

Toilers of the Columbia

By PAUL DE LANEY

Author of "Lord of the Desert," "Oregon Sketches," and other Pacific Coast Stories



CHAPTER V.

Ringgold and Sankala.

"How did you make it at school today, my child?"

"Just fine, except that Hazel Seadog was more rude than ever. My father, I am kind to Hazel. I do not antagonize her intentionally, and yet she seems to dislike me. She flouts the fact in my face that her father owns many fishtraps and has a cannery, and that they are rich, while my father is a common fisherman, is old and poor and lives in a cabin, and they live in a big house with glass windows, and have a piano."

"Father, I don't care for this. I am happy with you. I don't envy Hazel, and why should she dislike me above all others?"

"My child, there is an intuition sometimes that tells us more than we know. There is often a guilty conscience that is handed down to posterity and while the posterity knows not what it is, it feels it keenly. In the case between you and Hazel her intuition tells her that something is wrong; that your existence is dangerous to her welfare and yet she does not know why. If you knew the facts, child, you would understand, you would understand!"

"Tell me, father. Why does Hazel feel this way toward me?"

"I will not tell you all now, but I can tell you much. I have a long time contemplated telling you about yourself, but you are yet young—too young to grasp the meaning of the things of a wicked world."

"But you are old enough now to know who you are, who I am and what the future may be to you."

"Why, father, I know who I am. I am Sankala, you are Father Ringgold and my future shall be devoted to my dear father. You know you are getting too old to pull the boat, father, and they say it does not look so well for him to mingle with the fishermen, but I shall help you at the oars and nets until I have completed my education and then I will teach school or keep books or do something that girls should be respected for doing and take care of my dear old father."

There was a long pause. The grizzled old man sat in one corner of the cabin gazing into an open fireplace fed by pieces of driftwood of various sizes and lengths. These had been gathered from the beach by the girl upon her arrival from school.

As the child busied herself with the dishes and light housekeeping the old man sat deeply absorbed. He was thinking of the past. An inky darkness prevailed outside. A stiff wind hurled sheets of mist upon the roof which fell from the eaves in heavy drops.

As the wind arose and whistled around the corners of the cabin the old man started as if awakened from terrible experiences of the past. It was a small structure nestling in the tall timbers near the beach, scantily furnished. A few cooking utensils on the open fireplace were used for preparing the meals. A large bed and a small couch furnished the sleeping quarters in the same room. Though the place was much crowded, everything was kept as neat as a pin.

The man was wearing his four score and ten. The girl was a few days past fifteen. She bore a refined air in spite of her surroundings. Her clothing was of the cheapest kind, yet it was clean. Her garments were not made in the latest style, still they were neat. Her hands and feet were small though the former showed the marks of toil. Her eyes were older than those of most girls of fifteen, but they were no less beautiful. They looked deep into things with an intelligence and innocence that commanded respect.

"Yes, Sankala, I told you I would tell you some but not all. The Seadogs do not like us. They do not know why, but there is an intuition that tells them we are dangerous to their welfare. Those letters you have brought me from the postoffice all these years are bringing to a consummation the plans which have so long occupied my time. It has been a long and tedious duty but it shall be performed ere the last spark shall leave me."

"Sankala, you have been told the story of the shipwreck by the old women time and again. I have seldom spoken of it. It is a link in the story of your life that is of the greatest importance to you."

"I am the only person living that knows you. I am the only person living that knows the facts which shall some day make you free from poverty. Which shall enable you to live the life that you deserve—will enable you to complete your education and to outshine Hazel Seadog and all of the Seadog family."

"They are sailing under false plumes, Sankala, they are sailing under false plumes. They are wearing that kind of right belongs to others."

"Sankala, I have always passed as your father. I love you better than a father ever loved his child. The idea prevails among the fishermen that only your mother was drowned and that I, your aged father, who had taken a young wife at the age of three score and ten had clutched you in my arms at the last moment and that fate had cast us ashore."

"We were cast ashore together, it is true, you a few weeks old babe in my arms, but your mother and father both went down to a watery grave."

"But you are my father now," broke in Sankala. "I love you as my father and shall always love you as such."

"That is true, my child, that is true, but your real father is dead. It is this that wreck gave me a close call. In spite of the fact that it was shown that I did not attempt to carry away any of the valuables, and I made the plea that the boys and I were only trying to save life, there was a strong suspicion that we had some wicked motive in board-

ing the wreck and the jury hung out on the case until things looked shaky. Then it has its pleasant side. Up on the wreck I found the evidence that put my mind to rest forever on one point—that is, it should have done so. I found the evidence of the death of the only person living who could disturb me here. He went to the bottom of the sea. I knew he was on the vessel beyond all reasonable doubt and when I found his name on the ship's register then all questions were settled."

"When I found a woman's name on the register identical with that of his own I did not understand. But upon investigation I found that he was married a year before sailing and this cleared all matters on this point. She went to the bottom of the sea with him."

"I first had fears that this Sankala might have been of their issue, but I found from the ship's register that one Ringgold and his wife and child were aboard and since old Ringgold claims her that set all doubts straight on this point."

"Ringgold was very old at the time, but he appears to have had a younger wife. Besides the old fellow is half crazy and does not know what he is doing half the time."

"But if this Sankala should have been the child of the son of my only brother, she should never prove it. All records not in my possession are destroyed. But, still I am like you. I do not like either the old man or his daughter. She gives me that same feeling of uneasiness—or rather unpleasantness and he, well, he reminds me of a rival of the old time."

"That rival was about his height, but he was slender and stood high in life. He was even a druggist to the car. But I, a mere commoner, went out over him and cost me my country. I had to escape by flight and come to America. He swore vengeance on me and I should tremble in my shoes were I sure he is living today."

"This Ringgold has eyes like the fellow and I do not like him for this reason. But he is a different kind of man. He was quick motioned, had a springy step, wore no beard and kept his hair cut short."

"But Ringgold is like him in another characteristic, though a mere imitator. While Ringgold is considered an expert prescriber for this fishing village my rival was the best chemist of all the Russians. The car prized him above all others. No other could fill a prescription for his family. His position was that of royalty."

"What rivalry existed between you and this man, my husband?" inquired the interested wife.

"Oh, it is a long story, my dear. There was not a woman in it. There goes woman's curiosity. But, never mind, I will tell you the story another time."

"But this Sankala and the old fellow! He is getting old and cannot last much longer. When he is dead the girl will have nothing to keep her here. She can do us no harm; out with it, I would like to see them away. They seem to be a menace to the peace of the Seadog family."

(To be continued)

CHAPTER VI.

Disturbed Peace of the Seadogs.

"I do not know why it is, husband, but our Hazel, young as she is, is working a great deal. That girl Sankala, disturbs her peace of mind. She does not like her. The poor girl is kind to our Hazel and all of that but our child seems to have a most natural antipathy for her."

"Sankala is the most popular girl at school. The teachers love her, the girls run after her and the boys worship her. They look upon her as some superior being and yet she is only a poor little waif that you remember was cast ashore here many years ago."

"Old Ringgold, my father, is drinking more and more whenever he can get it, and the child, poor thing, much as she disturbs our Hazel, seems more devoted to the old man every day."

"It would be better for her if he should die, but then it would almost kill her for the poor thing worships the old fellow. But it would be better for the village if Ringgold should die. There would be no one to fill the difficult prescriptions at the drug store and I do not know what poor Gossell would do without him."

"Do you know, husband," spoke the woman more cautiously, "I do not like that girl Sankala. She is all kindness and deserving, but I do not like the child. Her name disturbs me and when I see her a peculiar feeling comes over me which I cannot explain. I do not wish the girl bad luck, but I do wish that something would take her away from the village where I could not see her and where she would not disturb our Hazel."

Thus spoke Mrs. Seadog, the wife of old Seadog, the ruling power in the great fisheries on the north side of the Columbia river near its mouth. "I do not like the kid either, wife," said the rugged old capitalist, who had made his wealth in various ways. He had pulled cars through the storm-driven waves. He had sold goods over the counters of his great store at enormous profit. He had dispensed whisky over his bar that was said to have been of his own make and was warranted to contain snakes to the quart; he had thrown Chinamen from his cannery into the sea because they did not eat the fish traps they gave; he had robbed the fish traps of his neighbors, stolen their property rights by night, and was charged with having sent all sinners to the bottom of the river. Upon all of this old Seadog had built up an immense fortune, but it was whispered about that he had come to the wealth which constituted the foundation of his fortune through some foul means the details of which were shrouded in mystery.

"No, I do not like the kid, either," he continued. "And much less do I like the old bunch of mystery who is known as her father."

"Do you know that when I learned that they had drifted ashore from that vessel, he more than half dead and she but little more than spawn, I felt annoyed by it. In spite of the fact that there could be no harm in them I would rather that all on board should have been lost at the time. And it is remarkable that the oldest and youngest should have survived—the very ones that under the laws of nature should have been lost. The weakest are accounted lost on such occasions under the law, yet that old duck and the young minnow broke the record."

"I don't like to think of those times, and yet I do. My trial for boarding that wreck gave me a close call. In spite of the fact that it was shown that I did not attempt to carry away any of the valuables, and I made the plea that the boys and I were only trying to save life, there was a strong suspicion that we had some wicked motive in board-

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(To be continued)

Queer Place for a Magazine.

An American traveler who explored the northern part of Siberia states that he found in the hut of a Korak peasant a picture of Mayor Dix cut out of a copy of Harper's Magazine. The Mayor's picture was encased on a wooden shrine, and adorned by the Korak and his family as their household deity.

This is probably the most extreme case on record of veneration for a magazine page. But fifty years ago in this country it was not uncommon to find a single copy of a magazine being read by fifteen or twenty families every month, and regarded by all as an infallible authority.

It is said that when the Shah of Persia visited England several years ago it was one of his chief delights to buy a dozen magazines and "read the pictures." As there are only about 3,000 people in Persia who can read and write, his amazement at the number of magazines is not surprising. Woman's Home Companion.

Nothing White There. The young man of the family was undoubtedly ill. The doctor sent for. He pronounced it a case of jaundice, as indeed the parents had suspected, from the patient's yellowish appearance.

Albert's little sister was explaining to a caller. "He's got the yaller jaundice," she said. "The doctor says so."

"But how could the doctor tell, Bessie?" asked the caller. "Easy enough," replied Bessie. "Anybody could tell it by 'jer' lookin' into the—the yells of his eyes."

Taking Him at His Word. "I didn't do it, your honor."

"But two witnesses here say they saw you pick his pocket."

"I'll tell you how it was, judge. We were on the car coming home from the races. I remarked that I wondered where I was going to get the price of a night's lodging and this gentleman replied: 'You can search me.' Well, I searched him. Nothing wrong in taking a man at his word, is there?"—Kansas City Journal.

The Lesser of Two Evils. Nervous Passenger (as the train stopped)—I say, conductor, are those two men taking a straw vote?

Conductor—No, they are taking up a collection. Train robbers, you know.

Nervous Passenger—Oh, then it isn't as bad as I suspected.

All Birds Off. Miss Lakeside (of Cleveland)—You can just bet your sweet life that I'll be wearing an engagement ring before the end of the season.

Miss Brown (of Boston)—Excuse me, but I do not care to wager my saccharine vitality.

How He Got It. Blanks—Queer that Charley Mohr could acquire such an automobile face. He never drives his machine over eight miles an hour.

Jinks—I know, but he got it when his first month's bill for the repairs came in.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Couldn't Read Music. "Pshaw! that, Mike?" asked Pat, as he picked up a Hebrew newspaper.

"If Jerry, O' Donno of me at time it do be," replied Mike. "O'Donno not 'fricker knowin' was note from another."

THE FLIGHT THROUGH THE DESERT.

My hissing lash curled writhing around my courses brave, As we sought the Bourne of Safety, far to the purple wave.

Heavy the air with spices, heavy with gold the wheel, When I fled from the awful Arabs—did their avenging steel.

Behind us rose the dust-wreath, before us lay the sea, And I bent to my dauntless couriers and shook my scourges free.

Over the sands of the desert, weary and worn we sped, Till I saw the first lone snow drift on the first fair mountain's head.

And we won the Bourne of Safety with our priceless caravan, And I slept at the foot of my horses the sleep of a full-spent man.

—Alden Charles Noble, in Blue Sky.

HOW BOB PAID HIS FARE

THE stout ship Falcon leaning gallantly to the wind, was making her way down the English channel, bound for America. The sails had been reefed, the cables coiled, and everything under way for the night. Capt. Parker paced to and fro on the quarterdeck, gruffly humming a little song. Capt. Parker's song was interrupted by a sudden commotion in the forward part of the vessel. There was a sound of angry voices, a hasty scuffling of feet, followed by the frightened sobbing of a child.

"Hello!" exclaimed Capt. Parker. "What is the meaning of that row?"

"A stowaway, sir," answered one of the men from below.

"A stowaway on my ship?" growled the captain. "Bring the rascal here. We will give him a taste of the rope's end first, and then—but what is that?"

"The stowaway, sir," was the response, as two of the crew approached, leading between them a very small and ragged boy.

The anger in the captain's face gave place to a look of pity as his eye rested on the shivering form of the intruder, but his voice was stern as he asked:

"What are you doing here?"

"Nothing, sir," was the trembling reply.

"Who are you, and where did you come from? Speak up, no nonsense!" growled the captain.

"Im Bob—Bob Winter, sir," said the boy between his soles. "I live in London, by the docks, sir."

"Well, what are you doing here, then?" said the captain, eyeing the boy with a tremendous frown.

The boy made a brave effort and looked at Capt. Parker through his streaming tears.

"I haven't any father or mother, you see," he faltered, "and I have to earn my own living. I can't get jobs and I can't get clothes, and everybody don't want me, an'—a fresh storm of soles shook the small frame."

"But you haven't told me what you are doing on board this ship," said the captain.

"They said the ship was going to America," answered the boy, "and everybody is rich in America. Everybody was a boy there, you see, Tom Bell went there, and he makes a pile of money."

"That's all very well," responded the captain, "but people who go to America pay for their passage, and to hide away so as to go without paying is just the same as stealing so much money. Don't you know that?"

Bob looked up at the captain's stern face with a frightened and startled expression.

"I—I didn't think," he muttered, "and began a hurried search in the pockets of his ragged jacket. From one he drew forth two coppers, from another a silver shilling, and from a third a shilling, much battered, clipped and defaced. These he held out to the captain."

"This is all I've got now," he said. "It's most enough I think, and I will earn the rest soon when I get to America."

"And what am I to do with these?" asked the captain gravely.

"It is to pay my fare," replied the boy.

A smile lighted up Capt. Parker's rugged features, as he said kindly: "There, Bob, keep your money, my boy. You shall stay with me on the Falcon and we will make a man of you. How will that suit you?"

Bob Winter was delighted, of course. The sailors, who are wonderfully handy at such things made him a suit of clothing. He speedily became a great favorite with the crew of the Falcon, proving himself to be active and intelligent, and truthful. The captain had grown very fond of Bob, and as for Bob—well, it was not long before everybody on board knew what Bob thought of Capt. Parker.

The Falcon, which was a sailing vessel, had met with head winds constantly since leaving the Channel, and on the fourth week out was struck by a heavy gale from the northeast. All day long the good ship labored with the mountainous waves, leaping and plunging till it seemed as though the groaning, creaking masts would come out of her. But she was a staunch, well-built craft, and had passed through many a worse tempest.

With the fall of night the gale increased in violence. The sails had been reduced to the heavy lower canvas, just sufficient to steady the ves-

sel. The captain remained on deck, taking a position near the rail, where he could keep an eye on the rigging. Near him, sheltered by the bulwarks, sat little Bob on a coil of rope.

At first the noise and confusion, the thunder of the water, the shriek of the wind through the corings, and the wild pitching of the ship had frightened the boy. But when by the light of a lantern near by, he saw the calm, resolute expression on the captain's face, he felt relieved, and rather enjoyed the excitement.

Suddenly, just as the captain was shouting an order through the trumpet, a vast billow seemed to rise out of the gloom and bear down upon the ship. It struck the vessel's side with an awful roar, throwing tons of water on the deck. Before he could save himself, the captain was lifted from his feet and flung overboard into the sea.

Almost at the same instant a small figure was seen to leap upon the rail, clinging there a moment, and then spring outward into the darkness and disappear.

"Man overboard!"

The terrible cry rang above the roar of the tempest. For a moment all was panic and confusion. Then under the mate's command, the ship was rounded to with her head to the wind and a boat ordered to be lowered.

"No use," said one of the men to the mate, who stood by the rail, near where the captain had fallen over-

board.

This curious personage is his Majesty the Emperor of Surakarta.—Century.

New Metallic Processes. The Engineer gives publicity to a new process of galvanizing, which has now reached a commercial stage. It is known as "Sherardizing." The point of interest about it is that iron and steel can be coated with zinc, even deposit of zinc at a temperature below the melting point of zinc.

The first step in the process is to free the iron from scale and oxide by any of the well known methods, such as dipping in an acid solution or sand blasting. The articles to be rendered rustless are then placed in a closed iron receptacle charged with zinc dust, which is heated to a temperature of from 500 to 600 degrees F. for a few hours and allowed to cool. The drum is then opened and the iron articles removed, when they are found to be coated with a fine homogeneous covering of zinc, the thickness depending on the temperature and the length of time of treatment.

It will be observed that the temperature required to bring about this result is about 250 degrees below the melting point of zinc. The low temperature required makes the process cheap as compared to the process of dipping in molten zinc, and has the additional advantage that it does not deteriorate iron or steel of small section to the same extent as hot galvanizing. The whole of the zinc is consumed; there is no waste of zinc as in the hot galvanizing process. This new process of dry galvanizing is not limited to the coating of iron with zinc, but it has been successfully applied to coating iron with copper, aluminum and antimony.

They are comparing notes and telling amusing incidents of recent trips abroad when a charming daughter of the Emerald Isle, who was sitting dreamily in the corner, apparently taking no interest in the conversation, suddenly chirped in with the following:

"All of which reminds me of an incident which happened while I lived in Cork. There poultryers' stores are scarce because of the proximity of the country, but a coal heaver of my acquaintance, owing to the illness of his wife, was anxious to secure a fowl in a hurry; so he strolled along Patrick street in a forlorn hope of some sort of success, and when he came to a taxidermist's whose window displayed an owl under a glass case, why, poor faddy thought that here was the end of his quest, so he entered and inquired:

"How much for the flat-faced bin in the windy?"

"That's no hen," the surprised shopman answered; "that's an owl."

"Yerrah," whispered Pat; "sure, I don't care how old she is, 'tis for soup I want her!"

Gratitude. Mr. Skinslong—I hope, dear, that you will be happy now that uncle has left us a fortune.

Mrs. Skinslong—Yes, but don't you suppose we can break the will? He has left \$1,000 to charity.—Detroit Free Press.

Expert Advice. "Mrs. Sourly, you've been married for several years, and I am about to take unto myself a husband. What advice would you give me?"

"Learn to play solitaire."—Detroit Free Press.

We suppose that when a woman who has had twins begins to talk, all the other women suddenly keep still.

little body nor yet why the captain's voice should be so husky, as he said: "Bob, my lad, while Tom Parker's old bulk holds together and I single timber of him floats, you shall never want for a berth or be without a friend."—Khuira Telegram.

THE EMPEROR OF SURAKARTA.

He is Perhaps the Strongest and Oldest Sovereign in the World.

There is an empire on this planet which for strange originality might as well be situated in Mars. It is governed by two emperors at the same time, and withal is not larger than the State of Delaware. Both emperors reside in the same city, each has his own resplendent court, enormous revenues, armies, imperial chamberlains, government officers and courts of justice.

Only one of these emperors is known to the outside world, and he only to a slight extent. The name and titles of the leading one would easily fill a column; his subjects, 1,800,000 in number, call him the Susuhunan, and he himself majestically signs himself Pakoe Boewono X.—"Nail of the Universe, the Youth." In him his people venerate not only their sovereign ruler, but also their religious pontiff, placed so high above them that none dares approach him upright or cover him with a glance; his state ministers, and even his own brothers, crouch before him with folded hands as if in prayer, and with downcast eyes. Yet he is a powerful puppet in the hands of a small European nation, and may not even receive or dispatch a letter without previously submitting it to the Javan representative of the Dutch. He actually rules his empire, every square inch of it, which he calls his personal property; yet he may not walk or ride outside the palace gates without the former's permission. He keeps thousands of troops at his own expense, men with modern swords and rifles, Amazons with ancient lances, bows and arrows; yet he is virtually a prisoner in his own palace, the grounds of which cover nearly a square mile, where there are hundreds of buildings, the most sumptuous halls, luxurious chambers and store rooms and stables, with many thousands of attendants. Still he has no kitchen and no cook, his own meals being sent to him daily from outside. He is absolute master over all his people, who depend for their livelihood entirely upon him; yet he may not trust any of the men, and surrounds himself entirely with women. Thousands of the latter are at his beck and call; hundreds he calls his more or less legitimate wives, who have borne him many sons; yet he has no direct heir to the throne, which is one of the oldest and most eminent in Asia.

This curious personage is his Majesty the Emperor of Surakarta.—Century.

One hundred Years Ago. The remodeling of the White House at Washington at a cost of from sixteen to twenty thousand dollars was started.

France contemplated taking possession of the Neapolitan fortresses in case of war with Russia.

The British East India Company distributed a large sum of money among the officers and crew of the Chinese squadron for the protection they gave the company's ships against the French.

According to the new divorce laws of France, a twelve month's residence was compulsory.

An unfounded report of hostilities on the part of Mexico brought two American men-of-war to that country.

A Dutch ship on entering a Japanese port and rebelling at the customs regulations of the country fired on the shore, but afterwards surrendered.

Five thousand troops were ordered from Cuba to Florida to defend that territory against expeditions from the United States.

Seventy-five Years Ago. The Society of Friends in America published an octavo edition of the Bible in large type and on fine paper.

Washington Irving accepted the post of secretary of legation to the court of St. James.

The ship Constitution arrived at Norfolk with seventeen authors who were to be tried in the States.

The thirteenth amendment was ratified by a two-thirds vote.

An expedition fitted out by private individuals left New Bedford, Canada, on an exploring trip to the South Sea Islands.

A mill for cleaning rice was invented by Havelock of South Carolina, thus remedying the difficulty which had hitherto prevented its large cultivation and sale.

A table was published giving the whole number of votes at the recent Presidential election as 1,188,845, of which Jackson received 671,170 and Adams 517,475.

Fifty Years Ago. The Grand European "Tartar hoax" was started on its mission from Turkey.

Many English emigrants were crossing over from Canada and settling in Michigan.

The Russians closed the harbor of Sevastopol by sinking seven ships in the entrance.

The reciprocity treaty between the United States and Canada was signed by the governor general.

A British steamer collided with a French bark near Cape Race, causing a loss of over three hundred lives. Owing to the conduct of the crew, not a woman or child was saved.

Gen. Santa Anna left the City of Mexico and retired to Tacubaya, in consequence of popular demonstrations.

The United States ship of war Albany left Aspinwall and never again was heard of.