

LOST THEIR RECKONING.—Lieutenants Collins and Reynolds, with 40 or 50 men, left Humboldt Bay a while since, for Round Valley, where there is an Indian reservation.—Owing to high water and bad piloting they have been detained at the head waters of the South Fork for the last two weeks. When last heard from they were encamped at Ketchancham Valley, forty-five miles south of Weaverville.—So Mr. Messec tells us.—*Trinity Journal.*

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To the West:

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work in the land.

"Well, am," replied Blanche, with a light laugh, "I do not doubt in the least that some thing will happen—for I expect one of these days to reach my dear father and blessed mother, and wish them such an embrace as is due from a dutiful daughter to her parents; and that will be something that has not happened for two long years at least."

"But I don't mean that, Blanche," returned the other, "some what probably; and you just laugh like a boy and thoughtless girl, when you ought to be serious. Because you have come safe thus far, through a partially settled country, you think, perhaps, your own pretty face will ward off danger in the more perilous wilderness—but I warn you that a fearful journey is before you! Search for a boat descends the Ohio that does not encounter more or less peril from the savages that prowling and prowling out some of them that go down freighted with human life are heard of no more, and none are left to tell the tale."

"But why reveal this to me, dear aunt," returned Blanche, with a more serious air, "when you know it is my destiny, good or bad, to attempt the voyage? My parents have sent for me to join them in their new home and it is my duty to go to them, be the peril what it may."

"You never did know what it was to fear," said the good woman rather proudly—"No," she repeated turning to the others, "I know where the best place to go was to fear, I believe."

"Just like her father," joined in the husband of the matron, the brother of Blanche's mother, the commissar of the station, and the middle-aged gentleman mentioned as one of the party: "a true daughter of a true soldier."

Her father, Colonel Philip Sherman, had been killed for a true heart; never did he seem to know what it was to fear—and Blanche heard, and the younger man already described the father—had once stepped forward, and in a public and theoretical manner, placed his hands to the different females, to assist them on board! "The best of Blanche was the best to leave the different parties to the mouth of

Ohio, near Louisville, transferred him by Virginia, which then held jurisdiction over the entire territory, now constituting the State of Kentucky.

The great head of the Colonial upon this subject, the new possession, and having up to the time he was in the the Far West, and his wife had insisted upon accompanying him on his first start, he had assented to her desire on condition that Blanche should be left among her friends, till such time as a place could be prepared which might in some degree be considered a fit abode for one so carefully and truly reared.

Blanche would surely have gone with her parents; but on this point her father had been insensible, declaring that she would have to remain at the East till he should see proper to send for her; and as he was a man of positive character and a rigid disciplinarian, the matter had been settled without any dissent.

When Colonel Sherman removed to the West, Eugene Fairfax was we have seen, accompanied him, and, coming of age shortly after, he had accepted the command of a respectable benefactor to remain with him in the capacity of private secretary and confidential agent. On taking possession of his grant, the Colonel had almost immediately erected a fort, and ordered such improvements to be made as to speedily effect around him quite a little community, of which, as a matter of course, he became the head and chief; and to supply the wants of his own family and others, and increase his gains in a legitimate way, he had opened a store and filled it with goods from the Eastern market, which goods were transported by hand over the mountains from the Kanawha, and thence by water to the Falls of the river, whence their removal to Fort Sherman became an easy matter. To purchase and ship these goods, and deliver a package of them to their friends in the East, Eugene had been often dispatched.

Blanche's third commission also extending to the escorting of the beautiful horses, which her father had been so far exerted at the time chosen for the opening of our story, as to leave the different parties to the mouth of

when it gets so dark as we can't tell one thing from another, it'll be powerful hard to do; and if we don't run agin a bar or bank afore appearing in spite of the loss of us, it'll be the lockest you can get over I had a hand in. See, 't'other banks at all, and the waves 'n' d'other 'n' it scum din, and 't' looks as if 't' war a clam all round us."

"I see 't' see," returned Eugene, excitedly, "March! Heaven! I hope no accident will befall us here—and yet my heart almost mis-gives me here—for this, I believe, is the most dangerous part of our journey—the vicinity where most of our boats have been captured by the savages." Saying this, Eugene bestowed a look, where he found the other boatmen sleeping so soundly as to require continual care and effort on his part to wake them. At last getting them fairly roused, he informed them, almost in a whisper, for he did not care to disturb the others, that a heavy fog had suddenly arisen, and he wished their presence on deck, immediately.

"A fog, Cap'n," exclaimed one, in a tone which indicated that he comprehended the peril with the word.

"Hush!" returned Eugene; "there is no necessity for waking the others, and having a severe fog, and follow the without a word."

He killed the light and deck, and was almost immediately joined by the boatman, to whom he briefly made known his hopes and fears.

They thought like their companion, that the boat would be safe if made fast to an overhanging limb of the Kentucky shore; and it shall be the best night's work you ever performed in your life, and you'll be in the excited tone.

"Well, do the best you can, Cap'n," was the response; "but no man can be certain of the current of this two—some of a stream in a loggy night."

A long silence followed—the voyagers slowly drifting down through a misty darkness

foregoing in all, that we can publish in our columns. The balance of the narrative can only be found in the New York Ledger, the great family paper, which can be obtained at all the periodical stores where papers are sold. We say found, for it is in the States a year or two ago had made a trip to the States, which were to regale the common paper colliers, which were regular dealers, and pay for their wanting. Unhappily the paper colliers, at the time, were as well as the most pretentious collier to be had, he determined to take a dozen of them back to San Francisco, and astonish all old Californians with the style of his "phiz," peculiar under a couple of paper wigs. Before he arrived here, however, our man about town became troubled with the "zoids," and was obliged to make extraordinary shifts to make both coats meet—leaving his line linen button shirts, one morning, some colliers, he covered up his reasons "that to relinquish his shikies." Taking a dozen of the paper colliers which he had purchased in New York, and which he had pretentively sold in these parts, he went into the laundry of one of our City these shikies, and asked,

"How much do you give me for these shikies, John?"

John looked at the soaked colliers, and after giving them a while, said:

"Well, thirty—one dollar, say."

"Why, well," replied our friend, assuming the Cabinet look, and said, "you've done good."

"You give me your dollar, say?"

The terms were rather satisfactory, and our man about town "left his paper, ducky to be washed, and took a Cling receipt for the same."

In about a week, the collier man returned for his "dandy apron," and was received in high admiration by his Christian friend, who met him with:

"Your collier 's good—really, he'd—'all go, you call you have."

"What! returned the bombay, minimalist, "who you wish to cheat me out of my property? you want to do it. I've got your receipt and you'll have to furnish me with my own articles."

At this stage of the controversy, a Chinaman entered who was familiar with the English language, and having conversed with the

since we were informed of a piece of sharp practice that put every other species of pragmatism to flight. A man about town, who had made a trip to the States a year or two ago had made a trip to the States, which were to regale the common paper colliers, which were regular dealers, and pay for their wanting. Unhappily the paper colliers, at the time, were as well as the most pretentious collier to be had, he determined to take a dozen of them back to San Francisco, and astonish all old Californians with the style of his "phiz," peculiar under a couple of paper wigs. Before he arrived here, however, our man about town became troubled with the "zoids," and was obliged to make extraordinary shifts to make both coats meet—leaving his line linen button shirts, one morning, some colliers, he covered up his reasons "that to relinquish his shikies." Taking a dozen of the paper colliers which he had purchased in New York, and which he had pretentively sold in these parts, he went into the laundry of one of our City these shikies, and asked,

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