

"Life among the Loggers."

We need not visit in imagination the three hundred lumber camps of Maine to seek diversity. They are all the counterparts of this—the sturdy workmen are the same, and their occupation differs in nowise; only at times may be found among the crews a cinnamon-colored Micmac or Penobscot Indian, who has been forced from barbarism into earning his daily salt, wielding the ax as their forefathers did the tomahawk, and making the chips fly as they did brains—or perchance, some stray son of Erin, or a "chief from the Land o' Cakes."

Whether storming the shelving terraces of the mountains, and hurling the forest monarchs from their dizzy heights, swamping in the lowlands, or cutting the stately pines from the borders of placid lakes into which they have looked and watched their growth for centuries, the labor is only divested by the change of locality. Yet there are many seasons of mirth and festivity during the winter, many a pleasing adventure, and many an exciting chase. Now following the moose on snow shoes over the sparkling snow crust, or examining snares set ingeniously across the paths he frequents, setting traps for bears or smoking them out from their brumal quarters—these are the sports 'par excellence' of the winter time.

In the long evenings, after the toils of the day are over and the grumbings of empty stomachs have been propitiated by ample feasts and generous libations of tea and coffee, huge logs are rolled upon the camp-fire, and the already fervent flames, seizing the dry and tender-like bark, shoot up in lurid sheets of blaze, casting fantastic shadows upon the blackened walls, lighting up the bearded faces of the lounging lumbermen, and diffusing a genial warmth throughout the long apartment. Black-stemmed pipes are drawn from private crannies, and dense clouds of smoke from their capacious bowls float in sluggish wreaths among the rafters, and genuine content rests blandly on every brow. What reck it, then, whether the storm rages without, or the driving sleet pelts mercilessly upon the roof, or the piercing blasts shriek and moan through the forests? Let old Boreas pile the snow-drifts high. Far above the tumult of the elements rises a full chorus from a score of throats, and those old logging songs which the lumbermen love so well are sung with stress, and oft repeated. Peals of laughter shake the building, while jest after jest goes round. And now, by special request, Long John clears his throat for some simple ditty—a plaintive song of love and home, a while the tune comes clear and full, no sound disturbs the melody save the snapping of the burning wood and the musical hissing of the hickory sap. Then, if the passing hour has not already made the eyelids heavy, stories of personal experience and hair-breadth escapes pass from mouth to mouth, feelingly recited and attentively heard, and uninterrupted except by the fitful gusts whisking around the corners of the cabin, or the howl of the starving wolves outside.

At length, after a long and marvelous recital, "Come, Tom," says Harry, "let out a hole in your belt, and roll out some of your doings this last ten years, for this child feels tire-some like, and needs a whopper to keep his eye open."

"Pshaw! what's June-grass to a horse that's fed on oats all his days! My yarns couldn't shine alongside of yours, now. Go ahead yourself and tell us about that scrape you and Hiram Goud had with the she catamount."

"Oh, that's of no account. But here Captain Hinch. He's knocked around some in his day."

"After you is manners for me."

"No, no; don't back out, Cap.," cry a dozen voices together; "let us have one."

Thus appealed to, the old veteran taps his pipe upon the heel of his boot to clear it of ashes and, having hemmed twice for effect, begins:

"'Twas about 'rutting time,' maybe. But you won't believe me, so it's no use telling it."

"Oh, go on! Of course we'll believe. Can't we take an honest man's word? Go on, go on!" urged all.

Thus assured, the old logger once more parts his lips, and proceeds in this wise:

"Well, as I was saying, Owen Smith and I was cutting timber on the Eau Galle, out on the Fox River Improvement, in Wisconsin. Painter and bluffer was thick in them diggings about that time, and—"

"What, Cap'n! Buffalo in the woods?"

"Sartin, you numbskull! Hain't I seen 'em lumbering over the prairie more than once, and who wouldn't take to the pines for timber, I should like to know. Well, as I was saying, there was a heap of cats in them forests, and, besides, the Chippewas and Winnebagoes used to send their war parties in there—for you must know this was debatable ground, and many a red Injun have I found in the brush, stuck as full of arrows as there is quills in a porcupine."

"Lumbering ain't nothing now to what it was then. Then we had to carry our rifles, ready cocked, in our left hand and chop with the right. Some of them trees took's a couple of days to get through the bark, and some of 'em had hollows in 'em big enough for a team to stand in. One of this kind fell across the 'main' one day, just as Owen got his log onto the sled, and was ready to start up; so what does he do but drive right through it, and no rubbing hair. It was about that same log that I was going to speak; and if ever your humble servant was just rightly scared, 'twas about that time."

"It was the next year after that log was felled that Owen and I went up the river, timber-hunting, and, of course, we stopped at the

old camping ground on the way; but, instead of going up to the shanty, we just took lodgings for the night in the big stick, as being more handy to the stream, which saved us a two-mile tramp. It was nigh on to nightfall and Owen was stirring the coals around the teapot, to get it a-simmering; when all at once he heard a whimpering in the timber hard by. One minute it seemed to be talking low, the next chuckling, and the next crying; and such a mixing up of queer noises you never heard.

"'Injuns!' says Owen, quite scared.

"'Cats!' says I, more positive. 'That's cats, or I'm a nigger!'"

"'Cats or Injuns,' says Owen, now gathering pluck, and taking his gun, 'I'm jest going to find out!'"

But hardly had he gone three steps from the fire when, with such a screech as you never heard, down came a big catamount out of the tree plump on to his back. Owen gave one awful yell; and, hardly knowing what I was about, I grabbed the pot of boiling tea, and chucked it plump into the varmint's eyes and face. Well, you never see a cat more confused in all your born days, after that. She was regularly obfuscated, was that cat, and the way the har commenced to slake off from his forepiece was a caution. Leaving Owen lay, she began pitching and jumping this way and that, butting her head against the trees, and tearing about promiscuously; and it was easy enough to see she was blinded; only when she'd hear me dodging about she didn't come far amiss; and, finally, just as I was near to the end of the log, she put her claw right into the seat of my corduroys, and a little farther. But I slipped my cable, as the sailors say, got her down, and had just got her legs tied, (for I made up my mind to keep the varmint alive) when all at once came a earsplitting yell, and looking up, I saw six Chippewa red-skins streaking it through the timber. At the same time, poor Owen sings out—'Injuns,' and managed to crawl into the log just time enough to dodge a couple of bullets that came flying after him.

"It was plain the rascals hadn't noticed me; and catching an idea all at once, I backed into the log, dragging the cat by the hind legs, and waited for what was coming. Directly, after a little palaver, one of the Injuns took a stand so as to cover the end of the log where Owen lay and the other five ran around to the other end to drive Owen out.

"'Hist, Owen!' says I, 'keep your eye on your hind sights, and don't stir!'"

"Then, taking a bunch of dry grass, I tied it to the cat's tail, set her face straight for the opening, held a match in my hand, and the minute I see them five heads forement the log, I just cut the strings that tied the cat's feet, touched her off with the match, and away she streaked it outen that log like a shooting star, plump into them Injuns. Down went one of 'em, clawed into mince-meat, and the others, they was just a little surprised, I reckon. Perhaps they didn't make themselves scarce as soon as they come to! But two of 'em dropped, with a chunk of cold lead in 'em, before they got into the brush. Wagh! we wern't afeared of seeing any of that party again—and we didn't."

"The next morning, we went up the river, with our face done up in a poultice."

Having thus delivered himself, the old lumberman began leisurely filling his pipe.

"Is that all, Cap'n?"

"Well, it is."

"But what became of the cat?"

"As to that, I couldn't exactly say; but the fire got into the timber, and burned over a thousand acre; and there's been no Injuns seen in them wood since."

More than one of the auditors are ignorant of the sequel of the Captain's yarn, for heads are nodding here and there, "Come, boys, let's turn in!"

Now a fresh log is thrown upon the fire, the simple bed and coverings are hastily adjusted and soon the tired lumbermen are wrapped in external obliviousness—methodically bestowed beneath one long blanket that covers all, like a layer of herrings packed for shipment—and sonorous snores respond to snores responsive. Naught disturbs their heavy slumbers throughout the livelong night, unless, perchance, a startling cry of—"Fire!" and insidious flames darting through the dry hemlock shives, and leaping among the rafters, and heat and suffocating smoke, wake them with sudden alarm. Then it is a struggle for life, and often escape is found only through the roof, burst from its fastenings, and sometimes not at all. There are sad records of miserable deaths from burning camps among the forest archives; yet such calamities are rare.

Inverted Posts.—Some time ago we printed an article recommending this practice. Whether any have tried the plan, we are not informed. The following, in support of the same theory, we copy from the correspondence of the *Country Gentleman*:

I will give you an account of an occurrence which proved more clearly to my mind that posts should be set with the top end down, than anything I ever saw. A neighbor cut down a mulberry tree in a Timothy field; one limb about three inches in diameter stuck so deep in the ground that he concluded to leave it, so cut it off about three feet high; the stump was about two feet across. The stump has rotted almost entirely away, and the limb is, at least upon the outside, as sound as the day it was put there—some eight years ago.

—There are now in the New York State Lunatic Asylum 240 females, and 275 male patients.

CALIFORNIA NEWS.

By the Western Mail which arrived on 10th instant, we did not receive any papers from California of a later date than March 31, consequently there was no late news. The emigration over the mountains to the Carson mines was as brisk as ever, and thousands were rushing there in search of wealth, but the general opinion among business men seemed to be that, aside from the merchants, who were realizing great profits, there would be more money lost than made by those adventurers.

The most interesting item of news gleaned from the old files of papers that came to hand was the arrival at San Francisco about the 20th of March of the Japanese War Steamer, Kan-din-maruh, the first vessel of the kind from that country that ever visited the United States. Admiral Ki-ne-arro-to-na-ko-mi, Capt. Kat-slin-tarro and other principal officers were received on shore with appropriate honors, on Thursday, March 22. The ceremonies of the reception having been performed the party visited one of the hotels where a banquet had been provided for them by the Board of Supervisors. After the cloth was removed, says the *S. F. Herald*, the President of the Board who presided arose and proposed:

"The health of the Emperor of Japan and the President of the United States."

The sentiment was of course approved with the usual honors. It was explained to the Admiral by the interpreter, when that high official remarked through the same medium, that he observed that in the language of the toast, the ruler of his nation had taken precedence of the ruler of the United States. He would in turn propose:

"The health of the President of the United States and the Emperor of Japan."

So courteously an exchange of compliments received of course such a demonstration of satisfaction, on the part of the company present, as it so well deserved. The following sentiments were then given:

"The officers of the Japanese corvette Candin-maruh."

Captain Kats-lin-tarro responded in his native dialect.

"The Press."

Responded to by Mr. McCrellish of the *Atta*.

By Dr. Rabe—"Our distinguished guests:—Their arrival and presence among us furnishes a strong argument for urging to a speedy completion, the greatest project of the age—the Pacific Railroad."

Received with great satisfaction.

Sundry other sentiments were proposed and received with all the honors, and at 4 p. m., the Admiral stated through his interpreter that he would be pleased to prolong the festivities until morning, but as the corvette was to leave for Mare Island to-morrow, (this morning) at 8 o'clock he would be compelled to retire with his suite.

Carriages were in waiting which at once conveyed the guests of the day to their vessels, which, after undergoing certain necessary repairs at the Navy Yard above mentioned, will return to this port, and probably soon thereafter set sail for her native waters. The Admiral and his suite professed to be highly delighted with the events of the day. Certainly more courteous and courtly personages are seldom met with than they proved themselves to be.

The following description of a visit made by some of the officers and crew on the 20th, is given by the *Bulletin* of that date:

"A boat load of sailors, marines, and others from the Japanese corvette came ashore this morning, and took a little tram around town. The Captain of the company, who talks English like a book, was without a hat. His head was shaven on the crown, the straight, black hair turned upward, tied together, and the ends compacted by virtue of much pomatum into one solid, round mass, were laid straight fore and aft on the crown, pointing ahead. Upon this model most of the others of any rank dressed their hair.

Several dandyish officers wore broad brimmed white hats, such as our Chinese sport in rainy weather. A cushion was arranged inside to lift the hat clear off the head. Two stout strings, one passing from in front of the ears under the chin, the other from behind the ears around the front of the chin, kept it in place. Others wore straw bonnets of fancy colors, shaped like an inverted cone—the cushion within, sustaining on the shaved scalp all the hat's weight, and the cross strings maintaining it in position. Others, indeed all the marines, were none at all. One brief, little old man had every hair in his head shaved off.

The officers were fancifully dressed in very different styles. One wore a light blue gown and trousers, the colors of the sky at sunset, spangled, starred and barred with gold and crimson. He carried a short sword, worn almost horizontally, on his left hip, with white shark skin covered handle and beautifully polished scabbard. A little below hung a longer sword, got up in the same style. In his right hand he carried a fan, in his left a walking cane.

The dresses of high and low were spotted with little circular, oval or square patches, with inscriptions of an import quite unknown to us. Almost every man wore sandals, generally of grass; but only consisting of a sole, a

strap coming up between the great toe and the next toe adjoining, then splitting, surrounded the ankle.

They marched, the foremost in single file, then in double and treble file. Coming to Vallejo street wharf, they held up before descending to the boat bearing the Japanese flag, for the military men of San Francisco to arrive.

These gentlemen, consisting of Major General Haven and Staff and Brigadier General Cobb and his Staff, all in their uniforms, attended by President Teschemacher and two or three other citizens in "store clothes," walked down to the wharf, and descending to two boats belonging to the Active were rowed off, the Japanese following in the rear to the corvette. There they were to meet the Admiral, see the vessel, exchange compliments, and thence to be rowed in company with the Admiral and "his men" to the Active, and thence to Alcatraz Island."

A GAME HORSE.—Once on a time, a Yankee who was traveling through Kentucky, had a fine horse, and no money. He had taught the animal to lie down or sit on his haunches when the bridle was pulled pretty hard. Our traveler saw no way of replenishing his purse but by selling his horse, and this he resolved to do the first opportunity. As he was going slowly along, he saw a hunter at some distance from the road, whom he rode up to and accosted. In the course of the conversation he told the latter that he had an invaluable horse to sell—a horse that would act precisely like a setter, when he was in the vicinity of game. Casting his eyes around, at the same time discovering some fresh rabbit tracks, he gave the bridle a jerk. The docile quadruped immediately lay down. "There are some rabbits here," said the rider, "I know by his ears." The Kentuckian, curious to test the reputed sagacity, of the horse, searched around, and sure enough, started three or four rabbits.

He was greatly surprised, but the Yankee took the affair as a matter of course. To make a long story short, the wonderful horse changed hands on the spot, three hundred dollars being the consideration. His new owner mounted him, and with characteristic hospitality, the Yankee agreed to accompany him home. They soon came to a stream, which they had to cross, and which was rather deep for horsemen. Judge of the Kentuckian's dismay, when, on pulling the bridle in the middle of the river, his steed subsided in the running waters as if he was a hippopotamus. "How is this?" he roared out, nothing but his head visible. The Yankee, who was mounted on the hunter's other horse, was not disconcerted in the least, but replied, coolly, "Oh, I forgot to tell you he is as good for fish as he is for rabbits?"—[Tennessee Herald.]

—A South Carolina paper notices the death of a mule, whose age was known with certainty to be sixty-two years at the time of his death.

The best Remedy for Rheumatism—Hall's Sarsaparilla, Yellow Dock and Iodide of Potass. 8-6m.

HUGH MOON
WILL PAY \$2.00 per bushel, in good pay, for 1000 bushels of CORN. 8-6m.

WOOD WANTED!
I WILL pay five gallons of Molasses per cord for WOOD delivered at my residence in the 17th Ward. GEORGE B. WALLACE. 23-1f

HATING!
THE subscriber hereby gives notice to the public that he has resumed the above business, at his old stand in the 17th ward, G. S. L. City, one block north of Temple Block. 9-1f JOSEPH L. HEYWOOD.

AMERICAN FORK WOOL CARDING.
I AM now ready to receive wool at my factory to card on usual terms; my machine is new, and the latest patent from the States. Come on with your wool. Also at my TANNERY, hides, bark, & wanted immediately. 10-4 SAMUEL MULLINER.

STRAYED OR STOLEN.
FROM West Jordan Mills, April 21st, one dark speckled COW, both horns broken off and no brands visible. Whoever will give information of her whereabouts to Samuel Bateman, at West Jordan Mills, or deliver the same to him, shall be rewarded for their trouble. 9-2 SAMUEL BATEMAN.

A. NORTON, WOOL CARDER.
HAYING purchased the Carding Machines formerly owned by A. Gardner, of Big Cottonwood and J. Holdaway, of Provo, is now prepared to receive and CARD WOOL at Provo city, Utah county. Bring on your wool. People from distant counties can have their rolls to take home with them. Good work warranted. 9-3 ALANSON NORTON.

HERD GROUND FOR SALE.
THE Herd Ground owned by me, situated on the Tooele road, 12 miles west of Jordan bridge, with all its appurtenances, viz., a good 3-roomed House, with cellar, and 3 good corral; also, hay land, which yields one hundred tons per annum. For particulars apply to the undersigned at his residence, 18th Ward. My grant has been renewed. L. D. YOUNG. G. S. L. City, April 23d, 1860.—9-2

WOOL CARDING.
THE Subscriber hereby informs the Public that the CARDING MACHINES, at the Sugar Works, are in complete operation, and under the superintendence of an experienced workman. All wool left for carding will be immediately attended to in its turn. TERMS: Twelve and a half cents a pound in cash, or one-sixth of the wool. B. YOUNG. N. B. All persons having had wool carded last year, and left at the mill, at the Sugar Works, will please call and get it, as it is a ready for delivery. 8-1f B. Y.

SELLING AT COST WITHOUT FREIGHT!
WILLIAM DERR

RESPECTFULLY informs the inhabitants of Utah that he has commenced in a King Combs at his residence, one block south of Union Square, 16th Ward. If you want fine or fancy dressing combs now is your time. I will take in exchange Grain, Flour, Corn, etc., at fitting prices. CASH taken at par. 31-6m