

MOVEMENTS OF CALIFORNIA EMIGRANTS

Our Flying Correspondence.

BRIG OSCEOLA, RIO JANEIRO, March 13, 1849
The Perils of the Voyage—Throwing Over the Deck Load—Sad Fate of the Emigrants' Treasures—Incidents—Dinner Party on the Equator—Arrivals at Rio, &c., &c., &c.

The Osceola, James Fairfowl, commander, bound for El Dorado of the nineteenth century, California, dropped anchor in this port, on the 6th inst., after a passage of 47 days from the Capes of the Delaware. During the first eleven days of the passage, we encountered a succession of north easterly gales, which continued to rage with increased violence, until the 29th of January, when the Captain ordered the principal part of the deck load to be thrown overboard, to ease the vessel, as she was straining very much, and, some imagined, in danger of going "down below." With the exception of a few ship's stores, the deck load belonged to the passengers, and consisted of provisions, brandy, and house frames, together with sundry gold washers. Several of the passengers, unfortunately, had their entire freights on deck, consisting of provisions for their subsistence during their stay in California. Poor fellows! they will be in a sad plight on landing in that far-distant country, without provisions, friendless, and almost penniless.

The throwing overboard a deck load at sea, for the purpose of saving the ship, is any thing but pleasant, when nothing but a plank separates one's self from eternity; but during the gale of the 29th January, rather an amusing incident occurred, which I shall take the liberty of recording.

While all hands were busily engaged staving in the heads, and throwing overboard brandy, molasses, and vinegar, casks, a fellow passenger, who had "done the state some service," during the late war with Mexico, and being withal a great lover of the *crather*, caught up from off the deck both hands full of a mixture of brandy, molasses, vinegar, and salt water; and, after taking a draught, exclaimed, at the top of his voice, "Jimminy, boys, this is first-rate swankey!" The same individual, during the wreck of brandy casks, labored very hard to preserve one from the general wreck, which, on being broached, turned out to be, to his great chagrin, a brandy cask filled with pilot bread!

While the casks composing the deck load were waiting to one of the airs of that blustering railer, old boreas, two ship's boys and a passenger had their propellers slightly injured. The former are convalescent, but the latter is still hobbling about the deck.

Owing to the crowded state of the vessel, the accommodations both in cabin and steerage are most miserable. When the steerage berths were taken, a table was fitted up for the use of the passengers, at which thirty persons could be comfortably seated, and the steerage was tolerably well lighted by sky-lights. As the Osceola was on the eve of leaving the port of Philadelphia, the steerage table and seats were torn up by order of the owners, and the space occupied by them, stowed with cases, chests, and trunks, a large portion of which belonged to cabin passengers; consequently, during the passage to this port, the steerage passengers have been compelled to mess alternately on chicken coops, pig pens, water casks, and trunks, subjected to almost every inconvenience imaginable; in fact, the vessel has been a perfect *hodge* since she sailed from Philadelphia. The steerage of this vessel contains less than six hundred and fifty superficial feet, and there are forty-four persons, including mates, stewards, cooks, and ship's boys, who sleep in it, being some twelve persons more than is allowed by the laws of the United States to passenger vessels passing through the tropics.

In consequence of the smallness of our camboose, and the limited nature of the other cooking arrangements, our meals have been badly cooked and irregularly served the entire passage to this port. In addition to this, we are cursed with one of the most crabbed and disobliging specimens of human nature (if the term human may be allowed to apply to him,) that ever presided over a camboose. I believe there is not one drop of the milk of human kindness in his entire composition. The old adage—"God sends provisions and the devil sends cooks!"—has been fully confirmed, so far as it regards the presiding genius of the camboose of this vessel.

On the 18th February, in latitude 10 11 south, and 25 40 west longitude, we discovered a bark to the windward, steering a southerly course. Early on the following morning we exchanged colors with her, and about ten o'clock, A. M., our stern boat was lowered and manned by passengers for the purpose of visiting her. About one o'clock, P. M., our boat returned, bringing some ten or twelve passengers from the stranger—which proved to be the bark Croton, Captain D V Souillard, which sailed from New York on the 10th January, bound for San Francisco, California, with 54 passengers on board, destined for the "gold diggings" of that country. The boats were busily engaged during the afternoon conveying passengers to and fro between the two vessels. Some fifteen or twenty of the Croton's passengers dined on board of us, and about the same number of our passengers partook of a collation on board the Croton. Being the first dinner ever partaken by a majority of us so near the domicile of old Neptune, we concluded to drink the old Salt's health; consequently the wine bottle passed merrily around, and wit, sentiment, and song imparted a zest to the scene. Towards night the passengers returned on board their respective vessels, to all appearances well pleased with their first dinner on the Equator. Passengers and crew of the Croton all well.

The following vessels, bound for California, have arrived in this port within the last twenty days:—
From New York—Ships Sutton, 55 days; Christoval Colon, 51 do; South Carolina, 39 do, Tarolinta, 50 do; Wm Ivey, 42 do, Pacific, 43 do; Apollo, 53 do. Barks Josephine, 45 days, Express, 52 do; Harriet Newell, 55 do; Cordelia, 39 do, Peytona, 54 do. Brigs John Petty, 50 days; Mary Stuart, 42 do; Eliza, 43 do. Schooners Roe, 59 days; Olivia, 48 do; George Emery, 43 do, Jos. Newell, 49 do, Laura Virginia, 38 do, Wm. G Mack-staff, 39 do. From Boston—Ship Capitol, 43 days. Barks Oxford, 47 days, Maria, 57 do, Elvira, 47 do. Schooner Anonyma, 38 days. From Baltimore—Ship Lane Barker, 42 days. Schr Eclipse, 41 do. From New Orleans—Ship Architect, 45 days. From New London—Ship Mentor, 53 days. From New Haven—Schr Montague, 40 days.

Of the above vessels the following have watered and provisioned, and sailed for their port of destination.—Ships Sutton, South Carolina, and Tarolinta; barks Elvira, Josephine, and Oxford; schooners Anonyma, Montague, and Olivia.

The California gold mania has been a god-send to Rio. Ship chandlers, hotel keepers, proprietors of livery stables, and boatmen, are reaping a golden harvest off *los Americanos*. Everything in the eating line is extravagantly high. Coffee and rolls one mil reis (50 cents), coffee and beef steak one and a-half mil reis (75 cents), and an ordinary dinner, with a bottle of claret wine, one and a quarter to one and a half dollars. There are at this present writing, in Rio, some ten or twelve hundred Americans, bound for the gold diggings of California, and when on shore the Portuguese *soldads* give them a wide berth. More anon. CURTIS, THE GOLD DIGGER.

RIO JANEIRO, March 23, 1849.

Arrivals of Californians—Troubles and Disasters, &c.

Allow me to give you a few rough notes of the voyage of the brig "Sarah McFarland," and other matters, that may possibly interest your numerous readers. We parted from the pilot which towed us to the Narrows on January 30, at 2 P. M., amid cheers for the Empire City and State, the ladies, &c., our guns pealing farwell. We gallantly scudded before the wind with all sail set, and our glorious flag floating from the peak.

"O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free."

We reached the Gulf Stream on February 23, and crossed the Equator on the 9th of March in latitude 27 deg 35 m. Our passage thus far has been safe and pleasant. We experienced but little rough weather and I am happy to bear evidence of the ability and seamanship of Captain W T Richardson and his able officers. The voyage from Sandy Hook to Cape Frio was made in 48 days; and we are now moored in one of the most picturesque harbors in the world.

I regret extremely I cannot report as favorably of the success of other American vessels in this port. The Sutton has been here several weeks, disabled, but is now again on the water. The Christoval Colon lost her mast, stove her bulwarks, and was thrown on her beam ends. The Pacific has been detained three weeks from a difficulty between Capt Tibbitts and the passengers. I have conversed with several who represent his conduct in anything but a favorable light. The affair is before the American Consul who has appointed a new captain, but I forbear any remark, at present as you will doubtless receive full and authentic information.

The steamer Panama has started on her voyage yesterday was a grand gala day—the music was reviewed in the Palace Square—the merriment was doing their chimneys, and the various forts and batteries saluting in the harbor. Their majesties attended the theatre in the evening. Pedro the Second in six feet high, his complexion, eyes and hair light marking his German ancestry, though he is a native of Brazil. One of the "boys" declares his majesty to be the picture of Tony Hyer. Her highness is an amiable looking lady, with fair hair and eyes. They were warmly received on their entree, a new national anthem was sung, and the theatre resounded with raptures. Their majesties were loaded with diamonds; but as I am not a judge of the article, I will not venture a guess at

their value. The grand theatre is shut, the Italian and French operas having failed to please. The theatre we attended (meaning the "boys" and their Majesties) is a very inferior house. Poor scenery, wardrobe, &c., and the acting wretched; the dancing common-places, and the terrific combats laughable extremely, the swords having a most determined resolution not to approach each other; scenery tumbling down, and fifty half-naked negroes coolly repairing damages in sight of the audience. I thought if I were stage manager, they would have to do things in rather different style. To-night is "*ben-ficio de Don Cesar*"—a "*decade de saezos*," and the ever popular "*Don Cesar de Bassan*" is represented; and I hope to see a less sanguinary murder.

California and Californians are quite the rage. There have been about 3,000 landed here within a few weeks. The Emperor, who is fond of Americans, has thrown open his gardens, and the Brasilians are courteous in the extreme. I am most happy to say, as far as we have learned, that our people have not forfeited the good opinion entertained of them. The words "*Americano, Californy, Yankee*," are heard on every corner. The shake of the head tells us the opinion our Brazilian friends entertain of our enterprise. *Oh* the tongue I forbear to speak, as I have seen but few and those not of the highest classes.

You shall hear from me at San Francisco, &c., &c., &c. granting it. A. W. F. & Co.

SHIR ORPHEUS, AT SEA,
LAT 10 SOUTH, LONG. 30, March 5, 1849.

I will get a letter under weigh, and add to it from time to time, as I find material. The captain has promised, that if we should be so fortunate as to fall in with a vessel bound for the States, from Rio or any other port on the South American coast, that he would put all our letters on board of her. You, and all the good folks at home, I know, must be very anxious to hear from me; to know whether we have all been packed in the big pond, or still adrift on the water's surface. As for myself, I must wait patiently until I reach Valparaiso, before I can get the first word from you. I would be happy to know that you are all well, and to read the latest news from California, and all other news in fact; but wishing is all in vain, as Congress has not, as yet, established any post offices in this part of the world.

I am every day more and more astonished at the immensity of this ocean. We have, up to this time, been out from New York 34 days and sailed about six thousand miles, without having seen any land, nor shall we probably see any until we make the Falkland Islands. It is a great voyage—plenty of time to cool off—nothing to be seen but water, water, except, occasionally, the monotony is broken by seeing a vessel, then, all the glosses are immediately brought on deck, and we set about wondering where she came from, whether she is bound to the States, and if she will come near enough for us to speak her.

We had quite an amusing scene, the first and only time we spoke a vessel—the excitement, little as it was, kept us alive two whole days. This vessel was the ship Hannibal from Havre, for New Orleans. Captain Freeman desired him to report us; and I hope he did so, and it was copied into the New York papers, for it would relieve your anxiety about us. We were then fifteen days out, and had reached lat 23 32 N, lon 32 9—a tremendous run, that.

It will, undoubtedly, be more interesting, if I should commence with our leaving New York and state in such a manner that you may be able to trace the ship's course on the map, for it is very different from what I supposed it would be, before I left. If you turn to the map you will see exactly how we have sailed. Look nearly east from New York, and put a dot on lat 35, lon 34, about 2400 miles from New York. This we ran in 13 days, in nearly a bee-line. A great run, you will say. Yes, the old Orpheus has proved herself to be a great sailor. To give you some idea of her speed, I will mention that, at the rate we ran the 10 first days, we would have made a passage to Liverpool in 14 days. We must have passed a number of California vessels that we did not see. The brig that sailed the morning of the day we left, our mate thinks, we passed the same night, and the Victory, that sailed on the 27th Jan., we passed when we were one week out. On the 15th Feb. we spoke the ship Hannibal. We were then in company with a ship that, we think, must have been the Tahmaroo, of the 25th Jan. She was only about a dozen leagues of the vessel from us at daylight, when she commenced hauling to windward, to avoid speaking us. We ran up our flag, with the name "Orpheus," but she would not answer it; we then stood off, and soon left her far enough behind. From lat 35, lon 34, we ran in nearly a straight line to lat 2, lon 22 which we reached on the 25th Feb.

We were very agreeably disappointed in not being becalmed near the equator, as the captain was, on his previous voyage, for 5 days; and we have the satisfaction of being 5 days ahead of his last voyage, when he was only 95 days to Valparaiso from New York.

On the 17th Feb in lat 24 lon 31, we came up with the brig Mary Stewart, from New York, 25th Jan. We went by her like a race-horse, the next morning she was out of sight. We are now running, with a very strong wind (which we have had for four days) for a point about 100 miles east of Rio, then we shall run a straight course, until we make the Falkland Islands. Our only stopping place will be Valparaiso, there to take in water.

I think it worth mentioning, that we ran so near the coast of Africa (400 or 500 miles) that our sails and rigging were made quite yellow, by the fine sand blown from that shore. I can now say that I have seen a part of the great Desert as well as the elephant.

About a week ago we had our first storm. The way the rain came down, the wind blow, and we flew through the water was anything but slow. We had all sail set when the squall struck her. The royal flying jib and crocket, were immediately blown into amazing small pieces. The Captain said, "we might call that a storm." It lasted from nine o'clock in the evening until about two o'clock A. M. I thought it was indeed a grand sight. The good old ship flying through the water at the rate of twelve knots, and so far careened that it seemed as if she was on her beam end, the wind howling through the rigging and the water, apparently, boiling around us. One moment we were twenty feet above the surface, and the next twenty feet below it, but the ship was so easy, and her motions so regular, that we did not think it so disagreeable after all.

I have been very agreeably disappointed, in this sea voyage. The first two weeks out was what they call rough weather. The ship did dance pretty lively, but it was far below the idea I had formed of rough weather. I was but slightly sea-sick for half a day. Nearly all the passengers have been sea-sick—some very sick, but all are now well. The weather, from latitude 10 N to 10 S has been very hot, the mercury standing at 88 in the saloon.

You would laugh to see us passengers arranged on the upper deck, in the shade, like men on a market stand, with nothing on but shirt and thin pants. We bathe often, and this is the way we do it.—One of us gets into a half hoghead of water, and another draws water and lets it drive with full force at the one in the tub, until he cries enough. It is a luxury, nevertheless.

We have just seen a vessel bearing down to us. She will take our letters. It is the ship Columbus for New London. I close this, 11th of March, in lat. 25 South, lon. 40 49. C. C. A.

We have been furnished with the following extract of a letter from a passenger on board the ship Robert Downe, Capt. Cameron, which left this port on the 6th of February:—

SHIP ROBERT DOWNE, March 25 1849 }
Lat. 10 00 N., Long. 33 50 W. }

DR. S. P. TOWNSEND:—
By this vessel I write a few lines to say we are all well. March 2d in lat 23 54 S., Long 32 00 W., spoke the bark Stratford, which sailed four days before us. It is likely we shall go into Rio for water, as we have not caught any. We have had no sickness, and all in good spirits. The ship is as tight as a bottle, and a great deal better than I expected, everything is right as can be. I shall write more fully the first part I get into.

N B—I expect to be in Rio in a week.