

who could go to labor on shore had to cut wood to make steam for another day. It was obtained with hardship and of indifferent quality, but anything that would burn was the motto and quest, and at last, as the day was nearly spent, enough had been cut and brought and stowed away. All day the blinding snow storm continued, and it required the incessant labor of the passengers and crew to clear it from the steamer's decks. Another start was made for Cathlamet, however, and again the attempt was ineffectual; and the same cheerless landing place sought for a third time. The situation now began to have its depressing influence upon the very few who up to that time had maintained their spirits unbroken and stood faithfully by Capt. Hoyt without the manifestation of either anxiety or alarm. The condition of all was really alarming. The deep snow and the remoteness of the nearest habitation that could possibly be reached from the landing, rendered the prospect of hope of aid or succor from that quarter almost impracticable and futile; and upon the river they could neither return nor push ahead to any habitable point. The weather was growing colder rather than moderating; the ice was freezing thicker and firmer; and the chances were that the boat would be frozen in the solid ice just where she was. With these gloomy facts and these disheartening and terrifying forebodings, it is not to be wondered at that the little band so perilously ice and storm-bound began to show tokens of grave alarm and despair. They could brave all that must be borne; but they could not control or overcome the elements, and if they perished they would have, added to the terrors of death, the agonizing appreciation of the fact that they must perish so near and yet so utterly cut off from rescue and from those who would risk their own lives to save them. And in sorrow, and with barely a ray of hope to encourage or sustain them, on the night of that memorable 8th of January those on board the Multnomah early sought the blessed unconsciousness to surrounding or impending dangers which sound sleep assures.

GLADNESS DISPELS GLOOM.

With a resolution inflexibly adhered to, on the sixth day Capt. Hoyt steamed away from the port of refuge and despair, and again headed for Cathlamet. He would either make that landing or seek some other; but he declared he would not again return to the inhospitable haven to which he had three times been forced. He made good his word. That afternoon Cathlamet was reached; but the successful effort had been made only by the most prodigious and exhausting labors of every man on board and by the extraordinary energy and mastery skill of Capt. Hoyt himself. No other steambot at that day in Oregon waters could have withstood what the staunch Multnomah on that short but most difficult trip encountered; nor did she come out of it without bruises and severe injuries. Her wheels were nearly battered into uselessness, and not a paddle or bucket in either was whole, while most of them were entirely broken away; and her bow and sides were cut into, torn and shivered.

At Cathlamet the passengers and crew were welcomed to the hospitable home and abundant store of the late James Birnie, of the Hudson's Bay Company, one of nature's noblemen and by all the old pioneers of Oregon remembered with great respect, and he entertained them in his generous manner during their protracted detention there—a period of about three weeks—until the condition of the weather and of the river warranted Capt. Hoyt in resuming his remarkable trip, or voyage, as it might be appropriately termed.

A FRESH START—AN HOUR OF IMMINENT PERIL.

At the earliest prospect of an opening in the river to Astoria, Capt. Hoyt again resumed his onward way. But it was not until two or three unsuccessful efforts that, at last (Feb. 2d), he made his departure

from Cathlamet. But just as he got well on in the bay a little below that point, his steamer was forced into an ice pack, and in a short time was frozen in the centre of a great floe and carried with it down the river at the full speed of an unusually strong and swift ebb tide. This was a gratifying assistance in one respect; but in another, it came laden with the fear of deadly danger. Yet, viewed as it might or could be, there was no help for them. The steamer could not be extricated from the icy grip, and thus her living freight must submit to whatever destiny there was in store for them, bright or dark, joyous or fatal.

In order that readers may more clearly comprehend the situation and appreciate the peril the steamer was in, we will explain that at that time there were two distinctive currents, which branched off from Tongue Point—the one into the ship channel, which leads to Astoria; the other diagonally across to the Chinook shore, on the Washington Territory side, and thence out over the Columbia bar to the ocean. Were the floe of ice in which the steamer was tight and fast to go with the ship channel current, there would be no fear of her reaching Astoria safely; but if it took the other, the danger was imminent, for either the steamer might be wrecked upon the bar or lost outside at sea, with little chance or hope for the safety of any on board. It can readily be conjectured, then, how anxiously and with what painfully intense interest the whole party waited and watched for that most critical moment of their very tedious, wearisome and exhausting trip from Portland. At length, the exact place was reached. Nervous with the terrible excitement, tremulous with unutterable emotion, and with gaze intently fixed upon the action of the diverging currents which then held as in a balance their very lives, they watched and waited. The floe swerved to the right; it deflected toward the dreaded Chinook shore; it moved off into the channel which led to the bar, to the sea, to their peril, to almost certain death!

There seemed little chance for rescue—small ground for hope; and yet hope survived, and it inspired the undaunted commander and all on board to the performance of the most desperate and almost superhuman exertions to extricate the steamer. Her rudder was next to useless, her wheels were wanting in arms and paddles both, and the stock of fuel was barely sufficient for the exigency—and it might be required for another momentous crisis upon the bar or out at sea. But the moment was critical, and the chance, though frail, must be instantly taken for the rescue. With all the steam that could be carried ready at the captain's command, the attempt was made. The ice was cut away astern to give her room to back, and then, with all her power and force, under full head of steam, she was driven to break her way through the floe. By the tremendous exertions of the whole party, and more by Divine interposition, this last and saving effort resulted successfully, and in an hour or two more the Multnomah

REACHED ASTORIA.

And, with scarcely the use of her wheels and without her rudder on, the steamer hauled into her wharf, and there landed her precious freight, all full of praise to God and thankful and grateful to Capt. Hoyt for his untiring services and indomitable pluck in their behalf. They had been nearly one month on the way from Portland.

MIRACULOUSLY SAVED.

And now we have to add an incident which causes the rescue of the steambot from the ice floe to appear actually miraculous. While she was lying in her slip at Astoria in perfectly smooth water a few days after her arrival there, she suddenly sunk. Fortunately the water was quite shoal, and she grounded with her upper works all clear. An examination showed that the ice had cut away her planking to

the thinness of a shaving, and it was wonderful she had not gone to the bottom at the time she was extricated from the floe when in deep water—and so was it Providential.

THE RETURN TRIP—CONCLUSION.

There remains little more to relate of the narrative as we have received it. It was not until twenty days had elapsed that the ice in the river had sufficiently disappeared to permit the resumption of navigation. Meantime, there had been three or four arrivals of steamships from San Francisco, with about 200 passengers in all, who were detained at Astoria, and anxious to get to Portland. The last week of February, taking advantage of the first favorable indication that he could proceed on up the river, Capt. Hoyt started from Astoria on the return trip, with about forty passengers. After he got above Tongue Point he encountered a good deal of floating ice, and it was difficult to make headway through the narrow openings. He could get no farther than Cathlamet the first day, and remained there that night. The night of the second day he got to St. Helen's, and was then full of hope that he would find the river clear all the way to Portland, by way of the Willamette Slough, which rarely freezes over. But he was doomed to disappointment. On the way up, the morning of the third day from Astoria, when about three miles up the Slough, an impassable barrier of thick solid ice was encountered. Either the boat had to return to St. Helen's and stop there until the river should be open, or to be run ashore where she was and the passengers to proceed to Portland in the deep snow. A consultation was held and the latter course agreed upon. Accordingly the steamer was safely shored on Sauvie's Island, a guide was engaged to pilot the passengers, and on the evening of the second day—the fifth from Astoria—Capt. Hoyt and his passengers reached Portland. He had been gone nearly two months, and he brought to this city the first and only news from California and the outside world which had been received for that length of time, and after the most eventful and extraordinary round trip between Portland and Astoria that has ever been made—a trip few could have withstood. Nor did the gallant old Captain withstand it. It was the last he ever made. The trials and hardships and exposure he had so willingly, fearlessly and bravely met and surmounted, without complaint and without immediate apparent effect upon his robust nature, had been too severe, and had drawn enormously upon a vitality which could not be restored; and in a short time the earthly tenement gave up the immortal spirit which had shown to the world a strong, good, honest man, God-fearing and God-loving, to wing its flight to the Great Giver, and the mortal clay was followed to the grave, where earth to earth and dust to dust returns, by disconsolate relatives and mourning friends, who revere his memory and with undiminished honor regard his name. It is these who hold in firmest and tenderest recollection "Captain Richard Hoyt's last trip."

A SPIDER'S BRIDGE.

"One chilly day I was left at home alone, and after I was tired of reading Robinson Crusoe, I caught a spider and brought him into the house to play with. Funny kind of playmate, wasn't it? Well I took a wash-basin and fastened up a stick in it like a liberty pole or a vessel's mast, and then poured in water enough to turn the mast into an island for my spider, whom I named Crusoe and put on the mast. As soon as he was fairly cast away he anxiously commenced running round to find road to the mainland. He'd scamper down the mast to the water, stick out one foot, get it wet, shake it, run round the stick, and try the other side and then run back up to the top again. Pretty soon it became a serious matter with Mr. Robinson, and he set down to think it over. As

in a moment he acted as if he wanted to shout for a boat, and was afraid he was going to be hungry, I put a little molasses on a stick. A fly came but Crusoe wasn't hungry for flies just then. He was home sick for his web in the corner of the woodshed. He went slowly down the pole to the water and touched it all around, shaking his feet like pussy when she wets her stockings in the grass, and suddenly a thought appeared to strike him. Up he went like a rocket to the top and commenced playing circus. He held one foot in the air, then another, and turned around two or three times. He got excited and nearly stood on his head before I found out what he knew, and that was this, that the draft air made by the fire would carry a line ashore on which he could escape from his desert island. He pushed out a web that went floating in the air until it caught on the table. Then he hauled on the rope until it was tight, struck it several times to see if it was strong enough to hold him, and walked ashore. I thought he had earned his liberty, so I put him back in his woodshed again."

A FRIEND furnishes the following:—My sweet "sprig of geranium" has a fashion, when speaking of her beaux during their absence, of styling them "my swains." Her pa heard her speak thus. I went to see Jennie one evening, and was met at the door by the "old man." After the customary "How do you do?" and comment on the weather, he blurted out, "I suppose you want to see Jennie?" I nodded affirmatively. He then called her; and from up stairs, over the balusters, sweetest accents replied, "What do you want, pa?" "Come down at once, daughter, here's one of your swains!" Imagine my sensations amidst her ringing laughter after the old boy's exit!

A SICK man was telling his symptoms—which appeared to himself, of course, dreadful—to a medical friend, who, at each new item of the disorder, exclaimed, "Charming! delightful! Pray go on!" and when he had finished, the doctor said, with the utmost pleasure, "Do you know, my dear sir, you have got a complaint which has been for some time supposed to be extinct?"

YOUNG AMERICA will out. Mr. Pardie, of some one of his profession, was addressing a large assembly of Sunday-school children: "Now, my little boys and girls," he said, "I want you to be very still—so still that you can hear a pin drop." They were all silent for a moment, when one cried out at the top of her little voice, "Let her drop!"

A TRAVELER, in relating his adventures, told his listeners that he and his servant had made fifty Indians run. Observing the looks of incredulity which greeted this astonishing narration, he added that there was no great matter in it, "for," said he, "we ran, and they ran after us!"

A VERY intelligent lady, riding lately in the rear car of a long train, remarked to her companion that the train seemed to move very slowly; and a moment after added, with a most Partingtonian unconsciousness: "But perhaps it's because we are in the last car!"

A FRIEND who had spent the greater part of the day in writing invitations to a funeral undertook, in his preoccupied state of mind, to ask a blessing at table, and commenced—"Friends, relatives, and acquaintances!" A suppressed titter brought him to his senses.

A man not a thousand miles from here once asked another whom he liked the best to hear preach. "Why," said he, "I like Mr. Johnson best, because I don't like any preaching, and his comes the nearest to nothing of any that I ever heard."

The best bill of fare is a good appetit.

Mice very seldom cum out ov a hole that iz closely watched.