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SEEKING THE GOLDEN FLEECE;

A RECORD

OF PIONEER LIFE IN CALIFORNIA :

TO WHICH IS ANNEXED

FOOTPRINTS OF EARLY NAVIGATORS, OTHER THAN

SPANISH, IN CALIFORNIA ;

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF

THE VOYAGE OF THE SCHOONER DOLPHIN.

BY

J. D. B. STILLMAN.

(WITH PLATES.)

C.

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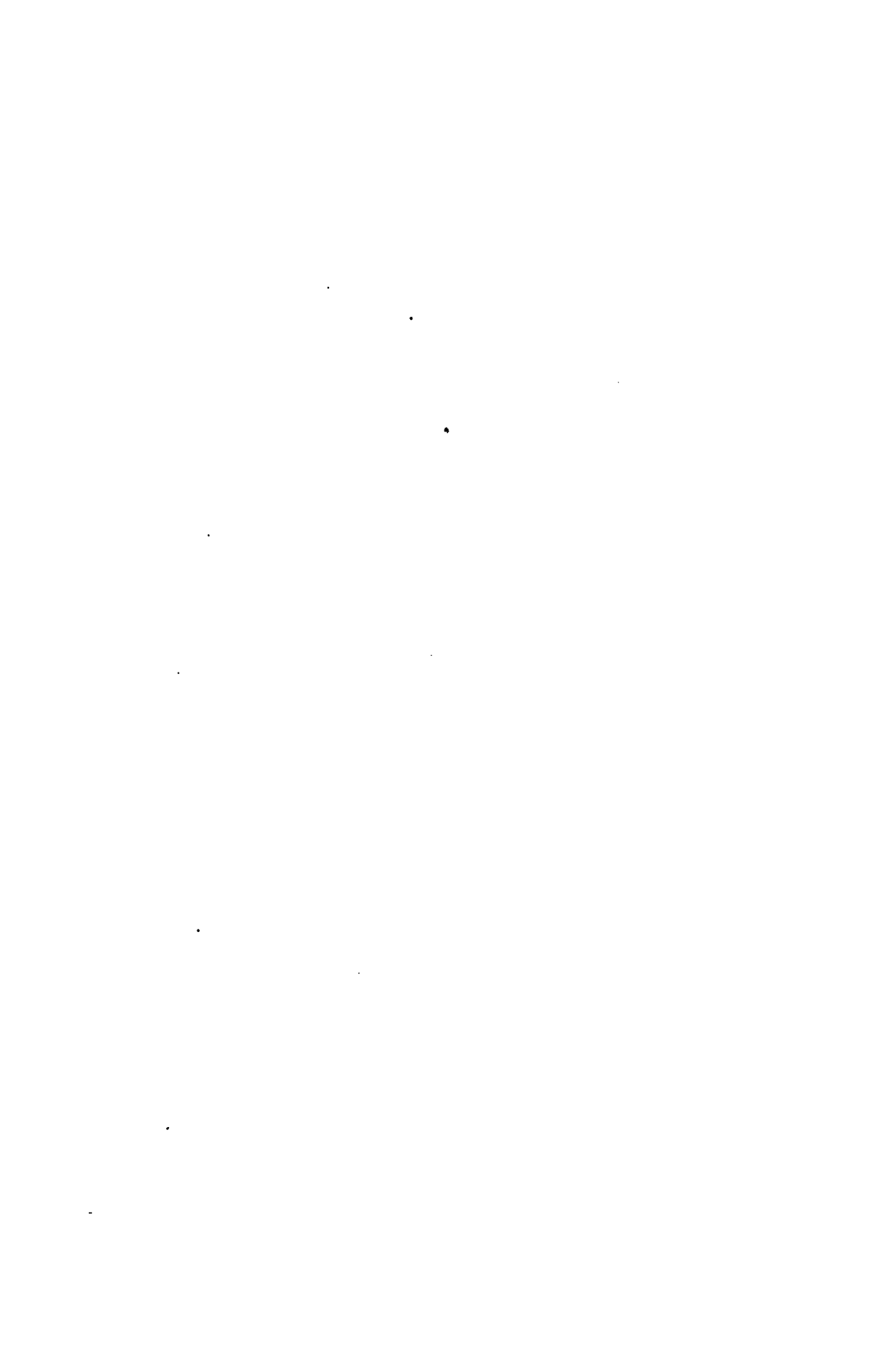


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TO THE
ARGONAUTS OF CALIFORNIA.

THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO YOU AS A
MEMORIAL OF EXPERIENCES WHICH, WITH SLIGHT
VARIATIONS, WERE COMMON TO YOU ALL.



PREFACE.

THERE are many Argonauts still living, and more of their descendants, to whom the following pages bear more than a passing interest. To some they will restore the rapidly fading recollection of events in which they bore their part, and faces of companions who, one by one, have dropped into the Lethean stream. The reader will find little to found a claim for the writer to anything above the average experience of his fellow pioneers; but it was his fortune to have had his letters and journal preserved through all the disasters by flood and fire that have proved so destructive to manuscript records of that eventful year in California. The return from San Francisco, by the way of Central America, was written out at the end of the journey from notes kept by the way, but the first portion of the book is made up from letters written to friends at home. The writer asks for them the charitable consideration of the public. They were written in the careless confidence of affection, without the thought that the time would ever come when any portion of them would be of interest

beyond the domestic hearth. A literary friend, whose judgment I respect and whose motives I cannot question, urged me, some years since, to give them to the public, and a portion of them was published in the *Overland Monthly*. The favorable reception they met with is my apology for reproducing them in the present form.

If the pleasure to the reader derived from their perusal shall be equal to the pain experienced by the writer in re-perusing these old letters (stained as many of them are with tears, and upon which death long since set the seal of silence), it will be some compensation.

I can repeat very appropriately the words of Æneas to Dido :

*“Infandum regina, jubes renovare dolorem ;
* * * quæque ipse miserrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui.”*

Perhaps no apology will be needed for introducing an address delivered by me on a late celebration of the Pioneer Society. As a summary of the history of that eventful year, it seems a fitting introduction to the personal history that follows.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE lapse of a quarter of a century since the occurrence of the stirring scenes in which you were all actors furnishes a proper occasion to take a retrospective view of them.

A quarter of a century is but a moment in the life of a nation; but to us, as individuals, it has marked the best years we had to give—what remains to us, at best, is the memory of them. Twenty-five years ago, our brethren told us to go in freedom's name and possess the land—"to read no more history until you have made it." May we not now, in the waning light of the past meridian of our lives, read some of the pages of the history that we have made?

The progress of the human race within the historic period has not been uniform, like the operation of the laws that have governed it. This is true, in whatever direction we contemplate it: in religion, government, social science, and in whatever constitutes the present condition of the civilized world. In nothing is this more manifest than in its migrations; gradually accumulating within given boundaries, tribes have suddenly burst their barriers and flowed out into new lands, submerging their

previous inhabitants. These movements have been determined by some new condition or necessity. The evolution of new ideas in religion, and the tyrannical efforts to suppress them, peopled the shores of New England, where for two centuries the pent-up race was gathering its forces for the next movement; when the introduction of steam as a locomotive power gave to it a new impulse, which has spread it, in a time within the memory of men now living, across the whole breadth of the continent. Who of us that were reared on the Atlantic sea-board cannot remember the yearnings that came over us in our boyhood to try our fortunes in the pathless wilds of the great West, where our cousins had already gone, half regretful of the better fortune that kept us at home? Then the pine forests of the Alleghanies were the *ultima thule* of our westward yearnings.

The Erie Canal had just then opened the way to the fulfillment of Bishop Berkeley's prophetic lines. The Western Reserve, then Michigan and Wisconsin, became successively the "far west;" at length the railway, superseding the slow-paced locomotion of its predecessors, practically annihilated distance, and brought the long dissevered members of one family again into social relation. With the era of internal improvement, the Celt and the Scandinavian began their remarkable migration that filled up our towns and spread out upon the prairies, closing up the avenues to emigration by the native born, by giving larger fields for enterprise in commerce and manufactures at home.

The great valley of the Mississippi rapidly filled up with organized industries. A few hardy adventurers had pushed their way over the desert slopes of the Rocky Mountains—

“ To lose themselves in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon.”

And Texas still lured the heroic spirit to adventure and death; but the great heart of the nation was engaged in the various industries of civilized life, accumulating wealth, and consolidating its power—the poetic age of the North American pioneer seemed drawing to its close.

Such was the state of affairs when the close of the war with Mexico opened a new field for enterprise and an epoch in the history of the nation. The year was exceedingly favorable for great movements. The thunder of artillery was yet reverberating in the political sky, the air was full of the lightning of revolution, the public nerve was quick and apprehensive. Europe was heaving from center to circumference with the evolution of political ideas; France, having banished her King, had asserted the equality and brotherhood of man; the Emperor of Austria was a fugitive from his capital among the Tyrolese, alone faithful; roused by the matchless eloquence of Kossuth, the Hungarians had driven their oppressors from her soil; the Kingdom of Naples had forever banished the Bourbons from its borders; the Pope had fled from Rome before the triumphant Republicans; Venice was in arms; the King of Bavaria abdicated his throne; the capital of Prussia was in a state of siege; a

change of ministry alone saved the crown of Saxony; Spain, Portugal, and Sardinia, were saved from the ravages of revolution by concessions to the popular demand for larger liberty; Ireland, under the lead of Smith O'Brien, was in revolt; and India was bleeding at every pore in a death struggle for rights wrested from her by conquest. In short, everywhere throughout the world, wherever the seeds of civil liberty had been planted, the earth was heaving with their germinal energy.

The region between the Snowy Mountains and the Pacific Ocean, acquired by the Treaty with Mexico, was at this time almost as little known as the heart of Africa. From the time of its discovery down to a recent period it had been closed to all strangers with a Japanese exclusiveness. The hardy Douglas had explored its mountains and revealed some of the wonders of their flora; its sea-ports had been visited by eastern traders to collect the hides and tallow of cattle raised in the vicinity of the missions; deserters from these and from whaling ships touching along the coast had found their way into the interior and taken grants of land in the watered valleys of the Coast Mountains, or led a vagabond life about the sea-ports as "beach-combers."

The trappers of Bonneville* told wondering listeners around their camp fires in the Rocky Mountains of personal adventures in California as in a region of enchantment, where it was always Spring or Summer, where the rivers were choked with salmon, and the plains swarming with game.

*See Irving's "Adventures of Captain Bonneville."

In 1844 was published Farnham's* "Travels in California." His "Travels" may be considered as the exponent of all that was at that time known of the interior of California. He said: "California is an incomparable wilderness—a wilderness of groves and lawns, broken by deep and rich ravines. Along the ocean is a world of vegetable beauty, on the sides of the mountains are the mightiest trees of the earth, on the heights are the eternal snows lighted by volcanic fires." The valley of the San Joaquin he represents as the great hunting ground of the Californians; "vast herds of wild horses and elk are met with in all parts of it. The latter animal, the noble elk, is hunted by the Spaniards for his hide and tallow. These people go out in large companies with fleet horses and lasso them, as they do bullocks near the coast. The deer, also, and antelope, are found in great numbers, and are killed for the same purpose. The grizzly bear inhabits the mountain sides and upper vales; these are so numerous, fat, and large, that a common sized ship might be laden with oil from the hunt of a single season. A noble and valuable vale is that of the San Joaquin; six hundred miles of prairie covered with grass and wild oats, cut by streams, shaded with lofty forests."

Of the valley of the Sacramento he presented a still more fascinating picture. "The oak, the plain

*Thomas J. Farnham was a teacher in Northern New York, afterwards a lawyer in Illinois, whence he made the overland journey to Oregon in 1840, returning by way of the Sandwich Islands and California. He returned to California in 1844-5, and died at San Francisco, September 13th, 1848. The *New York Tribune* says of his accounts, that "they are the best ever written."

fabulous river, the Buenaventura, that was supposed to have its rise in the Rocky Mountains, and, flowing westward, to discharge its waters into San Francisco Bay! His visit was short, but his account was authentic, and contributed powerfully to draw public attention to this country. "Distance lent enchantment to the view," and the Mexican flag alone saved it at that time from the inroads of our pioneers. Two years later Edwin Bryant crossed the Sierras and entered the valley of the Sacramento, on the track of Fremont. His journal* was published in 1848, after possession had been taken by the United States forces. It passed rapidly through several editions, and attracted universal attention. Writing in early September, at Sutter's Fort, near the junction of the American Fork with the Sacramento, he said: "It is scarcely possible to imagine a more delightful temperature or a climate which is more agreeable and uniform. The sky is cloudless, without the slightest film of vapor apparent in all the vast azure vault. At night, so pure is the atmosphere, that the moon gives a light sufficiently powerful for the purposes of the reader or student who has good eye-sight. There is no necessity of burning the midnight oil. Nature here lights the candle for the bookworm." He told of wild horses in great droves, quietly grazing in bands of one or two hundred; of herds of elk numbering thousands; of beef so abundant that no one cared to hunt for game, which was so tame as scarcely to run from the traveler.

* "What I Saw in California." D. Appleton & Co., N. Y.

Such were the fascinating pictures presented to us of this, at that time, the least known and most inaccessible of any maritime country on the globe. What charm could have been added to the description by poet's pen, or with what tint could fancy, with her pencil dipped in the colors of the spectrum, have touched the picture, to make it more fascinating, to stir more deeply the daring enthusiasm of American youth?

Grecian Arcadia was but a poet's dream. To us, in our green, sinewy youth, it had become possible to gaze upon the true gardens of the Hesperides in the far, far West, and no hundred-headed serpent to be encountered. *

As soon as the treaty with Mexico gave undisputed authority to the United States over Upper California, arrangements were set on foot to open communications between it and the Atlantic's coast by a line of mail steamers, but, before these steamers could take their stations, and almost before they had left the port of New York, the spark that had been wanting to fire the magazine was struck.

In October, 1848, private letters from California to the "States" reported that there was great excitement throughout Upper California, on account of the discovery of gold on the American River, and that business was suspended, while all the male population had gone off to search for gold; but the accounts were not generally credited and attracted but little attention, though some ridicule.

An officer of the navy wrote to the *Richmond Enquirer*, from La Paz, Lower California, with

affected gravity: "The riches of the Arabian Nights are not to be compared with the California gold mines, and, indeed, the wealth of the entire world is a mere drop when compared with the golden harvest of California. We shall visit the gold bed in our surveying expedition, and, if it only requires to be shoveled up, we will fill several sacks and take them on board!" Those who first manifested symptoms of the "gold fever" were made the butts of ridicule and targets for the arrows of wit. "Do you know the meaning of the word California?" said one. "It is derived from the Indian words, *Kali*, signifying gold, and *forna-who*, don't you wish you may get it?"

The New Orleans *Commercial Times*, of November 24th, published the first news of an official character confirming the rumors. The President's Message was given to the public on the 5th of December, and the report of Colonel Mason, Military Governor of California, accompanying it, appeared on the 8th. The effect was electric, though many still doubted; but with every breeze that was borne from the shores of the Pacific came confirmation of all that had been told, with still more startling revelations. Wherever explorations were made throughout the region drained by the tributaries of the Sacramento and San Joaquin, gold was found in inexhaustible quantities. The Bay of San Francisco was thronged with vessels of every nation, abandoned by officers and crews, all intent on gold digging. A hundred dollars a day was said to have been the average reward to each

man. Three-fourths of the houses in San Francisco and Monterey were deserted. And still the excitement grew.

Long before the intelligence had reached the United States, it had spread to all the shores and islands of the great Pacific, and the placers were overrun with Indians, Kanakas, Marquesans, Peruvians, Chicanos, of all sorts and colors; in fact, with all the floating people wherever the birds of fame had flown with the seductive intelligence. A correspondent of a New York paper at the Sandwich Islands, writing in November, 1848, stated that the excitement exceeded that at a Presidential election in the United States. Twenty-seven vessels had already left for San Francisco, carrying six hundred persons. Before the close of the year four thousand Chicanos were at the mines, and the numbers were only limited by the capacity of vessels available for transportation. The Winter rains closed the campaign on this motley throng at the mines. Without government or law it could not have been otherwise than attended by scenes of blood and violence; that there were not more than were reported could only have been accounted for on the theory that the earth yielded her treasures too readily to excuse robbery.

The mail ships *California*, *Panama*,* and *Oregon*, the pioneer steamers that have survived all the dangers that have caused the destruction of so many of their successors, sailed from New York

*The *Panama*, having been disabled by an accident to her machinery, put back to New York, and before she sailed again was overtaken by the storm.

before the excitement began. Nineteen vessels cleared from the various ports of the United States before the end of the month, the most of them for Chagres and Mexican ports. With the opening of the New Year the fever had spread like a pestilence through every village and town throughout the land; on every side the notes of preparation for the long journey were sounding. The *Tribune*, near the close of January, said "a resident of New York, coming back after a three months' absence, would wonder at the word 'California,' seen everywhere in glaring letters, and at the columns of vessels advertised in the papers, about to sail for San Francisco. He would be puzzled at seeing a new class of men in the streets, in a peculiar costume—broad, felt hats of a reddish brown hue, loose, rough coats reaching to the knee, and high boots. Californians throng the streets; several of the hotels are almost filled with them, and, though large numbers leave every day, there is no apparent diminution of their numbers. Even those who have watched the gradual progress of the excitement are astonished at its extent and intensity. The ordinary course of business seems for the time to be changed; bakers keep their ovens hot day and night, turning out immense quantities of ship bread, without supplying the demand; the provision stores of all kinds are besieged by orders. Manufacturers of rubber goods, rifles, pistols, bowie knives, etc., can scarcely supply the demand." At the close of the month ninety vessels had sailed from the various ports, carrying nearly eight thou-

sand men, and seventy more ships were up for passage.

Never since the Crusades was such a movement known; not a family but had one or more representatives gone or preparing to go. Every man was a walking arsenal, prepared for every emergency but that of not coming back loaded with gold. Though leaving home with all its endearments—fathers, mothers, sisters, wives and children—on a journey that could not occupy less than two years in time, to encounter perils by sea and land, from sickness, and all those dangers that environ the adventurer in a new land, yet all these considerations were overborne by that wild enthusiasm that found utterance in such extravagant song as that of which the following is a remembered stanza:

“ I soon shall be in Frisco,
 And then I'll look all 'round,
 And when I see the gold lumps there
 I'll pick 'em off the ground ;
 I'll scrape the mountains clean, my boys,
 I'll drain the rivers dry,
 A pocket full of rocks bring home—
 So, brothers, don't you cry.

Oh! California,
 That's the land for me,
 I'm bound for San Francisco,
 With my wash-bowl on my knee.”

The columns of the daily papers were filled with paragraphs giving accounts of the movement, lists of passengers gone or going, and advertisements of everything that could be sold to them, from California gingerbread to patent rockers, gold sift-

ers, and patent medicines. Public lectures were given on the geological relations of gold and the means of testing, refining and assaying, with voluntary advice from those who did not know to those who did not care how to preserve health.

The following lines from a poem on California, by an anonymous bard, called out by the prevailing enthusiasm, will serve to illustrate the spirit of the times:

From the sunny Southern Islands, from the Asiatic coast,
The Orient and the Occident are mingled in the host,
The glowing star of Empire has forever stayed its way,
And its western limb is resting o'er San Francisco Bay.

A hundred sails already swell to catch the willing breeze,
A hundred keels are cleaving through the blue Atlantic seas,
Full many a thousand leagues behind their tardy courses borne
For a hundred masts already strain beyond the stormy Horn.

Soon from the channel of St. George and from the Levant shore,
To swell the emigrating tide, another host shall pour
To that far land beyond the west where labor lords the soil,
And thankless tasks shall ne'er be done by unrequited toil

To the banks of distant rivers whose flashing waves have rolled
For long and countless centuries above neglected gold,
Where nature holds a double gift within her lavish hand,
And teeming fields of yellow grain strike root in golden sand.

Companies for mining and trading were formed in every considerable town, and those who could not go subscribed to the stock and sent a representative. Editors, who in the columns of their papers had discouraged the movement and exhorted the young men to be satisfied with the slow gains of home industry and stand by their households, sold out, and, by virtue of their character as repre-

sentatives of the Press, obtained extraordinary facilities for transportation, and anticipated the quickest of us at the gold mines by at least a month. Ministers of the gospel raised their voices against the danger of riches, and, like Cassandra, prophesied unutterable woes upon the country, and started in the first ship as missionaries to San Francisco. Physicians, impatient at the slow action of alterants, sold their horses, and, leaving their uncollected accounts with their families, procured a good supply of musket balls and Dupont's best rifle powder, and shoved off for the land of gold, to the tune of "Oh, Susanna!"

Human ingenuity was racked to invent huge labor-saving machines to facilitate the separation of the gold from the gravel and soil with which it was supposed to be mixed. Patented machines with cranks, pumps, overshot wheel attachments, and powerful engines, were constructed to be placed on scows and driven by steam, to dredge the beds of rivers, which were believed to be of almost pure gold; buckets, with auger and valve attachment at the bottom, and long iron handles, to prospect the subaqueous deposits; and even diving bells were constructed for deeper water.

If the foundations of that part of San Francisco which was built upon the site of the anchorage of that day could be raised to view, in the blue mud would be revealed a world of curious and costly contrivances, that fell still-born over the ship's side, unable to survive an instant's contact with the cold world of practical facts.

As the Winter advanced, the excitement continued to increase. At the Isthmus of Panama two or three thousand persons were collected waiting transportation; every craft that could float was readily taken up at an extraordinary price and fitted up for the long voyage. Sometimes with canvas covering alone to their hatches, and without carrying capacity for their supplies, they set out with as many passengers as could hang on,* and, had the seas over which they sailed been as stormy as the Atlantic, few would ever have reached their destination. The steamer *California*, like all other vessels at San Francisco, was deserted, and mail communication was cut off. In the meantime, fevers and other tropical diseases were ravaging the defenseless emigrants.

One party, in a small craft, having ascended the coast as far as Cape St. Lucas, and becoming discouraged at the difficulties encountered in the continuous head winds and calms, which so successfully baffled the nautical skill of the old Spanish voyagers two hundred years before, abandoned their vessel and pushed their toilsome way along the whole peninsula of Lower California on foot, subsisting on cacti and rattlesnakes, and, after enduring hardships and privations that seem incredible, reached San Diego, naked and emaciated in the last degree. (See Appendix A.)

At the approach of Spring, the main body of the

*The schooner *Phoenix*, seventy tons and sixty passengers, was one hundred and fifteen days on the passage; and the *Two Friends*, two hundred and six tons, carried one hundred and sixty-four passengers, and was five and a half months in reaching San Francisco.

gold hunters were gathering along the frontier line preparing to take up the line of march across the continent.

This grand army, variously estimated at from twenty-five to forty thousand, covered the plains with their canvas-covered wagons, representing every section of the Union, if not every town.

On the appearance of grass upon the plains the grand march began. The long-g geared prairie schooners* of the veteran frontiersmen of Missouri and Arkansas, commingled with the square-bodied wagons from the northwest, and the light, gaily painted ones, with all the modern improvements, from down east, poured a continuous line of march by every route leading to the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains. "Persons in every variety of circumstances were forming an unbroken column in carts, in wagons, on horses, on mules, and even on foot; men, women and children, even women with infants at their breasts, trudging along on foot."†

The Asiatic cholera, which had made its appearance in the Atlantic seaboard early in the Winter, began its ravages on the parties moving by the southern routes. The mortality was fearful; whole companies were cut off, and others so reduced that they were compelled to return. While encamped at the frontier towns, Independence and St. Josephs, the mortality was very great, and it followed the

*A name given to the wagons built on the model of the Santa Fé traders, so named from the great shear given to the bodies.

†St. Louis *Union*, May 25th.

emigrants like wolves on the track of the buffalo; the camps were everywhere marked with hurriedly made graves.

Swollen rivers were to be forded; bottom lands, miry with Spring rains, to be crossed, stalling the heavily loaded teams every hour; the plain was strewn with the débris of broken and abandoned wagons. The wagons were often unloaded and reloaded twenty times a day. Whole towns could have been fed with stores abandoned by the way. Harassed by hostile tribes of Indians, they passed the day in incessant toil, and the night in standing guard. Many, overcome by unexpected difficulties and hardships to which they were unaccustomed, abandoned the enterprise and returned home. But their absence could not be noticed in the immense throng that pushed on over every obstacle.

At length, as the higher and dryer ground was reached, somewhat more order was gained. Experience had chastened their impatience and taught them how to apply their energies to the best results, but, through inexperience and haste, the animals' strength were already exhausted, and they began to fall; and before they reached the Pass, the losses of stock became serious, and necessitated the abandonment of supplies whose loss became of grave consequence before the end of the journey was reached. At the Mormon settlements, in the valley of the Great Salt Lake, they halted for several weeks for their stock to recuperate for the dreaded passage of the desert. Along the valley

of the Humboldt, through the interminable sage plains, covered with alkali like a hoar frost, under a burning midsummer sun, they dragged their slow way, worn down with the hardships of the past, and dreading the still severer trials before them. The want of vegetable food now began to develop scorbutic disease among the emigrants; still, with brave hearts they pushed on; the valley of the Sacramento, the land of promise, was before them; its golden vision was their cloud by day and pillar of fire by night, to guide them through the wilderness.

So thoroughly were the animals of the emigrants worn out by the long journey that, when it became necessary to leave the friendly waters of the Humboldt and strike across the desert to the streams that flowed down to meet them from the Sierras, though the distance did not exceed forty to sixty miles, it was too great; it was the last ounce that proved too much for their endurance. No pen can describe the suffering endured on that terrible route; cattle were detached from the wagons, everything that could retard their flight was abandoned, in the despairing efforts to reach water. The ground was macadamized with guns, ox-chains, and every kind of things that had not already been abandoned; and to this day the plain in every direction is covered with the bleached bones of the faithful beasts that perished on that fatal desert. To the banks of the Carson and Truckee they staggered, and men and animals, in one common herd, rushed into the water with tongues swollen

and eyes red and glaring. Men, having slaked their thirst, filled their canteens and returned to revive those that were exhausted on the way.

Many trains, to avoid this desert, were induced to take a more circuitous route to the north, known as Lassen's Cut-off, which proved but a delusion and a snare. The snow of the Sierras overtook the rear of the column before they had crossed the mountains, and relief parties were sent out from Sacramento to their assistance.

When at last the valley of the Sacramento was reached, the supply of food suited to their wants was not to be obtained. The first arrivals of the fleet from the Atlantic ports, in June, found the harbor of San Francisco already covered with a fleet of foreigners, and by midsummer the Bay presented a scene that never has had and never can have its equal. Away to the mines, like cattle to water! In row-boats, crowded on the decks of schooners, brigs and barks (for the Sacramento was then navigable for such), they hurried to "get their pile" and return home before the Winter rains. Goods were sacrificed, because they could not be carried, or were not immediately required; and before the placers were reached many that had started from home with stores sufficient for a year found themselves without enough to sustain life for a week. Companies, formed at starting for mutual protection, fell apart like ropes of sand, and each man took the course that seemed to him best. Over those arid plains and hills, through chaparral and the poisonous rhus, with his pan, pick and

bundle of blankets, sweating as it were great drops of blood, he plodded on in search of new and richer mines, from the Trinity in the north to King's River in the south, over wealth untold, in search of the El Dorado of his heated imagination. Sleeping upon the ground in regions infested with miasma, subsisting on food that would have destroyed the digestion of a coyote, he fell an easy prey to camp diseases with the first rains. Many, with becoming energy and forethought, provided shelter for themselves by building canvas or log cabins, but the greater number became dependent for shelter and sustenance at the cost of all they had to offer.

Memory draws a veil over the harrowing scenes of that memorable Winter, but through its tattered folds are revealed glimpses of misery more than enough; faces pale and haggard with wasting disease; faces calm with the courage of despair; tears of beardless youth, overcome by home sickness and longing to return to their father's house, where they knew the fatted calf would welcome them back; the strong man dying, where no kind hand of woman administered to his wants, calling in muttered delirium upon the name of loved ones, who listened long and vainly for his returning footsteps; of heartless selfishness and the noblest charity; of the pietist turned fiend, and the outlaw transfigured to a saint; we wake from the reverie as from a troubled dream. As we revisit the scenes of those sorrowful reminiscences, we wonder if they can be the same!

When Spring again returned with healing on its wings, at least ten thousand young and hopeful hearts, who a year before had set out on the long journey with cheers and song, were sleeping their last sleep beneath the wild flowers.

It was the memory of these terrible experiences endured by the early immigration that formed the basis of that bond of union that resulted in the organization of the Society of Pioneers, experiences of which those who entered the State at a later period can have no adequate conception.

The estimates made by a Committee of the Constitutional Convention, in a memorial to Congress, in March, 1850, of which Hon. Wm. M. Gwin was Chairman, place the number that arrived at the port of San Francisco, from the 11th of April to January 1st, 1850, at 29,069, of which 22,069 were Americans, and 7,000 foreigners. They estimate, also, the number who arrived by sea prior to the 11th of April and after January 1st, 1849, at 6,000, and 2,000 by land from Sonora, Mexico; and the number in California on the 1st of January, 1849, at 26,000. They give the number who arrived by Santa Fè and the Gila at 8,000, and that by the South Pass at 25,000, the number of seamen who deserted the ships arriving in the country at 3,000, and the number of Mexicans arriving by land at 6,000 to 8,000.

The total population on the 1st of January, 1850, could not have been less than 100,000, made up of every nation and language on the globe. The State Constitution was adopted, and the machinery

of government under it put in motion on November 13th, 1849, by the popular vote, and it seems to be the event whose anniversary should be celebrated by us. The admission of the State into the Union ten months later was no act of ours, but a tardy recognition by Congress of an inevitable fact, which, if celebrated at all, should be by those who have been chiefly benefited, the manufacturing States. The advent of the American immigration was the advent of law and order; the darker races rapidly disappeared before the superior intelligence and energy of the rightful owners of the soil. Of the character of that immigration, all accounts agree with the high testimonial of the *New York Tribune*: "The class of our citizens which is leaving us for El Dorado is of the better sort, well educated, industrious and respectable, such as we regret to part with. The rowdies, whom we could well spare, cannot, as a general thing, fit themselves out for so long a voyage."* But with greater satisfaction we can now, after the lapse of a quarter of a century, point to results to vindicate the virtue and intelligence of the pioneers.

Of those who returned to their old homes to enjoy the fruits of their enterprise we know but little, we pity them much; their places have been filled by successors nurtured in the same school, and bred to the same love of our common country, ambitious of its development, jealous of its honor as of their own. To them and our children we leave this beloved land, sanctified to us by our

**New York Tribune*, January 26th, 1849.

early sufferings and watered with our tears. We have not all realized the hopes that made radiant the morning of our lives and sustained us through so great hardships ;—fortune was ever a capricious goddess.

Those whose pious prayers followed us in our long westward journey, and who waited so long our return, sleep in their honored graves.

Our affections still linger with fond yearnings around our old homesteads—

“ Still dear to our hearts are the scenes of our childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view,
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild wood,
And every loved spot which our infancy knew.”

Proud as we are of this glorious State we have founded, we turn, like the fire worshippers, our faces to the East, with the profoundest reverence, and pray, “God bless our native land!”

CHAPTER I.

Discomfort at sea—A storm—Brutality of the Captain—The Portuguese man-of-war—Flying fish—Narrow escape—Tropical rains—A shark—Phosphorescence of the sea—"Corpsants"—The "doldrums"—Diamond fish—Novel cloud phenomena—Signalizing a ship—Row with the Captain—Jim Morgan—Inhumanity at sea—Board a slaver—Land, ho!—The bark *Architect*—Encounter a Prussian armed brig—Arrive at Rio—Bring suit against the Captain—Life in Rio—Removal of Captain Tibbets—Captain Easterbrook.

SHIP PACIFIC, AT SEA.

February 26, 1849.

We have now been thirty-four days out from New York, and, as we will be at Rio Janerio in a few days, I will use the opportunity while I have it to write you a brief account of our voyage. I shall quote chiefly from my journal:

Our anchor was dropped in the lower bay, as the owner and Captain were left behind to disengage themselves from sundry attachments that had been served upon the ship by disaffected passengers. The ship was all in confusion; the deck piled with lumber, fore and aft, higher than our heads, and water-casks arrayed on both sides, leaving barely passage-ways, and the whole was covered by six inches of new-fallen snow. There was no fire to

warm us, and we turned into our berths to avoid freezing. About eleven o'clock, at night, a tug came alongside with the Captain, Mr. Griffin, and a few passengers left behind. The Captain's voice was heard louder than the steam blowing off from the tug. "There goes my bag overboard," shouted one of the belated passengers; "please, Captain, won't you lower a boat and get my bag—it contains all my clothes for the voyage?" "Go to h—l with your baggage. Do you suppose I'm going to lower a boat to get your bag? Why don't you take care of it?" We tumbled up to see what was going on. It was very dark; we were all strangers to each other, and for the first time I saw Mr. Griffin, the owner. He had found a demijohn of brandy on the deck, and, taking a good draught, he passed it around, and all who were so disposed followed his example, until the precious contents were gone—no one knew at whose expense until the next morning, when the name of "Fred Griffin, with the compliments of —," was found on the tag. This was the theme of some merriment, but what increased the enjoyment was the discovery that the bag of clothing lost overboard was the property of the Captain. Our anchor was up at four o'clock, in the morning, and we stood out past the Hook.

January 23d, 1849.—Cold and cheerless. Many sea-sick; others silent, trying to get warm in their bunks. We have about ninety passengers. I would like to see a man that don't wish he was home again. I have not been sea-sick, but am

dreadfully hungry, and can't get any decent food to quell the cravings. Captain an old Turk; tells us to go to h—l, if we can't eat raw mush and "old junk."

On the third day out the wind freshened from the southwest and continued to increase until night. As it increased, sail after sail was furled, until we were running under double-reefed topsails and going at a furious rate. The Captain looked unconcerned, and it was not for me to worry, so I turned in, though not without some uneasiness, as the Captain, when he left the deck, told the mate to let no one sleep on his watch. There were others beside the watch who did not sleep that night.

The next day was a very unhappy one. The gale still continued, the sea was rough, nine-tenths of the passengers were sick, and in all the ship there was not a cheerful sound. On the following morning the wind shifted to the northeast, but continued so severe that no more sail was spread. This state of things continued until Monday, when the wind died away, and in the morning there was a general turn-out. The sick were spread out on the cabin roof—reading, writing, and music were the order of the day—some were towing fish-lines over the stern, others shooting at sea birds far out of range. The wet sails flap against the mast, as the ship rolls lazily on the bosom of the ocean sobbing itself to sleep.

In the afternoon the wind again sprang up from the southwest, and by the following morning we

were again under close-reefed topsails. The gale continued to increase until Thursday, about noon. This was by far the most exciting day that we have yet experienced. The barometer continued to fall, and the Captain, who had hardly left the deck during forty-eight hours, looked troubled. The ship rolled violently, and, though running before the wind, we could make ourselves comfortable in no situation. About two o'clock, a dark line was visible in the northwest horizon, and the Captain's quick eye caught the meaning. He took his station beside the capstan, and sent the first mate to the wheel. Twenty minutes had not passed when a scene was presented that defies description. As the gale came on, the tops of the waves were cut off and lifted and driven like drifting snow, filling the air with spray, so that we could not see twice the ship's length. It now seemed that the ship, heavily loaded as she was, had as much as she could bear, groaning through all her frame, and at every plunge it would appear that the next wave must bury us. Just as the squall struck us, the Captain called to the man at the wheel to "port," but so much noise did the wind make, that the order was not heard, and, before the course could be changed, our lee scuppers were under water. We were now in the trough of the sea, our scuppers alternately under water, and everything in the cabin was thrown into confusion. In a few minutes the wind again blew steadily, and a most animated conversation was kept up for some time, when all took occasion to express the feelings that

had been pent up in the excitement of the moment.

February 1st.—The weather has become mild, and heavy clothing is generally discarded. The wind has been fresh from the southwest, and we have been running to the eastward; think the Captain is going to make the Azores. Some of the passengers are still sea-sick. I went to the Captain to ask for some gruel for Angel, who has not been able to sit up since we sailed. The old brute said “he might come to the table with the rest, or go without; this sea-sickness is all nonsense.”

February 2d.—We have sailed two thousand miles—are going about nine knots. A meeting of the passengers was called, to consider our treatment and devise a remedy, James Morgan in the chair. A Committee was appointed to draw up a remonstrance, and report to-morrow. Committee: J. Ross Browne, N. D. Morgan, and Hiram Bingham.

The next day we met again and adopted a respectable remonstrance, stating our grievances—that we had paid for first class cabin passage, that we were to have the same fare as the Captain and family, instead of which we were fed on food that was coarse, badly cooked, and no better than that fed to the crew. When the Committee presented it, he stood on the after-deck and refused to receive it, abused us all roundly, and told us that if he had any more trouble with us, he would fire the magazine and blow us all to h—l together. We don't fear the threat, and doubt his ability to accomplish the alternative. Some of us have higher expectations.

February 7th.—To-day crossed the Tropic of

Cancer; have fine weather. Yesterday the Captain whipped Charley, Sherwood's negro boy, who shipped as assistant steward to work his passage. Sherwood remonstrated, for Charley was an old family domestic, who was born and reared in his father's house. In the hurry to escape from the clutches of the law, the ship had left behind the steward and the assistant cook, and poor Charley had more duty to perform than he was capable of; hence the flogging. Soon after, the following notice was posted up: "Any person interfering with the Captain of this ship will be put in irons during the pleasure of the Captain. Signed, Tibbets, ship *Pacific*." The resources of the passengers for amusement seem inexhaustible, and in the moonlight evenings we have singing. Dr. Beale plays the violin, Mr. Gulick the accordeon, Allen the flute, and Stout the key-bugle. Dr. Beale sings well, too, and we get into the lower rigging and on the quarter-rail and sing, "Roll on Silver Moon," and all the songs we know. This running down the trades is delightful sailing. We have our awnings up, and almost as much sail as there is room for in the sky. Mr. Griffin has his wife and two children on board—a son and daughter. The latter is about three and a half years old, and she amuses us very much. She looked down the hatch just now, and said, "Doctor, what you writin'?" I told her I was writing her a love letter. She put her hands up to her eyes as if abashed, and said she would not tell anybody, and then ran off to her mother and told her.

Angel, poor fellow, grows thin, and looks as if he would die. He has roused a desire among the passengers to leave the ship at Rio, and cross the continent, joining the ship at Valparaiso. I am very much in favor of it, if the Captain will put us ashore at Montevideo. The Captain will do it, for he will save more provisions, and be as glad to get rid of us as we are to get rid of him. "But," says Gager, "what guarantee have we that he will stop for us at Valparaiso, after the experience we have had of his bad faith?"

February 9th.—We are off the Cape de Verde; the air is fresh and balmy; the trade winds are bearing us on at the rate of eight miles an hour. We are all lounging about in the shade, writing, musing or reading. Few objects of interest present themselves. An occasional sail in the horizon; the Portuguese man-of-war, with its filmy sail, now scudding before the wind, now tacking and running close hauled, and, though frequently capsized, as soon righting itself and going, no one knows where—thousands of miles from land, without chart or compass, he journeys on, and when storms come too roughly, folds his little sail and finds good roadstead in the blue regions below. Then you see something that looks like a swallow skimming along the surface of the waves; his wings and body glisten like silver, a little splash in the water, and you have seen the flying fish. Birds we see only at long intervals, perhaps a solitary gull, and it goes as suddenly as it came. The evenings are charming, the moon is so bright as

to be dazzling, and forms what I never saw before, the lunar bow, and whenever a thin cloud passes over it, a circle is formed with all the colors of the spectrum. I have wished you could look in on us these moonlight evenings. We are well supplied with books, and are, bating thoughts of home, which come over us at times like Swiss home-sickness—a very contented company.

February 10th.—We are in latitude $15^{\circ} 17'$ north, longitude 29° . We are but one day's run from the Cape de Verde Islands, and think we can almost smell the air from the Sahara Desert; it is hot enough. Yesterday we had a general muster on deck, and drilled with rifles. At night it was proposed to have a dance, as the deck has become more cleared, for we have emptied some of the water casks and found stowage below for much of the deck hamper. The dance was broken up by the Captain, who threatened, among other things, to drive spikes in the deck. Next a boxing-match was gotten up. This pleased the Captain; it delighted him to see the passengers pound each other. To-day *The Daily Pacific Journal* made its appearance, edited by J. Ross Browne. It gave us much amusement, and an opportunity to vent ourselves against each other and the ship without stint. We struck into a school of flying fish; there were thousands of them. Two of them came on board, and Mr. French, the mate, caught them. The Captain heard of it, and called out, "Mr. French, where are those flying fish?" "In my berth, sir." "Fetch them here, sir. What the devil do you

mean by taking off them fish?" The old tyrant took them into his cabin and had them cooked for his mess.

February 11th.—We are still driving on with the northeast breeze. Last evening, the moon being very late and the weather thick and dark, we had a narrow escape. I was sitting on the weather-rail watching the phosphorescence in the water. The Captain had just ordered the watch to keep a sharp lookout to windward. It was not five minutes when the cry was given, "Sail, ho!" I raised my eyes from the water, and a large ship was bearing down on our weather bow, within pistol shot. A collision seemed inevitable. The Captain, who was on deck at the time, called for a light and ordered the helm to port. The mate threw a burning fire-ball into the air, blinding us for a moment, and, when we recovered our sight, we saw the ship passing so near us that we could have thrown a biscuit on board of her. Another moment and she was gone in the thick gloom. The whole passed in the space of thirty seconds. "D—n such a watch," was all the Captain said, after the stranger passed. By this time all hands were on deck, and various were the surmises as to what could be the character of the strange intruder. It was the first vessel that had come within hailing distance since we left our pilot off Sandy Hook. The Captain thought she must be an East Indian bound to Europe. I think I express the sentiments of all who saw the ship, when I say that we had a narrow escape. It was late before I

could recover sufficiently from the shock to sleep, and to-day it is the chief subject of conversation.

February 14th.—It is now three weeks since we weighed anchor in the Bay of New York. Our way is still south—on, on into the very eye of the sun. Our old familiar landmarks in the sky are changed or gone. Polaris no longer greets the eye of the wanderer; true to his trust, he still keeps his vigils over those who have been true to their natal star. Orion stretches his giant form directly over head. We are three degrees north of the equator, due south from the Cape de Verde. The trade winds that have been carrying us steadily on for fifteen hundred miles are to-day dying away, and we are sweltering under the fierce heat of the sun. Games and reading are the only means of killing time and trouble. Upon the whole, we are decidedly a reading community.

February 15th.—The trades have left us, three degrees from the equator. Rain has been pouring down. The ship is turned into a laundry; all hands are washing the salt out of their clothes. Mr. Packard came up on deck with a pitcher to catch some water that was running from the cabin deck, to have a fresh water wash. The Captain seized him by the throat, and dashed the pitcher upon the deck. He wanted to save the water for ship's use, and was filling some empty casks. Passengers all very indignant. A rival paper was started by J. W. Bingham and Arthur M. Ebbets, *The Pacific Evening Herald*. To stop all grumbling, the Captain posted up the following: "Bill of

Fare—Monday, beef and pudding; Tuesday, pork and beans and apples; Wednesday, ham and rice; Thursday, beef and pudding; Friday, pork and beans and apples; Saturday, ham and rice; and the Captain will not consider himself called upon to do anything for the accommodation of any passenger." I asked him why he did not give us pickles or some other vegetables? He said he intended to keep them until we got the scurvy! Thank God, we shall make a port where there is an American Consul, and we will have a reckoning with old Boreas!

February 16th.—While several passengers were bathing from the bows, this morning, a large shark made his appearance among them. He has followed us all day. He refuses to be hooked, and an attempt to spear him was equally unsuccessful. Night came on, and we expected to see no more of the finny fiend. When it became dark, we looked over the taffrail at the phosphorescent glow of the ship's wake, and there was our evil genius following us, enveloped in the blue light as the Evil One is said to appear to the wicked. He seems determined to have one of us before he leaves.

February 17th.—The night has been oppressive; thermometer 82° between decks. As I went on deck, this morning, I witnessed the capture of the shark. He had been struck with a harpoon, and once hooked and liberated himself, yet was as voracious as ever and seized another hook. He was raised alongside, killed, and then cut loose as a thing too foul to touch the decks.

At noon to-day we were fifty-two miles from the line. Thunder, lightning, rain and variable winds have been the order of the day. To-night the lightning is very vivid, and schools of porpoise and other fish are playing about us, and may be seen by the lines of light they leave in the water more distinctly than by day. The sea is so phosphorescent that fish lines when drawn up and rubbed with the hand glow like phosphorous itself. Large luminous bodies in the water are very numerous, the same as Commander Wilkes saw in these regions. Some of these are so bright, in a night like this, as to be mistaken for signal lights.

This day's performances closed with that beautiful electrical phenomenon, called by the sailors "corposants," or jack-o'lantern, a ball of electrical light at the top of each mast, and at the end of each yard-arm.

February 18th.—The wind has been fresh from the southwest. We crossed the line about daylight; the wind shifted, and at noon we were eight miles north latitude, and at night we again stood south, so that we have crossed the equator three times to-day. There was some talk of a visit from Neptune, but the greenhorns are too many for old Nep. this time.

February 19th.—To-day we are again in the "doldrums," a very uncomfortable place. The sea is of the same temperature as the air, and water gives us no relief. We are using a cask of water that was caught from the cabin roof, which, in good weather, is a favorite resort for the tobacco-

nists of the ship, and I find it difficult to drink it raw. To-day we had a visit from a strange monster, called a "diamond fish;" its general form was indicated by its name, with the head shaped like that of a beetle, and measuring about five feet in length and the same in breadth. It moved sluggishly about the ship, and was attended by the pilot fish, with zebra-like stripes, and several other fish known as suckers, very white, and which attach themselves like parasites to the great fish and get their protection from it. The diamond fish was harpooned and drawn alongside, but the instrument pulled out, in the attempt to hoist it out of water, and we had the great disappointment of seeing them all disappear together. I witnessed the whole scene from the mizzen-top, and a very exciting one it was. Few of the seamen ever saw one of these fish before, and we were all very anxious to have a nearer inspection.

February 20th.—A vessel lay becalmed, about ten miles from us, and a couple of boats were manned with volunteers from among the passengers to go to her, but, a breeze springing up, we returned, after having gone about two miles. We are now sixteen miles south of the equator, in longitude 24° . Yesterday the sky had a very remarkable appearance. A bank of clouds extended entirely around us, with the same cloud level or base about three degrees above the horizon, and reaching up about ten degrees above it, with summits of dazzling whiteness; all the rest of the sky was without a cloud, and this phenomenon remained

without material change from morning till night. This morning the sun rose with an equally novel appearance. The whole eastern sky seemed a mass of purple and gold; it would have done an artist good to have looked upon it. This evening a breeze has sprung up, and we are made glad at the prospect of getting away from these dreaded latitudes.

February 21st.—My birthday. Enough said.

February 22d.—Washington's birthday was celebrated by firing at the birds and spearing the fish that hover around the bows to prey upon the poor flying fish, who seem to stand a poor chance of escaping from both. One of these little fish struck me as I stood at the ship's waist, this evening, and fell dead at my feet—*sic semper*.

February 25th.—The weather is very hot, and it is almost impossible to sleep. Yesterday, when the dinner table was cleared, I slung a hammock over it and slept until ten o'clock, when I went on deck "to woo the freshness that night diffuses." The Captain and mate were the sole survivors of the day, and the latter was nodding at his post on the windward rail. The oppressive heat between decks had driven many out, and they were lying around on the decks with a pillow and the bare planks beneath them. I seated myself near the mate. Every yard of canvas was spread, and we were gliding along at a rapid rate. The only sound to be heard was the remitting roar of the water as the ship plunged into the long swells of the South Atlantic, giving a sound like the roar of

the surf on the beach. The new stars of the Southern Hemisphere are becoming familiar, and shine brightly on our watery track. The Captain looked at the sails, at the light clouds, waked the mate, and retired. A vigilant man is the master. I feel a degree of confidence that I did not think possible at sea. I had been dreaming of home, and now my thoughts roamed over the world of waters toward that sweet place where anxious ones were watching daily for news from the wanderer. With noiseless steps I paced the deck until my eyes grew heavy, and I, too, laid down on the bare planks, pillowed by my arms, and slept.

February 26th.—At noon, to-day, the sun's declination was four minutes north, so that we were four miles too fast to see the sun exactly vertical, but it was as nearly so as is often seen by navigators. A strange land bird appeared on board last night of a beautiful brown and white plumage. It was killed, and its skin prepared by an ornithologist on board.

February 27th.—To-day, for the first time, we signalized a ship, bound home. You may imagine with what satisfaction we saw the reply from her that she read our signal, and would bear home news of our near arrival at Rio.

Friday, March 2d.—We are in high times. For several days our fare has been very poor—salt junk and stewed apples for dinner one day, with panfuls of moldy sea-biscuit, and simple pork and beans, without even the condiment of pickles, for the next. This morning, our breakfast was ham,

mush and molasses, and vinegar; the mush was raw and without salt, and we would not accept it. The imposition that has been played upon us has been borne with much grumbling, but now we are roused. We paid \$300, each, for our passage; by our agreement, we were to have good cabin fare, to eat at the same table with the owners—Captain Tibbets and Fred. Griffin—and their families. Instead of this, we were herded together like a mass of convicts, damned and abused from one side of the ship to the other. The general temper of the passengers is mutinous, and there is danger of violence on a slight provocation. Some of the older men say that any attempt at redress by violent measures will subject us to a charge of mutiny, and we do not know our legal rights as passengers. We find no precedent in any of our books—if we were sailors before the mast, we know that we would have no redress—we are in doubt as to the position we would place ourselves in by resorting to force. I have agreed to go with Jim Morgan and have a talk with the Captain, and see if he can not be brought to more reasonable terms. Jim is a loud fellow. When I first saw him on board, his port eye was surrounded with an aureola that gave me the impression that his parting with some one had been a painful one. He is about thirty years of age, of good family in New York, of a bold, manly spirit, and of great determination of character. He is full of sprightly humor, a fine singer, and contributes largely to the life of the ship; but he is one of the “boys,” has

seen much of the world, and has accumulated much of the bad with the good on the way, and when it comes to blowing and swearing, he is a match for the Captain. Many of our passengers are young and inconsiderate, but, take them all in all, it would be difficult to collect a better set of fellows. Many of them have left good positions to embark in this enterprise. I have a suspicion that the Captain is not as bad a man at heart as he appears. There is a radical evil in the discipline on board vessels on the high seas. As a boy the seaman is hazed about by everyone on board; he is never asked to do anything, but he is damned to do it. The master damns the mate, the mate damns the second mate, and the second mate damns the sailors, who damn each other and the cook. Our second mate one day stood before the binnacle and asked the man at the wheel what course he was heading, and because he did not reply immediately, he was abused outrageously, notwithstanding the man was doing his best to reply. Five minutes after, the master will treat the second mate in the same manner. In short, kindness is a thing I have not seen on board our ship, as far as the relations between seamen are concerned. Our Captain, having passed his life among seamen, is incapable of treating passengers any other way; though that does not excuse him for starving us, with his ship loaded with provisions. A poor sailor who has been suffering from dysentery ever since we left port, and whom we feared would die, and who was still too feeble to stand on deck, was

ordered aloft to reef sail. The Captain said he never had sick sailors with him long. I believed him. One evening, while talking with Douglass, the second mate, I told him the worst fault I found with him was his tyranny over the poor men. "Damn them," said he, "I had to serve my apprenticeship at it." If a ship-master ever exhibits any gentlemanly spirit, he owes it to something else than the education he receives at sea.

March 3d.—We are within two days' sail of Rio. The wind is very fresh, and we almost fancy the smell of bananas and oranges. Yesterday, just as I left off writing, I went on deck in time to witness a squall. All sails were set, including eight studding-sails, when the Captain came on deck, and, not liking the appearance of the clouds, ordered in one or two sails; but, before the order could be executed, the squall was upon us, and such a scene of confusion! We were in no danger, but the sails were. No man knew from the multitude of orders what to do; four or five would run to pull in the slack of a rope, when but one was required, and one or two would struggle to get in a great sail that required the force of half a dozen; in the meantime, we were going at a fearful rate, careening over till we had to hold on to something to keep our feet. The Captain forgot to give an order to the man at the wheel, and, as we almost ran our scuppers under water, he held on his way, just as he ought until he was ordered to do otherwise, and then the Captain swore at him, and called him a damned fool for not knowing enough to put

her about. Mrs. Griffin said, "Keep cool, Captain; our trust is in you."

When we arrive at Rio, we shall see what can be done about going from Montevideo to Valparaiso by land, and, if it is practicable, there will be a company made up to undertake it. Our objects in going that way are to see the most we can, and avoid the demoralization and enervation of a passage around the Horn. We have not much money to bear the expenses of the trip, but, if we have to make the journey on foot and subsist on what we chance to find on the way, even dogs and roots, it would be preferable to the fare on shipboard; and, then, we shall have some adventures to tell of. Only think of a journey across the pampas to Buenos Ayres, San Luis, Mendoza, Santiago, through the famous pass of the Andes!

Monday, March 5th.—Yesterday we hoped to see land, but the wind fell off. The air had a feeling of land, dew fell freely, the wind settled to a perfect calm. The boats were manned, and about twenty passengers went over to a brig that lay about five miles distant. She proved to be a Portuguese, the *Pedro Grande*, bound from Oporto to Rio. They thought us a man-of-war from the number of men on deck, and were relieved to know that we were a California-bound ship. Our men were handsomely entertained by the officers. The brig had an armament of eight guns, and was built for a fast sailer. She remained in sight during the day. We are in belief that the brig is a slaver; she has a crew of forty men. To-day she is not

to be seen, but land is reported from the head. I went aloft and climbed to the main-royal yard; but could not see land; I had hardly got on the stay to descend, when the yard came down by the run, a rope having broken. Several dolphins were caught, and we had the opportunity to see the wonderful changes of color they display in dying.

March 6th.—Land, ho! Who that has not had our experience can realize the delight of us all at seeing land once more? We do little but watch its varying outlines, too distant to distinguish anything else. The bark *Architect*, from New Orleans, full of California-bound passengers, ran down to us and rounded-to alongside beautifully. We were eager to give them three cheers, but waited for the formalities. Captain Gray hailed us, "Ship, ahoy!" Our Captain stood on the quarter-deck with his trumpet in hand, but made no reply. A second hail from the *Architect*, when Captain Tibbets raised his trumpet and said, "Can't you keep off?" "I can keep off or not, as I please," was the answer; and soon after, "Who commands the *Pacific*?" One of the passengers, who was up in the rigging out of the reach of the Captain, replied, "Captain Tibbets." "Who is that dares to speak aboard this ship?" stormed the Captain. Fisk did not come down, and Tibbets did not go up, and nobody answered. Again we heard from the *Architect*, "O, very well; I'll watch Captain Tibbets," and the *Architect* put herself in the same trim as the *Pacific*, and before night was out of sight ahead. We hope that Gray will give Tibbets a good thrashing on shore.

March 7th.—All up before day. Before us is the great Saddle Mountain; its twin summits have a cloud resting upon them, and near by is a rock rising from the sea, called the "Sugar Loaf." It is just perceptible to us from our position, and is seven miles from Rio. We have heard guns all day. To-night our head is put about, and we are again standing out to sea; we are too late to run in to-day. My mouth waters for the bananas, cocoanuts, oranges, and other luxuries of the new country.

March 8th.—Early this morning found ourselves close in and running up the lower bay. Met a Prussian gun-brig, beating out. We were before the wind, and should have given way to the brig. The vessels were approaching—the brig hailed us twice. Our Captain made no reply, but held on his course, and down came the brig upon us—both vessels rolling in the heavy swells that were coming in from sea; a collision was imminent. The flying jib-boom of the Prussian made a complete circuit of our starboard quarter, and caught our flag hanging at the spanker gaff. Mr. Packard made an attempt to save it, but it was beyond his reach, and, leaning over, he caught from the jolly-boat under our stern a white utensil indispensable to a chamber set, and which was placed there with others for safety, and swinging it with the vigor of his powerful arm, he sent it careering through the air like a bombshell; striking the foresail, it fell in a thousand pieces upon the deck of the man-of-war. In an instant up went our lost ensign, under

the Prussian flag, with three cheers from the enemy. Forgetting that we were in the wrong, we longed for a gun to answer the insult, and asked the Captain to lay us alongside and we would recover the flag; but the Captain had his back to the foe, and the cabin between it and danger, when, bang! came a gun from the brig, and our flag came back a blackened wad! As this battle will not, in all probability, be recorded in the history of the brilliant naval engagements of our countrymen, I have detailed it here. We propose to have a vase of peculiar shape engraved upon the arms of Mr. Packard, and dub him, "Squire Muggins." We are mad, we are ashamed, we are disgusted!

As we approached the Narrows and came under the guns of the heavy fort that commands the entrance, we were hailed, and the Captain, no doubt fearing a shot, let go his anchor before he knew what the purport of the question was, and so lost the tide, and we must lie here until to-morrow. The whale-ship *Superior* is lying near us, and a boat came off for a doctor, as the Captain was very sick. The wind was fresh, the bay was rough, rain was falling, and, as all the other four physicians on board refused to go, I climbed down by a rope and dropped into the boat. I found the master sick from an attack of cholera morbus, and, rummaging his scanty medicine chest, found nothing that I wanted. I returned to the *Pacific* for the needed medicine, but, before I could get it, the boat was ordered away by the sentinel at the fort.

March 9th.—Here we are in the wildest excite-

ment. California ships—a dozen—are anchored, or dropping their anchors, around us. Cheer answers cheer from every side; we are frantic with delight. All doubts about our being allowed to land were removed. The Captain of the Port came alongside in a barge, and asked the usual questions; but old Tibbets wanted to know why in h—l he had to be kept four or five days in getting up to his anchorage. “What is the name of the ship?” said the urbane officer, in the gentlest manner. “Ship *Pacific*, sir.” “You are not so pacific as she is,” was the quiet reply. We are off.

March 19th.—The steamer *Panama*, that put back to New York from damage to her machinery, came into port on the 17th, and brought news from the United States. The ship *Capitol*, which arrived the same day with us, sailed out soon after.

For several days my time has been spent for the most part in trying to have our grievances against Captain Tibbets redressed. We found Lieutenant Bartlett in command of the *Ewing* here, and he has taken an active interest in our cause. We filed a complaint with our Consul, Mr. Gorham Parks, and our Minister, Mr. Todd. The Captain, finding he was in great danger of being removed from the command of his ship, became very humble and sorry. A compromise was proposed, and he agreed to sign such an agreement as would be satisfactory. The articles were drawn up, and he was to have signed them the next morning. The ship had been unable to get her supply of water, and the Captain thought we were the cause of it. That

evening, about eight o'clock, a boat came on shore, and word was brought to us that the Captain had cleared his ship and intended to sail in the morning, and go to Valparaiso for water. Here was a fix. We were at the Hotel Rivot. We immediately took a coach, and, accompanied by Lieut. Bartlett, set out to find the Consul, who lived out of town, at Botafogo Bay, and learn from him the state of the case. We found his house about midnight, and roused him. He put a bottle of wine before us, and then told us, that, under the representations of the Captain, he had cleared the ship. Still, he thought something could be done. He was a Democrat of the Jackson school, he said, and would not hesitate to take the responsibility. He then wrote an order to one of the Emperor's Chamberlains, who bore a long list of titles, to "stop the ship, if he had to blow her out of water." We next rode to the residence of that nobleman. The porter told us, after knocking a long time, that he was not at home, but Lieut. Bartlett, who spoke the Portuguese well, told him that he knew he was, and that we must see him. Another long delay, and we were ushered into the presence of a tall man in a wrapper, and to him we gave the letter from Mr. Parks. He looked at it long, and then wrote for, what seemed to us, half an hour, folded the paper, and directed it to the commander of the upper fort, where we were to deliver it. We then drove back to the landing, took a boat and reached the fort, from which place the order was dispatched to the lower fort. Having accomplished this, we

returned to our hotel and went to bed at four o'clock, well satisfied that if the ship *Pacific* attempted to go to sea as threatened, it would be as well for us that we were not on board. The next morning the Captain came on shore, and we met him at the Consul's office. We were all there when he entered. "Doctor," said he, "I thought this difficulty was all settled." I replied that it was in a fair way to be settled yesterday, but recent events had altered the aspect of things—that he had been acting in bad faith, and that he intended to put to sea and leave us, without complying with his agreement. He denied it, but witnesses were sworn and examined, and the treachery was proved. The Committee then retired to deliberate, and it was resolved to abandon the compromise, and make the attempt to remove him from the command of the ship. The ship is under arrest, and the trial comes off next Monday. My fatigue and excitement have brought on an attack of sickness, and I came on board, resigning my position on the Committee, and J. Ross Browne has taken my place. I feel that we are but children in the world's ways. We are not without sympathy; we are toasted everywhere on shore; and, just now, while I have been writing this, the brig *Cordelia* passed us, on her way to sea, and cheered us, but said they could not cheer our Captain. He is pretty roughly treated when he goes on shore; this he rarely does without escort.

This is a delightfully curious place. The largest liberty is allowed to Americans on their way to

California, by special edict of the Emperor. When we landed there were upward of fifteen hundred of us in port, and every place was full, even to the billiard tables, and in the room where I lodged there were six beds on the floor. The currency here is droll enough. The first meal I took was at the Hotel Pharoux, and, when I had finished, a bill was presented to me like this: "Coffee, 250 *reis*; roll, 160; omelet, 500; total, 910 *reis*." I looked at my bill with horror, and felt that I was ruined, and must go back to the ship bankrupt. I told the *garçon* that I had not so much money, and, pulling out all I had, held it out, willing to compromise on any terms. He took out two half dollars and returned me fully two pounds of copper coin, each as large as two of our cents. These they call "dumps;" and I went about with the dumps the rest of the day. There is no gold nor silver in circulation.

There is no animation in Brazil—no social sound, no voice of mirth. You may hear, now and then, the broken notes of a guitar or piano, as you wander through the streets, or the rumble of a cart—the plaintive song of the slaves, as they go in gangs trotting to their own strange music, with bags of coffee or barrels of flour on their heads. These are nearly all the sounds that greet the ear, except when the great officers of state move about, or when religious processions take place, and these are very frequent. I asked myself, "why is this; why is it that, in a country where Nature has combined her rarest qualities, and varying but endless

Spring is so blended with Autumn as hardly to be distinguished, and Summer and Winter are but the pledge and fruition of the year—while health sits on every hill and spreads its blessings over all the land—that such gloom has settled its black mantle over the social life of the people?" It is because woman is a slave! She is illiterate and suspected. Women are not allowed to frequent the streets, day or night. Brazilians never laugh heartily, never hurrah, and very rarely get drunk; but they seem amused by our enthusiasm, and wherever we go we are well treated, except by the Portuguese. Gardens and groves, public and private, are alike open to us. We are invited to enter the houses, and are treated handsomely, but do not see any females, except they are blacks. O, New England, land of my forefathers and mothers, God bless her!

The trial to-morrow will occupy me through the day. I shall continue this some time before we sail, and, if the trial terminates favorably to us, I shall have time to write much; but, if we fail to depose the Captain, he will put to sea as soon as possible. The only doubt about it is the power of the Consul; he wants to do it, but the Captain is half owner, and the other owner is with him. The laws seem to have been made for the protection of property only, and the Consul finds no precedent, and if he deposes the Captain, the necessities of the passengers and the protection of their lives must be his justification.

March 21st.—I see that I wrote the last few lines very crookedly in the dark, but I hope I told

a straight story. We had our examination on Monday, and the Captain will make his defense to-day. In the meantime, we are making excursions in all directions around this charming region. All that the most fertile fancy can picture in land and water are surpassed by Nature here.

March 24th.—The long agony is over. Outraged humanity has triumphed; Tibbets has been removed. It is decided that we shall not go to sea with him. The excitement during the day has been intense. A powerful diversion was made by some of his particular friends to effect another compromise. He promised to be a gentleman and treat us as gentlemen, and, when promises failed, he threatened to dismantle the ship and let her rot at her anchor, and, by various means, he won over about forty of the passengers to sign a remonstrance against his removal, right in the moment of victory. The Consul, seeing these names on both petition and remonstrance, said he must treat them as canceling each other, and consider the fifty others as the only ones entitled to respect. The trial has been to the Committee one of life and death. The Consul told us this afternoon that he would not go out with Captain Tibbets, after the part we had taken, for all the wealth in the ship. We are glad we are not under the necessity. Yet the Consul will be held to answer to his Government; this he expects, and we hope he will be sustained by his countrymen at home. Mr. Todd, our Minister, is a noble souled man. We are proud of him. And in this act they are both sus-

tained by the unanimous voice of all people here whose opinion is worth anything.

March 27th.—To-day the Consul came on board with our new Captain in a man-of-war's boat. His name is Easterbrook. He is an experienced ship-master, and has been nine times around the Horn. The *Corning* sails for New York to-morrow, and Captain Tibbets will return in her. As he went over the ship's side, he is said to have shed tears. No one saluted him, and our men—who are always ready to give three cheers to everything American, if it was but a white pine log floating on the tide—parted with him in silence.

CHAPTER II.

Rio de Janeiro—Slavery—Festival day—Military review—The Empress' birthday—The Emperor at mass—Rambles about the country—Praya Grande—The Botanic Gardens—Ascent of Corcovado—The aqueduct—Forests—The summit—On forbidden ground—Lose our way—Lake Tagandes.

Rio Janeiro is near the southern limit of the torrid zone, but owing to the mountainous character of the country, we do not suffer from extreme heat. The mornings are sultry, but the sea-breeze sets in about eleven o'clock, when it becomes cool and comfortable. There has been no sickness among us other than is common to the Summer season at home. The harbor, with the scenery around it, is celebrated all over the world. I don't know what could add to its beauty. I have roamed over its mountains, and paddled along its shores and among its islands day after day; but the novelty of the scenery is varied with each day's adventures.

You will make necessary allowance for that enthusiasm which springs from the novelty, to us, of tropical scenery.

There are many things worthy of note in Rio. Slavery is the conspicuous feature in its social organization. The population is a mixture of the white and black races in every perceptible gradu-

ation. There is no distinction made in this respect: all are treated with equal consideration, if they are free. Black and white soldiers are mingled, and often commanded by a black officer; free blacks themselves become slaveholders. The Emperor has around him chiefly Portuguese, though his family physician is a mulatto. The population under the present order of things must ultimately become mulatto. From the numerous tattooed faces to be seen in the streets, the recent importation of slaves from Africa must be great. On landing, they are the first objects that attract your attention, laboring nearly naked in the hot sun. These slaves seem, at first view, to comprise nine-tenths of the population. Farther into the town you see them bearing burthens of every description on their heads. Whether it is a sack of coffee or a cup of milk, it is carried on the head. The town is supplied with water from the mountains by an aqueduct. The water is distributed to several fountains, and from these fountains it is carried about the city, in kegs holding about ten gallons, on the heads of negroes. It is astonishing with what accuracy they balance these vessels of water without the least apparent care. When the kegs are empty, they are turned upon their sides, and carried in that way in the same manner. No filth is thrown into the streets or retained in sinks, but is carried in the same way to the shore and thrown into the water, where it is carried away by the tide. Carts are used to some extent, sometimes drawn by slaves and sometimes by mules.

The Emperor's palace is a fine building, facing the Plaza, but is much inferior to the palaces of some of our merchant princes. Last Sunday was a gala day, and they are so common here that even the natives do not keep the run of them. The troops were under arms, and the imperial pair rode through the town in their coach of state, preceded by nobles and ladies of honor and followed by a regiment of cavalry, and all going at full speed. I followed the crowd to the palace, and here a general review of troops took place. The firing of cannon and musketry, the ringing of bells, and the glittering array of the Diplomatic Corps in their court dresses, even to our own Mr. Todd, made me forget that the day was Sunday. At the conclusion three cheers were given by the military to the Emperor, Empress and the Empire, but such a feeble cry I never heard before from such a crowd; the boys from the *Pacific* could drown them out by sea or land.

I was on shore on the Empress' birthday, and attended mass with the Imperial family. The palace occupies both sides of the Ruo Dereiter and is connected by a corridor, and the chapel is connected with it, so that the populace may be shut out entirely from all participation in the privileged exercises. We saw the procession moving through the palace towards the church, and hastened to secure a place. The interior is most gorgeously decorated. First came the priests, bearing wax candles; then a line of men in superb uniform—among them I recognized the heads of the several

Departments of State ; the Minister of War was dressed especially fine ; his coat was loaded with embroidery. These all opened their ranks, and then came down past them the Archbishop, with his yellow mitre and crozier, the skirt of his robe held by several priests. Next came the Emperor, a manly-looking youngster ; I have seen better looking ; his appearance seemed to be his greatest concern, and, as he came into view, he stopped to look around him, and give all us Democrats an opportunity to know how majesty looked ; then he advanced toward the altar, through the ranks of his body-guard in green uniforms, and mounted a sort of pedestal with a canopy over it, while all the nobles knelt on the open floor, and, amidst the thunder of cannon and the gleaming of spears, the Emperor bowed himself in humble prayer ! It was the most magnificent worship I ever saw. He retired from the chapel in the same formal way. It is said that his sword scabbord is of pure gold and studded with diamonds. A man who rules by divine right sticks pretty close to the church that interprets the divine will. I saw Dom Pedro, the Emperor, marching along the street, on foot, in a procession of priests, holding a wax candle, and following an effigy in wax of the Saviour bearing his cross.

The Brazilians are remarkably kind to us wherever we go. Soon after our arrival, we crossed over the bay to the beautiful little villages of St. Domingo and Praya Grande. For several miles beyond the country presented a continued succes-

sion of orange groves intermingled with bananas, citrons and limes. At no place were we denied admission, and we rambled on through gardens and groves, helping ourselves to anything we wished, but we had to regret our inability to talk the language of the country. Very few of the beautiful flowers and fruits were known to us, and it was of no use to enquire. When interrupted in our course by hedges, we would pass through the houses. We came at length to the base of a mountain, and here the negroes made signs to intimate that we should not proceed. We saw the tall forests stretching away up the mountain side, and at its foot showy flowers, among which the most conspicuous was a large purple one, which looked at a distance like a Rhododendron. We followed along a narrow path, near the foot of the hill, to a cottage, where a Portuguese told us in French that we must not go farther, and we then retraced our steps.

Our first object after landing was to find a place to sleep. The Hotel Pharoux was crowded to overflowing. At the Hotel de l'Univus we obtained a room for six dollars per day, but, on account of some ungracious treatment, we took quarters at the Hotel Revot, on Ruo do Ouvidor. The hotels are conducted much on the French style, but the mode of swindling practiced in them is purely Brazilian.

There are two places which we were all anxious to visit—Mount Corcovado and the Botanic Gardens. One morning we procured a coach and four

mules, with a driver and a muleteer, who is a man with immense boots and patent leather bell-crowned hat ; for this turnout we were to pay eight dollars, and off we started for the garden. Our route lay along the outer edge of the town to Botafogo, which is the shore of a *bayo*, lined with charming villas and gardens, and terraced for a carriage road. Near the Sugar Loaf Mountain the road turns inland, and on either side, for three miles, is one continuous succession of beautiful cottages and gardens. On the right, we passed the perpendicular face of Corcovado, and on the left is Lake Tagandes. We drove on beyond the garden to an inn, where we ordered dinner, and then entered the garden. This garden was founded before the independence of Brazil, and contains some large trees, among which are the bread fruit, the jack fruit, which nearly resembles it, and palms in great variety. There is one kind planted in regular rows on each side of the main avenue, with beautiful green trunks, swelling at the base in the form of a cask, with circular bands like hoops. Nearly all the productions of the torrid zone are collected and cultivated here ; coffee, which grows profusely everywhere, tea, cloves, cinnamon, pepper, etc. ; cascades, fountains and green-houses ; hill, valley and stream ; all are combined to increase the beauty of this celebrated garden.

But to me the ascent of Corcovado on the succeeding day was far more interesting. The road to it lies along the aqueduct for several miles, winding among the hills, with a gradual ascent.

and affording a series of views at every turn, surpassing all that I had ever dreamed of in my most visionary moments. The aqueduct is a work of no small interest. It was begun some two hundred years ago, and is built of stone and cement, on the old Roman plan. Every two rods there is an iron gate and steps leading down to the water, with a cup, by means of which we were able at any time to get a drink. As it winds around the mountain, it gathers all the rivulets by means of earthen troughs laid in cement. After reaching an elevation of about eight hundred feet, we were obliged to leave the aqueduct and scramble up the steep sides of the mountain. The trail led through a wild forest obstructed by vines of great size, which twined themselves about the trees and each other like vast serpents, and send out branches in every direction. Orchids and other parasitic plants of great size and beauty hang from the trees. One, an orchid, with a long spike of pink flowers, I detached, but, like all the finest plants of the tropics, it is difficult to preserve. Birds were rare, but reptiles and beautiful butterflies were met with at every step, and a small black monkey grinned at us and was off without further explanation. The last five hundred feet was most toilsome, and the ascent could be effected only by way of a narrow ridge. The summit, when seen from below, seems too pointed to admit of standing room; it was covered with a soft moss, and there was room for us all to stretch ourselves out on it. There was an old rickety fence around it; it looked so treacher-

ous that we tumbled it down the opposite face of the cliff and listened in vain to hear it fall. The view overlooking the bay and its numerous islands and vessels at anchor, the town and surrounding country in one direction, and the ocean on the other, was almost like looking down from a balloon. It was a sight that well repaid our day's toil, but Jim Morgan threw himself down on the moss without looking around him, and said, "It may be very fine, but if all the beautiful views on the earth were centered around this d——d rock, I would not come up here again." The summit is now, as I write, visible above the clouds, like an index on the sky.

March 29th.—Started from the ship, eleven of us, in an iron life-boat, and rowed out past the Sugar Loaf, to find some new field to explore, as every spot in the inner bay had been ransacked that was accessible from boats. A smooth beach, extending from one mountain of solid granite to another, invited us to land. A little way back from the shore was a white wall running parallel to it, and back of this the dense forest that covers all the uncultivated land that we have seen. As we came to the beach, we found the combers unexpectedly heavy, but we effected a landing by jumping overboard the moment the boat struck the beach, and hauling her up beyond the reach of the water, with no other accident than the breaking of the rudder, from the neglect of the steerer to unship it.

We were engaged in picking up shells, when a soldier came down and spoke to us in a language

we did not understand. We continued to stroll along, when another soldier reinforced him, who spoke English as his native tongue, and he informed us that no persons were allowed there; and that we must leave without delay. This was one of the possible approaches to the town of Rio, and was fortified. We were the more reluctant to go on account of the heavy surf; but go we must. We watched our opportunity, and just as a heavy breaker washed up the beach, we ran the boat down until she floated, when all jumped in and seized their oars; but, before we could get well under way, a comber came aboard and half filled us with water. We pulled away, however, and got out before another one caught us. We found much sand and some small fish in the boat, when we had bailed out the water. We then shaped our course around the Sugar Loaf, and landed on the shore of Botafogo Bay. Here there was no surf. We left our boat in charge of some negroes, and started off on foot, along a road lined with orange trees in full fruit, with cottages and gardens at intervals, now and then a grassy lawn, and cattle feeding; ruined walls and rocks overgrown with *cacti*, and trees with vines twining about them. We had thought that the novelty of the scenery about Rio was exhausted, but this charmed us. Much of our own scenery is beautiful in the freshness of June, and I think of it now with emotions too deep for utterance. Its plain, utilitarian features correspond with the practical character of our people, and much of its interest to us, also.

lies in its associations; but for gardens and display, for prodigal profusion of productions, and picturesque variety of surface, nothing, it seems to me, can surpass the scenery about Rio.

The road led toward the sea by a gentle ascent, until it reached a pass, or a narrow defile between two granite mountains. At the summit was a massive stone arch, which seemed to have been built ages ago, and was pierced for cannon on the side toward the sea, and contained bomb-proof apartments for working the guns under cover. It was overgrown with trees, and dismantled cannon of large size lay scattered around. Here we spread out our luncheon, and, looking back, we could see the fleet of ships in the bay, and before us lay the ocean, with its long line of surf, dashing with a roar like thunder. On both sides of us, the mountains of solid granite rose to the clouds, naked as they were first made, except where tall spires of *cacti* clung to their rough surfaces, and large lizards ran or basked in the sun. A little way from the arch was perched a tiled cottage, its whitewashed mud walls peering through the light green of the bananas and the deeper green of the orange trees. As we passed, the family were gathered on the porch in a compact group of ten or eleven. We could distinguish the head of this copper-colored family only by a small, sharply defined mustache. They were looking at us in mute and motionless curiosity.

The surf at the beach is the heaviest I ever saw. Storms we have not seen here, but the

southeast trades blowing so constantly drive a heavy swell from the southern Atlantic upon this shore. Do you remember the surf at Coney Island, how we let the combers break over us, how they carried you from your feet—do you remember? Here one might as well be under the foam of Niagara as under the combers; but the bathing was fine inside of these. After the bath, we wandered about the woods, and by the springs from the mountains, until we were lost. We reached a lake called Tagandes, and here the company divided, for we could not agree as to the route back. Part of us crossed the lake in a canoe, and the others undertook to find the way back by the same route we had come. We wandered about until sundown before we reached the boat.

This long letter, the last from this place, must go ashore to-night, as we sail in the morning.

CHAPTER III.

Set sail—The *Sarah McFarland*—Gay tried by court-martial—Fined—Justice satisfied—Festus—Our new Captain—He finds stores—Fishing—Marvin catches a “dolphin”—Our “state-rooms”—Off the Plata—A gale—Cape pigeons—Kelp—Another gale—Off the Horn—Run before the wind—Mr. Gager meets with an accident—Albatross—Sufferings—Escape from the Horn—Speak the *John Petil*—Discover more stores—Run away with by a black fish—Juan Fernandes—A party goes for it—Their supposed loss and return—Their story—Description of the island.

At Sea, April 5th.—We were ready for sea on the first of April, but when the Captain went to the fort for the password, he was informed that our papers must be renewed. This caused a detention of two more days, but on the morning of the third we were early greeted with the sailors' farewell song, as they heaved at the windlass. We were soon floating away from scenes that will be ever memorable to all on board. There has been but little sickness among us, and it is remarkable, considering how much we had exposed ourselves; but the climate was so uniformly sultry that our energies were nearly gone. We had eaten oranges and bananas until they had lost their relish—the scenery, so magnificent, had grown tiresome, and we were not sorry to leave this interesting place.

As we passed the fort, we were saluted with a blast from the long trumpet that we had heard so often, but never but once so near. The Captain raised his short tube, and replied, "You are a liar." Now we shall catch it, thought I. But no; that was the password.

The land breeze in the morning was light, and a small steam-tug towed us down the bay. Before nightfall we saw the granite mountains fade away. The brig *Sarah McFarland* sailed in company with us. To-day the wind is light, and all are merry. Mr. Gay was telling how he cheated the landlord of the Hotel de L'Univers out of a night's lodging, when it turned out that the room in which he had lodged had been chartered by a party of our passengers, and it was the party he had cheated and not the landlord. A court was forthwith convened to try him for the fraud. Gay refused to acknowledge the authority of the court, and declined to put in an appearance. He was fined "Claret punch for the company." This would make a heavy drain upon Mr. Gay's stores, and he would not respond. An attachment was issued, and the wine for a pailful of punch was seized. Some of us thought it was rather hard on Gay, and a physician on board obtained a dose of tartar emetic for forty men, and a friend of Gay's, watching his opportunity, slipped it into the punch while being prepared. Mr. Gay was never more gay than when, with his friends who did not drink punch, he was looking down through the after-hatch upon the assembled court administering jus-

tice. The punch was good, evidently, for it was drunk to the last drop. The marshal, Phil. Waldron, proclaimed the demands of justice satisfied, and the court adjourned, delighted with themselves and with their mode of administering justice.

Dame Justice, with, instead of the scales, a bottle of wine in her sinister hand, was winking significantly at several other gentlemen who had carelessly laid in stores of red wine for the long voyage before them. Twenty minutes passed. The hilarity that was so loud gave way to a pensiveness. The loudest became the most thoughtful. Waldron came to the windward quarter-rail and cast his eyes into the deep blue sea in thoughtful mood, as if some painful memory haunted him; before he left, he cast something else into the sea. Soon my room-mate, Sherwood, joined him, remarking, "That wine don't agree with me." "Something don't agree with me," replied Waldron. Ebbets walked briskly up to the rail as if he meant business. "Are you sick, too?" said they both in a breath. An awful suspicion crept over them. They looked at Gay; Gay looked as serene as the moon among the trade-wind clouds. "Have you been putting ipecac in that punch?" said one of them, fiercely. "Gentlemen," said Gay, "it is not my wine that disagrees with you, but it is justice that don't set well on your stomachs. You are not accustomed to it; you will do better by longer practice." The number soon increased alarmingly. A victim must be found. Gay

was too calm, and it was known that he had not left the quarter-deck. A physician must have been the man; no other could have so nicely apportioned the nauseating potion. Dr. Beale was charged with it. He looked alarmed, and denied all knowledge of it. The doctor who provided the drug tried to make them believe he did it, and for that reason they would not believe him, and it was in vain that Dr. Beale pleaded his innocence.

April 7th.—The *Sarah McFarland* is still in company with us. A boat from her boarded us to-day.

I have just finished reading "Festus." I have read it with wonder and tears. It is a magnificent production, abounding in startling gleams that blind us for a moment and leave the soul reverberating with thunder. "Most noble Festus!" How often is the lofty, aspiring spirit of youth led away from its early love by the syren song of the spirit of the world, until his heart loses capabilities for happiness and becomes hard and hollow. Fortunate is he who in his wanderings with the spirit does not lose sight of his great god---truth. "To the pure all things are pure;" to the intelligent and virtuous the world is beautiful and good. Some men remind me of owls, who, blind in the effulgence of day, are with the air of profound wisdom talking of darkness and sin, and boding horrors in our dreams. Forgetful of the rose, they forever complain of the thorn. O, for larger views, more comprehensive acquaintance with nature, with truth. The greatest foes to man are bigotry and intoler-

ance. These have made the world wretched, and set the son against the father, and brother against brother. I thank God that here, at least, on the bounding sea, I am free, surrounded on every side by the incomprehensible, vast unknown. What lies beyond is all mystery :

“Once more on the sea,
The type which God hath given,
For eyes and hearts too earthly, of his Heaven.”

We like our new Captain. He takes an interest in our welfare. He has broken into the hold and turned out good stores which Captain Tibbets was keeping to sell in San Francisco, and we find butter, cheese, flour and pickles in abundance.

Marvin, of Brooklyn, is an inveterate fisherman. When we were in Rio, he bought a stout cotton line, colored Indian red. It is big enough for signal halyards, and when let out, which it is most of the time, it reaches as far as our ship's wake. He is not very successful, but very patient ; and so he passes the long intervals between meals seated upon the after-rail watching his line. As we near the coast he is more vigilant.

The cry was raised this morning that some one forward had caught a fish ; and, sure enough, there lay, thrashing the deck, a fine bonito. There was a rush forward—even Marvin left his line to see the prize of his more fortunate competitor on the flying jib-boom. The afterpart of the ship was almost deserted. Dill took Marvin's post at the line, and a few minutes afterward he called out to Marvin that there was something on his line.

There was now a rush by all hands to the quarter-deck, and Marvin, with his face flushed with excitement, made all haste to pull in his line. "I've got him! I've got a dolphin!" he shouted. It came heavily, with the unsteady rate characteristic of a catch; but Marvin pulled away, hand over hand, fathom after fathom, tangling it around his legs and the tiller ropes until it was reduced to an inextricable snarl. Away back in the foaming track of the ship still struggled the resisting prize, now sheering to the right, now to the left, but every instant nearing the ship, till those in the rigging cried out that they saw it—"it was a dolphin." Marvin grew more excited; he was the hero of the moment. Soon we all saw it, as the occasional gleam of something green flashed in the deep blue of the sea. At length the line was hove short. Marvin paused. There hung, with the hook in its handle, the ghost of Packard's bombshell thrown on board the Prussian brig, or one very like it. Marvin looked over his shoulder at the laughter-convulsed crowd, with an expression of mingled disappointment and chagrin that was perfectly irresistible. Dill and Ebbets, the naughty boys, were not there. That utensil, the symbol of our naval glory, will be hereafter known among us as "the dolphin!"

There are too many passengers on our ship to be comfortable. It makes it so difficult to get away from the crowd. Our rooms are too warm and without ventilation, and the main cabin is too noisy. I am now perched on some lumber that is

stowed on the quarter-deck and projects forward toward the main-mast and beneath the awning. I have lifted the awning and propped it up with a piece of board placed endwise, and then made the place so small that two cannot get in. Here I read and write all day long, for fear some one will get in when I get out, and I can look down unobserved upon the crowd on deck.

April 11th.—I lost my roost three days ago, and find it difficult to write here in this little filthy cell, where a dim glimmer through a deck-light, half of the time covered by somebody's foot, shows the damp mold and profound ugliness of the place we call our room. On one side are two shelves, six feet long and thirty inches wide, with an upright board in front about a foot high, making of the whole a couple of troughs, in which are moss mattresses of the consistency of a pine board, and one inch and a quarter thick, pillows of similar proportions, and a blanket. These constitute collectively what we call our berths. Over the upper one are pieces of old sail-cloth, fastened by one edge to the deck overhead, and by the other down to the ship's side, to conduct the water that leaks from the deck down clear of our beds. At one end of this room hang various vicissitudes of clothing. Above these is a shelf for books and traps; below is a large chest, upon which I am seated. Before this is my large trunk, upon which is a stool serving me for a writing desk. On the side opposite hang towels and various implements of death, and below these are divers boxes and clothing bags.

On the remaining side is the doorway; at the right of this is a broken looking-glass, which my roommate put his hand through early in the voyage (but a fragment still remains), and tooth brushes, other brushes, and a small box shelf containing little notions in frequent requisition; overhead are hung guns, demijohns, and other fire-arms. The unoccupied space on the floor is two by three feet. We call this our state-room; I don't know why, unless it is because it is a state-room—so the Captain called it, when we paid our passage money.

April 13th.—Off the mouth of the Rio de la Plata. The water is green as though we were on soundings, and immense numbers of birds cover it. The shotguns are out, and large quantities of shot are spent, resulting in the death of three birds. We are approaching the stormy region, and every preparation is being made by our fine little Captain for bad weather. The quarter-boats are taken in, and storm-sails rigged. The winds were most of the time from the southwest, and we were unable to keep as near to the land as is desirable, and shall go outside of the Falkland Islands.

April 18th.—Two days ago we encountered a heavy gale from the southwest. It continued for twenty-four hours with uninterrupted fury. In the outset it carried away our spanker gaff, and fore-topgallant back-stay; fortunately, the halyard parted at the same time, or we would have lost our topmast. All sail was taken in, and the ship laid to with main spencer and stay-sail. I thought I had seen "blows" at sea, but they were mere child's

play to this one. No one laughed at another's fears. About midnight, the howling of the winds became less loud, and on the morning of the 17th we were close-hauled, with the wind west; but the waves were running so tremendously that we could make but little headway. We all felt the importance of having a good ship to trust our lives in, and are satisfied that the *Pacific*, unfortunate as she has been in some respects, is thoroughly seaworthy. I confess that my ideas of a ship are much enlarged. I felt confident of our safety, if the ship would not break in; yet, it was hard to feel an assurance that she would not, the shocks were so dreadful; but, it has passed, and we feel that we are veterans. You may form some idea of the drifting heaps of water, when you fancy yourself sitting between-decks under the after-hatch, and, looking up through the skylight, see the waves thirty degrees above the quarter-rail, and the davits under water. For two nights there had not been a sleepy eye on board. The Captain assures me that we are not likely to have another such a storm on the voyage.

To-day numerous "cape pigeons" are flying about us. They are beautiful black-and-white spotted birds of the gull family, and about the size of pigeons. They are accompanied by a gray petrel, a larger bird; one that I caught measured three feet nine inches across the wings. We have a curious way of catching these birds. They fly around the stern to watch for food thrown overboard, and we fasten a bit of paper to a string and

let it fly a few rods ; soon one of the birds will strike the string with its wing, and it slips between the feathers until the paper is nearly reached, when it takes a turn around the wing, and the bird is hauled in. The famous albatross was seen for the first time to-day. A beautiful pigeon of snowy whiteness, after flying about us for a while, lit in the rigging and was caught. We think it was blown off from the Falkland Islands in the late gale.

April 19th.—Early this morning the Falkland Islands were seen toward the west, distant seventy miles. The air is cold ; the thermometer ranges from 35° to 38° . The sea is always rough and covered with large patches of kelp. One species resembles at a little distance the root of the common potato, and is called by the sailors “the cape potato.” The other is long and flat, sometimes palmated, and stretches out over the water for several rods, undulating with the waves like a vast serpent.

April 21st.—All writing is suspended, owing to the cold weather and general discomfort. The barometer has been falling for some days, which indicates another gale. The sky is clear, and as the sun set the yellow light shone to the zenith. All around looks fair, but the barometer stood at $29^{\circ} 1'$, and was falling. The Captain says he must believe his barometer, and is putting everything in readiness. Before dark the yards were sent down, additional lashings were used to secure the boats, and the deck load, as well as the baggage amid-

ships, which suffered much in the gale, were made fast.

May 9th.—I have not been able to continue the narrative of our voyage owing to stress of weather, and our log is laconic. The storm which was predicted on the 21st came at midnight. The increased motion of the ship awoke us. We heard the howling of the wind, and the word of command given with the trumpet, and by daylight we were in all the horrors of a storm as violent as the one we had so lately passed through. Hail and snow continued during the day, and night brought no relief; no one dared to venture on deck, and our situation was an unenviable one. Our attempts to sleep would have been amusing to a disinterested spectator. All the rooms on the lee side were drenched with water from leaks in the deck. Doctors Edwards, Hall and Jones came to my room on the weather side. One sat against the door with his feet against the berth, the other against the berth with his feet against the door. Sherwood was in his berth lashed fast, while Dr. Hall was wedged into my berth with me, and we were braced in opposite directions, and so managed to keep our places. Thus we passed the night. No sooner would one fall into a doze than a sudden lurch of the ship would rouse him to a sense of his situation. Sometimes the ship would continue so long on her side that we would fear that the next wave would finish her. We would stare into each other's faces like owls, and as she righted would relapse again into drowsy indifference. Now and

- then the ship would rebound and tremble as though we had struck an iceberg. This would be followed by the rushing of water across the deck and a heavy roll, as the vessel staggered under the load. Once during the night we were disturbed by loud talking and blows in the cabin. One of the passengers was quarreling with a little Malay waiter for his place on the table. The subject race having disappeared, the conqueror laid his mattress on the table and placed himself on it crosswise, gripping the edge of the table with both hands; but, after having been twice pitched off, head foremost, and his bed with him, he sat down on a box, the picture of despair. The cabin presented in the morning an appearance that would be difficult to describe. Clothes and books, guns and bed-blankets, wet and mingled with broken jars of sweetmeats and bottles of precious wine, saved with great self-denial to cheer the weary hours yet to come, strewed the cabin floor, while the chairs and half the crockery were broken. We took our food in our hands, and kept our rooms. The only sails carried were the fore and main topsails in "goosewings," that is, the sails close-reefed and the weather ends furled, leaving a small corner down, and a stay-sail.

The following day was calm, but cold and cloudy; the next the wind was blowing a gale from the northeast, and the ship was run before it under close-reefed topsails. It continued to increase until our situation was again very bad. We suffered less from motion, but more from

water. The greatest difficulty was experienced to prevent the ship from broaching-to, and the Captain stood at the helm himself the entire day, and gave orders that the passengers should keep below. I chanced to stand on deck, with two or three others, near the cabin door, when a heavy sea came over the quarter-rail and down the companion-way, in a blue sheet. Instantly we were up to our waists in water. I made a grab for the door and got fast, as did one other. The third was carried down, and for a moment we thought he was gone; but, as the ship rolled on the other side, he caught the lashings on the after hatch, and we pulled him in. A great amount of water went into the cabin, and we were alarmed. The same sea drenched the men at the wheel, and carried the compass, which had been taken out of the binnacle for convenience, down to larboard. It was so dark and wet below that I determined to make another stand on deck. I must see the magnificent view. I kept my hand on the door, to make my escape in haste. Mr. Gager came out after me, and said he would hold on to me, but had hardly stepped on the deck when his feet slipped from under him, and he fell across the deck upon his face, and slid like a dead man to the other side in the water. As the ship rolled to the other side, he came past me, and I grabbed him and dragged him in. I found his nose was badly broken and displaced, and his spectacles were broken and driven into his face. I did not go upon deck again during the gale. As it sub-

sided, the Captain came below to cheer us. We have splintered up Mr. Gager's nose with storm-rigging, so that we think it will not be much defaced. He thinks that had his nose not been a good fender, he would have had his brains knocked out.

Another uncomfortable night passed. We were wet and cold, and the confined air where sixty persons were breathing made me feverish. I went on deck to get some water. It was pitchy dark and raining. My feet slipped, I fell, and returned unsuccessful. From that time until the first of May we were battling with head winds and storms, at which time we were not one hundred miles west of Cape Horn. Great numbers of albatrosses were seen, and with the blubber of a porpoise we caught many of them. The Captain has determined to go to Callao.

On the 4th of April, a month ago, I wrote that we had suffered to our full capabilities from hope deferred. Longitude on the 5th, $73^{\circ} 3'$. For two days previously we were lying to in a heavy southwester. The Captain has been ten times around the Horn, but never before saw so much heavy weather. The passengers are suffering much from the effects of the wet, cold, and want of exercise. Most of them have swollen hands and feet, and many of them have ulcers on the feet. We have no fire to dry our clothes, while all devices to rid ourselves of water are unavailing. The air on deck is continually filled with sleet and rain, which drives us down when we attempt to

breathe it. All pride of person is lost, and men quarrel over their bread as though it was the last they were to eat. On the 5th, the sun shone out about noon, and an observation was taken; altitude of the sun, $15^{\circ} 30'$. How mournfully it reminded me of the vast distance that intervenes between us and our homes!

We have become hardened to storms, but begin to fear that our supply of water will not hold out. The Captain has given orders to put all hands on an allowance.

Last night, about midnight, the wind died away, and until daylight we were rolling in a heavy swell and a dead calm, which was even more disagreeable than a storm; so violent was it, that fears were entertained that it would carry away our masts. Then a light breeze sprung up from the south, and as soon as we got steering-way we were all right. At breakfast we were all in fine spirits. The wind was fair, and there was a prospect that the head winds, which, with the exception of about eighteen hours, had prevailed for the last three weeks, were to be followed by something more favorable; so far it has been all head work.

To-day we are fairly free; latitude $50^{\circ} 15'$, longitude $79^{\circ} 11'$. Our gratification at being released from this memorable cape can be conceived only by those who have been there when the sun is in the northern solstice. The air is yet cold, but the sea water is sensibly warmer. Albatrosses and cape pigeons still follow us in great numbers.

“ And a good south wind sprung up behind ;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo !”

The latter we have become much attached to ; they fly around us within reach of a cane, and alight in little fleets close under our side, and as they fall astern will return and drop into the water hard enough to knock their little wits out. They have the utmost confidence in us. It is a beautiful sight to see the little fellows riding the rough sea, so fleet and buoyant, with their black heads, spotted coats, and pure white vests.

The wind is nearly south this evening, and we are still running before it, but a heavy swell has been making all day from the southwest, showing that our old enemy is raging down there.

May 12th.—The weather was pleasant, and we made but little progress. Yesterday a sail was discovered to windward, and to-day she came down to us, and passed under our lee, as if to speak to us. It proved to be the *John Petit*, of New York. She entered the harbor of Rio the same day with us, saw us lose our flag, and knew of Captain Tibbets' treatment of other vessels, but had not heard of his removal ; hence her shyness in hailing us, as she feared to be insulted. She left Rio nearly three weeks before us. As she passed ahead we gave her three cheers, which were returned. We had been under easy sail to enable her to come up, and, as we were anxious to clear up our bad character, we hoisted fore and mizzen topgallants, flying jib and main royal, and stood after her ; but

we could not get away with her. We kept in sight during the day, but parted at night.

Until the 19th the wind was light and variable. The cabin roof has been cleared, and the boats replaced on the davits. The main hatch was opened, and some valuable discoveries were made in the form of stores, that Mr. Griffin said were not on board. Now, he says, they were on as freight. They are marked "stores," and the Captain knows what to do with them! By this discovery, we have good butter (of which even the poor stuff we had been using was gone), and thirteen casks of water were raised on deck. All the desirable stores were put where they can be made available. The same day, to amuse us, the Captain ran a bottle up to the main topgallant yard, which we had leave to hit, if we could, with pistols. The double motion of the ship and the swinging bottle made it a difficult feat.

In the afternoon a boat was lowered, and a party went off, three or four miles, for the sake of the exercise. We picked up on the blade of an oar a Portuguese man-of-war, as the crew call it, but it is an animal known to naturalists as the *Physalia*. For closer inspection, I brought it on board, and, while doing so, one of its long blue tentacles that hung down from it like a chain of beads, touched the back of my hand and burned it as quickly as if it were done with a drop of hot oil. The scar remains still upon my hand.

Friday, May 18th.—A school of black-fish came near the ship. These are a small species of whale,

large enough to furnish twenty barrels of oil, but very active, and more dangerous to boats, the whalemén say, than any others. It was proposed to go in pursuit of them, and the Captain consented to gratify us, not thinking that we would do more than have a little recreation. We took a gig, a kind of weapon used for killing porpoises, and about twenty fathoms of line. After about an hour's trial, we fastened to one of the largest. When we saw the line straightened, and felt the boat moving through the water, we were all very much excited. It was great sport to be harnessed like old Neptune to the monsters of the deep, and going as though the old what's-his-name was after us. Our line was all out, and the end of the rope was made fast by a half-hitch to a ringbolt in the bow of the boat. There was so little confidence in our being able to fasten that they had not given us the means to kill the whale or get away. We had no knife or hatchet, and the whale was going to windward; neither had we water or food in the boat.

As soon as we were fast, we were seen from the ship to be going without using oars, and the other boat was lowered and sent to us, in charge of the second mate. In the meantime, we were going faster than was pleasant away from the ship. The more we realized the situation, the less enjoyable it became; and the rapid evolutions of our steed required the utmost efforts on our part to keep our boat right side up. He would go down and turn so quickly that we wished some one else had him.

“ Back water, all ! ” “ Give way on the starboard oars—hard ! ” “ Back water on the starboard oars ! ” Such were the orders and expedients to keep him from rising under us, and sending us where we wished him. Then away the whole school would go, as if they knew Mr. Douglass was coming. They would rise and blow all around us, and we would punch them with our oars to make them keep at a respectable distance, when they would slap water into our faces and go down.

At one time, our whale raised his hogshead-shaped head square out of the water, not twenty feet from us, and we thought he was going to die ; but he settled away, and to our great relief went toward the ship, and soon brought us to the other boat. Mr. Douglass brought another harpoon. He took the line between us and the whale, and we untied our end of the line, that we could let go at a moment’s notice. Douglass hauled in on the rope until he got near enough to the whale to throw his harpoon ; but the shank of the weapon bent, and the iron did not make fast. One of his party fired an ounce-ball into the whale, when he gave a sudden start, and having two boats with twenty men straining at the small iron that was fastened in his back, it pulled out, and the whale escaped. The ship was now almost hull down to windward, and we verified the truth of the old saw that “ a stern chase is a long one.”

May 22d.—The Island of Juan Fernandez was visible on the morning of the 19th, like a small blue cloud on the horizon, in the northwest. After

breakfast, a life-boat, with sail and eleven men, started for it, distant fifty miles. I had agreed to be one of the party, but too many got into the boat—twice as many as she ought to carry. They had orders not to lose sight of the ship, but as the wind fell off to a calm, they took to their oars, and before noon they were out of sight. In the meantime, a breeze sprung up from the direction of the island, and we were compelled to beat up for it. This increased for two days, until it blew a gale, during which time we beat about the lee side of the island to find the boat. The Captain was sure it was wrecked, and the most gloomy forebodings filled the minds of all on board.

Two sulphur-bottom whales joined us in the search, and kept us company all one afternoon, wearing ship whenever we did, and kept so close to the windward of us as to blow water into our faces. We saw no signs of life on the island, and now, at the close of the third day, as the clouds hung heavy and dark over the mountains, accompanied by mist and rain, nearly all hope of their safety failed. Fred. Griffin (the owner), George Tibbets (son of the late Captain), J. Ross Browne, J. W. Bingham, Ebbets, Waldron, Dunham of our company, with others who were on the black-fish ride with me, were in the boat's company, and the characters of all are discussed with great seriousness. Jim Morgan is more hopeful. He says that Fred. Griffin was born to be hanged, and can not be drowned; that idea strikes us all as a very plausible one, and gives a brighter view to the picture.

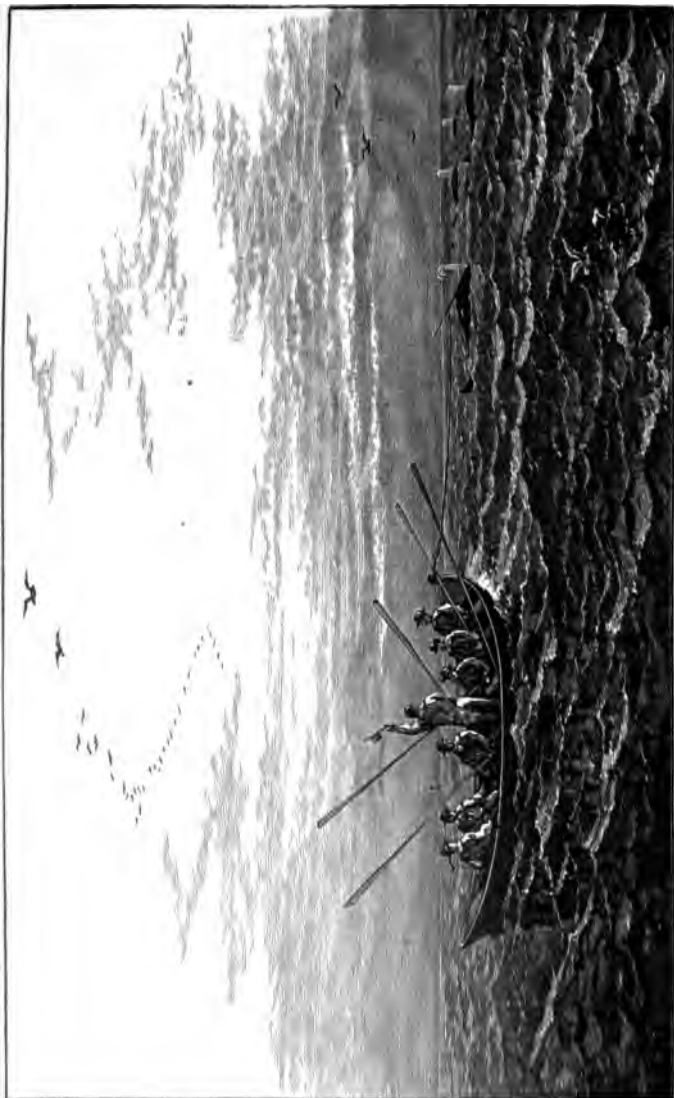
Last night the wind changed, and we made for the north side of the island. As we opened up the north shore we discovered a light, and a tremendous shout raised from our deck expressed the painful anxiety now suddenly relieved. We lay to all night, and this morning the ship was twenty miles north of the island, when we stood in with all sail set. When about five miles off, the boat was discovered coming out to us, and we took it on board. The Captain was angry, as were most of the passengers, at the delay and anxiety caused, but I did not regret the opportunity it gave us to see the celebrated island. By request of the Captain, the Crusoes were received on board in silence.

They stated that they lost sight of the ship about three o'clock on the day they quitted it, and they had nothing left then but to make for the island. Night fell when they were about twenty miles distant from it. They worked all night at the oars until toward morning, when a squall came up, and, hoisting sail, they rounded the east end of the island, but could see only the abrupt shores and the fearful surf breaking upon them. They coasted along until they saw a light. This proceeded from a ship (the *Brooklyn*), ten days before us from New York, bound to California. On board this ship they stayed until after breakfast, and then went on shore. The *Sarah McFarland* was coming in for water as we left.

Our Crusoes brought off a quantity of fish and dried peaches. They represented that the only inhabitants are an American named Pierce and five

Chilenos and their families. The American is a suspicious character, and rules the others by superior sagacity and courage. They live in straw huts. There are numerous caves cut in the lava rock, but they are damp and cold ; our adventurers spent a night in one of them, said to have been inhabited by Selkirk. Wild horses, asses and goats are numerous, being the descendants of those introduced from the continent while the island was occupied as a penal colony.

The appearance of the island at the distance of five miles is dreary enough. It seems to be but one mass of mountains, some two thousand feet high, and the only accessible place is on the north side, where the longest ravines have united in a slope to the sea, which meets it in a little bay, where boats may land in safety. A large portion of the surface is naked lava rock, in some places softened by the elements, and is continually washing down. The round stone pavement made by the prisoners is buried by this alluvium. The soil is exceedingly fertile, and peach and myrtle trees cover the watered slopes of the valleys. The peaches are very fine and large, but nearly out of season. The ground was covered by them in many places, in a state of decay. Quinces were brought on board, and are not unpleasant to the taste. Figs are among the fruits raised here. Garden vegetables are growing wild in great profusion, and Juan Fernandez would not now, notwithstanding it has lost all the delightful romance with which childhood invested it, make a bad hermitage for one world weary ; but, for myself, I thought :



SEE PAGE 92.

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities. It emphasizes that this is crucial for ensuring transparency and accountability in the organization's operations.

2. The second part outlines the various methods and tools used to collect and analyze data. This includes both traditional manual methods and modern digital technologies, highlighting the benefits of each approach.

3. The third part focuses on the challenges faced in data management and analysis, such as data quality, security, and integration. It provides strategies to overcome these challenges and ensure the reliability of the information.

4. The final part discusses the future trends in data management, including the use of artificial intelligence and cloud computing. It suggests ways to stay ahead of the curve and leverage these technologies for better performance.

“ Oh, solitude ! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face ?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms
Than reign in this horrible place.”

The smaller island is only inhabited by goats, and these are in great numbers. It has no harbor, but many acres of table land, covered with a rank growth of wild oats and other grass. Fish are so numerous that they can be taken in any quantity. Dunham says he fastened a hook to his hat-string and hauled a fish into the boat, and they are so greedy that they will rise to the fingers when held in the water. Crawfish as large as our lobsters are taken in any quantity ; we found them a great luxury.

On leaving the islands, we took “ the trades,” and are now, a week after, in latitude 15°. We expect to see land to-morrow.

CHAPTER IV.

The Andes—Overhauling shore clothes—Callao—Lima—The “*cheremoya*”—Excursion to San Lorenzo—Shoot sea-birds—Wild potatoes—Tom Falls—Exciting news from California—The Cathedral—Pizarro’s skull—Champagne dinner—Water spouts—Celebration of Independence Day—Sail, ho!—Go for it—Brig *Osceola*—Grand reception—Return—Six months at sea—Head winds—Pass the ship *Humboldt*—Hope deferred—Signs of land—Ho, California!—Old Boreas comes on board—End of the Voyage—Landing.

May 31st, 1849.—We were out on deck early, looking for the expected land. The sun had not risen, and the eastern horizon appeared as usual. We all looked too low, for high up was the dim and distant outline of the phantom mountains, well defined against the sky. We were looking upon the giant Andes, more than a hundred miles off. After the sun rose, they disappeared “like the baseless fabric of a vision;” but this afternoon we are nearer, and the light is reflected from their snowy sides, white as the clouds, from which it is difficult to distinguish them. The vast peaks rise up into the very arch of heaven, too magnificent for description. A dispute arose as to our having seen the mountains in the morning. In point of fact, we had not; we saw the illuminated atmosphere around them. As soon as the sun rose and lighted the atmosphere between us and the moun-

tains, they disappeared. We saw the mountains "negatively," as Humboldt called it. We can distinguish them from the clouds that rest upon them by the fixed outline of the former, while that of the latter slowly changes.

The scene on board is very amusing, as the passengers come up on deck dressed in their shore clothes. Cape Horn had treated them badly. I don't know what I shall do for a hat. My only decent one was carefully strapped up to the deck over my berth, but an old rat had appropriated it as her breeding-place, without my knowledge, and during the storms off the Horn the water drowned the young ones, and I did not discover the disaster until recently. Who will lend me a hat?

Callao, June 6th.—On the morning after our arrival, we took a shore boat and landed at the mole. After wandering about a short time, we found ourselves unexpectedly out of town. This is a squalid place. We were reminded of two characteristics of the country by the construction of the houses—the exemption from rain, and the liability to earthquakes. The market place is a square, with a few Indian women seated under umbrella-like awnings, having their fruit and other articles scattered around them on the ground.

Here, four of us—Ross Browne, Dr. Beale and J. W. Allen, with myself—found ourselves apart from the rest, and concluded to go to Lima and return the same day. We walked three miles, when Dr. Beale gave out, and, when within a mile of the city, Allen followed suit. Browne and my-

self continued on through the gates of the city. The distance was but seven miles, but we had been so long unaccustomed to travel that it was a severe trial. We stopped at the house of our *Chargé d'Affaires* to rest ourselves for an hour, and went on to find a hotel. Gave a *real* for a *cheremoya* as large as my two fists. It was delicious. Tropical fruits are all very abundant, but this is the *ne plus ultra* of fruits. Peru is said to be the only country where they grow to perfection.

I will not occupy the space to describe Lima. You can get all that from books. We climbed the summit of Mont Christoval; saw the famous Condor, the Bridge of Rolla, the wine presses, the hospital, the cathedral, with its altar of silver, the monasteries, and, with Mr. Falls, engineer of the *Rimac*, rode on horseback to the summit of the vast structures of unburnt brick, erected by the Peruvians under the Incas, from whose flat tops were offered up their human sacrifices.

Yesterday Mr. Falls took a small party of us to the Island of San Lorenzo, which forms the protection to the harbor from the sea, and is about one thousand feet high. Convicts are kept at work here, and we are obliged to get a permit to land. The potato is said to grow wild on its summit, and we were anxious to find it. The soil was very heavy, being composed of guano. It was now dry and bare, but we dug some shriveled tubers that may be wild potatoes, but, if so, there must have been a great change effected by cultivation. As no rain falls, the soil must be watered by fogs.

There was no water to quench our thirst, and when we descended to the outer shore to shoot sea lions, we nearly perished for want of it. We then returned to the boat and visited the south end, where is a burial place of the ancient Peruvians. We collected relics that had been exhumed, fired away all our powder and shot at sea birds, returned to the ship very tired and hungry, and spent the evening in talking of the antiquities of Peru, of which Mr. Falls has much information. Besides Mr. Falls, there is another one of the Novelty Works boys on board of the *Rimac*—Peter Donahue, assistant engineer. They are delighted to see their countrymen.

California has drained the markets here of everything. Iodide of potassium, worth in New York \$4, is here worth \$32. Quinine is held at \$12 an ounce, and there is hardly an ounce of it in Lima.

Our friend, Captain Bartlett, came in this morning with the *Ewing*, and sails with us to-morrow. This letter will be carried by private conveyance to the United States mail. The postage by British steamer is \$1.25 per ounce.

June 15th.—At sea. A few thousand miles more, and this protracted voyage will be brought to a close. The same morning that we left Callao the British steamer arrived from Panama, with news of communication again opened by steam with San Francisco, but no news did it bring from home—not even a paper from the United States. By English papers, I learned that the propeller *Hartford* failed to come out to this coast, and

some allusion was made to a speech by Mr. Clay on slavery. The latest dates from the United States were to February 17th. The news from California is very exciting; the rush from all quarters is astonishing. They say that there are not Americans enough to hold the country, which is in a state of anarchy; that 8,000 Mexicans from Sonora are driving our people before them. Wait until our fleet of California boys now in the Pacific gets there, and you will hear of fun. It seems we did not know half the truth when we left New York; the whole world seems to have gone crazy. Some of our folks begin to feel uneasy lest gold will lose its rank as a precious metal. Jim Morgan has been figuring on an estimate of the probable result. If 100,000 people now in California and on their way get each 500 pounds of gold, what will gold be worth? Jim swears he will go and hunt for an iron mine.

It was nearly night when our anchor was again up, and we stood out for the open sea. Mr. Falls had come out in his boat to see us off, and I really pitied the poor fellow as he got down to go to his own vessel. He and his assistants were the only Americans here, except a Dr. Kenny, and, as he left, he said he would go and give himself thirty lashes and put himself in irons. He wore the uniform of the Peruvian navy, and it had been of great advantage to us.

When we were in Lima and visiting the cathedral, our conductor, an old priest, showed us the bones of Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru, and for

the small consideration of \$1, he would give us as a memento the veritable skull of the old hero. Money was rather scarce with me just then, and the mysterious proposition was declined. Since we have been at sea there have been discovered not less than fourteen of these grim relics of the great *conquistador*, and all are guaranteed to be veritable skulls of Pizarro. What a Cerberus he must have been!

But few incidents enliven the voyage, now so tedious. A few days out we had a sumptuous dinner, with champagne and roast turkey. Toasts and sentiments were indulged in, and a day passed with a great deal of good will and merriment. Another exhibition of a water spout gave rise to a great deal of discussion as to whether the water rose from the sea or fell into it. Each one saw the phenomenon just according to his bias. I was confirmed in my opinion that the water in a water spout does not rise, but falls into the sea, as if all the rain from a *cumulus* cloud were concentrated into a small space and fell with such force as to cause a small fog-bank on the water.

July 15th.—We crossed the equator on the 26th of June, at longitude 110°, without having shifted a tack since we hoisted our anchor. At 6° north, the winds became light and baffling. Disappointed in spending the 4th of July on *terra firma*, we made great preparations to do honor to the day on board. For several days military drills were frequent, as, indeed, they had been since the late news from California. A Committee of Arrangements

was appointed, and everything was prepared for as grand a display as the limited field of our operations would allow. Daybreak was announced by the firing of a volley down the main hatch, and a resolute determination on the part of the more patriotic not to allow the others to sleep. At sunrise all were on deck. The New England Regiment, dressed with black pants, California hats and bright red shirts, fired thirteen volleys; at the same time, our colors, with all the flags and signals on board, went up to flaunt the skies, and three cheers from all on board hailed the glorious day. There was no echo to our glad shout, and we were reminded what an atom we were in the vast watery plain that separated us from the millions whose patriotic thunder was rolling from the Atlantic to the Pacific. At ten o'clock, a drum (improvised from a keg and the skin of a sheep killed on board) and fife called all hands on deck. Mr. Gager, who had held the rank of Brigadier-General, was Marshal of the Day. The New England Regiment, under Colonel N. D. Morgan, was divided into three companies, under Captains Strong, Cannon and Waldron; Hale was Adjutant, and Masten Major. Mark Hopkins, who had held the rank of Brigade Inspector, having been overlooked in the arrangements, declined to serve in any other capacity than Assistant Surgeon, and so took his place with me on the Colonel's Staff. This regiment, twenty-five strong, formed on the starboard, and was a very soldierly corps. Beyond these the Easterbrook Guards—dressed like the others, in

black hats and pants, and red shirts, with the letters "E. G." on the breast—were formed, twelve strong. On the left were the Hartford Brigade; though only ten men, they were allowed to be a brigade, because they were armed with a pair of Colt's large pistols each. Beyond these was formed a company of such as were not connected with companies; they were well dressed and disciplined, and, as all were reviewed and making ready to march, the Ocean Rangers issued from the fore-castle, dressed in the order of the day, well armed, but with faces so altered by mustaches and imperials in burnt cork that it was not easy to identify them. They were under the command of Captain Cathcart, of the New York Excelsior Club. The whole line presented arms as they filed by and took their place on the extreme right. After marching down the windward and up the leeward, preceded by the Captain as President of the Day, General John S. Jones, of Marion (Georgia), as Orator, the Reader, Poet and Committee of Arrangements, in citizens' dress, they were formed around the after-hatch. The band played "Hail, Columbia," and all thoughts of levity were laid aside. Half a dozen men, with blue shirts and stove-pipe hats, and stars on their breasts, acted as police, and stood around to keep order.

The President announced the Reader of the Declaration of Independence, J. W. Bingham, who introduced the reading by some appropriate remarks. After him followed General Jones, in a short but beautiful oration, in which his touching

allusions to home and our peculiar situation brought tears to many eyes. The concluding music was very fine. The military then dispersed, and some amusement from the police kept up the interest. Douglass, the second mate—a stout, daring fellow—was in for a frolic. With an old, broken, high-crowned hat, boots over his trousers' legs, and both eyes' very ingeniously blackened, he came staggering about the quarter-deck, personating the character of "Sikesy," in the play of *New York As It Is*. Another character in the same play was represented by an agile, slender fellow, who is too full of fun to take anything seriously—Dunham, a member of our company. The police had endeavored in vain to catch Douglass—he is the most active sailor on board, and wherever there was a rope he was at home as thoroughly as a monkey in a tree; but his friend "Mose" was captured, and he called on Sikesy for a rescue. Sikesy responded to the call, but in the struggle that followed he was himself securely ironed; they were too many for him.

Dinner was served in good style; the last of the turkeys were served up; pie was made from preserved meat, which, with pastry and sweet potatoes, of which we laid in a large supply at Callao, made us a good dinner. The baggage was all removed through the whole length of the cabin, and room was made for all on board at the table. When the cloth was removed, a tub of punch was brought on, and the company grew merry. The toasts were disposed of, and a few were beginning

to feel the punch, when J. Ross Browne, who had been appointed Poet of the Day, gave as a substitute a satirical relation of the leading incidents of the voyage. It made some mirth at first, but as he was too personal to suit the occasion, he was interrupted. This broke up the good feeling and marred the otherwise excellent celebration. At sundown thirty volleys were fired, and our flags came down. The day ended by getting a Millerite drunk. It was a regular New York celebration on a small scale, and, to those on board, one never to be forgotten.

At Sea, July 15th.—Two days after the celebration the wind was still light and ahead. The cry of "Sail, ho!" was made, and a vessel was discovered too far ahead to make her out. The Captain said, jocosely, that we had better lower a boat and go to her. I thought there was a little irony in the suggestion, referring to the foolhardiness of some of our excursions; but the proposition was taken seriously by most of the passengers, and a perfect storm was the result. They denounced it, and questioned the right of the Captain to send a boat off. The Captain felt that his authority was involved, and he told Brigham that if he would take his boat and get a crew, he might go and obtain the vessel's reckoning. A crew was soon made up. In a few minutes we were on our way in the *Crusoe*, as the boat was named after the trip to Juan Fernandez. We started off under a shower of abuse, groans, etc. The ship was going about four knots, only the upper sails drawing.

We had seven men and pulled five oars. One man had got into the boat uninvited; he was a bad oarsman, and to our great mortification he cramped his oar badly, and we fell astern. Cheers now saluted us from the ship. We put another man in his place, and soon got ahead far enough to hoist a sail; but the wind so near the water was not strong enough to keep us ahead of the ship, and we kept four oars out. In two hours we could discern the vessel that we were in pursuit of; at noon her hull could be distinguished, but the strength of the party began to fail. It could not be perceived that we were gaining. Our men were reminded that we were relying too much on the sail—that it was the white ash alone that must be depended upon. It was urged that to return unsuccessful would be to expose us all to ridicule. A vote was taken whether we should go on or return. Two declared they were sick and unfit for the necessary exertion. Packard, foremost and fearless to embark, said we could not reach the vessel before dark. Ebbets looked back with longing to the ship. Bingham and myself were the only ones urgent for going on. It was decided that we should change every fifteen minutes, and pull for one hour with our utmost strength, when, if we were not agreed on continuing, we would return. We pulled away manfully, Bingham and myself pulling half-hour tricks for those who were sick, though my hands were blistered before noon. At the end of the hour it was not difficult to see that we had gained decidedly. We

were now more than half way from our own ship to the stranger, and we could see neither of them except as we rode on the top of the swell. The almost vertical sun shone down with fierce heat; the wind died away until the surface of the sea was like glass. Now was our opportunity, and we redoubled our exertions. About half-past two we knew that we were discovered, by seeing the vessel back her topsails. She was a brig. Our flag was mounted in the mouth of our water demi-john. As we came nearer, we saw her lower away a boat. Not long after, we could get an occasional sight of it, when we were both on swells at the same time. All sickness and headache now disappeared. They were soon in hailing distance, and they shouted, in a language we could not misunderstand, "What boat is that?" "From the ship *Pacific*," we replied, "bound for that brig; been out since eight o'clock this morning---short of water, and nothing to eat. What brig is that?" "*Osceola*, from Philadelphia, bound for California." They all knew of the *Pacific*, as every vessel bound to California does. "Three cheers for the boat from the ship *Pacific*!" and those California hats went round with vigor. We peaked our oars in man-of-war style, and, standing up, gave them back as lustily. "Come on," said they, and pulled away to their vessel like men possessed. It was about four o'clock when we came up. The brig's boat got in first, as they had eleven fresh men, and passed up the word that we were passengers from the *Pacific*. Up to this time they had not

seen our ship, and were under the impression she was lost and that we were the survivors. Seventy men were on the rail and house, and, O, heaven! how they did roar a welcome! They lifted us out of the boat, and crowded around us, eager to shake hands; and sore as our hands were, blistered within by the oars and blistered without by the sun, we had to go through with it. We were ushered into the cabin, and nearly smothered with the press. Each one of us was surrounded by a group of listeners. We told them the encouraging news we had learned at Callao; how we had seen gold passed, to the amount of several pounds, through a crowd in the street, with so little concern to the owner that he did not care to watch it; and we saw a lump, weighing twenty-six ounces, passed around the breakfast table. We advised them of the probability of some fighting to re-establish the authority of our Government, and the necessity of looking to their arms.

A table was soon spread for us, and we sat down to a dinner such as I never enjoyed before; that dinner was worth all the labor it cost us. Would you like to know what it was made of? Salt beef, pork, and Irish potatoes! The last article they obtained in Chile. While we were discussing the meal with coffee, they were discussing the news. We remained on board an hour and a half. The doctor produced the last of the brandy from the medicine chest, and I fear we left them destitute. The time admonished us to leave, and we embarked in our own boat, received the three times

three cheers for the *Crusoe* crew, returning the compliment, hoisted sail and ran down with a free wind for our own ship, a mere speck on the horizon; but she was close on the wind and we before it, and we approached rapidly. Our guests promised to return our visit in the morning, if we were in sight. We reached our vessel about half an hour after sundown.

Our fellow passengers were all eager to know what vessel it was, where from, where bound, etc. We had agreed to answer no questions; so as soon as we were on board and the boat secured, we repaired to the Captain's cabin and made our report, and after we had kept them long enough in suspense to get even with them for their treatment of us in the morning, we went out and told them all, and delivered letters to several of them. A wind sprung up from the west at night, and in the morning the brig could nowhere be seen.

July 17th.—The trades, which have been adverse since we first took them, are dying away. Our position yesterday was in longitude $128^{\circ} 25'$, latitude $25^{\circ} 35'$. In a few days we shall have been six months without news from our friends. You can imagine how anxiously we watch the compass and the wind. It would amuse you to see the various devices resorted to, to consume time. The great dining-table, under the main hatch, is the work-bench, where all sorts of trades are carried on. I have made a sail for my boat in a style that would not dishonor a sailmaker.

Our ship is almost uninhabitable. We have

abandoned our rooms and crowd our musty beds upon the tables, and every available space is occupied. Many of us purchased hammocks, and these are swung from the timbers between-decks. Bugs have increased so rapidly that we cannot sleep where we were accustomed to, and rats have lost all fear and respect for us. They run over our faces, and destroy everything they can put their teeth into. They have even destroyed my flag. They sampled Dr. Hall's nose! But this is nearly all over! Very soon our blankets will be spread on the pure earth and under the open sky.

July 31st.—For three weeks we have been within six days' sail of our destined port; but the winds are always ahead. There is a degree of feverish anxiety that I have not before seen. "How does she head?" is asked all day long and every hour in the night. Anxious groups stand around the binnacle with mournful looks, as though they were gazing upon the face of a dead child. The wind does not "haul." I have been waiting for more quiet times to write, but as we are to fight it out with head seas, I do the best I can; there is so much motion that I have to write on my knees, with ink in hand. One thing consoles me, our ship is never beaten on the wind. On the 19th, a sail was discovered from the cross-trees, directly to windward; on the next day she was seen from the top; on the 21st her hull could be seen from our deck. Exchanged signals, but could not distinguish her's. Early the next morning we were all roused to see the stranger; she

was half a mile to windward, and we were coming up fast. She carried the flag of Hamburg, and was crowded with passengers. It was the ship *Humboldt*, from Panama, three hundred and twenty-five passengers and 101 days passage. Few more interesting incidents occur on a long voyage than speaking a ship. Although very early, we were all out. As we dashed along on our converging paths, we gradually approached, until we were startled with the short, imperious call from a brazen throat, "Ship, ahoy!" "Ahoy!" we echoed, equally imperious, and a little shorter: "Where are you from?" The question in order would have been, "Where are you bound?" but this was unnecessary. "From Callao forty-two days; sailed out of New York. Where are *you* from?" "Panama seventy-three days. All well." "All well." We were now so far apart that we could not tell what was said, and three cheers from the red-shirted crowd on her deck was responded to by a similar looking crowd on our deck; three more for California were answered in a like manner, and she dropped across our wake and went to leeward. I thought I saw a man making signals to us from the bows, but it proved to be a shirt hung up to dry, and I got the laugh on me. We felt badly for the poor fellows, for we thought they were worse off than ourselves. The next morning we were out of sight. Another vessel was now seen on our lee bow; it was a small schooner trying hard to get up to us, with a large ensign of the stars and stripes. We could not afford to lose the

time necessary to speak her, and before dark left her out of sight. On Tuesday last we were in longitude 136° , latitude 26° . Here the wind was baffling, and finally died out altogether. The next day it was west of north, and promised well. We were all in the best of spirits, and as it freshened we became boisterous; but about midnight it shifted to the same old quarter, and we continued on the starboard tack. Yesterday our position was in longitude $128^{\circ} 50'$, latitude $34^{\circ} 49'$. We are quite confident of getting in this week, but I cannot realize yet that we are so near the end of the voyage; so long have we been sailing with the port of our destination so far off, that we cannot make it seem near. It appears an age since we came on board this ship. Our friends would have difficulty in recognizing us as the same persons that sailed from New York last January. We have become reconciled to the privations of physical comforts; we drink our bitter coffee, without milk, with relish; we never grumble at the salt beef and pork while we have soft bread and vinegar, for we have "duff" or pie for dessert. We have no variety, for we have run short of most things. Butter and such delicacies are quite forgotten, or come to us only in tantalizing dreams. We don't even "know beans" any longer.

Last night I read "Views Afoot" in Dr. Hall's room until late. We read the description of the palace at Munich, surpassing Aladdin's dreams, and when we came to the description of the bedroom, its magnificence exceeded our credulity. We

stopped, and I crawled into my hammock over the baggage, where I had tarred the ropes to prevent the rats from cutting me down, and, wondering whose daughter Cain's wife could have been, I fell asleep. The motion of the ship is bad, in consequence of the head seas. One word is written between each pitch, and if it is a long one, I have to cut it in two.

August 4th.—We arose early this morning to look for land. The water is greener, showing that we are on soundings. Curious specimens of kelp are frequently met with. We caught one, which consisted of a rod forty feet long, with a hollow knob at one end tapering off to a long lash, the small end of which had been attached to the rocks on the bottom of the sea; from the knob, which was filled with air to float it to the surface, grew a tuft of leaves two yards long and four inches wide, with corrugated edges. Pieces of wood are seen, and flocks of cormorants watched with intense interest. Columbus, when he approached the shores of America, could not have noted these signs of land with more intense interest than we do. Very many whales, seals and small fish, which we have not seen for a long time, are swimming about. Two or three vessels are in sight, one of which we boarded about two o'clock. It proved to be the bark *Isabel*, of New Brunswick (New Jersey). From her we learned the sad news of our wreck off Cape Horn, and the loss of all on board. Fog shut out the sight of land, and at length night hid from our view the ocean, and we heard only the

quiet ripple of the water and the cry of sea birds as we startled them from their repose. We turned in early, for we sought in the oblivion of sleep to shorten the night—the last night on board! But, it was long before sleep would relieve us. The thought of so soon being able to hear from home oppressed me. Alternate hope and fear swelled into a painful anxiety.

The morning of August 5th came, and the Golden Gate was before us. A thousand water birds were diving about, and a fine breeze bore us in. As the hills became more distinct, we distinguished numerous cattle and horses grazing, and the rich green delighted us. The tide was with us. What hills, what an entrance, what a bay spread out! We ran for a white island until we opened the shipping and stood for it, and dropped anchor in a crowd of vessels. The Captain of the Port came on board and took possession of the ship, and soon after "Old Boreas" came over the ship's side and stood on the deck. "Now, gentlemen, you are in California; you can go on shore as soon as you please," was his first and only salutation. He had gone back to New York and returned over the Isthmus, anticipating our arrival some time, and was ready to take his ship. We were not waiting for an invitation to go on shore, but shall put our feet on *terra firma* as soon as God will let us.

Thus ends our long and eventful voyage of 194 days. We have had many difficulties, but have surmounted them all. We have lost no life, and

had but little sickness. It is Sunday, and we are not able to get our letters. It would be difficult to describe the state of things here. They have no parallel in the history of the world. Instead of starvation, provisions are cheaper than at home; instead of robbery and anarchy, as we expected, there is the best of order. There are millions of dollars' worth of goods lying about the hills (for as yet there are no regular streets), in the open air, without a guard, and the choicest goods are stored in tents; yet no one thinks of losing anything by theft. The same state of things is said to exist throughout the country.

CHAPTER V.

Disappointment—Encamp in Happy Valley—The ship *Brooklyn*. Old Tibbets comes to grief—Burying the dead—The New England Mining and Trading Company disband—Up the Sacramento—Spend a night in a whale boat—Lost in the tules—Our first camp—Arrive at Sacramento city—Resolve to go to the head waters of the Sacramento—Joined by Capt. Haines and his party—Wild grapes—Grizzly bears—A conflagration—A wildcat—Shoot a California vulture—Pass an Indian town—Stopped by a war party—The fish wier—Numerous deer—Arrive at Chico Creek—Sickness and despondency—How we didn't shoot a bear—Deer Creek—Trade our boat for ox teams and proceed by land—Meet Capt. Haines at Red Bluff—Return to Sacramento.

August 15th, 1849.—In camp. As soon as possible after our anchor was down we landed for our letters, but were told that it was not possible to get them on Sunday, as the Post Office was closed. I went to Alfred Robinson, agent for the Mail Steamship Company, to whom I had a letter of introduction from William H. Aspinwall, to see if he had any letters addressed to his care, or if some special favor could not be granted me that I might get my letters that day, but I found that I was no special man here. We returned to the ship to spend the night, as she had not been entered at the Custom House, and we could not remove our effects until she was. Early the next morning, by six o'clock, we were on shore and at the Post

Office. We waited our turn in a long line, for several ships had arrived since the close of the Post Office on Saturday, and several hundred were there before us. Each one of our ship's company before me got his hands full of letters from home, but when my turn came, one lone letter was handed to me, postmarked May 26th. It was in the handwriting of my mother. It told me that letters had been sent by private hands, but by whose hands, or where in the wide world that individual was, was not told; that W—— M—— was on his way in the *Palmetto*, but I had not heard of that ship. My disappointment was more than I could bear. For more than six months I had been looking forward to this day, to tell me all that had transpired during the long months that we had been upon the sea. I dropped out of the line and made my way as rapidly as possible to get out of sight and sound of anyone, to hide my disappointment. I went alone to the top of a hill that overlooks the entrance to the bay, and looked down the straits for the *Palmetto*, but no ship was coming in.

We are camped about half a mile south from the town, in Happy Valley. The sandy shore of the bay is in front of us, and around us are sand-hills covered with a low growth of evergreen oaks. We have four tents, and, though our fare is coarse, we are delighted to be on shore. Captain Tibbets would give us no food on board, nor would he give us the stores that belonged to the company, and which were on board as freight. The first day after landing we had nothing to eat but salt pork

(which we broiled at the camp fire on the end of sticks) and hard bread ; but we felt that we were free men and not slaves, and, when we had spread evergreens over the ground in our tents, and rolled ourselves up in our blankets, we had no fear that rats would disturb us in our sleep.

You will hear all sorts of stories from this country ; we do here. I will tell you in few words the situation of things. Provisions and goods of every description are cheaper than in New York. Labor is enormously high, though, from the great number of men who have not the means to go to the mines, it is not so high as it has been. I think the population of this place is about 5,000. More than half the houses are made of canvas, for lumber is very scarce. There is no law regarded but the natural law of justice ; and I never saw a more orderly state of society, where the genial influence of woman is not felt. I have not heard of a theft or crime of any sort amenable to the laws at home since I have been here. Fire-arms are thrown aside as useless, and are given away on the road. Game is said to be abundant, but no one has time to hunt. Many who went to the mines returned unsuccessful, and report that the exertion in getting gold is too great. Some are leaving the country for the Sandwich Islands, in disgust.

There are about one thousand men encamped along this beach, preparing to go to the mines, and there has been no sickness of note, although they have landed from a six months' voyage and are subject to diseases incident to the change of climate.

The ship *Brooklyn* arrived yesterday. We left her at the Island of Juan Fernandez. Her passengers are in a dreadful state of disease from scurvy; two have died, and a dozen of them are buried in the sand on the shore up to their chins, a mode of treatment which the sailors think will cure them.

One of the passengers who signed the protest against the removal of Captain Tibbets, at Rio de Janeiro, went on board to look after his freight yesterday. He was ordered off by the Captain, and, thinking that he had forgotten the friendly act, he reminded him of it, but the ungrateful old Turk seized him by the throat, pushed him to the gangway, and threatened to throw him overboard, if he did not leave instantly. The man went ashore and made a complaint to the Alcalde, and old Tibbets was compelled to pay a heavy fine forthwith.

August 25th.—It is ten days since I have written a line. The steamer arrived last Sunday, and brought letters for me. This is the Sabbath, and I have cleared out with a hatchet the interior of a clump of scrub oaks, so as to shelter me from the sun and yet allow the cool air to reach me, and where I can write without interruption. The air in the tent is suffocatingly warm. Yesterday I attended Court to give evidence in a suit against the Captain of the ship *Brooklyn*, brought by the passengers. Six of their number have died of scurvy, and many of them present a shocking appearance. Such would have been our fate, had it

not been for the strong love of justice shown by our Consul at Rio de Janeiro, unless we had killed the Captain and thrown him overboard before we passed Cape Horn, which would have been the alternative. Captain Richardson is tried by a Jury before the Alcalde, and I think he will have justice done him; but what justice can be rendered the poor men who are dead and buried in the desert sands of this far-off shore? It is a sad spectacle, this burial in a camp. No mourning relatives stand around; we wind flags about their rough coffins, and bury them in the shallow graves we have dug for them in the sand. Who will hereafter know their resting-place?

I expected the cholera in New York this season, and am relieved to know that it is no worse. I do not expect it here. Yes, tell me of the strawberries and the delicious fruits, as they come and go with the circling year. Tell me of the fresh flowers; the old familiar faces; here all are strangers. As for fruit, I have not tasted any in California, and do not expect to; even potatoes are sold at three shillings a pound.

The company will wind up their affairs to-day and separate. I was just thinking of the orations I had made at school on the wrongs of the poor Indian, and how we prophesied that they would soon be driven to the shores of the Pacific. How little did I then think I would ever be here to drive them back, but it is even so. The Red man is falling eastward, and will be brought to bay far from here. The Pacific Ocean will not be his last resting-place.

A meeting is called to-day for the relief of those on their way overland ; they are said to be dying by hundreds from thirst and hunger upon the great desert.

SACRAMENTO CITY,

October 13th.

The affairs of the company having been settled, it separated into small parties, and the camp at Happy Valley was broken up, after a stay of five weeks. I determined to attach myself to a company of five friends, who had no particular plan in view further than to Winter in the mines. We purchased the company's boat—a Frances galvanized-iron one, twenty-four feet long, and five feet beam. Besides our tent and camp utensils, were rockers and other mining tools, and flasks of quick-silver, while all available space left was filled with provisions. We cut a hatchway into the forward air-chamber, into which we stowed our ammunition, medicines, and other choice articles.

We set sail about eight o'clock on Sunday. Passing through the crowd of shipping anchored off the shore, we stood out for the Island of Los Angeles, just discernible through the haze ; then we took the flood-tide and swept on into San Pablo Bay. The beautiful straits which connect this with Suisun Bay we nearly missed, and were being borne with a strong wind upon the flats to the left. The air was so smoky that the shores were indistinct, and but for the fact that a vessel was seen by us hugging the right shore, we might have been

swamped on the flats. As it was, when we hauled up on the wind, the rollers were so heavy that our deeply-loaded boat shipped an uncomfortable amount of water. It was about three o'clock, in the afternoon, when we entered Suisun Bay. This we were told was dangerous to small boats. We overtook a whale boat, with one man in it, just before entering the bay, and I got in with him to assist in the management of his sail. His boat was poorly rigged, and altogether we had a bad time of it. The sea was very rough, but we ran before the wind, and managed to keep up pretty well with the other boat until about night-fall, when we reached the mouth of the river, the iron boat a little ahead. Her crew made signs to us to go on shore, and we hauled up to go to the same place with her. It was a muddy lee shore, and we could not get far enough into the tules to protect ourselves, so we were forced to haul off. We then stood for a small willow island opposite. The iron boat reached it, but we could not manage our sail, and were driven off and compelled to continue our course. It was now so dark that those in the other boat could not see where we were, and thought it safest to remain there until morning. We drifted on up the river four or five miles before we could find a place where the boat would lie well. At length we ran into the bushes and made fast. Here we ate what remained of our provisions—not enough for a coyote's supper—and, taking a pair of blankets, we laid down in the bottom of the boat. I felt the

loss of my blankets, which were in the other boat, for the wind was piercing cold, but my companion, as he tucked up the blankets around us, made his laconic prayer, "May the Old Gentleman take good care of us," and before I had thought of such a thing, he was snoring lustily. I slept, too, as well as I could, rocking on the waves, with the dew drops from the bushes pattering on my face.

We rose early the next morning and clambered up the largest bush to see whether in the night we had not taken the wrong way, as there were said to be many mouths to the river. We could see nothing but tule marshes. We endeavored to return, but the wind was against us. Then came a suspicion that the iron boat might have passed us, so we kept on, and fastened to a brig anchored in the stream. This vessel had been lying there for three weeks, waiting for a favorable wind to get down. We found the Captain sick with fever, deserted by all but two of his men, and entirely destitute of provisions and quinine. His boat had gone down to San Francisco for relief, but had not returned. We had nothing for them - not so much as a biscuit for ourselves. Learning that we were in the main river, we hoisted sail under the lee of the brig and stood off. The iron boat came up soon afterward. I stepped out of the stranger's boat, and we saw him no more.

As we passed on, we got beyond the high winds, and had a delightful journey through the day. We passed many vessels aground that had started several days before us. The delta of this river is

very extensive, and intersected with sloughs or branches that make the way difficult for those unacquainted with it. We lost our way, and continued on until two in the afternoon, but seeing no vessels or other signs that the stream was frequented, we stopped to lunch and deliberate. I never saw a more beautiful river; its banks here were lined with oaks, sycamores, willows, and other trees of genera with which my boyhood was familiar. Hawks, jays and blackbirds, cranes and ducks—birds of our own land—were frequent; and I could hardly realize at times, as we floated along, that I was so far from my native river. I climbed a sycamore to take a view of the country beyond the river's banks. The timbered belt along the river is narrow, and beyond this the vast plain was covered, as far as the eye could reach, with tule. There were tracks of wolves and Indians, but nothing recent. Satisfied that we were on the wrong stream, we pulled back for ten miles and took another one. We soon came to what we thought was called, *par excellence*, "The Slough." For many miles we saw nothing but tule, or bulrushes, about six feet high. At night-fall we came to another fork, and, doubtful which course to take, we hauled up to the shore where we saw a clump of trees. A dead tree made an open spot, where we effected a landing. With hatchet and lantern we cleared a place under the vines and bushes, built a huge fire of drift-wood, and made some coffee. By dint of pulling and lifting, we opened a place where we could spread our blankets, and

spent an agreeable night—for fatigue makes sleep pleasant anywhere. The sun was just rising when we crept out of our camp; the sky was without a cloud, and the surface of the river was as smooth as a mill-pond. Away across it, the opposite bank was margined with bulrushes, or tule, as they are called here, and a white swan was sailing to and fro, watching, with curiosity, the strange intrusion on her solitude. Seeing us on the move, she disappeared among the tule.

We started early the next morning, and were surprised to find that we had spent the night on the only piece of dry ground anywhere near. We were indebted in the darkness purely to accident. About nine o'clock, we found ourselves again in the main river, below where we had left it the day before. We continued on that day up the Sacramento—monotonous, but always beautiful—its banks everywhere bordered with stately trees and festooned with wild grape-vines so dense as to hide from view the back country. The water was so clear that we could see the fish; where it was deep, it was of a rich green. At sundown we landed, built a fire, and prepared our supper. Soon after, a breeze springing up, we hoisted our sail, continued on all night, and arrived in good order the next morning at this canvas city. Dust, men, mules, oxen; bales, boxes, barrels innumerable, piled everywhere in the open air. The trees were all standing—magnificent great oaks—and a crowd of ships were fastened to the trees along the bank. We pitched our tent on the west bank, to

escape from the dust and confusion on the other side. Several overland parties were camped near us. Here, for the first time, I saw a bird known as the magpie. Crows were numerous, and, unlike the crow at home, not afraid of being shot. While strolling about the camp, I was tempted to shoot one perched on the top of a large oak. I put a pistol ball through its body, and, in falling, it fell into the face of a man who was lying asleep under the tree. He was hid from my view by intervening bushes. He made such an unearthly outcry, that I thought I had done some dreadful thing, and ran up to the spot. His face and shirt-bosom were bloody, and he was perfectly bewildered. He thought himself shot, until the dead crow relieved his doubts. The affair was very funny, but he did not laugh a bit.

We broke camp at Sacramento city on Sunday, September 15th. We stopped for the first night about two miles below Vernon, on a high bank, where we had a view of the extensive prairie, with its droves of wild cattle and horses; but we could not approach within cannon-shot of them. There were great numbers of quail, but none were killed. Vernon was the name given to a village on the right bank of the Sacramento, at the mouth of the Rio Plumas. Opposite was Fremont. A few tents composed these villages. Here we spent the most of the day in making inquiries as to our route. Accounts were somewhat discouraging, from the difficulties of the navigation of the river; snags, rafts, rapids and hostile Indians made the



OUR FIRST CAMP ON THE SACRAMENTO.

result doubtful. The last boat that tried to make the trip had a conflict with Indians and returned, but we resolved to attempt it. Above the mouth of the Plumas, we stopped for dinner, and waited for another boat—the *Alida*—with a party of seven Ohio men, led by Captain J. W. Haines, whom we met at the mouth of the Feather River, and who had decided to accompany us. We advanced ten miles farther, and went into camp for the night.

The river was very winding, and rapids were frequent, with long reaches of still, deep water, walled in by unbroken and unvarying green. We were constantly driving up black cormorants and other varieties of ducks. Grapes were very abundant and of fine flavor; they were about the size of our fox-grape, but not so sour. We would run our boat under the overhanging trees, and one of us would go up and drop the fruit into the boat. We could gather a bushel in a few minutes. Our boats kept close together for protection, as we were now far from settlements of white men. Tracks of grizzlies and elk were frequent; few were the traces of men. Occasionally the dead embers of an old camp fire were met with on the banks, and they were the only evidences that any one had preceded us. We traveled in such a way as to escape the extreme heat of the midday sun. On Tuesday, we encamped for nooning in a dry ravine. The undergrowth about the place was very dense, and the accumulation of drift-wood made it impenetrable. Acting upon a wanton im-

pulse, I applied a match, and in a few minutes the whole thicket was roaring and crackling in flames. The profound solitude of the place made it more startling, and we hurried away as fast as we could. I had no idea of the destruction that little fire would cause. In the afternoon we saw a grizzly bear scrambling up the steep bank. We landed at the spot, and when the *Alida* came up we all went into the thicket and surrounded the place where he entered. Haines and myself went in to beat him out, but he had made good his retreat. We found an oak from which he had stripped the acorns, and we were puzzled to tell how he did it. The ground was strewn with fresh leaves and little branches. Encamped that night on a high bank among vetch-vines. Signs of grizzlies were too plenty for our quiet repose.

On Thursday we passed a stream coming in on the right, which we thought, from our directions, to be Butte Creek, but we afterward learned we were mistaken. A wildcat seated on the gravelly bar was fired at with a load of buckshot. Willie was certain he had killed the cat, and we were all sure that the cat sat there in the sun at the moment he fired; but, upon examination of the spot, there was no trace of the beast, except some long scratches in the gravel. Just before night, Mark shot a large bird in the top of a tree, which we thought was a wild turkey. It was directly over our heads, and fell into the water alongside the boat. It measured nine feet from tip to tip of wings, and its head and neck were bare of feathers

and of yellow color. It was of the vulture family, though we pronounced it a "golden eagle," for want of a better name. We made an early encampment, in order to give the other boat time to get in before dark.

The following day the current was less rapid, and considerable progress was made. The *Alida* led, and went into camp early to have a hunt. Haines shot a fat doe about a mile from camp, and we had a good supply of the best of meat, of which we were in great need. Before sunrise the next morning, a thin film of mist extended over the undulating plain, but during the day we saw Indian signs, and kept a bright lookout.

The following day, about ten o'clock, four Indians stood suddenly on the bank; all naked, except one, who had a cap on his head. We spoke to them in Spanish, of which Whiting knew a little, but they made no reply, nor could we tell whether they were friendly or not. Soon after the number increased to something near a hundred men and boys, running along the bank to keep up with our boat. Soon the other bank was swarming, and among them we distinguished one dressed in the Spanish costume; also another, an old man, with a blue shirt, who, from the deference paid him by the others, we concluded was the head chief. His face had a benignant expression, that prepossessed me in his favor. He asked in Spanish, "What do you want here?" We made no reply to his question, but rested on our oars, and asked him, in the most innocent manner, "How

far is it to the head waters of the river?" He replied, "Who knows?" Things looked threatening, but I could not help laughing when that old distich popped into my mind:

"O, Mister Indian, don't shoot me,
For I've got a wife and small family."

After eyeing each other for awhile, we threw some biscuit into the water, which a young Indian swam for. We pulled on, and they did not follow us farther. About noon we stopped for dinner. We put our arms in readiness, and when we started again every man had his gun at his side. Soon after, we saw two armed Indians walking toward us on a bar close to which we were compelled to pass, and talking in a very serious and authoritative manner; but we could not tell what was meant. One speaker was dressed in blue shirt and pants, with a red sash; the other was naked. We stopped. One Indian after another appeared from the willows, until there were a dozen of them, all armed. Their weapons were bows and arrows and spears. We were confident that we could beat them in a battle, but fighting was not the business we came on; and, besides, we knew that they could ambuscade us at almost any bend of the river, and kill us all, sooner or later, so we were not long in coming to the conclusion that our policy was peace. As their object seemed to be to demand a parley, we pulled boldly up to the bar, jumped ashore, and shook hands. We gave them fish hooks, calico shirts, and other trifles. They gave us grapes, which they call *vaumee*, and

which were not so abundant as lower down the river. They put all the gifts into a pile, and each in turn took his choice, the chief taking a silk scarf. They put on their gay attire and trinkets of beads, strutted around awhile, and then, stripping themselves naked, swam across the river and returned toward the village we had passed. We were a little fearful of treachery, and for the first time we posted sentries. The night passed quietly, however, nor did we see any more of our friends.

On Friday we camped two miles below the Indian fishery, where the overland route by Lassen's cut-off touches the river. Here were many Indians who had frequent intercourse with the whites, and from them we bought salmon. As yet we had not been able to catch any fish. The next morning we stopped at the fish weir. This is a strong dam, made of poles planted upright, and bound together with withes. It is the same that is described in "Wilkes' Exploring Expedition." Here, to our great regret, the *Alida* left us, to return. The men were suffering much from fever.

The Indians opened a place in their dam for our boat to crowd through, but in doing so we unshipped our rudder and drifted down broadside upon the dam in the strongest part of the current. By getting a line ashore we succeeded in hauling off. We paid the Indians in fish-hooks for the damage we did them, and they were well satisfied. When we stopped for dinner, the Indians swam the river and gathered around us. When we had finished,

we tendered the remainder to them, which they devoured with avidity.

We encamped late on a high bank, where was an extensive view of the prairie. Several of the party being indisposed, we spent two nights at this encampment. Our tent was pitched directly on the spot where deer had been accustomed to come to drink. They stood in a semicircle around us all the forenoon, well out of range. We could not get a shot at them for want of cover to approach them, and I suppose for want of skill. They were very shy. The second night we discovered the prairie on fire, and we could see the forms of Indians between us and the flames. We had seen Indians gathering acorns when we landed here, but they ran off as fast as they could. At first the flames spread toward us fast, but, finding that they were dying out, we all fell asleep. The tracks of bears that we saw so frequently were truly enormous. One that we saw here measured eight inches in breadth. The oaks were also very large; one was nearly twenty-five feet in circumference.

We broke camp early, and worked diligently at the oars, but made slow progress; rapids occurred frequently. We found it necessary to get out into the water and tow, every half mile. The water was clear but cold. To-day our boat was carried upon a snag, broadside to the current, and all our efforts at extricating her were for a long time unsuccessful. At length we were brought to a complete stop. A raft of logs completely barred our way, and our axes were brought into play. The

work was tedious, but finally we cut a channel for our boat.

Indians were more numerous, but uniformly friendly when they were courageous enough to approach us. Our efforts to get the boat along were almost incredible. We worked with desperation, but with good spirits. We took some young Indians to tow us along. It was great fun for them for a while, and they ran along shouting, but when they came to a sharp rapid their enthusiasm died out, and they stopped. It was too much like work. When we went into camp the Indians gathered around us in the best of humor. The revolver was new to them. We fired at a tree, and, as one barrel after another was fired, they continued to back off, until at length one of them started to run, and the rest, to prove their own courage, all laughed at him. We entertained them well, and when they left us they gave a general shout. Soon after we visited one of their villages. The acorns, which are a great article of food with the natives, were now ripe, and they were curing them for Winter store. They dry them with the shells off, and pack them in layers in willow cribs. Seeds are used by them, also, and the regular beat of their flails was heard by us early and late. We bought some salmon, and went on.

On September 30th we arrived at Chico Creek, and went off about six miles from the river to a rancho, kept by a man named Potter, in order to procure some milk, of which we had not tasted for nine months, and of which some of our sick were

in great need. We met with no courtesy, and were refused any milk for less than \$6 for a gallon. As we had not so much money about us, we returned without the milk. Here we got news from below. The *Oregon* had arrived, had brought no mail, but the very disagreeable news that the cholera was raging among my dear friends at home. We returned to camp, moved on about six miles, and encamped again. The two Hopkins' were taken sick with fever, and we were all very much worn down. Here the most gloomy feelings took possession of me, but after a couple of days my manhood got the better of them.

Our encampment was beautiful. The distant mountains began to show themselves, and wild ducks, geese and antelope were very numerous, while we were supplied with a profusion of grapes. The scenery on the river changed entirely. Instead of alluvial soil, the banks were composed of hard clay mixed with pebbles, looking like conglomerate rock; the river bed became rocky, and willows and cottonwoods skirted the river about half the distance. That day we made some progress, but lost our afternoon's work. We were nearly through a rapid when the current got a sheer on the boat, and, in spite of all we could do, we were thrown broadside on the bar. When we got our craft into the channel again, it was so late that we drifted down to our noon camp ground before we could find a fit place to spend the night. We passed a grizzly on the bank. He was close to the edge of the water in rank grass, and as we

were drifting down upon him silently, we prepared to give him a volley. He did not see us, and we felt sure of him, when, just before we got within shot, Whiting took it into his head that he saw an "animal"—it was almost dark—and fired at a crane standing in the water near. The bear raised his nose into the air and loped off into the willows. We were very much provoked, but made a dinner of the crane.

We arrived, after three weeks of boating, at Lassen's Rancho, at the mouth of Deer Creek. No boat had ever before ascended the river so far, and I doubt if six fools can be found who will do it again. Here we exchanged our boat with some overland men for two wagons and a small herd of oxen, intending to go on by land. Hundreds were coming in daily from over the mountains, sick, destitute, and almost starved. They met here with harpies to prey upon them, and they were often compelled to sell their teams for food enough to last them down to Sacramento city. Quinine was in great demand, for which they charged \$1 a grain! I gave away a great part of my supply to these poor fellows, and felt a consciousness of having done some good. At this camp the first rain of the season fell; it continued three days, and was cold. The atmosphere, that had been so smoky as almost to obscure the sun, now cleared off, and a complete change came over the landscape; but with the fall of rain our spirits fell, and one after another had intermittent fever. With the improvement in the weather our spirits revived,

and we set out to continue our journey up the valley by land.

It was impossible to proceed further with the boat, as the river bed was full of bowlders, and the river itself was little better than a continuous rapid. We therefore traded our boat away to a party of overland men, for two wagons and a small drove of worn-out oxen—honest, hard-working countrymen of ours—Spot, Bright, Brandy, Polk and Dallas, Lion, Dave, Bill, and others. I had a hand in driving them, too—"Gee, Bill!" "Haw, Dave!"—but I could not beat the poor brutes, that had survived the journey over the plains; and old Bright, I have no doubt, feels a heap of gratitude for the defense I made in his behalf when a nautical man in our company belabored him unmercifully for inability to clamber up the steep bank of the Yuba, with him on his back and a wagon at his heels, and the ability which he used, as any sensible creature would have done, to throw the son of Neptune into his own element.

We parted from our boat with regret—it had borne us in many an adventure by sea, and carried us safely through all the rapids and snags of the Sacramento, bruised and battered, but unbroken—crossed the creek and proceeded about three miles, when it was found that the sick could not endure the riding, and the teams were not strong enough for the load. We returned two miles below our old camp ground, where the animals could find grass. After two days' rest, we procured an additional number of worn-out oxen, and continued our

journey. Our progress was slow over the dry roads, and we camped from place to place as we found water and food for the cattle. Whiting was taken sick and placed with the baggage. At every place where the road came near water were camps of overland men, all sick, and sometimes so feeble as to be dependent upon passers-by for water. Few were well, and the farther we advanced the worse matters became.

We forded the river and followed the west bank until the road led over a hilly country, where the river banks became very high and the waters brawled far below among the bowlders. Near Cottonwood Creek we were met by Capt. Haines, who led the *Alida* party, and who left us at the fish weir. He had returned to the city of Sacramento, exchanged his boat for mules, and entered the mountains three weeks before us. He had left his party scattered along the way, sick, and was returning alone, jaundiced and emaciated. We could rely implicitly on his statements, and though we were within one day's journey of the place of our destination, yet, from his representation of the poverty of the country in everything desirable—even for food necessary to support cattle for a single day, of the impracticability of supporting ourselves through the Winter, and other reasons—we took a vote on the question of proceeding, and unanimously resolved to return. We immediately turned our teams about and directed our steps back to Sacramento city.

I have not time to dwell on the events of the

journey down. Our provisions were reduced to a little corn-meal, and that was sour—all the alkalies available in my medicine chest were exhausted to correct the evil. Cayenne pepper was the only condiment. At one of our camps we found the bones of an ox that had been stripped of its flesh and perfectly dried. Breaking the long bones with an axe, we extracted the marrow and made a soup, which we thickened with the meal, and made a good dinner. A few days after, Mark was so fortunate as to break the back of a young doe with a buckshot. While looking for grapes at a place where the road passed near a slough, I had a narrow escape from a grizzly bear. I was unarmed, and if I had not been, it would probably have been the worse for me. Our road down was that taken by the overland men; they all cursed Lassen's cut-off, and said that it had cut off the lives of a great many of them. Little hillocks were common, with sticks planted in them, on which were written in pencil the names of the deceased—all to be swept away by the first rain. They were very melancholy spots to us, these uncoffined graves. We went one hundred and fifty miles farther up the river than Wilkes' party reported the river navigable for boats; we endured much from fatigue, hunger, thirst and sickness, yet we never reached the gold mines. We undertook too much; we relied upon our resolution to overcome difficulties of which we had no experience. As soon as I arrived in town I went to a barber's shop and paid a dollar to be shaved, for the sake of reading the papers—a few numbers

of old *Tribunes* and *Heralds*. I went on board the bark *Phoenix*, to see Mr. Niles, and ate potatoes, squash, and bread and butter. The first, I had not eaten since the 4th of July; the second, since I left home; and the other, since—when? He gave me a berth, and for the first time in four months I pulled off my clothes to sleep. The next day it rained, and I could not get back to our camp, which was across the American Fork. I returned after two days, attended by a diarrhœa and chills and fever, of course. I then made arrangements to leave my nomad life, and returned to town. I had proposals from two physicians in practice here to join them in the establishment of a hospital. One of these propositions I accepted; but I had an attachment served upon me—in other words, I was taken down sick with fever.

Sacramento, November 19th.—Our house is a wooden one, and keeps off the rain. It is made of miscellaneous pieces of boards from dry goods boxes, and is about six feet wide by twelve feet long. A curtain drawn across the middle divides it into a sleeping-room and office. When I passed through this place, in September, there were not more than half a dozen wooden houses in the city, with a population, chiefly floating, of about five thousand. There are now several hundred buildings, and the place is thronged with miners, who are driven from the mines by want of provisions, which are difficult to transport on account of the state of the roads. The early rains came heavier than expected and caught the miners unprepared;

consequently, thousands more will be compelled to leave the mines and crowd the towns located on navigable streams. Building material cannot be obtained fast enough to erect shelter from the storms. Many persons are preparing to Winter in their tents, by covering them over with pitch. The consequence will be, that there must be a great amount of suffering and sickness this Winter.

The number of cattle brought over by the overland men was very large, and the supply of feed for them is so nearly exhausted that they die in immense numbers after they have successfully crossed the deserts and the Sierra. Many lie dead by the roads; and around ponds and sloughs, where they have gone for water, they lie in groups, having been too feeble to extricate their feet from the mire. Now the roads are so muddy that wagons are abandoned where they are mired, by men who have come down from the mines for supplies for their companies, and are unable to return.

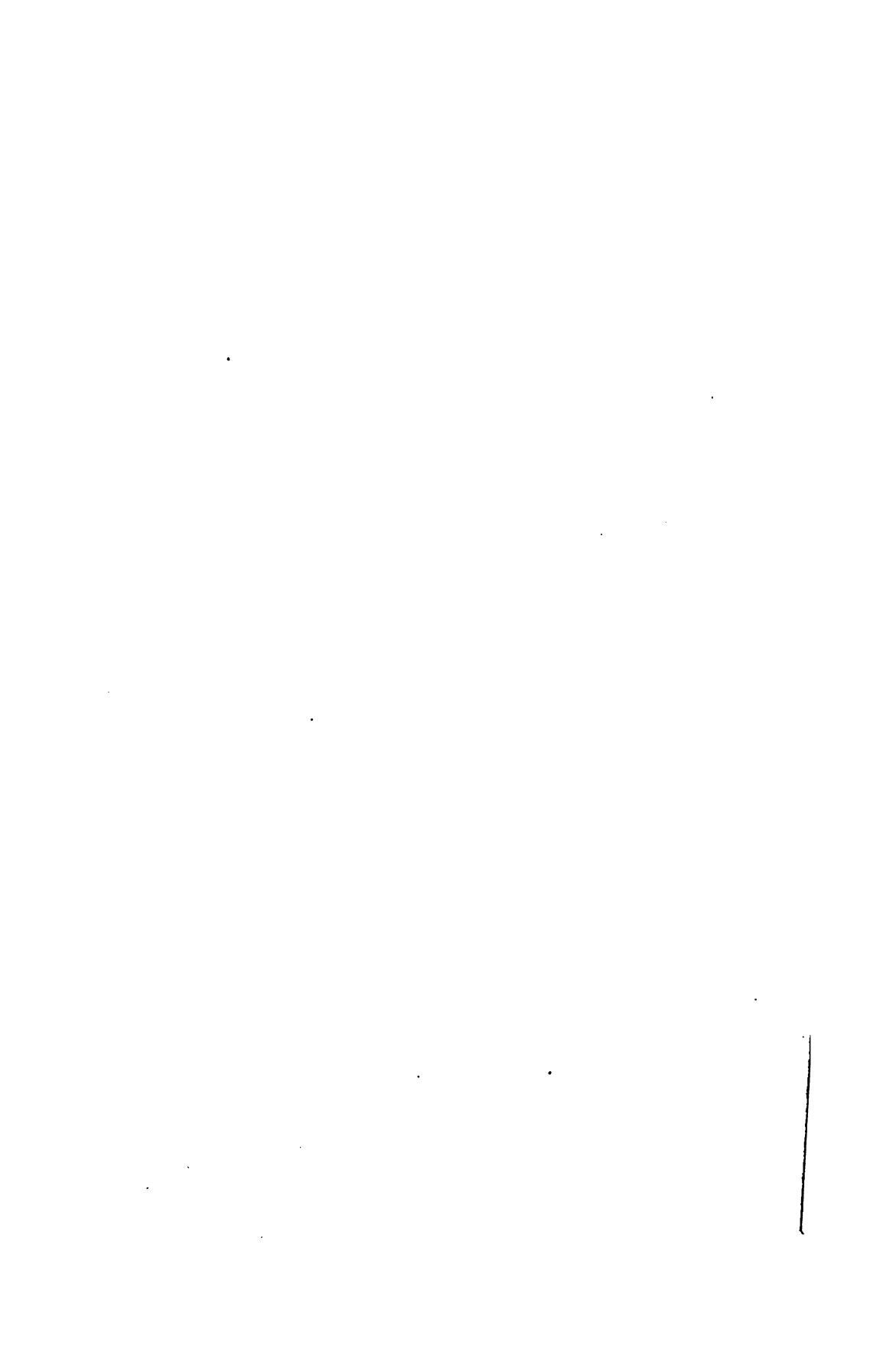
There is generally good order, and men bear up with cheerfulness. All who are settled in business are making money; but, alas! for the many unfortunates. You have heard of the *Battle of Life*—it is a reality here; the fallen are trampled into the mud, and are left to the tender mercies of the earth and sky. No longer ago than last night, I saw a man lying on the wet ground, unknown, unconscious, uncared for, and dying. To-day, some one, with more humanity than the rest, will have a hole dug for him; some one else will furnish an old blanket; he will be rolled up and

buried, and his friends at home, who may be as anxious about him as mine are about me, will never know his fate. Money, money, is the all-absorbing object. There are men here who would hang their heads at home at the mention of their heartless avarice. What can be expected from strangers, when men's own friends will abandon them because they sicken and become an incumbrance? There is no government, no law. Whatever depravity there is in a man's heart now shows itself without fear and without restraint.

CHAPTER VI.

Thoughts about California—A sad case—Build a hospital—Bayard Taylor—The rainy season—Suffering—The flood—Burying the dead—A maniac—Cannon makes an experiment and narrowly escapes drowning—The waters recede—Trinity River—Accounts from the mines—Experience of miners—Letter from a disappointed one—The overland men—See a woman—Approach of Spring—Fate of Potter—Flowers—Organization of a Medical Society—Slavery in California—Burglars.

I know that many will inquire my opinion of California. I have thus far said but little, even new. It is not an unpleasant country for a residence. With the comforts one could bring with him from the States, few places would be more desirable than a choice location on the banks of the Sacramento. The greatest drawback is the long dry season. The rains have been frequent since the first of the month, and grass is growing finely. The weather is cool, but we have not yet felt the want of fire. For several days it has been very pleasant, and the roads are quite passable. The Spring is said to make a perfect flower garden of the whole country. Yet, there are few who intend to make this country a permanent residence; some are going for their families, and the society will be much improved.





SACRAMENTO RIVER. AS SEEN FROM CAMP.

So far as making money here is concerned, it is easily done by those who are calculated for it. Too large expectations and too little knowledge of difficulties to be encountered has caused so much disappointment and misfortune. It requires a great deal of determined perseverance under the most trying circumstances to insure success, and then one must have health. Those not thus qualified have succeeded by good luck, while the persevering and healthy have failed.

One of our passengers--a young man of refinement and of excellent family in New York--asked me, the other day, if we could furnish him with employment in the hospital in any capacity. He had brought out a stock of goods, but, for want of energy, had allowed the season to pass, looking for fortune to come to him, but such things do not happen in this country oftener than elsewhere.

A most melancholy instance of the weakness of some young men, when the restraints and support of friends are removed, occurred last evening. A well dressed young man was seen, very drunk, lying on the ground, and a couple of boys we have with us took him to a shelter and medical aid was rendered him, but he died and was buried. No one knew him. He had an ounce of gold in his pocket, a note book and a Bible. To-day he was recognized by these relics as coming from Binghamton (New York), the pride of the village--noble, generous and gifted. He drank, gambled his money away, and drank deeper to drown his trouble. The friends, who claim his effects as his

administrators, showed his Bible here to-night. It is the smallest edition, with gilt edges and tucks. In one place was a beautiful card, on which was written, with a lady's hand, "Remember your friend and ——." In another was a card, worked with worsted and mounted with silk ribbon, to be used as a book mark; the motto was, "A sister's prayers go with you." It is a case well calculated to stir one's sympathies. If you have a friend who is anxious to come to California and he be not a man of stern virtue, advise him to stay at home. There will be an immense amount of gold dug next season, without a doubt, and there will be many going home discouraged and destitute. A few will go home with higher virtue and characters, formed in the refiner's fire; but by far the greater number will return with gold, perhaps, but with morals and manners ruined, with feelings and habits that will make them poor members of society. The risk is too great for the reward. I can think of but very few men whom I would advise to come to California.

We have agreed with Priest, Lee & Co. for the construction of a hospital building, on the corner of K and Third streets, to be substantially built of Oregon pine, fifty-five by thirty-five feet, one and a-half story high. There will be a main hall through the building, with an apothecary's office and dining-room on one side and eight private wards on the other. The building will be of rough boards inside, as turned over to us, and we will line the private wards with muslin, the way houses

are finished off here interiorly. The rent will be \$1,500 a month. We have engaged an apothecary at \$300, and a cook at \$250, a month.

We had an election on the 13th, and carried the Free State Constitution by an immense majority.

November 24th.—Bayard Taylor, the poet, called on me two or three days since, and spent the afternoon; took tea with me, and we talked all the evening. I am delighted with him. He called again last evening to take his leave, and gave me some papers.

We board, until our building is finished, at Fowler's Hotel, and pay \$24 a week for our meals. I have procured the prices of some sorts of provisions, in order to show what we eat, as well as what they cost. Beef, or grizzly bear, and onions, fifty cents a pound; elk, thirty; venison, twenty-five; potatoes, thirty; poor butter, one dollar and a half. Salt provisions and ship stores are too plenty to pay storage; they are not in demand, on account of the prevailing bowel complaints, and are often used to fill sloughs where the roads cross them.

No letters have yet come to hand, and I may have to go down to San Francisco for them, as every messenger disappoints me. The fare down is \$40.

December 23d.—We are at last in our new hospital building. It is, without doubt, the finest building in Sacramento. We have just opened, and are not yet complete in our arrangements. It is said to have cost the proprietors \$15,000, and is no better than a barn at home that could be

built for \$2,000. It is finished inside with bleached muslin, except the main ward, which is a garret, with half windows on the side and two full windows at each gable.

The people at home can have no conception of the amount of suffering in the vicinity of this city. Hundreds are encamped in tents, through the rains and storms, scantily supplied with food and covering. Many were driven from the mines for want of food, and are begging for employment, asking only subsistence. Yesterday there were twenty-five deaths. The sickness does not arise from the severity of the climate, which is no colder than November at home, but from a complication of causes. The intermittents of the Autumn are aggravated by overwork, scanty and bad food, disappointment, and home-sickness. Men, in the ravings of delirium, call upon friends who are far off, and, dying, mutter the names of their loved ones; men, wasting away with chronic disease, lose their manhood, and weep often, like children, to see their mothers once more. It is a great satisfaction to us to give them shelter and other things, for the want of which they are dying. Our enterprise commands the respect of the people, and we are determined to deserve it, so that if we are bankrupted it will be in a good cause. I fancy M—— wishing to help us with her needle! Much need there was and is of needles, but we are becoming quite adept. I have sewed my fingers sore. There are a number of respectable women in the city, but we renegades from ou

own have no claim upon them, and are banded together like monks. There is nothing here to remind me of Christmas; the thermometer stands at "temperate," and rain is falling.

January 11th, 1850.—We are witnesses of another act in the great drama of Californian adventures. Perhaps, before this reaches you, you will be informed of the calamitous flood that is now spreading destruction and death through the valley. We are all, about forty of us, in the upper story of our hospital—Dr. Morse and myself writing, Dr. Higgins (of Kentucky) reading Lamartine's "Raphael," the cook preparing something for breakfast, two or three other friends, quartered with us, talking in an under tone, some asleep, and a few patients muttering in delirium. A lone woman, sick and destitute, is curtained off in the corner of the room. She lost her husband on the plains, and has been supporting herself, with the assistance of a few friends, until the flood drove her out. She was brought here, with six men, the night before last. Some are dying on the floor; others, dead, are sewed up in blankets and sunk in the water in a room on the first floor. Dr. Morse pours some brandy in his ink, to give spirit to his letter; I pour from another bottle standing on the table, containing laudanum, to quiet the apprehensions that mine may awaken; then we all laugh, and go on as before.

January 12th.—The water is still rising. Tents, houses, boxes, barrels, horses, mules and cattle are sweeping by with the swollen torrent, that is now

spread out in a vast sea farther than the eye can reach. There are few two-story houses, and as the water rose, which it did at the rate of six inches an hour, men were compelled to get outside. To-day there is no first floor in the city uncovered, and but for the vessels in the river, now all crowded with people, there is no telling what numbers must have perished.

What a night was that of the 9th of January! A warm rain from the south melted the snow on the Sierra, and the river during the day rose rapidly, and about midnight began to overflow its banks. We took warning and cleared our first floor as fast as we could. Fortunately, our second floor is spacious, and by midnight everything was off the lower floor that could be injured by water. As the flood continued to rise, we have continued to bring up things, so that as yet we have sustained no great loss, except in the white linings and curtains of our private wards, in which we have taken so much pride. Men continue to come, begging to be taken in, or bringing some valuables for safe keeping. Now that the doorways are inaccessible, they come in boats to the second-story windows. We take only the sick, and none such are refused. To-day we went out in a boat to find some blankets, but in vain. We returned with some drift-wood for fuel. All sorts of means are in use to get about—bakers' troughs, rafts, and India rubber beds. There is no sound of gongs or dinner bells in the city. The yelling for help by some man on a roof, or clinging to some wreck

—the howling of a dog abandoned by his master—the boisterous revelry of men in boats, who find all they want to drink floating free about them—make the scene one never to be forgotten. After dark we see only one or two lights in the second city of California. I think the worst is now over, though the water is still gaining on us. The wind may rise and cause a heavy sea; this I conceive to be our greatest danger. We are in an ocean of water, and our building may be too frail to resist a strong wind with waves. The steamer *Senator* carried down all the people that could crowd on board, and we are in hopes of aid from below in time. I have some misgivings about our fate, but sure I am that we will not desert the sick, and if we are swept away, we will all go together.

It is late, and for two days and nights I have not slept. I shall now lie down, and if the worst comes, I have taken precautions to have you get this letter.

Sunday, January 13th.—The water has not risen or fallen since yesterday, nor have we had any high wind. Yesterday we found it necessary to bury the dead. I spoke a whale boat that was passing, made an agreement for the use of it in the afternoon for \$40, and deposited three bodies in it. They had been sewed up in blankets and sunk in the first story. We fished them up with a hook and line, and laid them in the bottom of the boat—two white men and a negro. Mr. Mulford—a Yale College man, who is staying with us and watching the sick, and in other ways paying

his board—Mr. Cannon, the druggist, and myself, with the two sailors owning the boat, started for land, which we could see with a glass from our window in a south-easterly direction from the town. Of course, coffins were out of the question, and we dug a large, square grave, at the foot of an oak. The two white men we placed side by side, and the black man across at their feet. In digging the grave we found a large root of the tree intersecting the pit in both directions, as if two sticks had been placed across each other at right angles, and had grown together in that position. By chopping it off at the ends, the root formed a perfect cross, which we planted at the head of the grave, and then covered the mound with the soft, green sod. The day was beautiful; the meadow larks and blackbirds were flying about us in great numbers, and along the shores wild geese were feeding on the young grass. Sutter's Fort was about a mile distant.

To-day two more poor emaciated remains have been deposited below. The weather is cooler and the water is falling a little. The vessels on the river are all crowded with people, and some cases of typhus or ship-fever have occurred. The high ground near the fort is covered with tents, dogs and cattle. In this vicinity there has been but little loss of human life by drowning, that I have heard of, though it seemed unavoidable. Had there been many women and children, results would have been otherwise. Cattle, however, have perished in immense numbers.

On my return to-day from a visit to the bark *Phœnix*, to see a typhoid-fever patient, I found one of those admitted yesterday furiously insane. He broke a window and tried to jump out into the water, and, hailing a boat, offered fifty dollars to be taken to the bark *Mousam*, from which vessel he had been sent. Dr. Morse was making arrangements for putting him in a straight-jacket, and I went to him to find some solution for so sudden a paroxysm. He had seen the dying around him, and the dead carried out in their burial blankets—for everything has to be done in one room—had become melancholy, and finally maniacal. I talked sympathizingly with him and tried to win his confidence. As I leaned over him he looked steadfastly in my face for a long time, and then said, "Doctor, you have an honest face, but, O, my God!"—and he covered his face with his hands for some time; then, in a tone of awful mystery, he said there were strange things going on in the house. He spoke of his wife and children in Hudson, in a frenzy of affection, and said he should die and never see them more. When I turned from his bed, he took my hand in both of his, and begged me to be his friend, as I had a wife that I loved. I assured him that I would do anything in the world for him, if he would keep quiet and not disturb the other sick people. "O! Doctor, you can do all I want done for me. You see, I could jump from that window and drown myself, but then my family would lose the benefit of a life insurance for \$1,000. Now," said he in a

whisper that could not be heard at the next bed, "you can arrange it for me so that there will be no trouble. You can give me something in a cup of tea that will let me go, and my family will be all right." I assured him, in the same confidential tone, that the thing could be easily done if he was fully convinced that it was best; but the danger to me would be from his repentance when it would be too late, and in the agonies of death he would betray me; that I was not in a hurry to die, and, least of all, by the halter. He said he would keep the secret, and called on God to witness. After allowing him to persuade me for some time, I consented to grant his request on certain conditions. He should, when the tea was prepared, drink it without speaking, lie down immediately and make no sound, though he should suffer the tortures of the damned. The conditions were accepted. I then prepared a cup of black tea, and in it dissolved a full dose of the sulphate of morphia, and with an air of unconcern I handed him the tea. He took it in his hand as he rose to a sitting posture in his bed, and, looking with close scrutiny into my face, he said: "You are fooling me!" "Give me the cup," I said, with an air of offended honor that gave him to understand that he had violated his oath. He instantly drank the contents of the cup, and fell back upon his pillow with his eyes closed. When I returned to him a half hour after, he was in a deep sleep. It is now two o'clock in the morning, my watch is up, my maniac is sleeping heavily, and I must sleep too.

January 14th.—My portfolio arrived this afternoon by the last trip of the India-rubber bed, by means of which we have established a system of internal navigation between the various apartments on the first floor. We came near losing our apothecary to-day. He was experimenting with a new mode of navigation in the main hall of the building. He had procured a butter barrel, which had a square hole cut in the side big enough to admit his body by a little squeezing, and started off from the stairs, holding on to the siding for support. He had not gone many feet when he capsized and hung head down, unable to extricate himself. Peter, who is a good swimmer, went to his rescue, and Cannon came out looking as if he was ashamed that he was not drowned.

The water is falling a little. I have been reading to my maniac some passages of your last letter. He is quite rational and calm to-day, but it does not answer to lead his thoughts toward his home.

January 23d.—The water has left the floor, though it is three or four feet in depth around the house. We found four barrels of pork, one of beef, and a case of wine on our premises, that were not there when the flood came. We don't hesitate to appropriate them as a contribution to the support of the many destitute people thrown upon us.

January 24th.—All things go on swimmingly, but not in the same sense that they did early in the month. To-day, six more poor emaciated vic-

tims of chronic diarrhœa were brought to us. They were found accidentally in a canvas house, when the inundation had reached their beds, and for two weeks have been lying on the wet ground, without fire; two days, they tell us, they were without food. We have purchased a bale of blankets, and are able to throw away many old ones, as we cannot get them washed. We have demanded assistance from the City Council, for as yet we have not had a dollar from any quarter since the flood. Thus far we have had to pay our expenses by a few pay-patients and outside practice. Of those who are destitute, and who get well, we take their notes; if they die, we take a check on Heaven.

Sacramento City, January 31st.—It is well that we did not succeed, last Fall, in reaching the Trinity River. Strong, Hale and Pool followed us with mules, and got so well into the mountains that they were unable to return before the rains set in. Their supply of provisions failing, they were sorely put to it for food, and were compelled to subsist on acorns and crows, for they were so hemmed in by Indians that they could not hunt, except in force, and that is not the way to get deer.

The river heretofore known as the Trinity, proves to be a branch only, and the other branches abound with the precious metal. Of this river but little has been known. A vessel is about to start for its mouth with stores and an armament for a fort. I have conversed with a man who visited the main Trinity, and he had so great success that

he will return as soon as the roads are open. It rises among the mountains, near the head waters of the Sacramento, and flows west. The access to it has been over the mountains, by a difficult and dangerous route; but to a true Californian, nothing is difficult or dangerous, except grizzlies.

There seems to be a great delusion at home about California, if I am to judge by the papers. I was deceived in some respects; the healthfulness and beauty of the country was exaggerated by the early explorers; but of its resources in gold, I assure you the half has not been told. There will be more gold dug the coming season than all that has been dug before. The few who have come down from the mines bring the most glowing accounts. The crowds of miners are spreading to the sources of the streams and marking off their ground for operations when the season opens, and leaving their old grounds, where other men will go and work the claims over, and do as well, or better, than the first operators. Another reason why more gold will be obtained is, because more persons understand mining operations better. They know better what is wanted, and make their arrangements accordingly.

I am not surprised that so many went home disgusted. One of the first lessons learned by a stranger, on landing here, is that gold washing is very hard work. That is what a large part of mankind do not relish, and many will not pursue fortune at such inconvenience. It suits them better to get it after some more laborious man has

gathered it; so, you see, society resolves itself here, as elsewhere, into two classes. The non-producing class lines the way that the man who has money must tread, and no devices are left untried to get it away from him. He is persuaded that the goods he has brought to the country are not worth the cost of landing, and is thus induced to sell at a sacrifice, which he is the more ready to do, because he is told that he is losing valuable time, and hurries away to the mines to make his "pile." He hears the most conflicting statements about different mining regions, and after being fleeced the whole way, he gets to a place where he has been told the coveted stuff has been dug by the pound. He works half a day at a business he knows nothing about, and finds but a few grains in each panful; then tries somewhere else, and so spends half his time in "prospecting." He gives it up in disgust, and is ready to go home, if he has the means to do it; if not, and the chances are that he has not, he will sit down and curse the country and the gold mines, or he is satisfied to become one of the above-mentioned secure class into which society is divided.

I will transcribe a letter received a few days since by an inmate of the hospital, who is a graduate of Yale College. It is from a young man, with a fortune at home enough to keep him all his life in the indolence he has lived :

SAN FRANCISCO, December 7th.

Dear Sir: I heard that you were in Sacramento city through Mr. C——, of Honesdale. I have

been in San Francisco about three weeks. I have been to the mines, was sick, made nothing, and returned. I cannot find any employment here, and wish myself out of this God-forsaken country. My object in writing to you is to inquire what chance there is for employment in Sacramento. I don't know but I may come up there. It riddles a fellow's money out fast to live here without doing anything. There are four times as many people as can be employed, and more than ought to be in any one place. You being a business man, I did not know but you could give me some information about a chance for business in Sacramento. As ever, yours,

— — —.

The best part of the joke is that the man to whom the letter is addressed is no better off, being a hanger-on with us, waiting for something to turn up. Such cases are plenty here. They are of no account, except when they become a public charge. It is a hard trial for any man to be put ashore in a strange, new land, where no one knows him, or cares for him, and without money to shape his own destiny. He sees a multitude around him very busy, and in a hurry-skurry, like May day, only worse, and though any one of them might put him in the way to make money, they will only make use of him as far as they can—fleece him and let him go. He hears about great sums of money made, but does not see how it is done. He sleeps in a tent, on the ground, and fries his meat on the coals:

“The pilot bread is in his mouth,
The gold dust *in his eye.*”

He thinks, in his lonely, destitute condition, of the comforts he has left in his far-off home, and of the sympathizing friends there, and if he is not good pluck, he will go home if he can.

The overland men came in destitute, in the midst of the sickly season, too late to secure Winter quarters, and have suffered much from sickness and exposure, the most of them living in tents all Winter. These will be ready to operate in the Spring to advantage. They are the men for it; they are not afraid to work, and, with a long season before them, will gather large sums. Shrewd operators here will make money out of the money-eyed men at home who are so bold as to venture in the fickle, inflated trade. Auction sales will be heavy and commissions large—everything will go with a rush.

February 14th.—We had a visit this week from a lady—a Mrs. Chandler—who came to see one of our patients sick with scurvy. It was the first time I have spoken to a woman since I saw General Wilson's family in November. A few days ago, I took a walk out to the fort. It was delightful to tread upon the soft, green turf. I saw only two flowers—one a species of *ranunculus*, the other an *arabis*. I brought them home, and for awhile they flourished on my table. The weather for two weeks has been warm and clear, like May at home, and the lofty peaks of the Sierra show clear, white, and grand. The country is very healthy, and the cases we have with us now are chiefly

scurvy and chronic disease of the bowels—a complication that is very fatal.

February 15th.—This afternoon I took my gun and crossed the Sacramento on the ferry, to commune with nature in her sylvan solitudes. How unlike the place where we encamped last September! Soft green fields, flowers and singing birds. It was late in the day, and I sat on the fallen trunk of one of those mighty woodland monarchs, and watched the sun as it went down behind the blue range of mountains between us and the sea. The oaks are yet bare, except with clumps of evergreen mistletoe, but the meadow was rich with grass and budding flowers, interspersed with ponds of water covered with thousands of wild ducks, feeding. It is the pairing season of these birds, and two by two they sail about and gabble their love notes. You would not have shot them, would you? I could not, they were so wild! The jay blew his rough reed; he is not so pretty a bird as ours—he is too blue. The little woodpecker, that bores a hole in the bark of trees and fits an acorn in so tight that you have to cut the wood to get it out, cries like the dry axle of a wheelbarrow. The little “cher-whit” chirped and flitted about when the sun went down, as if vexed; but I missed the violets, *claytonias*, *hepaticas*, and other familiar faces of the Spring-time. The sun was gone, the grass grew of a yellow green as the light was reflected from the golden sky, and finally black. I heard only the “peeping” of frogs and the sounds from the city, and returned.

March 25th.—I have now a patient who has interested me very much. His name is Potter, from New Haven, Connecticut. He is about thirty years of age. He has the prevailing disease, and has become very much emaciated. He had been urged long ago to return home, but was too hopeful, until now his courage fails him. He showed me his wife's portrait, read extracts from her letters, and gave way to the most extravagant grief as the conviction fastened itself upon him that he should see her no more. It seems that his family are in independent circumstances at home, but the enthusiasm of the hour caught him, and he joined a company bound to California. I have attended him daily for a month, and, though I have sometimes been hopeful, his case is very discouraging. If milk were more abundant, more of these cases might be cured.

I have almost forgotten what I used to eat at home. We have plenty of good food now, but not much variety; bread and beef are the staples. Hunters do not bring in much game at this time of the year; they are all off to the mines. Potatoes are so poor that we do not use them. Eggs and milk are to be had—the former at six dollars a dozen, and the latter at one dollar a quart; we use them only for patients. Butter is down to one dollar a pound. Dried peaches have fallen, so that I have got a few pounds to-day, at fifty-five cents.

April 4th.—The river has risen nearly to an overflow and rain is falling. Yesterday I strolled out to the vicinity of the fort. Captain Sutter no

longer lives there, but has taken up his residence at Hock Farm, on the Feather River. It is impossible to imagine a more delightful scene than the country presents at this time; it is a boundless meadow, covered with a soft, dense carpet of flowers. The slight elevations are perfectly crowded with flowers of every hue, some of them very pretty, and all new to me. I recognize a few by their generic forms as old friends—larkspurs, lupins and buttercups, but the species are all new. There are no bushes, except along the water courses, and you might travel all day over these meadows without interruption, startling the wild cattle, deer and geese. Meadow larks will start up and warble their sweet notes as they fly and alight again near by. Magpies and ravens, birds unknown to us at home, are mixed up with crows, "wake-ups," and other birds familiar to my boyhood haunts, and make the old oaks vocal.

May 5th.—My friend, Hiram Bingham, goes home by the next steamer. He was a member of our company. He has been leading the nomadic life of a miner, and has picked up about \$2,000, which he will carry home. That seems small compensation for all the dangers and hardships passed through and the time spent; yet it is better than the average of the company have done. But what a letting-down from the expectations that were indulged in on the way out! The laziest man would have turned up his nose at a compromise on a hundred thousand dollars.

We have just organized a medical society, called

the *Medico-Chirurgical Association*, the first of the kind that has been formed in the "Republic." Dr. Bay, of Albany, was chosen President; Doctors Morse and White, Vice-Presidents; Dr. J. R. Riggs, of Patterson (N. J.), Recording Secretary; and Dr. J. D. B. Stillman, Corresponding Secretary. When fully organized it will consist of about fifty members. So, you see, we are pretty well supplied with medical men. Many of them are men of high standing at home and advanced in years. Three of our officers have been Presidents of county societies at home. Dr. Morse is to deliver an address before the society on the 22d. So, hurrah for our noble profession and the new Republic of the Pacific!

Before now California may have been rejected as a State in the Union; if so, our Eastern friends will not be under the necessity of calling upon us to "stop that knocking." There are many here who have never entertained the idea of making this country their permanent home, who will do so should that step be taken. However, it is not generally believed that, when the crisis comes, Congress will reject the State.

There are some reasons why I should like to live in California, independently of its charming climate. There is more intelligence and generous good feeling than in any country I ever saw. Men are valued for what they are. There are great rogues here, it is true; but there is a smaller proportion of mean and dishonorable men, and one feels that he has a standing here that it takes a

man until he is old and rich to enjoy at home.

May 12th.—How strange it seems to me, sometimes, to be here in this last known country on the globe, where the extremest verge of the West dies out, and the East—where empire first began, and where it still holds its untroubled sway—confronts us. How little were we aware, when we first set our feet on these distant shores, what trials and dangers awaited us. We all went forward, confidently and rashly. It is true that we saw our fellows falling around us, “like leaves in Wintry weather;” but we saw no difficulties but those that were passed.

Mr. Potter, of whom I wrote as convalescent, died at the hospital last week. We buried him in the sandhill below the town, where I counted nearly eight hundred graves over which the grass had not grown.

This evening, I called, in company with Dr. M——, on Dr. Birdsall, an old army surgeon, who has a daughter, a very refined and accomplished girl. They live in a fine little cottage, elegantly furnished. It is surprising how rapidly home comforts are increasing; but how few women there are—not enough to leaven the heavy mass of which society is composed. Quite a number of vile libels on the sex have found their way out here, and they were never so much honored before, not even before their fall. * * It will not always be so: noble women will banish this moral darkness, and make this country what our own is, one of the most beautiful and happy in the world.

I have been attending a trial to-day, in which slavery was the issue. It was the first time the issue has been made in the Territory. A Southerner brought a slave with him to this country; but the slave, discovering that he had rights here, left his master to provide for himself. The master claimed him, on the ground that he was here on business, and not a resident, and, as such, under the Constitution, had the right to pass through the State with his slave. On the other hand, it was argued that he brought the slave here for the purpose of working him as such, and had so worked him. The Court decided that the negro was free. He was then arrested on the charge of resisting an officer at the time of his arrest. He was tried before a Justice and acquitted, on the ground that the officer had no authority to arrest him, and resistance was justifiable under the circumstances.

May 15th.—Some one came this morning into my room in the City Hotel, where three of us were sleeping, and despoiled my pockets of their contents, including a bag containing about \$75 in gold dust. I am sorry to learn by such a sacrifice that thieves have arrived in the country. I have no doubt that there will be plenty of them here by and by.

Among the acquaintances I have formed here is Captain Ringgold, of the navy; he is a brother of Major Ringgold, who was killed at the battle of Palo Alto, and whose half brother, a physician, I met at Callao. I have also been pleased with the acquaintance of Dr. Chamberlin, a surgeon in the

Mexican war, and lately connected with the Mexican Boundary Survey, where he was associated with my old college friend, Charley Parry, botanist of the expedition. Charley is now on the Gila River. Ringgold was in command of the exploring party from Wilkes' expedition, that went up the Sacramento River as far as the fish weir. It would have been well for me if I had stopped there too.

CHAPTER VII.

Norris' ranch—First appearance of agriculture—Fate of Weld—Squatter riots—Mayor Bigelow shot—The Assessor killed—Take Dr. Robinson prisoner—Bury the dead under arms—Night alarms—Death of the Sheriff—Escape of his murderer.

June 2d.—The city is dull, but the weather is charming, and sickness is almost unknown. A few chronic cases of last Winter's disease still linger on to their inevitable fate. Yesterday I rode out to Norris' ranch—the same that on Fremont's map is called Sinclair's. It is a very large estate, about six miles up the American Fork, and on the other side of it. It is stocked with about twenty thousand head of cattle and horses, and a great number of Indians. These are no better than slaves. Norris is their big chief, and seems to have absolute authority over them. Just after I left, one Indian stabbed another in the thigh; as the blood could not be stopped, he was sent into the town. The offender was hunted and lassoed, brought to the house, and was about to be shot, but the sentence was suspended until the result of the wound was known. Here I saw the first results of agriculture, and I am perfectly astonished. I was shown fields of corn, wheat, barley, peas, etc., all looking well; the barley was so heavy that

it could not stand up. Mr. H——, one of the company that came out in the *Phoenix*, and the laziest man in the crowd—so shiftless, that when the company broke up no one would take him in—went out to Norris' ranch, and took the garden patch to cultivate vegetables, giving for rent only the vegetables the family want to use; and that fellow, at the present prices of vegetables, will make more money this Summer than any five men in his company.

August 10th.—Did you receive the paper containing the mournful lament of a gold-hunter, entitled "Adieu, but not forever?" I did not know the author when I read it, but the experience he tells with such touching pathos has been the experience of so many others, that it stirred up a deep sympathy for the writer. Lest the paper may have miscarried, I will quote one or two passages. After describing the farewell scenes on leaving home, he says: "We reached the steamer—her ponderous wheels are in motion—three cheers greet us as we cast off the last rope, and in a few short hours the wild waves roll between me and my native shore. One year and more has passed away. A long year of toil and unrequited labor it has been to that husband, and to his family a year of gloom. One who kissed these lips on that parting day is no more! A sweet, angelic daughter, with fairy form and cherub eyes, and voice whose melody Heaven coveted, death snatched—snatched in a moment. Alas! who knoweth the agony of bereavement, save the bereaved them-

selves! There are blighted hopes, and sorrowing spirits, and bitter woes, concealed under calm faces. O! how many in this far-off land are bearing their burden in solitude; how many, whose bones strew these mountain shores, are sorrowed for at home with bitter lamentation!" If you have not seen the article, this extract will give you an interest in the writer. When the last steamer sailed he was well; this mail will carry home to that wife and family the crushing story. I have followed the author to his grave; his "unrequited toil" is at an end. I never spoke to Weld, but the article quoted made me feel wondrous kind toward him. When I was told that he was dead, I felt that I had lost a brother. I went to see his corpse, and as I gazed upon him alone, I thought it was the saddest case I had yet known. No one of that fond family was there—no hand of affection to put back the locks that fell over that broad forehead—and I venture to say that the only tears shed over his bier were from one who never knew him save by those few lines.

We are in the midst of considerable excitement, and must be until Congress does something for us. The whole country hereabouts seems to be covered with Mexican grants. The site of this city is claimed by General Sutter, and city lots have been sold under his title. The frontiersmen do not seem to understand how one man can lay claim to so much soil, and naturally look to the Government as the rightful owner of the new lands. The grant to Sutter has not been settled by the courts,

and in the meantime the settlers take possession of unoccupied grounds, claiming that the grant did not cover the site of the city. Two or three days ago, they tore down a building erected by a man named Murphy on a lot claimed by one of their party, and then they fortified the place, and determined to hold it against all contestants. A writ of ejectment was issued and about to be served. Yesterday the "squatters," as the settlers are called, were out in strong force, and declared the city under martial law. To-day the Sheriff, with a small party, surprised and took possession of their fortified place, with the garrison of five men and twenty stand of shotguns. Last month the Common Council passed an order, making it a misdemeanor and imposing a heavy fine for any one, except the City Surveyor, to survey within the city limits. This was regarded as a high-handed outrage upon individual rights, and has done much to bring about the collision that is threatened.

August 13th.—An attempt was made early this morning to fire the town. The County Attorney and one or two others are under arrest for treason. It is rather difficult to keep out of the excitement.

August 16th.—The steamer that sailed yesterday will carry home an account of the events of the two preceding days that may be exaggerated. About noon, on the 14th, it was rumored that the squatters were about to rescue some persons confined on board the prison-brig lying moored at the mouth of the American River, and a party, under the Sheriff, repaired to the spot to resist them.

The squatters, finding that the brig would be an ugly place to carry by assault, drew off and marched through the town to the number of about fifty. They were in military order, and fully armed. I was standing on the corner of Second and J streets; they were on J street, near Third, and all the men had gone to follow the squatters, leaving me quite alone. Soon Mayor Bigelow rode up, and asked me to join the unarmed citizens and help to disarm the rioters. I told him that it could not be done in that way; that I was acquainted with some of them, and I knew that they would fire. He said they would not, and rode on toward the crowd. About the time that the Mayor reached them, I heard a volley, and saw the crowd running in all directions. The Mayor's horse came flying back without a rider. Now, I thought, we are in for it. I ran to my office (about half a block off), got my double-barrel gun, powder flask, and a handful of balls, and hurried back, loading as I ran. When I got as far as J street, I could discover no armed men. I waited to see some one in authority until Lieutenant-Governor McDougal rode up at full speed, his face very pale. Seeing me the only armed man on the street, he asked me to get all the armed men I could, and rendezvous at Fowler's Hotel, on the city front. I went to the place designated, and there found a few men, who had got an old iron ship's gun, mounted on a wooden truck; to its axles were fastened a long dray rope, such as you see at home attached to a fire engine. The gun was loaded with a lot of scrap iron. It

seemed we were expected to make a stand against the army of squatters that was said to be coming upon us. I wanted to know where McDougal was. We expected him to take the command and die with us. I inquired of Mrs. McDougal, who was stopping at the hotel, what had become of her husband? She said he had gone to San Francisco for assistance. Indeed, he was on his way to the steamer *Senator* when I saw him, and he left his horse on the bank of the river.

Finding that the fighting men did not rally, and fearing that the squatter force would come and catch us with that old gun, I strolled off up town to the scene of the firing. The Mayor had been taken to a house on Second street. He is badly wounded, and it is thought that he will die. He is shot in three places; one ball went through his right side, another shattered his right hand, and a third grazed his cheek. Woodland, the Assessor, was killed by a ball in the abdomen, and lay dead as he fell. The commander of the squatters (a man named Maloney) had his horse shot under him; he is said to have charged, sword in hand, into the crowd, and was killed by a pistol shot. One other man was killed, who seemed to be an overland man, and was supposed to have belonged to the squatters. Quite a number were wounded.

A rumor soon spread that the squatters were gathering in large force on the outskirts of the town to renew the fight. The rumor was without foundation, but the excitement was very great. Some one told me Dr. Robinson was wounded,

and hidden in a house on Fourth street. I reported the matter to B. F. Washington, Acting Marshal of the city, who directed me to procure what help I could, and take him, dead or alive. Dr. Robinson was the leading rioter, and had done more by his talents than any one among them to bring on the trouble. I took two men, armed like myself with double-barrel guns, and entered the house where he was said to be hidden. The proprietor stood at the head of the stairs leading to the second floor, and, presenting his shot-gun, threatened to shoot if we came up; but one of the men who followed me, seeming to think this was a good chance to kill somebody, "covered" the man with his gun, and told him to lay down his arms, or have a large hole made in his body. He obeyed, when we told him to go into a room, where we shut him up. Then we searched the house, and found the doctor in the back room, lying on a bed. I examined him, and found a bullet wound of small size in his left side; but it seemed to be superficial, and his pulse was not affected. However, as a matter of precaution, and to avoid any unpleasant consequences to myself, I called in Doctors Birdsall and Riggs to examine him. They reported that his wound was superficial, and gave the opinion that he could be removed without injury. So I pressed a cot and four men, under the war power conferred upon me (for the city was under martial law), and compelled the men to carry our prisoner to the prison-brig, while we escorted him to prevent a rescue.

The town was now in undisputed possession of the constituted authorities, and a party set out to pursue the rioters, who had fled up the river. About five miles out, they overtook an Irishman, named Caulfield, one of the most desperate men among the squatters. Mr. Latson was with this party, and he told me that he was in advance, and, as he rode up, he laid hold of Caulfield; but, as they were both going very fast, he slipped his hold, when the fellow attempted to discharge his rifle at Latson. The gun missed fire, and Latson knocked the ruffian off his horse with a pistol. The party came down J street at a furious rate, with their prisoner tied on the saddle—his feet under the horse's belly, his hat off, arms tied behind him, and his face covered with blood and dust. They swept on down to the levee, and it was said they were going to hang Caulfield on a tree.

I had no interest in this quarrel, but had taken my gun in defense of law and order, and these men were about to violate both, while professedly acting for both. I determined to have something to say about this, and ran on as fast as I could, following them to the bank of the river, but they took him to the prison-brig. Two or three more men were taken during the day, but no other noteworthy event has happened as yet. I now go to the rendezvous of Captain Sherwood's company (which is being organized for future emergencies), preparatory to burying the dead.

August 22d.—The city is now as quiet as though nothing had happened. On Thursday last, the

day I closed my last letter, we buried Mr. Woodland under arms, Sherwood's company acting as infantry, followed by many armed citizens on horseback. There was a rumor current that the squatters intended to bury their dead in the same place and at the same time. We were, therefore, directed to be provided with ten rounds of ammunition to each man. The burial ground is a sandy hill below the town, a couple of miles distant, where we have buried the most of our dead since the flood. No enemy appeared, and all passed off quietly.

As soon as the funeral services were over, Sheriff McKenney, Dr. Wake Brierly, Eugene F. Gillespie, Captain M. D. Corse, David Milne, John Tracy, Colonel Kewen and J. S. Fowler, with a number of others who were present and mounted, started off at a rapid rate across the plains. It was said they were going to make an arrest of a party in arms on the American River, about seven miles from town. It was nearly night when we reached town and were dismissed.

About nine o'clock that night, while the Common Council was in session, Colonel Kewen rushed into the room and announced that the Sheriff and ten men were killed, and that reinforcements were needed, as the squatters in force were marching into town. A scene of the wildest confusion ensued. The alarm was sounded; our company assembled at the drill room, and then marched to J street. The force was divided; the most of it was marched out toward Sutter's Fort. I was detailed, with four others, to patrol the south part of

the town, to protect it from incendiaries. The mounted men were divided into two squads—one under Councilman J. R. Hardenberg, and the other under Councilman C. A. Tweed; these took stations at the head of J and K streets, beyond the fort. The part of the town to which I was assigned was that occupied by the few families living here, and I could not have had a pleasanter duty if I had been free to have my choice. My knees did not shake half so badly after the order was given. It may seem strange to you, but I did not like the idea of going out to shoot at squatters in the dark, when a fellow might just as well get shot himself by mistake for some more maliciously disposed person. The ladies were nearly frightened out of their wits; but we assured them that they had nothing to fear—that we were devoted to their service, and were ready to die at their feet; being thus assured, they all retired into their cozy little cottages and securely bolted the doors. Then we patrolled up and down the lonely streets, with fixed bayonets, stopping every man for the countersign, and if he could not give it, marching him home. About ten o'clock, in the morning, soon after the arrival of the steamer at the landing, a man came to me and said that Lieutenant-Governor McDougal wanted to speak to the patrol—that he was sick at a house near by. I was poor McDougal's evil genius. When he arrived from San Francisco, where he had gone for reinforcements, he found us in the midst of our second great scare. It was too much for him; he went right to bed.

How strange it was that I should be the man to see him there—I, whom he had denounced as a coward but the day before the outbreak, because I would not be put into a position to engage in an aggressive war. He was not so pale as when I saw him on his way to the boat. He said he was suffering very much from sickness, and wished me to report at headquarters the arrival of the California Guard from below. I did not know where to find the headquarters; but I went to Warbas & Co.'s bank, which was a sort of rendezvous for our folk. The Guard was there before me. Two companies were reported—one under Colonel Geary, and the other under Captain William M. D. Howard. In the rear room I saw Sam. Brannan, the only man I knew out of the roomful. All were eager for the fray, and I thought if they fought as well as they swore, the country would be safe. I heard threats that a young man named McKune, who had been acting as an attorney for the squatters, should hang before sunrise. Here was law and order for you, with a vengeance! I knew where McKune's office was (it was in my beat), and hurried down to give him the alarm. I thumped away at his door, but could get no answer; so I concluded he had left, and that, if he was with the squatter force, the others might go and get him, and bide the fortunes of war.

August 27th.—I am tired of excitement and long for the quiet of home.

“It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain would I be :
O hame, hame, hame, in my ain countree!”

But to get home is almost as difficult as it was to get here. The steamers are all full for months to come.

When I wrote last, I find, I did not complete the history of our night alarm. It turned out that the Sheriff was the only man of his party killed. He rode up to the house of a man named Allen, whom he wanted to arrest. Dr. Brierly, from whom I had an account of the affair, accompanied the Sheriff; the rest of the party remained a little way off. The Sheriff told Allen who he was, and demanded his surrender. Allen was behind the bar, and replied that he knew him; at the same instant he leveled a heavy duck gun and fired. The whole charge entered the Sheriff's breast, and killed him instantly. Brierly, who is a little, sprightly man, had dodged down, and instead of going for reinforcements, delivered his revolver several times at Allen, wounding him severely. Notwithstanding the whole party was there, Allen escaped to the river, and concealed himself so well that he has not been caught. A few days after we were again turned out to bury our brave young Sheriff. I had no personal acquaintance with him, but he was a great favorite. His wife was here to follow him to the grave, and it was a circumstance that added much to the sympathy felt for him.

CHAPTER VIII.

Homeward bound—A ride over Russian Hill—California admitted—Cholera—Ship *Plymouth*—Island of Guadalupe—Death and burial at sea—Remarkable adventure with a whale—Tedious calms—Dying dolphin—Drifting canoe—Approach to land—Departure of the whale—Volcano of Cosaquina—Harbor of Realejo

SAN FRANCISCO, September, 1850.

The ravages of the cholera are so serious on the Isthmus that I have resolved to go by the way of Nicaragua, and had engaged passage by the *Unicorn* for Realejo, but her voyage to that place has been abandoned, and I shall find some sailing vessel going there. My baggage I put on board the schooner *Montague* to go around Cape Horn. I have had another attack of fever, followed by jaundice. I made my home with W. D. Niles, in charge of the Pacific Mail Company's shop in Happy Valley. It is a satisfaction to be with one who knows my family, and will report to them if I should be unable to do so. The song so popular when we came out—*Oh, California, that's the land for me*—I have not heard in a long time; but I often hear, as I pass the camps in the valley, *Oh, carry me back to old Virginia shore!*

October 10th.—Autumn in California is a very

melancholy season ; it is the season of death, and not of fruition, with none of the changing hues which Autumn at home brings with it. It is man here that passes into the sere and yellow leaf, as one will see in the jaundiced faces of those who at this time come down from the interior, and as is most marked in my own case. As a convalescent, I rode out on horseback to the Presidio. It was a bright October morning. The high winds that prevail on the coast during the Summer months were gone, but not a cloud had yet appeared in the sky. I rode to the top of one of the hills north of the town, overlooking the shipping, the entrance to the bay, and its wide expanse of water. The scenery on the bay is rather too heavy to be beautiful, and at this time of year too devoid of verdure. The sky is uniformly cold and dull. The gentle spirit of my steed was moved, too, by the sterile prospect before him, and, with head low bowed, he seemed for a long time dreaming of the flowery meadows where a few months before he rolled in luxury. Our reveries were simultaneously arrested by an intruder, and we continued our stroll down the opposite side of the hill. There was a fresh water pond nearly as low as tide water ; its banks were lined with linen bleaching in the sun, and Chinese and Mexicans were ranged in the water up to their knees, with a rude table before them, upon which they were rubbing, beating, thrashing, squeezing, and otherwise maltreating other people's clothes. A rivulet, small at this time, comes down between the hills, irrigating in

its course various beds of lettuce and other vegetables common in New York in the Spring. Just where I rode down to the brook my ear was saluted with the sound of a tiny waterfall. It was so strange a sound that it startled me. It was the voice of home, calling in tinkling cadence to the wanderer to go where anxious ones were waiting and watching. It revived many sad thoughts of scenes once familiar, now far away, so that I fancied my malady grew worse; and, with the unqualified approval of my traveling companion, I turned his head toward my lodgings.

October 19th.—I was so far recovered as to visit the ship on which I had engaged passage to Real-ejo. While on board of her, I heard heavy guns down the bay, and, in a few minutes after, the steamer *Oregon*, her rigging crowded with her gala dress of flags and signals, rode by the town, bellowing forth to right and left the joyous intelligence, "California is admitted." The news was shouted from vessel to vessel of that vast fleet anchored in the bay, and the Stars and Stripes ran up to every truck, until the sky was ablaze with bunting, and every reluctant, rusty gun was made to proclaim, far over the waters and away into the rocky fastnesses of the mountains, that California had taken her place as a golden star in the constellation of States. It is worthy of mention that the first response to the intelligence was a gun from a ship carrying the flag of St. George.

October 24th.—The ship was ready for sea yesterday—had cleared from the Custom House and

dropped down to an anchorage below the shipping—but was unable to proceed at once for want of sufficient seamen to navigate her. Only six men had been shipped, and half of this number were ordinary seamen; but to-day the Captain succeeded in getting two more able seamen, and at one o'clock we weighed anchor and beat out with a strong head wind and an ebb tide. We passed the ill-fated schooner *Montague*, lying at quarantine. Of the company of forty men who came out from New Haven in her, more than one half died in a few months after her arrival. She had now started from Sacramento for Panama, and the Captain, second mate and six passengers have died of the cholera. Yesterday the Health Officer's boat passed to visit her, with a crew of four Kanakas, and to-day she had but two, the others having died, as we learn by the morning paper. Our ship passed rapidly through the Golden Gate, and before night we lost sight of the land that had proved a grave to so many who but a year before had landed there, full of hope and daring.

The ship *Plymouth*, Captain Pousland, was bound for Panama, but has engaged to put into Realejo, at which place I had determined to land and take the route through the State of Nicaragua. There are, in all, one hundred and sixteen passengers, the most of them broken and disappointed miners. Many of them have just come in over the plains, and are disgusted with the prospect of gold digging—are sick with fever and its complications, with barely any means to carry them home.

October 28th.—Off Cape Concepcion. Thus far we have had no cases of cholera, and think ourselves fortunate in the choice of the *Plymouth*. Captain Pousland is about forty years old, and has been contending with storms until his voice and hearing are both cracked; but his heart is big and his head clear. The ship is well provided, and our voyage promises to be a very pleasant one. Six of us occupy the Captain's cabin; Captain J. H. Titcomb, a venerable old ship-master, who came out in command of the brig *Ceylon*, from Boston, and whose head has been whitening in the frosts and suns of every clime for half a century; Captain Tatim, of New York, an intelligent, exemplary man, who also commanded a vessel out; a Frenchman, in search of health, who had been recommended by Cazenave, of Paris, to visit Antigua (W. I.), but, getting no better there, his physician advised him to return to France. He was next sent to Havana; but a physician there told him it was no place for him, and advised him to go to New Orleans. Arrived there, he was recommended to try the climate of St. Louis. He went as far as Lexington (Kentucky), where he spent some time at the Mammoth Cave, but was disappointed in the result, and his medical adviser thought the climate of Mexico preferable to any other. He accordingly went to Mexico, but got no better of his disease, and finally he came to California, where he nearly died, and is now going to seek the elixir of life in some new region, he knows not where. Another white-haired sea-king

and his brother comprise the whole of the cabin passengers.

October 31st.—Early this morning it was announced that land would be visible on our weather bow in a short time, and about nine o'clock we descried the Island of Guadalupe. It was about three o'clock, in the afternoon, when we were off the northeast point. A fresh wind was blowing from the northward, and the sky was overcast with clouds that had not permitted an observation since we left San Francisco. Against the north end of the island, which is about 1,200 feet high, the clouds had banked up in a gloomy mass, making it so dark on that side that we could scarcely distinguish objects on shore, and were rolling away heavily on either side, like the sea before the bluff bows of our ship, leaving a broad wake of bright blue sky to leeward. As we passed the eastern promontory, a scene of great beauty burst upon us. Over the high crest of hills bounding the north end the vapor was pouring like a vast cataract, hugging so closely to the mountain as to hide its face but reveal its form, and the sun shining full upon it lit it up in all the resplendence of a mountain of snow, which diffused itself into a thin mist in the calm, bright valley, covered with green pastures and scattered trees, like Spring in California. It was a rare sight to see the two sides of an island in such strong contrast—the one dark and wrathful, the other like a place of enchantment, so calm, warm and verdant. To this island sea birds and turtles resort in great numbers, un-

disturbed by the intrusions of man, and here they have been sole tenants since the Spirit of God first moved upon the face of the waters. There is something which excites the most intense interest in passing one of these lonely, uninhabited islands, a curiosity which fairly racks imagination. The water continues blue close up to the island, but in the deep bay on the eastern side there is said to be good anchorage, and the Captain had intended, in case the weather was calm, to go on shore and procure some turtles. But we passed it at the rate of nine knots, and, standing across the strip of blue sky to the leeward of the island, we were soon surrounded by the dull gray of the sea and sky, and the loom of the land was lost soon after in the gloom of night. Our course was directed to the Abejos rocks, a singular collection of sharp rocks, rising 112 feet from the sea, 290 miles south-east from Guadalupe.

November 1st.—A young man from Illinois, who had been complaining for some days with fever, died last night. When I first saw him his case appeared bad, but the day before yesterday he felt himself quite “smart,” and his symptoms gave no indications of so sudden a termination. The following night I was called up to see him; he had violent congestion of the brain. His delirium was succeeded by a state of unconsciousness, and at eleven o’clock, last evening, he expired. To-day his body was committed to the deep. Sewed up in a blanket, with a bag of sand fastened to its feet, it was placed upon a board over the bulwarks

amidships. All hands were called around, when my venerable friend, Captain Titcomb, after some appropriate remarks, made a short prayer. The inner end of the plank was then raised, and our late fellow-voyager slid into his unfathomable grave. We heard the splash, caught a glimpse of something white in the deep blue, and turned with sadness to look upon the faces of the living.

We were carried along with a fine breeze, and passed the Abejos rocks in the night. In latitude 22° north, longitude $111^{\circ} 30'$ west, is laid down on the chart a small island as doubtful. For this we next directed our course, but passed over the place without finding it, and we put it down as still more doubtful.

November 13th.—To-day we are one hundred miles south of Acapulco. Since passing Cape Corrientes we have seen at intervals, on the eastern horizon, the clouds that usually hang over lofty mountains, and at night in the same direction flashes of lightning. Various land birds have visited us from time to time, such as hawks, owls and sparrows. A wren of beautiful species was so familiar as to pick flies from our clothes, but he would not allow any such familiarity on our part. At length, a hawk made a meal of him, and the Captain, as a matter of justice, ordered the maruder shot, and the sentence was forthwith put into execution.

We are witnesses of a very remarkable exhibition of the social disposition of the whale. It is rarely that a whale is seen alone. A week ago

to-day we passed several, and during the afternoon it was discovered that one of them continued to follow us and was becoming more familiar, keeping directly under the ship and only coming out to breathe. A great deal of uneasiness was felt lest, in his careless gambols, he might unship our rudder, or do some other damage. It was said that bilge-water would drive him off, and the pumps were started, but to no purpose. At length more violent means were resorted to, and volley after volley of rifle shots were fired into him; billets of wood, bottles and bricks were thrown upon his head with such force as to separate the integument, to all of which he paid not the slightest attention, and he still continues to swim under us, keeping our exact rate of speed, whether in calm or storm, and rising to blow almost into the cabin windows. He seems determined to stay with us until he can find better company. His length is about eighty feet; his tail measures about twelve feet across, and in the calm, as we look down into the transparent water, we see him in all his huge proportions.

November 22d. - A long and tedious interval of light airs, calms and sweltering sunshine, in which we have not averaged fifty miles in twenty-four hours. It was thought that the voyage would not occupy more than twenty days, and, for the want of books, we employ ourselves in watching the signs of wind, hoping and predicting something better for the morrow. O, what is more trying to the patience - when the will is strong and the pulse

bounding with eagerness to rejoin the friends from whom you have been separated so long—than to be caged up in your wooden prison at sea, with no hope but in the wind, and that refusing to blow a breath, notwithstanding all your signs and predictions! “Unfailing indications” do fail every day, and, though you fret up and down the quarter-deck and threaten never to trust yourself on a sailing vessel again, still the breeze will not come.

For the want of some better means of passing time, I would stretch myself on the transom, with my head out of the window overlooking the water, and watch the innumerable forms of animal life that floated past or followed in our wake. At long intervals a shark, that vulture of the ocean, would come prowling along; too rapacious to admit of a partnership, he roams the sea alone. Then, close to the surface, comes a school of “trigger fish,” beautifully spotted, and about the size of the spread hand. The great size of the dorsal fin gives them a peculiar trotting motion as they wag along in our wake, visiting every floating fragment from the steward’s quarters; many of them rose victims to the treacherous little hook. For several days past we have had a surfeit of fish, chiefly bonitos and dolphins. At one time our deck was like a fish market, bonitos from five to fifty pounds weight thrashing the deck in the strong agonies of death, intermingled with gay dolphins. They are caught by trolling a white rag attached to a hook, which they mistake for a flying-fish. There are many beautiful fish in the tropical seas, but there

is none so celebrated for its beauty and gamy qualities as the dolphin. He has a fierce, man-of-war look. From the profile of his forehead you would think him a very intellectual fish; so bold is it, that his greatest width is in this region of the the head, though the gross stupidity of the white rag affair is very difficult to reconcile to your phrenological notions, and then a bird's eye view of it confirms your skepticism of his great sagacity, for it is as thin and sharp as a broad-axe. He seems to have only those organs located on the median line, particularly reverence and firmness. On the former you may place great dependence, for, with all his bold airs, he runs from his superiors with the same readiness that he pursues his inferiors. You give him firmness large, and, for an illustration, just coax him into the belief that the rag and hook are *bona fide* flying fish, as you skip it across the water. Ah! he does not see it. His sides yellow, inclining to green on the back; his tail long, forked, and richly tipped with yellow; his fins a brilliant blue. With a gallant, dashing air, he darts to and fro, driving the timid little flying fish out of the water. Now, see! quick as light he pursues his prey in its ærial flight, splitting the waves, and at the moment the poor little thing touches its element, it is gone. You can see him at a great distance, so pure is the medium, as he takes a wide circuit and returns. Now, be ready! His eye seems to sparkle with energy, and dark bars appear on his sides, like those of a perch. Quick as an arrow he has struck the hook, and is

fast; and now, if your tackle is strong, you may revenge the flying fish. No sooner does he find himself fast, than his helm is put hard down, and every nerve is strained to resist the traction that is made with a strong hand. The whole broad-side of the captive is opposed to the water, and you cannot gain an inch; but the ship must proceed on her voyage, and, though you have gained nothing, he is sensible of having lost ground, and makes a prodigious spring into the air, and before he again touches his element, he has neared the ship by several yards. Now he makes another effort in an opposite direction, and, after several such unavailing struggles, he yields exhausted and is raised on board, where he again renews his vain struggles, clearing a space in the curious crowd with the unsparing strokes of his tail, until he has covered the deck with his blood. Who has not heard of the dying dolphin? The rapidly changing hues of green and gold flash and fade at intervals; his blue fins stand out erect as in swimming, his surface is in a fine tremor, the colors seem more brilliant than ever, and all around exclaim, "How beautiful!" But it is the last, and he lies at your feet lifeless, of a dull lead color, as homely as any other fish.

Off the Gulf of Tehuantepec something was seen resembling a boat, about five miles off to windward. The Captain examined it with a glass, and thought he could distinguish two or more men in it making signals. The ship was put about, and a boat lowered and sent off to their assistance, in

charge of the second mate. This was an incident to rouse the sympathy and interest of those who live in the consciousness that there is but a plank between them and a watery grave, and various were the speculations as to what it could mean. We were about three hundred miles from land; the boat was evidently without oars or sails, but we could distinguish persons moving and occasionally shaking a white cloth to us. Some vessel had, doubtless, foundered, and these were the survivors of the crew. We pictured to ourselves their emotion at the sight of relief at hand, and an escape from the pangs of hunger and thirst. In about two hours our boat returned, and reported that it was a large canoe, old, rotten, half full of water, and the persons on board of her were sea birds, known as "boobies." The Captain looked fiercely at the mate, at the mention of the word "booby," and gave the orders to "hoist in the boat," and "ready about." The next day the wind freshened to a gale and drove us off our course.

November 29th.—We have been beating up with light winds for some days toward our port. For a day or two we have had views of the twin volcanic peaks of Guatemala; to-day the water shows indications of a near approach to land, and lofty mountain peaks are visible to the northward. The bark *Kirkwood* hove in sight, and bore down to speak to us. When off a mile or two to leeward, our whale left us and went to the bark, but returned soon after. He showed great restlessness last

night, and to-day, whenever we stood off on the outward tack, he kept close under us, only rising to blow, which he would do close under our quarter, and most commonly to windward; but, whenever we stood toward the land, he invariably hung back and showed discontent. This afternoon, in green water, he left us. It is twenty-four days since he attached himself to us, and during that time he has followed us as close as a dog to an emigrant's wagon. At first we abused him in every way that our ingenuity could devise, to drive him off, lest he might do us some mischief; but, save some scratches he received from our ship's coppering and numerous sloughing sores caused by the balls that have been fired into him, no damage was done to either of us by his close companionship, though the white paint was badly blackened by the sulphur in his breath. We long ago ceased our efforts to annoy him, and had become attached to him as to a dog, and named him "Blowhard." As the water grew shoaler he left us with regret, unfeigned on our part and apparently so on his. He joined us off Cape St. Lucas, and left us off Real-ejo. We had no evidence that he ate or slept during the whole time; the regular puff of his blowing, resembling the exhaust in the steam-chest of the engine of a large steamer as heard between decks, being always perceptible to the ear.

November 30th.—For several nights past we have had bright flashes of lightning from the heavy clouds that hang over the land; but last night we seemed to have got within the dominion of Æolus

for with vivid flashes of lightning the thunder rolled, and a low black arch rose from the distant shore, betokening a squall of unusual violence. The light sails were taken in and the heavier ones reefed. As the wind freshened and the well defined edge of the arch reached the forward cross-trees, the ship was hove to. The rain fell in large drops, and at every instant we expected the full fury of a tropical tornado to burst upon us. The sails were clewed down and shook in the wind, as if everything was going to ruin, while the ship paused in her course, waiting the final charge of the elements; but it passed over, and we could not log it as anything more than a "stiff breeze." As the night was dark, we lay-to till morning, when the bark seen the day before was nowhere in sight; but the vulcano of Viejo was before us, the landmark for the port of Realejo. All sail was spread to take advantage of a favorable wind, but before noon we were becalmed in sight of the harbor. Toward night a light breeze from the seaward carried us in. We took a pilot, who came off in a small boat with a confederate having fruit to peddle at exorbitant prices. The man who acted the part of the pilot was recognized as the notorious "Chris. Lilly," who killed McCoy, at Hoboken, some years since, and who fled for his country's sake.

The entrance to the river is very obscure, but is easy and safe to one who has ever entered it. A small island lies across the mouth of the river, leaving a passage on either side; but the one on

the right is shoal, and the sea breaks in heavily. A few miles to the west of the harbor is the volcano of Cosaguina, which, though not so imposing as Viejo, is famous for its recent eruption, one of the most terrific on record. Its sides are naked and deeply furrowed by the overflow of lava, presenting a very desolate appearance, though its fires are apparently slumbering. On entering this place from the southwest, no less than ten isolated volcanic peaks, named on the sea chart, are visible. The highest of these is the one that lies back from the anchorage, and is the landmark to those entering. Seen from the westward it is a perfectly formed cone; like all the others, it is dormant, though a little cap of mist or cloud, which forms as fast as it is blown off, is mistaken by many for smoke.

We passed quite a number of vessels at anchor in the river that had left San Francisco before us, but none with later dates, though we thought ours a very long passage. Before our anchor was down we were surrounded by canoes with fruit of almost every variety, of which we have been deprived for two years. Prices fell fast as competition rose; dimes were in great demand, and a large amount of fruit changed hands. In two hours the ship's deck was covered with the refuse of bananas, oranges, pine-apples, mangoes, sepotas and sugarcane, besides other little fancy fruits whose names I did not care to remember. The same reckless disregard for the preservation of health was shown that had marked the whole career of the gold

hunters and sent so many of them to their graves. Many of the natives looked amiable, but convinced us that they were apt scholars in the arts of the outlawed North Americans that have settled among them. Though disposed to be very extortionate in their prices, they were so quite innocently, and were very well satisfied if they got anything for their commodities. The harbor of Realejo is the mouth of a small stream, which, though called a river, has no current, except such as is caused by the tides. The banks are low and covered with mangroves, but the scene appeared to us beautiful, and that place must be barren indeed that does not gladden the eyes that have looked only upon the blue sea for many weary weeks. We remained on deck until the sun had set, and the canoes had left us to the reaction consequent upon a day of excitement, to hear only the harsh scream of parrots, the flapping of the solemn heron along the shore, and the dull monotone of the distant sea.

CHAPTER IX.

Realejo—Its capture by buccaneers—Impositions by fellow countrymen—An old church—A night on shore—Mounted for the journey—An involuntary companion—Chinandiga—Chain-gang—Our guide—Our party—Chichigalpa—Leon—Nagarote—Another Californian robber—Lake Managua—Beautiful scenery—Metearis—Kill a monkey—Town of Managua.

That night was spent on board, and after breakfast the following morning we took leave of Capt. Pousland, whose careful attentions and kindness of heart will long be held in grateful remembrance. The most of the passengers, tired of the sea voyage, determined to leave the ship here instead of going to Panama. A large canoe, called a *bungo*, made from one of the immense trees this country furnishes, received us and our baggage, and we proceeded up the river for six miles. The shores for the whole distance were lined with mangroves, singular trees, growing in some respects like the banyan, and extending their pendulous branches to a considerable distance into the water. They cover all the muddy shores so as almost to conceal them from sight, even at low tide. The river continued to grow narrower, until at length our *bungo* could go no higher. Above us the river had dwindled to a noisy brook, where we tumbled out

on some muddy honeycombed rocks and picked our way up into the town. On the high bank stood a group of copper-colored men, in dirty white cotton clothing, armed with old flint-lock muskets, representing Custom House officers. Near by was a large one-story adobe building, with a tiled roof, like all that I had seen in South America. A few boxes were scattered about, and idlers were plenty. Our baggage was soon on the heads of some natives, who led the way to the town, and we followed on past a row of thatched cottages, half concealed by the trees and *cacti*, for the distance of half a mile, when we found ourselves in a town of considerable size, but irregular, filthy and ruinous.

Realejo was destroyed by a party of buccaneers in the seventeenth century. Their chief object was the capture of the city of Leon, fifty leagues distant inland. The evidences of former greatness and wealth meet you at every step—here a regular, substantial pavement, now disused, and everywhere the foundations of large, strong walls of masonry, whose superstructure has given place to thatched cottages, a few of the better class having adobe walls. The ruins of a large convent, whose solid masonry has withstood the storms of nearly two centuries, still lift their broken arch and dome, fissured by fire and earthquake; time is rendering them more imperishable, by binding them up with climbing trees and vines, that cover them like the meshes of a net.

The hotel where our baggage was carried was

of modern construction, having a second story with a veranda on all sides. This was called the "American," and I recognized as the host Mr. Mulhado, formerly of San Francisco, and late of Sacramento. Tickets for dinner were furnished at the bar, and when we sat down to the table we regretted that we had not eaten our tickets and left the dinner to be consumed by our contempt. It was served up with a parsimony better suited to a prospecting party at the mines than to a country overflowing with its abundance. The charges were extortionate. I left the table angry and hungry, and went out regretting that I could not talk the language of the country, as it made me in a measure dependent on these scoundrels, when chance led me to an old church, whose walls were crumbling with age and covered with lichens and grass. The niches in the front, where formerly statues were supposed to have stood, were almost obliterated. In a little thatched shed near by were three bells, which had evidently suffered the ordeal of fire and were badly broken, but were still made to ring out their matins and vespers as when they hung in the tower of the convent two hundred years ago. The church was accidentally left undestroyed by the pirates. The roof was of tile, supported on wide rafters, and the floor of square bricks. Notwithstanding the rude display of sculptured wood and gilded ornaments upon the altars and walls, it had a gloomy, saddening appearance. On one side was a variety of gay flowers decking the image and shrine of the Virgin ;

some were in wreaths and festoons, others were made into small bouquets and introduced into the mouths of broken glass bottles or earthenware. Opposite to this, where hung the wooden image of the crucified Saviour, was an old dusty skull and other human bones. Within the chancel was another altar, upon which were various toys and flowers—little offerings of piety such as school children bring to a favorite mistress. While I stood with uncovered head in this rude but solemn temple, a half-clad female entered and knelt in the middle of the floor. Fearing that my presence might be regarded as an intrusion, I removed my unsanctified feet from the floor, and, picking up a large cluster of purple flowers that grew in the threshold, I put it in the buttonhole of my coat, and walked out into somebody's garden.

Having helped myself plentifully to fruit, I returned to the hotel and engaged a hammock for the night. At the time of the discovery of America hammocks were in general use by the natives, and to this day they are the most conspicuous and useful article of furniture in every house. They are beautifully woven from a species of native grass, and are both large and elastic. For comfort and cleanliness, I prefer them to any sleeping accommodations that I have seen. Between the annoyance of mosquitoes and the disturbance occasioned by disorderly travelers, my first night on shore was passed very uncomfortably. Several parties of men who have been to California have conspired here to waylay their more fortunate countrymen

by going into the forwarding business, and a more graceless set of swindlers never infested a Christian country.

There are two modes of conveyance. One is by a clumsy two-wheeled vehicle, called a *carreta*, covered with raw-hides, and drawn by four oxen. The wheels are transverse sections of large trees, about six inches thick. To the end of the tongue is fastened a cross-piece, which is lashed to the horns of the wheel oxen, so that the *carreta* can not capsize without lifting one of the oxen from his feet. When the floor is covered with baggage there is just room for two or three men to crawl in between it and the raw-hide cover. Six men are furnished with one of these and a driver, who sits on the *carreta* armed with a long sharp goad, which he thrusts into the animals until they bleed, when he would urge them along, while a boy, ten or twelve years old, precedes them as guide, carrying a *machete*, or long knife, which is worn by nearly all the natives while on the road, and which serves the three-fold use of sword, axe and eating knife, and without which it would be difficult to penetrate the thickets. In this manner transportation is performed to Granada, and the price asked for each person is \$6. The other mode is on horseback, and the charge made is the full value of a horse. I obtained a good horse, and set out with one companion, on the morning of the 2d of December, accompanied by a guide. When about to start, my attention was arrested by a painful spectacle. The dead body of a returning Cali-

fornian was borne along on a cart, like a dead dog, by the natives, unattended by a white man, and uncovered from the sun and dust.

To anyone at all sensible of the responsibilities of the people of the United States to their less civilized neighbors, a journey in the path of California adventure will furnish many a humiliating lesson, if it does not cover him with shame. It is with pain that I think of the brutal conduct of many of my countrymen, as it was exhibited during the whole route through Central America. The character which the nation enjoys they arrogate to themselves, and abuse the confidence which it inspires. With less claims as individuals to a character for refinement, they perpetrate the most indecent outrages upon a people whom they call unenlightened, but who are greatly their superiors in every virtue that gives value to civilization.

Leaving the town behind us, we urged our horses at a quick pace along the narrow and thickly wooded road, in hope of finding a more open, or at least a dryer one. We passed companies of girls dressed with calico skirts, secured just above the hips, leaving their bodies otherwise naked, carrying various kinds of produce upon their heads, or fowls in their hands, an extraordinary demand having been created for these last by the fastidious tastes of Californians, and no table could be considered as set for them, unless it were supplied with eggs and chickens, for they had been for a long time without them.

Soon after, we fell in with two natives, one of

whom, by the peculiarity and elegance of his dress, we knew to be a priest, and, as we had heard much of the dangers of the road, though we had formidable looking pistols in our belts, we still thought it might not be amiss to have one of his order in our company; but, doubtless, for reasons to which I have already alluded, he did not appear to cherish a reciprocal desire for our society, and quickened his speed. At this time we would have parted company but for a curious incident. Our horses were all well acquainted with each other, had been in the habit of traveling together, and refused to be parted. When one went faster, the other was sure to follow, until an unfortunate slip of the priest's horse nearly threw him from the saddle, and left his sacerdotal head-gear lying in the mud. Here we left him and his companion at a dead stand-still to their congratulations at having escaped from such bad company.

The road was miry and greatly cut up with cart wheels, but there was much to interest us in the strange birds and flowers along the edge of the heavy forest that walled us in on both sides. The *convolvulus*, or morning glory, covered the border, and often climbed the tallest trees, and parrots flew back and forth screaming in alarm. A ride of three leagues brought us to the town of Chinandiga. We had been furnished with a way bill to the agent for the men who owned the horses, and now presented it at the Fulton House, and, riding through the great gateway in the front, we dismounted in the court. At this place we were com-

pelled to wait until the next day for a guide and a larger company. I spent the day in strolling about the streets, accompanied by a volunteer guide in the person of a lad full dressed in a palm-leaf hat and a cheroot in his mouth. With the spirit of a veteran smoker he chewed the stub of his cigar until he got a fresh one. He gamboled around me, chatting in his jargon as fluently as though I understood every word of it, while the saliva dropped from his chin and ran down his jolly little belly. While passing the cathedral, just before sundown, I met a party of a dozen soldiers conducting a chain-gang of two convicts to the guard-house; one of them was a fat, jovial fellow, smoking a cigar and looking the very personification of contentment, wearing his chains with the dignity of a commander. As I passed him, he asked me for another cigar. The officer in command grinned along his whole dental line, and said, "good morning," a chronological blunder, but in a good English accent. In return, I said, "*Buenas noches.*" On my return I passed the guard-house, where the soldiers were drawn up in a line with arms at support, when the same officer again shouted out at the top of his voice, "good morning." The town of Chinandiga is overrun with yellow dogs, almost too thin and gaunt to make a shadow, and so weak that they often fall over in the effort to bark.

The sun was just sinking over the Viejo volcano when the party, now reinforced to sixteen were in the saddle ready to start. "In the saddle must be understood as a figure of speech; a saw

horse would be more literal, and convey a truer idea of the machine. It was a frame over which a raw-hide had been stretched, long enough to carry double, and admirably suited to gall the poor animals between which it was interposed. The saddle that I had ridden thus far had been taken from me and sent back to decoy somebody else into the snare. However, I was determined not to allow my zest for a pleasant journey to be destroyed by impositions to which I had become so accustomed. A copious shower had fallen in the night, filling all the hollows with water, but it brightened the green leaves and revived the odors from innumerable flowers. The road was similar to that we had traveled the day before, though the trees were larger, and one variety was conspicuous from its dark, glossy leaf, interspersed with small white flowers, and its branches often united over our heads. The inhabitants are collected in towns. I saw no dwellings by the way or break in the forest, and we pushed on in a disorderly squad along the cart road, which had never known an age of internal improvement. No one ever stops to fill a rut or remove a tree fallen across the road.

Our guide is a Creole, dressed in white roundabout and pants, with a dragoon's sword and pistols at his side. He is a surly fellow, and rides at a slow pace, with his hands resting on his hips, in dogged silence, except when some one of the party attempts to pass him, then he sings out, "*Poco tiempo!*" which, in the language of the country, conveys the general idea of procrastination, and is

in more general use than any other phrase. One hears it all hours of the day, whatever the occasion, or however urgent the need. I have thought it would be an appropriate motto on the arms of the State.

Our party of Californians is dressed in every variety of costume seen in California, and armed with various weapons, among which the heavy Missourian rifle is conspicuous. As we ride along the narrow, winding way, overarched with gigantic trees, animated by flocks of parrots and scarlet macaws, the view is highly picturesque, and it seems to me would do no injustice to a band of outlaws of the seventeenth century.

We had traveled six leagues when we arrived at Chichigalpa, resembling the last town in size and general appearance, but more neat, while the cactus fences were more general and regular. We did not stop here, but rode on to Josoltega, two leagues farther, where we took dinner, and about three o'clock, in the afternoon, the spires and turrets of numerous churches appeared over the crest of an opposite hill. The guide pointed to them, and said, "Leon." The road here led down a considerable ravine, with a noisy stream flowing through it. It was about four o'clock when our dusty cavalcade filed through the silent streets of the capital city of Nicaragua, and stopped at the house of a native.

Leon looks like a very old town, and was built of substantial masonry. The houses are mostly of one story, neat after the Spanish style, and some

of them very imposing. Under the Spanish rule this city was populous and wealthy, but now it is ruinous and desolate. The ravages of civil war meet your eye at every step, as fresh as though they were the work of yesterday, and there seems to be no disposition to repair the waste. The cathedral on the great Plaza is still a magnificent structure, but even this is speckled with gun-shots, and the plastered walls in the interior of the tower opposite the windows are badly defaced from the same cause. The buildings in the immediate neighborhood were destroyed, and the ruins are still undisturbed. Those exposed to the fire from the cathedral reminded me of a board fence which had been long used as a target, and the window sashes are broken by musket balls. The houses on streets enfiladed by the artillery stationed in the Plaza show deep furrows in their walls, plowed by the shot, and even the iron balustrade to the windows of our hotel, through which a cannon shot had passed, has the broken ends of the iron rods still projecting as the ball left them. I could hardly believe that these were the effects of the revolutionary struggle which made the Spanish colonies free, nearly forty years ago. The scene produced upon me a feeling of melancholy. There did not appear to be a want of inhabitants, but it seemed that civilization had been blasted in the bud, that it expired in the convulsion that gave birth to freedom. The evidences of the sanguinary war of the revolution, the success of the people afterward in maintaining their independence when the Mexican

States, aided by the Guatemalian forces, sought to compel the other Central American States to join their confederation, and the successful resistance made by the city of Leon to the buccaneers, who were seldom foiled, proved the people to be not wanting in courage. But their geographical position has made them more and more obscure. As other States were more accessible to commerce, and, though they possessed a country unsurpassed for climate, beauty and fertility, there was no market for their productions, while it required but little to supply their wants, without stimulus their energies have become enervated.

The inn at which we stopped contained a long range of rooms used for sleeping apartments, with massive walls and brick floors, with only one window in each, revealing the smoky walls and rafters, hung with tapestry woven by spiders and breaking away under the accumulation of dust. The only furniture in these rooms consisted of narrow bedsteads covered with raw-hide, and on these, without even the luxury of a pillow, you were expected to make peace with Morpheus. A portico extended around the court, where the table was spread. In the evening a train of *carretas* arrived from the west, filled our inn to overflowing, and attracted an inquisitive crowd of natives to the door. A group of boys gathered about me while seated on the steps, and asked questions in a very friendly way, about our schools and boys, and attempted to show off their acquirements by repeating a variety of English phrases and the

conjugation of the Latin verbs. They spoke highly of their schools, and gave me the impression that they were very good boys. I asked one of them if he would go with me to North America. After some hesitation, he said he thought his father would not allow him to do so; but he ran off, and soon after returned with a little naked fellow, about five years old, who he said would go, having no father, mother, or other incumbrance. One of the boys was blind in one eye, and presented himself with the utmost confidence to have me restore the sight, for which his father would give me *mucha plata*. I told him the sight was lost beyond restoration. Soon after he reappeared, leading by the hand a poor and infirm old woman, as a subject for charity. He next volunteered to guide me to a better hotel. The streets are narrow and lighted only by a candle burning in a tin lantern over each door, and but for my little guide I would have been bewildered. Passing the Plaza, I heard a shouting behind me, repeated several times. The boy signified that I must answer, or I would be shot. Not knowing in the darkness the source of my danger, I called out, "What is wanted?" I was told to pass on, and the ring of a musket on the pavement told me I had somehow come under military rule. After wandering about nearly an hour, we came to an inn, with the American flag over the door, where I engaged a hammock and hung myself up for the night. There was to have been a *fandango* at this house, but the ladies, much to their credit, would not appear when Californians

were expected, and the gentlemen were having the fun all by themselves. I fell asleep to the music of the banjo and guitar.

We left Leon about eight o'clock the following morning. A ride of a mile through a country covered with weeds brought us again into the forest, and we traveled in its shade eight leagues to the town of Puebla Nueva, a small and indifferent place. Here we found a very meagre dinner, and continued our journey to Nagarote, four leagues farther, where we stopped for the night at the house of an American. Here we met with the shabbiest treatment we had yet experienced. The man had hired the portico and one room of the house, with the privilege of the yard for the horses, for twenty dollars a month, and a native cook for a trifle, and in a country where provisions were abundant, he had the impudence to charge us higher rates than are paid in the best hotels of New York. The room was small and furnished with narrow bedsteads like those at Leon, but two persons were expected to occupy each one, and then one half of our company were compelled to take lodgings on the brick floor of the portico, for which he charged us half price. To satisfy us with a bad supper we were promised a good breakfast, and we made our arrangements to start by break of day. There was great confusion among the fowls roosting in the orange trees that evening, and we heard notes of formidable preparation, under which pleasing illusion we slept well. It was said that the cocks continued to crow all night ;

they certainly were in full chorus as we were roused to breakfast. One solitary chanticleer graced the table for twenty men, and he was so tough that he might have ruled the roost in the time of the Spanish vice-royalty ; but with eggs, *frijoles*, and chocolate we made out to appease the cravings of our hunger. The excuse this time was, that he had not sufficient time to prepare for so early a start. When ready to leave, we were told that we were expected to pay for the keeping of the horses, which was contrary to our stipulations. We then made up our minds unanimously to patronize no more American houses, and we told the guide that if he did not feed the horses at his own expense, they might go without food, and set out with a general denunciation upon impositions in general.

It was near sunrise when we were again in the saddle. We had pursued our way through the forest down a gradual descent about three miles, when a broad sheet of water opened before us ; it was Lake Managua. The road laid along its shore for several miles, so close that the dash of its waves washed our horses' feet. I was so captivated by the wild beauty of the scene that I reined up my horse and allowed the cavalcade to pass on. A rocky cliff rose fifty feet high parallel to the shore, and in the deep shade of trees troops of red monkeys were swaying themselves from tree to tree, catching at a distant limb, now with the foot or hand, and now with the tail. Parrots flew from all parts, as if they meditated an attack upon our rear guard, though they kept at a respectful dis-

tance, and only made a great outcry. Along the shore were great numbers of water fowl, from the white pelican to the snipe, both waders and divers, and so unaccustomed to attacks of men that one would nearly ride over them before they would fly. I dismounted to look for shells, but could find none. At length the road led up the hill side, and so charming was the scenery that I could have lingered along it for weeks with pleasure. Suddenly, while still enjoying the deep shade of the forest, we found ourselves in the midst of the town of Metearis, but not so suddenly that our arrival was not prepared for by the natives, for as soon as we had dismounted we were surrounded by vendors of fruit, *chicha*, and whatever else they thought they could sell to travelers. There was a little naked lad with a large calabash full of oranges. Holding them up, he said: "*Compra? Todos por media;*" and here a little girl, half naked, with a calabash full of cigars, and a look of good natured innocence mixed with coquetry, also said, "*Compra?*" Her lip pouts, and she looks disappointed when you say, "*No caro,*" and withdraws reluctantly, as if she expected you to change your mind soon.

After a repast on eggs and fruit, we resumed our way, which was diversified by hill and valley, wilder and more romantic than anything we had yet seen. Thus far from Realejo the soil was everywhere well adapted to cultivation and free from rock; but this day we passed many volcanic masses, and the road in places was cut through beds of ash-colored lava. Monkeys were numerous, and one of them,

presuming too far on his relationship, was shot ; it was a large black one with a white face. The ball had passed through his heart, killing him instantly. There was such a look of humanity in the pale, dead face that everyone turned from it with a reproach to the "Pike" who shot it. We crossed high ground which was called "The Volcano," but for what reason I could not learn ; it might have been the base of a mountain—I could not tell, so deeply were we buried in the forest.

About the middle of the afternoon we heard the rumbling of distant thunder, and masses of dark clouds were shutting in the little strips of sky overhead. I was unwilling to get wet, and spurred on ahead of the guide. He looked squally, too, and grumbled, "*Poco tiempo !*" I pointed to the clouds and hurried the faster. At length I reached the crest of a hill where was a bivouac of fruit venders. As I rode past, they, too, cried, "*Poco tiempo !*" but I had got clear of the guide, and I meant to keep him at a distance. He never passed a place where there was any excuse for stopping without doing so, but he seemed to fear the loss of his horse, and on he came as fast as his steed would carry him. At length I came to a descent so difficult that I was compelled to dismount and lead my horse. This continued for a quarter of a mile, and is the only difficult part of the route for wheel vehicles. At the foot of the hill was another shed for the accommodation of travelers. Here the inevitable rain and guide overtook me, followed by the party rattling down

the rocky road, whooping and yelling. An old woman kept this "station," and her only companion was a monkey of the common red kind, but very domestic. A western man in our party bought him, and he became one of our party. The parting between them was very touching. It is said that tears are confined to the human family, but my eyes deceived me, or that monkey wept.

A short ride over a plain brought us to Managua, an old and interesting town. We were met on the way by Señor Bruno, who conducted us to his hospitable inn, where we were made to feel the unbounded hospitality of the old Castilian blood. When I had satisfied the cravings of hunger, I strolled out to see what might be of interest in the town. Standing on the shore of the lake, where the trees on its margin threw their long shadows over its surface, how much I longed for the power to convey a correct impression of the interesting scene, combining all that was picturesque in nature with the innocent simplicity of a people but little removed from the pastoral state. Hundreds of women were gathering up the clothing which had been washed in the lake, or were frolicking in their evening bath. It seemed that all the younger portion of the inhabitants were carrying water, for there was an uninterrupted file of them, bearing on their heads jars holding from two to four gallons. It is in this way that all the water used in the town is obtained. Close by me was a group of girls hulling corn. The corn, having been previously soaked in ashes and water, was put into

large wooden bowls, and the girls, with bare feet, tread it, changing the water frequently, until it looked white and delicious. I next went to the cathedral, an old, rude, but imposing edifice. Buzzards were perched in great numbers upon the turrets, but we were refused admission by an old priest, unless we would give a *real*. Returning toward the inn, I passed a rude stone statue on the corner of one of the streets, planted half way in the ground to serve as a post. I recognized it at once as of the same origin as those figured in works on Central America. I felt a thrilling interest in looking upon one of those mysterious relics of an unknown age and people. I wished to know where it was found, and, summoning all my Spanish to the undertaking, I approached a group of natives who were standing in a doorway opposite, and looking with as great curiosity at me. What I said I never knew, but it only raised a laugh, and I returned to renew my inspection of the figure in no better humor at having contributed to their amusement.

CHAPTER X.

Doctor Rivas—Ancient ruins—In the forest—Cross a lava bed—
 Nindiri—Massaya—Religio-military celebration—A chamber
 of death—Buy a macaw—Granada—Dismiss our horses—
 Roast monkey—Embark on Lake Nicaragua—Boat swamped
 and build another—Embark again and again swamped.

On my return to the inn, I found an invitation from Dr. Rivas, a native of Managua, to spend the evening at his house. He was a young man, educated at Guatemala, which he termed the Paris of Central America, and his library was well supplied with books in the German, French, Spanish and Latin languages, but of English he knew nothing. He manifested the warmest interest in Americans, and did not spare any effort to please. His uncle, an old priest, swung in a hammock all the evening without speaking, but two sisters of the doctor were very social, sang, danced, talked Spanish, smoked cigars, and spat fluently.

The only means of communication between the doctor and myself was through the dead language of Virgil, which he spoke freely, but his pronunciation made it difficult for me to understand him. In that unsatisfactory way I gathered much that interested me. The statue which had attracted my notice, he said, was taken from an old ruin at

he foot of the steep hill I had passed in the afternoon. This ruin he represented as being very large, and only partially explored. There were many others on an islet in the lake. He proposed to me to remain with him, and visit these places. Nothing could have given me more pleasure, except seeing home, than a few weeks' research in his interesting region. From the density of the forests the country is almost unexplored, and what monuments of the greatest importance to the history of this continent are now lying concealed by the thickets on the shores of these beautiful lakes! How had my boyish imagination been fired to explore these hidden mysteries, when thousands of miles away, and I had not the most distant hope of ever seeing the country in which they were said to exist! I was now in their very midst, and about to leave without giving a single day to their examination, but time and hardship had tempered my archæological fervor, and long wandering had made me weary of it.

Of our late Consul, Mr. Squier, the doctor spoke with warmth as a man who had the entire confidence of his people, and he hoped he would soon be returned to them. To the people of the North American States he looked as to brothers, and he hoped the time was not distant when Nicaragua would become one of the confederation, when our citizens would settle in their fertile, beautiful country, and their waste places be made to blossom like the rose. He believed there were many bad men among us, but he had great confidence in the

lofty, generous spirit of the great American people.

It was late when I returned to the inn; the hammock which I had bespoken was occupied, and the doctor sent me the one I saw hanging in his house. This was too long for the room at the inn, and I suspended it in the porch opening on the yard. I was roused at an unreasonable hour by a mule pulling at the hammock strings.

We set out after breakfast, making our "*adios*" to our hosts of the evening before, and leaving a letter of recommendation for our landlord to those who were following us with the *carretas*. The doctor gave me a letter to Justo Lago, of the Spanish Hotel at Granada, and we plunged again into the forest. The road ascended gradually until we reached an elevation of several hundred feet, after a sharp ride of two or three hours. Here the crest of the hill was free of trees, and an extensive view was furnished of a large extent of country lying between the two lakes, buried in the dark green of the primeval forest. Not a sight or sound of life was there in all that vast space. Behind us was the Lake of Managua. As yet not a sail spots its surface, and man leaves uncontested the dominion of the forest to wild beasts and reptiles. A few miles farther brought us unexpectedly to an abrupt termination of all vegetation, and one of the most interesting points in our journey. Near the very spot where the road crossed was a volcanic fountain, from which had flowed a vast quantity of black lava, and its course could be traced for miles down the hill, where it had de-

stroyed everything in its track, and in the distance it appeared like the black loam of a swamp just turned up by the plow; but nearer to us, the scene was wild and rugged in the extreme. When the flow of lava diminished, and the surface hardened, the liquid part beneath continued to flow down, leaving a crust, which, having nothing to support it, tumbled in; and the whole appears like rock thrown up, on the spot, in all possible angles and shapes—black, glassy, and fused together at all points of contact. A large tree had been lying on the ground in the course of the fiery stream, and the lava had been cast around it, and as the tree was consumed, a hollow cylinder remained with the impression of the bark perfectly distinct on the inner surface. It is said that ninety years have elapsed since the eruption, and the lava flows of previous eruptions have formed a deep soil overgrown by a dense wood to the very edge of the recent deposit; yet these ninety years have not decomposed the volcanic mass sufficiently to give support to lichens or moss, and it looks as black and hard as though it was the work of yesterday. A short distance brought us in view of the volcano of Massaya on our right, and the distant waters of Lake Nicaragua on our left. Descending once more to the plain, the country exhibited more evidences of improvement than I had yet seen. Groves of plantains and fields of corn in every stage of growth announced our approach to another town, but one not down on my list. I was, therefore, surprised, but my

surprise did not equal my astonishment. Never had my eyes rested upon a more captivating scene. The town was laid out in squares separated by avenues, and subdivided by hedge rows into smaller squares, in the center of each of which was a neat thatched cottage, and around the sides were groves of plantains or bananas, orange trees, loaded with fruit, and other tropical fruits were interspersed, and high above the rest the cocoa-palm raised its ponderous fruit, and nodded tauntingly to the thirsty traveler. These inclosures are perfectly neat, not a dead leaf is allowed to remain on the ground, and the whole town resembled a carefully kept botanical garden more than the abode of thousands of human beings. It was a long mile that we rode through its principal street, and halted for the loiterers to join us. No one came out to sell fruit or salute us, as in other towns through which we had passed. This place is called an Indian town, and we had regarded the most of them as little else; for, though in larger ones there is more or less admixture of Spanish blood, the great mass of the population is purely Indian. But here they had retained all their primitive customs. A stone church, and an inclosure for a bull fight to take place that week, are all that could remind us that the Spaniard had been there and planted his faith and language. Their domestic utensils are all such as were used before the discovery of the continent. The corn is ground by being rubbed between two stones, one flat and a lit-

tle concave, and the other like a rolling-pin. Some of them were wrought with great labor, were highly ornamented, and very ancient, having been handed down from generation to generation as heirlooms, like their little homesteads. In two instances, I inquired when they were made, but the answer was, "*Quien sabe?*" (Who knows?)*

A ride of four miles farther brought us to Massaya, a city said to have a population of 30,000. An American met us, to persuade us to go to his house, which he assured us he had fitted up for our special accommodation; but we had experienced enough with his kind, and we went in a body to the house of a native. It was about an hour before noon when we passed the Plaza, the *sine qua non* of Spanish-American towns, and it presented an animating scene. Hundreds of Indian women, dressed in blue checked skirts, fastened about the waist, and with little white

* E. G. Squier, who published his travels the year after this journal was written, thus apostrophizes this town: "Nindiri! How shall I describe thee, beautiful Nindiri, nestling beneath the fragrant evergreen roof of tropical trees, entwining their branches above thy smooth avenues, and weaving green domes over the simple dwellings of thy peaceful inhabitants! Thy musical name, given thee long ages ago, perhaps when Rome was young, has lost nothing of its melody; *Neenda*, water, *Diria*, mountain—it still tells us in an ancient and almost forgotten tongue that thou slumberest now as of yore between the lake and the mountain! Among all the fairy scenes of quiet beauty which the eye of the traveler hath lingered upon, or that fancy has limned with her rosy-hued pencil, none can compare with thee, beautiful Nindiri, chosen alike of the mountain Fairies and forest Dryads, of the Sylphs of the lake, and the Naiads of the fountain! Nindiri, . . . quiet, primitive Nindiri! seat of the ancient caciques and their barbaric courts—even now, mid the din of the crowded city, and the crush and conflict of struggling thousands, amid grasping avarice and importunate penury, how turns the memory to thee as to some sweet vision of the night, some dreamy Arcadia, fancy-born and half unreal."

chemises only partly covering the chest, with palm-leaf hats on their heads, were offering their little stock in trade, which rarely consisted of more than a pound or two of chocolate, a small basket of corn, a grass hammock or two, a few quarts of cocoa, or a couple of calabash shells curiously wrought for dishes. The shops for retailing foreign goods are chiefly around the Plaza, and the contents of any one of them, consisting of the cheapest kinds of fancy articles, calicoes, etc., might be stowed into a common-sized cupboard. A game-cock tied by the leg at the door of each shop was the only external sign to point it out. Having only fifteen miles to go to reach Granada, the terminus of our land journey, we sent for our guide after dinner to get the horses ready, but guide and horses were gone. Two or three hours were spent searching for the deserter, when we found him arrayed in fine linen in the midst of a bevy of indigenous ladies. We were so indignant that we were tempted to collar him; but he put in his usual plea, "*poco tiempo—mañana!*" and what could we do? The ladies, too, thought it strange that we should be in such haste. We could not contend with them, and so resigned ourselves to the necessity of spending the day here. As soon as it was dark there arose a great uproar in the street, with report of fire-arms. A crowd of boys were coming down the street swinging burning faggots around their heads, followed by a long procession of people bearing torches and firing small rockets.

In the midst of this fiery train there was borne a palanquin, in which was seated some church dignitary in his official robes. The procession passed on to the cathedral and disappeared, but the fire-arms continued to whiz, blaze, and snap outside. The conclusion of the ceremony in the church was announced by the setting off a piece of fire-works stretched around the Plaza and exploding at the distance of every foot, and at the same instant a great number of rockets with variously colored lights were fired simultaneously, and, starting from the same point, shot their fiery arcs over the sky. It was a very respectable religio-military performance. In a few minutes the streets were as still as before, and I thought if our boys of Puritan descent could be privileged with fire-works to enliven the austerity of their religious ceremonies, it could not fail to strengthen their attachment to them, and make them as zealous defenders of their faith as these Indian boys are.

The room that I occupied that night was a small one, having a double gate opening into the street, large enough for loaded teams to enter. I was alone. The room adjoining communicated with it only by a large open space over a partition wall. The landlady's daughter was lying there sick, and her dying moans kept me awake for a long time; and when at length I had fallen asleep, I was roused by the creaking of the ponderous doors, and a man entered bearing a large lantern on a pole, followed by a priest with

shaven and uncovered head, muttering rapidly in an under-tone. They passed along and disappeared through a door opposite the one they entered; soon after, the same monotone was heard in the apartment of the sick girl, and it lulled me again to sleep. When I woke the next morning, the moans of the sufferer were hushed, but the wild wailings of the bereaved mother that had taken its place told the sad result. It was a sound that I had not heard for years. I felt that I was getting home.

I bought a scarlet macaw or *Lapa*; very gentle it would be, the kind woman told me, when it got acquainted with me. I procured a long pole, tied a cross-piece to the upper end, and secured my gaudy bird to it until such time as we should get acquainted; then, having procured a new guide, we set out for Granada. My attention was absorbed, during the morning's ride, by the unreasonable efforts of my prize to escape from the eminent position I had assigned it in the cavalcade, and "get acquainted with me." It bit off the leather strap from its leg, and was coming down; I would not throw it away, for it had cost me \$2 50; it would soon cost me more, for its terrible bill nothing could resist, and its squawk of defiance raised its kindred, who flew from all quarters. Just as he came in dangerous proximity to my hands, a brilliant idea struck me. I passed the other end of the pole to a comrade and let go, when the bird to his astonishment found himself suddenly as high in the air as ever. This

manœuvre was repeated from time to time until we came to a cabin, where we stopped, and throwing a jacket over his head, we again secured him to his perch with a hemp cord, when he employed his time in alternately biting and screaming for the rest of the journey.

Granada is said to be the oldest town in Central America; it is near the head of Lake Nicaragua, and about a mile from its shore. It has a European business aspect, and is therefore less interesting to me. There were no means at hand to descend the lake, but we found an enterprising countryman building a flat-bottom boat of boards, on the model often seen on our northern rivers, and we engaged it to take us down when it should be finished.

On every house was a bill, printed in large capitals: "VIVA SANTA MARIA, VIRGEN DE GUADALUPE." On inquiring the meaning of it, we were told that it was the anniversary of the appearance of the patron saint of Granada, where she arrived in a dry goods box, after a rapid passage across the lake—so rapid that the fishermen could not overtake her in their boats. I received this tale at first with some grains of common salt, but upon further knowledge of the habits of the boatmen on the lake, I believe it. Fire-works in the evening, as at Massaya, and a comfortable night at the Spanish Hotel.

The next day the *carretas* arrived, and our party were once more together. When gathered at the well-set table, we were very merry. Cap-

tain Titcomb sat next to me, and was helping himself very liberally to a leg of what he denominated lamb. A suspicion flashed across my mind that it was not meat that was permitted to be eaten by the Levitical law or my little knowledge of comparative anatomy was at fault. Calling the host, I pointed to the dish, and asked him what it was. He innocently replied, "*Mono*" (monkey). The Captain looked contemplatively at the remains, then rose, with his face as pale as a boy's after his first essay at tobacco, and calling for a small coffin, retired. I thought anyone that could eat garlic ought to eat monkey without a murmur.

When the boat was nearly ready, we collected our baggage on the shore to embark at the earliest possible moment. Some large *bungos* and a small schooner arrived, and two of our company left us to take passage in the latter. Both died soon after from fever. Our boat was launched and the baggage put on board, but for some cause the owner did not appear until the day was too far spent to make a start. We slept on the shore, and awoke at daylight to find the boat was filled with water and our baggage soaked. Captain Titcomb's charts, chronometers, etc., were ruined. The question now arose, if this boat could not live on the water without a single man in it, what were we to expect of a trip on the lake of a hundred miles. We had another boat built of twice the size of the first, and this required the delay of another week. In the meantime, *bungo*

after *bungo* arrived and departed, carrying fifty or sixty persons each, until five hundred had gone, and we were left almost alone. It was a novel sight to see the embarkation of these returning adventurers, with their monkeys, parrots, macaws, blankets, and bags containing six days' provisions, etc. The scene upon that shore was one not easily forgotten. We whiled away the time wandering along the shores and about the suburbs of the town. The natives are everywhere very kind, and saluted us as we passed with such English as they had acquired from their more civilized guests, and even the little ones would say, smiling with genuine good feeling, "Good-by—go to h—ll!" A lad of twelve or fourteen years asked me for a cigar, which I gave him, and offered him the lighted one I was smoking to light his with, when he innocently put the whole one in his pocket and the other one in his mouth, and walked off with a "*muchas gracias*," entirely unconscious of having practiced a good joke. I walked a mile to find another light. The trade wind blows from across the lake, and Granada is therefore a healthy place. Miasma will not cross any considerable surface of water, and we slept in hammocks stretched between trees on the shore of the lake with perfect impunity. The water of the lake is coolest at the surface, and is swarming with fish. Its beach is made up of magnetic iron-sand and pumice-stone. Our second boat was at length finished, and we stowed our effects on board, with stores, and were ready to leave at short notice, on the arrival of the

morning breeze. At length the auspicious breeze came, but the pilot did not, and when he arrived the native that we had shipped for a crew had deserted. Noon had passed and the breeze had roughened the surface of the lake so that the waves all wore white caps, when our crew came with his arms full of strips of jerked beef and fat pork, and threw them into our laps. We pulled off from the shore and attempted to hoist a sail, when we found there was no cleet to which to fasten the sheet. The waves increasing, broke over the boat at both ends, wetting our provisions; my macaw "made the acquaintance" of one of the men, and nearly bit his finger off. I lost confidence in our sea-captain's nautical judgment; thought of something I had heard long ago, that sea-captains are generally drowned in small boats; and, in short, we were all on the verge of mutiny, and clamorous to put back. The boat's head was then turned toward the beach, and none too soon, for before we had got within one hundred feet of the shore, the boat filled and we went down. Fortunately we were on the soundings, and reached the beach without loss of life. We now procured tickets for the next trip of the schooner to sail three days hence. On the same day, the *bungos* returned for a fresh supply of provisions, not having been able to get five miles away for want of a free wind (some of them had been passing a week among the little islands under the lee of a point of land in sight of us), and the town was overrun with disappointed men.

CHAPTER XI.

Embark for the third time—Momotombo—A night on the lake—San Carlos—Fort San Juan—Down the San Juan River—A night in a canoe—Down the rapids—Night and storm and darkness—The crew mutiny—Greytown—Brig *Mechanic*—The Corn Islands—St. Andrews—Explore the island—A norther—Lose our anchor—Perilous situation—Saved by the presence of mind of Captain Sisson—Leave the Captain on shore and stand off—The mate's bewilderment.

On the twelfth day of our arrival at Granada, we stowed ourselves away on board the schooner, and started for the last time. We crossed the shadow of Momotombo, with the rocky pinnacles of its awful crater in full relief on the sunset sky, and Ometepe rose before us from the middle of the lake as symmetrical as a slightly truncated cone, about whose base the splendor of ancient civilization nestled long ages ago, secure in her watery defenses from barbaric invasion, and whose summit caught the last rays of the setting sun long after the purple shadows had settled over the landscape. The vessel was schooner-rigged, nine feet beam and thirty-four feet keel. It was stipulated that not more than thirty passengers should be put on board, but before the anchor was up, her little deck was covered with fifty. It was vain to remonstrate; we had paid our passage,

\$25, and we had no alternative but to submit, or stay where we were. The little cabin was filled with our traps, and we all seated ourselves in two tiers—one around the cabin roof, which was raised about two feet from the main deck, and left a gangway eighteen inches wide, all the way round, without waist-boards. This was occupied by the second tier, all so closely packed that there was not room for change of position, and those who occupied the lee side could not avoid dragging their feet in the water. The night passed with but little sleep, but a great deal of discomfort; once a squall, with a brisk shower, struck us, parted the sheets, and, during the confusion, a cageful of parrots went overboard. We were all locked together, so that no one could fall overboard while the one next him was awake. When morning broke, we counted noses, and found we were all there. We had laid in stores of ground parched corn, which, mixed with water and sweetened with brown sugar, is the *pinole* of the natives, and is their principal food when on journeys. The day wore by and another night came on, damp and chilly, and the tendency to sleep was quite overpowering; but the lake abounds with alligators and sharks, the dread of which kept us from falling overboard. After thirty-six hours in this position, we reached San Carlos, at the outlet of the lake. It was yet dark when we landed in the mud. A few reed huts were all that we could see to suggest a town. I found my way into one, where a light shone through the interstices, but

some one had anticipated me and had appropriated the only hammock in the cabin; so, having drank a dish of chocolate, I laid down on the earthen floor with several billets of wood for a pillow, but while I was contending with mosquitoes, day broke. In the short distance of ninety miles which we had come from Granada, the climate had undergone a great change. But little air was stirring, and that was humid; in fact, it rains so frequently that the ground is kept miry, and vegetation is more rank than in the country at the upper end of the lake.

It had been stipulated with the owner of the yacht that canoes should be in readiness, on our arrival at San Carlos, to take us down the river, but none were here, and we determined that the yacht should go down the river, though it never returned. We told the Captain that if there were no canoes here by noon, the schooner must fulfil the contract and take us to San Juan, and we held her in custody. In the meantime, I took the opportunity to visit the ruins of the old Spanish fort, San Juan. I had heard it represented as being the most extensive work of the kind in the country. It was captured by General Dalling, in 1779, in whose expedition Lord Nelson, then Post Captain, won distinction. It was held by the English until the pestilential atmosphere of the place had nearly exterminated their forces. I searched all over the point of land that seemed to command the passage of the river, but could find nothing to correspond to the works I was in search of. Some modern buildings built for barracks, a few heavy

guns and pyramids of shot lying about, and one thirty-two pounder brass gun mounted— one of those mementos of the glory of old Spain, but spiked, no doubt to prevent its being turned upon its defenders—were all the evidences I could find of fortification of any era. Returning to the landing, I took a broader view of the landscape, and determined that a heavy wooded hill—the highest on the peninsula—was the one that ought to be fortified. And, as a final effort, I resolved to attempt to reach its summit. After laboring up through the most intricate labyrinth of trees and vines, with the aid of a long *machete*, I came to a rampart, and followed it for a long distance. On every side were substantial walls of masonry and heavy guns, around which large trees and creeping things had grown until the whole was bound together for eternity. The air was so close and gloomy from the dense shade, and so loaded with mosquitoes, that respiration was difficult. Every bush was armed with thorns that tore my best clothes, and every thorn had a venomous ant inhabiting it that issued forth at the slightest disturbance and inflicted a cruel sting. Finally, to cap the climax of my discomforts, a swarm of hornets issued from the mouth of a big gun that I was exploring, and I sounded the recall. Returning to the landing, I found that one canoe had arrived from below, and a grand pow-wow was going on as to who of the fifty should take precedence in going on board. It was finally conceded that they should follow the order of their names on the way-bill,

The *bungo* was filled with twenty-three and the crew of five Indians, and we cast off just before sundown. The men at the oars seemed little disposed to exert themselves, and we glided along not much faster than the current. The river is wider and deeper than I expected, and its banks are low, as is all the land at the east end of the lake, like an irreclaimable jungle.

As night shut in the view, we heard cries of wild beasts, which the natives with us would imitate, and say, "*Mucho malo.*" Our *bungo* was so crank that the most of us were compelled to sit down on the floor, and the least change of position on the part of anyone would cause it to careen so far that the oars on that side could not be raised out of the water. Overpowered by the want of sleep, we settled away, one by one, into every imaginable attitude simulating repose, but which was little more than a state of semi-insensibility, in which we were aware of floating down the stream, and, from our painful contortions of body, were kept conscious of our personal identity. The rain poured down upon us without producing any other effect than when it falls upon the cottager's roof; the men seemed to sleep the better for it. When daylight dawned, we found that we had floated eighteen miles from San Carlos. The forest was heavier than that seen the day before, and rose in a dead wall from the water's edge; the current was more rapid.

. We stopped at a place where the undergrowth had been cleared away to enable boats to land, for

the sake of stretching our limbs and preparing chocolate, but everything was so wet that we found it impossible to build a fire. The ground was miry, and everything around us so gloomy and repulsive, that we were glad to get back to our boat, and take a cold breakfast and wash it down with *pinole*. Soon after starting, we heard the roar of water. The Indians endeavored to impress upon us the danger of the rapids before us, but we thought what they did not fear was not worth fearing. As our chief dependence upon getting out of our misery was the current, we rather greeted the rapids with pleasure. We went down them without apprehension. Here was the first elevated ground we had seen since we left San Carlos, and upon it stands the new fort, St. John's, taken a few years since from the Nicaraguans by the English; beneath it, close to the water, is a small house, the only human habitation on the river between the lake and the sea. Here, too, was moored a small American steamer, waiting for appliances to ascend the rapids.

The current during the most of the day was swift, and we went along at a fine rate, between two walls of unbroken green, with now and then some showy flowers beyond our reach, and now and then a glimpse of a monkey in the tree tops and macaws, both scarlet and green, would startle us with their horrid squawk, worse than a fish-horn at a wedding. Alligators, like half-rotten logs, lay in the mud on the shore, and tumbled into the water with a sudden splash as we approached.

Not a breath of air could reach us to mitigate the fierce displeasure of the sun, but an occasional drenching with rain kept us tranquil. Night again shut around us; the fourth night on the water, and such a night! The rains were more constant, and they came in torrents, while the roar of the wind was as though all the demons in the forest were abroad. Our constrained position became positive torture, and, to make matters worse, a quarrel broke out between the master and his crew. At length, they refused to pull another stroke; persuasion and threats were alike fruitless, and we were drifting toward the shore and under the low, overhanging trees, broadside to the current. If we should be caught by one of the limbs, capsizing would be inevitable. For myself, individually, I had settled into such a position on the floor of the canoe that my face was sheltered from the rain by the seat of one of the rowers, and, though I heard all that was passing, I was too much overpowered by want of sleep to make an effort at self-preservation, and if we had been actually overboard, I would have insisted on a little nap before I could have consented to be taken ashore. At length, two of them resumed their oars; and, as the day began to dawn, we heard a distant roar like the tramp of another storm in the forest. The rain did not come; but, the sound continuing, we concluded that it was the surf on the sea shore. The river San Juan, near its mouth, makes an acute angle with the shoreline; so that we were nearer to the beach than to the mouth of the river.

This morning the character of the scenery was much changed; the shores were low, swampy, and covered with sickly-looking palm-trees. We passed several boats on the river, and a party of European immigrants, bound up a branch of the river leading into the State of Costa Rica. About six o'clock we reached San Juan—or Greytown, as the English call it—and a more disgusting place I never saw. It is on a low ridge that separates the river from an impenetrable swamp, swarming with reptiles and repulsive roots, and darnels; rank and rotting.

“ And, hour by hour, when the air is still,
The vapors arise that has power to kill.”

A few frame houses, and a flagstaff, from which floated the British flag, constituted the town. On landing, we were waited on by a dozen of Her Majesty's colored troops, called policemen, who requested us, on behalf of the people of the town, to deliver up to their keeping any fire-arms that we might have about us, until such time as we should leave the place. Some of the men complied; others refused, and expressed a determination to give them up only with their lives. The officer in command was a white man, and he told us that no compulsion would be resorted to.

There were but two small vessels in port when we arrived. One was an American brig, loading with logwood and deer skins. The British mail steamer had not arrived, and the war steamer stationed here had gone down to Chagres with several hundred passengers who had accumulated

here without shelter, and many of them sick with fever. It is well known that miasma is most active at night, and the danger is much less on the water than on the land. We were, therefore, impatient to get off from the shore, and, an American brig arriving in the course of the day, we lost no time in securing passage to New Orleans—for we cared little what port we landed at, provided it was in our native country—and went at once on board. It was named the *Mechanic*, of Bath (Me.), Captain Lawrence. The cabin was small and badly furnished, but it gave us a home, and we turned in and slept long and violently. The next day the schooner *Maria*, fourteen days from New York, arrived, and home, with all its comforts, of the smallest of which we had been deprived so long, seemed almost at hand.

About this time, Captain Hutchinson, of the brig *Union*, arrived, having been picked up in an open boat, with his mate and two seamen. His brig had been wrecked about three weeks before on Serrana Keys, while on his way from Chagres to New Orleans, with forty-five passengers—returning Californians. His passengers were all safely landed, and his brig had worked over the reef into still water; the stores were landed, and the company were as comfortable as they could be on a little bird island, without any prospect of speedy relief. After eleven days, the captain took the long boat with a crew, and endeavored to reach an island eighty miles to leeward; but, owing to the same defect in his chart

which had caused his wreck, he missed it, and, after great suffering and peril, he was picked up on the Mosquito Coast by a small coaster and brought to San Juan. He made an engagement with the Captain of the *Mechanic* to go to Serrana and take off his men. We had already eighty men on board, and, as this arrangement had been made without consulting the passengers, and as this enterprise appeared to be attended with great danger and delay, we complained of it as a violation of his agreement with us. As we desired to put no obstacle in the way of relieving the wrecked men, we proposed to take some other conveyance home, if he would refund our passage-money; but this he would not do, and, by dint of misrepresentations and persuasions, we were induced to continue on board, and the next day—Christmas—we set sail.

The brig had been anchored in fresh water, but before we had gone a mile we were pitching in the swell of the Caribbean Sea. The wind was off shore, so that in a few hours after our anchor was up we were out of sight of the low coast, and had escaped from the myriads of small mosquitoes that infest it. It was a great luxury to be once more on the open sea. Though we were crowded, and the vessel most wretchedly furnished, yet it was so refreshing to stretch our limbs out in a berth, with a pillow under our heads! Cheered with the prospect of a short voyage of only ten days to the soil of our own native land, we were all in the best of spirits.

Captain Lawrence is a lazy, illiterate fellow. Though occasionally giving away to violent bursts of passion, under ordinary circumstances he has not energy or decision to govern his vessel. The mate, Mr. Sutter is, on the contrary, all decision and energy, without judgment or a tolerable share of sense. Vainglorious and boisterous, his voice is heard in everybody's mess, and the command of the vessel practically soon fell to him. Abusive and tyrannical to those he did not fear, he was very obsequious to those who, he thought, had the power to injure or benefit him. He was on his way to California, as he told me; was at Chagres when the *Mechanic* was fitting out, and was offered the place of mate. He informed me that the brig had been wrecked at that place, was condemned, bought for a small sum by several gamblers, and sent up for passengers to San Juan, as a place where her character would not be known. He further stated that it was the intention of the Captain to wreck the brig *Union*, and that he, as mate, expected to realize a fine sum as salvage. He was very communicative, and there were but few on board who did not have an opportunity to know the history of his whole life, as well as that of his family and his native town. There were not wanting those who would gratify his vanity for the sake of seeing the wonderful inflation it produced, just as they would tease the sea porcupine with a straw to see the fish bloat.

The land breeze failed, and then followed a calm. After that came the usual northeast trades,

and we were compelled to stand off southeast. We beat about for eight days, endeavoring to get to windward in order to lay our course clear of Cape Gracias á Dios. We sighted the Corn Islands four times in as many days, a fine trade wind blowing all the time. At length the wind hauled more to the eastward, and we ran north until we made a group of keys and reefs between latitude 14° and 15° north, and longitude 82° and 83° . We sounded, and found eleven fathoms, when we went about.

It began now to appear that not only was the vessel unseaworthy, but insufficiently supplied with provisions. The crew were mostly down with fever, and there was no medicine on board, except that in the hands of passengers. On the 2d of January, in the morning, we made the island of St. Andrew's, and endeavored to beat up to it for the remainder of that day. During the following night we stood northwest by north until two in the morning, when we tacked, and made the lee side about eight o'clock. There was no information on board relative to this island, but it was necessary to get some water and fresh provisions. We were now only about 150 miles from San Juan, and at our rate of progression it was evident that we should fall short of stores of every description. As we worked up nearer the island, we saw human habitations on the higher parts; then cocoa nut and plantain trees became distinguishable. At the same time, the fearful surf which dashed upon its shores seemed to preclude all

Hope of a landing; but, to our great relief, just as we were preparing to go about, a canoe was seen coming to us. The brig was at once hove to, and the best Spanish speaker was mounted conspicuously to act as interpreter.

There was profound silence on board as the canoe came in hailing distance. "*Tiene huevos aqui?*" shouted our Spanish oracle. The black man with the paddle turned his broad face full to us, and, showing a double row of ivory, replied, "Yaas, but we ca-als um *aigs*, heah." Hurrah! these were our own people—they spoke English! They were taken on board, and the canoe hoisted in after them. The canoe was not unlike a hog-trough, about ten feet long and two feet wide, with large holes in the side where the wood had rotted away. It required constant bailing by one of the men to keep the craft afloat while the other used the paddle.

The canoemen piloted us into a small cove, where we let go our anchor in five fathoms, with coral bottom, at about a quarter of a mile from shore. The boats were got out, and a party of us were soon on land. There was no one at the landing place, and we followed a path that led to the summit through a low growth of lance-wood, limes, guavas, a species of the banyan, and a variety of other trees unknown to me. As we emerged from the woods we saw a neat cottage, occupied by an Englishman who had resided here for twenty years. He told us that Mr. Livingston, a missionary of the Leight Street Baptist Church,

and himself, were the only white men on the island, the population, four or five hundred in number, being negroes of all the various shades. The language spoken is claimed to be English, but I could not recognize it at first as having any resemblance to our tongue. The vowel sounds are distended to their utmost capacity of breadth and length, and the intonation is in the minor key. Though the island nominally belongs to New Granada, it is not burdened with a government.

Not knowing how short our stay might be, I set out to improve the time and explore the island as far as possible, following any road I saw. The native huts are like those of Central America, except that the side walls are of bamboo, split and interwoven like basket-work. The people are very destitute of all the comforts of civilization, and subsist for the most part on the spontaneous production of the soil. They are just emerging from a state of slavery in which blacks themselves are the slave holders.

The arrival of a vessel is an event so rare, that the people are thrown into a state of excitement, such as the island had not witnessed for years. Everywhere, as we passed along the way, people were making preparation for trade. Oranges, limes, soursops, papaws, and cocoa nuts, were being gathered for sale. We had gone several miles by a winding path, and being desirous of reaching the windward side of the island, in hope of finding shells, we stopped at a cottage to inquire the road that would lead us to it. Four or

five young white women were seated around a neat room, dressed in clean calico made up in American fashion, looking as prim and solemn as school girls expecting visitors. My first impression was, that there was a death in the family, and they were awaiting the funeral ceremonies. The scene was so unexpected, that I was upon the point of retreating; but it soon became evident that they were not so surprised, and I summoned up courage to inquire the way to the beach. They made some reply, but whether they understood me, I could not tell. It was certain that I could not recognize the English in their vernacular; so we went on to another house, where we had better success, and obtained the services of a lad as guide.

We passed several cultivated fields, and saw yams, cassava, cotton and cane growing finely; while cocoa nuts, guavas, tamarinds, and limes are everywhere in the woods in great profusion. There being no market for them, they are suffered to perish where they grow.

After spending two or three hours along the beach, looking for shells and coral, we went to the hut of a native for food. Several dishes were prepared, but fried eggs and plaintains were all that we could reconcile to our not over fastidious appetites. Before we had concluded our repast, we were visited by nearly all the women in the neighborhood, all rigged out in their best attire. Two girls, quadroons — evidently regarded by their darker companions as capable of making an impression—were represented as orphans, left in pos-

session of a considerable quantity of land, with tenants, slaves, and how many cocoa nut trees I do not remember. Even here, on this little Caribbean isle, land monopoly is in full force. Land is valued at about two dollars an acre, and there is no part of the island that is not susceptible of high cultivation. Coconut trees are valued at seven dollars each.

We returned to the harbor by another road, having made almost a complete circle of the island. Our guide was a lad fully grown, yet he had never been off the island. I asked him how long he thought it was. He replied, "Long enough." Being pressed to give his idea of the distance in miles, he said, "About seven hundred!"

We had filled our clothes with fruit, besides all we could carry in our hands, and sat down at the landing to wait for a boat. The island is protected from the sea on the windward side by a coral reef extending half way around it, and apparently a mile distant. The lee side is bold, having five fathoms of water close up to the coral rock, of which the island is composed, and which has been undermined by the waves, and much eroded by the water wherever exposed to its action.

One of our party had filled his shirt above his belt with fruit picked up in the woods, to such an extent that he could not perform nautical evolutions with success. Not being very dexterous in handling ropes at any time, when he got alongside of our vessel, and the hand-rope was thrown to him to climb up, he could not get more than half

way, and then was without strength of limb to go farther, yet afraid to let go lest he would drop into the water. The sea was very rough, and the rolling of the brig kept the unhappy man bumping against her side until the last guava was reduced to a pulp, and the cider ran from his heels in a copious stream. Some wicked fellow told him there was a shark close by, and he begged for help. A noose was lowered and slipped around one of his legs, and he was at length hauled in.

That night the wind hauled more to the northward, a heavy sea set into our anchorage, which increased the rolling very much. The next morning the wind had increased, and the natives had congregated around the vessel with their produce, impatient to get it on board. A canoe, in attempting to come off with a load of fruit, was swamped with four persons, and the natives on shore dared not venture to their assistance in their small canoes. The wrecked men clung to their boat, and shouted lustily for help; but the mate said he had no boat for the "d—d niggers." The Captain, however, after some time, went himself with the jolly boat, picked them up and carried them ashore. The long boat was used during the day for the embarkation of provisions.

At night the wind increased to a gale. Many trees were torn up, but we rode it out in safety, being under the lee of the island, though the rolling was so violent that fears were felt for our masts. When daylight came, it was decided to proceed on our voyage, as our position was dan-

gerous. The anchor was hove short, the fore-top-sail was loosed, and we were just ready to go, when signals were made to us from the shore so earnestly as to lead to the impression that some important intelligence had arrived from the windward. The boats had been lashed fast, but one was lowered, and Captain Lawrence with Captain Hutchinson and three men pulled off for the shore. Scarcely had they entered the cove, when the heave of the sea, with the wind on our loosened topsail, parted our cable close to the anchor. Immediately it was discovered that we were drifting rapidly toward the shore among the ragged corals. The mate, finding himself suddenly in command and in peril, lost his self-possession, and, instead of making sail to get out of the danger, ran forward to unlash the other anchor. In half of the time necessary to do this, no anchor could have saved us. We were already but a few lengths from the rocks, upon which the sea was dashing furiously, and every moment the distance grew perceptibly shorter. To me it seemed inevitable that we must strike, and I hurried down into the cabin for all that was left to me of a pair of boots, to enable me to leap upon the rocks the moment the vessel should strike, and before she could recoil. Captain Titcomb was below, but fortunately Captain C. C. Sisson, of Mystic,* who was one of our party, seeing the mate had lost his senses, took the wheel, and, deeming the occasion

* Captain Sisson, in 1873, commanded the clipper ship *Bridgewater*, and subsequently the *Jerome Thompson*, out of San Francisco.

one that did not admit of ceremony, told the men to hoist the jibs and sheet home the topsail. This was done at once, and as the vessel's head fell off and the head sails filled, command of the vessel was once more obtained. As soon as the mate discovered that the brig was saved, he ran back to the quarter-deck, pale and trembling, and called out, "All hands keep cool! I'm here myself!"

It was impossible to heave to in our present situation. It was as much as the brig could do to hold her own in such a sea with all the sail she could carry, and we stood off and on under reefed topsail and mainsail.

We were now free from immediate danger, but what course to pursue we were at a loss to determine. We were at sea, with the mate in command, and he was totally incompetent to the responsibility that devolved upon him. The cabin passengers held a council in the cabin, and it was resolved that if the mate failed to recover the Captain within a reasonable time, it was due to ourselves to depose him, put one of our seamen passengers in command, and proceed to the nearest port. Our danger was increased by the failure of the pumps, and the increase of water in the hold, while the fever was prevailing to such a rate that but two of the crew were fit for duty.

The mate evinced the greatest perplexity. As soon as we got clear of the land he brought the chart down into the cabin, and with a pair of dividers began to calculate! At length he asked Captain Titcomb what he should do, and ex-

pressed a wish to stand off on the starboard tack till midnight, then on three hours and off four, until the wind should abate. This plan would have taken us back to the Mosquito shore by daylight. The Captain advised him to go about immediately, before we should lose sight of the island—for, having no chronometer on board, he doubted whether in that case he would be able to find it again—get as near the anchorage as was safe, and make short tacks until the boat's crew were picked up. This advice was followed, and before night Captain Lawrence was restored to his command.

He had a funny story to tell. As he approached the landing, there was a great clamor set up by the few cocoanut merchants who had a stock left over, offering the balance at half price! He turned about with all the indignation that could be conceived; but what was his astonishment to see the brig with sails set, flying away from the island. Astonishment gave way to wrath, and one of the men with him told me that he poured out such a terrible shower of oaths as to beat down the sea, and for a time it became quite calm! Then he went back and damned the cocoanut merchants. He climbed to the top of the highest tree on the island, and watched the receding vessel until it was but a speck on the horizon. Then he retired to the Englishman's house to discuss mutiny, piracy, and other kindred topics.

As soon as the boat was taken in, we rounded the south end of the island, and steered southeast

by east to clear the Southeast Keys, a dangerous reef twenty miles from St. Andrew's. The wind was now favorable for running to windward; but this new difficulty, with the want of confidence in our chart and the vessel, compelled us to run off. It really seemed that home grew farther off with each day's effort to get there! Just three months had passed since I left Sacramento with an eager, light heart, hoping soon to be at the end of all my adventures; but disappointment and long delays had fairly reduced hope to apathy, and home seemed like some vision of our childhood, every day more unreal and uncertain.

CHAPTER XII.

Quita Sueño reef--Discover a wreck--A rescue--Coral reefs--Scene on board the wreck--Make a raft--A night on the sea--Blown off--Given over as lost--Lucky escape--Return to the brig--Second trip to the wreck--Death and burial of Wheelock--Piracy--Provisions fail--Make for Old Providence--Barbarity of the officers of the *Mechanic*--We take refuge on the island.

On the night of the 6th of January, the officer of the deck reported smooth water, and the noise of many birds such as is not heard far from land. It was supposed that we had passed close under the lee of the Roncador Reef, where the brig *Matamoras* was reported at St. Andrew's to have been wrecked about two weeks before. If this were so, we should be able to make Serrana Key before the next night, as it was only forty-five miles north by west. About an hour after sunrise, Captain Titcomb, who, notwithstanding his age, was the sharpest-sighted of us all, discovered breakers under our lee, and the Captain was informed of it. We continued to run on for some time, when a brig was discovered about two points off our weather bow; she had all sail set, and was apparently bound the same way with ourselves. The breakers were now seen broad off our beam, and extending in a long white line far to the north

and south. The order was then given to go about, for we were now almost upon the most dreaded reef on our route. This was "Quita Sueño" (banish sleep), extending about twenty-five miles, with a strong current setting across it from the eastward, and having no land above water to afford a footing to those who are cast upon it. We were twenty-five miles west of our reckoning.

That day and the following night were spent in beating off, and the next morning, when it was supposed that we were in the longitude of Serrano, we stood north. About eight o'clock a sail was seen on our lee bow, and soon after it was discovered that she was in distress, having lost her foremast, and her colors being set upon the mainmast "Union down." One of the men from the wreck of the *Union* went aloft to determine whether it was not that vessel, but he could not recognize her, and reported breakers all around her. We stood on until she was off our beam, when the seas could be seen making completely over her, and by the help of a glass we discovered a man climbing the shrouds. It was now thought that this was the same vessel that we had seen the day before, that she was on the Quita Sueño, and that we had not gained five miles to windward in the twenty-four hours. The Captain at once determined to do something for their relief. The men on Serrana could afford to wait, as they were on land and provisioned for six months, but these men must perish unless aid could reach them speedily.

The only way to approach them was to get to the lee of the reef, so we squared away and ran around the south end. We found a bank, or submerged coral island, extending westward for ten or twelve miles. Over this bank we worked in smooth water, but among the coral rocks, as far as we could pick our way toward the wreck, and dropped anchor in ten fathoms, with fine corals projecting themselves to the surface on every side. The water was so clear that the bottom could be seen where we lay, and fish in great numbers could be distinguished feeding about the coral. It was now four o'clock, and too late in the day to attempt anything more than to make preparations for the next morning. That night was a strange one. We no longer heard the dash nor felt the heave of the sea beneath us, but our ears were filled with the distant sullen roar of breakers. Our little wandering hag of a vessel was anchored as if asleep, far from land or shelter from the gales that sometimes sweep the ocean. Our only anchor was in the coral beds, and we dreaded to think of our fate should we be driven from our anchorage at night by such a wind as that we had encountered a few days before. But what concerned us most was the scarcity of provisions, which might yet compel us to put back. All the fishing tackle on board was put into requisition to increase the supply. We caught many fish of the genus *Acanthurus*, weighing about a pound each. One species, the *Chirurgus*, was of a deep blue color, and armed on each side near the tail with a

lancet, which folded into the body at its narrowest part, and pointed forward. When the fish is seized back of its gills, as is usual in extricating the hook, and the tail is moved laterally, this lancet is thrown out so as to inflict a very ugly wound, and several passengers were badly hurt before the surgical character of the fish was known. This sport was kept up until dark, when some sea monsters carried off our lines.

It was eight o'clock the next morning before the boats were ready to be launched, and then one was discovered coming from the wreck with a blanket raised for a sail. This contained the mate and two men of the *Martha Sanger*, from Chagres, bound to New Orleans, with ninety returning Californians. The three boats then put off, and spent the day, effecting nothing, except the rescue of the Captain (Robinson), with his large chest containing his own valuables and as much gold dust as he could induce the men on board to intrust to his keeping, leaving all his passengers to the uncertainty of another night. He brought off also a keg containing whisky, and good spirits prevailed among the officers. The failure of the expedition to rescue any of the passengers was attributed to the impossibility of getting the long boat up against the strong breeze.

The following day the three boats were connected by means of a line, and the small boats took the large one in tow. There were not oarsmen enough on board to man the boats, and I volunteered to go with Captain Hutchinson and pull

one of the two oars in his boat. We started off with enthusiasm, shaping our course directly to windward in order to get under the lee of the breakers in smooth water before the afternoon breeze freshened. The distance was only about five miles, but the utmost exertion was necessary to stem the current, wind, and waves. We encountered a heavy squall when near the reef, but we made fast to a mass of coral. The boats were so ranged that one broke the force of the wind from the other two, and when its violence had abated we pulled in closer to the reef where the sea was smoother.

It was a rare opportunity to see the marine forests that was furnished us that day. Divesting one's self of the thoughts of danger, if possible, while floating over these submarine landscapes, it was enchanting. At one moment we would be over a deer valley whose bottom we could scarcely distinguish, and the next a hill would rise almost to the surface. Purple sea fans, like palm leaves spread out, undulated to the motion of the water; then suddenly a tree of white coral projected its flinty boughs, inflexible as the dead oak bleaching on the hill, all teeming with many-colored life. Algæ took root in the shelly bottom, and looked green as our woods on *terra firma*, intermingled with sponges and the lower forms of life, red, brown, and yellow, which gave to the whole the glow of a tropical garden. Among these were fish of the most fantastic colors and forms, playing and chasing each other around. There one could

expect, if anywhere, to see the Nereids sporting in the groves. A branch of coral which you raise is covered with the lower forms of animal life. In fact, the whole bank is one vast animated mass. But to the sailor these are all objects of terror. He sees these corals, like dead men's fingers pointing from the grave, and threatening the thin cedar boards that separate the world above from that beneath the waters, and the daughters of Nereus he knows only in the character of sharks.

We followed along the thundering line of seas, whose huge crests protected us from the wind---pulling "hard starboard" or "hard larboard" to clear some lurking rock--until the middle of the afternoon, when we were close upon the wreck. The most difficult feat to accomplish was to get across the reef and through the surf to the vessel. At low tide the points of rock on the reef project slightly above the water, with race-ways or water-worn channels between, and the sea, as it breaks and rushes in tumultuous foam over the rocks, flows through these channels. Through one of these our boat must pass. The long boat was cast off and anchored, and Captain Hutchinson told us to "pull steadily and strong," on no account to look around us, but to keep our eyes steadily on the oars; and we pulled as though our lives depended on each stroke. We entered a channel under the lee of the wreck, and slowly gained on the torrent. Our oars on both sides touched the coral, and, placing them against this firmer fulcrum, we forced ourselves through, when the retreating wave car-

ried us over the turbulent, heaving mass of foam between the reef and the wreck, and alongside, among drifting spars and tangled rigging. As we came alongside, I jumped upon a floating spar to reach the rope thrown to me from the deck; but the grip of my hands failed me, from the severe and unaccustomed efforts to which they had been subjected, and the returning wave rolled the spar from under my feet. I did not think of drowning, but the fear of being crushed among the floating *débris*, and of having a leg taken off by a shark, gave me fearful energy. I remounted the spar; a rope with a slip noose was thrown me, which I lost no time in placing under my arms, and was raised on board.

The brig was broadside on the rocks; the stern thrown well up, while the bows were held down in deeper water by the anchor, which had been thrown over before striking. The foremast had gone overboard, and in falling its foot had slipped out of the step and pried up the deck. The maintop mast was standing, the badge of woe torn and flying at the truck. The jib-boom was entire, and, as each sea lifted us and we came down again upon the rocks, it would bend like a fishing rod. The whole vessel would crack and twist as in a dying agony, and the next moment a deluge of water would sweep her decks and pour over her lee rail.

The passengers had crowded the after house so that it was almost inaccessible, and their joy at our arrival was the only agreeable feature in the scene of desolation. Ship stores, crockery, and every

species of valuables, strewed the deck, and the most wanton waste had been practiced by men who had been deserted by all their officers, except a sick second mate. Two men were found dead in their berths, and several others in a dying state. Among the latter I recognized a Mr. Wheelock, who had been a passenger with me on board the *Plymouth* from San Francisco. To prevent the panic-stricken passengers from filling our boats, Mr. Sutter planted himself in the companion-way with a long knife, threatening instant death to all who attempted to pass. He outroared the surf, as if to awe the landsmen into the idea that old Neptune himself had assumed command.

The day was far spent, and what was done had to be done quickly. The galley was cut away, and the doorway and windows were battened to convert it into a barge. This extemporized ark was slid overboard and floated over the reef, when the sick were first put into it, and then others were put on board as they drew their lots, until it was reported that the flooring was started. Those who were able were kept at work with pails to bail out the water. About twenty-five were stowed in the long boat, with a demijohn of water and a bag of bread. The small boat took three or four, and we left the remainder with the assurance that we would not desert them. In the effort to get on board the boat, I was a second time submerged, and owed my preservation to the grasp of Captain Hutchinson.

The sun was nearly setting when we took the

extemporized barge in tow, the jolly boat leading off as before. The boat belonging to the wreck was in command of the mate of that vessel, and after we were under way he requested permission to return to the wreck to take in a few more men, run down to the *Mechanic*, and return to our assistance. This plan was approved. He was, at the same time, directed to have lights set for us on the brig, and to bring us a kedge anchor to hold us in case of need. We pulled along the reef by the rays of the moon, whose light was sufficient to enable us to distinguish the discolored spots which indicated coral near the surface, until we supposed we were nearly to windward of the brig as she bore by compass before dark, and then squared away to run down before the wind.

The barge presented a large surface to the wind, and we moved rapidly, straining our eyes for the boat and for the signal lights which were to guide us to our vessel. We had guns and powder taken from the wreck, and we fired signals continually, but they met with no response.

At length we made the lights from the brig, but they were to windward! We had squared away too soon. Where was the recreant mate? Why had he deserted us? Deep, dark curses went up with the smoke of the gunpowder, enough to have freighted a ship. But this did not help us. We were drifting rapidly toward the edge of the bank, beyond which no anchor could avail. We put our head to the wind, the best men were put to the oars, and every effort was

made to hold our own until assistance could reach us. We were broad to leeward, and, notwithstanding all our efforts, we were falling away fast. We shouted until our voices failed us. We knew they must hear us. Why did they not send the boat with the anchor? They did hear us, and watched with painful interest the firing as it flashed farther and farther to leeward; but the boat was gone, and there was no earthly power, so far as they knew, that could save us. The mate proposed to cut away the tow and save ourselves, but Captain Hutchinson refused to consent to it yet. The long boat had on board a cast-iron pinnace gun which had been used to anchor her on the reef, and this was now tied to the boat's painter and thrown overboard to act as a drag, the rope being too short to reach bottom, but to our great gratification it got tangled in the coral of some ledge over which we were drifting. This enabled us to disengage the small boat, which went with the two officers to the brig to get the anchor, and met on the way the missing boat with that symbol of hope on the way to our relief.

The mate of the *Martha Sanger*, when he reached the brig, called upon his Captain to take the boat back to our relief. He was in too safe quarters, but offered a large sum to anyone who would go in the boat. Captain Lawrence at length, finding that no dependence could be placed in these men, went into the boat himself with two of his men who were invalids, and pulled away to windward, where he expected to find us;

but failing, he returned, and, seeing our signals away to leeward, as soon as he had approached near enough to be heard, ordered the men to the windlass to heave up the anchor. Captain Titcomb remonstrated; there was no officer in the brig, and the order was not obeyed. He represented that with the vessel's position among the reefs, it would be impossible to get her out at night without striking, and losing the brig. Captain Lawrence, when he got on board, followed the advice given him, and sent his boat, with Captain Sisson and Mr. Wolf, two volunteers of our traveling party, with the anchor.

Mr. Sutter, when he left us to find the boat, continued on after meeting it to carry out his sworn pledge to kill the deserter. I doubt not he would have done it if he could; but the man who had distinguished himself by his tact in the art of self-preservation could not be caught, and, after pursuing him through the rigging for some time, amidst the cheers of the passengers, bellowing with rage, and armed with the knife with which he had overawed the men on the wreck, Sutter went below and took a drink.

No sooner was it known on board that we were safe, and the cause of our danger made known, than the most hearty indignation was expressed. Some proposed to seize the wretch to the rigging and flog him; others proposed to put him with his cowardly Captain into their own boat, and compel them to find land as best they could; but the excitement wore away, and they passed unpun-

ished. The small boats were employed until two o'clock in the morning in conveying the men from the raft; and the long boat, relieved of a part of its load, last of all reached the brig. The warm congratulations of my fellow passengers made me fully realize the danger through which we had passed.

Next morning the boats were sent again to the wreck, reaching it just before sundown. The vessel had changed her position so that it was impossible for the boats to reach her, and the men were compelled to come off with the aid of a line. Twenty-one of them were taken off and stowed flat in the bottom of the long boat. It is an awful thing to be out on the sea in an open boat at night, without a beacon to guide you through the darkness and the depths. I sympathized warmly with the men in the boats that night, and as soon as it grew dark I ignited a preparation of tar and saltpeter on the top-gallant forecastle, which gleamed like a lighthouse over the sea, and enabled them to direct their course without a compass and arrive safely by ten o'clock. An attempt was made to reach the wreck at an earlier hour by starting before day, but the sea was so rough that they were compelled to return. The breeze continued for several days so fresh that it was not thought possible to reach the scene of the wreck. In the meantime, our stores were nearly gone. Four barrels of bread, wormy, mouldy, and loathsome, were all that remained; the last barrels of beef, pork, and flour were broached, and this com-

prised all the food on board, except two live hogs, for one hundred and sixty men. All who had been taken from the wreck, except the Captain and his mate, were put on the shortest allowance of food and water, and were crowded on the main-deck or into the damp and filthy hold. Poor Wheelock when first taken on board was delirious, but with a little attention he revived. One day he sent for me, and told me that he should never see land again, desired me to see his friends, tell them his fate, and deliver to them whatever I should find in his pockets—the address of his brother in New York he said was there. On the following day, word came to me that he was dead. I went to take charge of the trust, but the mate had already taken possession of his gold dust. The address of his brother I could not find, and his friends will never know his fate—there was some consolation in that! There was little room on board for the living, and none for the dead; his body was sewed up in some old canvas for burial. Thinking that some ceremony was necessary in committing the body to the deep, the Captain obtained a prayer book and attempted to read the burial service, but it was too much for him; after blundering through one sentence he closed the book with an air of disgust, and told the men to throw him overboard. The plank on which the body was placed went with it, and the mate, fearing it would be lost, bawled out, “Haul in that plank, G-d d-n it!” This concluded the ceremony as far as we were concerned. I looked over the side and down upon the coral sands

where the corpse lay in its winding-sheet, while round it gray finny phantoms were hovering and hiding it forever.

All the rescued men who had money or gold dust were compelled to surrender it, and as much of it was taken by the Captain and mate as suited their purposes. From one man alone the sum of \$1,450 was extracted as salvage. It would have seemed that this should have entitled them to some consideration and kindness, but their treatment after this was more brutal than before. The poor men had not been permitted to take their blankets with them from the wreck, and were not allowed to lie upon the quarter-deck, but were confined to the filthy main-deck with the hogs, although most of them were sick and some were dying of fever and exposure.

The nearest land was Old Providence, a small island sixty miles distant, but directly to leeward, and as we could run there in twelve hours, and all hope of reaching any port to windward was gone, we still hoped that one more effort would be made to rescue the remaining men, but to our great disappointment the order was given to get under way, and with heavy hearts we watched the unfortunate men as our sails filled in the wind and we vanished from their sight.

Before noon the lofty summit of Old Providence loomed up from the sea like a distant thunder cloud. The mountains and promontories became more distinguishable, and about sundown we took a pilot, entered the barrier reef, and hav-

ing passed the bold headland known as Morgan's Head, we dropped our anchor in a most picturesque lagoon-like harbor, protected on all sides but the west by mountains, and as smooth as a mill pond. No boats were allowed to come alongside, lest some man would escape with his gold dust who had not divided it with our piratical officers. Soon after our anchor was down another poor fellow was found dead; he was at once brought up on deck to be thrown overboard, when the pilot, who was also Harbor Master, forbade it, and told the mate he would show him a proper place for burial, upon which the brutal mate burst into a rage and ordered him off the vessel. He left, but the corpse was not thrown overboard. Among the sick men from the wreck was one who had attracted my attention from his youth, the gentleness of his manner, his delicately outlined features, and light-brown ringlets. He had been well bred, and for his years well educated. He was lying in the shade of the bulwarks abaft, when the mate drove him off. I represented to the mate that he was very ill, and begged that he might be permitted to lie during the heat of the day on the sail in the shade. The request was refused, and a place was secured in the folds of the mainsail on the main-deck.

The island of Old Providence is rarely visited by a trading vessel, but fortunately the schooner *Polly Hinds*, Captain Price, of Baltimore, had stopped to pick up what turtle shell the natives had collected, and complete her cargo with oranges

and cocoa nuts. She immediately discharged a part of her cargo, and, taking Captain Robinson of the *Martha Sanger* and a couple of reef pilots, he was ready to undertake the rescue of the passengers remaining on the wreck. I had just time to pencil a line to my friends at home to tell them that I was still living, and could be found were I sought for somewhere about this latitude, when she sailed out by moonlight, with three cheers from the passengers on our deck. A Committee now waited upon Captain Lawrence to inquire what his intentions were in respect to further prosecution of the voyage. He said that he had no objection to telling us, but did not wish it mentioned to the other passengers. We told him that the passengers considered they had a right to know. He said he should go to Serrana to wreck the *Union*, if God spared his life and he had the vessel under him. We represented to him that no proper stores could be obtained here, that the vessel was not seaworthy, and we demanded to be taken to the nearest port. Our demand met only with insolence.

The rescued men were put on shore, destitute as they were. Captains Cathcart of Washington, Titcomb of Boston, Sisson and Wolf of Mystic (Ct.), all former ship masters, and others of us, nine in number, had our baggage put into canoes and paddled ashore, determined to trust ourselves to the uncertainties of the climate and the chance of an opportunity to get home, rather than be witnesses of such barbarity any longer, or trust our lives in the keeping of such drunken pirates.

As I passed over the deck I saw the sick boy still lying in the folds of the sail, but when I stooped to speak to him his voice was incoherent, and his eyes were staring away into that far-off world he was fast going to.

After getting on shore, a remonstrance was drawn up and attested by the Chief Magistrate of the island. The Captain came on shore with the supercargo the next day, armed to the teeth, when the protest was served upon him. He was very indignant at first, but as the formidable character of our proceedings began to grow upon his consideration, he became respectful and then cringing, as these sea tyrants always are on land. Having taken a few hundred pounds of yams, squashes, and some fresh meat, the *Mechanic* went to sea, carrying our unfortunate fellow travelers, who would have been glad to stay with us had circumstances permitted them to leave the brig.

CHAPTER XIII.

Old Providence Island—Take up our quarters at the residence of the Chief Magistrate—Our situation and prospects—Wild pigeons—A sail reported—Disappointment—Buccaneers' fortress—We storm it—Scene of Sir Edward Seward's wreck—The *Polly Hinds*—Rescue of the passengers left on the wreck of the *Martha Sanger*—Arrange for passage to Baltimore in the *Polly Hinds*—Eat the manchineel—Did not die—Arrive at Key West.

We were now alone on this unfrequented and almost unknown little island, only two hundred miles from the port from which we had sailed about a month before, with a remote and uncertain prospect of being taken off. Old Providence, or, as it was known in the days of the buccaneers, Catalina, lies in latitude $13^{\circ} 23'$ north, longitude $81^{\circ} 22'$ west. It is about twelve miles in circumference, 1,100 feet high, and surrounded by a coral reef from one half mile distant on the west to ten miles on the windward side. This reef forms a perfect protection to the shores of the island from the action of the waves, and nearly as good a one from every other enemy, there being but one entrance, narrow and difficult to find without a pilot, and altogether impassable, except for vessels of light draught. This is close under a bluff rock, known as Morgan's Head, so named from the celebrated

buccaneer in the seventeenth century, who made this island his headquarters. It has been the scene of violent conflicts in the times of the pirates, but for the last hundred years it has entirely escaped notice.

This island was the scene of the shipwreck of Sir Edward Seward, whose narrative was written by Jane Porter. Since that time many other ships have been wrecked there, including two English men-of-war. It is divided by a channel about thirty feet wide. The northern division is still called Catalina, and the bay on the west in which we anchored is named Catalina Harbor. The bottom is of coral sand, and covered by a minute algæ that gives to the water a remarkably green color. The shore is semicircular, and near the center is a cluster of cottages which represents what was a considerable town in the days of the buccaneers. The hill that rises near the center of the island seems to be of granite, and is split, as if by an earthquake, half way down. The two parts have separated, so as to leave a gap fifty feet wide, and the whole surface of the island, as seen from the anchorage, is delightfully diversified by bold rocky precipices, and mantled with forests where it has not been cleared for cultivation. Groves of plantains, mangoes and cocoanut trees are interspersed with the thatched cottages of the natives in every direction, and often to the bases of the cliffs. Cotton was once cultivated on the island by slave labor, but, as slavery became obsolete, the cotton fields fell into neglect, and a coarse species

of grass, about three feet high, waves in unprofitable luxury over almost the entire east side.

We thought we had seen worse places to spend an indefinite term in exile. We were soon scattered about the island in small parties wherever quarters could be found. The Chief Magistrate, Mr. Taylor, who is of English descent, had in his youth spent some time in a Boston school, and retained well the impress of American character received there. Captain Titcomb and myself made arrangements with him to become inmates of his house during our stay on the island. His residence was on the east side, at a distance of several miles. One of his nephews was sent off to procure some horses, and in the meantime we strolled along the shore to see the village. The houses and inhabitants are much like those of St. Andrews; but here the climate is more healthful, and, from its having been formerly an island of more consequence and more frequented by traders, a class of its population is more intelligent. There is a community of interest between the two, and the distance between them is only forty-seven miles.

As soon as it was known that a physician had taken up his residence on the island, I was at no loss to find friends. The lame, the halt, and the blind came from all parts with as great faith in my power to restore them as was ever known in Israel. While we were waiting for horses, I mounted one that had been sent to me to visit a sick man at some distance. Half an hour brought

me to his house on the crest of a hill overlooking the sea to the eastward. The invalid was an old man who had been bed-ridden for twenty years from softening of the bones. The fingers and arms below the elbows were without true bones, and, from the greater strength of one set of muscles than the other, the limbs were rolled up in the direction of the stronger muscles. His legs were much in the same condition. His health otherwise seemed to be good, but he was perfectly helpless, unable to stand or feed himself.

When I returned, the horses were waiting, and we set but for home, leaving our baggage to go round with a boat. Mr. Taylor and his nephew took the lead; then the old Captain, with his gray locks streaming in the wind; Mr. William Dill, of Orange County (New York)—who had been my traveling companion on our long and eventful voyage around Cape Horn, and thus far on this one—and myself brought up the rear. The road was a mere trail and in the most wretched state, difficult for walking and worse for riding; but the horses had never known a better, and we, after a little practice, concluded to give them their way and bestow our whole attention to keeping the saddle, while they labored up the rocks or slumped through the mud up to their knees, dragging us through thorny bushes or under low-hanging limbs of trees. After a ride of about four miles, we arrived at Mr. Taylor's plantation. His house was built of pine boards obtained from a vessel wrecked on a reef in the vicinity. It was on a

rise of ground affording an extensive view of the sea to windward, and not so much elevated as to make access to the shore a fatiguing effort. At the foot of this hill was a forest of mangroves extending out some distance into the water, and under the shelter of these was his landing, for he had a number of boats beautifully wrought from mahogany.

We were met by a woman as black as the ace of spades, whom Mr. Taylor introduced to us as his wife; she proved to be a good cook, and the other matter was no business of ours. Hammocks were stretched across the first floor, which was surrendered to us as a place to lounge by day when weary, and sleep by night. Cigars had long since failed us, but we were furnished here with a native leaf of mild and aromatic tobacco, which we rolled into rude cheroots, and threw ourselves into the hammocks. The trade winds blow here constantly, but with varying force and direction. They are lightest in the forenoon, but at all times soft and agreeable, though surcharged with moisture from their long voyage across the Atlantic.

Lying in our hammocks, our sight could range along the reefs that encircled the island, against which the surf was breaking in an uninterrupted line of foam, whose murmur was just audible in the distance, and beyond which the sea was of that deep blue which is only seen off soundings, roughened by white-capped waves, over whose surface shadows of trade clouds slowly passed. Within

the reef the water was, in contrast with the sea outside, of a bright green, variegated by differing depths and beds of coral or algæ that were interspersed, but nowhere breaking the smooth surface of this garden of the sea.

That we were here was no fault of ours; we had done our best to reach a port in our native country, and had sent by two independent carriers letters to inform our friends of our situation, and our hope was that the steamer from Chagres to New York would be instructed to stop and take us off. This would require at least a month. In the meantime, we laid out plans for excursions for shells and fish among the reefs, and pigeon shooting in the mountain.

The season for fruit was over, but there can scarcely be want of food on this productive island. Yams and cassava—a root something like a parsnip in form, but in taste and consistence more resembling the common potato, though somewhat harder—pork, beef, and chickens are plentiful. Fish are very abundant, and a canoe could be loaded with them in a few hours. Oranges and cocoanuts are always in season, and the latter are becoming an article of importance to the inhabitants. They are valued at \$10 a thousand, and are produced without labor, which is a matter of some consideration with these people.

Two young men were sent off to shoot some pigeons for our dinner. Mr. Taylor admired my pistols—a pair of single-barreled ten-inch rifled ones—with which I had won distinction as a dead-

Shot on several memorable but peaceful fields. I gave them to him for the use of his canoe while I staid on the island, on a guarantee from him that the descendants of the buccaneers on the place would do me no harm. The pigeons are delicious. They are of a dark-blue plumage, with white feathers on the head. Formerly they were very abundant, but the island was overrun with rats, and, in order to exterminate them, a large but not poisonous snake was introduced from the continent, which has multiplied until rats and pigeons have become scarce, and even poultry are difficult to preserve from their rapacity.

The next day, soon after sunrise, we were thrown into commotion by the prolonged sound of the conch-shell that is blown by the lookout on the hill whenever a vessel is in sight. By this means it becomes known over the whole island at once. Here was hope of deliverance sooner than looked for. A messenger was posted off to the harbor, but returned in an hour or two to dispel our hopes. The vessel passed a long way off; and we settled down with the population into their accustomed tranquillity. They are a peaceful, happy people, so kind and generous that I wonder they are so unknown. Though they esteem it a blessing to be whitish, and it would be a violent presumption on our part to assume to ourselves anything more than that, they do not seem to feel it a degradation to be darker skinned. I thought if I were a free black man in the United States I would go to this island and make it my home.

The chief source of wealth is in the turtle fisheries, which, during the Spring months, employ nearly all the male inhabitants. Turtles frequent all the keys and reefs in these seas, and feed on the algæ growing among the coral. They are decoyed into nets by an imitation turtle of wood. Each turtle furnishes nearly eight pounds of shell, which is sold at \$4 per pound. The flesh is not used for food, being regarded by the natives as poisonous.

Old Providence Island was well fortified by the buccaneers, and the batteries near the entrance to the bay still remain, though most of the guns were thrown into the water. On Catalina Island I was told that there was a considerable fortress that would repay a visit. I procured a boat at the village, and landed at the foot of a very steep crag of trap rock, at the top of which the fort was said to be. After reconnoitering the place as well as the thickets would allow, I determined to scale the wall in front, as presenting the least difficulty. The last part of the feat was performed with fingers and toes, uncontested, except by the lizards, which are as numerous in these warm countries as spiders are with us at home. Many heavy guns were scattered about the place, and it is a wonder how they were raised to their present position. The rock is about one hundred feet high, and is such a place as none but pirates or men equally desperate would think of fortifying. It was exposed to shells, and had no way of escape, except over the precipitous rocks, but it effectually commands the entrance to

the bay, and any vessel attempting to pass was exposed to a plunging fire from this rock fortress. Its summit is now overgrown with a species of acacia-like shrub very abundant on the island, and known as the cockspur, from the peculiar shape and size of its thorn. This thorn is hollow, and inhabited by a venomous little insect, known as the cockspur ant, which is sure to resent the slightest assault upon its dwelling. I recognized it as the same insect whose sting poisoned me severely while rummaging about the ruins of the castle at San Carlos. This is said to be the only thing on the island whose sting or bite is poisonous.

It was nearly night when I reached home. During my absence, Mr. Dill had been out in the canoe on the east side of the island fishing, and had caught a large "Jew fish" that nearly filled the bottom of our canoe; it was like an immense chub. He was not very successful in finding shells; a few specimens of the common *Cypria* of the West Indies and rock shells were all the deep water species he had to show. That night we made our arrangements to visit the chasm that separated the island into two parts, and near which Sir Edward Seward was wrecked. Here were said to be the caves where they found the pirates' treasures. I have never read the story, and doubt the authenticity of it, but Mr. Taylor says he was told by a British officer that this was the scene of Seward's adventures.

On Sunday, January 18th, 1851, while enjoying our morning lounge before starting on our excu-

sion, a messenger arrived from the west side with the intelligence that the schooner had arrived with the men from the wreck. We at once mounted our horses and rode down to the bay. There we found the *Polly Hinds* at anchor, and the men that I saw last on the wreck were rejoicing at the privilege of once more treading the solid ground. Under the skillful guidance of the Negro reef pilots, to whom all the reefs and islands on the Mosquito shore are as well known as their own island, the schooner made its way up to the wreck of the *Martha Sanger* and rescued the men we had left in her, burned the wreck, and returned to the island, not being able to carry so large a number to Baltimore without discharging more of her cargo.

We made a bargain with Captain Price for the cabin for our party of eight. Orange bins were emptied into the sea, bags of cocoa were landed until she could carry her passengers safely, and more water was taken in. While this was going on, I hurried along the beach to find some shells as mementoes of the island. I wandered along the shore until I had reached the rocky point that partly incloses the bay, when I sat down under the shade of a tree to sketch an outline of the scenery, which was as beautiful as scenery could be. The shore line extended in a regular curve to the bold headland of Morgan's Head and the Castle on Catalina, which seemed continuous with the main island. The smooth green waters of the bay were spread before me, with the *Polly Hinds* anchored abreast the cluster of thatched cottages, overhung with the

rich green foliage of the bananas, the darker green of the forests mantling the hill-sides and glowing in sunlight, while rising above these were the rough, gray, precipitous rocks in deep shadow.

Near me, scattered upon the ground, I noticed a small, yellow fruit, in form like a small apple. I had heard of a wild plum growing upon the island, and tasted of it, but its taste was insipid, and, perceiving nothing disagreeable, I ate the most of it and thought no more of it for half an hour, when a sensation of heat in the throat began to be felt, not unlike that of pepper. This became so insufferable that I several times rinsed my mouth and throat with sea water to relieve it, and then returned to see some natives, taking a specimen with me and learn what it was that I had eaten. I entered a hut where a dozen natives were; they seemed greatly alarmed, as I had eaten the manchineel, the deadly upas of the West Indies, whose juice they said would blister the skin, while to sleep under the tree often caused death. One ran for oil, another for sea water, another brought me some milk, and I concluded to submit to their treatment, as it was a poison they were best acquainted with. I had indeed heard of the manchineel as a deadly poison, and was not a little alarmed to think that this, which should have been the last, proved unfortunately to be the first thing that I had ventured to taste without knowing its properties. Every one of my medical attendants returned unsuccessful, except the one that ran for sea water, and that I had already used to allay the burning. I went on

board the schooner and "turned in." The burning of the throat continued all night, and toward morning I was seized with cholera symptoms; my mouth and throat were excoriated and swollen, and the act of swallowing was attended with excruciating pain. I went on deck; the schooner, with a fresh breeze, was keeping her scuppers under water, and the firewood was floating about the deck on which I lay. The water washed over me, and its coolness was grateful. The natives said I would die, and I believed them. Let the breeze blow ever so high, it could not blow hard enough to take me to land. All that day and the following night my condition was much the same, I was unable to speak and indifferent to all that was passing. About the third day I was able to drink gruel, and then recovered rapidly. My being alive at this time and able to give an account of the effects of the machineel is sufficient evidence that all who have written on its effects have greatly exaggerated them.

On the fourth day from hoisting sail at Old Providence we were off Cape San Antonio, the western extremity of Cuba. We coasted along the north shore with light winds, until near Havana, when we crossed over for Key West, passed the reef without knowing it, without a pilot, and entered the harbor by a new route on the 31st of January. One of the men who came from the wreck died on the morning that we arrived. He was one of those that came off in the last trip of the boats from the *Mechanic*, and was compelled, by being fired upon by Mr. Sutter, to return to

the wreck, in the effort to do which he was swamped, and was with difficulty rescued by the survivors on the wreck. He was taken down that night from the effects of fright and cold, and was now dead. I made an effort to have the body taken into port, but it was thrown overboard without ceremony, with a grindstone tied to its feet. At Key West the wrecked men were put on shore, and we continued our course to Baltimore, where we arrived on the 10th of February, one hundred and thirteen days from San Francisco.

The Captain of the *Mechanic* reconsidered his determination to go to Serrana, and made all haste for New Orleans, where he arrived in time to escape the justice that was trying to overtake him. Of the fate of the passengers of the *Martha Sanger* left at Old Providence I never heard, though we informed the Collector of the Port at Key West of their situation. If this narrative should meet the eyes of any one of them, it would afford the writer no small satisfaction to hear from him, and learn something of his subsequent history.

PASSENGERS OF THE SHIP PACIFIC.

NAME	WHERE FROM	AGE	RESIDENCE AS FAR AS KNOWN.
JAMES S. G. CANNON.....	Brooklyn, N. Y.....	23	Unknown.
ELIHU MATTOON.....	Brooklyn, N. Y.....	25	Yuba County, Cal.
BEN. F. RIED.....	Coxsackie, N. Y.....	20	Died.
WILLIAM K. SHERWOOD.....	New York.....	26	Died.
W. J. BIGELOW.....	New York.....	25	Died.
N. D. MORGAN.....	Brooklyn.....	32	New York.
HIRAM BINGHAM.....	Brooklyn.....	29	Died.
N. K. MASTEN.....	New York.....	27	San Francisco.
DR. J. D. B. STILLMAN.....	New York.....	30	San Francisco.
E. H. MILLER.....	Coxsackie.....	23	San Francisco.
J. S. DUNHAM.....	Brooklyn.....	32	San Francisco.
A. W. HALL.....	Newark, N. J.....	35	Los Angeles.
A. W. GAY.....	Brooklyn.....	35	Brooklyn.
J. C. ANGEL.....	Brooklyn.....	28	Brooklyn.
H. D. COOK.....	Hartford, Conn.....	21	Died.
WARREN S. SMITH.....	New York.....	32	Returned early.
B. R. W. STRONG.....	New Brunswick, N.J.....	21	Returned early.
C. H. WILLIAMS.....	Brooklyn, N. Y.....	21	Returned early.
MARK HOPKINS.....	New York.....	35	San Francisco.
E. A. HOPKINS.....	New York.....	25	Died.
E. W. LEFFERTS.....	Brooklyn.....	26	Lost in the mountains.
PHIL E. WALDEON.....	New York.....	25	New York.
I. LAWRENCE POOL.....	New Brunswick, N.J.....	20	San Francisco.
W. H. H. BROWN.....	Troy, N. Y.....	36	Returned early.
JOHN CHERNEY.....	Connecticut.....	22	Returned early.
J. B. PACKARD.....	Hartford.....	25	Unknown.
JOHN INGALS.....	New Hampshire.....	20	Nevada.
C. H. HUMPHREYS.....	Hartford.....	24	Unknown.
FRANK SQUIRES.....	New York.....	19	Unknown.
JOHN A. ARSCHMAN.....	Switzerland.....	25	Unknown.
JOHN PETTIS, JR.....	Hartford.....	22	Died.
E. C. MATTHEWSON.....	Hartford.....	36	Unknown.
JESSE GRIFFIN.....	Hartford.....	31	Unknown.
JOHN S. JONES.....	Macon, Ga.....	26	Returned early.
G. W. ADAMS.....	Withersfield, Conn.....	22	Unknown.
F. A. P. STEADMAN.....	Hartford, Conn.....	29	Unknown.
JAMES H. GAGER.....	New York.....	37	San Francisco.
J. W. ALLEN.....	St. Louis, Mo.....	30	Returned early.
R. M. GULICK.....	New York.....	21	Drowned at Benicia.
AB'M SULGER.....	Philadelphia, Penn..	27	Removed to Oregon.
J. DRAKE.....	New York.....	21	Returned early.
J. S. FERRIS.....	New York.....	21	Unknown.
RO'D MATHEBON.....	New York.....	25	Died in battle at ———.
J. WIGGINS.....	New York.....	28	Unknown.
C. DETTON.....	Bremen.....	23	San Joaquin County, Cal.
A. D. CARTWRIGHT.....	New York.....	28	San Francisco.
J. FISK.....	Massachusetts.....	24	Unknown.
W. LOCKMAN.....	New Jersey.....	30	Alameda, Cal.

PASSENGER LIST.

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NAME	WHERE FROM	AGE	RESIDENCE AS FAR AS KNOWN.
J. W. BINGHAM.....	New York	25	Died in San Francisco.
L. B. THOMPSON.....	Goshen, N. Y.....	25	Unknown.
W. D. BELL.....	Switzerland.....	29	Unknown.
W. H. JULIUS.....	Prussia.....	21	Returned early.
D. W. C. BROWN.....	New York.....	22	Buffalo, N. Y.
J. A. MORGAN.....	New York.....	26	Died in New York in 1857.
DR. H. H. BRALS.....	New York.....	22	Died in Montana in 1873.
J. ROSS BROWNE.....	Washington, D. C.....	27	Died in Alameda 1875.
DR. EDWARDS HALL.....	New York.....	30	Returned early.
DR. RICHARD B. HALL.....	New York.....	40	Centerville, Alameda, Cal.
GEORGE J. POWERS.....	New York.....	25	Marysville, Cal.
TEN EYCK POWERS.....	New York.....	21	Marysville, Cal.
J. GUERNSEY, JR.....	Connecticut.....	34	Unknown.
E. SALZMAN.....	Switzerland.....	42	Unknown.
PIERRE PECKLIN.....	France.....	33	Unknown.
DR. H. W. JONES.....	New York.....	24	Lost on steamer Golden Gate—Burnt
W. B. JONES.....	New York.....	29	Returned early. [at sea.
A. S. CLARK.....	Savannah, Ga.....	22	Unknown.
JOHN BOWEN.....	New York.....	24	Died early in 1850.
LEVI M. KELLOGG.....	Brooklyn, N. Y.....	19	Deputy Collector, San Francisco.
G. REYNOLDS.....	New York.....	26	Unknown.
A. S. MARTIN.....	Brooklyn.....	23	Late firm Marvin & Hitchcock, S. F.
A. M. EBBETS.....	New York.....	19	San Francisco.
C. THOMAS.....	New York.....	22	Died in 1849.
H. CASWELL.....	New York.....	37	San Francisco.
WILLIAM DILL.....	Newburg, N. Y.....	32	Returned early.
H. MORRIS.....	New York.....	47	Died in 1849.
Z. SNYDER.....	New York.....	53	San Jose, Cal.
J. LEIGHTON.....	New York.....	20	Unknown.
B. PALMER.....	New York.....	40	Went to Sandwich Islands in 1851.
R. S. HATCH.....	26	Unknown.
H. BOUTON.....	20	Virginia City, Nevada.
— MARONEY.....	24	Unknown.
J. LANG.....	24	Unknown.
P. H. STOUT.....	26	Unknown.
— WESTLOCK AND.....	46	Unknown.
SON.....	16	Unknown.
VAN WAGNER.....	35	San Francisco.
VAN WAGNER.....	20	Killed in a mine.
— STACY.....	32	Unknown.
WILLIAM EMMONS.....	26	Unknown.
H. EMMONS.....	22	Unknown.
— BARRETT.....	22	Unknown.
J. G. McHENRY.....	22	Unknown.
LOUIS COLGATE.....	Rio.....	29	Santa Barbara.
FRED'K GRIFFIN & WIFE.....	Brooklyn.....	—	Brooklyn—returned.
GEORGE GRIFFIN.....	Brooklyn.....	9	San Francisco.
KATE GRIFFIN.....	Brooklyn.....	5	Died on a coastwise voyage.

The foregoing is a list of the passengers who arrived at San Francisco in the ship *Pacific*, with their ages and residences, as preserved by Mr. Jas. H. Gager, one of the number, now resident in San Francisco. It may be unimportant now, but the time will come when it will be of interest,

not as a matter of curiosity, perhaps, but as affording a little material for analysis, out of which to draw some useful generalizations.

One of the most striking facts that will arrest the attention is the youthful age of the greater number, the average of the whole being but little over twenty-six years, and many of them being mere boys. If similar lists have been preserved by any of the five hundred vessels that entered the port of San Francisco during the same year, they would enhance the value of this. About one-fifth of the foregoing are believed to be still living on the Pacific Coast, an equal number are known to have died, and a still larger proportion of names of others appear, of whose fate we have been unable to gather any information. Some of them, doubtless, perished in remote mining camps; but the greater part, probably, returned to their old homes, or died in the attempt to do so. Some others returned more or less successful in the object of their enterprise; others disappointed.

Of those who remained, few, comparatively, acquired wealth, and none in the manner they anticipated when they set out on the voyage, or have succeeded any better, probably, than they would have done had they remained at their old homes, surrounded by family influences and the coöperation of friends. The disappointment in the early realization of their hopes did not discourage them all, and a longer residence in the new country gave them an opportunity to learn much of its advantages for enterprise in numerous

ways which they had not calculated on, and of which they were not slow to avail themselves. They realized that they were in possession of a country whose climate, once fully understood, unfitted them ever after for the enjoyment of any other; where is found, free to all, what was regarded as an evidence of the extreme luxury of Rome in the Julian age—"Winter roses and Summer snows"; a soil as fruitful as the plains of Mesopotamia in the time of Herodotus; and a position of such commercial importance as to justify the most extravagant prophecy.

The analysis made of the passengers of the *Pacific*, it is not unreasonable to think, might be applied to the many thousands of their fellows who came to California at the same time. That those who survived and took up their permanent homes in California were not slow to perceive their advantages and profit by them will be manifest from a glance over the enterprises of greatest importance and most successful on the coast. They have acquired title to the best lands in the State, and a proportion of other property out of all ratio to their numbers. In railroad construction and other engineering works, mining and farming on more extensive scale than ever before attempted, in manufactures and commerce, they have been foremost, and many of them have accumulated fortunes that are colossal. Others, less ambitious of wealth, have won the highest distinction at the bar, on the bench, or in the forum. Seven of the ten Governors of California and all

but two of our United States Senators were chosen from the men of '49, one of their number sits upon the Supreme Bench, and the commander of all our armies is proud of his experience as a pioneer of our State. These men are nearly all yet in the vigor of manhood—at most in green old age. The results of their foresight are just manifesting themselves; the future, with its vast possibilities, is before them.

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FOOT-PRINTS IN CALIFORNIA OF EARLY NAVIGATORS.

It has been remarked by travelers in a desert country that the eye acquires a wonderful power of discernment, from the constant search for objects on which to fix its attention and break the dull monotony of the landscape. So must the historian of California train his faculties to the discrimination of insignificant material; for a history it can scarcely be said to have, it being only one hundred years since the first European settled upon its shores, and the first half of that period was passed in the quiet labors of a few missionaries to engraft their Christian faith upon the lowest type of savage life, in total exclusion from the civilized world.

There can be no disputing the claim of Sir Francis Drake to be the oldest Pioneer of Alta California, the most successful gold hunter, the true Jason of modern times. There is no doubt that he was the first European that ever set foot on the shores of Upper California. He arrived with a freight of five million dollars, which he had taken with the strong arm from the enemies of his

country along the Spanish coasts, and he carried away as much as he brought, which is more than many of the Argonauts of recent times can boast.

Whatever we know of the discoveries and adventures of Drake and his companions are recorded in two accounts given by the adventurers themselves, and published, the first by Richard Hakluyt in 1600, and the other in a volume entitled *The World Encompassed*, compiled thirty-eight years later from notes by Francis Fletcher, chaplain to the expedition. It does not appear that Drake himself left any written account. Whoever wrote the reports of the voyage, they must be judged by the internal evidence of the truth of the statements they contain, and as they are corroborated by facts since determined.

Drake sailed from England in the year 1577, with a fleet of small vessels, to cruise against the Spaniards in the South Seas, as the Pacific Ocean was then called. His own flag-ship, the *Pelican*, afterwards known as the *Golden Hind*, a mere cock-boat of one hundred tons, was the only one of his squadron that entered it, the others having been abandoned, lost, or turned back, unable to endure the storms encountered in the passage. The year following his departure from England found him in the vicinity of Panama, freighted with plunder and anxious to find his way home with his treasure. He feared to return by the route he came lest he might be waylaid in the Straits of Magellan by his enemies, or fall a victim to the storms that had been so disastrous to his

companions; he resolved, therefore, in order to "avoyde these hazards, to go forward to the Islands of the Malucos, and then hence to sail the course of the Portugals by the Cape of Buena Esperance."

"Upon this resolution he begunne to think of his best way to the Malucos, and finding himself where he was now becalmed, he saw that of necessitie he must be forced to take a Spanish course, namely to sayle somewhat northerly to get a winde. We therefore set saile and sayled six hundred leagues at the least for a good winde, and thus much we sailed from the 16 of April till the 3 of June. The 5 day of June being in 43 degrees towards the pole Arctic, we found the ayer so cold that our men being greivously pinched with the same complained of the extremity thereof, and the further we went the more the cold increased upon us. Whereupon we thought it best for that time to seeke the land, and did so, finding it not mountainous but low, plaine land till we came within 38 degrees towards the line. In which hieght it please God to send us into a fair and good Baye with a good wind to enter the same."

The World Encompassed says that in "38 degrees 30 minutes they found a convenient and fit harbour," where they anchored on the 17th of June, "and the people of the countrey having their houses close by the water side showed themselves unto us." From the same source we learn that the ship had sprung a leak at sea, and she was "graved," that is, keeled down, cleaned, and

repaired ; and in order to do this, it was necessary to discharge the cargo. An entrenched camp was therefore formed on shore.

“ Neither could we at any time, in whole fourteen days together, find the aire so clear as to be able to take the height of sunne or starre on account of the thicke mists and most stinking fogges.

“ The next day after our coming to anchor in the aforesaid harborough the people of the country showed themselves—sending off a man with great expedition to us in a canow. Who being yet but a little from the shoare and a great way from our ship, spoke to us continually as he came rowing on.

“ After that our necessary businesses were all dispatched, our Generall with his gentlemen and many of his company made a journey up into the land to see the manner of their dwelling and to be better acquainted with the nature and commodities of the country. Their houses were all such as we have described, and being many of them in one place ; several villages (corresponding to the shell mounds as seen to-day) here and there. The inland we found to be farre different from the shoare, a goodly country and fruitful soyle stored with many blessings fit for the use of man ; infinite was the company of very large and fat deere (elk?) which we saw by thousands, as we supposed in a heard ; besides a multitude of a strange kinde of conies by far exceeding them in numbers ; their heads and bodies in which they resembled

other conies are but small; his tayle like the tayle of a rat exceedingly long, and his feet like the pawes of a want or moale; under his chinne on either side he hath a bagge, into which he gathereth his meate when he hath filled his belly abroad, that he may with it either feed his younge or feed himself when he lists not to travaile from his burrough. The people eat their bodies and make great account of their skinned, for their king's holidiaies coate was made of them. This country our Generall named Albion, and that for two causes: the one in respect of the white banks and cliffs which lie towards the sea; the other that it might have some affinity even in name also with our own country which was sometime so called.*

“Not farre without this harborough did lye certain Ilands (we called them the Ilands of Saint James) having on them plentifull and great store of seals and birds with one of which we fell July 24 whereon we found such provision as might competently serve our turne for a while.”

I have quoted above everything that can be supposed to have any bearing, however remotely, upon the vexed question as to the locality of the harbor where Drake spent the time from the 17th

*The white cliffs referred to were more conspicuous and more numerous in the memory of early cruisers now living than at present. Sea birds congregated in immense numbers on every islet and cliff along the whole coast inaccessible to their enemies. Alcatraz was called White Island in the sailing directions which many used in entering the Bay in 1849. Lime Rock in the entrance was so named for the same reason. The whiteness of the cliffs will disappear with the extermination of the birds, or when they are driven to more remote shores. There is nothing in the account going to show that they had any relation as a landmark to Drake's harbor.

of June until the 23d of July. This is all that has come down to us from any quarter. Nearly two centuries elapsed before the coast above Monterey was again visited by Europeans. The first discovery of the northwest coast was made from the Manila galleons. It was found that by keeping well to the north they had a more favorable wind for making the passage to the eastward as well as a more open sea. When land was discovered, they then ran off to the south with a following wind to Acapulco, their port of destination. In this way prominent headlands such as Mendocino and the Mountains of San Lucia were known and named by them. There is no evidence that they ever approached nearer to the land than was necessary to get their course. This practice resulted from the imperfect means the navigators possessed in those days of determining their longitude. A great disadvantage was experienced by them from a want of knowledge of the coast and a port of refuge in distress. Therefore, early in the summer of 1542, thirty-seven years before Drake's visit, Juan Roderiques Cabrillo was dispatched with two vessels to obtain a knowledge of the unexplored coast of northern California. He succeeded in reaching the latitude of Drake's harbor in November of the same year; saw the Mountains of Marin County north of the Golden Gate and Point Rey, which he named *Cabo de Martin*. He made no landing.

Torquemada published, in 1615, the account of Vizcaino's voyage, which was the second expedi-

tion sent out by the Spaniards to explore the west coast of California that ever succeeded in reaching the latitude of Alta California. This was in 1602. More fortunate than his predecessor, Cabrillo, he survived the voyage, and his story is more fully told. Some time before the voyage of Vizcaino, a vessel had been sent by the Government of the Philippine Islands to explore the coast, and had been lost in the bay formed by Point Rey, and which seems to have taken the name of San Francisco Bay, and held it until the new bay was found. Perhaps she was lost from a misapprehension in taking this harbor for the one which the account of Drake's voyage called "a fair and good baye," as they knew of no other north of Monterey—Bodega, and San Francisco Bays not yet being known to them, nor either of them, for upwards of one hundred and seventy years after.

Vizcaino anchored his own vessel in the bay, having on board the pilot of the wrecked ship, the *San Augustin*; but, owing to stress of weather and apprehensions for his consort, he put to sea again and returned to Monterey. There seems to have been no doubt on the minds of Spanish navigators, for a century and a half after Vizcaino's voyage, that the roadstead under the lee of Point Rey was the Bay of Sir Francis Drake, for they knew no other in the vicinity. Lord Anson, in 1742, captured a Manila ship, from which he obtained a chart of the California coast. A copy is appended to the quarto edition of his voyages. The Bay of San Francisco is there laid down in

the latitude of 38° , as "a fair and good Baye," opening wide through a narrow entrance, perfectly sheltered from all winds. From what source was that conception of the form of San Francisco Bay derived? Either it had been visited by some Spaniard prior to that time, or a chart-maker, more appreciative of the description of Drake's historian and the proprieties of the case, had drawn it as it must have been to his mind.

I will now proceed to show that wherever the Bay *might* have been, it could not have been under Point Rey that Drake's vessel was refitted. Point Rey is nearly in latitude 38° . Vancouver passed it from the north, as did Drake, in November, 1792, and describes it as follows: "It stretches like a peninsula to the southwards into the ocean, where its highest part terminates in steep cliffs, moderately elevated, and nearly perpendicular to the sea, which beats against them with great violence. Southwards of this point, the shore, composed of low, white cliffs, takes, for about a league, nearly an eastern direction, and there forms the north point of a bay extending a little distance to the northward, which is entirely open and much exposed to the south and southwest winds. The eastern side of the bay is also composed of white cliffs, though more elevated. According to the Spaniards, this is the bay in which Sir Francis Drake anchored. However safe he might have found it, yet at this season of the year it promised us little shelter or security."

What possible knowledge the Spaniards could have of the matter has already been shown.

Beechy, thirty-four years afterwards, following the track of Vancouver, says: "The next evening we passed Punta de los Reyes, and awaited the return of day off some white cliffs which, from there being situated so near the parallel of 38° north, are in all probability those which induced Sir Francis Drake to bestow upon this country the name of New Albion. They appear on the eastern side of a bay too exposed to authorize the conjecture of Vancouver that it is the same in which Sir Francis Drake refitted his vessel."

In the account of Drake's voyage, quoted, it appears that a native came off in a canoe, "who, being but a little from the shore and a great way from the ship, spoke to us continually as he came rowing on," which gives the idea of a bay of greater capacity and distance from the anchorage to the shore than is possible at Point Rey; nor could Drake be conceived as having any special reason to be grateful for a providential wind to enable him to enter it, when, during the whole time of his stay, a fresh northwest wind was blowing; he had only to run before it, and luff after passing the point, and his headway would have sent him to the anchorage.

The testimony of every practical seaman, familiar with the locality, that I have consulted, corroborates the opinion of Beechy. It is a safe anchorage during the summer months, while the prevailing wind is from the northwest; but even then a heavy groundswell from the southwest is common, which would be fatal to a small vessel

heeled down on the sandy shore. When it is considered that Drake was an experienced navigator; that he was upon a strange coast, without knowledge of the character of the winds, and with a certainty of destruction while he lay careened upon the shore, it seems strange that any one could be found to believe that he would have so exposed himself. Captain Rockwell, of the Coast Survey, who is perfectly familiar with the coast, assures me that it was not possible for Drake to have graved his ship in the harbor under Point Rey.*

It is not necessary to adduce any other fact to sustain the position taken; but as some years ago I advanced an argument based on natural history,† which was new, and provoked some controversy and bad logic, I will restate it here more fully.

*OFFICE U. S. COAST SURVEY,

San Francisco, Oct. 12th, 1876.

DEAR SIR:—In reply to your inquiries, regarding Sir Francis Drake's Bay, etc., I have to say that I am familiar with most localities upon the coast, both from personal observation and study of our Coast Survey charts.

Drake's Bay affords an excellent lee and good anchorage in northwest weather, but certainly no navigator or seaman would think of laying a ship on shore in that locality with any prospect of getting her off again.

In my view, there is no place on the coast, within the latitude mentioned, viz., 38°, that so fully answers all the conditions and the points of Drake's narrative, both in coming in, staying, and going to sea, as does the Bay of San Francisco.

Very truly yours,

CLEVELAND ROCKWELL,

Asst. U. S. Coast Survey.

J. D. B. STILLMAN.

Col. Davidson, Chief of the Pacific Coast Survey, says in the *Coast Pilot*: "Sir Francis Drake visited California in 1579, and we are of the opinion that in this bay (San Francisco) he overhauled and repaired his vessel. In this harbor he remained a month, 'trimming' his ships, and taking possession of the country."

†*Overland Monthly*, October, 1868.

The bay improperly named after Sir Francis Drake is in Marin County, which is bounded on the east by the Bay of San Francisco, and its northern limb, the Bay of San Pablo; on the north by Sonoma County; and on the west by the ocean. The eastern and western shores approach each other and join to form the northern post of the Golden Gate, from which a range of mountains extends through its whole length, attaining an elevation in Tamalpais of half a mile. These mountains, until a few years ago, were covered with a heavy growth of redwood and other forest trees, on their sides opposite the sea; and even now the growth offers, in connection with the abrupt mountain-sides, an almost impassable barrier to the pedestrian; without roads, it was no pastime then to a party of sailors, unaccustomed to mountaineering. Then they must have traveled more than twenty miles of this mountain region before they could have found a single specimen of the ground-squirrel, which is the only animal in the State that will bear, in any manner, the description of the "cōny," as given. There is not one to be found in the County of Marin, nor is there any evidence that there ever were any there. It lives in vast communities, where it is found at all. It will not be found in the cold, foggy regions of the coast, nor in San Francisco County, making its first appearance south around the sunny slopes at the foot of San Bruno, in San Mateo County; south of that it becomes very numerous. Edward

Bryant says that they were to be seen in the public square at San José, by hundreds or thousands, without fear or molestation, in 1846. It becomes very abundant on the dry grounds in Alameda County, east of the Bay. It is found in Sonoma County, in the warm valleys north of Petaluma. Dr. Eschscholtz, the Russian naturalist, who spent several months in California, in the year 1824, making collections of the natural history of the coast, from Bodega Bay to the Bay of San Francisco, found no ground-squirrel, though he enumerates all the animals well known at this time. In many localities they have increased, where grain fields have furnished them an increased supply of food, and their natural enemies have been exterminated; they have nowhere become extinct where they once abounded. Wherever they have once colonized, they make such extensive burrowings that ages would not suffice to obliterate them from ground where it has not been tilled. These facts are well known to naturalists; and Dr. J. T. Cooper, the well known naturalist, among others, confirms the views here given. The natural habitat of animals is determined by physical causes.

The only other rodent in the State that is numerous is the gopher; it is solitary, subterranean, never is seen above ground, or but rarely; it never goes abroad for its food, living on roots; has a short and obscure tail; it is discovered only by its ravages to roots, and small parcels of earth which it throws out where it breaks

the surface of the ground at night. In short, its habits are those of the mole, wherever found. Gophers can be secured only by traps peculiarly constructed and planted in their underground runways, or by poison. A whole tribe of Indians could not capture enough to make a coat of their skins in a lifetime. Few farmers, who suffer most from their ravages, have ever seen them, except they have killed them in the ways mentioned.

On the other hand the ground-squirrel is a bold rover, gathering great stores of wheat in his burrows after he has "filled his belly abroad." He is easily captured, and if he was as much valued as an article of food by Whites as he was by the Indians in Drake's time, could be made to supply no inconsiderable amount of animal food to our entire population.*

Having shown that it was not only improbable but impossible that the Bay now known as Drake's could have been the harbor where his vessel lay, it remains to consider where it was possible and probable.

**Spermophilus Beecheyi*. (California Ground-squirrel.) Sp. Ch.—Size of the cat-squirrel *S. cinereus*. Tail more than two-thirds long as the body. Length, 9 to 11 inches; tail, with hairs, 7 to 9 inches. This is the animal so well known in California under the name of ground-squirrel, as causing so much damage to the farmer by the depredations it commits on grain fields, and, in fact, almost every agricultural product, as well as by the disturbances of the soil by its excavations.

Thomomys Bulbivorus. (California Gopher.) Sp. Ch.—Length of body, 11 inches; tail, 2½ inches, covered with close pressed hairs. *Ext. from Baird's Mammalia of N. America.*

See introduction to a new and beautiful edition of *Palou's Life of Junipero Serra*, by Hon. J. T. Doyle, San Francisco, 1874. I hope my friend Doyle will not gopher (go for) me again.

There is a discrepancy in the two statements respecting the latitude of the place of thirty miles. If the latter is assumed to be correct it would have carried him to the northward of Russian River; a few miles south lies Bodega Bay. Though many of the objections to the supposition of this being Drake's Bay, they are not absolutely fatal objections like those that have been urged against Point Rey. The small size of Bodega forbids the supposition that Drake entered it, and the entrance of Tomales bay, just south of it is barred by breakers during the prevalence of northwest winds, and the account states that the wind had been blowing from that direction for two weeks, as we can readily believe.* There is one other, however, that is not without weight. The day after setting sail for the Maluccas, the account states, not far without this harbor they fell in with one of the Farallone Islands, where they procured

* In an address delivered at the Centennial celebration of the founding of the Mission of San Francisco, Gen. Vallejo, apparently foreseeing the impossibility of maintaining any longer the Spanish tradition that Drake's Bay was at Point Rey, asserts positively that it was Tomales Bay that Drake entered. Having offered no reason for his assertion, he leaves it to be inferred that he has discovered the post that Drake set up with the inscription on sheet lead, claiming the country in the name of his sovereign. Perhaps "Spanish tradition" may be stretched, like one of their *floating grants*, to cover this bay also. Though it appears that, for the period of time from the visit of Viscaino, in 1602, until 1775, when Bodega y Quadra discovered the Bay of Bodega, no Spaniard had put his foot on shore north of San Francisco, and south of Trinity Bay; and, even after the foundation of the Mission at San Francisco, and until the visit of Vancouver in 1792, the north shore of the bay was utterly unknown, except as it had been visited by a party of soldiers from the Presidio. Yet the General tells us that Drake landed in Tomales Bay, and, as if in confirmation of his statement, he assures us that he had himself seen there a fragment of the wreck of the *San Augustine*, though the disaster occurred more than two hundred and seventy-five years ago!

a supply of fresh meat. These islands lie forty miles due south from Bodega Bay, and just as far out of Drake's course, while they lie twenty miles due west from San Francisco and directly in his route to the East Indies, and then as a reason that may influence some minds it is not in accordance with "Spanish tradition."

The two accounts as to the latitude of the port where Drake anchored could not both be right, and the probability is that neither were entirely so. Hakluyt says *within* 38° towards the line, twelve miles within would bring him to San Francisco, and there does not seem room for a doubt that it was in this Bay he repaired his ship; every difficulty is overcome on that supposition.

Every one who has sailed in the Summer through the long and narrow entrance to the harbor of San Francisco, will appreciate the force of the observation respecting the "fair wind to enter the same." We now know that it rarely if ever fails the mariner during those months, and carries him through against the strongest tide.

It has been urged that if Drake had made the discovery of a port so extraordinary, he would have made some observation to show his appreciation of its importance; but under all the circumstances it should not seem so strange. He had been for a year in seas never before traversed by an Englishman. To him everything was new and nothing strange but the "conies." One will find no observations in the account of his voyage calculated to throw much light on geography; he

was not on a voyage of discovery; his was a business enterprise, and he had an eye to that alone; what was not gold and silver was of small consequence to him. Nor does it seem probable that he knew the extent of the Bay of San Francisco. He had already concluded, as appears from his speculations on the cause of the extreme cold that he encountered, that there could be no Northwest Passage; he had ascended the coast to 48° , and still the land extended away towards Asia, and he had abandoned the hope.* To the charge of ignorance, made by a Spanish writer against Drake for the scarcity of information conveyed in his journal, Admiral Burney, a distinguished naval officer, replies: "The accounts published of his voyage, it is true, are as erroneous and defective in the geographical particulars as those of any of the early navigators. The purposes of discovery, or the advancement of science, were not among the motives of his voyage."†

His thoughts were bent on the best means of escape from the South Seas with his booty, and the desperation of his situation alone forced him

*"And also from these reasons, we conjecture, that either there is no passage at all through these northern coasts (which is most likely), or if there be, that yet it is unnavigable. Adde hereunto, that though we searched the coast diligently, even unto the 48 deg., yet found we not the land to trend so much as one point in any place towards the east, but rather running on continually north-west, as if it went directly to meet with Asia; and even in that plight, when we had a franke wind to have carried us through, had there been a passage, yet we had a smoothe and calme sea, with ordinary flowing and reflowing, which could not have been had there been a frette; of which we rather infallibly concluded than conjectured that there was none."—(Page 119, *World Encompassed*.)

†History of Discoveries in South Sea.

to repeat the exploit of putting a girdle about the earth.

After all the considerations that have been advanced, there does not seem to be room for a doubt that it was the Bay of San Francisco into which Drake entered, and where he dwelt for thirty-six days in the Summer of 1579. Though it is too late to bestow upon it the name of its discoverer, it is not proper that error should be perpetuated and history falsified by continuing the name of "the founder of England's naval glory" to that insignificant cove, whose silence, as in ages past, is broken only by waves dashing upon its shores, and where the still untrodden grass sways to fog-laden winds in eternal solitude.

Two hundred years after Sir Francis Drake amazed the natives of New Albion with the sight of the first white men, whom they worshiped as gods, again a group of white men were seen overlooking our inland sea. It was Portala, with his Franciscan monks, the farthest ripple of that expiring wave of Spanish conquest that for centuries had been rolling along the Pacific shore.

The story of the establishment of the missions, and the political and religious events of that half century, are foreign to the present purpose. Is it not written in cart-loads of archives, moldering away in dark closets, of which few know the contents, or care to explore? And is it not printed in that old vellum-covered volume entitled *Relation Historica de la vide y Apostolicas Tareas Del Venerable Padre Fray Junipero Serra?*

Whatever is there recorded no one will be disposed to refute, and, if he were, he would be without the means, for the *vox populi* of that period has left no protest save in its silent dust.

Sixteen years after the establishment of the missions in New California, the first visitor of a foreign nation made his appearance in the person of the famous La Perouse, the French explorer. He entered the port of Monterey, where he remained only ten days, in the month of September, 1786; but his account of the natural resources of the country and its characteristics was never surpassed in fidelity by his successors. He was received by the authorities with the most marked attention, under orders from Spain; and during his short stay he made a good survey of the Bay of Monterey, which was published with his narrative, and also a rough sketch of San Francisco Bay, as furnished him by the missionaries. This sketch of San Francisco Bay is the earliest printed, and the southern shore is the only part that is even approximately correct.

He was accompanied by a corps of naturalists; but the season of the year, the shortness of his stay, and perhaps a want of zeal on their part, prevented any important discoveries in a field entirely new. Among the novelties he introduced to the acquaintance of Europe was the crested quail, of which he furnished an excellent plate. The narrative of La Perouse will ever preserve a mournful interest, from the mysterious fate which afterwards befell him.

In respect to the fertility of the soil, he observed: "Every kind of garden plant thrives astonishingly. The crops of maize, barley, wheat, and peas can only be compared to those of Chili. Our European cultivators can form no conception of so abundant fertility." Apart from the Missions, he states, there was not a white settler in all New California.

His account of the administration and organization of the Missions especially arrests our attention, as the testimony of a Catholic concerning people of his own faith; and, therefore, the force of his observations is not to be averted on the score of religious prejudice. He was received into the church through a file of Indians, of both sexes; the edifice was adorned with pictures, copies of Italian paintings, among which his attention was drawn to one representing hell, in which were depicted scenes well calculated to strike terror into the minds of the savages. The habitations of the Indians consisted of about fifty huts, built in the same manner as described by Drake. They were the most wretched that could be imagined, about six feet in diameter, and four feet in height; into these were collected about seven hundred and fifty Christians, including women and children.

The physical condition of these neophytes was in no respect changed by the influence of the missionaries; their filth was insufferable; and when this and the vermin rendered their habitations insupportable, they were in the habit of setting them on fire, and building new ones. The house

of the missionaries and the store-houses were of brick, and plastered. He compared the establishment to a West Indian plantation, in which fetters, the stocks and the whip were not wanting to complete the picture. Men and women were treated alike to these punishments, except that the women were whipped in a distant enclosure, that their cries might not be heard by the males, for fear of a revolt. Neglect of the exercises of piety was punished with the lash; and he says: "Many sins, which in Europe are left to Divine justice, are here punished by irons and the stocks. The moment an Indian is baptized, the effect is the same as if he had pronounced a vow for life. If he escapes, to reside with his relations in the independent villages, he is summoned three times to return, and, if he refuses, the missionaries apply to the Governor, who sends soldiers to seize him in the midst of his family, and conduct him to the Mission, where he is condemned to receive a certain number of lashes with the whip." Repentance brought no reduction to the number of stripes. There was no attempt made to teach them the most common arts, and their grain was ground by women in the primitive Indian method of rubbing it with a roller upon a stone. He presented to the Mission a hand mill, which performed the labor of a large number of women.

If any one is desirous of knowing what more La Perouse said of the Missions, he will find by consulting the narrative that I have not presented the darkest views, and he will draw the conclusion,

after considering the fruits of the half century of missionary absolute government, that beneficent Christianity cannot precede civilization, nor succeed without it.

In November, 1792, six years after the departure of La Perouse from Monterey, the equally renowned circumnavigator, George Vancouver, unfurled the banner of England in the port of San Francisco; and these, it would seem, were the only foreign visitors to Alta California after the time of Drake and before the beginning of the nineteenth century.

Vancouver was received by the authorities, both civil and religious, with extreme hospitality, and during his stay of eight days made an excursion to the Mission of Santa Clara. The November rains had revived the verdure of the year, for along the coast of California that month witnesses the awakening of vegetation from its arid repose; in effect, is the first spring month. He was charmed by the beauty of the country, and his narrative glows with praises of it and the unbounded hospitality of the missionaries. His account of the brutal condition of the baptized Indians is corroborative of that of La Perouse. His description of the country is very correct, and cannot fail to be read at this day with great interest.

For twenty miles before reaching Santa Clara he says "the country could only be compared to a park, which had originally been closely planted with the true old English oak. The underwood

that had probably attended its early growth had the appearance of having been cleared away, and had left the stately lords of the forest in complete possession of the soil." As one rides along the same road to-day, through Fair Oaks, Menlo Park, and beyond, he looks upon the same noble oaks that awakened the enthusiasm of Vancouver. His ride was attended with much inconvenience from the burrows of the ground squirrels which had excited the attention of Sir Francis Drake, and doubtless over the same tract of country. His road back was taken on higher ground, but still through the forest of oaks, and as night was approaching his guide, to avoid the continued inconvenience and danger from the squirrel burrows, led him into the marshy ground bordering the bay.

He visited Monterey, also, and was received with the same marked attention and unbounded hospitality. Menzies, who has inseparably woven his name into the nomenclature of our Flora, accompanied Vancouver in this expedition as a botanist.

The year following was spent in exploring the northern coast, when he returned to San Francisco only to receive a most chilling reception where, a few months before, he had met so warm a welcome. He was denied communication with the shore, except on the most humiliating conditions; and he stood out of our bay to find himself equally repelled at Monterey, where he was given to understand that the hospitality he had received on

his former visit was only for the occasion, and must not be taken for a precedent! The orders from Spain did not contemplate a second visit, and the traditional jealousy of the local government could only be controlled by express orders. So the famous voyager turned his back in disgust from a Christian people, to find a more welcome reception among the savages of Honolulu, and refit his vessels.

Fourteen years more passed away, in which no foreign keel disturbed the solitude of our harbors or startled the fears of the pious Franciscans; their cattle multiplied and fattened on the hills; their wheat-fields ripened under cloudless skies; and their converts wallowed in their filth and more than barbarous degradation.

Another flag now moved over the face of the waters, representing a people that had yet borne no part in the struggle with the Spanish for supremacy. On the twenty-eighth of March, 1806, the Russian ship *Juno* entered the port of San Francisco, in quest of supplies for the famishing colony of Sitka. For the most detailed account of the country and its population that had yet been given to the world, we are indebted to Langsdorff, an officer on board that vessel. The *Juno* lay forty-four days at anchor in the Bay of San Francisco, and the result of Langsdorff's observations is given in sixty-six quarto pages of his *Voyages*.

So great was the jealous exclusiveness of the Californians, that he was compelled to practice a

deception upon the commandant. Intelligence had been sent from Spain to California of an intended visit by Captain Krusenstern, with two Russian ships of war, and orders were given to receive them hospitably. The vessels never arrived, but the captain of the *Juno* gave a plausible reason why the ships had failed to do so, and stated that he had been sent in their stead. With this satisfactory statement he was permitted to communicate with the shore, and after an intimacy had been established he ventured to broach the object of the voyage.

Negotiations for the purchase of grain having been completed about the twelfth of April, an attempt was made with their boats to reach the Mission of San José, but it was defeated by storms. Another effort was made soon after, by Langsdorff, with a small boat, accompanied by a sailor and a hunter. He succeeded in effecting a landing at the mouth of what is now known as Alameda Creek; and after a time spent at the Mission, of which he gives a very interesting account, he set out to return, but a strong north-west wind confined him in the mouth of the creek, surrounded with mud, and wet to the skin, unable to advance or return. As darkness had overtaken him, he was compelled to pass the night in the boat, without food or fresh water. When the day returned the wind had lulled, but the low tide had left him in the mud, and with the flood tide the wind returned. Thus was he baffled in his attempts to reach the ship, and, discovering the

well wooded eastern shore, he rowed across the bay. But here the same difficulty was encountered—an impassable marsh, covered, as now, with salt weed, which prevented him from reaching the wood. After a long effort he succeeded, but how great was his disappointment in finding that the source from whence the trees quenched their thirst was inaccessible to him. And here, in sight of his ship, without food or water for two days, he lay down under the trees in despair. At night his ears were greeted with the croaking of a frog. "Never," says the narrator, "did the tuneful notes of the nightingale sound half so grateful to the ears of the poet or lover as did the voice of this animal now sound to us. We started up, and, following the noise, found ourselves at length, in the darkness of the night, by the side of a little stream of excellent water." After having been two days without the means to quench their thirst, they fell to with such eagerness that in two hours they drank fourteen bottlesful. Having built a fire, they waited till midnight, when, with a full moon, they set out to return to their boat. They encountered both bears and wild bulls on their way, but frightened them away with their guns. The channel through the mud flats that they followed to get into the bay was full of sea-otters, swimming about or basking on the banks.

He remarks that in the whole bay and its tributaries the Spaniards possessed not a single boat, and their only knowledge of the country was derived from the excursions of their soldiers into

such parts as were accessible by land, and where they had been accustomed to "hunt for converts." Thus they had discovered the San Joaquin, and from its banks had descried the snowy peaks of the Sierra Nevada. In consequence of the want of boats, the author states that the Spaniards were entirely separated from the north shore of the bay, of which they possessed no knowledge. In that day it required two months for a courier to make his way from Mexico to San Francisco, who brought news from Europe six months old, though stations were kept by the military all the way.

Langsdorff observed, at this early period, that the new mode of life of the Mission Indians, with the retention of all the most unwholesome of their savage vices, was having a serious effect upon their health, and disease was speedily diminishing their numbers. The monks complained that upon the least illness the Indians became depressed and rejected the advice given them. The missionaries were unprovided with medicines, except some emetics and cathartics, which, fortunately for the Indians, they kept solely for their own use.

Kotzebue, the distinguished Russian discoverer, entered the harbor of San Francisco, on the first day of October, 1816, with the *Rurick*, accompanied by Chamisso as naturalist. He stayed one month for repairs, but added little to the knowledge of the country. He states that no trading vessel is allowed to enter any port of California, and several Russian prisoners were here in confinement for violation of the laws. These were

from Ross, the Russian fort built near Bodega four years before.

In the year 1824 Kotzebue entered for the second time the port of San Francisco. In the meantime California had declared its independence of Spain. The missionaries, no longer sustained by the authority of the mother country, lost their power over the soldiery whose sword had given efficacy to their prayers; and anarchy aided disease to bring to a close what has been admirably called the patriarchal age of California. As Kotzebue passed the fort, he was hailed through an immense trumpet by the sentinel. The sharp interrogatory; the sight of the cannon pointed on his track; the military drawn up as for battle, imposed upon him the impression of a power capable of resisting a ship of war. A salute was fired from the ship, but no answering gun returned the civility. At length an officer from the shore came on board to beg a sufficient quantity of powder to return the salute; which accomplished, the garrison, even to the sentinel, left the fort and mingled with the curious gazers on the shore. The weakness of the country had evidently opened the mind of Kotzebue to its surpassing beauty and importance, and throughout his narrative there is betrayed a purpose in his present visit not incompatible with the interest of Russia. On his way to Santa Clara he remarks: "The death-like stillness of these beautiful fields is broken only by the wild animals which inhabit them, and as far as the eye can reach it perceives no trace of human existence;

not even a canoe is to be seen upon the surrounding waters."

How prophetic is the following: "It has hitherto been the fate of these regions, like that of modest merit, or humble virtue, to remain unnoticed; but posterity will do them justice; towns and cities will hereafter flourish where all is now desert. The waters, over which scarcely a solitary boat is seen to glide, will reflect the flags of all nations, and a happy, prosperous people, receiving with thankfulness, what prodigal Nature bestows for their use, will disperse her treasures over every part of the world."

That prophecy was fulfilled sooner than he could have anticipated, but by another race than the one he contemplated, as we can infer from the following: "I confess I could not help speculating upon the benefit this country would derive from becoming a province of our powerful empire, and how useful it would prove to Russia."

Kotzebue in this voyage was accompanied by Eschscholtz, the botanist, after whom was named the golden yellow flower known as the California poppy, so common over the whole country.

They visited Santa Clara and the Mission of San José, and he adds much information of the Mission as well as of the country. He informs us that Mission Bay was called Yerba Buena, and that it was there that Vancouver anchored for convenience of getting wood and water. He landed on Goat Island, which he says was probably never before trodden by the foot of man.

He describes an Indian convent at Santa Clara as a large quadrangular building, without windows and only one carefully secured door, resembling a State prison. "These dungeons are opened two or three times a day, but only to allow the prisoners to pass to and from the church. I have occasionally seen the poor girls rushing out eagerly to breathe the fresh air, and driven immediately into the church like a flock of sheep by an old ragged Spaniard armed with a stick. After mass they are in the same manner hurried back to their prisons." Yet he observed "the feet of some of the fair ones encumbered with bars of iron—the penal consequences of detected transgressions."

The unmarried males of the flock were permitted to choose a wife from the convent, but as the girls were never allowed to associate with their own people until after marriage, their choice of a companion must have resembled somewhat the selection that one makes in what is commonly called a "grab-bag" in a modern church fair.

Accompanied by the commandant of San Diego, Don José Maria Estudillo, and a small party, he set out to visit the Russian settlement at Bodega. He landed at San Rafael, and his journey is of intense interest to the student of the history of our State as the first account of exploration by land of that picturesque region now known as Marin County. He will recognize the same features of the landscape, the stream on the mountain where Kotzebue passed the night, the hills "thickly covered with rich herbage;" the "luxuriant trees"

stand in "groups as picturesque as if they had been disposed by the hand of taste" as then, but the "stag as large as a horse" that snuffed the strangers from the hill-tops is missing in the landscape, and the "*Indianos bravos*," of whom the Spaniards had a wholesome dread, have left no trace save in that sluggish stream where their blood flows mingled with that of the "*gente rationale*." He says, also :

"To the east of the Russian settlement, extending far inland, lay a valley called by the Indians the valley of the White Man. There is a tradition among them that a ship was once wrecked on this coast, that the white men chose this valley for their residence and lived there in great harmony with the Indians. What afterwards became of them is not recorded." By Estudillo he was informed that the Missions were supplied with converts by sending dragoons into the mountains to catch the free heathens. This was done with the lasso, with which they were dragged to the Mission, and "once there they are immediately baptized and they then become forever the property of the monks."

Making all needful allowance for the prejudices which evidently colored his observations on the administration of the Missions, there remains a fearful array of evidence confirmed by the representatives of three grand divisions of Christendom—witnesses of the Roman Catholic, Protestant, and the Greek faith—that for half a century or more the missionary monks of California pur-

sued a system of oppression under the name of Christianity that depopulated the country of its primitive inhabitants, without leaving a solitary testimonial of benefits conferred. No mill for grinding corn, save the hand mill presented by La Perouse, was seen during all this period in California; not even a blacksmith; and the commonest wants of civilized life were not supplied to mitigate the rigorous despotism.

Yet it should be said in extenuation of the treatment of these Indians, that it is doubtful whether a milder discipline would have been attended with any better results. They seemed to have been a race insusceptible to moral influences, and extermination was their inevitable fate, and whether it came by the hand of the missionaries, through confinement, bean soup, and long prayers, or whisky and the rifle of their successors, the ultimate result was the same. But as the salvation of their souls was the primary object of the former, let us hope they were successful. Vancouver says of them, "if we except the inhabitants of Terra del Fuego, and those of Van Dieman's Land, they are certainly a race of the most miserable beings, possessing the faculty of human beings, I ever saw. Their faces ugly, presenting a dull, heavy, and stupid countenance, devoid of sensibility or the least expression." Their houses were so "abominably infested with every kind of filth and nastiness, as to be rendered no less offensive than degrading to the human species." Their conversion had effected no change in their filthy habits.

The early visitors to California tell of some remarkable examples of their cunning, worthy of the best type of savages. They had a method of stalking deer that was very successful. An Indian would clothe himself in the skin, head, and horns of a deer, and so well imitate the form and motion of one of these animals as to deceive one of La Perouse's hunters, who was upon the point of shooting him down. In this disguise they would enter a herd of deer, and shoot them with their arrows until a wounded one would put the rest to flight. Having no boats, but such as they could make from bull-rushes, they were expert swimmers, and with a bunch of dried grass or rushes floating on the water and concealing their heads, they would float out among the water fowl, and taking them by the feet pull them under water, wring their necks, and tuck their heads under a belt worn about the waist. They would continue this game until they had secured the desired number, and return to land without having excited the fears of the survivors.

Kotzebue set out to explore the rivers that were said to discharge themselves into the bay at the north, and in the month of November he actually ascended the Sacramento to the latitude of $38^{\circ} 37'$, nearly as high as where the State capital now stands; but the violence of the rains compelled him to return. The time spent by Kotzebue in these explorations of the waters of San Francisco Bay was about two months.

With the Mexican Revolution the more than

Japanese exclusiveness of the Government of California passed away. As fast as long-established customs would permit, the ports were opened to trade, and the visits of strangers were more common. California became in the minds of men the *ultima thule* of travel, and to have been there was to carry a passport to the wondering admiration of one's countrymen. Thomas Campbell, when he would surround his hero Waldegrave with the halo of romantic adventure, says :

“Of late the equator's sun his cheek had tanned,
And California's gales his roving bosom fanned.”

Lovers of natural science penetrated these unexplored regions. The distinguished botanists, Coulter, Nuttall, Drummond, and Douglas, are mentioned as traversing the mountains of the interior about this time. But of all the pioneers of California, the name of David Douglas holds a prominent place. Often, with his inseparable Scotch terrier, alone he penetrated to the most inaccessible regions : first, from the north—following the tributaries of the Columbia ; making friends of hostile Indians by kindly offices ; depending upon his gun for food ; loaded with specimens of plants ; unsheltered from the winter rains ; bruised and lacerated by falls or for days stretched sick upon the ground, and encountering perils from every source, he persevered, and enriched the herbariums of the Royal Society with specimens of the cones of our famous pines and an incredible number of plants new to science. The *Pinus*

Sabiniana and *Grandis* were, with others, contributed by him. Whole weeks he spent in the groves of the sugar-pine in unabated admiration of their grandeur. He ransacked the mountains as far as Santa Lucia, in Monterey, between the years 1826 and 1831; and his journal, which furnished material for one of the most entertaining books of adventure ever written, was published many years after his death, by his friend Dr. Hooker, of the Royal Gardens, in the *Companion to the Botanical Magazine*.

His enthusiasm for his favorite science is illustrated in a quotation from a letter to his friend and patron, Dr. Hooker, written at Monterey, in 1831. He had just met Dr. Coulter, who had penetrated from Central America in a similar pursuit. "I do assure you from my heart, it is a *terrible pleasure* to me thus to meet a really good man, and one with whom I can talk of plants."

His adventurous life was closed in a most tragical manner. He was at the Sandwich Islands on his return to London, and while on an excursion into the interior, he fell into a pit dug by the natives to catch wild cattle. A wild bull had been caught by falling through the false turf that concealed it, and it is supposed that Douglas must have accidentally lost his balance when looking in upon the captive, for he was found dead, torn and stamped by the infuriated beast, until, when his body was rescued, it could scarcely be recognized. His little dog, the companion of all his wanderings, was found at the brink of the pit, the sole spectator of his master's horrible fate.

The well-known tree that we use for piling in our harbor, *Tsuga Douglasii*, will forever bear his name and perpetuate his memory.

The only published record of Dr. Thomas Coulter's observations that I find, is a memoir read before the Royal Geographical Society, and which appears in the fifth volume of their "Journal." It is accompanied by a map in which he represents the Tule lakes as discharging into the Bay of San Francisco at San José! The range of his travels extended from San Francisco on the north to the Tule lakes on the east, and south to the southern boundary of the State. The pine bearing the heaviest cone of all the pine-trees known perpetuates his name. He must not be confounded with Dr. John Coulter, who published two volumes of adventure, several chapters of which were devoted to California. The latter was a whaler, and it is very doubtful whether he ever saw the country, and his narrative is so bare-threaded a tissue of lies, that it is only mentioned here to prevent any one from confounding the author with the eminent man whose name he bears.

In 1826, Beechey, in command of H. M. ship *Blossom*, visited San Francisco and Monterey, but added little to our knowledge of the country that could not have been gathered from the published accounts of his predecessors. He surveyed the bay as far as Benicia, and his pleasantly-told account of the country tempted the cupidity of Britain and attracted increased attention to California.

Beechey's visit was made soon after the close of of the Spanish rule and of the *patriarchal age* in California, and fifty years after the foundation of the Mission of San Francisco, and he had an opportunity of witnessing the fruits of half a century of Christian culture upon the natives. They had been taught in many of the useful arts, and "there was in almost every Mission weavers, tanners, shoemakers, bricklayers, carpenters, blacksmiths, and other artificers;" still the rigorous system of slavery was strictly enforced. "The services of the Indian for life belonged to the Mission, and if any neophyte should repent of his apostacy from the religion of his ancestors and desert, an armed force is sent in pursuit of him, and drags him back to punishment, apportioned to the degree of aggravation attached to his crime." Their attempts to escape were rarely successful, as the Mission lands were surrounded by *gentile* Indians, who entertained great hatred and contempt for those who had once entered the Christian fold. Nine years before, the Mission of San Francisco contained a thousand converts, now it was reduced to one-fourth of that number, and they were in a deplorable condition. Their hovels afforded scarcely any protection from the weather. Some of them were sleeping on the filthy floor, others were grinding parched acorns to make into cakes, after the manner of their forefathers. "Having served ten years in the Mission, an Indian might claim his liberty, provided any respectable settler would become security for his

good conduct; but he was never wholly free from the establishment, as part of his earnings must still be given to it. We heard of very few to whom this reward for servitude and good conduct had been granted." The dull monotony of the religious life of these children of nature was sometimes relieved by an excursion into their native wilds. Captain Beechey relates the particulars of one that occurred during his visit. A launch was fitted out at the San José Mission, under the superintendence of an Alcalde, well armed, and proceeded up through San Pablo bay into the San Joaquin river, which they followed until they came into the country of a tribe known as the Cosemenes, intending to make an attack upon them. They disembarked with their cannon, and went into camp near the *Gentile* village; but the *Gentiles*, not liking the mode of conversion, anticipated their enemy, and routed them. Some regained their launch, others found their way to the Mission by land, but thirty-four never returned; and the field-piece was left as spoil on the field of battle.

An expedition was set on foot to chastise and strike terror into the victorious tribe.

The Mission furnished the supplies and the Presidio supplied the troops, headed by José Antonio Sanchez. The expedition set out by land on the 19th of November, and returned on the 27th of the same month. The result is given in the following dispatch by Sanchez to his commander-in-chief. "On the morning

of the 20th the troop commenced its march, and, after stopping to dine at Las Positas, reached the river San Joaquin at eleven o'clock at night, when it halted. This day's march was performed without any accident, except that neighbor José Concha was nearly losing his saddle. The next day the Alvarez determined to send forward the auxiliary neophytes to construct balsas (of rushes) for the troop to pass a river that was in advance of them. The troop followed, and all crossed in safety; but among the last of the horses that forded the river was one belonging to soldier Leandro Flores, who lost his bridle, threw his rider, and kicked him in the face and forehead; and as poor Flores could not swim, he was in a fair way of losing his life before he came within sight of the field of battle; assistance was speedily rendered, and he was saved. As Sanchez wished to surprise the enemy, he encamped until dark to avoid being seen by the wild Indians, who were travelling the country; several of whom were met and taken prisoners. At five they resumed their march; but neighbor Gexbano Chaboya being taken ill with a pain in his stomach, there was a temporary halt of the army; it however soon set forward again, and arrived at the river of Yachicume at eleven at night, with only one accident occasioned by the horse of neighbor Leandro Flores again throwing up his heels, and giving him a formidable fall. The troop lay in ambush until five o'clock the next evening, and then set out, but here they were distressed by two horses running away.

“They were, however, both taken after a short march, which brought them to the river San Francisco, near the rancheria of their enemy, the Cosemenes, and where the Alfarez commanded his troops to prepare for battle, by putting on their armor. The 23d, the troop divided, and one division was sent around to intercept the Cosemenes, who had discovered the Christians, and were retreating, some of whom they made prisoners, and immediately the firing began. It had lasted about an hour, when the musket of José Maria Garnez burst and inflicted a mortal wound in his forehead; but this misfortune did not hinder the other soldiers from firing. The Gentiles also opened their fire of arrows, and the battle became general. Towards noon a shout was heard in the north quarter, and twenty Gentiles were seen skirmishing with three Christians, two on foot and one on horseback; and presently another shout was heard, and the Christians were seen flying, and the Gentiles in pursuit of them, who had already captured the horse.

“It was now four o'clock, and the Alfarez seeing that the Gentiles who were in ambush received little injury, disposed everything for the retreat of the troops, and having burnt the rancheria, and seen some dead bodies, he retreated three quarters of a league, and encamped for the night. On the 24th, the troops divided into parties, one charged with booty and prisoners, amounting to forty-four souls, mostly women. All the wounded that fell into their hands, were slain without mercy.

“The other party went with the veteran Sanchez to the rancheria to reconnoitre the dead bodies, of which he counted forty-one, men, women, and children. They met with an old woman there, the only one that was left alive, who was in so miserable a state that they showed their compassion by taking no account of her. The Alfarez then set out in search of the cannon that had been abandoned by the first expedition. The whole of the troop afterwards retreated, and arrived at the Mission of San José on the night of the 27th.”

On that day the veteran Sanchez made a triumphant entry, escorting fifty miserable women and children, the gun that had been lost in the first battle, and other trophies of the field. The victory, so glorious, according to the idea of the conqueror, was gained with the loss of only one man, who was mortally wounded by the bursting of his own gun.

The prisoners were immediately enrolled in the list of the mission, where they were converted, and duly taught to repeat the Lord's Prayer and hymns in the Spanish language.

A few days after, Captain Beechey attended High Mass, in commemoration of the patron Saint. All the converted Indians were compelled to attend. After the bell had done toiling, several alguazils went around to the huts, to see if all the Indians were at church, and if they found any loitering within them, they exercised with tolerable freedom a long lash, with a thong at the end of it.

“The congregation was arranged on both sides

of the building, separated by a wide aisle passing along the center, in which were stationed several alguazils, with whips, canes, and goads, to preserve silence and maintain order, and what seemed more difficult than either, to keep the congregation in their kneeling position.

“The goads were better adapted to this purpose than the whips, as they would reach a long way and inflict a sharp puncture without making any noise. The end of the church was occupied by a guard of soldiers under arms, with fixed bayonets; a precaution which experience had taught the necessity of observing.”

Sir Edward Belcher, who accompanied Beechey, revisited San Francisco in command of H. M. ship *Sulphur*, in the year 1837, and renewed the attempt to survey the Sacramento. He failed to find the San Joaquin River, and doubted its existence. He had as a guide “one of those trained in former days to *hunt for Christians*,” but he was equally at loss. The farthest limit of Belcher’s explorations fell short of those of Kotzebue, about one-fifth of a mile, allowing the observations of both navigators to have been correct, and a whole month was occupied in the work.

In 1841, Governor Simpson, of the Hudson Bay Company, made a considerable stay in San Francisco on his way around the world, and in his “Journey” has devoted a lengthy space to information about the country and general gossip about its people. He met here De Mofras, sent out by the French Government to report upon the

country. De Mofras gave undoubtedly the most thorough history of California, both political and physical, that had ever been condensed into one work. The same year Commander Wilkes, with a United States squadron, appeared upon the scene. His report is familiar to us all. H. M. ship *Herald* called here in the year 1846, but Monterey had already fallen into the hands of the Americans, and she sailed away disgusted. The voyage of the *Herald* was written by Seeman the botanist, and was published in two volumes. Under the sway of the great Republic and the discovery of gold which soon followed, a new era was opened to California, and the day of the so-called Pioneers began.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE SUFFERINGS OF A PARTY OF
ARGONAUTS WHO WERE COMPELLED TO ABANDON
THEIR VESSEL "THE DOLPHIN," ON THE
PENINSULA OF LOWER CALIFORNIA,
AND SEEK THEIR WAY ON FOOT
TO SAN DIEGO.

The statement on page 26 that a party bound to the gold regions had landed on the Peninsula of Lower California and made their way to San Diego on foot was made on the authority of one of the number, who was sick in Sacramento, in the Winter of 1849. I have not seen him since, but the publication of the statement resulted in my being put in possession of some interesting details from other sources, which I have thought worthy of preservation. The adventures of the Company who sailed in the *San Blazina*, from Mazatlan, and landed at Cape St. Lucas, were published in the *Overland Monthly* for September, 1875.

The steamer *Falcon* sailed from New Orleans in December, 1848, for Chagres, with some of the earliest adventurers who left the United States for California, after the discovery of gold there. Arriving at Panama, and finding no prospect of speedy conveyance from that port, a number of them purchased an old schooner, called the *Dol-*

phin, of about one hundred tons burthen, and put her up for passage to California. J. S. K. Ogier, afterwards Judge of the United States Court for the Southern District of California, was appointed Captain, and she sailed with a company of about forty-five men, on the 10th of January, 1849, of which the following are now living in San Francisco: A. W. Von Schmidt, Charles Baum, Conrad Prag, Henry M. Lewis, E. Friedmann and Jas. H. Jenkins. A short stay was made at the island of Tobago, to complete their outfit for the voyage. The most serious difficulty was experienced in getting a supply of water casks for so long a voyage, and it was considered prudent to keep close in shore, to enable them to replenish their supply of water, if it should be found necessary. The second day out the wind fell off, and they were ten days making the port of Puerta Arenas. Fearing the great peril of falling short of supplies of both provisions and water in seas so subject to calms, they set themselves seriously at work to fit out more liberally for the voyage that promised to prove longer than they had anticipated. A large square tank was constructed below deck with a capacity sufficient to contain an abundant supply of water, and they laid in a supply of such provisions as the place afforded, mostly of a perishable nature, such as dried beef, yams, pumpkins and fruit, and after a delay of a month they resumed their voyage. The vessel proved too leaky, her rigging old and rotten, and their progress was tedious. For two weeks they lay becalmed in sight of the twin vol-

canic peaks of Guatemala. Each day the land breeze carried them forward, but, the breeze failing at night, the current from the north set them back as much as they had gained during the day. Their provision again began to fail them, owing to its perishable nature, and it was discovered that the tank on which they had placed their chief dependence for water leaked, and they were again under the necessity of putting all hands under an allowance of food and water. Near the southern boundary of the Gulf of Tehuantepec they caught a strong breeze off shore that sent them well on their way, but it increased the leak and compelled them to greater labor at the pump. After the gale they stood in closer to the land in order to find some place where they could renew their supply of water, but the shore was everywhere guarded by the surf dashing high upon the rocks, or rolling in thunder upon the long reaches of sandy beach. At length they reached Manzanillo, where they found water, and obtained from the British ship of war, *Calypso*, a couple of barrels of provisions, and continued their voyage to Mazatlan, which they reached in eighty-four days from Panama. There they sold the vessel, and the greater number of them took passage in the bark *Matilda*, for San Francisco, where they arrived on the sixth day of May.

At Mazatlan large numbers of men were arriving from the overland journey through Mexico, and every means of transportation had been engaged for passage up the coast.

The party who purchased the *Dolphin* immediately put her up for passengers. They found but six water barrels on board, and no others to be had, and as the tank had proved unserviceable, they procured two large canoes and secured them, one on each side, on deck, filled them with water, and covered them over with boards. The space below deck was fitted up with berths, and such provisions as the market afforded, as jerked beef, beans, rice, pumpkins, etc., were procured. The city had been stripped of all proper ships' stores by vessels that had preceded them. One of the company was a man named Rossiter, who had successfully navigated a schooner on the Hudson river, and upon him was devolved the responsible duty of *steering* the *Dolphin* to California; but when the time arrived to comply with the terms of the sale, it was found that the required amount of money could not be collected. In this emergency, one Captain Winslow, proposed to take her off their hands, and they were to pay their passage money to him. Sixty-eight persons, including officers and crew, were stowed away in this small vessel, among them the following well-known citizens of California: James McClatchy, of the Sacramento *Bev*, Lewis H. Bonistell, of Hodge & Co., Alonzo Green, late Green & Markley; Gideon Reynolds, of the firm of Kelty & Reynolds, Santa Clara; Charles Brown, Santa Cruz; John McAllis, of Smartsville; J. W. Griffith, with Niles & Co., and J. B. Whitcomb, San Francisco; Samuel P. Crane, Sacramento; and others whose names will appear

in the narrative, but of whose fate I am not further informed.

The history of the cruise has been furnished to me in two manuscripts, written by John W. Griffith, of San Francisco, and Samuel P. Crane, of Sacramento. The former was a journal written at the time, and the latter from memory. They sailed out of Mazatlan on the 15th of April; and, in order to avoid the error of his predecessor in getting becalmed under the land, the Captain stood off to the westward, with the intention of making his longitude, and then standing in for his destination on one tack. For twenty-five days they sailed on their course, and had gone about one thousand miles, when, having but two barrels of water left in the hold, it was thought best to broach that in the canoes on deck, when, to their consternation, it was found to be so impregnated with the bitter and nauseating properties of the wood, that it was wholly unfit for use, even for cooking purposes. All hands were immediately put on a daily allowance of a pint to each man, and the vessel was headed for San Diego; but it became soon more than doubtful whether they could reach land at all, unless they took the wind free. The Captain insisted upon making the attempt to go to San Diego; the passengers remonstrated, and finally broke out into mutiny, deposed the Captain, and put the mate, Mr. Rossiter, in command, and the course was laid to the nearest land on the peninsula of Lower California. A guard was placed over the water, and the strictest economy

was enforced. Fresh provisions were quite gone, and the chief part of the supply consisted of rice and beans, which they were compelled to cook in sea water. With a fresh breeze, there was little doubt that their supply of water would last until they could reach land; but should it fall off to a long-continued calm, they anticipated great suffering. After about ten days of these sufferings, and apprehensions of still greater ones, they sighted an island and ran to it. A boat was sent on shore, and after four hours of unsuccessful search, it returned; no sign of fresh water could be found. The next day they made the main land, and the search for water was renewed. For seven days they coasted along, landing at every available spot to renew the search, but nowhere was a drop of fresh water to be found. Their situation was now very critical. They estimated their distance from San Diego to be about three hundred miles south. They had lost seventy miles lee-way in the last three days. Everywhere the coast presented the same forbidding, inhospitable appearance; barren, rocky cliffs, where, if rain ever fell, it was evaporated at once by the heated rocks. A grave consultation was held on deck. What dreadful alternatives presented themselves? To the south there was not a drop of fresh water until they should pass Cape St. Lucas, and that was too far off to afford a hope of reaching it, and if they could, what could they do in their destitute state? The poor success of the schooner in beating up to the north, her leaky condition, that made it necessary

for all hands to take their turn at the pump that never rested, and her sails and rigging becoming every day more dilapidated and unserviceable, gave small hope that they could look farther north for succor; certainly not with the large number of persons on board. A vote was taken, and forty-eight resolved to take their chances on shore, with such necessities as they could carry on their backs. This included nearly all the able-bodied passengers. Some of them were too much exhausted from long-continued sea-sickness and starvation to endure the hardship that would be necessarily encountered. There were still left four days' rations of water to those remaining on board, allowing a pint a day to each person. A landing was effected on the 28th of May, under the protection of a point of rocks. The first boat contained Crane, John R. Clark, James H. Clark, and Robert J. Melville. They landed in safety, and set out in different directions for water. Nearly all were landed before dark, and each boat-load, as it landed, was swamped in the surf; but a fire was built on the shore, and all were rendered comfortable. Those who landed first had explored the country about five miles in every direction, but they reported no signs of water. There was no time to be lost. They each had a bottle of the bitter water from the schooner, and that was their only resource until they should find more. They set out the same evening, and traveled about three miles, and unable to proceed further, from the darkness, they laid down upon the top of a hill. Here the atmosphere was

warmer, and undisturbed by the motion of the vessel, they all slept soundly. The next morning, after the best breakfast they could prepare, they renewed their journey, in hope of crossing a trail that their chart told them led up the peninsula not far off. They were all enervated by the life on board ship, and by their scanty allowance of food for so long a time, and their halts were frequent and progress slow over the sharp, loose rocks. There was no soil on the surface, and the rocks had the appearance of having been burned, and either red or black. Amongst them grew various species of *cacti*, the only vegetation. About mid-day the heat became oppressive, and in their distress they began to throw away everything that encumbered them. After crossing a high hill, they entered a deep ravine, at the bottom of which they had strong hopes of finding water. Three of the party, who had started without water, preferring to take the risk of not finding it on shore rather than to take the nauseous fluid from the schooner, gave out—two brothers named Smith, and one Goss, a lawyer—and were left behind. At the bottom of the cañon they fixed their camp, in the shadow of a rock—for the heat was very great—and scattered about in search of water, their great necessity, but none could be found, and they continued down the ravine, which seemed to have been the bed of a torrent in the rainy season.

About four o'clock in the afternoon they came to a small cañon where the rocks were damp, and they dug in various places but found no moisture.

They licked the moist rocks in their distress, and, with their lips and mustaches covered with mud, gave it up to renew the search. A bull dog, owned by one of the party named Houghton, commenced pawing the ground about fifty yards off, and by his persistence attracted the attention of the men, and with a small spade which had been brought along, they commenced to dig, and after sinking about four feet they found an abundant supply of good water. The stragglers were all called in, and there was general rejoicing. They were fearful of drinking too much, but, having satisfied their thirst, they all fell to cooking their rice and whatever food they had saved, in their drinking cups. Their next thought was of those who had given out on the way. Crane and three others set out, with canteens filled, to their relief. They were found where they had halted; two were unable to speak from the swollen condition of their tongues. Their joy was very great at the unlooked-for relief. They were allowed to drink but sparingly at first, but after a while they were able to drink moderate draughts, and were assisted on to the camp, at the well. Crane's account relates that the most of the party remained here all the next day, cooking and eating till they had nothing left. Twelve of them, including Griffith, started on and camped in a ravine, without water, where they waited for the remainder to join them, and then continued their course up the ravine.

"The whole country," I quote from Griffith's journal, "has the appearance of having been blackened by volcanic fires. On the sides of the ravine

we now met with a few green shrubs. In our course we came to a very high mountain, which it seemed necessary that we must cross, but as we came nearer, we found a deep ravine interposed, and into this we must go; it seemed an almost hopeless undertaking, as we had to get down by holding on to whatever we could, and jumping from rock to rock. When part of the way down we saw a stream of water. In their eagerness to reach it many threw away their baggage to lighten their loads—blankets, shirts, and every disposable thing; some were so imprudent as to dump on the ground rice, which others, more provident or more destitute, picked up; every ounce was a pound to us, having been on an allowance of food, with little or no exercise on shipboard, and the heat made everything a burthen to us. Our route could be traced by the articles we had thrown away. How great was our disappointment on reaching the bottom of the cañon to find the water brackish and unfit to drink. Here another consultation was held and another unburdening took place, as we found climbing over high hills and down into deep ravines, with nothing to encumber us, no easy thing. Some, more avaricious than others, picked up what had been thrown away, but after carrying them awhile were glad to drop them. In leaving articles to lighten my load, I hesitated before throwing away two things; one was a bible given to me by my wife previous to leaving home, the other was her daguerreotype; after a little while I laid the bible on the ground;

a man, named Gray, picked it up and carried it several days, and was about to leave it on the ground, when I took it again. Our course continued up the ravine for some miles, and at noon we rested under the shade of some bushes. Some one, thinking it was not hot enough, set them on fire, and being very dry, they burned furiously and drove us out. Some few of us started on ahead, and late in the afternoon found tracks of mules in the sand, at first a few, and further on they increased in number. Our hopes were raised, as they were taken as signs of some habitation near. Some were of the opinion that they were the tracks of wild animals, but the prints of horseshoes determined that question. Many amusing scenes occurred in this ravine, as all were in good spirits at the near approach to a settlement. Our advance party camped, at sundown, on a bluff at a bend in the ravine, where we found good water. We cooked our supper and laid down, concluding that the rest of the party would not come up that night, but they made their appearance about nine o'clock, when a grand counsel was called. Many were the speculations indulged in. Some were of the opinion that we were near some Indian village, others that the prints of horseshoes were purely imaginary, and that the animals were wild. Those who had carefully observed the sides of the ravine saw no possible way in which an animal could get into it except at this point. Many of us had looked for the entrance of the trail, but we could not find it. It proved afterwards to have been hidden by the bushes.

On the following morning a party of reconnoissance was started out, with the understanding that the remainder of the party should not move until their return; but, owing to some misunderstanding, they pushed on up the ravine. When the reconnoitering party returned, they found us all gone, and hurried after to stop us. They had found a trail leading northwest, and we retraced our steps to follow it. It proved to be the one we were in search of. The day's march had been over much marshy ground, and our feet were wet the most of the time. We had lost one day's hard work, and camped at night within a stone's throw of the last camp ground. Some rattlesnakes were killed and eaten. In the morning we were up early, and followed the trail out of the ravine. After going two or three miles we came to a stream of pure water, from which we drank freely. My task was a hard one, for my joints were attacked with rheumatism from the effects of wet feet. With a long staff I managed to follow on; but I could not keep up with the party, and was compelled to camp alone for several nights. I did not fear wild beasts, for I thought the country could not sustain them.

The provisions of many were now quite gone. One of a party of four managed to shoot a small bird, of which they made soup. This was all they had for twenty-four hours. We were now on a trail leading, in all probability, to some settlement. With what anxiety everything was noted that could inform us where we were! We would now

and then discover horse chips—some old and bleached, others quite fresh; we thought we could discover occasionally the print of a sandal. Some of the croakers were constantly complaining of our situation; but there was no use in crying; there was nothing but death behind us, no hope where we were, and nothing was left us but to move on; some would have lain down to die, but for the encouragement of the more hopeful. At one time I was so lame that I had fallen behind all the others, as I thought; it was very hot, and I laid myself down under the shade of a large cactus tree to cook my last rice. I had not laid long when James H. Clark came along, and asked me if I was not going on to join the main party. I told him no, but advised him to do so; but he preferred to stay with me. I was anxious to have him go on, so that I might enjoy my rice alone, for I could not cook and eat it in his presence without sharing it with him; but finding that he would not go, I said to him, 'Jim, I've got some rice.' 'Have you?' said he; and you never saw a poor fellow's face light up as his did. After cooking and eating the rice, we hurried on in hopes of overtaking the main party, and again rested awhile; then I started on alone. I was now out of water, having upset my flask; but I substituted the Turk's-head Cactus, which I could cut open with a hatchet I carried. The inside was of a pulpy consistence, and contained water not unlike that of a water-melon. The only food now to be had was the fruit of the prickly pear. The great drawback to

them is that they are full of fine thorns, but inside they are filled with a mucilaginous substance quite nutritious. My mouth and hands were full of these thorns. Some would not eat them for fear of their being poisonous, and others because of the thorns. Near sundown some one discovered a horse near the trail. We could not catch him, so we drove him down into a ravine where there was water, and shot him. Crane states that the horse was in miserable condition, very poor, and the entire portion of his back covered by the saddle being a mass of corruption, he had been turned out from some train to die. Having skinned him, we commenced cutting from the fore-quarter, some one saying that was the rule in regard to horse flesh. After eating sufficient to satisfy our wants, we cured the rest by roasting on the coals. Finding the old horse saved the dog, for the only reason we had not eaten him before was the great attachment the owner had for him, he having, during the period of short rations, divided his water with him. "It was now Saturday night," says Griffith's journal, "and it was spent in curing our meat, which was to be our reliance in the future; but some were so voracious that on Sunday morning they had eaten all their meat. I was lucky in having a little bag of pepper and salt with which to season mine. I gave away some of my meat with salt on it, and soon had demand for all my pepper and salt. The result of this surfeit of horse flesh was that some were taken sick. One man, named Melville, who had butchered the meat,

was so ill that we were compelled to leave him behind, with two or three others. We provided for them as well as we could under the circumstances. A little rice was mustered for them, and they were furnished with arms and some ammunition, so that in case they saw anything to shoot, they would be prepared, and with the understanding that relief would be sent to them as soon as found.

It was now necessary that the strongest and best walkers should push ahead. I had now my haversack full of horse meat to carry. This day, Sunday, June 3d, several snakes were killed and made into soup; one had ten rattles. Started on ahead, and kept so for about ten miles, when I stopped to rest, the main party passing by. Some of the stragglers urged me on, but I was too tired, and camped alone until Mr. Austin came up and stopped with me. We made some tea.

Monday, 4th.—Arose before daybreak and pushed on, eating my fill of prickly pears as we walked. After crossing a high mountain, came to a ravine, in hopes of finding water; found some of the party resting. A note was found directing them down the ravine about one and a half miles to water. Here, in this ravine, we found nuts and wild plums. As we go north the country looks better. This was my worst day's travel, as I was quite lame, and hardly able to move along, but persevered. My horse flesh I could not eat. Several applied to me for some; at last I gave it all away, glad to get rid of it. My reliance is the

prickly pear. We have to carry our water, not knowing when we will come to it again.

Crossed quite a plain, and about sunset camped in a ravine alone, the party being all in advance. I laid down and soon fell asleep. I dreamed that I heard guns and the ringing of bells, and awoke chilled through. The moon was shining beautifully. I started up and followed the trail by the light of the moon, and increased my pace to overcome the benumbing effects of the cold. In a short time I thought I saw the ruins of an old building, but it was an illusion; it proved to be a projecting point of rocks. Passing it, I pressed on, in hopes of reaching the camp of the main party. At last came into a valley or a plain spread out, and thought I could see a light in the distance, but made up my mind not to be deceived again, and hurried on. The lights grew plainer; then the ruins of an old church came in view. The roof was fallen in. I feared my senses were deceiving me. Then the lights appeared to move; that could not be an illusion. At last saw the form of a man moving, and his shadow on the ground; as I approached him he shouted, 'Hallo, Grif, is that you?' I had found the party in camp and what a camp! I was piloted across a stream and taken into an old *adobe*. There lay my companions, stretched out upon the dirty floor, wrapped in their blankets, in two rows, with a passage-way between. Some were snoring soundly, others awake. Hovering over a fireplace in the room were three or four, boiling or roasting

corn, which had been obtained of Mexicans who had preceded us on the trail, and whose abandoned horse we had eaten. They were from Moleje, on the Gulf, bound to El Rosario. They at first refused to part with their corn, as they had only a peck, and that was to last seven men and one woman; but when they heard their story of starvation, they gave one-half of their corn. It was the determination of some to take it by force, if it was refused. Each man had dealt out to him his allotted share; but not being there at the time, my share was not considered. But I lost nothing, for when I came in quite a number gave me a contribution, so that in fact I had a better share than the others. The guns and ringing bells, of which I thought I dreamed, were realities. The old bell at the Mission was set ringing, and guns were fired by the boys, to bring in the stragglers, and to express their joy.

This was the Valley and Mission of San Fernando. It is capable of being made a beautiful spot, has been highly cultivated, and is easy of irrigation. It is two miles long. At the Mission were two bells, one on the ground and the other hung in the Mission tower; the dates upon them were 1761 and 1767. There seemed to be a room in the old ruins which was kept in some order, as I could see through the keyhole gilding, painting, and the altar. About a mile below the old ruin there was an Indian's hut; he had a small patch of wheat, not ripe, which we compelled him to pull and thrash and make into mush, which he

was well paid for; this gave us half a pint each. The old fellow did not like to do it. We also obtained some little meal from him to help us on our journey to El Rosario, twelve leagues off.

Started on our journey for El Rosario about two o'clock, and crossing a high mountain, came to what was apparently the crater of a volcano. We could look down and see vegetation while we were on the brink of a precipice. Arrived in camp alone about ten o'clock; beautiful moonlight.

Thursday, June 5th.—Continued our journey about daylight—Rosario said to be six and a half leagues distant—the Mexican and party with us. Came to another high mountain, crossed it, and struck into a ravine which led us into another valley, which might be made very fertile by irrigating. Continued on, very tired and sore-footed; at last came in sight of the long-looked-for place; hardly able to move along. We came to an Indian's hut; he had some mush, made out of something that tasted much like the earth. We did not ask what it was made from, but devoured it, and we felt rested and refreshed.

It seemed as though we would never get to Rosario—it appeared so near, and yet was so far. At length, about 4 P. M., we arrived. Those who had preceded us prepared dinner, and it was ready waiting us, and it was the best dinner I ever ate; it was of beans and corn bread. It was the first meal eaten in twenty days. We killed a beef, had supper on it, and camped under fig and apple trees, close to the bank of the river.

Wednesday, 6th.—Breakfasted on meat and *tortillas*; spent the morning in drying what was left of the beef, and barbecued the ribs for dinner. The people are quite friendly, the women good-looking. Had some more of the good corn cake. Some of the party have started on for San Diego. Horses and provisions have been sent to the sick man and party. It seems as though the men would never get enough to eat. We are enjoying our rest finely, and our feet are getting well.

Thursday, 7th.—Part of the company have crossed the river and camped. It is a beautiful valley. One could make a comfortable home here. The coast is about five miles distant. Some, who have money, are trying to buy horses, but they are held high, as those that have preceded us have bought all that could be spared. I tried to buy a peck of *pinola* of a woman, for which I offered her a dollar, which she refused, but wanted my shirt. As I had on two, I gave her one.

Saturday, 9th.—Crossed the river, preparatory to a start. About six o'clock in the morning breakfasted on bread and milk; saw about one hundred head of sleek, fat cattle. Started on the trail about three o'clock; followed up a ravine until we came to a table land; crossed it, and camped near the shore of the ocean, in a little ravine that protected us from the cold winds of the coast. It was a little spot, not more than twenty feet square, and full of holes. McAllis, my companion, says: 'You are not going to camp here, are you, Grif?' I said, 'Yes; why not?'

‘Why, it’s full of rattlesnakes!’ ‘Nonsense,’ I said; ‘we can lay our blankets down and keep them in their holes.’ We proceeded to build a fire to cook our supper. McAllis was scraping some brush to feed the fire, when he disturbed a good sized rattlesnake; he jumped half-way across the ravine and shouted, ‘Hallo, Grif, I thought you said you would keep all those rattlesnakes in their holes.’ Soon others of the party came up, and, finding no other ground for camping, joined us. The ocean beach was not far distant; however, we slept soundly, notwithstanding the roar of the surf.

We were told, on leaving Rosario, that we should not find water for some distance. We had used up all our water that night, and had none for breakfast. We soon came to the ocean shore, and followed it some distance. About nine o’clock came to a place where there had been water, but it was all dried up now; here we rested, tired and hungry. After resting some time, I thought I would take a look around. I saw, at the distance of twenty or thirty miles, a range of mountains, from whence I knew there must be a stream of water, and it must naturally come to the ocean. I confidently predicted water in the direction, and was laughed at. Feeling hurt, I picked up my baggage, and asked Mac if he would accompany me, but he preferred stopping there. I had not gone more than two miles before I came to a beautiful stream of water. I thought to myself, Shall I make my breakfast, while the others are

parched up for want of water, while here there is plenty? I soon unburdened myself, and walked back, expecting to hear them shout at the news; but no, I was answered, 'It's all a d—d lie!' I turned about and left them. McAllis soon overtook me and told me what they said. We had about got through with our breakfast when the rest of the party came up. They looked very sheepish, and well they might; it was no easy thing for me to walk four miles extra, after having traveled since daylight, tired hungry and footsore, merely to give them news that water was near, and then to be abused for it!

We started on in the afternoon, and followed the beach, but had not proceeded far before we discovered two vessels lying in under the shore, a good distance off; saw a dead whale on the beach; about sunset came to a house, and the two vessels proved to be the *Paradiso*—of Genoa—and our schooner the *Dolphin*. Nearly all hands were ashore. Mr. Graves determined to go in her on account of sore feet. Captain Rossiter advised me not to go, as she leaked badly.

Monday, 11th.—Nearly the whole party have gone on by land; distance to San Francisco, six hundred and fifty miles. They are unable to get horses, and are on foot. McAllis has gone on board the schooner to get his baggage, believing she will never get to San Francisco. The *Paradiso* sailed this morning, with some of the passengers from the schooner. We sent on board of her for some provisions, but the boat was swamped and all were lost."

Melville had been left sick on the trail, in company with Crane and John R. Clark. They were without medicines of any kind, and his sufferings were very great. During the paroxysms of his pain they laid him upon the ground, but the desperation of the situation compelled them to bear him along in the intervals. In this way they proceeded about four miles, when Crane went back to the horse camp for a supply of water, and to get a blanket that he remembered seeing there, thrown away, and which they now needed. That night they camped on the the trail, and the following day proceeded as before.

They were strong in the hope of aid from the advance party by this time, and their fears were growing that they had lost the trail, for it was very obscure, from the light travel on it. It was agreed that Clark should start ahead and hold the trail by every possible means. "Being left alone with the sick man," Crane says, "and the canteen nearly empty, we camped, having made about four miles. I arranged the blanket for a shade, and went back again to the horse camp. My desire to eat was very great, for having lived so long on short rations, it appeared that when I commenced eating I could not satisfy myself: and as my stock of cured meat was exhausted, I trimmed off more from the bones of the old horse, and cut a little nearer parts which had been refused before; but it looked so bad, having been exposed for two days, that I preferred some pieces, crisped or partly burned, which I picked up in the vicinity of the

various fires, and that had been thrown aside by the boys when they were curing. By this means I obtained some three or four pounds, and returned to camp. About nine or ten o'clock we were surprised at seeing a man coming along the trail towards us. We started to our feet, and he halted, when he took his rifle by the muzzle, trailed it along the ground, and approached, saying he was "*Christiano*." He was an old Mission Indian, of pleasant and generous features, and told us in Spanish, so that we could understand him a little, that he lived at the deserted Mission of San Fernando; that he had met Clark, and that the main party had passed on to El Rosario, a small settlement about forty miles distant from his place. He took from a girdle which was tied about him some *pinola*, a kind of flour made of wheat, parched, and ground on stones, and we soon mixed some for Melville, who could eat but little. The old man asked me if I was hungry, and, upon my showing him my meat, he gave a look of disgust, and told me to bring wood, whilst he cut the stalks from a species of Cactus very much resembling cornstalks, at the same time digging from the ground with his knife the bulbous root of another species. After I had collected a pile of dried Cactus, the old man cut the stalks into pieces about two feet in length, and, throwing them on the pile, set fire to it. In about thirty minutes the heat had burned the outside off, and the inner part was about the consistence of a banana, and I thought it the best food I had ever tasted. He

then dug a small hole in the ground, into which he placed the roots, and built a fire over them. In about two hours they were sufficiently cooked, and they resembled the sweet potato in taste. The effect of eating it was like that of drinking wine after dinner. I need not say that after this I ate no more horse meat. Soon after our benefactor scooped out a trench in the ground, and, lying down in it, drew the sand over his limbs and prepared to go to sleep. I gave him one of the blankets; my generosity seemed to confound him, for I had already given him a couple of boxes of caps for his rifle. At daybreak the old Indian left us, to go some miles distant, with the promise to return during the day and assist us to his place, if we were not able to get there before.

During the day Clark returned with some food. He reported that the advance party had been unable to procure any animals, but they had sent the Indian to their assistance, and hoped to extend better aid from El Rosario. They resumed their journey, and later in the day met a native leading a horse. Upon this Melville was securely tied, and they reached a rancherio about midnight. Here the Indian women practiced their medical art upon the invalid, unsuccessfully. Early the next day they resumed their journey towards El Rosario. At this place, a small collection of *adobe* houses, they joined the main party. The medical skill of this place affording no aid to the sufferer, they continued their journey to the sea-coast, where, as has been already stated, the *Dolphin*

lay at anchor, and Melville was placed on board of her, where he received such attentions that he was partially restored to health.

The party continued their journey up the coast, sometimes following the line of the sea-shore and sometimes over spurs of the mountains, meeting everywhere with kindness from the natives, and obtaining from them such supplies of food as their necessities required. Animals were found for those who were unable to travel on foot from the effects of cactus thorns and sharp rocks on feet inadequately protected, and they continued their journey until the twenty-fourth of June, when they arrived at San Diego. Hungry, ragged, and destitute, they saw above the military station at that place the Stars-and-Stripes flying, which they 'greeted with a hearty good will.'

The *Dolphin* renewed her endeavor to reach San Francisco, and succeeded in working as far north as to be within sixty miles of Monterey, where they landed for supplies of wood and water. Some cattle were found here and one was killed and taken on board.

Adverse winds are more violent north of point Conception, and the schooner was driven back so far that the men who remained with her abandoned all hope of ever reaching San Francisco, and bore away for San Diego, where they arrived with the vessel in a sinking condition. Melville died the day before her arrival, and was buried there. He is represented by his companions as having been a young man, intelligent, kind, a good companion

and a true friend. His heroic fortitude, under intense and long-continued suffering, endeared him to all.

The wreck was condemned and sold, the proceeds being divided amongst the passengers and crew, who made the best of their way to San Francisco.

I have presented this account without any attempt at adornment, believing that its unaffected simplicity is a stronger testimonial of its truthfulness than the elegant clothing with which even an Irving could have invested it.





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