

House. Court Room, Jail and... A brief description of the building's layout and features, including the Court Room, Jail, and various offices.

essarily brief and im... At every few rods not one but droves of deer would jump and fly away from you, monkeys innumerable hopping about upon the trees over head.

in the arti... The poor old fellow now made some most lamentable cries, and by his actions seem to ask to be spared, but one of the party soon put an end to his misery by shooting him dead.

ill pardon us... The rainy season had just commenced as we left Panama, and hardly a night has passed but what we have had rain. It seldom rains during the day; then it is either a light breeze or calm.

g little son of... The town is built of houses made with brick burned in the sun—all one story high and roofs tiled. It contains about three thousand inhabitants nearly every one natives—there were a few Spaniards and negroes here, and one German.

At such times it is a sight to see the immense droves of fish that follow our vessel. We have seen but few Whales, but sharks, black fish, and other large monsters in abundance, thousands of dolphin, alvatore and a dozen other kinds, have followed us for days. We amused ourselves at first by catching them, but soon got tired of the sport as we caught so many that we would throw them overboard; but what stopped the fun more particularly was that one evening just before dark we caught a fine alvatore, weighing about twenty five pounds which was intended for breakfast; during the night it was left exposed to the rays of the moon, (and only about ten or fifteen minutes.)

Correspondence of the Bradford Reporter.

Acapulco, June 19th, 1849.

E. O. Goodman—My Dear Sir—Agreeably to a promise made you when I left home, I proceed to write you, and let me here say my friend, you will find nothing very interesting or new to you; but if you deem anything I write worth publishing, you can correct, amend and add, so that it may be passable. As I am about fulfilling my promise to you, do not forget yours. I expect to find several numbers of the Bradford Reporter when I reach San Francisco.

You undoubtedly ere this have seen and published different accounts of Chagres and Panama, and it will be entirely needless for me to give you a description of them and our passage to Panama. It was like all others, enduring some few hardships, but seeing sights and enjoying scenes that would well repay us, even for our journey thus far. At the time we left Panama there were twenty five hundred Americans on the Isthmus, all anxiously awaiting a passage. Several vessels arrived soon after we got there, but they were immediately bought up by speculators, and the passage was put up from two to two hundred and fifty dollars, in the steerage. We thought ourselves fortunate in getting a passage in a small schooner, consequently we set sail on the Schooner "San Juan," (pronounced in Spanish, San Juan) on the 21st day of April, twenty three souls all told, W. E. Singer Master. The schooner was bought by a company, and Singer serves as Capt. He being our friend, Henry Overton and myself got our passages for \$150.00 each. There were no charts to be found, except an old Spanish one, a copy of which we secured, and with it set out to coast it up to San Francisco. We had but a small quantity of water aboard, when we left Panama, and from the information received from our Indian pilot, we concluded to run into La Tablos a small place about eighty miles from Panama. The pilot ran us into the mouth of a small river, and we found when too late that the town spoken of was some ten miles up the river. We were here in a very dangerous situation, laying six days and nights, surrounded by reefs and ledges of rocks within a few yards of us, and where the tide rises and falls twenty feet in twenty-four hours. You can imagine our situation there with the wind and current both against us, the water breaking and foaming over the rocks and we at times expecting our little vessel to be dashed to pieces upon them. The current sets in and runs out this river like a mill-race; at different stages of the tide a boat can land on shore. At such times we often went ashore on hunting and exploring expeditions. You well know that on the former expedition I would be the first one, consequently at every opportunity, I was ashore with my gun, and were I tell you of the immense amount of wild game in the woods and small prairies and ravines here, I would hardly be believed. At every few rods not one but droves of deer would jump and fly away from you, monkeys innumerable hopping about upon the trees over head. Parrots chatting and calling and talking as if they were sole possessor here. I killed a couple of the latter of a larger and different plumage from any I had ever seen, merely for the sake of their feathers, and had some some of my fair friends in To-wanda them made into a fat, I would venture to say, they would think them the most beautiful ever seen. The monkeys we left alone, having a specimen of killing them, we let the poor things be. I will tell you the story—coming up the river from Chagres a party of us went but a short distance into the woods, and discovered two old monkeys with their six young ones up a large tree, two or three of the party immediately fired, bringing down the mother dead. The old father of the family was still in the tree very severely wounded, the young ones immediately ran to him for protection and while holding on the limbs by one hand, he would pass the young ones down into a hole in the crotch of the tree where they were in safety. The poor old fellow now made some most lamentable cries, and by his actions seem to ask to be spared, but one of the party soon put an end to his misery by shooting him dead. He was the largest one I ever saw. When about leaving the place we heard a rushing noise above us and looked and beheld the trees were completely covered with monkeys in every direction, and the more we looked the more seemed to be coming. I have heard since that when they are wounded their comrades kill them, this may account for their coming in such numbers upon us. We left and then I made up my mind never to kill a monkey. We found a few Indians about the country near La Tablos, and were visited by quite a number who brought us some chickens and beans, also some monkey meat, a Frenchman, who was the only white citizen of the town, and who was making a splendid fortune out of the poor natives by distilling "agua adente," a kind of strong liquor which they are very fond of. While laying in this place one of our company shot a fine bullock, this was quite a treat for us. At last a fair breeze came and we were once again upon our journey; one day sailing from the place we left brought us into the Pacific Ocean; after sailing some twenty five miles from the coast we laid out course for San Francisco. From that time until we reached here, I cannot give you a fair description. We have experienced all kinds of weather, mostly storms and calms, not much fair weather; we have been in calms and not a breath of wind for days and nights, and then would come a thunder storm, which are so terrific upon this coast that the stoutest heart tremble at witnessing them; our little vessel herself would fairly tremble under the repeated crashes of thunder that seemed to burst upon her decks. I have stood many a night upon her when she has been tossed and pitched to and fro while it seemed as if I could hear the lightning hiss about the chains and irons after being blinded by its brilliancy. No one who has never been upon this coast can even imagine the awful grandeur of one of those storms.

The rainy season had just commenced as we left Panama, and hardly a night has passed but what we have had rain. It seldom rains during the day; then it is either a light breeze or calm. At such times it is a sight to see the immense droves of fish that follow our vessel. We have seen but few Whales, but sharks, black fish, and other large monsters in abundance, thousands of dolphin, alvatore and a dozen other kinds, have followed us for days. We amused ourselves at first by catching them, but soon got tired of the sport as we caught so many that we would throw them overboard; but what stopped the fun more particularly was that one evening just before dark we caught a fine alvatore, weighing about twenty five pounds which was intended for breakfast; during the night it was left exposed to the rays of the moon, (and only about ten or fifteen minutes.)

The town is built of houses made with brick burned in the sun—all one story high and roofs tiled. It contains about three thousand inhabitants nearly every one natives—there were a few Spaniards and negroes here, and one German. The bay is completely surrounded by high mountains except at the narrow entrance heretofore spoken of, and the water in the bay may be as smooth as the surface of a mirror, while the ocean may at the time be lashed into fury by storms sweeping over her bosom. It is but a step from the outskirts of the city to the west, perhaps a quarter of a mile from the main plaza, when you stand upon a beautiful level spot that overlooks the ocean, town and bay, and where if the scene were in any

which poisoned it; we eat of it for breakfast the next morning, and soon after there was a great time in taking emetics. Thanks to Dr. Ladd, he supplied me with a bottle, and a great service it has been to us. Fortunately no one was seriously injured, and since then we have contended ourselves with merely looking at their gambols, occasionally one would jump on board, but he was soon in his native element again.

It is fine sport to have the porpoise come round a vessel, they come in droves of thousands, some of them turns somersets as they jump out of the water; others swimming close alongside, and giving you a knowing look then disappear, as much as to say, "excuse me if you please."

In sailing along up the coast, the most remarkable sight is the coast itself. It is one continued chain of mountains from the bay of Panama as far as we have yet come; they are all of a volcanic nature, some of their peaks were lost to our view, being far above the clouds, others again in view, being volcanic with smoke pouring from their tops, at night the blaze from them could be as distinctly seen. About the 10th of May, we were beginning to get near Realijo; a port in Guatemala, and intended to make into that place, but from not having a good chart it was impossible to find it, we were detained some six or seven days in hunting for the place.

I have kept since I left home a short diary of our travels &c., a few extracts may be interesting to you. "Friday 11th May, very sick, and for a sick person such a place is enough to kill a well person without being sick. At 12 o'clock, M., we were in Lat. 11° 8', very good breeze, to-day Lat. 12, we expect to reach Realijo; this is seven hundred miles from Panama. It is doubtful if we reach there as expected. If calculations come out as usual we will reach there next week.

The rainy season has now fairly commenced, it not only rains but pours down. I sleep on deck and being soaked through every night with the rain, is not a very good medicine for one that is sick, and can but just drag himself about. I would rather suffer this than sleep below where it is so very hot, and where the cockroaches are in swarms and large as fists; besides a poisonous reptile called centipedes, and then also tarantulas, whose bite is very poisonous under its full of them. Sunday 13. As I expected we did not reach Realijo last evening, we are running along the coast, South in search of the town, three of our men have gone ashore to find natives, and enquire where the town is—they have returned—found no natives.

We came very near losing our vessel to-day, upon the breakers near shore. Capt. Singer displayed a good deal of coolness when in the greatest danger, and his orders which saved the vessel like a hero. What is to come next God only knows. Here we are arrived at last at the place we supposed Realijo was, but no such town here, and now we are almost out of water, we will not reach it to-day. Monday 14; In sight and opposite some land as yesterday. Tuesday 15; Passed a miserable night, half sick and lodged on the anchor chains—towards morning a heavy rain. We caught a good supply of water, enough to last for ten days so now we are bound for Acapulco. We coasted along as before experiencing nearly the same weather rather more rain, accompanied always with thunder and lightnings. The view along the coast was more magnificent if possible than that we had passed. Mountains so high that we at times would be in sight of them for two or three days, and whose tops were only discernable when the sky was clear.

We cast anchor in this port on the 8th inst., after laying off and on along the coast some six or eight days in order to find the harbor; and now for a faint description of this place, the scenery around it and we must close.

The coast some few miles to the south and south-east of Acapulco, presents some of the most sublime and beautiful scenes, I ever witnessed in the whole course of my life. I have viewed the beautiful scenery of our own county with admiration, and have gazed with wonder and astonishment at the mighty works of nature displayed throughout our land; but all that I ever have seen sink into insignificance compared with these. To stand upon the deck of a vessel, on the great Pacific, and turn your eyes towards the continent you will look upon her mountains whose tops are lost in the clouds, her vases washed by the waters of the ocean that runs mountains high, and surge and foam and roar like distant thunder, such was a scene I will never forget. Our vessel was sailing along finely up the coast, and as we passed along, the scenery would alternately change from the beautiful to the sublime, and then again to that which would make one shudder, so high and terrific the rocks rise from the sea, with the eternal thunderings of the waters in caverns that reach far under them. At one time we would see the mountain sides covered with the most beautiful green verdure, and soon after would appear the barren, rough and rugged sides of some volcanic mountains with scarcely a green spot upon it, whose desolation looked such that man nor brute could live upon it. Amidst scenes like these is to be seen far away from the sea, a narrow channel or entrance through the rocks, the bluffs on either side being very high. No person in viewing it when passing up the coast (without he was acquainted with it) but what would take it to be some cove or small bay that set in but a short distance—and still this is one of the entrances to the harbor of Acapulco, which is bound in time to be famed throughout the whole world for its beauty and safety. Would that I had the power of giving a just and fair description of this beautiful bay, and the thousand scenes that surround it. It is about two miles through a narrow passage, high mountains and rocks rising perpendicularly on each side to the anchorage in the bay, and four miles to the city where anchorage is within a few rods of the beach. The city of Acapulco is situated at the N. W. point of the bay, and as you turn a point at the inner entrance to the S. E. presents a very fair appearance.

The town is built of houses made with brick burned in the sun—all one story high and roofs tiled. It contains about three thousand inhabitants nearly every one natives—there were a few Spaniards and negroes here, and one German.

The bay is completely surrounded by high mountains except at the narrow entrance heretofore spoken of, and the water in the bay may be as smooth as the surface of a mirror, while the ocean may at the time be lashed into fury by storms sweeping over her bosom. It is but a step from the outskirts of the city to the west, perhaps a quarter of a mile from the main plaza, when you stand upon a beautiful level spot that overlooks the ocean, town and bay, and where if the scene were in any

other place than in Mexico, would constantly be visited by thousands. Nature has made this place lower by some hundreds of feet than the mountains upon either side—while man has dug out the trees and brush and cleared away the rocks that obscured the view, but more particularly to make a passage for the breeze to come through from the ocean to the city. At all times during a hot day will be found at this spot a fine cool and refreshing breeze. Upon the right of this upon a high bluff of rocks is the observatory, a rude hovel is built there, where a man is stationed who hoists flags when any vessels are in sight. To the right further still and nearly north are cannons placed upon heights that overlook the town,—next comes a road or path that leads towards the city of Mexico, to the west are high mountains that no person can gain their tops, running around to the east, where they terminate in the sea, with the exception of a narrow gorge in the mountains to the left of East where a pass leads out into the country. A short distance from the city to the south east a high point puts out into the bay upon which is situated a good Spanish fort, well garrisoned. Arapulco boasts of but one Church and from the great devotion manifested by her citizens for it; I should judge it answers a better purpose than if they had a dozen. It is very richly ornamented with images, paintings, pictures &c. They have during service a full band of music with drums &c., and play some very lively and good airs, also violins—and when they play one thinks of anything else but religion.

The Church is occupied nearly at all times, both night and day, where hundreds of Senoras and Senoritas can be seen kneeling for hours upon the hard stone floors, and pavements, outside the church, and kissing the dust. To see them one will believe that their devotion comes from the heart, and if so their religion most certainly will carry them through, as well as any other. The men are great rogues, they do not mind the church as much as the women—they will lie, cheat, and steal every thing they can lay their hands upon. They do no work, the women do it all.

The streets are very irregular and narrow, and generally paved—they are kept very clean by the convicts who are chained together and employed in sweeping the streets, and conveying away the filth &c. The back part of the town is under and along the base of a mountain and the houses stand very close together and in order to get from one to the other, one is obliged to scramble over rocks that require the use of hands as well as feet. In a great many parts of the city are beautiful yards filled with cocoa, orange, lemon and other trees loaded with fruits and flowers. They are mostly enclosed by high walls; but in many instances they remain exposed to view, the walls being shaken down by an earthquake that destroyed the city a few years ago. Ruins of old Spanish houses, and walls, and courts can be seen in every direction.

The markets are open each day from daylight in the morning till 8 o'clock, A. M., and again from dark until 9 o'clock P. M. Everything sold is by the women. It is a sight to see them there by hundreds sitting around upon the bare ground with their wooden bowls and trays before them—generally smoking a cigar, and selling their fruits &c. The market indeed consists almost entirely of fruit—and of such a variety and quality as to almost surpass belief.

They have almost all the fruits of the northern clime, and all those of the southern, to write the names of each kind would fill a half column in your paper. The natives almost entirely live upon their fruit, which has been so bountifully provided for them. The natives are not a large class of men, but well formed and very active, and what is remarkable they keep themselves very clean and neat, this may easily be accounted for, by their being in the water half of the time, the women bathe daily as well as the men. The Senoritas generally, are very good looking, some of them quite pretty. Their hair is the most beautiful ornament about their person—jet black and very fine it reaches almost to their feet, they are very proud of this and take great pains in displaying it to the best advantage; they are easily got acquainted with, and are very fond of the Americans. It is customary for the Americans to be very polite to them, bringing them cigars &c. and sitting down in some cool verandah and pass away the time as pleasantly as if chatting away with some of our own fair girls. I have heard much opposition expressed against smoking, and I sometimes had an idea of stopping myself, but hereafter I will smoke for the sake of the enjoyment I have seen here.

Our vessel sails for San Francisco to-morrow to day is the 20th, she is now filling an almost ready cargo, and is expected to arrive in the port with one hundred and fifty passengers, she is direct from Panama, but made very slow time almost forty days coming here. I forgot to say that we were until the 8th inst. before we arrived at this port—48 days, we calculated when we left, of most of those on board, to be in San Francisco, in thirty days, so you see how they are disappointed, we are now some 1500 miles from Panama and two thousand from the former place. Capt. Singer calculates it will take us full as long to get there as it has to come this far, our captain is a good seaman and upon several occasions we have been placed in positions that required an experienced man upon the sea, he has always been equal to any emergency as yet and all have confidence in him. My friend H. C. Overton is well and in fine spirits, he looks more like a Spaniard than an American, were you to see him at a Fandango dancing with a Senorita you would think him one in truth, tanned by the sun and his face covered with beard you would hardly know him. My respects to friends.

Respectfully yours, THO. B. OVERTON.

ACCIDENT.—Mr. Richard N. Horton, of Sheshquin township, was thrown from his wagon, on Saturday last, and instantly killed.

AN ACCIDENT occurred on the New York and New Brunswick Railroad, on Wednesday last, near Jersey City, which it is feared will result in loss of life to a German Girl aged about 15. She was crossing the track and looking toward a train—the 4 o'clock train from Newark—which was in front of her; when another train coming from the opposite direction, knocked her down and bruised her severely. The train was immediately stopped, and the conductor, Mr. J. W. Woodruff, remained with her affording every assistance in his power to alleviate her sufferings, and procured the attendance of several physicians from Jersey City, who dressed her wounds—from the condition of which, however they thought her recovery doubtful.—Newark Advertiser.

An Indian was hung at Chippewa Falls on Sunday morning, by order of Judge Lynch. He had stabbed a Frenchman named Marshal. The Indian was one of several brothers who have been the terror of their own tribe as well as of the white.—Pittsburgh Post