, and that cultivation lay underneath, buried only for a time. One might easily have imagined he saw the world's great deluge in its first stage, especially when, after a heavy shower, a magnificent rainbow spanned the river with its iris-coloured arch. It was impossible, or undesirable had it been possible, to resist the cheering influence this bow of promise seemed to shed, not only over the inundated land, but over that future into which our voyagers were so intently gazing.

The interest on board the steam-boat soon became, however, of a more painful character than the joyous hopeful spirit was then at all willing to contemplate; for the day after leaving port, it was discovered there was cholera on board, New Orleans having been suffering severely under that scourge. At first the consternation was great; but on, on, sped the boat, with its vast freight of human hopes and sorrows, recking not though some of those who embarked so full of youth and promise should, ere they reached their haven, be landed on a further shore.

There was a clever, obliging negro-boy who attended on the passengers, and attracted Mr Edwardson's especial notice from his handiness and quaint yet sprightly ways. He shewed Jim some little kindness, which was returned in redoubled efforts to please. As he waited at tea, Mr Edwardson asked him whether he was not afraid of cholera.

'No, massa; not at all. What need? All die some time or nudder.' At next morning's breakfast, Jim was missed. 'Where is Jim?'—'Hallo, Jim! where are you, boy?' None answered. Jim could answer no more! He had died during the night of cholera; and in the course of the day, he was consigned to the turbid waters of the Mississippi.

Some affecting incidents took place among the emigrants. Young couples, hoping to spend long lives together in industry and love, were separated; the new-made wife became a widow, or the proud and fond husband was left desolate. The first-born hope of one poor family was snatched away; and several sucking-babes were made motherless. In another family, the passengers of the saloon became much interested. It consisted of man and wife, a stout and manly youth, and fair and blooming daughter. They had come from England, at the invitation of another son settled in Illinois, who wished the rest of his home-circle to join him, and they had suffered considerable privations to attain the desirable end of reaching a comfortable and united home. The son was seized with cholera, and died. This was a sad blow; yet the bereaved family were rising after the stroke, when father and mother, after a few hours' illness, were likewise cut off. The poor girl, thus left lonely, seemed to sink into despair; the quiet stupor of her grief, and bewilderment of her faculties, being far more piteous than the most violent outbursts would have been. Her fellow-passengers deeply sympathised with her; and, at her earnest entreaty, the boat was brought to a stop at a lonely and beautiful creek. The bell tolled, and the passengers followed with the orphan girl, and laid the remains of her parents among some giant forest-trees—truly a sublime solitude for their graves. A liberal collection was then made for the survivor, and she was committed to the care of respectable persons, to be directed and assisted on her way to join her surviving brother.

Their feelings somewhat damped by such scenes as these, Edwardson and his friends reached in six days the city of St Louis. In this city, emigrants furnish themselves with the necessary clothing, provisions, and arms, for their future journey across the plains and mountains. Here our original travelling-party of four persons, afraid of venturing on those wilds, inexperienced as they were, resolved to recruit their forces, as in such cases, if ever, number is strength. There were many isolated individuals among the sojourners at the inns, who, desirous of proceeding to California, only waited opportunity to join themselves to some party or other. It thus became an easy matter to select a few properly recommended persons, whom Mr Edwardson and friends believed would prove suitable travelling-companions. The first of these was an M.D. of Charleston College, called Williams. The others were Mr Fowler, Mr Browne, Mr Wilhelm Myers, a German, who professed to be *au fait* in culinary skill, and a handsome Irishman, of most obliging manners, and a joyous companion. It remains to notice slightly the original party, who were—Joe Powell, a South Carolinian merchant; Blackwell, a highly respectable gentleman of New York, travelling for the pleasure of enlarging his ideas and improving his mind; and a Mr Livingstone, who had journeyed much in Mexico and Texas, besides having been out in many camp-hunts. Tom Edwardson we have before referred to, and he was appointed treasurer and secretary to the expedition, as it was judged most expedient that the funds and provisions should be placed in a common stock. Each individual contributed as his quota 300 dollars (L.60). And these preliminaries settled, the party met in solemn conclave to draw up rules for their government, and to make out lists of the articles required for their outfit.

Liberal provision was in the first instance made for creature comforts, vulgarly called meat and drink, consisting chiefly of flour, bacon, coffee, and whisky, with tin drinking-flasks and two or three cooking utensils. Two wagons were then purchased, two tents, and a coil of strong hempen rope. Each man was provided with a pair of blankets, a buffalo-robe, several pair of waterproof boots, reaching above the knee, besides the ordinary changes of clothes and linen. It may here just be mentioned that these latter articles were in the present case much too numerous and cumbersome. One change of outward raiment, and two of linen, would have been quite sufficient. Above everything else in importance our travellers reckoned the arms, so necessary as a defence against Indians or in the chase; to the latter of which they understood they might generally trust for fresh and strengthening food. Each one, therefore, had a good rifle and bowie-knife, and a Colt's revolver, which is a pistol capable of firing six shots in succession from one loading. Of course, there was an ample supply of powder and lead, and they were also provided with a few trinkets, looking-glasses, and so

sed cloth, for the purpose of trade with the Indians, should anything of the kind be found necessary or desirable.

The various arrangements were not complete for ten days; but on the 25th of April, our travellers at length embarked on the Missouri for Independence, about 450 miles distant, at which place the land-journey would commence. On this second voyage, cholera still pursued them, with a repetition of heart-rending scenes similar to those they had already witnessed. The steam-boat, however, held a direct course up the beautiful river, only stopping at one little German village, where excellent wine is produced; and the person from whom Edwardson purchased some at a moderate price, informed him that he had strong hopes of making the culture of the grape a most profitable concern.

The four days' voyage terminated at 'Wayne's City,' a collection of board and log huts; but in America every place is called a city now, no doubt by anticipation. After landing, and seeing their chattels safely stowed away, our party rested for the night in the only house of entertainment the city could boast, where the stars were visible through chinks in the roof; and our young friend, fresh from the luxuries of a New Orleans home, sank to sleep, endeavouring to solve an astronomical problem, for which his sleeping-place afforded such admirable facility. The breakfast consisted of hoe-cake and bacon, for which they paid twenty-five cents, or above one shilling each. They then set out on foot for Independence, which is situated three miles from the river. It was first settled and named by the Mormons, after they had been expelled from Nauvoo by the citizens of the state of Illinois—only to be in like manner, after a short sojourn, driven forth from Independence. Mr Edwardson here hired an empty house for the accommodation of himself and friends during the night, and they took their meals at an inn. The town being full to overflowing with other emigrants, the traders of the place seemed resolved to make their own market out of the necessities of the strangers; especially was this found to be the case when they endeavoured to purchase draught-animals for their wagons, without which their goods could not be transported even from Wayne's City, where they had left them. The turmoil between buyers and sellers became so hot at Independence, that, hearing mules were to be obtained at a farmhouse fifteen miles off, Mr Edwardson and his friend Powell hired riding-nags and proceeded thither. They were shewn a drove of mules in a field, but too evidently they were wild as the untamed deer, and probably even more refractory. There was, however, no alternative: the gentlemen selected twelve out of the number, for which they paid ninety dollars (L.18) apiece. These animals are strong and handsome, well adapted for the draught, and are about twelve hands high. The farmer and one of his negroes obligingly assisted in driving the new purchase as far as an enclosure near the town of Independence. But this was an easy job comparatively with what remained to be accomplished, in catching and harnessing the hitherto free and now terrified creatures, who had never before been subject to man's control, having been bred and reared in a half-savage state, like our mountain-sheep, or the shaggy ponies of the Shetland Isles. Indeed, it would have been next to impossible to have even caught the mules, but for the prompt and efficient assistance of two Mexicans with their lassos. In this way, the animals were taken out and haddled.

By main force, in which all Mr Edwardson's party lent a hand, six of the struggling mules were then harnessed into a hired wagon; a *lariat*, or strong tether, was attached to their necks, each being held fast by the assistants, and in this fashion the animals set off at their full speed, dragging men and wagon after them. Thus our travellers entered through the streets of Independence, and were dubbed by the bystanders, amidst shouts of laughter and applause, 'The Crescent City* Manegerie Company.' When this trial had been repeated with the other six mules, the whole were harnessed into their own wagons, and with the help of a couple of teamsters they had engaged for the journey, at three trips their baggage was all transported to Independence. It was no child's play. The unmacadamised road was steep and boggy; the mules, but half-subdued, after their first frantic exertions, required not only strength and patience, but violent shouting and blows ere they could be forced onwards. To add to the distress of men and beasts, there was no water accessible on the way, and the weather was calm and sultry. At length the arduous day's work was done; but though a sound sleep succeeded in the case of most of the party, to some the effects became even fatal. One of the teamsters, having drunk too freely of cold water in his heated and excited condition before taking any food, was seized during the night with cholera. It became a matter of common humanity to remove the poor fellow—a very useful and energetic man—to the quarters of his employers, and Dr Williams met in consultation one of the medical men of the place. They pronounced his case hopeless; but our young friend, Mr Edwardson, having seen and heard a great deal of cholera at New Orleans, resolved not to abandon the patient till the very last. He had understood that the main thing to be desired was reaction; and for this purpose, in order to bring the blood to the surface, he rubbed the man's body with dry mustard, and procured from an apothecary a mixture of which he knew only one ingredient—(Triple) 'F. F. F. Ammonia'—which was diligently administered, and the man recovered. Hardly, however, was this man able to stand, than he deserted his benefactors, and they never saw him again. Of course, a substitute was to be sought; and the travellers were fortunate in their second choice, who proved a most useful, faithful fellow, named Ferguson. This accident had detained the party two days; nor did its consequences stop here, for one of the gentlemen—the ingratiating Irishman—was also attacked by cholera, and died. His suffering was great, but very short; and then he was laid in a quiet grave, not one even knowing the place of his home, or the address of any of his relatives. His personal property was very small, but it was taken due care of; and perchance, in his own Green Isle, whither his thoughts were ever turning, there are loving hearts still looking for tidings of the wanderer.

After these various delays, they at last started on the 1st of May, in good spirits, and apparently perfect health, though, after the experience they had had, who was to say where cholera might not be lurking?

The description of this little party, as they set out, will give an idea of many thousands more who passed that same way, some to wealth, some to competence, and some, to death! The gentlemen had provided themselves, each one from his private purse, according to his fancy, with a riding-horse, to make the way more easy. Some of these were Indian ponies, and the rest Mexican mustangs, the latter of which were decidedly the more serviceable animals. To each of the two wagons were harnessed, in pairs, six mules. The teamster sat on the left-hand wheel mule, and managed it and its fellow, wielding a long and strong whip: he held also reins, which extended to the leaders; besides which, a lariat was attached to the four foremost mules, which [illegible] travellers as he rode by its side, in order to keep the but half-tamed animals to their good behaviour. The appearance of the gentlemen was rendered picturesque by a blouse of red cloth, girt round the waist with a stout leathern-belt, in which were stuck [illegible]

* [illegible]

bowie-knife and revolver; while over the shoulders were slung the rifle and ammunition pouches. Broad-brimmed hats and wading-boots completed the equipment; and Mr Edwardson was closely attended by a beautiful and favourite dog of the spotted variety, known as the Dalmatian or coach-dog.

The first night was spent under the tents, after only ten miles' progress through a level and cultivated country; but on harnessing the teams to set forward in the morning, Mr Edwardson was found to have taken cholera. Here was a sad mischance, for they all felt, and justly, that he was the leader and inspirer of the little troop. The camp was at once pitched anew; Dr Williams prescribed skilfully; and, with God's blessing, after a patient delay of three days, the young man recovered sufficiently to proceed, and enjoyed uninterrupted health during his subsequent journeyings. Hardly had the party set forth again, when Dr Williams was taken with measles; and again they felt compelled to await his recovery. There was one good came of these evils: the rest of the company were enabled to tame and exercise the mules; while those not thus engaged made short hunting-excursions, bringing in deer, turkeys, &c., for their larder. Thus early they began to discover that Meinheer Wilhelm Myers was not the connoisseur in the noble art of cooking he had announced himself to be; indeed, throughout the journey they all found it most prudent to be easily contented, good appetites proving their best sauce.

The doctor's convalescence proving very protracted, the rest of the company felt obliged to proceed without him; for the season advancing, time was become too precious to be trifled with. Unwillingly they came to this conclusion; and it was neither received in the generous spirit it might have been, nor was it ever, apparently, quite forgotten. Dr Williams returned to Independence to recruit, and the little caravan proceeded—very slowly, however, according to a promise to their friend to that effect. On the fourth day, the doctor overtook them, looking very spectral, and mounted on a spirited little Indian pony. He declared that he was resolved to follow his 300 dollars, or perish in the attempt.

The direct course of the travellers now was for the Kansas River, where there is a settlement, including a missionary station and a government agent. Their route was well defined, from the hordes of emigrants that had preceded them, parties of whom they frequently overtook, exchanging mutual civilities, and affording mutual assistance when required; which latter was to Mr Edwardson's company most acceptable at times, as their mules continued rather refractory. After a few days' travel in junction with one of these more extensive caravans, the doctor urged his friends to push on rather more vigorously than the rest were disposed to do; and accordingly, after a cordial parting, Edwardson & Co. pressed forward as briskly as possible; yet so heavy was the track, so awkward from inexperience did the gentlemen prove in the management of their teams, that it was only with great exertion, and through much fatigue, they at length reached the Kansas River, 120 miles from Independence, in twelve days after they had started.

Messrs Edwardson and Powell had for some days felt a deficiency in congeniality and friendly spirit between them and the individuals they had taken as associates at St Louis, which threatened to disturb the tranquillity and subordination, without which no conjoint enterprise is likely to prosper. The grounds of disagreement were vexatiously trivial, and arose chiefly on the part of Browne, who wished to constitute himself leader and commander of the expedition—he and the doctor refusing also to take their daily turn of being cook. Causes of irritation seeming daily to increase, Mr Edwardson proposed an amicable separation between the original four from New Orleans and the like number that had more recently joined them. This proposition was acceded to. Each division took a wagon and its six mules by lot, and the money, provisions, &c., were equitably divided, though not without some rather warm discussions. They parted, however, with hearty mutual farewells. The doctor, with his companions, hastened on before the others, who, choosing further on a different route, did not again meet with them. They all reached California in safety, but one by one, as Mr Edwardson heard, and deeply regretting the divisions that had occurred in their camp. Tom and his companions, better understanding each other, continued their domestic arrangements on the most equal and friendly terms.

The settlement or village of Kansas is inhabited by a half-civilised tribe of Indians, called the Pottawattimies. They were originally from Illinois, where the United States' government bought their lands, and was at the expense of transporting them hither, and also of protecting and pensioning them. The pension consists of yearly presents, over and above liberal and punctual payments for their furs, skins, and other commodities. The Pottawattimies dress much in the European style, speak tolerable English, and form a barrier between the wild Pawnee Indians and the white settlements of the Missouri, these latter being all in a friendly compact with the Pottawattimies.

The Kansas settlement contains about 500 inhabitants; a third of whom, however, live not in the village, but in the neighbouring woods, gipsy fashion—clinging to their tribe, and to some of the comforts of civilisation, yet unwilling to relinquish altogether the freedom of the forest and the wigwam. The village where the huts are congregated, with some attempt at regularity, presents a very amusing admixture of savage with civilised habits. You may see a dark warrior pacing proudly about, in inexpressibles of English cloth, a fringed leather hunting-shirt and belt, with a cap of racoon-skins, and moccasons, bead-embroidered. Anon, you perceive the stealing step of a copper-coloured black-eyed beauty, her whole person enveloped in a lady's shawl of bright colours and gay pattern. The damsel peeps roguishly at the Pale-faces from behind the fringed corner that wraps her graceful head; but wo to the lady should yonder dusky young brave have detected the glance! As Edwardson rode towards the village, several of the woodsmen came careering to meet him on spirited horses, saddleless, their blankets wrapped round them, and streamers of red cloth or cotton flying behind. As they drew near, they screamed: 'Whisky! whisky!' but the strangers were cognizant of the law, which prohibits giving the Indians any alcohol, except what is, in a regulated quantity, supplied to them by the government agent at the station. This wholesome regulation is by no means for the sake of the gain to be derived from a monopoly, but solely for the good of the Indian tributaries, it being well known that they are quite unmanageable when 'fire-water' is in the case.

At Kansas River settlement, our travellers remained three days, refreshing themselves with the last glimpses of civilised life in the mission and agent's families, and greatly amused by observing and visiting the Indians, who were very friendly and obliging, and proud to call the white men 'brothers.' Before setting forth again, the mules and horses got the last meal of corn they might expect before reaching California: indeed, poor creatures, to most of them it was the last they ever tasted.

The Kansas River was crossed at two trips, in a ferry-boat kept by a venerable but stalwart Indian, a knowing and most entertaining old fellow, who ch[illegible] five dollars for the transit. When exactly in the middle of the stream, one of the mules thought fit to jump overboard, and swam fortunately for the opposite

bank, which she scrambled up most adroitly, but occasioned her owners vast trouble and delay before she suffered herself to be caught again.

The route now lay by the beautiful bank of the same river, near a small creek of which they encamped that night, and met with several other companies with numerous wagons, all on their way to the Dorado of the West. It was a singular and cheerful sight—the extensive camp, the open savanna, the smiling river, and the numerous watch-fires, the deep-blue heavens and the evening-star. At daylight, the whole encampment harnessed up, and proceeded in one vast caravan, beguiling the time with familiar converse when they could; but as the road became much broken, and intersected by morasses and streams, the help of numbers in dragging the mules, or extricating the wagons, was of the first importance, and superseded every other thought. When they left the low bank of the river, however, the road became better; and as the weather continued dry and fine, they were led to expect it would still improve. Therefore, the following morning, Mr Edwardson's party set forward much earlier than all the rest; and as they also could travel faster on horseback than the majority, who were on foot, they soon lost sight of the caravan.

They were now fairly on the prairies, following the trail of those that had gone before them. Indeed, they seemed to be nearly in the rear of, it was computed, at least 20,000 emigrants, who had that season taken the overland route to California; yet often they journeyed for days without seeing another human being, except at a time when a mounted Indian would cross the path, sweeping by like a whirlwind; and even if he were near enough, hardly staying an instant to return the well-known sign of amity—a wave of the hand in the posture it would take in smoking a pipe. Each night they chose their camping-place as near to wood and water as possible, tethering their animals on the best grass within their reach. Each morning their breakfast consisted of coffee and bacon, with such bread as untaught cooks could manufacture out of their flour. Tough and hard it proved sometimes, no doubt, yet they partook of it cheerily; and having now come to a better understanding with their mules, and able to harness them adroitly, the way was resumed with energy and hopefulness. It proved for some days monotonous enough, though, as the weather was pleasant, the progress was smooth and satisfactory—the prairie spreading far and wide around, varied only by the intersection of some river, tributary to the Missouri. On the Sabbath, they made a point of remaining encamped, and never were more fully impressed with the beneficence of the institution of a day of rest to man and beast, not more in a religious than a physical point of view.

THE COUNT OF MIDLENT.

Many years ago—how time does fly!—residing with a Catholic family of rank, I complied, although a Protestant myself, with the dietary regulations which their faith enjoined. On Fridays, when the butler whispered in my ear: 'There's a fine leg of mutton, sir, on the side-table,' with more than Scipio's self-control, I firmly resisted the voice of the tempter. During Lent, I abstained—no one fasted that I was aware of—but, with the rest of the family, I abstained from flesh food, except on lawful days, heroically submitting to the satisfaction of three courses of fish, dessert, and wine.

The old housekeeper, who was a good Catholic too, had still her own peculiar notions. Her name, I remember, was Davis; because the priest—the family-chaplain, a bit of a wit, who loved good coffee and indifferent puns better than anything else in the world—used to call the narrow passage which led from the dining-hall to the housekeeper's room, 'Davis's Strait' and 'the North-west Passage,' which it actually was, without its icy dangers. One morning, in the middle of Lent, good Mrs Davis, instead of being calmed by her cooling diet, became excited by the discipline we had undergone, and the thoughts of the hardships still before us, and vowed, with a spoilt upper-servant's energy, that 'human flesh and blood couldn't stand it no longer; that, whatever my lord and the priest might say, *she*—Davis, the red-haired, the round, and the rubicund—*would* send up a dish of fried sausages for breakfast!' It is needless to record that she kept her word. The centre of the table was desecrated by such a steaming mess of forbidden dainties as would have brought water into the mouth of St Anthony himself. If Midlent frolics had not been invented before, Davis the Great would have improvised them.

It often happens that the very same bright idea flashes across the brain of two or three different individuals who are separated widely by time and country. The notion is not plagiarised by one from the other, but is evoked by instinct, nature, and inspiration from the teeming hotbed of thought-compelling circumstances. Before Mrs Davis was born or dreamt of, an old Flemish count, pitying the severity of lenten austerities, and fearing they should take too firm hold of his people, determined to cut the melancholy period in halves, and to interpose a little fun in the middle, as a sort of pleasurable partition-wall, preventing the too close contact of the dreary halves. He bequeathed a legacy for ever to the citizens of Hazebrouck, to be employed at the epoch of Midlent in throwing nuts and almonds amongst the crowd, and in entertaining them with a merry cavalcade.

This year, the mayor of Hazebrouck announced by bill and proclamation that the triumphal march of the Count of Midlent was fixed for Monday, March 27 (no pun is here intended), and that every pains would be taken to render it worthy of its object; of course the same Mrs Davis had in view—namely, to sustain the weakness of the flesh. The cortège, composed of different chariots, cavaliers, soldiers, and a *musique*, all in brilliant costume, would parade through the streets and around the square, to the sound of drums and trumpets. During the whole continuance of the march the count's people would incessantly and profusely distribute nuts and almonds to the crowds who throng to witness the progress.

Nuts, just now, may be bought at Hazebrouck, and walnuts alone are nuts in France, Barcelonas and filberts being unworthy of the name; nuts you may buy in Hazebrouck market, of even the hardest-haggling Flemish dame, at the reasonable rate of fifteen for a son. But the experienced reader will understand me when I say, that the purchased nut you crack in quiet, with no excitement and struggle in obtaining it, has not half the sweetness and savour of the nut for which you have to do battle with your arms and legs, besides butting a little with your head and shoulders. There is all the difference of taste between them which you find in a trout from your own rod and hook, and a leash of grouse from your own double-barrelled gun, and the same species of fish and game when handed to you, for everyday silver and copper, across the fishmonger's or the poulterer's stall.

My heart was set upon cracking a Davisian nut; so I jumped into a railway-carriage, which safely dropped me at the Hazebrouck station. The march promised to be unusually brilliant; for the old count's legacy has long accumulated, and now furnishes a handsome sum. Early on Monday morning, I was awakened by the sound of hammers; and opening my window, which looked into the square, I beheld multitudinous builders of booths and stalls, who had been attracted by the announcement that, on that auspicious day, standing-room and ground-rent were free to all. It was

imagination as a recruit by the surgeon afore he's alloo'd to join the regiment. Haw—haw—haw!

North. I knew nothing at the time, James, of the ninny and his advertisement——

Shep. Sae you continued sittin and glowerin at the crood through your specks?

North. I did, James. What else could I do? The semicircle, "sharpening its mooshed horns," closed in upon me, hemming and hemming me quite up to the precipice in my rear—the front rank of the allied powers being composed, as you may suppose, of women——

Shep. And a pretty pack they wad be—fishwives, female caudies, blue-stockins, toon's-offisher's widows, washerwomen, she-waiters, girrzies, auld maids wi' bairds, and young limmers wi' green parasols and five flounces to their forenoon gowns——

North. I so lost my head, James, and all power of discrimination, that the whole assemblage seemed to me like a great daub of a picture looked at by a connoisseur with a sick stomach, and suddenly about to faint in an exhibition.

Shep. You hae reason to be thankfu' that they didna tear you into pieces.

North. At last up I got, and attempted to make a speech, but I felt as if I had no tongue.

Shep. That was a judgment on you, sir, for bein sae fond o' talkin——

North. Instinctively brandishing my crutch, I attacked the centre of the circle, which immediately gave way, falling into two segments—the one sliding with great loss down the slope, and stopt only by the iron paling in front of the New Jail—the other wheeling tumultuously in a *sauve qui peut* movement up towards the Observatory—the plateau in front being thus left open to my retreat, or rather advance.

Shep. Oh, sir! but you should hae been a sodger. Wellington or Napoleon wad hae been naething to you—you wad soon hae been a field-marshal—a generalissimo.

North. The left wing had rallied in the hollow; and having formed themselves into a solid square, came up the hill at the *pas de charge*, with a cloud of skirmishers thrown out in front; and, unless my eye deceived me, which is not improbable, supported and covered on each flank by cavalry.

Shep. That was fearsome.

North. I was now placed between two fires, in imminent danger of being surrounded and taken prisoner, when with one of those sudden *coup d'ails*, which, more than anything else, distinguish the military genius from the mere martinet, I spied an opening to my right, through, or rather over the crags; and, using the but-end of my crutch, I overthrew in an instant the few companies, vainly endeavouring to form into echelon in that part of the position, and, with little or no loss, effected a bold and skilful retrograde movement down the steepest part of the hill, over whose rugged declivities, it is recorded, that Darnley, centuries before, had won the heart of Queen Mary, by galloping his war-horse, in full armour, on the evening after a tournament at Holyrood. Not a regiment had the courage to follow me; and, on reaching the head of Leith Walk, I halted on the very spot where my excellent friend the then lord provost presented the keys of the city to his most gracious majesty,* on his entrance into the metropolis of the most ancient of his dominions, and gave three-times-three in token of triumph and derision, which were faintly and feebly returned from the pillars of the Parthenon; but I know not till this hour, whether by the discomfited he[illegible], or only by the echoes.

Shep. "Fortunate Senex!" Wonderfu' auld man!'

Alas! these pleasantries recall to us the days of other years and other men, and remind us that we, in whose youth they were uttered, are getting old. Yet it is cheering, too, to think that *we*, at least, can still enjoy them, as when—

——————— calidus juventâ,
Consule Planco.

* George IV., who visited Edinburgh in 1822.

JOURNEY FROM NEW ORLEANS TO CALIFORNIA.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. II.

The wide expanse of savanna or plain the pilgrims were now traversing, is singularly destitute of animal life. There being no covert even for birds, it was only occasionally a turkey would sweep over their heads, or a vulture to prey on the little animal we shall shortly have occasion to describe. Still more rarely, a small herd of the graceful antelope might be perceived at a distance, on the remains of which, when shot, the wolves would gather to feast by night. One evening, our wanderers over this dreary waste encamped close to a clear and beautiful spring, surrounded with bushes, that formed, as it were, a grotto, and flowed into a natural basin, bordered with the richest verdure. Men and animals seemed to enjoy this sweet oasis so much, they could not resist spending a few hours in luxurious *abandon*; each one after his own taste seeking some relaxation. Mr Blackwell had a long chase after a turkey, which he at length brought down with the rifle; and Edwardson observed, with a curious and amused eye, the proceedings of the singular animal called the 'prairie-dog,' which, in fact, is no dog at all, but a creature partaking of the natures of the rabbit and squirrel, but most resembling the latter in appearance and size.* Their habitations are like a regular village, burrowed in the ground. With a pocket perspective-glass, Mr Edwardson could see the animals running about, as it were, in the streets, one sage patriarchal fellow evidently on watch at a corner. They would gather in small groups, seem to converse eagerly with each other, then scamper off as if on business of the utmost importance. Should a slight alarm be given, the watchman utters a short bark, or rather yelp, like that of a young dog—whence their name—when, in the twinkling of an eye, the whole population disappear with a tumble into the holes. Mr Edwardson shot one or two of them, and they were pronounced very tolerable eating, for hungry men, when better was not to be had.

Earlier than usual next morning, the travellers left their grateful resting-place, and having now crossed the not very well-defined boundary between the Pottawattimie and Pawnee territories, some additional precautions became necessary to their safety. The Pawnee is a most savage and treacherous tribe, of whom the United States' government can make nothing at all; they can neither be bribed by kindness, nor bound by treaties. They are constantly at war with the Pottawattimies on the one side, and the Sioux on the other, both of which are in firm alliance with the whites. The number of the Pawnee warriors is, by these frequent fightings, much diminished; for though they are the most fierce and cunning, their enemies are the more numerous and powerful. Our emigrants had been warned strongly to be on their guard against these savages, as some of them are continually in ambush, watching opportunity to carry off cattle or horses by night. Such attacks of the Indians are called 'stampedes,' and are performed by the savages suddenly riding in the darkness, with frightful cries, at the animals resting near a camp. These, terrified beyond measure, break their tethers; and as the Indians continue to gallop on, the cattle, in their panic, run off too, following the sound of the retreating

horses' feet, and so into the clutches of the cunning robbers. Of all the dangers of the American wilderness, that from hostile Indians is ever the most appalling. It was necessary, therefore, always to set a guard at night, and it was usually divided into two hours' watches, of course taken in turn by our four travellers and their teamster. Dash, the dog, became here a valuable auxiliary, though hitherto his talents had never been developed in that line. But we constantly see, in animals as in man, a wonderful facility of adaptation to circumstances. One night, during the second watch, Mr Edwardson being on guard, he suddenly experienced a change in the atmosphere; the stars became obscured, and the stillness of the grave reigned all around. Fearing, from what he had once before observed in Cuba, that this portentous quiet boded a storm, and well knowing what were its fearful powers when it swept in unbroken might over the vast plains, he at once awaked his comrades, in order to strike the tent and secure the wagon. The latter they accomplished by pinning down the body and wheels with ropes and strong stakes; and then they sought refuge for themselves within it. Hardly were they sheltered amongst their luggage, when they were almost blinded by a vivid flash of forked lightning, which was instantly succeeded by the most tremendous peal of thunder and heavy rain. Then came the whirlwind rushing over the prairie with a noise hardly less terrific. The wagon rocked and trembled, and for a moment they feared their frail shelter was giving way in spite of all their precautions. It stood, however; but the feelings of its crouching tenants may be more easily imagined than described, as they recollected the Indians often choose such storms to make their stampedes; and at times they were uncertain whether the crash of the hurricane were not mingled with the Red Man's yells—whether God alone in His majesty were abroad, or man in his cruelty and rage.

The storm lasted but an hour. The stars again appeared, and the sojourners emerged from their hiding-place to look after their mules and steeds. They found two of the former were gone; but nothing could be done till daylight, when Messrs Powell and Livingstone mounted and rode off in pursuit. The animals were discovered at a distance of five miles, patiently grazing near their last encampment, whither they had been urged by the direction of the whirlwind. They allowed themselves to be quietly driven back to their companions, when all were harnessed; and the wayfarers set out once more on what some of them were beginning to fear would prove 'toilsome travelling.' Romance was fast wearing off, and stern realities were staring them in the face. One serious anxiety they had which it was almost impossible they could have foreseen, or made calculations for, and yet it proved the immediate source of all their future privations. From the vast flood of emigration that had preceded them, the prairie was almost bared of its herbage, rank and plentiful as we are accustomed to consider it. Sometimes, therefore, they had to drive the animals a couple of miles from the place of camping, in order to find for them even an insufficient feed. There, too, they had to be watched through the night—a dreary and dangerous duty even for a man well armed.

A day or two after the hurricane, they overtook a pretty large company of emigrants, principally from Virginia; with these they exchanged the usual cour- [illegible]

and soothing slumbers with his outcry. Of course they instantly started up, and grasped their arms; but for some time Mr Powell was not collected enough to inform them what had caused his terrors, or from what quarter they were to look for danger. At length they understood the alarm had come from the other camp; whereupon Edwardson and Blackwell volunteered to go over as cautiously as possible, to see what might be the matter—the former secretly burning to have a real fight with the Indians, and the latter firmly persuaded that any bush on the way might conceal a Pawnee warrior. Both were disappointed: they reached their countrymen's camp in safety, and found it indeed in fearful excitement, but no trace of enemies was to be found. In a short time, when composure was somewhat restored, the whole panic was found to have arisen from the mistake of a sleepy sentinel. Waking suddenly from a nap, he observed close at hand what he took for a skulking Indian, at whom he instantly fired. It turned out to be one of his fellow-travellers' coats, which he had hung on a shrub outside the tents, and the vigilant guard mistook it for a savage. The only sufferer from the false alarm, if we except a pretty general savageness of temper at the unnecessary disturbance, was the owner of the coat, which was completely riddled, clearly shewing that a good account would have been given of the Pawnee foe, had it proved one.

Nothing else worthy of record occurred to Mr Edwardson and his associates till they gained Fort Kearney, which is the first military station in the Indian territories. Here are about 100 troops, mostly mounted, and such is the moral force of the government, that this handful of men keep in thorough check many thousand savages. Would that some such wholesome influence were established and exerted in the wilds of Kaffraria!

Fort Kearney is well situated, not far from the Nebraska River, called on some maps the La Platte. The country is but slightly wooded, the chief growth being willows; hence an extensive circuit of open plain stretches round the station in all directions—a most proper precaution in a country of hostile and cunning savages. The appearance of the fort, as our travellers drew nigh, was most picturesque. From 1500 to 2000 emigrants were encamped on the plain, their tents and wagons clustering round the fort, but at a certain distance, prescribed by the commandant, in order to prevent too close intercourse with the soldiery, as, in that case, intemperance and insubordination might be apprehended.

The refreshment to our travellers was great, of another glimpse, after a month's interval, of social and civilised life; while 'the stars and stripes' floating from the battlements gave them, as it were, a further assurance they were at home.

The butler of the fort, anticipating the transit of emigrants that occurred, had amply provided himself with sundry necessaries for pilgrims across the deserts, which not only proved most acceptable to many, but yielded himself a very handsome reward for his forethought.

When Mr Edwardson's company reached the appointed place of camping, they found no small excitement prevailing among those that had preceded them, in consequence of a rather formidable and successful stampede the Pawnees had made on a party lately arrived. The emigrants were in the act of organising a band of volunteers to go in pursuit of the [illegible]

It was the second day of hard riding, after they left the fort, before they came upon any traces of what they sought; but then they observed marks of slaughtered cattle; and following the trail, in three hours more they found a party of Indians posted in a dense growth of willows. The scout, with Edwardson and a huge Kentucky man, advanced boldly towards the Indian bivouac, making signs of peace. Two fierce-looking warriors met them with similar tokens of amity, and the interpreter immediately made known the white men's complaint. To this it was replied, they had no knowledge whatever of the stampede. It was urged this was impossible; and part of the *débris* that had been found on the trail was exhibited. As stoutly as before, all participation in the theft was denied, till the officer in command of the dragoons, who had hitherto been purposely concealed by the rest of the party, advanced, and said authoritatively: 'The Pawnee knew he lied;' and threatened them with the summary and utmost vengeance of their 'grandfather' (the president of the United States), unless instant restitution was made. Previously to the apparition of the officer, the trapper could see, from the handling of their arms on the skirts of the underwood, that the savages were resolved on resistance; but as soon as the soldier took part in the conference—which it was not his object to do till other means failed—the enemy was at once overawed, or, as we should say, completely cowed. Their grandfather's uniform brought them to terms in a moment; and the red chief promised, that if they were pardoned, the cattle should be restored. As no bloodshed had taken place in the stampede, the officer engaged for an amnesty, on condition that they should pay for the animals they had slaughtered, restore the remainder, and leave three of their braves as hostages, till the demands were complied with. This was humbly assented to; and the white men retired a short distance to refresh themselves, and await the return of their treacherous opponents. Darkness came on, and they were compelled to bivouac another night, many of the white men believing the affair would not be so easily concluded; but the hostages, and the scout, laughed scornfully at their threatenings, awaiting in calm conviction the morning's light, when, accordingly, the Indian chief appeared, and some others, driving before them the stolen property. It was soon seen that three of the oxen were wanting, for which the American officer at once demanded twenty dollars each; whereupon the Indians held up their empty hands, to signify they had no money. But this did not avail them. An equivalent in skins, moccasins, and buffalo-robes was peremptorily required. After another, though shorter delay, these were forthcoming; and then the officer made a speech, telling the Indians they should be forgiven this time; but if anything of the kind occurred again, they should receive the most severe chastisement. The chief had his 'talk' too. He said his grandfather was very merciful—he loved him very much indeed—was sorry for what had taken place—and should certainly punish those of his young men who had annoyed his white brothers. This red warrior was a most villainous-looking fellow; and his words were taken just for what they were worth, as there was no doubt he was the prime thief himself. The emigrants, with their escort, then returned in triumph; and the owners exchanged at the fort the Indian commodities for cattle, to replace those that had been killed.

After four days further rest and refitting at Fort Kearney, our travellers again moved onwards; and about ten miles distant, they struck the banks of the Nebraska, which they followed till evening, and then encamped close to the water, where they found plenty of fuel from the dried-up willows. Here, as at many other places they had passed, they found melancholy evidences that cholera had been at its fell work among the emigrants. All along the route, they met with graves, marked by a small slab of wood, on which was rudely carved, by some pious hand, a name, a date, 'and died of cholera'—sad and frail memorials of the dead, no doubt watered with survivors' tears. Not unfrequently these resting-places of mortality had been torn up and violated by the prairie-wolves, which, gorged by, or perhaps scared from their prey, had often left a human hand or leg, or, more generally, only the soiled and torn clothing in which the body had been no doubt hastily interred. Mr Edwardson saw at different times several of these ravenous creatures; and their howls at midnight over their loathsome repasts, often broke the stillness of the wilderness, and made the blood of the lonely sentinel curdle in his veins.

One night the profound sleep of the wearied wayfarers was broken by a wild unearthly cry, which made the heart of the stoutest quail and shiver. It was not the sharp yell or prolonged howl of the wolf; and there was too much of mortal anguish in it to be the war-cry of a fierce Pawnee. While the startled travellers listened in dismay, a wretched maniac burst into their tent. All alone he was—his scanty clothing in rags, his fierce eye glaring round for food. So complete was his aberration, that the sojourners could attempt nothing for his relief, save to set some food before him, of which, when he had partaken, he immediately set out on his midnight wandering. They heard from some emigrating countrymen next day, that the unfortunate man had lost all his family by the cholera, and, finding himself thus left alone, had become insane, would not join any other party, but continued flitting about on the prairie, and venting his anguish in those dismal cries. He was safe from the Indians, as they always respect mental aberration; but doubtless, poor fellow, he would at length sink under exposure and fatigue.

For 200 miles, Mr Edwardson and his companions followed the course of the Nebraska River, which flows nearly due east for 600 miles, and then joins the Missouri. During this journeying, they enjoyed the exciting sport of buffalo-hunting, and encamped sometimes two days for the express purpose. Our travellers subsequently discovered that they had acted inexpediently in allowing themselves the indulgence, for eventually their horses were irreparably injured, and their owners had many a weary foot-sore day they might otherwise have escaped. While thus trifling away precious time, it became, moreover, too evident that the mules were shewing symptoms of weakness from the insufficiency of herbage on the plain, those which had gone before having, like a swarm of locusts, consumed what they passed over.

Our little party had never shrunk from any personal hardship or useful labour, washing even their own linens, new to such an employment was to them all; but to this had now to be added greater exertion than ever, and much steadfast endurance in assisting the poor mules to drag out the wagon as often as it sunk in soft ground, or to ford the numerous rivers, or forks, as they are termed, until frequently the strength of men and animals was completely exhausted. When the Nebraska was to be crossed, it was first necessary to ford it on horseback, staking the bed of the stream in the place found most firm and shallow for the wagon. The width of the Nebraska is nearly a mile at the spot where our travellers finally crossed; the bottom is of shifting sand, and the water so shallow as to be navigable nowhere except for canoes, though the stream is so rapid that in the slow passage of the wagon it was with the utmost difficulty the stores were kept from being inundated by the rushing water. Several hours' rest were absolutely necessary after this difficult transit; and not more than three miles further, on a bright and beautiful afternoon, they found themselves

slowly ascending a pretty steep hill, finely wooded with cedars. The descent on the other side proved far more difficult than the ascent; even so much so, that the weary men were obliged to unharness the still more weary mules, and then attach a rope to the wagon, which was passed round the stem of a tree, when the loaded vehicle slid down by its weight, and the mules were allowed to find their own footing to the base. They now reached a most lovely valley. A brook that tumbled over a precipitous rock, flowed beneath a grove of cedars. Here the pilgrims pitched their tent for the night, but were obliged to drive the nags and mules a mile and a half off to pasture, two of the joint-owners remaining with them to watch alternately. A slight adventure befell these. The first killed a large rattlesnake asleep among the trees with a sapling club; this was Mr Edwardson's feat, of which he was far more proud than his friend Powell was of his, which consisted in bringing down an antelope from among a small herd he saw grazing at a little distance. The venison proved a delicious treat to the party, who had not previously met with any. But that same night the weakest of the mules died, apparently of mere exhaustion. One of the gentlemen's horses was harnessed to the team instead; and of course this was taken in turns. About this time, they reached a most singular freak of nature called Chimney Rock. It has been described by other travellers, and therefore it need only be said here, that it rises perpendicularly to a great height; is about twenty yards in diameter at the base; is of sandstone; and, the weather having worn the edges smooth, it presents the appearance of a solitary gigantic pillar rising from the prairie. At this place our travellers celebrated the 4th of July by an afternoon's rest, and such good cheer as their decreasing stores would permit.

Their way now lay across a sandy and arid plain; hardly could an African desert be more so, or an African sun hotter than that which beat on the little cavalcade. Slowly and droopingly they traversed the burning waste, where not a blade of grass was to be seen for hours together; and the only consolation was, that a few days would bring them to Fort Laramie, where rest and refreshment would be found. The day before they reached it, their sufferings were most severe, and so exhausted were man and beast, that, although with the fort in view, as they approached the river that lay between, they felt quite unequal to attempt crossing its stream that night. There were predecessors in suffering in the same predicament. The Laramie River is rapid and deep; but next morning, by borrowing mules, and lending again in return, some fifty emigrants, including Edwardson's party, crossed the water in safety, though not without damage to the provisions in the wagon.

Fort Laramie was originally called Fort John; it belonged to an American fur-company, but was purchased by the government for a military station, as it is a central point amidst the Sioux territory. These are the most numerous and powerful of all the Indian tribes, but they are on friendly terms with the United States. At Laramie, all the Indians who are, as it is called, pensioned by the government meet once a year, to hold a grand 'talk' or council, to receive their pensions or presents, and to renew their treaties of amity. The fort is built of adobé, or sun-dried brick, and is well garrisoned. A few pieces of small cannon are mounted on the walls, but the mild yet firm administration of the commandant has taught the Sioux to venerate their white allies too much to require any stringent measures of intimidation.

While at Laramie, Mr Edwardson saw a good deal of these Indians, and was much impressed in their favour. They are tall, athletic, and finely formed; some of the squaws might be almost pronounced beautiful. The Sioux, unlike most other tribes of the red men, seem not to have acquired the vices of civilisation, and tenaciously retain their natural passion for independence and freedom, while, at the same time, they maintain a constant and friendly intercourse with the whites; by which means, they have become very knowing in their trade of furs and skins, for powder, lead, &c. Yet, their manners are courteous and confiding, generally displaying perfect faith in the integrity and friendship of their white 'brothers.' It is a singular fact, perhaps not usually known, but well authenticated by Mr Edwardson, that cholera hardly ever attacks the red man. Even should he be a worshipper of the fatal fire-water, the purity of the air he breathes, and the bubbling spring of which he drinks, appear to exempt him from the pestilence.

Edwardson met with a great and unexpected pleasure in finding in the fort at Laramie a young officer who had been his class-mate at West Point Academy. This circumstance made the time to pass most agreeably, and facilitated greatly the refitting of the travellers' stores and appointments; but, unfortunately, there was no means of replacing Mr Powell's horse, which died here, having never recovered his last buffalo-hunt. Two more of the horses were in a most unsatisfactory state. Edwardson's alone, a beautiful gray Indian stallion, stood out bravely. Who would have thought that the dog, poor Dash, would have been one of the most severe sufferers of the group! —yet so it was. Dash was a dog of spirit, but he had been too tenderly nurtured to be equal to every emergency of a prairie-journey. Sagacious he was, but he would not be persuaded to restrain his impromptu rambles after one attraction and another, nor would he be thought so effeminate as to require at times a rest in the wagon. Bravely he stemmed the rivers, but always gave himself double fatigue in his anxiety to see how his master got on. The result was, that Dash's claws were worn down, and then his feet became cracked and painful. Tenderly were they ministered to at Laramie, and carefully were they covered for the subsequent journey; but Dash, though gravely submitting to be shod with moccasins, always got rid of them as soon as he courteously could. Poor Dash! thy bones were left at last to bleach on the Rocky Mountains!

About the middle of July, they left Fort Laramie, after three days' sojourn. They would gladly have lingered longer, but they had been seventy-five days in completing the 670 miles from Independence, and the heat had now become excessive, so that they might not calculate on being able to push on so quickly as was desirable. In the tent, the day they left Laramie, the thermometer was at 120 degrees.

Their first day's travel was only a few miles, so hard and rugged was the ground; but at night they encamped in another sweet oasis, amidst a cluster of cotton-wood trees, with fine tall grass, and a lovely purling stream half hidden beneath. After leaving this, the route began to be more elevated, as they were reaching the skirts of the Rocky Mountains. For ten days, the way was monotonous and cheerless in the extreme, and they then came to the bed of a dried-up river; though, from its width and precipitous banks, it was easy to see that in winter the torrents from the mountains swelled it into a broad and deep stream. It is called the Big Sandy River, and is 150 miles from Fort Laramie. For the first time, our travellers were here under the necessity of digging for water, and fortunately procured a tolerable supply. Having halted about noon, they resolved to rest under the most shady part of the bank until the cool of the evening, when, with moonlight, they might make a forced march over thirty miles of sandy desert that lay between them and the next clearly defined place of encampment at Green River. Accordingly, at sunset

they harnessed and set out. Herbage or water there was none; a sea of deep sand spread around; and another disaster distinguished this long and weary march. A favourite white mule became so weak, that towards morning she was unharnessed, and tied to the rear of the wagon, her place in the team being supplied by another of the horses. Slowly and heavily moved the wagon, till, after a violent jolt, it sunk to its axle in the sand. After much strenuous exertion of the united strength of men and animals, it again jerked forward, and there was heard a shrill and piercing cry. The team was instantly stopped; but too late. Poor Whity must have fallen when the wagon sunk, and, unable to rise again, had her neck broken, for her owners found her in the agonies of death; and, not without a sigh, she too was left to the prowling wolves.

They seemed to have been travelling on table-land for a time, as, before reaching Green River, they had to descend a steep hill. They gained the bank a little before noon, after a march of fifteen hours, and having made the longest stretch they ever attained—thirty miles without stopping. Green River is a rapid and beautiful stream, in some places deep; but having found a ford, they crossed it the evening of the same day, not without much risk from the weakness of the animals. Having moved along the bank for two miles in search of a resting-place, they encamped late, but cheered by a full moon, for a rest of two days. Here begins the territory of the Snake Indians, a large and fierce tribe, but on good terms with the whites, though, as none of these savages ever omit opportunities of aggression when they may work it out with impunity, the vigilance of our travellers in establishing a nightly guard was never suffered to relax. A few exhausted emigrants, besides Mr Edwardson's party, were here gathered to recruit themselves and their teams.

While resting by Green River, our energetic young friend, accompanied by some other of the wayfarers, paid a visit to an Indian village hard by, the inhabitants of which numbered about 200. In the close vicinage of the streams, these villages are usually planted, for here only—in what is called the prairie-region—is to be found the desirable shelter of belts of wood. The wigwams were very irregularly erected, composed chiefly of skins, stretched over a few sapling stems, drawn together to a point overhead. The interior was very filthy and disorderly, men, women, and children herding promiscuously, but, except at night, the families appeared to live almost entirely in the open air; under the trees and by the river's brink they clustered in blissful idleness or dreamy childish play. Inside and outside, the huts were covered, in festoons, with dried venison and buffalo-meat; and Mr Edwardson procured from an elderly squaw, for an old shirt, several pair of deer-skin moccasins and as much venison as he could carry. Moreover, the white visitors smoked with the chief men of the settlement the pipe of peace, which gave them the *entrée* of all the dwellings; and, in exchange for a little tobacco, they were promised a good supply of deer's flesh while they remained in the neighbourhood.

In the immediate vicinage of this Indian village, or encampment, for it was only a temporary one, our travellers witnessed a still more novel and stirring scene. It was the usual yearly meeting of the traders from the States with the trappers who frequent these wilds, and who are under engagement to the former to meet with them and dispose of their peltry. The traders were provided with ammunition, clothing, ardent spirits, and other things necessary or acceptable to the trappers and Indians, some of the latter of whom take care always to be at hand at such times, to come in for a share of the trading. Both traders and hunters employ packs to carry their goods and tents, so that it was an extensive encampment, not unlike an English fair. The traders were six or seven in number; the trappers ten times as numerous. Some of these latter had Indian wives and children with them. The trapper, living entirely in the wilds and among the Indians, generally forms a domestic relation with some young squaw, and as long as she pleases to follow him they remain together. When she thinks fit to leave him—which, however, she seldom does except when for a time he returns to the haunts of civilisation—she goes back to her tribe with her children, and he takes another wife. When Mr Edwardson visited this singular fair, and saw the piles of rich furs and skins, so valuable in commerce; the rough half-wild men who procure them; the shy dark women, and dirty half-bred children—he could perceive no good, but evil, in this mode of life, whatever wild charm genius may have thrown around a 'Hawkeye.' There was a table for gaming among the other booths, where, at a Spanish game of cards, called monté, a trapper will lose at once the whole fruits of his year's hunting. Intemperance was also there in debasing forms, and the visitor-emigrants were at length glad to retire from the scene.

AN AURORA BOREALIS.

O strange soft gleam! O ghostly dawn
That never brightens into day;
Ere earth's mirk pall again be drawn,
Let us look out beyond the gray.

'Tis scarcely midnight by the clock;
There is no sound on glen or hill;
The moaning water down the rock
Leaps, but the woods lie dark and still.

Austere against the kindling sky
Yon crumbling turret blacker grows;
Harsh light! to shew remorselessly
Ruins night hid in kind repose.

Nay, beauteous light—nay, light that fills
The whole heaven like a dream of Morn—
As waking upon northern hills
She smiles to see herself new-born—

Strange light, I know thou wilt not stay;
That many an hour must come and go
Before the pale November day
Break in the east, forlorn and slow.

Yet blest one gleam—one gleam like this
When heaven o'erbrims with splendours bright,
And the long night that was, and is,
And shall be—melts, absorbed in light;

Oh, blest one hour like this!—to rise
And see grief's shadows backward roll,
While bursts on unaccustomed eyes
The glad Aurora of the soul.

DUTCH BOERS.

These unfortunate Boers are, for the most part, men of considerable education and property, many of them having been reared in the rich districts of the Cape Colony; and, so far from being 'the savage barbarians' that the scandalous official dispatches of the colonial governors have always represented them to be, they are simply rough, straightforward country gentlemen, differing but little from ourselves in religion, by no means disloyal, and very much attached to English laws and usages.—*Mason's Life with the Zulus of Natal.*

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by smoking his pipe for two hours on my bed every other evening, to ask me what I thought of his chances! Cheerful Party! Cheerful Pandemonium! But for an event wholly unlooked for, which exploded the whole concern at a day's notice, the 'snug bachelor's room' would have yielded a candidate for Bedlam.

Mrs Livingstone and the diplomatist, by way of bettering their respective fortunes—I sincerely trust they were neither disappointed—came to the resolution of amalgamating them, and departed simultaneously, without even taking me into their confidence—I presume for the seat of his mission. Nothing breaks up a Cheerful Party like a death or an elopement. Mr O'Shannon [illegible] en whom and the count, I found afterwards, some pecuniary partnerships existed, for his share in which, in the hurry of his matrimonial preparations, the latter had forgotten to provide—retired immediately to his estates; Mr Crosbie Hall took a fortnight's leave of absence, on medical certificate of a complaint in the heart, and repaired that organ by a temporary sojourn at Boulogne; and the 'well-informed woman' and the 'large-patterned lady' made up their differences, re-swore eternal friendship, and went off together to a new rival establishment, discovered by the former, in the next street, where the two ladies introducing one another were received 'on terms of advantage.' I thought it scarcely fair to desert my hostess in her misfortunes, which, however—perhaps from their not being without precedent in her experiences—she bore with admirable fortitude. I continued, therefore, for a few days, in undisturbed possession of the soup and fish, doilies and dinner-napkins, aforesaid, until a new Cheerful Party—in the shape of a gentleman and his wife, tired of housekeeping, a hobbledehoy at King's College, an officer in the army, who had sold out 'because he didn't like it,' and a young lady who couldn't agree with her relatives—rose, phœnix-like, from the ashes of the old one, when I very respectfully took my leave.

That it is not impossible for half-a-dozen people to make such mutual concessions to one another's fancies and foibles as may enable them to live for six months in harmony together, even though bound by no stronger ties than common convenience and the claims of good-breeding, I am far from doubting; and I am most willing, therefore, to believe that the discomforts I experienced must have been the result of some mismanagement of my own, and those I witnessed, peculiar to the Cheerful Party in which it was my fortune to serve my *second* apprenticeship to the toils of independent domesticity.

JOURNEY FROM NEW ORLEANS TO CALIFORNIA.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. III.

From this point on Green River, some of the congregated emigrants determined to take the route to California by Fort Hall, others through the Mormon settlement of Deseret; but Mr Edwardson and his friends chose the less frequented, though more direct course, gone over by the celebrated explorer of those regions, Kit Carson—a name well known on the frontiers for enterprise, indomitable courage, and success. Our travellers now, outstripping some larger caravans, with the compass only for their guide, kept steadily on for what is called the South Pass, being that ridge of the Rocky Mountains from which the streams begin to flow westward into the Pacific.

There is no more hopeful, more beautiful feature of this magnificent continent, than its innumerable fine rivers, into which flow so many tributary streams: it would seem as if prepared by all-bounteous nature for a swarming and a busied people, to whom water, [illegible]

Green River, which our travellers had last crossed, is a fork or tributary of the Nebraska, and they soon met with another, where an unfortunate incident took place. On reaching its bank, they found a comfortable log-hut, inhabited by two white men, who had here established themselves, to make a little fortune by assisting the numerous pilgrims towards the 'shrine of gold' to cross the deep and rapid stream, that swept in graceful curves through a thicket of willows and cotton-wood. These enterprising Americans from the state of New York, had constructed a strong and ingenious ferrying-machine out of two wagons, minus the wheels and coverings. They were planked over, forming one raft, which had strong ropes at each end passed round the massive trunk of a tree, by which means it was pulled by the two men over and back again. The raft carried men, wagons, and goods; but the draught and riding animals were obliged to swim over, which they usually did after their owners with perfect docility. There was one fine mule, however, which, whether from weakness or refractoriness, went off from the line of crossing, just in midst of the stream. Her owner—who was not of Mr Edwardson's party, but was on the raft at the same time with him—jumped into the water, to endeavour to keep the poor animal from certain destruction, should the current overpower her. The man got hold only of her tail, to which he persisted in holding on, in spite of the anxious calls and shoutings of the spectators. It was a sad scene. Mule and owner were swept down by the force of the current, and all the man's strength, when at length he became conscious of his danger, could not avail him to stem it and return. There was no possibility of affording assistance. One or two piteous wails were heard, as the hapless emigrant, so late full of life and hope, struggling now in death, disappeared beneath the trees that fringed the fatal river's brink. This event made a deep impression on all who witnessed it; and the brother of the unfortunate young man wept like an infant, refusing to be comforted.

When our travellers at length reached the South Pass, they took a day's rest. They were several thousand feet above the sea-level, and found it very cold. Mr Edwardson described one of his morning-watches as the bitterest he ever experienced. This was not, however, the highest altitude they gained, although they had no correct mode of measuring it. Their course sometimes led them across a circumscribed plain, sometimes to climb an ascending slope, and then, with more difficulty, to descend abruptly into a sheltered valley. On one occasion, having to dig for some water, they found a large block of ice, imbedded as it were in the rock, and covered with a thin stratum of earth and coarse stunted grass. In general, the ground was very spongy, quite like an Irish quaking-bog; and they were in the utmost consternation many times, for fear of the wagon sinking into it. Three weeks they floundered through this cold and hilly region, only occasionally meeting with some small fertilising streams, on whose banks was tolerable herbage, and where they met with deer and water-fowl, chiefly ducks. Whenever it was possible, they kept by the course of these streams, then not far from their sources; and when it was necessary for their sustenance, they took some game. Dash now feasted; but the other animals grew weaker and weaker; the coarse pasturage was not sufficiently nourishing to sustain them under such constant heavy work. One of the horses was left here to die; Edwardson's being the only one remaining, which he and his friends rode alternately. It soon became evident, under these circumstances, that they must make up their minds to abandon the wagon; but, as with it much of their goods must be lost, it was not without an anxious consultation this was resolved on; and here the real hardships of the journey commenced, all that had preceded being but joke in comparison.

It may here be mentioned, that this misfortune was partly caused by the mistakes they had committed as regards appointments. They ought to have had no wagon. Six or eight pack-mules would have carried all that was necessary, besides enabling them to transport some provision when they took game. A tent, a cooking pot and kettle, a single change of underclothing, with abundance of ammunition, was quite sufficient; and the provisions should have been only some flour, coffee, sugar, and a little cordial in case of sickness. The outer garments should have been entirely of leather; but, especially, they should have retained a good supply of hard cash, as at the different stations or forts bread stuff is always to be had, though at a high price.

The wagon, then, was now unloaded; trunks and provisions were overhauled, as what could be retained must be packed on the mules, and it was absolutely necessary to make their loads as light as possible. Trunks, and almost all their clothing, the greater part of their provisions, and the tent—indeed, every superfluity, and many things hitherto considered essential, and some to which memories and associations clung yet more tenaciously—were all, not without a severe struggle, left on the mountains, perhaps to be useful to some succeeding traveller, perhaps to find their way to some Indian wigwam. Packs were then made out of the canvas-covering of the tent; and, at the teamster's own request, he retraced his steps, expecting to fall in with some other party, to whom his services would be more acceptable.

Behold now our gentlemen-emigrants!—all gentlemanly appliances laid aside—three of them walking by the side of as many laden mules, one resting his weary feet on a now sorry-looking jaded horse. Each had put on his strongest suit; but boots were all worn out, and they were reduced to Indian moccasins. They slept, wrapped in a blanket, on the earth, and with the sky their only canopy.

On the banks of Bear River, they again encountered some travellers, under whose tent they enjoyed one night's shelter. They were loading for the start in the morning, when a gigantic Indian of the Utah tribe stalked up to the camping-place. He was considerably upwards of six feet high, stout in proportion, and apparently very vain of his size and strength; for he looked at those of the whites who were of less stature with an air of superb disdain, measuring them with his eye, and uttering a contemptuous 'ugh.' This at length attracted the notice of an emigrant lying on the ground, who slowly rose, and towering above the savage, looked down in turn upon him, pitting him on the head with a low expressive laugh. On this, the red man slunk away, quite crest-fallen; and the huge Kentuckian coolly returned to his recumbent posture and his solacing pipe. The Utah Indians are physically superior to most other tribes, but they are gentle and friendly, and few in number.

One day the route lay by the side of an extensive lake, formed by a collection of warm sulphur-springs, the drinking of which our travellers found beneficially medicinal, and preventive of scurvy, to which men are liable when compelled to eat, as they were, so large a proportion of salted and animal food. There were also salt-springs among the hills, where they replenished their stock of salt, and beds of sal-eratus* in a pure state, which the Mormons collect and carry to their settlement. A severe misfortune befell, in consequence of some of the springs proving strongly alkaline, of which, before the travellers were aware of it, the horse drank freely. They had no corrective among their scanty stores, and so he died, to his owner's great regret. From the same cause, one of the mules became [illegible], but lived a few [illegible] longer, when the travellers were compelled to abandon more of their effects, reserving chiefly as much as possible of their flour and coffee, which, with the blankets, ammunition, and one or two cooking utensils, were all the three surviving mules could carry in their weakened condition.

In this plight, with rather anxious forebodings, they reached what is generally known as Sweet Water River. It flows through an extensive valley, but at so great an altitude above the sea, that the weather was cool and bracing. At a short distance from the river, they found a very singular rock, bare of any soil, and precipitously towering to a great height; it is called Independence, from its having been first discovered on the 4th of July. On its smooth sides were carved many names and dates by passing travellers. Edwardson and his companions added theirs to the number; and would have scaled the rock to the summit, had they been less oppressed by fatigue and privation. By this time, they were compelled to place themselves on a small allowance of bread; and, when they did not meet with game, they often felt the cravings of absolute hunger.

They journeyed by the brink of Sweet Water River till the route diverged. Crossing a steep and wooded hill, they found a barren level; after traversing which, they suddenly came to a gorge or cañon, the path through which was strewn with loose rocks and trunks of fallen trees, so as to be almost impassable. Here they overtook several wagons, brought to a dead stop, with travellers, beggage, and animals—'in a fix,' as the Yankees say, and in no very complacent mood, it may be imagined. Mr Edwardson's party were too weak themselves to afford any assistance; and so made the best of their own way, for the first time congratulating themselves on the lightness of their luggage.

On emerging from the savage gorge, our travellers found themselves in another extensive valley, dotted here and there with clumps of willows. A clear and beautiful stream, not larger than a brook, meandered over the plain, its banks covered with short but rich grass. This was too tempting an opportunity to be neglected of refreshing the exhausted mules; and, accordingly, they remained for two days under a close covert of willows. They then proceeded lingeringly over the comparatively fertile vale, choosing at night the closest thickets to rest, and keeping a very vigilant guard, as this was one of the haunts of the Digger Indians. This tribe is the lowest in the scale of humanity, at least on this part of the continent. They wear no clothing whatever; they neither sow, nor reap, nor hunt; but exist by digging for roots (whence their name), and by eating the succulent cones of a pine that grows on these mountains: the cones taste like a coarse nut, and are a favourite food of the grizzly bear, which also infests the hills and valleys, though not in great numbers.

In a low, sheltered spot, near the water-course that murmured pleasantly by, our wearied pilgrims were making themselves as comfortable as they could, broiling some ducks for supper, when, most unfortunately, some long dry grass on which they were reposing took fire from an accidental spark. In a moment, they were surrounded by flames, and it was only by the most strenuous efforts they rescued their mules from being scorched. Happily, the wind blew towards the stream; so that, by dint of beating on the edges of the fire with green willow-branches, they soon extinguished it, and betook themselves to much-needed repose. Hardly had the others fallen asleep, ere the sentinel was surprised by the apparition of a white man, whom he challenged; and having received a satisfactory reply in good English, the stranger was admitted to the little bivouac. It was a singular midnight rencontre, in a place so wild and

* Prepared by treating with natron, a native sesquicarbonate of soda, [illegible] used as a substitute for bread.

solitary, and it soon appeared to be a most welcome one to the lonely wanderer, who was at first in so much excitement as to be hardly able to assure himself of his safety. He explained, that he had been sent back by his company, who were about six hours' march ahead, to seek a missing ox. Fearlessly he had retraced their steps of the preceding day; but his bravery was in a great measure the result of ignorance—his ignorance of dangers that were not far off—for, wandering in his search among the willow-thickets, he suddenly discovered a party of Digger Indians, in number about 200, encamped in the plain not more than a mile from the place where they then were. Fortunately, the night-wanderer escaped without being discovered, and Mr Edwardson's party thanked Providence they had not been seen by these mischievous savages, who, to possess themselves of the mules and packs, would at once have ruthlessly murdered them all. The light and smoke of the enkindled grass had led the terrified American to the resting-place of our travellers, who resolved, tired as they were, instantly to decamp, avoid the thickets, and keep to the open plain, as less liable to surprise from their dangerous neighbours. Accordingly, they stopped not again till they had advanced fully ten miles, their new companion's spirits and courage reviving at every successive mile's distance they gained from the savages who had so much alarmed him. They were compelled to rest a whole day after this forced march; and they saw by the fires on different parts of the mountains that the Indians were on the alert, and were telegraphing each other that 'pale faces' were in their country. Knowing the cowardly and treacherous character of these Digger Indians, our emigrants thereafter took care to bivouac in open spots, where surprise was impossible. They feared no open attack, even from overwhelming numbers; for each of them had seven shots ready in rifles and revolvers, one volley from which would have sent an army of Diggers flying, like chaff before the wind. Their new acquaintance remained with Mr Edwardson's party till they came up with his own, who had promised to await his return. He met with but a surly reception, because he had not brought back the animal he was sent to seek; nor did Mr Edwardson and friends experience more courtesy, although they had to their utmost protected and assisted the fugitive who had taken shelter with them. Leaving, therefore, their new friend to make up matters as he could, our party advanced on their way, and in two days, after crossing another eminence, they encamped in an extensive plain, studded with lakes, at the foot of a lofty mountain. The plain was thronged with emigrants, recruiting their teams before attempting the arduous ascent. It proved, however, more gradual than was expected, and tolerably smooth at first; but when at the computed height of 6000 feet, they experienced inconvenience from the rarity of the atmosphere and the increasing cold. Neither men nor beasts could advance otherwise than slowly, becoming breathless on the slightest exertion. This, of course, increased as they got higher, till, when at about 10,000 feet in altitude, they were obliged to pause to rest every fifty yards. On the summit, there was snow falling, and lying thick on the ground; as they descended on the other side, it became sleet, and then rain, accompanied with thunder and lightning, the effect of which in that region was terrific. Late at night the travellers, drenched and weary, about half-way down the mountain, sought repose in a cleft of a rock, huddled together, each wrapped in his blanket, and the patient mules, like dogs, stretched close beside them. Fortunately, fuel was plenty, and they made a good fire. These mountains are covered, for a great way up, with gigantic pines, above 200 feet high, which produce the edible cones before mentioned. fires all around them, but had no desire to make any nearer acquaintance with them, for they might as probably be surrounded by savage foes as by emigrant countrymen.

Their mules were this day reduced to two, by the death of another from exhaustion and want; for it is a singular, but well-known fact, that where the pine-tree grows there is no herbage on the soil; so much so, that even in the fertile state of South Carolina a collection of pines is called, not a pine-wood, but a pine-barren.

The situation of the four friends was now becoming serious. Their provision was reduced to some coffee and pollenta, which they often ate, merely mixed up into a paste with some cold water. They were out of the region of easily accessible game, and were often even savagely hungry. They were still, it is true, in the way of overtaking other emigrants, who might have a little to spare; but as they had no means of transporting it, they could only take a small and temporary supply, and that too at an enormous price, which had so far reduced their little stock of money, that this means of support was very nearly exhausted. Strange it seems, yet true, that countrymen, exiles from home, under similar circumstances of toil and hardship, cherishing the same hopes, pushing for the same goal, were not, at this stage of the journey, found disposed to be courteous, far less generous, to each other. Selfishness was everywhere in the ascendant. They seemed not to remember that they might by and by need help themselves; or if they did, it looked as if they only grasped what they had the closer, that the evil day might be put off the longer. Some actually died of fatigue and want, and were left by their companions by the wayside where they fell. Mr Edwardson and his friends bought while they could; they then begged, to satisfy the cravings of nature; but no man gave to them. The strong men were becoming emaciated and weak; and yet, in the descent of the mountain, they were obliged, one on each side, to hold tight the lariats attached to the mules' heads, to prevent the poor creatures from tumbling forward in their weakness. It was here, too, they lost poor Dash. He had become so enfeebled, he could no longer drag himself onward, and at length was seized at intervals with the convulsions of approaching dissolution. It was a severe pang to his master, but he was compelled to leave him to die; the poor animal looking after his receding friends with glazing eye, and the most piteous whining.

About this time, the gentlemen were a fortnight without tasting any sort of animal food—coffee and pollenta forming their whole sustenance; but when they had surmounted the highest part of their route, they considered it absolutely necessary to stop at the first place where grass and water were to be found, in order to seek some game. Having discovered a tolerably commodious spot, Edwardson and his fast friend Powell set out in search of the black-tailed deer, the only denizens of the mountains, except the grizzly bear, which is a customer one would rather avoid than meet at any time. After walking the whole day, faint and foot-sore, the friends reached a spring in a pretty dell, clothed with tufted grass and soft moss. Here they saw fresh marks of deer, which had evidently been drinking there a short time before. Evening was coming on, but with eager, yet trembling hope, they ensconced themselves within shot, imagining the game might return to the spring; which accordingly proved to be the case, and a fine buck gladdened their longing sight. They fired together, and the animal bounded into the air, and then fell dead. Quickly the rejoicing hunters kindled a fire, and refreshed themselves with a well-broiled steak; and then they hastened to their companions with as much venison as they could *carry*. They were received, in

Livingstone even giving a feeble cheer. They then feasted on roast venison, pollenta, and coffee, and slept soundly. Mr Edwardson having taken the precaution to ascertain the bearings of the spring, the whole party returned there next morning, found the deer as they had left it, and remained another day to give the mules their fill of the rich herbage. Refreshed and strengthened, the travellers once more set out cheerily, as they reckoned they were not now above 100 miles from the nearest settlement of the Diggings; but it became a matter of life and death with them to push on rapidly. For two or three days, they overtook bodies of emigrants, most of them quite as badly off as themselves; and to others, for a scanty meal, they had to pay such prices that their purses were almost completely drained. They were nearly barefoot. For a month, they had only had one shirt apiece; their hats were crownless; their outer garments ragged and soiled; and, above all, hunger almost constantly depressed their energies. Once more they killed a deer; but though they feasted at the time, they could carry but little with them for future use, so that at last they were thirty-six hours without any food whatever.

At length, on issuing from a thicket, they were cheered with the sight of a tent with a sign-board, bearing the interesting legend 'Wisky for sail.' Having tasted nothing in the form of a stimulant for weeks, fainting and exhausted in body and mind, Mr Edwardson produced his last coin, and called for a drink to each. There was but one tumbler; but in turns they partook of the grateful refreshment, and our young friend received in change out of his five-dollar piece, one dollar! Enlivened, yet somewhat crest-fallen at the cost, and the state of their present finances, they left the booth of the wilderness in eager haste. They were told they were only forty miles from Sacramento city! They had once more, however, to bivouac and to watch for the night. They knew that vigilance was here more necessary than ever, for the Indians continually prowl near the settlements. On the bank of a small brook, where there was some closely cropped grass, and a cluster of trees cast a grateful shade, they set their usual guard, tethered the nearly famished beasts, and three of the party slept in peace. Mr Edwardson had the second or midnight watch. It was a beautiful night, with the harvest-moon nearly at the full. The young man was even feverishly anxious for the termination of all this unlooked-for toil—to hear of his home and friends—and again to feel himself amidst accustomed scenes. Deeply, and not unpleasingly, he mused, when he was startled by the apparition of a tall figure crossing where the mules were trying to pick a few scanty blades by the sweet moonlight. Cocking his rifle, Mr Edwardson at once challenged the stranger, who with the utmost *sang-froid* walked towards him, presenting his own piece, and saying: 'Darn it, old fellow, two can play at that game!' The midnight visitor proved to be a gold-digger on a 'prospecting' expedition. He had been unsuccessful in the locality he had selected for digging, and was now on the return from looking about him for some more favourable spot where he might 'try again.' Such expeditions are generally kept profoundly secret. The 'prospector' explained to Mr Edwardson the best and nearest road to Weaver Town, saying they might reach it by two o'clock, if they started early. After a somewhat lengthened conversation, and much questioning on both sides, the stranger and Mr Edwardson parted cordially, promising each other a meeting some fine day in San Francisco.

Our little party were early on the route, but altogether missed the course indicated to them; nor was it much wonder they should have done so. The country was thickety and hilly; tracks were numerous, ill-defined, and straggling in all directions; but the weather was delicious, and cheerfulness prevailed over impatience, yea, even though they had had no breakfast, and the prospect of a dinner seemed remote. It was a matter of surprise to them that they met no one: the fact was, they fairly lost their way amongst rocks and underwood, through the latter of which they had often to cut a passage with their bowie-knives—the compass indicating the direction of their route. At last they reached the settlement called Weaver Town, about five o'clock P.M. This town presented a most singular and half-civilised appearance. It was chiefly composed of canvas tents; a few only of the more substantial and industrious of the inhabitants taking the time and trouble to erect log-houses for themselves. The dwellings were situated on the steep sides of a wooded gully or ravine. They were shaded by gigantic oaks and pine-trees, and the bare rock peeped from matted underwood and flowering parasitic plants, whose luxurisnce was interfered with only when a man wanted a small space on which to raise his mushroom dwelling.

When Mr Edwardson and his companions reached this place, fatigue, and even hunger, were forgotten in their anxiety to see the spot to which the eyes of the whole civilised world were at that moment eagerly directed. The gold-diggers were all at work in a continuation of the gully, which winded and stretched itself towards the north and west. The workers were a strangely ragamuffin-looking set; faces overgrown with hair uncut and unkempt; many shirtless, and all more or less ragged. Some were breaking rocks and soil with the pickaxe; others gathering the disjointed fragments, and washing the débris in pans, to discover the precious metal they sought. While Mr Edwardson looked on, he observed that some were very successful; while others, equally skilful and energetic, were toiling literally for dust and ashes. The average produce of these diggings at the time, was two to three ounces of gold per day each man; but some realised five or six.

But the sight of the glittering ore men covet so anxiously, could not satisfy the craving appetites of our wayworn travellers. They soon, therefore, turned to the dwellings to seek some refreshment. The articles for sale were chiefly whisky, molasses, beef, and flour, for which the prices were exorbitant. Flour was worth at the time 200 dollars per barrel (L.40)! A log-house, more spacious than the rest at Weaver Town, was pointed out to the newly arrived strangers as the place of public entertainment. On being told they had no money, mine host was quite surly—another proof, were proof wanting, how much the desire of gain, growing by what it feeds upon, hardens the heart to the commonest charities and courtesies of life. Mr Edwardson offered the man a bill on San Francisco; but he was suspicious, as well as grasping. There was only the alternative of disposing of one of the mules; and here the strangers found buying and selling two very different things, especially when necessity is on the side of the seller. True, the poor beast was lean and weak; but a week's good feed, with rest, would restore her. Yes; but they were compelled to take 40 dollars (L.8) for the best of the two surviving mules. They were then furnished with a good meal of beef-steaks, wheaten cakes, and excellent coffee, for which they were charged 5 dollars each, and received 20 dollars in money as the balance of the price of the mule. There being no grass near at hand, two of the dollars were expended in purchasing for their last animal some mouldy biscuit, half of which they soaked and gave her, and the poor creature ate it greedily: the other half was reserved for her morning repast.

The gentlemen, unable to afford a lodging, slept that night on the hill, close to the inhospitable dwellings, and sheltered by the trees, while the beauteous moon gazed serene and solemn on the first uninterrupted repose they had all had for four months. Grateful to Providence, and invigorated by rest and food, they

cheerfully set out early on their last stage. The way lay through groves of magnificent oaks, here and there broken by rugged rocks, but the road well defined and hard beaten. They frequently met wagons, cavaliers, and pedestrians, all on their way to the Diggings. They alone seemed returning. Those they now met had come to Sacramento by sea, while the companies that had by the land-route preceded them, almost invariably terminated their wandering at localities they were leaving behind them.

They reached Sacramento city the same day after dark, and once more bivouacked outside of the town. Next morning, they made their *entrée* somewhat, it must be confessed, in the guise of a remnant of Falstaff's regiment. The main street of the 'city' was thronged with men hurrying to and fro: there was hardly a female to be seen. There were auctions going on in the middle of the street, where a most *bizarre* assortment of articles brought what the newly arrived considered unaccountable prices. This suggested a bright idea. Why not dispose of their solitary mule in this novel fashion? Doubtless they would obtain a much higher price for her than by private bargain. Mr Edwardson, therefore, obtained an interview with one of the auctioneers, who at once assented to his request. Joe Powell mounted, to shew the animal's paces, which, to say the plain truth, were about as sorry as was the figure her rider cut—shirtless, shoeless, hatless, and out at elbows. This spectacle seemed highly to amuse the spectators; but, to the strangers' surprise, the biddings soon became animated, so that they got their mule knocked down at 100 dollars, out of which 10 per cent. was paid to the auctioneer. Immediately after this, the faithful treasurer divided equally the 108 dollars he held; and, as each now had something for present necessity, they agreed to separate, and find every man his own way. One of them remained in Sacramento, and is there still, growing rich; two others settled in San Francisco; the fourth, not long afterwards, returned home by the seaward course, and through the Isthmus of Panama.

But we must now follow the fortunes of Mr Edwardson.

PIPES.

We are going to say a few words concerning pipes, which have latterly thrust themselves forward for observation in a rather unusual style in this great city of London, and set our thoughts flowing all about and through them. The reader, we hope, will soon see that the subject is one of no trifling importance, and that it has some interesting aspects.

We might begin our disquisition by reminding him that he is himself nothing but a walking and talking tubular machine; that from the hairs of his head to the pores of his toes, from his grand aorta to his minutest capillaries, not forgetting his alimentary canal with its subservient apparatus, he is but a conglomerated system of pipe-works. We might shew also, that in this he but resembles the vegetable kingdom, which is nothing but one stupendous concatenation and involution of tubular structures. But we scorn to be prosy and plagiaristic under the pretence of being scientific, and shall therefore leave all that for him to rummage up at his leisure, should he need the information, and feel the inclination to acquire it. The pipes we are going to look at shall be the pipes of man's own manufacture, with which he has sought to minister to his own necessities, convenience, or pleasure, or to effect for the body social, as far as might be, what the wondrous organisms of nature accomplish for the individual objects of her care.

We may feel pretty sure that the first pipe used for an artificial purpose was not artificially constructed. Whether it was the bone of an animal, or the shaft of a bamboo, or a reed cut from the swamp—whether it was a rude musical-instrument, or served some simple hydraulic purpose, it would serve no useful end to inquire. That man took to blowing wind-instruments, and dancing to their music, before he learned to lead water through a pipe, seems, judging from the habits of savage tribes in our own day, likely enough; but we will pass the savage era, and look in upon our progenitors, when civilisation and social usages had stimulated contrivance, and given birth to new necessities.

The applicability of pipes to the purpose of conveying water from some distant natural reservoir to the dwellings of man, must have been a very early discovery; and if we do not find pipes of very great antiquity among the remains of ancient cities, it may be owing to the fact, that they were first made of very perishable materials, and are no longer in existence. We know that the first pipes used extensively for that purpose by our own water-companies, were formed from the boughs and trunks of trees, hollowed out by means of augers of different sizes, and fitting into one another like the joints of a flute. A source of childish interest, to us some forty odd years ago, was to witness the boring of these trees, which were mostly elm, and to carry off the chips for a bonfire to celebrate one of the Duke's victories. When, as was often the case, the boles were not straight, they had to be bored at each end; and if the entire perforation could not be completed that way, a stumpy kind of auger was rammed in as far as it would go, and, being wedged into the required position to turn the corner, was worked round, after the manner of a screw with a screw-driver, until the passage was effected. These pipes were invariably laid down with the bark upon them, which helped to preserve them from decay; they were, from motives of safety, laid beneath the foot-pavements, to escape pressure in the wagon-way; and, under favourable circumstances, they would last as long as the generation that laid them down. They were frequently out of repair, however, and testified that condition by an impromptu fountain in the foot-path; but they were repaired in a few minutes by a handy fellow, who displaced a flag with his pickaxe, turned up the earth with his spade, and medicated the wound in a moment by driving in a peg with a hammer. These wooden pipes answered their end very well, while they lasted, in all those places where water was supplied from the works on the continuous system; but where the intermittent plan was followed, as in London, they were the source of endless nuisances and abominations. When the water was turned off, and the air admitted, the damp wood grew mouldy, and rotted, and the next rush of water carried the mildew and the rotten fibre into the vats and cisterns of the inhabitants. Of this we had woful personal experience some years ago, on the Surrey side of the Thames. How many miles of the old wooden pipes yet continue to do duty underground in the neighbourhood of London and elsewhere, we will not undertake to say; but not very long ago, in the neighbourhood of Deptford, we came on the aforesaid handy Jack, armed with his spade and pickaxe, hammer and pegs, and saw him disinter a leaky patient, apply the potent styptic, and cover him up again, quite comfortably—all in three minutes.

Pipes of earthenware are among the most frequent memorials of ancient cities; and there is no doubt that they were in extensive use for the purpose of water-conveyance among the Romans. It has been assumed, that because the conquerors of the world erected vast aqueducts, they not only missed the hydrostatic paradox, but were ignorant of the principles of hydraulics altogether. We don't know what to say to that. It is true that Rome was supplied with water by nine aqueducts; but the water was led from them to the dwellings of the citizens by earthenware pipes, which, according to Vitruvius, delivered not less than 20,000,000