

Every Home Should Have The Woodville Advocate \$1 per annum!

NOTHING NEW.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

From the dawn of spring till the years grow hoary,  
Nothing is new that is done or said,  
The leaves are telling the same old story—  
"Budding, bursting, dying, dead"  
And ever and always the wind wind's chorus  
Is "coming, banding, flying, fled."

Never the round earth roams or ranges  
Out of her circuit, so old, so old;  
And the smile o' the sun knows but these changes—  
Ebbing, burning, tender, cold  
As spring time softens or winter estranges  
The mighty heart of this orb of gold.

From our great-sires' birth to the last morn's  
breaking  
There was tempest, sunshine, fruit and frost,  
And the sea was calm, or the sea was shaking  
His mighty mane in a lion's cross,  
And over this cry the heart was making—  
Longing, loving, losing, lost.

Forever the wild wind wanders, crying,  
Southerly, easterly, north and west;  
And one worn song the fields are sighing,  
"Sowing, growing, harvest, rest."  
And the tired thought of the world, replying  
Like an echo to what is last and best,  
Murmurs—"Rest."

A DRIFT FOR LIFE.

In the spring of 1837, a party of Yankee prospectors having heard that some lumps of gold had been seen in the pouch of an Indian from that district set off to try their luck. At the same village, called Colorado City, situated on the last hem of the known land, they heard such an account of the hardships of the country and the dangers from the Indians, that one of the party fell off. The other three, with two packmules to carry their provisions, mining tools, and blankets, travelled on in a south western direction four hundred miles beyond all traces of the white man. They found a little gold, but not enough to satisfy them, and went on another hundred miles or so, into the wilderness, until they reached the great canon (ravine or fissure) of the Colorado River, by no means at its deep at part.

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GIVE ME A CALL.

They and their animals were suffering sadly from thirst, and the only water was foaming and dashing like silver thread two thousand feet below, at the bottom of perpendicular cliffs. They pushed on hoping to find a place by which they might climb down. After a most toilsome day among the rough rocks, they succeeded in discovering a smaller canon, where a stream made its way into the main river; and got at last to the bottom, where they encamped. They were much disheartened, and talked of returning home. Captain Baker, however, kept up their spirits, and sang songs over the campfire, and when they started next morning they were in very good heart. They were climbing the precipitous bank, Baker in front, then James White, lastly, Strole with the mules, when suddenly they heard the wailing whoop of the Apaches, the most cowardly and cruel of the Indian tribes thereabouts. A shower of bullets and arrows followed; poor Baker fell immediately; and though he raised himself against a rock, and fired in return, he called out to the others who were hurrying up to his help, "Back boys, save yourselves—I'm dying!"

They stood by him, nevertheless, till the breath left his body, firing on the Indians as they came up. The delay of the wretched Apaches in scalping the dead body enabled the two men to rush down the chasm once more, secure the arms, a stock of provisions, and the ropes of the mules. There was no chance of saving the animals.

It was quite impossible to escape by the upper country, where they were certain to fall into the hands of the Indians; and they followed the stream for four hours, when it flowed into the great Colorado at a low strip of "bottom land," where the cold, gray walls, which must have been two thousand feet high, hemmed them in, and there was no possible outlet but along the river itself. A good deal of driftwood lay on the shore; and they put together a frail raft of three trunks of the cotton tree, about ten feet long and eight inches in diameter, fastened with their mule ropes, and then picked out a couple of stout poles to serve as paddles to guide it. It is a proof how little they realized the frightful security of their prison walls that they waited until the moon went down, for light they should be seen by the Indians.

About midnight they launched their miserable raft, and went rushing down the yawning canon, tossing and whirling about in the eddies, and dashing against the rocks in the dark. Early in the morning they found a place where they could land; but the walls seemed to be increasing in height. They strengthened their raft, and got some of their food, which by this time was quite soaked. The width of the canon seemed to them some sixty or seventy yards, and the current carried them about three miles an hour. That day they reached the confluence with the Rio Grande, but the two rivers were hardly wider, though deeper, than the one; the depth of the fissure at this point is estimated to be about four thousand feet, with pinnacles of immense height standing out in places.

At night they fastened themselves to a rock, or holed up their raft on some "bottom land." The perpendicular walls were composed of gray sand-rock, the lower portions were smooth by the action of the floods up to about forty feet. A little line of blue sky shone high above them; but the sun shone only for an hour or so in the day—it was a dark, gloomy abyss, where nothing grew, and not so much as a bird was to be seen. Every now and then they shot past the canon which looked black and forbidding, like cells in the walls of a massy prison. They remembered, however, that Baker had told them the town of Colville was at the mouth of the canon, where the River Colorado entered the plain. They thought they could make their provisions last five days; and surely such wonderful walls could not last for ever!

Before long they reached what they believed to be the opening into the San Juan River, and attempted to turn the raft into it, but the swift current drove them back, the water roared from wall to wall, and there was no possibility of landing. Still they floated on, every bend seeming to take them into the bowels of the earth; the walls above appeared to come closer and shut out more of the narrow belt of the sky; to make the shadows blacker, and redouble the colors. They were constantly wet, but the water was comparatively warm (it was August), and the currents were more regular than they had expected. Still they feared, and often set the end of the pole against a rock, while he leaped with his whole weight on the other end to push off the raft.

On the third day they heard a roar of waters, the raft was violently agitated, and seemed as if it went on.