

California. Four months among the gold-finders, being the diary of an expedition from San Francisco to the gold districts. By J. Tyrwhitt Brooks, M.D. [pseud.] What I saw in California, a description of its soil, climate, productions, and gold mines; with the best routes and latest information for intending emigrants. By Edwin Bryant, late alcade of San Francisco. To which is annexed, an appendix containing official documents and letters authenticating the accounts of the quantities of gold found, with its actual value ... With a map

CALIFORNIA.

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BEING THE DIARY OF AN EXPEDITION

FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO THE GOLD DISTRICTS.

BY J. TYRWHITT BROOKS, M.D.

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A DESCRIPTION OF ITS SOIL, CLIMATE, PRODUCTIONS, AND GOLD MINES

WITH THE BEST ROUTES AND LATEST INFORMATION FOR INTENDING EMIGRANTS.

BY EDWIN BRYANT,

Late Alcade of San Francisco.

TO WHICH IS ANNEXED, AN APPENDIX

CONTAINING OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS AND LETTERS AUTHENTICATING THE
ACCOUNTS OF THE

QUANTITIES OF GOLD FOUND, WITH ITS ACTUAL VALUE ASCERTAINED BY
CHEMICAL ASSAY.

ALSO LATE COMMUNICATIONS CONTAINING ACCOUNTS OF THE HIGHEST
INTEREST

AND IMPORTANCE FROM THE GOLD DISTRICTS.

WITH A MAP.

PARIS,

A. AND W. GALIGNANI AND Co,

RUE VIVIENNE, No 18.

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TYRWHITT BROOKS, M.D.**

PREFACE.

THE accompanying diary—some interesting circumstances connected with which will be found in a letter given at the end of the present volume—was sent home by the Author merely for the entertainment of the members of his own family and a few private friends. It has been submitted to the public in the hope that, as an authentic record of a variety of interesting particulars connected with the original discovery and present condition of the Gold Districts of California, it will not fail to prove acceptable.

London, 1849.

CHAPTER I.

Clearing the Faranollés—Making the entrance to the Bay of San Francisco—The passage through the Strait—Appearance of the Bay—Town of San Francisco—The anchor is let go—The Author

goes on shore—His bad luck—Sweeting's Hotel—The Author and Mr. Malcolm propose visiting the American settlements—They become acquainted with Captain Fulsom and Mr. Bradley—Object of the Author's visit to California—Mr. M'Phail leaves for Sonoma—The Houses of San Francisco, and their inhabitants—Native California—Senoritas and cigarettos.

I felt heartily glad to hear that we were then clearing the Faranolles, and soon hurried up on deck, but we continued beating about for several hours before we made the entrance to the Bay of San Francisco. At length, however, we worked our way in between the two high bluffs, and along a strait a couple of miles wide and nearly five miles long, flanked on either side with bold broken hills—passing on our right hand the ricketty-looking fortifications erected by the Spaniards for the defence of the passage, but over which the Yankee stars and stripes were now floating. On leaving the strait we found ourselves on a broad sheet of rippling water looking like a great inland lake, hemmed in on all sides by lofty hills on which innumerable herds of cattle and horses were grazing, with green islands and clusters of rock rising up here and there, and a little fleet of ships riding at anchor. On our right was the town of San Francisco.

I had suffered so much from the voyage, that when the anchor was let go I felt no inclination to hurry on shore. M'Phail and Malcolm, however, went off, but promised to return to the ship that night. I soon after turned into my hammock, and, thanks to the stillness of the water in which we rode, slept soundly till morning.

April 29 th.—This morning we all rose early, and went on shore. The little baggage we had we took in the boat. Malcolm told me that he had heard the war was over between the United States and Mexico, and I bitterly congratulated myself on experiencing my usual run of bad luck. We made our way to Sweeting's hotel, which Malcolm and M'Phail had visited yesterday, and stated to be the best of the three hotels which have sprung up here since the Americans became masters of the place.

Malcolm intends making an excursion to the interior. He proposes to visit the American settlements, and to satisfy himself as to the reputed advantages which California presents as an

agricultural country. I have agreed to accompany him. We have fallen in with two very pleasant American gentlemen at our hotel to-day—one, a Captain Fulsom, holding some appointment under Government here; the other, a young friend of his named Bradley. We had some conversation together on the subject of the Mexican war, in the course of which I learnt that Mr. Bradley has been a resident in California for the last eight years, and that he was one of the officers of the volunteer corps attached to the army of the United States, while military operations were going on in this country. I told him of my desire to enter as a surgeon in the service of the States, and he promised to speak to Captain Fulsom on the subject, and obtain from him a letter to Colonel Mason, the new governor; but he is afraid there is little chance of my meeting with success, as nearly all the 2 volunteer corps have been, or are about to be, disbanded. Both Mr. Bradley and Captain Fulsom speak very favourably of the climate and soil of California, and say that an enterprising agriculturist is sure to make a speedy fortune. Mr. Bradley, who has agreed to accompany us on our trip, strongly advises Malcolm to shift his quarters from Oregon, and settle here, saying that he is sure my friend will do so when he has once seen the farms in the Sacramento valley, whither we are to start early next week. M'Phail left us to-day, to make a trip to Sonoma.

San Francisco, although as yet but a poor place, will no doubt become a great emporium of commerce. The population may be about a couple of thousands; of these two-thirds are Americans. The houses, with the exception of some few wooden ones which have been shipped over here by the Americans, are nearly all built of unburnt bricks. The appearance of the native Californian is quite Spanish. The men wear high steeple-like hats, jackets of gaudy colours, and breeches of velvet, generally cotton. They are a handsome swarthy race. The best part in the faces of the women are their eyes, which are black and very lustrous. The Californian belles, I am sorry to say, spoil their teeth by smoking cigarettos.

CHAPTER II.

Start for Monterey—Horse equipments in California—The advantages of them—Rifles and Ruffians—Californian Scenery—Immense herds of cattle—Mission of Santa Clara—Pueblo of San José—A Californian farm-house—What it is like inside and out—Prolific crops of wheat—Saddle-

sickness—The journey is resumed—Mission of San José—Arrival at Monterey—The Author's visit to Colonel Mason—Surgeons not wanted in California—Rumours of gold being found on the Sacramento—Characteristics of Monterey—Don Luis Palo and his sisters—What all Californian dinners consist of—The party return to San Francisco.

MONTEREY.— *May 4 th.*—Started off early on the morning of the 2nd on our journey to Monterey. We found our horses in readiness in the hotel yard, in charge of a servant (here called a vaquero) of Mr. Bradley's. The latter, having business to transact at Monterey, accompanied us. My horse was equipped after the Spanish fashion, with the usual high-pommel'd cumbrous saddle, with a great show of useless trappings, and clumsy wooden stirrups, and for a long time I found the riding sufficiently disagreeable, though, doubtless, far more pleasant than a coast journey would have been, with a repetition of the deadly sea-sickness from which I had already suffered so much. I soon found out, too, the advantages of the Spanish saddle, as enabling one to keep one's seat when travelling over the rough broken country through which our road ran. Bradley had told us to have our rifles in readiness, as no one travels any distance here without that very necessary protection, the mountains near the coast being infested with lawless gangs of ruffians, who lie in wait for solitary travellers.

The first part of our ride lay through a dense thicket of underwood, and afterwards across parched up valleys, and over low sandy hills; then past large grazing grounds—where cattle might be counted by the thousand—and numerous ranchos or farms, the white farm buildings, surrounded by little garden patches, scattered over the hill sides. We at length came to an extensive plain, with groups of oaks spread over its surface, and soon afterwards reached the neglected Mission of Santa Clara, where we halted for a few hours. On leaving here our road was over a raised causeway some two or three miles in length, beneath an avenue of shady trees, which extended as far as the outskirts of the town of St. José. This town, or pueblo as it is called, is nothing more than a mass of ill-arranged and ill built houses, with an ugly church and a broad plaza, peopled by three or four hundred inhabitants. Not being used to long journeys on horseback, I felt disposed to stop here for the night, but Bradley urged us to proceed a few miles farther, where we could take up our quarters at a rancho belonging to a friend of his. Accordingly we pushed on, and, after a ride of

about seven miles, diverged from the main road, and soon reached the farm-house, where we were well entertained, and had a good night's rest.

Like the generality of houses in California, this was only one story high, and was built of piles driven into the ground, interlaced with boughs and sticks, and then plastered over with mud and whitewashed. The better class of farm-houses are built of adobes, or unburnt bricks, and tiled over. The interior was as plain and cheerless as it well could be. The floor was formed of the sod, beaten down till it was as firm and hard as a piece of stone. The room set apart for our sleeping accommodation boasted as its sole ornaments a Dutch clock and a few gaudily-coloured prints of saints hung round the walls. The beds were not over comfortable, but we were too tired to be nice. In the morning I took a 3 survey of the exterior, and saw but few cattle stalled in the sheds around the house. The greater part, it seems, after being branded, are suffered to run loose over the neighbouring pastures. There was a well-cultivated garden in the rear of the house, with abundance of fruit trees and vegetables.

While we were at breakfast, Malcolm asked our host several questions about his crops, and soon found that he was no practical agriculturist. He had, however, at Bradley's suggestion, discarded the native wooden plough for the more effective American implement. He told us that he calculated his crop of wheat this year would yield a hundred fanegas for every one sown; and, on our expressing our surprise at such a bountiful return, said that sixty or over was the usual average. If so, the soil must be somewhat wonderful. After expressing our thanks, for the hospitality shown us, to the wife of our host, who was a very pretty little dark-eyed woman, with a most winning way about her, we started off to resume our journey. For my own part, I felt very loth to proceed, for I was terribly fatigued by my performance of yesterday, and suffered not a little from that disagreeable malady called "saddle-sickness." Our Californian accompanied us some short distance on our road, which lay for many miles through a wide valley, watered by a considerable stream, and overgrown with oaks and sycamores. Low hills rose on either hand, covered with dark ridges of lofty pine trees, up which herds of elk and deer were every now and then seen scampering. We at length entered upon a narrow road through a range of green sheltering hills, and, passing the Mission of San Juan,

crossed a wide plain and ascended the mountain ridge which lay between us and Monterey, where we arrived late in the day.

Next morning Mr. Bradley accompanied me to the Governor's house, where we saw Colonel Mason, the new governor of the State. He received us with great politeness, but said that the war, if war it deserved to be called, was now at an end, that but a small number of troops were stationed in the country, and that there was no vacancy for a surgeon. "Indeed," he said, "considering that we have given up head-breaking, and the climate is proverbially healthy, California is hardly the place for doctors to settle in. Besides," said he, "the native Californians all use the Temescal (a sort of air-bath) as a remedy for every disorder." Colonel Mason then asked Mr. Bradley if he had heard the reports of gold having been found on the Sacramento, as Mr. Fulsom had casually mentioned in a letter to him that such rumours were prevalent at San Francisco. Bradley replied that he had heard something about it, but believed that there was no truth in the matter, although a few fools had indeed rushed off to the reputed gold mines forthwith. With this our interview terminated.

Monterey seems to be a rising town. The American style of houses is superseding the old mud structures, and numbers of new buildings are being run up every month. The hotel we stopped at has only been recently opened by an American. Monterey is more-over a port of some importance, if one may judge from the number of vessels lying at anchor.

May 7 th.—On Friday we dined at the house of Don Luis Palo, a Californian gentleman of agreeable manners, whose father held office here under the Spanish government previous to the Mexican Revolution. I believe it is Don Luis's intention shortly to return to Spain. He is unmarried, and his two sisters are the handsomest women I have yet seen in this country; their beauty is quite of the Spanish style. A dinner in California seems to be always the same—first soup and then beef, dressed in various ways, and seasoned with chillies, fowls, rice, and beans, with a full allowance of pepper and garlic to each dish.

On Saturday we set out on our return, and after two days' hard riding reached San Francisco to-day at 4, p.m.

CHAPTER III.

An arrival at San Francisco from the gold district—Captain Fulsom intends visiting the mine—The first Alcalde and others examine the gold—Parties made up for the diggings—Newspaper reports—The Government officers propose taking possession of the mine—The Author and his friends decide to visit the Sacramento Valley—A horse is bought—Increase of the gold excitement—Work people strike work and prepare to move off—Lawyers, storekeepers, and others follow their example—The Author's journey delayed—Ten dollars a-day for a negro waiter—Waiting for a saddler—Don Luis Palo arrives from Monterey on his way to the mines—The report of the Government taking possession of the mines contradicted—Desertion of part of the Monterey garrison—Rumoured extent of the mines—The Author and his friends agree to go in company—Return of M'Phail—Preparations for the journey—"Gone to the diggings."

May 8 th.—Captain Fulsom called at Sweeting's to-day. He had seen a man this morning who reported that he had just come from a 4 river called the American Fork, about one hundred miles in the interior, where he had been gold-washing. Captain Fulsom saw the gold he had with him; it was about twenty-three ounces weight, and in small flakes. The man stated that he was eight days getting it, but Captain Fulsom hardly believed this. He says that he saw some of this gold a few weeks since, and thought it was only "mica," but good judges have pronounced it to be genuine metal. He talks, however, of paying a visit to the place where it is reported to come from. After he was gone Bradley stated that the Sacramento settlements, which Malcolm wished to visit, were in the neighbourhood of the American Fork, and that we might go there together; he thought the distance was only one hundred and twenty miles.

May 10 th.—Yesterday and to-day nothing has been talked of but the new gold "placer," as people call it. It seems that four other men had accompanied the person Captain Fulsom saw yesterday, and that they had each realized a large quantity of gold. They left the "diggings" on the American Fork (which it seems is the Rio de los Americanos, a tributary to the Sacramento) about a week ago, and stopt a day or two at Sutter's fort, a few miles this side of the diggings, on their way; from there they had travelled by boat to San Francisco. The gold they brought has been examined by the first

Alcalde here, and by all the merchants in the place. Bradley showed us a lump weighing a quarter of an ounce, which he had bought of one of the men, and for which he gave him three dollars and a half. I have no doubt in my own mind about its being genuine gold. Several parties, we hear, are already made up to visit the diggings; and, according to the newspaper here, a number of people have actually started off with shovels, mattocks, and pans to dig the gold themselves. It is not likely, however, that this will be allowed, for Captain Fulsom has already written to Colonel Mason about taking possession of the mine on behalf of the Government, it being, as he says, on public land.

May 13 th.—It is now finally settled that we start off on Wednesday to the Sacramento Valley. To-day, under Bradley's direction, I have bought a good horse, for which I paid only fifteen dollars. It will be very little more expense than hiring a horse of the hotel-master here, besides being far more agreeable to have a horse of one's own; for everybody, the commonest workman even, rides in this country. The gold excitement increases daily, as several fresh arrivals from the mines have been reported at San Francisco. The merchants eagerly buy up the gold brought by the miners, and no doubt, in many cases, at prices considerably under its value. I have heard, though, of as much as sixteen dollars an ounce having been given in some instances, which I should have thought was over rather than under the full value of gold in the United States. I confess I begin to feel seriously affected with the prevailing excitement, and am anxious for Wednesday to arrive.

May 17 th.—This place is now in a perfect furor of excitement; all the work-people have struck. Walking through the town to-day, I observed that labourers were employed only upon about half a-dozen of the fifty new buildings which were in course of being run up. The majority of the mechanics at this place are making preparations for moving off to the mines, and several hundred people of all classes—lawyers, store-keepers, merchants, etc.,—are bitten with the fever; in fact, there is a regular gold mania springing up. I counted no less than eighteen houses which were closed, the owners having left. If Colonel Mason is moving a force to the American Fork, as is reported here, their journey will be in vain.

Our trip has been delayed to-day, for the saddler cannot get our equipments in readiness for at least forty-eight hours. He says that directly he has finished the job he shall start off himself to the

diggings. I have bribed him with promises of greatly increased pay not to disappoint us again. As it was, we were to pay him a very high price, which he demanded on account of three of his men having left him, and there being only himself and two workmen to attend to our order.

I told Mr. Bradley of our misfortune. He promised to wait for us, but recommended me to keep going in and out of the saddler's all day long, in order to make sure that the man was at work, otherwise we might be kept hanging about for a fortnight.

May 20 th.—It requires a full amount of patience to stay quietly watching the proceedings of an inattentive tradesman amid such a whirlpool of excitement as is now in action. Sweeting tells me that his negro waiter has demanded and receives ten dollars a-day. He is forced to submit, for “helps” of all kinds are in great demand, and very difficult to meet with. Several hundred people must have 5 left here during the last few days. Malcolm and I have our baggage all in readiness to start on Monday.

May 22 nd.—To-day all our arrangements have been changed; the saddler did not keep his promise, and while Malcolm, Bradley, and myself were venting our indignation against him, Don Luis Palo made his appearance. The gold fever had spread to Monterey, and he had determined to be off to the mines at once. He had brought his servant (a converted Indian, named José) with him, and extra horses with his baggage; he intended to set to work himself at the diggings, and meant to take everything he required with him. He says the report about Colonel Mason's moving a force off to the mines to take possession of them is all nonsense; that some of the garrison of Monterey have already gone there, is quite true, but they have deserted to dig gold on their own account. Colonel Mason, he says, knows too well that he has no efficient force for such a purpose, and that, even if he had, he would not be able to keep his men together. It appears, also, that the mines occupy several miles of ground, the gold not being confined to one particular spot. On hearing this intelligence we at once determined to follow Don Luis's example, and although there seemed a certain degree of absurdity in four people, all holding some position in society, going off on what might turn out to be only a fool's errand, still the evidence we had before us, of the gold which had actually been found, and the example of the multitudes who were daily hastening to the diggings,

determined us to go with the rest. We therefore held a council upon the best method of proceeding, at which every one offered his suggestions.

While we were thus engaged, M'Phail, our fellow-passenger from Oregon, made his appearance, having only just then returned from Sonoma. He had heard a great deal about the new gold placer, and he had merely come back for his baggage, intending to start off for the mines forthwith. The result of our deliberations was to this effect. Each man was to furnish himself with one good horse for his own use, and a second horse to carry his personal baggage, as well as a portion of the general outfit; we were each to take a rifle, holster pistols, etc. It was agreed, moreover, that a tent should be bought immediately, if such a thing could be procured, as well as some spades, and mattocks, and a good stout axe, together with a collection of blankets and hides, and a supply of coffee, sugar, whisky, and brandy; knives, forks, and plates, with pots and kettles, and all the requisite cooking utensils for a camp life. The tent is the great difficulty, and fears are entertained that we shall not be able to procure one; but Bradley thinks he might buy one out of the Government stores.

I followed the saddler well up during the day, and was fortunate enough to obtain our saddles, saddle-bags, etc., by four o'clock. On going to his house a couple of hours after about some trifling alteration I wished made, I found it shut up, and deserted. On the door was pasted a paper with the following words, "Gone to the diggings."

CHAPTER IV.

The party leave San Francisco—Cross to Sausalitto with horses and baggage—Appearance of the cavalcade—José's method of managing horses—Character of the country passed through—Stay at Sonoma for the night—A Yankee hotel—keeper's notion—The Author meets with Lieutenant Sherman—Receives from him a letter of introduction to Captain Sutter—Napper Valley—Sleep at the house of a settler—Troublesome bedfellows—Wild-looking scenery—Bradley is injured by a fall from his horse—Difficulties in the way of pitching a tent—A hint to the bears—Supper and bed—Resume the journey—Sacramento valley—Elk and wild fowl—A long halt—A hunting party—A missing shot.

SONOMA.— *May 24 th.*—This morning at last saw us off. We left San Francisco shortly after seven, and embarked with our horses and baggage in a launch, which landed us at Sausalitto before ten. From thence we made our way to Sonoma, where we put up for the night. We formed quite a cavalcade, and presented a tolerably imposing appearance. First came the horses (six in number), which carried our baggage, camp equipments, etc. After these came José, Don Luis's Indian servant (who seems to be a far more lively fellow than Indians are generally), having these extra horses in his charge; and he really managed them admirably. For what with whistling, and coaxing, and swearing, and swinging his “riatta” over their heads, he had them as much under his command as ever a crack dragsman had his four-in-hand in the good old coaching times of my own dear England. We followed after, riding, when the road would admit of it, all abreast, and presenting a bold front to any gang of desperadoes who might be daring enough to attack us. There was little fear of this, however, for we hardly rode a mile without falling in with scattered parties bound to the gold mines.

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We made our way but slowly during the first portion of our ride, for the road wound up steep hills and down into deep hollows, but when at last we came upon a winding valley some miles in extent, our horses got over the ground in a style which only Californian steeds could achieve after the hard work which had already been performed. Towards evening, we crossed the hills which divided the valley from Sonoma plain, and on reaching Sonoma put up at an hotel recently opened here by a citizen from the United States, who coolly told us, in the course of conversation, that he guessed he didn't intend shearing off to the gold mines, until he had drawn a few thousand dollars from the San Francisco folk who pass through here to and from the diggings.

May 27 th.—We stopped at Sonoma the greater part of Thursday, to give our horses rest. At the hotel, I met Lieutenant Sherman, who had brought dispatches to the officer in command here from Colonel Mason. I was much delighted in again meeting with this gentleman, and we had a long talk together over the merry times we had when we were both staying at Washington. When he heard our destination he kindly offered to give me a letter of introduction to a very old friend of

his, Captain Sutter, the proprietor of Sutter's fort, and one of the earliest settlers on the Sacramento. I availed myself of his offer, and about three o'clock we started off across the plain, and made our way through the groves of fine oak trees which cover it in every direction. We next ascended the hills which lay between us and Napper Valley, and, after crossing them, made for the house of an American settler, a friend of Bradley's, who provided us with the best accommodation his house would furnish for the night. We turned in early, but the legions of fleas which were our bedfellows exerted themselves to such a degree that for hours sleep was out of the question. The country is terribly plagued with these vermin. I do not know how the settlers get on; perhaps they are accustomed to the infliction, but a stranger feels it severely.

The next day we travelled over the corresponding range of hills to those crossed on Thursday, and were soon in the midst of a much wilder-looking country—a rapid succession of steep and rugged mountains, thickly timbered with tall pine-trees and split up with deep precipitous ravines, hemming in beautiful and fertile valleys, brilliant with golden flowers and dotted over with noble oaks. While we were riding down one of these dangerous chasms, Bradley, who was showing off his superior equitation, was thrown from his horse, and fell rather severely on his arm. On examining it, I was surprised to find he had escaped a fracture. As it is, he has injured it sufficiently to prevent him from using the limb for several days. I bandaged it up, put it in a sling, and he proceeded in a more cautious manner.

To-night we used our tent for the first time. We were somewhat awkward in pitching it, and three times did the whole structure come down by the run, burying several of us in the flapping canvas, and inflicting some tolerably hard knocks with the poles. However, at length we succeeded in getting it fixed; and, kindling a blazing fire close to it, as a polite intimation to the bears that they were not wanted, cooked our supper over the embers, and then, wrapped in our blankets, slept far better than the fleas had allowed us to do the night before.

This morning I examined Bradley's arm, and was glad to find the inflammation somewhat reduced. He was bruised a good deal about the body generally, and complained to-day sorely of the pain he felt while being jolted over the broken ground which we crossed in our ascent of the tall mountains

that bound the Sacramento Valley. From their summit we obtained a noble view of the broad winding river and its smaller tributaries, thickly studded with islands overgrown with noble oaks and sycamores. We encamped to-night at the foot of these hills, near a little stream which gurgled merrily by. We have seen several herds of elk to-day, and a large quantity of wild fowl.

Sunday, May 28 th.—To-day we made a long halt, for we were all exceedingly tired, and some of our pack-horses, which were heavily laden, showed symptoms of “giving out.” We determined, therefore, to stay here till late in the day, and then to follow the course of the creek for a few miles, and there pitch our tent. Turning our horses loose to graze, several of the party went off on a hunting excursion on foot, but their only success was about a score of wild geese, which are very plentiful in the marshy land bordering the creek. I got a shot at an elk which came down to the water to drink, but he made off unhurt.

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CHAPTER V.

Encampment for the night—Symptoms of neighbours not far off—Reach the Sacramento River—Sutter's Fort—Captain Sutter—His offer of accommodation Various matters to be seen to—A walk through the Fort—Desertion of the guard to the “diggings”—Work and whisky—Indians and their bargains—A chief's effort to look like a civilised being—Yankee traders—Indians and trappers—“Beats beaver skins”—Death to the weakest—A regular Spanish Don and his servant—Captain Sutter a Swiss Guard—His prejudice in favour of “constituted authorities.”

May 29 th.—Last night we encamped under a group of oaks, and we “knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled” over other parts of the valley, that there were several other camps pitched at no great distance. When we started in the morning we fell in with a few parties moving towards the Sacramento. A ride of a few hours brought us to the borders of that noble river, which was here about a couple of hundred yards wide, and we immediately made preparations for crossing it. After several mishaps and delays, we at length succeeded in getting over in a launch. The new town of Suttersville, numbering some ten or twelve houses, is laid out within half a mile of the banks of

the river. From here a brisk ride over a level plain—parcelled out into fields of wheat and pasture-grounds, dotted with hundreds upon hundreds of grazing cattle, and here and there a loitering team—brought us to Sutter's Fort, an extensive block of building planted on the top of a small hill which skirts a creek running into the Americans, near its junction with the Rio Sacramento. A schooner and some small craft were beating up the Americanos River towards the Fort, and alongside the landing-place several launches were lying unshipping cargoes. As we made the spot, we soon saw that here all was bustle and activity. Boatmen were shouting and swearing; wagoners were whistling and hallooing and cracking their whips at their straining horses, as these toiled along with heavily-laden wagons to the different stores within the building; groups of horsemen were riding to and fro, and crowds of people were moving about on foot. It was evident that the gold mania increased in force as we approached the now eagerly longed for El Dorado.

On inquiring of a squaw we met at the entrance of the Fort, and who knew just sufficient English to understand our question, she pointed out to us as Captain Sutter a very tall good-looking sort of personage, wearing a straw hat and loose coat and trousers of striped duck, but with features as unlike those of a Yankee as can well be imagined. I at once introduced myself, and handed him the letter which Lieutenant Sherman had given me. After reading it, the Captain informed me that he was happy enough to see me, although he feared, from the great change which a few weeks had made in this part of the world, that he could offer me but indifferent hospitality. Every store and shed was being crammed with bales of goods, barrels of flour, and a thousand other things for which a demand has suddenly sprung up. The Captain's own house was indeed just like an hotel crowded with many more visitors than it could accommodate; still no one who came there, so the Captain was good enough to say, recommended by his friend Sherman, should have other than an hospitable reception. All that he could do, however, he said, would be to place one sleeping-room at my service for myself and such of my friends as I liked to share it with; and, leaving me to arrange the matter with them, he went away, promising to return and show us our quarters.

I told my companions of the Captain's offer, but they were satisfied to rough it out of doors again to-night, and it was arranged that only Bradley and myself should accept the sleeping accommodation offered by Captain Sutter, as a good night's rest in comfortable quarters would be

more beneficial to our friend with the injured limb, than an outdoor nap with a single blanket for a bed and a saddle for a pillow.

Two of our horses having cast their shoes, Malcolm and José walked them round to the blacksmith's shop, where, after their losses were repaired, a stock of shoes, nails, etc., were to be laid in for future contingencies. M'Phail and our Spanish friend undertook at the same time to purchase a ten days' supply of provisions for us, and Bradley agreed to look about the Fort and see if he could meet with another servant. In this errand, I am sorry to say, he was not successful.

While these several commissions were executing, the Captain returned and walked with me through the Fort. On our way he pointed out the guard-house, the Indian soldiers attached to which had deserted to the mines almost to a man; the woollen factory, with some thirty women still at work; the distillery house, where the famous pisco is made; and the blacksmiths' and wheelwrights' shops, with more work before them than the 8 few mechanics left will be able to get through in a month. Yet all these men talked of starting off to the diggings in a day or two. The Captain told me he had only been able to keep them by greatly increased pay, and by an almost unlimited allowance of pisco and whisky.

It was not easy to pick our way through the crowds of strange people who were moving backwards and forwards in every direction. Carts were passing to and fro; groups of Indians squatting on their haunches were chattering together, and displaying to one another the flaring red and yellow handkerchiefs, the scarlet blankets, and muskets of the most worthless Brummagem make, for which they had been exchanging their bits of gold, while their squaws looked on with the most perfect indifference. I saw one chief, who had gone for thirty years with no other covering than a rag to hide his nakedness, endeavouring to thrust his legs into a pair of sailor's canvas trousers with very indifferent success.

Inside the stores the bustle and noise were even greater. Some half-a-dozen sharp-visaged Yankees, in straw hats and loose frocks, were driving hard bargains for dollars with the crowds of customers who were continually pouring in to barter a portion of their stock of gold for coffee and tobacco,

breadstuff, brandy, and bowie-knives: of spades and mattocks there were none to be had. In one corner, at a railed-off desk, a quick-eyed old man was busily engaged, with weights and scales, setting his own value on the lumps of golden ore or the bags of dust which were being handed over to him, and in exchange for which he told out the estimated quantity of dollars. These dollars quickly returned to the original deposit, in payment for goods bought at the other end of the store.

Among the clouds of smoke puffed forth by some score of pipes and as many cigarettos, there were to be seen, mingled together, Indians of various degrees of civilisation, and corresponding styles of dress, varying from the solitary cloth kilt to the cotten shirts and jackets and trousers of Russia duck; with groups of trappers from as far up as Oregon, clad in coats of buffalo hide, and with faces and hands so brown and wrinkled that one would take their skins to be as tough as the buffalo's, and almost as indifferent to a lump of lead. "Captain," said one of these gentry,—shaking a bag of gold as we passed, "I guess this beats beaver skins—eh, captain?" Another of them, who had a savage looking wolf-dog with him, was holding a palaver with an Indian from the borders of the Klamath Lake; and the most friendly understanding seemed to exist between them. "You see those two scoundrels?" said the Captain to me. "They look and talk for all the world like brothers; but only let either of them get the chance of a shot at the other after scenting his trail, may be for days, across those broad hunting-grounds, where every man they meet they look upon as a foe, and the one that has the quickest eye and the readiest hand will alone live to see the sun rise next day."

Threading his way amongst the crowd, I was somewhat struck by the appearance of a Spanish Don of the old school, looking as magnificent as a very gaudy light blue jacket with silver buttons and scarlet trimmings, and breeches of crimson velvet, and striped silk sash, and embroidered deer-skin shoes, and a perfumed cigarette could make him. He wore his slouched sombrero jauntily placed on one side, and beneath it, of course, the everlasting black silk handkerchief, with the corners dangling over the neck behind. Following him was his servant, in slouched hat and spangled garters, carrying an old Spanish musket over his shoulder, and casting somewhat timid looks at the motley assemblage of Indians and trappers, who every now and then jostled against him. Beyond these, there were a score or two of go-ahead Yankees—"gentlemen traders," I suppose they called themselves—with a few pretty Californian women, who are on their way with their husbands to the

mines. I noticed that the Captain had a word for almost every one, and that he seemed to be held in very great respect.

Bradley informed me to-night of the origin of a scar which is just distinguishable in Captain Sutter's face. It seems that the Captain, who is a Swiss, was one of Charles the Tenth's guards in 1830, and that a slight cut from the sabre of one of the youths of the Polytechnic School had left in his visage a standing memorial of the three glorious days. Indeed the Captain seems generally to have taken the side of the constituted authorities, as in the revolution of 1845 he turned out with all his people for the Mexican Government. However, he was more fortunate in California than in Paris, as he didn't even get his skin scratched on this occasion.

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CHAPTER VI.

The journey delayed—A walk to the camp—A list of wants—Captain Sutter's account of his first settlement in California—How he served the Indians, and how he civilised them—Breakfast—Captain Sutter's wife and daughter—Ridiculous stories about the discovery of the gold mines—Joe Smith's prophecy—An Indian ghost—Something about a ship-load of rifles.

May 30 th.—To my great disappointment, our journey was not resumed to-day. As I had expected, Malcolm had found there was no chance of getting the farrier's assistance yesterday, and he came to me in the evening to inform me that he and the rest were going into camp for the night. Bradley and myself found an ample supper prepared for us; and, after doing due justice to the eatables, and dressing Bradley's arm, I shortened the night a couple of hours by jotting down the events of the day.

This morning I rose early and walked to the camp, which I found, about half a mile off, under some oaks in a piece of pasture land on the Captain's farm. I had some difficulty in finding it out, for there were at least fifteen or twenty tents of one kind or another in the “bottom.” The party were all roused, and breakfast was preparing under Don Luis's superintendence. It was the general opinion that we must buy two extra horses to carry our breadstuffs, etc. Malcolm reported that there were

a variety of articles we were still in want of; namely, tin drinking-cups, some buckets for water, with forks, and other small articles. He recommended that a couple more axes and a strong saw be bought at Brannan's, together with hammers, nails, etc., and some of the Indian baskets which seem to be so common about here.

On my return to the Fort, I fell in with the Captain, rigged out in a military undress uniform. I chatted with him for half an hour about his farm, etc. He told me that he was the first white man who settled in this part of the country; that some ten years ago, when the Mexican government was full of colonization schemes, the object of which was to break up the Missions, and to introduce a population antagonistic to the Californians, he received a grant of land, sixty miles one way and twelve another, about sixteen or seventeen hundred acres of which he had now brought under cultivation. "When I came here," said the Captain, "I knew the country and the Indians well. Eight years ago these fields were overgrown with long rank grass, with here and there an oak or pine sprouting out from the midst. You can see what they are now. As to the Indians, they gave me a little more trouble. I can boast of fourteen pieces of cannon, though one has little occasion for them now, except to fire a few salutes on days of rejoicing. Well! most of these guns came from Ross within the last four years; but when I first arrived here, I brought with me a couple of howitzers, from which one night, when these thieves were hemming me in on all sides, I discharged a shell right over their heads. The mere sight of it, when it bursted, was sufficient to give them a very respectful notion of the fighting means at my command. But though this saved me from any direct attack, it did not secure me against having my horses and cattle stolen on every convenient occasion." The Captain went on to say, that he at last brought the Indians pretty well under control; and that, by promises of articles of clothing, they became willing to work for him. He took good care to trust very few of them with rifles or powder and shot. Nearly every brick in the buildings of the Fort, he tells me, was made by the Indians, who, moreover, dug all the ditches dividing his wheat-fields. These ditches are very necessary, to prevent the large number of cattle and horses on the farm from straying among the crops.

On our way to the house, I got the Captain to speak to the head blacksmith about our horses, after which we went in to breakfast, when I saw his wife and daughter for the first time. They are

both very ladylike women, and both natives of France. During the meal, I found Captain Sutter communicative on the subject of the discovery of the gold mines, which I was very glad of, as I was anxious to learn the true particulars of the affair, respecting which so many ridiculous stories had been circulated. One was to the effect that the mines had been discovered by the Mormons, in accordance with a prophecy made by the famous Joe Smith. Another tale was, that the Captain had seen the apparition of an Indian chief, to whom he had given a rifle (the possession of which he only lived three months to enjoy, having been trampled down by a buffalo in the neighbourhood of the Rocky Mountains, on his way with his tribe to make an attack on the Pawnees), when the ghost in question told the Captain that he would make him very rich, and begged that, with this promised cash, the Captain would immediately buy a ship-load of rifles, and 10 present one to every member of his tribe. Such were the absurd stories circulated. The true account of the discovery I here give, as near as I can recollect, in the Captain's own words.

CHAPTER VII.

Captain Sutter's account of the first discovery of the gold—His surprise at Mr. Marshall's appearance at the Fort—Mr. Marshall's statement—The mill-wheel thrown out of gear—The water channel enlarged—Mr. Marshall's attention attracted by some glittering substance—Finds it to be gold—First imagines it to have been buried there—Discovers it in great abundance—Takes horse to Sutter's Fort—Captain Sutter and Mr. Marshall agree to keep the matter secret—They start off to the mill—Proceed up the Fork—Find the gold in great abundance—Return to the mill—The work people meet them—A knowing Indian and a sly Kentuckian—A labouring party organised—Digging and washing for gold—The news spreads—People flock to the diggings—Arrival of Mormons—The gold found to be inexhaustible—Men of science as blind as the rest of the world.

“I WAS sitting one afternoon,” said the Captain, “just after my siesta, engaged, by-the-by, in writing a letter to a relation of mine at Lucerne, when I was interrupted by Mr. Marshall—a gentleman with whom I had frequent business transactions—bursting hurriedly into the room. From the unusual agitation in his manner I imagined that something serious had occurred, and, as we involuntarily do in this part of the world, I at once glanced to see if my rifle was in its

proper place. You should know that the mere appearance of Mr. Marshall at that moment in the Fort was quite enough to surprise me, as he had but two days before left the place to make some alterations in a mill for sawing pine planks, which he had just run up for me, some miles higher up the Americanos. When he had recovered himself a little, he told me that, however great my surprise might be at his unexpected reappearance, it would be much greater when I heard the intelligence he had come to bring me. ‘Intelligence,’ he added, ‘which, if properly profited by, would put both of us in possession of unheard-of wealth—millions and millions of dollars, in fact.’ I frankly own, when I heard this, that I thought something had touched Marshall's brain, when suddenly all my misgivings were put an end to by his flinging on the table a handful of scales of pure virgin gold. I was fairly thunderstruck, and asked him to explain what all this meant, when he went on to say, that, according to my instructions, he had thrown the mill-wheel out of gear, to let the whole body of the water in the dam find a passage through the tail-race, which was previously too narrow to allow the water to run off in sufficient quantity, whereby the wheel was prevented from efficiently performing its work. By this alteration the narrow channel was considerably enlarged, and a mass of sand and gravel carried off by the force of the torrent. Early in the morning after this took place, he (Mr. Marshall) was walking along the left bank of the stream, when he perceived something which he at first took for a piece of opal—a clear transparent stone very common here—glittering on one of the spots laid bare by the sudden crumbling away of the bank. He paid no attention to this; but while he was giving directions to the workmen, having observed several similar glittering fragments, his curiosity was so far excited, that he stooped down and picked one of them up. ‘Do you know,’ said Mr. Marshall to me, ‘I positively debated within myself two or three times whether I should take the trouble to bend my back to pick up one of the pieces, and had decided on not doing so, when, further on, another glittering morsel caught my eye—the largest of the pieces now before you. I condescended to pick it up, and to my astonishment found that it was a thin scale of what appears to be pure gold.’ He then gathered some twenty or thirty similar pieces, which on examination convinced him that his suppositions were right. His first impression was, that this gold had been lost or buried there by some early Indian tribe—perhaps some of those mysterious inhabitants of the west, of whom we have no account, but who dwelt on this continent centuries ago, and built those cities and temples, the ruins of which are scattered about these solitary wilds.

On proceeding, however, to examine the neighbouring soil, he discovered that it was more or less auriferous. This at once decided him. He mounted his horse, and rode down to me as fast as it would carry him with the news.

“At the conclusion of Mr. Marshall's account,” continued Captain Sutter, “and when I had convinced myself, from the specimens he had brought with him, that it was not exaggerated. I felt as much excited as himself. I eagerly inquired if he had shown the gold to the work-people at the mill, and was glad to hear that he had not spoken to a single person about it. We agreed,” said the Captain, smiling, “not to mention the circumstance to any one, and arranged to set off 11 early the next day for the mill. On our arrival, just before sundown, we poked the sand about in various places, and before long succeeded in collecting between us more than an ounce of gold, mixed up with a good deal of sand. I stayed at Mr. Marshall's that night, and the next day we proceeded some little distance up the South Fork, and found that gold existed along the whole course, not only in the bed of the main stream, where the water had subsided, but in every little dried-up creek and ravine. Indeed I think it is more plentiful in these latter places, for I myself, with nothing more than a small knife, picked out from a dry gorge, a little way up the mountain, a solid lump of gold which weighed nearly an ounce and a half.

“On our return to the mill, we were astonished by the work-people coming up to us in a body, and showing us small flakes of gold similar to those we had ourselves procured. Marshall tried to laugh the matter off with them, and to persuade them that what they had found was only some shining mineral of trifling value; but one of the Indians, who had worked at the gold mine in the neighbourhood of La Paz, in Lower California, cried out, ‘Oro! oro!’ We were disappointed enough at this discovery, and supposed that the work-people had been watching our movements, although we thought we had taken every precaution against being observed by them. I heard afterwards, that one of them, a sly Kentuckian, had dogged us about, and that, looking on the ground to see if he could discover what we were in search of, he had lighted on some flakes of gold himself.

“The next day I rode back to the Fort, organised a labouring party, set the carpenters to work on a few necessary matters, and the next day accompanied them to a point of the Fork, where they

encamped for the night. By the following morning I had a party of fifty Indians fairly at work. The way we first managed was to shovel the soil into small buckets, or into some of our famous Indian baskets; then wash all the light earth out, and pick away the stones; after this, we dried the sand on pieces of canvas, and with long reeds blew away all but the gold. I have now some rude machines in use, and upwards of one hundred men employed, chiefly Indians, who are well fed, and who are allowed whisky three times a-day.

“The report soon spread. Some of the gold was sent to San Francisco, and crowds of people flocked to the diggings. Added to this, a large emigrant party of Mormons entered California across the Rocky Mountains, just as the affair was first made known. They halted at once, and set to work on a spot some thirty miles from here, where a few of them still remain. When I was last up at the diggings, there were full eight hundred men at work, at one place and another, with perhaps something like three hundred more passing backwards and forwards between here and the mines. I at first imagined the gold would soon be exhausted by such crowds of seekers, but subsequent observations have convinced me that it will take many years to bring about such a result, even with ten times the present number of people employed.

“What surprises me,” continued the Captain, “is that this country should have been visited by so many scientific men, and that not one of them should have ever stumbled upon these treasures; that scores of keen; eyed trappers should have crossed this valley in every direction, and tribes of Indians have dwelt in it for centuries, and yet that this gold should have never been discovered. I myself have passed the very spot above a hundred times during the last ten years, but was just as blind as the rest of them, so I must not wonder at the discovery not having been made earlier.

While the Captain was proceeding with his narrative, I must confess that I felt so excited on the subject as to wish to start off immediately on our journey. When he had finished, I walked off to see after the horses, but, although they were ready, the additional shoes we wanted to carry with us would not be furnished for several hours; it was late in the afternoon before we got them. We bought two horses of Captain Sutter (very strong animals), and M. Phail managed to engage a big lad as a servant—a rough-looking fellow, who appears to have deserted from some ship, and

worked his way up here. All things considered, it was agreed that we should remain here another night, and resume our march as early as we could in the morning.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Author and his friends leave Sutter's Fort—Tents in the bottom—A caravan in motion—Green hills and valleys—Indian villages—Californian pack-Horses—A sailor on horseback—Lunch at noon—A troublesome beast—Sierra Nevada—First view of the lower mines—How the gold is dug and 12 washed—The “cradle”—The diggers and their stock of gold—A store in course of construction—The tent is pitched—The golden itch—First attempts at gold-finding—A hole in the saucepan—Sound asleep

Sunday, June 4 th.—The morning we left the Fort the scene was one of great excitement. Down in the bottom some twenty tents were pitched, outside which big fires were smoking; and, while breakfast was being prepared, the men of each company were busily engaged in saddling their horses and arranging their baggage; several wagons and teams were already in motion, following the road along the windings of the river. The tents were soon all struck, the smoke from the fires was dying away, and a perfect caravan was moving along in the direction of the now no longer ridiculed El Dorado.

We pushed along, as may be believed, with the utmost impatience, conjuring up the most flattering visions of our probable success as gold-hunters. The track lay through a spacious grassy valley, with the Americanos River winding along it, on our left hand. At first, the stream was nearly two miles distant from the track of our caravan, but as we advanced we approached its banks more nearly. The country was pleasant, consisting of a succession of small hills and valleys, diversified here and there by groves of tall oak trees. We passed several wretched Indian villages—clusters of filthy smoky hovels, and now and then caught sight of the river and the line of oak trees which bordered it. We managed tolerably well with our horses, but it requires great experience to be able to fasten securely the loads of provisions and stores which they carry on their backs. Flour, of course, formed the principal article of our commissariat. This was packed up in sacks, which

were again enclosed in long pockets, made of hides, and called “parfleshes,” the use of which is to defend the canvas of the sacking from being torn by branches of fern and underwood. The sacks we secured on strong pack-saddles, between which and the back of the horse were some thick soft cloths. All our baggage-horses were furnished with trail ropes, which were allowed to drag on the ground after the horse, for the purpose of enabling us to catch him more readily. Besides the animals we rode, we had seven horses, for the conveyance of our provisions, tents, etc. The two we bought from Captain Sutter, though strong, were skittish, and gave us much trouble, for our newly engaged servant, whose name is James Horry, knew more about harpooning and flenching whales than about the management of horses. He was certainly willing and did his best, but he occasioned some mirth during the day's march by his extreme awkwardness on horseback. However, to do him justice, he bore the numerous falls which he came in for with great philosophy, starting up again every time he was “grassed,” and laughing as loudly as the rest.

At noon we halted to refresh by the side of a small stream of crystal purity. While making preparations for our hurried meal, we had all our eyes about us for gold in the channel of the rivulet, but saw none. We had not yet reached the favoured spot. After some difficulty in catching the pack-horses, one of the perverse brutes having taken it into its head to march up to its belly in the stream, where he floundered about for some time, enjoying the coolness of the water, we set forward, determined to reach the lower diggings by sundown. As we neared the spot the ground gradually became more broken and heavily timbered with oak and pine, while in the distance, and separated from us by deep forests of these trees, might be seen a long ridge of snow-capped mountains—the lofty Sierra Nevada. But we were too anxious to reach the gold to care much about the more unprofitable beauties of Nature, and accordingly urged our horses to the quickest speed they could put forth. We were now travelling along the river's banks, and towards evening came in sight of the lower mines, here called the “Mormon” diggings, which occupy a surface of two or three miles along the river. There were something like forty tents scattered up the hill sides, occupied mostly by Americans, some of whom had brought their families with them. Although it was near sundown, everybody was in full occupation. At every few yards there were men, with their naked arms, busily employed in washing out the golden flakes and dust from spadefuls of the auriferous soil. Others

were first passing it through sieves, many of them freshly made with intertwined willow branches, to get rid of the coarse stones, and then washing the lumps of soil in pots placed beneath the surface of the water, the contents of the vessel being kept continually stirred by the hand until the lighter particles of earth or gravel were carried away.

A great number of the settlers, however, were engaged in making what are here called “cradles;” partly, I suppose, from their 13 shape, and partly from the rocking motion to which they are subjected. These machines were being roughly constructed of deal boards. Later in the day I watched one of them at work, and had the process explained to me. Four men were employed at it. The first shovelled up the earth; another carried it to the cradle, and dashed it down on a grating or sieve—placed horizontally at the head of the machine—the wires of which, being close together, only allowed the smaller particles of earth and sand to fall through; the third man rocked the cradle—I must confess I never saw one so perseveringly rocked at home; while the fourth kept flinging water upon the mass of earth inside. The result of this fourfold process is, that the lighter earth is gradually carried off by the action of the water, and a sort of thick black sediment of sand is left at the bottom of the cradle. This was afterwards scooped out, and put aside to be carefully dried in the sun to-morrow morning.

I can hardly describe the effect this sight produced upon our party. It seemed as if the fabled treasure of the Arabian Nights had been suddenly realised before us. We all shook hands, and swore to preserve good faith with each other, and to work hard for the common good. The gold-finders told us that some of them frequently got as much as fifty dollars a-day. As we rode from camp to camp, and saw the hoards of gold—some of it in flakes, but the greater part in a coarse sort of dust—which these people had amassed during the last few weeks, we felt in a perfect flutter of excitement at the sight of the wealth around us. One man showed us four hundred ounces of pure gold dust which he had washed from the dirt in a tin pan, and which he valued at fourteen dollars an ounce.

As may be imagined, the whole scene was one well calculated to take a strong hold upon the imagination. The eminences, rising gradually from the river's banks, were dotted with white canvas

tents, mingled with the more sombre-looking huts, constructed with once green but now withered branches. A few hundred yards from the river lay a large heap of planks and framings, which I was told were intended for constructing a store; the owner of which, a sallow Yankee, with a large pluffy cigarette in his mouth, was labouring away in his shirt sleeves.

Bewildered and excited by the novelty of the scene, we were in haste to pitch our camp, and soon fixed upon a location. This was by the side of a dried-up water-course, through which, in the wet season, a small rivulet joined the larger stream; we did not, however, immediately set to work to make the necessary arrangements for the night. Our fingers were positively itching for the gold, and in less than half an hour after our arrival, the pack-horse which carried the shovels, scoops, and pans, had been released of his burden, and all our party were as busily employed as the rest. As for myself, armed with a large scoop or trowel, and a shallow tin pail, I leapt into the bed of the rivulet, at a spot where I perceived no trace of the gravel and earth having been artificially disturbed. Near me was a small clear pool, which served for washing the gold. Some of our party set to work within a short distance of me, while others tried their fortune along the banks of the Americanos, digging up the shingle which lay at the very brink of the stream. I shall not soon forget the feeling with which I first plunged my scoop into the soil beneath me. Half filling my tin pail with the earth and shingle, I carried it to the pool, and placing it beneath the surface of the water, I began to stir it with my hand, as I had observed the other diggers do. Of course I was not very expert at first, and I dare say I flung out a good deal of the valuable metal. However, I soon perceived that the earth was crumbling away, and was being carried by the agitation of the water into the pool, which speedily became turbid, while the sandy sediment of which I had heard remained at the bottom of the pail. Carefully draining the water away, I deposited the sand in one of the small close-woven Indian baskets we had brought with us, with the intention of drying it at the camp fire, there not being sufficient time before nightfall to allow the moisture gradually to absorb by the evaporation of the atmosphere.

After working for about half an hour, I retraced my steps with my basket to the spot where we had tethered the horses, and found the animals still standing there with their burdens on their backs. Mr. Malcolm was already there; he had with him about an equal quantity of the precious black sand; it

remained, however, to be seen what proportion of gold our heaps contained. In a short time Bradley and Don Luis joined us, both of them in tiptop spirits. "I guess this is the way we do the trick down in these clearings," said the former, shaking a bag of golden sand. As for José, Don Luis's Indian servant, he was devout in his expressions of thanksgiving to 14 the Virgin Mary and the Great Spirit, whom he would insist upon classifying together, in a most remarkable and not quite orthodox manner.

We now set to work to get up our tent. Malcolm, in the meantime, prepared coffee and very under-baked cakes, made of the flour we had brought with us. His cooking operations were greatly impeded by our eagerness to dry the sand we had scraped up—a feat in the achievement of which Bradley was clumsy enough to burn a hole in our very best saucepan. However, we managed to get the moisture absorbed, and, shutting our eyes, we commenced blowing away the sand with our mouths, and shortly after found ourselves the possessors of a few pinches of gold. This was encouraging for a beginning. We drank our coffee in high spirits, and then, having picketed our horses, made ourselves as snug as our accommodation would allow, and, being tired out, not only with the journey and the work, but with excitement and anxiety, slept soundly till morning.

CHAPTER IX.

Two horses stray away—How orders were enforced at the diggings—Sunday work—Nature of the soil—Inconveniences even in gold-getting—Dinner and rest—A strike for higher wages—A walk through the diggings—Sleeping and smoking—Indians and finery—Californians and Yankee—Runaway sailors and stray negroes—A native-born Kentuckian—"That's a fact"—A chapel at the diggings—A supper with an appetite.

THE morning broke brilliantly, and the first thing we discovered on rising was, that two of the horses had broken their fastenings during the night, and strayed. As we could not afford to lose the animals, José and Horry were despatched to look after them, and they grumbled not a little at being thus sent off from the scene of golden operations; but Bradley, producing a rifle, swore that he would shoot them both unless they obeyed orders; so, after a little altercation, away they went.

Breakfast was soon despatched, and the question as to the day's operations asked. Don Luis was the only one who, on the score of its being Sunday, would not go to the diggings. He had no objection to amuse himself on Sunday, but he would not work. To get over the difficulty, we agreed to go upon the principle of every man keeping his own findings, our bonds of unity as a party to extend merely to mutual protection and defence. Leaving Don Luis, then, smoking in the tent, we proceeded to work, and found that the great majority of the gold-finders appeared to entertain our opinions, or at all events to imitate our practice, as to labouring on the Sunday. I had now leisure more particularly to remark the nature of the soil in which the gold was found. The dust is found amid the shingle actually below water, but the most convenient way of proceeding is to take the soil from that portion of the bed which has been overflowed but is now dry. It is principally of a gravelly nature, full of small stones, composed, as far as I could make out, of a species of jasper and milky quality, mingled with fragments of slate and splinters of basalt. The general opinion is, that the gold has been washed down from the hills.

I worked hard, as indeed we all did, the whole morning. The toil is very severe, the constant stooping pressing, of course, upon the spinal column, whilst the constant immersion of the hands in water causes the skin to excoriate and become exceedingly painful. But these inconveniences are slight when compared to the great gain by which one is recompensed for them.

At twelve o'clock, our usual primitive dinner hour, we met at the tents, tolerably well tired with our exertions. No dinner, however, was prepared, both José and Horry being still absent in pursuit of the strayed horses. We had, therefore, to resort to some of our jerked beef, which, with biscuits and coffee, formed our fare. After dinner, we determined to rest until the next day. The fact is, that the human frame will not stand, and was never intended to stand, a course of incessant toil; indeed, I believe that in civilized—that is to say, in industrious—communities, the Sabbath, bringing round as it does a stated remission from labour, is an institution physically necessary.

We therefore passed some time in conversation, which was interrupted by the arrival of José and Horry with the strayed horses. Horry demanded an immediate increase of wages, threatening to leave us and set to work on his own account if we refused. Bradley tried to talk big and bully him,

but in vain. José had a sort of fear of Don Luis—who in return looked on his servant as his slave—so he said nothing. We could see, however, that they had evidently been in communication with the diggers around, and so we gave in. Later in the afternoon I started with Malcolm and M'Phail for a walk through the diggings. We found comparatively a small proportion of the people who had commenced work in the morning still at their pans. Numbers were lying asleep under the trees, or in the shade of their tents and wagons. Others sat smoking and chatting in circles upon the grass, mending their clothes or performing other little domestic duties at the same time. It was really a motley scene. Indians strutted by in all the pride of gaudy calico, the manners of the savage concealed beneath the dress of the civilized man. Muscular sun-burnt fellows, whose fine forms and swarthy faces pronounced that Spanish blood ran through their veins, gossiped away with sallow hatchet-faced Yankees, smart men at a bargain, and always on the lookout for squalls. Here and there one spied out the flannel shirt and coarse canvas trousers of a seaman—a runaway, in all probability, from a South Sea whaler; while one or two stray negroes chattered with all the volubility of their race, shaking their woolly heads and showing their white teeth. I got into conversation with one tall American; he was a native-born Kentuckian, and full of the bantam sort of consequence of his race. He predicted wonderful things from the discovery of the mineral treasures of California, observing that it would make a monetary revolution all over the world, and that nothing similar, at least to so great an extent, was ever known in history. "Look around! for, stranger," said he to me, "I guess you don't realise such a scene every day, and that's a fact. There's gold to be had for the picking of it up, and by all who choose to come and work. I reckon old John Bull will scrunch up his fingers in his empty pockets when he comes to hear of it. It's a most everlasting wonderful thing, and that's a fact, that beats Joe Dunkin's goose-pie and apple sarse."

Farther on we came upon a tremendous-looking tent, for ed by two or three tents being flung into one, which, on examination, we found was doing duty as a chapel. A missionary, from one of the New England States, as I hear, was holding forth to a pretty large congregation. The place was very hot and chokey, and I only stayed long enough to hear that the discourse abounded in the cloudy metaphors and vague technicalities of Calvinistic theology.

The remainder of the afternoon I have been devoting to writing my journal, which I here break off to commence a hearty good supper, in revenge for the scrambling sort of dinner one has had to-day. The beef doesn't look roasted as they would put it on the table at the Clarendon, or at Astor House even; but none of those who sit down to the Clarendon table, at any rate, have such an appetite as I now have, far away beyond care and civilisation, in the gold-gathering region of California.

CHAPTER X.

Digging and washing, with a few reflections—A cradle in contemplation—Scales to sell, but none to lend—Stock of gold weighed—More arrivals—Two new-comers—Mr. Biggs and Mr. Lacosse—Good order prevails at the mines—Timber bought for the cradles—The cradles made—The cradles worked—The result of the first day's trial.

June 5 th.—We have laboured hard all day, digging and washing, and with good success. I begin to hope now that I have really laid the foundation of a fortune, and I thank God for it. I have been kicked tolerably well about the world, and the proverb, that a “rolling stone gathers no moss,” has, I am sure, been abundantly proved by my case. Now, however, I have a grand chance, and I am resolved that all that industry and perseverance can do shall be done to improve it.

Before starting for work this morning, it was agreed that José should act as cook for the day; it being stipulated that he was to have the afternoon to himself for digging. Horry was left in charge of the horses. I worked hard, keeping near Bradley, and conversing with him as I shovelled the gravel into the pail, and stirred it about in the clear pools. We had very fair success, but still we could not but think that this was a poor way of proceeding; besides, I didn't like the back-breaking work of stooping all day. I therefore proposed that we should endeavour to knock up a cradle. The expense for wood would certainly be great, but it would be better to incur it than keep to the present rude and toilsome plan of operation.

We proposed the plan to our comrades at dinner-time, and it was, on the whole, well received. Malcolm and M'Phail entered into the notion, and we determined to try whether we could not put

forth sufficient carpentering ability to carry it out. The next day was fixed upon for commencing the work.

After dinner we returned to our shovels and pails. In the evening we were anxious to know how much gold we had realised by our labours up to the present time; and, accordingly, I set off to borrow a pair of scales. After entering several tents in vain, I was directed to the Yankee who had the materials for a store, and whose name was Hiram 16 Ensloe. He had several pairs to sell, but none to lend. I asked his prices, and now had, for the first time, a real example of the effects of plenty of gold and scarcity of goods. For a small pair of ordinary brass scales, with a set of troy weights, I paid, on behalf of the party, fifteen dollars, the seller consoling me by the information that in his opinion, if the gold-hunters continued to pour in for a fortnight longer, I would not have got the article for three times the amount.

Furnished with my purchase, I returned to the tent, and the stock of gold dust realised by each man was weighed, and computed at the current rate in which the mercantile transactions of this little colony are reckoned—namely, fourteen dollars each ounce of gold dust. We found that M. Phail and Malcolm had been, upon the whole, the most successful, each having obtained nearly two ounces of pure gold dust, valued at twenty-eight dollars. I myself had about twenty-three dollars' worth, and Bradley had twenty-five dollars' worth. An amount which, considerable though it was, we hope greatly to increase as soon as we get our cradle into operation.

During the day, there were numerous arrivals from Sutter's Fort; and in my opinion, these diggings will soon be overcrowded. Two of the new-comers were known to Bradley—one, a Mr. Biggs, a shipping agent from San Francisco; the other, Mr. Lacosse, a French Canadian, who has recently settled in California. They accepted our offer for them to join our party. If this influx of people continues, I think the Yankee with the store will do better than any one; and keeping a shanty will be a far more profitable speculation than handling a shovel or working a cradle. What surprises me is, that in this remote spot, so distant from anything that can be called Law, so much tranquillity prevails under the circumstances. One hears of no deeds of violence, or even dishonesty. In fact, theft would hardly pay. The risk would be more than the advantage; for if any one was detected

plundering, he would soon have a rifle-bullet put through him. One thing in favour of good order is, that here there is no unequal distribution of property—no favoured classes. Every man who has a spade or a trowel, and hands to use them, is upon an equality, and can make a fortune with a rapidity hitherto almost unknown in the history of the world.

Sunday, June 11 th.—Nearly a week has elapsed since I last opened my diary. On Tuesday, we set to work upon our cradle. We resolved upon the construction of two; and, for this purpose, went down to the store in a body, to see about the boards. We found the timber extravagantly dear, being asked forty dollars a-hundred. After some bargaining, we obtained sufficient for our purpose, at the rate of thirty-five dollars.

The next question was, as to whether we should hire a carpenter. We were told there were one or two in the diggings who might be hired, though at a very extravagant rate. Accordingly, Bradley and I proceeded to see one of these gentlemen, and found him washing away with a hollow log and a willow-branch sieve. He offered to help us at the rate of thirty-five dollars a-day, we finding provisions and tools, and could not be brought to charge less. We thought this by far too extravagant, and left him, determined to undertake the work ourselves. Meantime, Horry had brought down two of our horses with him to the store. We loaded them immediately with boards, and returned to our tent.

After breakfast, which consisted of coffee without milk, flour cakes, and strips of dried beef, roasted on the embers, we set to work. We had a sufficient number of axes and a good stout saw, one large plane, and a few strong chisels, with plenty of nails. As may be expected, we proved to be very awkward carpenters. Mr. Lacosse was perhaps the handiest, and Malcolm not much inferior to him, until the latter unfortunately received a severe cut with a chisel, extending in a transverse line along the joint of the fore-finger of the left hand. I strapped up the wound, but the rough work soon tore away the diaculum: no bad consequences, however, ensued. The wound, in spite of the hard treatment which it received, closed and healed by the first intention—proving the healthy habit of body engendered by temperance and constant exercise in the open air.

In building our cradles, or “gold canoes,” as the Indians called them, we found that to mortice the planks into each other was a feat of carpentering far above our skill, particularly as we had no mortice chisels. We were therefore obliged to adopt the ruder experiment of making the boards overlap each other by about an inch, nailing them firmly together in that position. As, however, the inequality of surface at the bottom of the cradle, produced by the mode of building, would have materially impeded our operations, we strained some pieces of tarred 17 canvas, which we fortunately possessed amongst our tent cloths, over the bottoms, thus rendering the surface even, and suited to our purpose. By the time we had got so far with our undertaking, we felt sufficiently tired to give over work for the night. We had laboured unceasingly at them, pausing only to swallow a hasty meal, and stuck by our hammers and chisels till dusk. We were up early the next morning, and toiled away to get the cradles completed, as we were constantly seeing proofs of the great advantages of these machines. We fixed a wicker sieve over the head, by means of a couple of transverse bars, and then set about to construct the working apparatus, which we had all along feared would put our mechanical skill to rather a severe test; but we found it easier than we had anticipated, and before sundown the rockers were fixed on both cradles, which, to all intents and purposes, were now ready for use. The work was rather rough, but it was firm and strong. So fearful were we first of all that our cradles might be removed or tampered with in the night, that I jocularly proposed two of us should give up the shelter of the tent, and, like pretty little children, sleep in our cradles till the morning.

The next day we set to work with them with the utmost eagerness, having first dragged the lumbering machines to a likely spot in the vicinity of the water. The labour was hard enough, but nothing compared to the old plan of pot-washing, while it saved the hands from the injury inflicted by continual dabbling in sand and water. We took the different departments of labour by turns, and found that the change, by bringing into play different sets of muscles, greatly relieved us, and enabled us to keep the stones rolling with great energy. In the evening, with the help of our newly purchased scales, we tested our gains. The cradle which was worked by Don Luis, Malcolm, and myself, for it was so near the water that three hands were sufficient, had realised six ounces of gold dust; the other, attended to by Bradley, M’Phail, Biggs, and Lacosse, had nearly as much. During

the day there was another considerable influx of people to the diggings; the banks of the river are therefore getting more and more crowded, and we hear that the price of every article of subsistence is rising in the same proportion.

CHAPTER XI.

The proceedings of the week—Visit from Mr. Larkin—What will the Government do?—What “enough” is—San Francisco—Houses and ships deserted—A captain and ship without a crew—A ship without a crew or captain—Wages, newspapers, and shovels—The Attorney-General to the King of the Sandwich Islands—Something for the lawyers—Gold-diggers by moonlight—Mr. Larkin's departure—Provisions run short—Seek a supply at Salter's—Good luck—Diggings' law—Provisions arrive—A wagon wanted—Arrival of Californians and their families—Gay dresses and coquettish manners—Fandangos—El Jarabe—The waltz—Lookers-on and dancers—Coffee, and something stronger—No more Sunday work—José and the saints—The Virgin Mary cheated—Contemplated migration.

June 18 th, Sunday.—The proceedings of the past week have been but a repetition of those of the week previous, the amount of gold dust realised being rather greater, and amounting on an average to very nearly sixteen ounces per day. Cradles are now in use everywhere around us; nevertheless, the numbers who stand in the water washing with tin or wooden bowls do not appear to be diminished.

On the evening of Thursday we were visited by a gentleman from Monterey, a Mr. Larkin, who, I believe, is connected with the States Government, and who has arrived in the diggings with the view of making a report to the authorities at Washington. Don Luis immediately recognised him, and invited him to spend the evening and night in our tent. We were very anxious to hear the news from the coast, and Mr. Larkin in turn was very anxious to pick up all the information he could get respecting the diggings. Don Luis says he is a man of large fortune, so his tour is purely one of inspection, and not with any eye to business. We made him as comfortable as we could; Lacosse

exerted himself in the manufacture of the coffee in honour of our guest, and we had several hours of interesting conversation.

Mr. Larkin said he had no idea what steps the Government at Washington would take with reference to the “placer.” “It can't matter much to you, gentlemen,” observed he, “for although there can be no doubt of its being upon public territory, still, before any instructions can be received from Washington, the great body of the diggers and washers here will be enriched to their heart's content, if a man ever does feel contented with any amount of wealth.”—“Your observation,” exclaimed Malcolm, “puts me in mind of a story which my father used to tell of a farmer, a friend of his, who once took his rent, the odd money short, to an old miserly landlord rolling in wealth. He was asked by him why he had not brought the full 18 amount. ‘Why,’ replied the farmer, ‘I thought you had enough.’—‘Enough!’ said the miser; ‘do you know what *enough* is? I'll tell you—Enough is *something more* than a man hath!’”

Mr. Larkin then spoke of the effects of the “mineral yellow fever,” as he called it, having been most extraordinary in San Francisco. When he left that town, he said more than two-thirds of the houses were deserted. We were not surprised at this, as we knew the people who were continually arriving here must have come from somewhere. Nearly all the ships in the harbour too had lost a great part of their crews by desertion. A barque called the Amity had only six men left when Mr. Larkin started from the port. On board another ship from the Sandwich Islands the captain was left actually and literally alone. On the road Mr. Larkin fell in with another captain who had started off for the gold region with every man of his crew, leaving his ship unprotected in port. On Mr. Larkin remonstrating with him on the flagrancy of his conduct, he merely replied, “Oh, I warrant me her cables and anchors are strong enough to last till we get back.” Mr. Larkin told us what we were fully prepared to hear, namely, that wages and salaries of all classes have risen immensely; clerks, he said, were getting from nine hundred to twelve hundred dollars, instead of from four hundred to five hundred and fifty dollars, with their board. Both the *Star* and *Californian* newspapers, he said, had stopped. Thinking to surprise us, he told us that shovels which used to be one dollar were

selling in San Francisco, when he left, for five and six dollars each. Bradley replied that he thought this was a very reasonable figure, for he had heard thirty dollars offered for a spade that very day.

“Do you know, by-the-by,” said Mr. Larkin, “who I saw here to-day, up to his knees in water, washing away in a tin pan? Why, a lawyer who was the Attorney-General to the King of the Sandwich Islands, not eighteen months ago.”—“I guess,” said Bradley, “he finds gold-washing more profitable than Sandwich Island law; but he's not the only one of his brethren that is of much the same spirit; there's lots of lawyers in these diggings. Well! they are better employed now than ever they were in their lives. They're money-getting rascals all the world over; but here they do have to *work* for it, that's one comfort. Before turning in, we took a stroll through the camp with Mr. Larkin. It was a bright moonlight night, and some of the more eager diggers were still at work. These were the new-comers, probably, who were too much excited to sleep without trying their hands at washing the golden gravel. Mr. Larkin left us the following day.

June 23 rd, Friday.—The last entry in my diary seems to have been written last Sunday. Next day we began to find the provisions running short. A consultation was accordingly held upon the subject. It was quite out of the question to buy provisions in the diggings. Work as one might, the day's living of any man with a respectable appetite—and one seems always to feel hungry here—would pretty well absorb the day's labour. We therefore determined to dispatch Bradley and José back to Sutter's Fort for a supply, it being stipulated that Bradley should share in the gold we might find during their absence. This arrangement being duly concluded, they started off the following morning on horseback, driving before them the two beasts we purchased at Sutter's. We instructed Bradley, if possible, to buy a light wagon, in which to store the provisions he was to bring back. The two extra horses would be able to draw it, and such a vehicle would be useful in many respects. He took with him two hundred and fifty dollars' worth of gold, so as to be in sufficient funds, in case the sum demanded should be an over-exorbitant one.

They departed on Tuesday, and we continued our labours. Towards the afternoon of that day, I had a piece of great good luck. I was digging up the earth to throw into the cradle, when I turned up a lump of ore about the size of a small walnut, which I knew at once was a piece of gold. It weighed

two ounces and three-quarters. This, by the law of the diggings—for it is curious how soon a set of rude regulations sprung into existence, which everybody seemed to abide by—belonged to myself and not to the party, it being found before the earth was thrown into the cradle, and being over half an ounce in weight. Higher up the Sacramento, and particularly on Bear River, one of its tributaries, these lumps and flakes were said to be frequently met with; but at the Mormon digging they are very rare.

On Thursday, about sundown, we were delighted to see the approach of Bradley with a well-loaded wagon of light but strong construction. He had just arrived in time, for 19 our larder was almost exhausted. We were prepared, however, to have stood out another day or two on short rations, rather than pay the prices asked at the shanties. Bradley gave us a short account of the expedition. They reached Sutter's in safety, and found the Fort as busy as though it was tenanted by a swarm of bees. A sort of hotel had at last been opened, and the landlord was driving a roaring trade. The emigrants were pouring in, purchasing shovels, torwels, pans, and whatever else they wanted, at high prices. Profitable as was the washing business, Bradley said he suspected the store-keepers at the Fort were clearing more by their branch of the enterprise than if they had their hands in the pan themselves. He found Captain Sutter well and hearty, and, the morning after his arrival, consulted him about a wagon. The Captain, however, had none he felt inclined to sell, nor was there such a thing to be got in the fort. After some consideration, however, Captain Sutter said that Mr. Sinclair, whose rancho was about three miles off, on the opposite bank of the river, might be able to accommodate him. Accordingly, Bradley made the best of his way there, but found Mr. Sinclair indisposed to trade. At length, after a good deal of persuasion, Bradley succeeded in hiring a wagon and a wagoner of him for a week. The vehicle was got across the river that night. In the morning he started it off well laden with provisions, and arrived here without any accident the same evening. We were now well victualled for a month, but were puzzled how to stow away our large stock of provisions, and only accomplished it satisfactorily by giving up the tent for this purpose. This compelled us all to sleep in the open air; but as yet the nights are very mild and pleasant.

Among the fresh arrivals at the diggings the native Californians have begun to appear in tolerable numbers. Many of these people have brought their wives, who are attended usually by Indian girls.

The graceful Spanish costume of the new-comers adds quite a feature to the busy scene around. There, working amidst the sallow Yankees, with their wide white trousers and straw hats, and the half-naked Indian, may be seen the native-born Californian, with his dusky visage and lustrous black eye, clad in the universal short tight jacket with its lace adornments, and velvet breeches, with a silk sash fastened round his waist, splashing away with his gay deerskin botas in the muddied water.

The appearance of the women is graceful and coquettish. Their petticoats, short enough to display in most instances a well-turned ankle, are richly laced and embroidered, and striped and flounced with gaudy colours, of which scarlet seems to have the preference. Their tresses hang in luxuriant plaits down their backs; and in all the little accessories of dress, such as ear-rings, necklaces, etc., the costume is very rich. Its distinguishing feature, however, is the reboso, a sort of scarf, generally made of cotton, which answers to the mantilla of Old Spain. It is worn in many different and very graceful fashions—sometimes twined round the waist and shoulders; at others, hanging in pretty festoons about the figure, but always disposed with that indescribable degree of coquettish grace which Spanish women have been for ages allowed to possess in the management of the fan and the mantilla. Since these arrivals, almost every evening a fandango is got up on the green, before some of the tents. The term fandango, though originally signifying a peculiar kind of dance, seems to be used here for an evening's dancing entertainment, in which many different *pas* are introduced. I was present at a fandango a few nights ago, where a couple of performers were dancing “el jarabe,” which seemed to consist chiefly of a series of monotonous toe and heel movements on the ground. The motions of the foot were, however, wonderfully rapid, and always in exact time to the music. But at these entertainments the waltz seems to be the standing dish. It is danced with numerous very intricate figures, to which, however, all the Californians appear quite *au fait*. Men and women alike waltz beautifully, with an easy, graceful, swinging motion.

It is quite a treat, after a hard day's work, to go at nightfall to one of these fandangos. The merry notes of the guitar and the violin announce them to all comers; and a motley enough looking crowd, every member of which is puffing away at a cigar, forms an applauding circle round the dancers, who smile like the rest. One cannot help being struck by the picturesque costumes and graceful

motions of the performers, who appear to dance not only with their legs, but with all their hearts and souls. Lacosse is a particular admirer of these fandangos, and he very frequently takes a part in them himself. During the interval between the dances, coffee is consumed by the senoras, and coffee with something stronger by the senors; so that, as the night advances, the merriment gets, if not “fast and furious,” at least animated and imposing.

25th June, Sunday.—We have all of us given over working on Sundays, as we found the toil on six successive days quite hard enough. Last week we had rather indifferent success, having realized only nineteen ounces of gold, barely three ounces a man. The dust is weighed out and distributed every evening, and each man carries his portion about his person. José, who has amassed a tolerable quantity by working in his spare time, is constantly feeling to see whether his stock is safe. He weighs it two or three times a-day, to ascertain, I suppose, whether it exhausts itself by insensible perspiration, or other means, and invokes, by turns, every saint in the calendar—his patron-saint, Joseph, in particular—and all his old heathenish spirits, to keep his treasure safe. In accordance with a vow he made before he started from Monterey, he has set apart one-fourth of his treasure for the Big Woman, as he calls the Virgin Mary—in contradistinction to the Great Spirit, I imagine; but I fancy her stock of gold decreases every day, and that José doesn't play her fair.

We had a great deal of serious conversation this afternoon upon the propriety of moving farther up the river, and trying some of the higher washings; for our last week's labour was a terribly poor yield. We remembered Captain Sutter's account of how Mr. Marshall had first discovered the gold in the vicinity of his mill, and how plentiful it seemed to lie there. Besides, the diggings are getting overcrowded; the consequence of which is, that we have had several of our pans and baskets stolen. We therefore decided that, if we could sell our cradles to advantage—and there is some likelihood of this, for there is not a carpenter left all through these diggings to make others for the constant new-comers—to move higher up the Fork, and try our fortune at a less crowded spot. There is one thing that I think I shall regret leaving myself, and that is, the fandango and the two or three pretty *senoritas* one has been in the habit of meeting at it almost every night.

CHAPTER XII.

The party leave the Mormon diggings—Cradles sold by auction—Laughter and biddings—The wagon sent back—The route to the saw-mills—A horse in danger—A miss at a Koyott—An antelope hit—Mr. Marshall—Venison steaks for supper—The saw-mills—Indians at work—Acorn bread—Where the gold was—How it was got—Gentlemen and horses—New-comers—“Yankee Doodle” and the “Star-spangled Banner.”

Sunday, July 2nd.—Yesterday, in accordance with the resolutions debated this day week, we left the Mormon diggings, and pursued our course up the Americans' River. It was on Thursday night that we adopted the final determination of moving off from our late quarters; and, accordingly, next day I walked with Bradley and M'Phail through the diggings, to try to find purchasers for our cradles. This was not a difficult task. We had plenty of offers; and we were so importuned by some six or eight people, who were anxious to trade with us, that we decided in a minute on having an auction of them. I was not bold enough to play the part of auctioneer myself; but Bradley very coolly mounted on the top of one of the machines, and called upon “gentlemen traders” for their biddings. This was a capital move. The highest offer we had previously obtained was one hundred and sixty dollars for the largest of the two machines; but Bradley succeeded in coaxing the purchasers on—stopping now and then to expatiate on the mint of gold which, he guessed, he would warrant it to produce daily; and then calling to their minds the fact that this was “the identical cradle into which the lump of gold weighing two ounces and three-quarters—the largest piece ever found at the Mormon diggings—was about to have been shovelled, when it was discovered and seized hold of by the fortunate digger—the gentleman on my right hand—who, as you all know, in accordance with the admirable laws of these diggings, laid claim to it as his private property.” This produced a roar of laughter; but, what was better, it produced a roar of biddings, and the cradle was knocked down at one hundred and ninety-five dollars, payable in gold dust, at the standard rate of fourteen dollars the ounce, or a discount of ten per cent, if settled in broad silver pieces. The other cradle fetched us one hundred and eighty dollars.

For these two cradles, therefore, we got three hundred and seventy-five dollars' worth of dust. The same night we occupied ourselves in constructing strong bags, made of rough hides, and well

strapped round the person for the conveyance of the gold dust and scales which we had already amassed.

On Wednesday morning, before sunrise, 21 we had sent the wagon and wagoner back to Mr. Sinclair's rancho, accompanied by José, who returned on the evening of Thursday with the horses.

We found, on starting, that our horses could not carry all the provisions, and at the same time perform a good day's work. We, therefore, left some of the more bulky articles under the charge of a man from San Francisco, known to Bradley, and departed. We made good progress for a mile or two; and, as we crossed the brow of a hill, halted a moment to observe the busy aspect of the washings, as they appeared from a distance. The country, as we ascended the stream, became hourly more hilly and broken. Its general aspect was grassy, and the soil appeared fertile. Here and there deep gullies crossed our path, over which we had great difficulty in urging the horses, heavily loaded as they were. At one of these ravines, the animal which conveyed the tent-poles lost his footing, and went scrambling down the edge of the descent, bearing with him a whole avalanche of gravel and shingles. Malcolm and Lacosse went after the brute, and succeeded in forcing it up by a less precipitous path.

At noon we halted and dined. During the afternoon, we observed a sort of small jackall, of the kind called Koyott, hovering about the line of march. It only occasionally showed itself amongst the long rank grass and bushes. Bradley, however, got his rifle ready; but, although he fired several shots, the animal was too nimble or restless for even the practised eye and hand of a Yankee rifleman to be certain of his aim. In a shot at a young antelope which bounded past, however, Bradley was more successful; and we were rejoiced at the prospect of a supper on tender venison. In a few minutes he had slung the animal over his horse's haunches, and we proceeded on our route.

The country became more broken and mountainous as we advanced; and in approaching the location of the saw-mills, the hills appeared to rise nearly one thousand feet above the level of the Sacramento. They were diversified by groves of gigantic pine and oak trees. We were looking anxiously about for the saw-mills, when we heard the crack of a rifle; and presently a man in white

linen trousers, with his legs defended by buckskin mocassins, wearing a broad Mexican sombrero, and carrying his rifle in his hand, approached us. This person turned out to be Mr. Marshall. He received us kindly, and asked the news from the lower washings, and also how matters were looking at Sutter's when we passed through. Mr. Marshall had a gang of fifty Indians employed, and Captain Sutter had another party of nearly double that number, on the same bank of the river.

We encamped in a woody bottom, by the side of a small stream, which joined the main torrent here, and where there was good pasture for the horses. Mr. Marshall's house was about a mile and a half further up the river. After a good supper of venison steaks—thanks to Bradley's rifle—we turned in for the night.

Next day, Lacosse and M'Phail, attended by Horry, and driving two extra horses, rode down to the Mormon diggings, for the purpose of getting up the provisions which we had left behind. Meantime, I walked out to reconnoitre our new quarters. I soon arrived at the mills, and saw the spot where the discovery of the gold had first been made, by the torrent laying bare the sides of the mill-race. Here I met Mr. Marshall again. Of course the operations of the saw-mill had been stopped, for the workmen were employed in the vicinity, either above or below the works, digging and washing on their own account. Mr. Marshall paid the Indians he had at work chiefly in merchandize. I saw a portion of the gang, the men dressed for the most part in cotton drawers and mocassins, leaving the upper part of the body naked. They worked with the same implements as those used in the lower washings. Not far from the place where most of them were employed, I saw a number of the women and children pounding acorns in a hollow block of wood with an oblong stone. Of the acorn flour thus produced they made a sort of dry, hard, unpalatable bread, which assuredly none but an Indian stomach could digest.

Upon instituting a more particular search into the nature of the country and our prospects, we found that the places where the gold was found in the greatest abundance, and in the largest masses, were the beds of the mountain torrents, now dry, which occasionally descend into both the forks of the stream. We clambered up some of those precipitous ravines, and observed, upon several occasions, as we scrambled among the shingle, shining spangles of gold. The soil was evidently

richly charged; but the great disadvantage was the comparative distance from 22 water. In the evening our friends arrived from the lower diggings, with the provisions all safe and sound, and the next day we determined to set to work.

July 3 rd.—Selecting a likely place in the heart of a steep mountain gorge, we transported thither the larger Indian baskets which we had purchased at Sutter's Fort, and, shovelling the earth into them, passed poles, cut from the nearest pine tree, through the rope-handles we had affixed to these baskets. Resting the poles on our shoulders, we carried the loaded baskets to the brink of the stream, and then set to work after the old fashion, with our hands in the baskets. Our success was great, and the day's return shows a decided improvement upon the Mormon diggings. The soil here is more richly impregnated with gold than below; but the labour of carrying the earth to the water is excessive, and I am so tired this evening that I very reluctantly opened my journal to make this short entry.

July 4th.—As we were starting off to the river with our first basket loads of gravel this morning, Lacosse suddenly remarked that he did not see why the horses should be living like gentlemen when the gentlemen were working like horses; and he proposed to use the shoulders of our nags, instead of our own, for the conveyance of the earth. We all fell in with this proposal, wondering it had never struck us before, and the horses were soon fetched from their comfortable quarters among the tall rank grass, and set to work, with the baskets slung over their backs, like panniers.

Several new-comers from the Mormon diggings passed us to-day, bound further up the Fork. In the morning Mr. Marshall paid us a visit, to know how we were getting on. He had heard from Captain Sutter, who stated that he thought of starting for the upper or lower washings himself, as soon as he had gathered in his wheat harvest, which he hoped to accomplish during the present week. A number of wild ducks haunt the river, and especially abound in the grassy and weedy pools which skirt its edges. This morning we shot some of these, and found them an agreeable addition to our dinner bill of fare.

The afternoon has been passed among the greater part of the miners here as a celebration of the anniversary of American Independence. Something like an out-door feast was got up, and toasts were drunk and songs sung; "Yankee Doodle," and the "Star-spangled Banner," being the chief favourites. Bradley made a smart speech; and, contrary to his usual practice, complimented us Englishmen with a round of pleasant allusions to the mother country.

CHAPTER XIII.

The party again shift their quarters—The river forded—Horry in the water—Mr. Sinclair's party of Indians—Deserted Indian Villages—Weber's Creek—A halt made—Cradles hollowed out—A commotion in the camp—Colonel Mason arrives on a tour of inspection—His opinions as to what Congress should do—Military deserters, and what ought to be done with them—Return of Colonel Mason's party to Sutter's Fort—Bradley accompanies it with a stock of gold—How the gold was packed, and what precautions were taken for its security.

WEBER'S CREEK.— *July 9 th.*—A few more days' experience at the saw-mills convinced us that much time and labour was lost in consequence of the distance between the digging we worked at and the water, and we therefore determined to seek a more desirable location. Ever since we had been at the saw-mills we had heard it constantly said, that at Weber's Creek the gold was to be found in far greater abundance; and to Weber's Creek we determined to go. The stream thus called is a small tributary to the northern fork of the Americans'.

We struck our tents yesterday morning, loaded our horses, and took our departure. The river, at the fording-place, was broad and rapid, but shallow; the principal difficulties in the ford arose from the number of smooth round stones, covered with green rince slime, which formed the bed of the river, and over which our horses stumbled, with a violence which threatened to disturb the fastening of their burdens. No disaster, however, actually occurred, except to poor Horry, whose horse stumbled over a large boulder, and pitched its luckless rider over its head into the water, to the undissembled delight of the entire party, who hailed the poor sailor's discomfiture with loud bursts of laughter.

Horry made the best of his way to the farther bank, without paying any more attention to his horse, which, however, emerged from the water, and was on dry land as soon as Horry himself.

We now proceeded along the right bank of the North Fork, and on the opposite side we caught a glimpse of a party of Indians at work, which we afterwards learned to be that of Mr. Sinclair. In one week this party had gathered sixteen pounds troy of fine washed gold dust. They worked hard, were well fed, and had liberal rations of “strong water” daily. We rested a couple of hours at noon, in a pleasant bottom, heavily timbered, and afterwards, striking away from the river at an acute angle, moved leisurely on through a broken country, intersected by many water-courses, and overgrown with dense clusters of trees.

During our afternoon march we passed several deserted Indian villages—the round-shaped skeletons of the huts alone remaining to mark the former settlements. Not a member of the tribe, however, was to be seen; the beaver may build and the deer pasture hereabouts in peace. Towards evening we entered the valley drained by the stream called Weber's Creek. Its appearance was very beautiful, and the stream descended along a steep rocky bed, foaming round large boulder stones, and tumbling down low ledges of granite. The grassy slopes of the valley are cut up in all directions with rivulets, the courses of which are marked by luxuriant underwood, rank grass, and groves of stunted oaks. Two or three arbores were to be seen with one or two rude-looking tents, all with blazing fires before them. We encamped forthwith, hoping the next day to reach a station which we could make available for our purpose.

We were early on the move this morning, and soon saw several parties of threes and fours washing in the bed of the river, or exploring the mountain gorges with their shovels and mattocks. The weather was getting oppressively hot; indeed, the further we got from the Sacramento the hotter did it become. The sea-breeze never penetrates here to refresh us, and, except when an occasional squall comes sweeping down from the hills, the air is very oppressive.

We travelled but slowly, still in an hour or so we reached a station, about fifteen miles as the crow flies, or about twenty by the windings of the stream, from the point of its junction with the

Americanos, where we determined to try our luck. There was quite a camp here—not to the same extent as the Mormon diggings, but still the washers were numerous, and the larger part of them were Indians. Some few worked in the bed of the river, but the great majority were engaged in the ravines leading up the mountains. The greatest quantity of gold dust was found in the former, while the latter yielded the best specimens of lump and scale gold. We were told that, though the side gullies were very rich, yet they were more uncertain than the main stream. Lumps of gold, weighing several ounces, were continually met with, but a morning was often wasted and nothing found; whereas, if a man stuck to the main stream, and washed all day long, he was sure of his ounce or couple of ounces of gold. For these reasons we determined to stand by the river. Our first business was to see if we could manage to construct a couple of cradles. At a large store here we met with some pine planks, but the figure was most exorbitant. Taking a hint from what we had noticed among the Indians at the saw-mills, we determined to fell a couple of stout trees, and hollow them out so as to serve our purpose. We obtained the assistance of a man here, a ship's carpenter, and a most civil obliging sort of fellow, who gave us a day's help for thirty dollars. He superintended the felling of the trees, and then put us in the way of proceeding with the work. We found the toil sufficiently severe, and began to feel the heat, as I thought, to a far greater extent than was the case in the lower part of the country.

July 8 th.—Yesterday we were employed, from early in the morning till beyond noon, in trimming and hollowing out our cradles. While we were seated together outside the tent enjoying a few whiffs of our pipes and cigars, after a famous dinner of smoking-hot steaks and frijoles, we saw the camp below was all in commotion. People were running out of their tents, and shouting to their neighbours, and gradually a little crowd was formed round a group of horsemen, who were just then brought to a halt. That same feeling of curiosity which gets together a London crowd to see the lion on the top of Northumberland House wag his tail, caused us to make our way, with the rest of the gapers, down to Bennett's shanty, against which all this bustle appeared to be going on. As soon as Bradley and myself could force our way a little through the crowd, we recognised in a moment the features of Colonel Mason. The Colonel, who wore an undress military uniform, had just dismounted from his horse, with the intention, it appeared, of walking through the diggings.

In a couple of minutes' time my friend Lieutenant Sherman came up, and we were soon engaged in an animated conversation in reference to the gold district. The fact was, the Governor was on a tour of inspection for the purpose of making a report to the Cabinet at Washington. I took care to thank Lieutenant Sherman for his letter of introduction to Captain Sutter, and to explain to him the friendly manner in which Captain Sutter received me. I then joined in the conversation being carried on with Colonel Mason, who was giving his opinion as to what the Government would do with respect to the gold placer. The Colonel was very guarded in his statements. He, however, hinted that he thought it would be politic for Congress to send over proper officers and workmen, and at once to establish a mint at some convenient point on the coast. He fully admitted the difficulties of keeping men to their engagements under circumstances like the present; but said some steps must be taken to check the system of desertions on the part of the troops quartered at Monterey and San Francisco. The pay of the soldiers, he considered, ought to be increased; but, without reference to this, he told the gentlemen round him that, as good citizens, they were bound to lend their utmost endeavours to secure in safe custody all known deserters—men who had abandoned their flag and exposed the country to danger, that they might live in a state of drunkenness at the mines.

Colonel Mason next proceeded to visit Captain Weber's store, whither Bradley accompanied him. On his return, Bradley informed us that the Colonel and his escort intended to set off on their way back to Sutter's Fort that very afternoon, and they reckoned upon encamping some few miles below the saw-mills that night. Bradley then took me aside and asked me whether this would not be a good opportunity to send our stock of gold dust down to Captain Sutter, who would, for a reasonable commission, consign it to a merchant at Monterey on our account. The weight of it was becoming cumbersome, and we were besides in constant apprehension of some unfortunate accident happening to it. Now was the time, Bradley urged, to place all we had as yet realised in security. He knew Colonel Mason—in fact, had served under him, and undertook, if the remainder of the party were agreeable, to carry the gold, under the protection of Colonel Mason's escort, to Sutter's Fort.

There was something reasonable in this proposal, and Colonel Mason, on being appealed to, said he would gladly give Mr. Bradley such protection as his escort would afford him, and would be,

moreover, happy of his company. Our party was, therefore, summoned together, and the whole, or nearly so, of the gold dust being produced, it was weighed in our presence, and found to amount to twenty-seven pounds eight ounces troy—valued at over four thousand six hundred dollars. Bradley gave a regular receipt for this to the company, and engaged to obtain a similar one from Captain Sutter. The gold dust was then packed in a small portmanteau well secured by numerous cords, and firmly bound on the pack-saddle of an extra horse, which Bradley was to ride alongside of, the bridle of the animal being secured to his arm, and its trail-rope made fast to the saddle of the horse which Bradley himself rode. He was well armed with pistols and a rifle, and started with Colonel Mason's party a couple of hours before sundown—so that they might ford the river ere it was dusk. After accomplishing this, they intended to ride part of the way by the light of the moon.

CHAPTER XIV.

Smoking and sleeping—Fever, and how caused—Bradley returns—A doctor wanted—A doctor's fee at the mines—Medicine scarce—A hot air bath and a cold water bath—Indians engaged to work—Indian thimble-rigging—An Indian gamester, and the stake he plays for—More sickness—Mormons move off—A drunken dance by Indians—An Indian song about the yellow earth and the fleet rifle—An immodest dance by Indian women.

July 12 th, Wednesday.—We finished our cradles late upon Saturday night, but delayed working until Monday. A few of the miners pursued their avocation on the Sunday, but the majority devoted the day to rest—smoking and sleeping in the shade alternately. I walked through the washings, and heard that many of the miners had been taken ill with intermittent fever, a circumstance which did not astonish me. Bad diet, daily exposure to the sun while it is at its greatest height, followed by an exposure to the cold damp air at night time—these conjoined were quite sufficient to bring on the most severe illness. On my return to the tent I looked over our little stock of medicine, which I foresaw I should soon be required to use.

On Monday we commenced operations in the old style—digging, fetching water, and rocking the cradle. The sun came blazing down with great power, causing headaches to most of the party,

particularly Malcolm, who complained much. The day's taking was very good; we having realised nine ounces with one machine, and seven and a half with the other. At night, as Malcolm still continued to complain of his head, and as there was evidently a good deal of low fever about him, I gave him a dose of calomel and a febrifuge mixture, which by the morning produced a good deal of relief.

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Bradley made his appearance during the forenoon, after a fatiguing ride from Sutter's Fort. He had seen the Captain, had delivered the gold, and settled the transaction. We were hard at work the whole of to-day. In the evening a man came crawling into the tent to know if we had any medicines we would sell. I told him I was a doctor, and asked him what was the matter. He had been suffering from remittent fever of a low typhoid type. I gave him bark, and told him he must lay up and take care of himself. He said he would; but next day, during the intervals of fever, I saw him working away with his pan. The news of there being a doctor in the camp soon spread, and I am now being continually called on to prescribe for a large number of patients. An ounce of gold is the fee generally given me. This sort of work is as much more profitable as it is less laborious than working at the cradle. But the great drawback is that one has to do something else beyond advising. People require physicking, and as I cannot submit to be deprived of the little stock of medicine I had brought with me in case of my own friends having occasion for it, I am obliged to give over practising in those cases where medicine is absolutely necessary.

The native Californians, both Indians and whites, have an universal remedy for febrile affections, and indeed for sickness of almost any kind; this is the temascal, a sort of hot air bath, shaped not unlike a sentry-box, and built of wicker-work, and afterwards plastered with mud until it becomes air-tight. There is one of these machines at the Weber Creek washings, which has been run up by the Indians during the last few days. One of them used it for the first time this afternoon, and to my surprise is still alive. After a great fire had been made up close to the door—a narrow aperture just large enough for a little man to squeeze through—it was afterwards gradually allowed to burn itself out, having in the meantime heated to a very high degree the air in the interior of the bath. Into this the Indian screwed himself, and there remained until a profuse perspiration was produced, which he

checked forthwith by a plunge into the chilly water of the river. Here he floundered about for a few minutes, and then crawled out and lay down exhausted on the ground.

The atmosphere continues exceedingly sultry, and the miners who work by the river, out of the shade, have in several instances sunk exhausted under the toil. Dysentery, produced probably by unwholesome food, has also begun to show itself, and altogether the aspect of things is anything but cheerful.

July 15 th, Saturday.—We have engaged a large party of Indians to work for us in the ravines. They belong to the Snake tribe, and appear to be a poor set of half-starved wretches. We pay them in provisions, and occasionally drams of pisco—a spirit made from Californian grapes.

On visiting the encampment of our Indians, last night after work was over, I found about a dozen of them eagerly engaged gambling away—the stake, in some instances, being the supper which had just been served out to them—with an ardour equal to that of the most civilized gamblers. So far as I could make out, the game had some analogy to our “thimble-rigging;” but appeared to be fairly played. A small ball was passed by three of the Indians from hand to hand, with such rapid dexterity, that no eye could keep pace with their movements; three others watched it with peculiar eagerness. Every now and then the latter made a correct guess, and one was scored in their favour—if wrong, a mark was scored against them. The Indians are in general strongly addicted to games of chance, and they sometimes gamble away all the clothing on their backs. I heard of an instance which occurred near the saw-mills, of an Indian who, after having lost every article of clothing he had, one after the other, to his more fortunate antagonist, staked his labour for a week against the cotton shirt which he had lost only a few minutes before. He had a run of bad luck, and, when he left off, had to work for six weeks, at gold-washing, for his antagonist, who fed him on nothing better than acorn bread. Mr. Neligh, who told me of this circumstance, had seen the man at work duly fulfilling his engagement.

The sickness amongst the miners continues to increase, and in our own party Lacosse has been laid up for two days with fever; however, I think he is now doing well. The climate does not appear

to be unhealthy. It is the exposure to the work which does the mischief. There is some talk afloat among our party of removing further up the country, nearer to the mountains, where gold is said to be in greater abundance. Yesterday, a large party—many of them Mormons—started for the Bear River, a small stream which runs into the Sacramento, and is said to be 26 about fifty miles distant, due north from where we are encamp d.

The Indians at work here have caused the price of pisco and whisky to rise to a most exorbitantly high rate. They content themselves with feasting on the bitter acorn bread, and spend all their earnings on “strong water” and a little finery. Sometimes a party of them, when intoxicated, will get up one of their wild dances, when the stamping and yelling are of a far more fearful character than is generally the case at these singular exhibitions. The dance begins generally with a rude song, the words being of the usual harsh guttural character, but the ideas are generally striking and peculiar. One has been explained to me which recites the praises of the “yellow earth,” because it will procure the Shoshonee the fleet rifle with which he can slay his Pawnee foe. It says nothing, however, about the “strong water,” which renders the arm of the war-chief weaker than that of a child; for, with all their vices, there is still that pride about the Indian character which makes them ashamed of those weaknesses they are unable to resist.

Frequently, while the Indian warriors repose from their exertions, after the termination of one of these wild dances, the women of the tribe will occupy their place; but in general their postures and movements are indelicate in the extreme. But modesty is hardly to be looked for in the amusements of savage life.

CHAPTER XV.

The party determine to start for Bear River—Sickness at the mines—What happened to a drunken Indian—An old trapper and his stories—Captain Sutter's first settlement—Indians partial to horse-flesh—A score of horses stolen—An expedition to revenge the theft—A rancheria demolished—A chorus of yells—Indians routed and then brought to labour—Tin—Bear River—The trapper engaged as guide—Preparations for the journey—An addition to the party—The journey

commenced—Rocky country—Cross the North Fork—An accident to a mule—Flour cakes and bacon scraps—Resume the journey—Precipitous ravines—End of the journey.

Monday, July 24th.—We have determined to start for the Bear River. We worked hard last week, but suffered greatly from the heat; almost every man of us complains of feverish symptoms, with pains in the limbs, back, and loins, yet we are better than the majority of the miners. These washings have now become nearly as crowded as the Mormon diggings were when we left them, and immense sums have been made by some of the luckier adventurers amongst the ravines. The whole valley is dotted over with tents and green bush arbours, and there is hardly a watercourse but which is sprinkled with miners, digging, sifting, and washing. About half of the people work together in companies—the other half shift each for himself. There are hundreds of Indians, many of them fantastically dressed, for they can purchase fine clothing now, even at the extravagant rates at which all articles are charged at Weber's store. They labour one day, and get drunk on pisco or the “strong water” on another. One of them rolled down a rocky ravine killed.

As we were lying down in the shade of the tent yesterday, we were visited by an old trapper called Joe White. He had recognised Bradley and Don Luis, whom he had met on the coast, and we invited him to take coffee with us. Joe White had come into this part of the country with Captain Sutter, whom he spoke very highly of, and of whose early efforts to form a settlement he gave us an account. Their party was the very first of the white settlers in the wilderness. They lived some time in a camp formed of the tented wagons they had brought with them, until they could run up a few rough shanties, and some protecting outworks. During the time they were constructing these, and indeed for some months afterwards, they were dreadfully harassed by the Indians, who made onslaughts on their cattle, carried away, killed, and eat both horses and oxen. The Indians are by no means particular. One night, after the party had been lulled into a sense of security by the apparent friendly disposition of the Indians, who occasionally came into their camp, and no watch was being kept, upwards of a score of horses and mules were driven off; the loss of which Sutter's people knew nothing of until they woke up in the morning, and found the ropes all cut. They started off at once on the trail, and soon found that it led to an Indian rancheria, about eight miles up the Sacramento. This rancheria was, they believed, the refuge of the “Ingin varmints,” as Joe White

styled them, from whose depredations they were constantly suffering. Captain Sutter determined to take signal revenge. They returned to the Fort that day, but next morning started off in a strong party, each man armed with his never-failing rifle and big bowie-knife, and taking with them a 27 howitzer which the Captain had brought with him over the Rocky Mountains. The Indians must, however, have had information by their scouts of the expedition; for, when the party reached the rancheria, they found it deserted—not even a solitary squaw left among the huddled-up collection of huts. Determined not to be foiled, the party set to work to demolish the village. The construction of the Indian houses rendered this an easy task, but, to complete it, fire was requisite. No sooner had the smoke risen from the kindling wood, than their ears were saluted with a dismal yell from a little densely-wooded island a couple of hundred yards up the stream. Startling out in all directions from the high grass and underwood, appeared a crowd of squaws with their children, who gave whoop after whoop, and, brandishing boughs of trees, imprecated curses upon the destroyers of their rancheria.

Captain Sutter and his party of trappers were somewhat startled at this proceeding, and the question immediately occurred to them as to where the men could be. The party pushed their way homewards as fast as possible; leaving the rancheria burning and the squaws and children still yelling and whooping on the island. It was as they expected. On coming within two miles of the fort, they heard the crack upon crack of distant rifles. Putting their horses to the gallop, they arrived just in time to see the Indians totally routed, and scampering away as fast as their horses would carry them into the woods.

After this double defeat, the tribes seem to have given up all idea of prosecuting a war against their new neighbours, and, gradually relinquishing their thievish habits, settled in the neighbourhood of the Fort—sometimes hunting and trapping for the pale faces, and at others labouring away at ditching and brick-making, being paid chiefly in articles of clothing and small allowances of pisco. The trapper told us that Captain Sutter has now a tin coin in circulation, stamped with his name, and good for a certain amount of merchandize at the Fort.

After listening to a few more wonderful adventures of this sort, Bradley turned the conversation upon the country about Bear River. The trapper said he knew it well, and had heard that there was plenty of gold there. He asked him if he would undertake to guide us thither, and, after some bargaining, he consented. The sum he was to have was sixty-five dollars and his food. Considering the high rates of all things here, this was a low figure enough, but the old trapper candidly told us that he was sick and tired of paddling about in the water washing for gold, and that he would prefer a few days' jaunt in the wilderness. The climate was much cooler further to the north, he informed us, and comparatively few miners had penetrated to the Bear Valley. We had a long debate upon the matter, and ultimately it was determined to start the day after to-morrow (Wednesday).

July 25 th, Tuesday.—This day has been devoted to preparations for our journey. Our stock of provisions, with the exception of breadstuffs, is quite exhausted. We have had, therefore, to lay in a stock, but we found everything, of course, inordinately dear; so we have contented ourselves with buying some bacon, and dried beef, and coffee, resolving to trust to our rifles for further support, there being plenty of game in the neighbourhood of the Bear Valley. By the advice of Joe White, we intend not only to load the pack-horses with a portion of our stock of provisions, but each man is to take a fortnight's rations for himself. The pack-horses will carry about another fortnight's supply. We should have preferred, if we could have managed it, to despatch the gold we have amassed since Bradley's mission to Captain Sutter, down to the Fort; but, after some deliberation, we have resolved not to risk its transit without an escort, and, accordingly, have agreed to load one horse, the most sure-footed of the lot, with the valuable burden, and to attach its trail ropes to the horses ridden by ourselves in turn.

This evening three men, hearing of our intended expedition, offered to join the party. These were Edward Story, an American lawyer, who had been one of the inferior alcaldes during the Spanish regime at Monterey; John Dowling, first mate, and Samuel Bradshaw, the carpenter, of an American whaling ship which they had left at San Francisco. The lawyer was an intelligent person, conversant with the language of several of the tribes—the mate seemed to have his wits about him, and the carpenter would obviously be a great acquisition, particularly as we were now

about to plunge even beyond the furthest outposts of civilization, where, in all probability, we may have to secure ourselves against attacks from the Indians without the possibility of any help beyond that which we could render to each other. We were rather pleased with their offer, and received them as an addition to our party. All three had horses, although, as usual with seamen, the mate and carpenter were terribly awkward equestrians.

Wednesday, July 26 th.—This day we struck our camp before sunrise, and had the horses securely packed and all in motion in the early cool of the morning. The march was a fatiguing one; the country appearing to be a succession of woody bottoms, or valleys and steep rocky ridges, which tried the metal of our loaded horses severely. From the summit of one of the hills more elevated than the rest we obtained a distant view of the valley of the Sacramento. Our general course was north north-west. The trapper, who proved an able guide, varied the direction from time to time so as to lead us through the easiest paths, taking care to steer clear of the deep canones that split up the hills in every direction. We dined at noon as usual, and that very well, on some hare soup made from a couple of hares which we had shot during the morning, and some dried beef. The signs of deer were very frequent. After mounting and descending a very precipitous and rocky ridge, we encamped near some waterfalls in a wide open valley. The night was somewhat cold, and we enjoyed a blazing fire of pine sticks, which we cut from the dried trees in the vicinity.

Friday, July 28 th.—Yesterday morning dawned clear and rather coolish. In the forenoon we crossed the north fork of the Americanos, which was here but a trifling stream. The general character of the country was becoming more and more mountainous and difficult to traverse, and we found the labour of the journey sufficiently severe. A great number of water-courses crossed our path, but the channels were quite dry, the stones and shingle white and bleaching in the sun. An unfortunate accident occurred during the afternoon's march to one of the pack-horses, which stumbled over a heap of rough stones in clambering up from the bed of a torrent, and broke its leg. We had to shoot the poor animal to put it out of pain. Its burden was equally distributed between its more fortunate fellows. We encamped amongst rocks, and had a poor supper of flour cakes and

bacon scraps. During the night Don Luis was attacked with aguish symptoms. I prescribed bark, which appeared to relieve him.

To-day our horses were quickly saddled and packed, and we started off in the faint grey of the morning. It was chilly, but the sky was beautifully clear. When the sun had fairly risen, however, we had no more cold to complain of. The way was exceedingly difficult. We toiled along precipitous ravines and gullies, and climbed up steep and rocky ridges, which cut and wounded the feet of the horses, and rendered our progress very slow. The timber we passed was principally pine trees, with sharp pointed leaves and large cones, and occasionally we came upon a grove of evergreen oaks, more stunted in shape than was the case in the lower regions. About mid-day we passed the source of the Rio de las Plumas, or Feather River, and after a most severe and in some respects forced march climbed the last rocky ridge which separated us from the Bear Valley. The sun was near its setting as we pushed down the mountain slopes towards the river. We found it a small stream flowing swiftly over a shingly bed to the westward, and encamped within hearing of its murmur, well pleased to have performed our toilsome journey.

CHAPTER XVI.

A rest—A solitude—No gold to be found—An exploring party—Good fortune—Food and security—More cradles—A fortified shanty in preparation—A dessert after dinner—Dejection—Thoughts about home—No other gold-finders to be seen—Mormon trail—Salt Plain and the Great Salt Lake—A weary day's journey without water—Saline exhalations—The inland sea and its desolate shores—A terrible whirlpool—The shanty finished—The trapper's services retained—The camp visited by an Indian tribe—A friendly sign—The pipe of peace—A “trade” with the Indians declined—Some depart and some remain—Provisions run short—Hunting expeditions—Something about a bear.

Sunday, July 30 th.—We rested somewhat late upon Saturday morning to make up for the fatigues of the journey from Weber's Creek. On surveying the country we found ourselves in a perfect solitude. Not an Indian, far less a white man, was to be seen. The fertile valley of the Bear River

—with its luxuriant grass, in which nestled coveys of the Californian quail—seemed almost untrodden by human foot, and sloped in great beauty between the ridges of rocky hills and peaks of granite, with dark ravines and canones between, which hemmed it in. Our first care was of course to try the capabilities of the country in the way of gold. We therefore separated ourselves, and sought different points of the channel of the stream, and different chasms, which in the winter time conducted the mountain torrents into it.

To our great astonishment and disappointment, one by one we returned into the camp 29 with the news of our non-success. By the old trapper's advice, an exploring party was despatched to follow up the stream towards its head. They travelled the distance of some ten or twelve miles, crossing some of the more important tributaries of the main river, and had the good fortune to strike upon a spot where a slight examination was sufficient to prove that the gold existed in great abundance in the sand and shingles, and imbedded in flakes amid the rocks. To-day we have moved the camp to this spot; and, as we are now beyond the reach of aid from white men, and have begun to feel that we must be, for some time at least, a self-supporting party, our first thoughts are turned towards making arrangements for obtaining a supply of food, and for ensuring our security. Bradley, Joe White, and José, are to be our hunters; Malcolm, Lacosse, and M.Phail, are to set to work to-morrow to make a couple of cradles, the carpenter giving them an occasional helping hand, but occupying himself principally in superintending the construction of a large shanty, sufficient to accommodate the whole party, with a rough fortification around, composed of pine logs and palisades, pointed at the top, sufficient to enclose a space of ground into which the horses could be driven at night, out of the way of any outlying Indian who might be thievishly inclined. We calculate that the construction of the shanty, with its appurtenances, will occupy at least a week—in all probability, much longer. Malcolm, M'Phail, and Lacosse, are to join us in our labours as soon as they have finished the cradles. The hunters had good luck to-day, and came in with a couple of fat bucks. The trapper had also snared a number of quails, so that our table was nobly furnished. Our dinner, also, included a dessert of a fruit similar to apples in taste, but not larger than well-grown gooseberries. These had been gathered and brought in by the trapper in the morning.

Sunday, August 6 th.—I have felt very low-spirited these last few days. One's thoughts have turned towards home, and an indescribable sensation of melancholy has been weighing me down, which at last my companions have begun to take notice of. This evening, just as the remainder of the party contemplated turning in for the night, I pulled out my note-book, and began writing beside the camp-fire.

“¿No puede Vm. dormir?” said Don Luis to me, as he moved away towards the tent.

“No, Señor,” replied I. “Pienso a la veja Inglaterra; a mi Hermano y a mis amigos.”

“Por ventura a una amiguita,” observed Don Luis.

I laughed, and answering, “Es possible, Señor,” went on writing.

We are now regularly settled on the Bear River, and have, as yet, seen no signs of human life round about us. The reports, therefore, which we heard at Weber's Creek, of the gold-finders having penetrated into this valley, would appear to have been without foundation. We have observed a fresh-made trail, which the old trapper seems to consider passes in the direction of the Truckee Lake; and we have noticed the remains of several camp-fires at different parts of the valley. In all probability this trail has been made by the Mormon emigrants, who are reported to have gone on a gold-hunting expedition across the salt desert to the shores of the Great Salt Lake, a distance of seven or eight hundred miles. The old trapper had some wonderful stories to tell about the dangers of the journey across the Salt Plain. How that a man has to travel, from the first faint break of grey light in the morning, as hard as his horse will carry him, over a desert of white salt—which crunches and crumbles beneath his horse's tread at every step he takes—until the sun has gone down behind the tall peaks of the distant Sierra Nevada. No water but of the most brackish kind can be procured to refresh either horse or rider through the whole of this weary route, while their lips are parched with thirst, and their eyes and nostrils become choked from the effects of the saline exhalations rising up on all sides from the desert over which they are passing. And as for the Great Salt Lake, the desolate shores of this inland sea have been, for the most part, carefully avoided by

both Indians and trappers, and no living being has yet been found daring enough to venture far on the bosom of its dark turbid waters; for a belief exists that a terrible whirlpool agitates their surface, ready to swallow up everything that may venture within the bounds of its dangerous influence.

Our cradles were finished on Monday, and the shanty on Saturday afternoon. It includes a sort of outhouse for cooking, and the rude palisades around are quite sufficient protection for the horses against any attempts the Indians are likely to make to drive them off. As soon as our building labours were over yesterday, we set to work digging and 30 washing, and were very successful. The country about here is of course much more rugged than in the lower diggings. Grass is plentiful in the valley, but the rocky heights are covered with a stunted vegetation, offering no food to our horses. The soil, mineralogically considered, does not seem to vary materially from that in the neighbourhood of Weber's Creek. If anything, it is more impregnated with gold. On Friday, Don Luis discovered a large rough lump in a canone about a mile from the shanty; and the next evening a similar lump, though rather smaller, was picked up by Bradley in one of his hunting excursions.

August 8 th.—We have engaged the services of our friend the trapper at the rate of fifteen dollars a-week, with an allowance of whisky twice a-day. He will hunt for us, but will have nothing to do with gold digging and washing. He has a tolerable contempt for dollars, or else he would have demanded higher wages. A man who has spent nearly all his life in the wilderness, who has known no wants but such as his rifle could quickly supply, may, however, well look with contempt on the “root of all evil.” If he were hungry, a shot at some panting elk or bellowing buffalo would stock him with food for weeks to come. If he were athirst, the clear water of some sparkling rivulet would yield him all that he would require. The hide of the bear or of the buffalo would serve to clothe him and to shelter him from the sharp night frosts; while a score of beaver skins would purchase him ammunition more than sufficient to last him all the year round. What, then, should he want with gold?

Yesterday, while we were at dinner, we were surprised by seeing a party of Indians approaching the camp from the direction of Truckee Lake. They appeared not to have any hostile intentions, so we quietly awaited their approach. The foremost chief held before him a long stick, with a bunch of

white feathers dangling at the end. Story explained to us that this was a friendly sign, and said we had nothing to fear from the party. As they approached nearer towards us, they commenced dancing and singing, and we could soon perceive that very few among them were armed, and that altogether their appearance was anything but warlike and imposing.

Story went out to meet them, and shook hands with the few foremost chiefs. When they reached the shanty, before the door of which we were seated, the chiefs gathered on the right hand side of us, and squatted themselves down upon the ground, when the pipe of peace was immediately produced by a veteran chief, and handed round. I took a few whiffs with the rest, and then we learnt from our visitors that they were anxious to engage in a trade. All that they had, however, were some few esculent roots and several bags of pine-nuts. These last they roast and eat, but the taste is far from pleasant. In exchange for them they wanted some charges of powder and ball. Three of them, I noticed, possessed old Spanish muskets, of which they seemed particularly proud; they held them in the usual cautious Indian style, with the butt-end clutched in the right hand, and the barrel resting on the left arm. A few of the others had bows and arrows slung across their backs. We pleaded shortness of ammunition as our excuse for declining the trade. Our provisions being run low made it impossible for us to offer them anything to eat, so we gave them a few blankets, which we could well spare, by way of keeping ourselves in their good graces; as, according to Story, they would have considered it a great affront if we had neglected to make them any presents.

The Indians remained and encamped outside our fort; last night and this morning the greater part took their departure. The guard last night had orders to keep a sharp look-out, as we thought that our friends, even though they had no hostile intentions towards us, might still take a strong liking to some of our horses; but nothing of a suspicious character occurred. Five young men of the tribe also have stopt behind, who wish to continue with us and work for us, but the low state of our commissariat renders it desirable not to accept their offer, unless our hunters return to-day with a good stock of provisions.

August 13 th. Our hunters have been very successful these last few days. We have a large stock of elk meat, which we intend drying after the Indian fashion. On Friday, while Don Luis and

the trapper were out together, they were surprised by the sight of a huge bear right before them, slowly walking up towards them. As soon as he arrived within about a hundred paces he squatted down upon his haunches for a few moments; but, as they got nearer to him, and just as they were preparing to give him a greeting in the shape of a couple of balls through his 31 head, he rose up and scampered off. They fired, but without success, and the brute plunged into a dense thicket; after which they saw nothing more of him.

Our Indians, after stopping with us a couple of days, during which period we compelled them to encamp at night-time outside the fort, took their departure early on Friday morning, or else during the night of Thursday, unperceived by our sentinels. They, however, took nothing with them belonging to our party, except a couple of blankets we had lent to the two principal men.

CHAPTER XVII.

A rich mine of gold discovered—A guard both night and day—A good morning's work—An Indian scout—How he served Dowling, and how Dowling served him—A look-out—Indians seen advancing—A moment of fear—A yell—Arrows and rifles—A wounded chief carried off—The field of battle—The return to the camp—Horses driven off by Indians—Where José was found—The wounded attended to—An after-dinner discussion—How the watch went to sleep, and how they were woke up—M'Phail missing—Wolves, deer, and a puma—A party set out in search of M'Phail.

August 20 th, Sunday.—The past week has been in many respects an eventful one. On Friday, while several of us were rambling about the neighbourhood of the camp, exploring the numerous mountain canones which lie between us and the Sierra Nevada, we found, among the loose particles of rock which had crumbled away from the sides of the ravine and fallen to the bottom, several lumps of gold of a much larger size than any we had before met with. This induced us to examine the upper part of the ravine, where promising traces of gold were readily detected; further examination convinced us that the precious metal existed here in far greater quantities than in the locality where we had been at work for several weeks previous; and we were, moreover, satisfied

that it was to be obtained with much less difficulty, as, being found in solid lumps, the unpleasant labour of washing was dispensed with. We therefore determined, on the following morning, to remove all our implements to this spot, the only disadvantage of which was its being situated rather far off from our place of encampment.

Since our friends, the Indians, had quitted us, we had always left some one or other on guard at the shanty, to keep watch over our horses and baggage, both during the day time and at night; for we knew that some of them were continually prowling about, our horses having frequently shown signs of uneasiness in the night time. During the day there was generally one member of the party who remained at the shanty, having either José or the lad Horry in company.

The ravine we proposed moving to was nearly half-a-mile distant. After breakfast, Bradley, Lacosse, and M'Phail, accompanied by the old trapper, set off on a hunting expedition, for our stock of provisions was now getting very low, leaving José and our legal friend at the camp. The remainder of the party, including myself, proceeded to the ravine with our implements, and after working a few hours we succeeded in procuring more gold than we had obtained in any two days during the past week. We were just on the point of returning to the camp to dinner when Dowling, who was standing near some sage bushes at the upper part of the ravine, heard a rustling among them, and on moving in the direction of the noise saw an Indian stealthily creeping along, who, as soon as he perceived he was discovered, discharged an arrow, which just missed its mark, but lacerated, and that rather severely, Dowling's ear. The savage immediately set up a most terrific whoop, and ran off, but stumbled before he could draw another arrow from his quiver, while Dowling, rushing forward, buried his mattock in the head of his fallen foe, killing him instantaneously.

At this moment we heard the crack of a rifle in the direction of the camp, which, with the Indian's whoop at the same moment, completely bewildered us. Every man, however, seized his rifle, and Dowling, hastening towards us, told us what had just occurred. All was still for the next few moments, and I mounted a little hill to reconnoitre. Suddenly I saw a troop of Indians, the foremost of them on horseback, approaching at full speed. I hastily returned to my companions, and we

sought shelter in a little dell, determined to await there, and resist the attack, for it was evident that the savages' intentions were anything but pacific.

It was a moment of breathless excitement. We heard the tramp, tramp of the horses coming on towards us, but as yet they and their riders were concealed from our view. I confess I trembled violently, not exactly with fear, although I expected that a few moments would see us all scalped by our savage assailants. It was the suddenness of the danger which startled me, and made my heart throb violently; but at that moment, just as I was reproaching myself with the want of courage, a terrific yell rung through the air at a short distance from us, and forty or fifty warlike Indians appeared in sight. My whole frame was nerved in an instant, and when a shower of arrows flew amongst us, I was the first man to answer it with a rifle-shot, which brought one of the foremost Indians off his horse to the ground. I instantly reloaded, but in the meanwhile the rifles of my companions had been doing good service. We had taken up our position behind a row of willow trees which skirted the banks of a narrow stream, and here we were protected in a great measure from the arrows of our assailants, which were in most cases turned aside by the branches. A second volley of rifle-shots soon followed the first; and while we were reloading, and the smoke had slightly cleared away, I could see that we had spread consternation in the ranks of the Indian warriors, and that they were gathering up their wounded preparatory to retreating. I had my eye on one old man, who had just leapt from his horse. My finger was on the trigger, when I saw him coolly advance, and, taking one of his wounded companions, who had been shot through the leg, in his arms, place him on a horse, then mounting his own, and catching hold of the other animal's bridle, gallop off at full speed. Although I knew full well that if the fortune of the day had gone against us, these savages would not have spared a single man of our party, still I could not find it in my heart to fire on the old chief, and he therefore carried off his wounded comrade in safety.

In a few minutes the hill-sides were clear, and when we emerged from our shelter, all that was visible of the troop of warriors was three of them weltering in their blood, a bow or two, and some empty quivers, and a few scattered feathers and tomahawks, lying on the ground. One by one, we gradually stole up to the top of the mound from whence I first beheld the approach of the enemy, when, finding that they were retreating at full speed in an opposite direction to the camp,

we determined to proceed thither at once, fully prepared to find both Story and José murdered. On our arrival, however, the former coolly advanced to meet us, and, in answer to our questions, stated that while he was superintending the proper browning of our venison, and José was filling the cans with water, he saw several of our horses scampering off, being in fact driven by three or four Indians on horseback. “So quickly,” said he, “was the movement effected, that before I could lay hold of my rifle they were nearly beyond range. I fired, but without effect; and while I was looking about, I suppose in rather a bewildered manner, a party of something like forty Indians ran rapidly past. I don't know whether they saw me or not, but I was by no means anxious to engage their attention, and was glad enough when the last passed out of sight. I then went in search of José whom I found in the river up to his neck in water—a position which he thought afforded the safest means of concealment, as he knew his wild brethren would have sacrificed him, and perhaps eaten him forthwith, if they had chanced to discover him.”

I at once set to work to dress Dowling's ear, and a wound which Don Luis had received in his hand. The latter was merely a scratch, and the only danger likely to arise from it was in the event of the arrow by which it was inflicted having been poisoned. But Don Luis felt so confident that this was not the practice among the tribes about here, that he would not allow me to take the usual precautions against such a contingency.

Our anxiety was now turned towards the party who were out hunting, and we anxiously looked for their appearance. We had been so upset by the events of the morning, that we all felt disinclined to resume our labours after our meal was concluded, and we occupied ourselves in and about the camp, and in discussing the reason of the Indians' attack, and the probability of its being followed up by another. The day wore on without any signs of our companions' return. Towards evening, a rifle was fired off occasionally, to let them know of the danger which in all probability awaited them from an attack on the part of the Indians, and also to let the latter gentry know that we were on the look-out. It was arranged that we should all keep watch until the arrival of our friends, to be the better prepared for any danger which menaced us and them; for we thought it not unlikely that the Indians were hovering about the camp, and might attempt a surprise. Exhausted, however, by excitement and fatigue, one by one we dropped off to sleep. I was wakened up by the report, as

I thought, of a rifle, which was immediately followed by a horrible moaning, and the whole of us were soon on our legs, rifles in hand, in the expectation of being butchered in the course of a few minutes. Bradley's well-known 33 whistle, however, somewhat restored our confidence.

In a few minutes Lacosse, Bradley, and the old trapper were by the camp-fire. "Is M'Phail here?" asked all of them in a breath, anxiously looking round the circle. The reply to the question was a sad one: he had not yet returned. In answer to our inquiries as to where they had parted from him, and as to whether they had heard the rifle-shot which had disturbed us from our sleep, Lacosse replied that they had first missed him about three-quarters of an hour ago, but they did not feel any particular uneasiness at the circumstance, as they imagined he had ridden on first. The night was rather dark, but Lacosse said the trail could easily be distinguished. With regard to the shot we had heard fired, and the moans which followed it, Bradley said that shortly after missing M'Phail, they found some wolves were on their track, in all likelihood scenting the deer which they were carrying slung across their horses. Fearing their noise might attract a more dangerous customer, in the shape of a puma, towards them, he fired a couple of pistols, which had the effect of wounding two of the pack, who rolled over with terrific howls. It must have been Bradley's last shot that woke us, for none of us heard more than one shot fired.

Our three huntsmen set about preparing their supper immediately, in the full expectation that M'Phail would make his appearance before the venison was ready. The supper was, however, cooked and eaten, but still no M'Phail arrived. Another hour was suffered to elapse, and then we began to consider that it was nearly three hours ago since he was last seen, while at that time he was not more than one hour's distance from the camp. It was evident, therefore, that he had either missed the trail or followed it in the opposite direction (which last was the old trapper's opinion), or else some more serious misfortune had happened to him. We at once resolved to set out in search of him, leaving a guard behind at the camp. The mate and Don Luis, being both, as it were, invalided, were of course among those who were to remain. Bradley pleaded fatigue, and wished to stay in camp, and Biggs was left on guard with him.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Where M'Phail was last seen—The trapper's keen eyes—A nap in the open air—The Author woke up—Camp-fires—A surprise attempted—Horses left in charge—The tactics of the advance and the retreat—A shot from a rifle, and a man wounded—A salute—The rifle shot explained—Horses driven off A volley fired—Poor Horry scalped—The trapper promises vengeance—The wounded man—Grief at the loss of a friend—A mystery explained—Horry's grave—His funeral and monument.

IT must have been about one o'clock when we started, and, after half-an-hour's hard riding, we came upon the spot where M'Phail had last been seen. We shouted for some time as loudly as our lungs would let us, but heard nothing, save the howl of some hungry wolf, in reply. We then followed the trail at a brisk pace for eight or nine miles, but could discover nothing of our missing friend. There seemed no possibility of ascertaining whether he had proceeded in the direction in question or not, as the marks made by the horses of the party in the morning, on their way out, somewhat confused the old trapper. His keen eye, however, soon detected marks of a horse's hoof in a contrary direction, over the marks which the horses of the hunting party had made on their return. These signs were not apparent beyond the spot we had reached. In which direction they were continued, the night was too dark to discover.

Feeling that further search before daybreak would be useless, we resolved to get a few hours' sleep in the meantime; and, dismounting from our horses, secured them as well as we could, and placing our saddles on the ground, to serve as pillows, we wrapped our saddle-cloths round us, and were soon fast asleep. Story and the lad Horry did first duty as sentinels. While they were on guard I was wakened by a sharp tug at my leg, and while I was seizing hold of my rifle, I recognised Story's voice calling me by name. He told me that, after keeping a sharp look-out for about half-an-hour, he observed several fires on the hill-sides, apparently about half-a-mile off; he had been watching them for some time, and at last determined to wake one of the party.

I went with him outside the little willow copse where we had fixed ourselves, and true enough there were the fires, belonging, as we thought, to a camp of Indians—very likely the same who had stolen our horses and attacked us in the morning. We returned and woke the whole party; and,

a consultation being held, it was decided, as we were well armed, and as the Indians had shown so much anxiety this morning to get beyond reach of our weapons, after tasting a few 34 shots, to effect a surprise, and recover, if possible, our stolen horses. We saddled and mounted as quickly as possible, and, after riding about a mile in the direction of the fires, found that we were getting tolerably close to our enemies. On we went, taking every bush which crackled beneath our horses' tread for a token of the movements of some Indian scout who had scented our approach. When within a short distance of the campfires we dismounted, and tied our horses to some trees, leaving them in charge of the lad Horry, with directions for him to keep his ears well open, and, in the event of his hearing us retreat from the Indians, to give a few lusty shouts, so as to let us know where the means of flight were to be found.

We advanced cautiously, Malcolm and Bradshaw preceding the main body, about twenty paces apart. The arrangement was for the five (namely, Lacosse, Story, the trapper, José, and myself) who composed the main body, to form a semicircle, of which the two scouts would compose the extreme points, and so to approach the Indians' camp, on nearing which we were to fire a volley on them from our rifles, and, wheeling round, drive our horses off and retreat. We were within two hundred paces of the camp-fires when we were startled by the report of a rifle. A shrill whistle followed; but we still advanced, and in a few moments came up with Malcolm and Bradshaw, the sailor being supported in the arms of his companion, who called out that the man was shot, and begged me to look to him. The remainder of the party, hearing this, moved a few paces forward, levelled their rifles, and were on the eve of firing, when we were suddenly saluted, in true British vernacular, with an exclamation of "D— your eyes, who goes there?" This so startled our party that it saved the lives, very probably, of the whole camp. They halted for a moment, and consulted together as to the course to be adopted. A shot had been fired from the camp, and one of our men injured. They, therefore, concluded that we had stumbled on the camp of one of those gangs of ruffians which were known to infest the hills at the foot of the Sierra Nevada.

At this juncture I ran up to the group with the intelligence that Bradshw had been injured by a shot from his own rifle, which had accidentally gone off, and which circumstance Malcolm had not, in the first instance, explained. I told my companions that the man was seriously wounded in the

leg; that I had merely bandaged it up with a handkerchief, and, leaving him in Malcolm's charge, had hastened forward to let them know the fact, that no more blood might be shed. No sooner was this explanation given than we heard a loud shout from the lad Horry, followed, as I thought, by some faint groans; but none of the others heard them, and I thought I might have been mistaken. It was concluded that he was merely shouting in accordance with our instructions, and no further notice was taken of the affair. At that instant several horses came galloping by at full speed, passing within a few yards of us, and, following them, we could discern half-a-dozen mounted Indians. We guessed the truth at once. They had cut the bridles of our horses, and were driving them away to rejoin their fellows, which had been stolen from us in the morning. We levelled our rifles and fired—reloaded, and fired again; and them, in the midst of a chorus of hallooing and screaming from the camp just before us, and the loud bellowing of the retreating Indians, started off in pursuit, and soon succeeded in turning our animals round, the Indians vanishing as rapidly as they had appeared.

Securing our steeds, we walked them back in the direction of the spot where we had left Horry, and, after some trouble, succeeded in finding the exact place, when, to our horror, we found the poor fellow quite dead, his body covered with blood, and his head and face dreadfully disfigured. A closer examination showed us that the poor lad, after being murdered, had been scalped by the savages. “Yes, yes,” said the old trapper, “sure enough his scalp is dangling in the belt of one of them devils. G—d! I'll send an ounce of lead through the first red-skin I meet outside them clearings. We'll have vengeance—we will.”

As soon as I was a little recovered from the horror which this scene naturally caused, I returned with the old trapper to the spot where I had left Malcolm and Bradshaw, hardly expecting, after what I had just witnessed, to find either of them alive. I was, however, happy in my fears not being realized. They were both as I had left them. We carried the wounded man as well as we could between us back to the place where the remainder of the party were waiting for us. Here we stayed till daybreak, silent and dejected. For my own part I could have wept. That rough sailor lad, though under other circumstances I might have looked down on him with contempt, and not have cared one straw whether he was dead or alive, had been one of a little society, every member of

which had grown upon me in the rude life we had lived together in this wilderness, and I felt that I had lost a friend.

The day broke at last, and, after repairing our bridles as well as we could, we prepared to depart. We wrapped the body of the dead lad in a blanket, and laid it over the back of his horse to convey it to our camp, where we might bury it according to the rites of the English church. I examined the carpenter's leg, and found his hurt was, fortunately, only a flesh wound. It gave him, nevertheless, great pain to travel on horseback, but there was no other means of conveying him to the camp. As we rode slowly along, in the grey light of the morning, we caught sight of the valley, the scene of our last night's misfortunes, and saw on the hill-sides two white-tented emigrant wagons, with the horses quietly grazing down in the bottom. Several of us rode towards the spot, but found not a soul there. One of last night's mysteries was explained. The camp we had at first taken to be an Indian one, and then one of mountain robbers, was merely that of a few emigrants, who, having crossed the pass in the Sierra Nevada, were, doubtless, on their way to the Sacramento Valley. In all probability, alarmed by the extraordinary affair of last night, they had abandoned their wagons, and sought concealment from the dangers which they imagined surrounded them. We shouted out the words "Friends," "Americans," and other expressions, to give them confidence, if they were within hearing, but we obtained no reply. We, therefore, hastened to rejoin the remainder of our party, and in about three hours' time we reached the camp, cheering ourselves with the thought, as we moved along, that we should find M'Phail had returned. But we were doomed to disappointment; there were no tidings of him, and sorrowfully did we set to work to dig poor Horry's grave. After Malcolm had read the service from the English Prayer-book over him, we sawed off a pine-log, which was inserted a couple of feet deep in the ground, and on the upper part, which had been smoothed for that purpose, we carved, in rude letters, his name, and the date of his death.

CHAPTER XIX.

The party strengthen their defences—No tidings of M'Phail—The trapper goes in search of him—Returns, having met with no success—M'Phail makes his appearance accompanied by guides—His adventures while away—Finds he is lost—Loses his rifle—No supper—Loses his horse—No food

for three days—Sinks into a stupor—Is discovered by two Indians—Their humane treatment of him—They conduct him by slow marches to the camp.

August 27 th.—We have passed a heavy but not very profitable week. Three days of our time have been spent in strengthening our defences, and we have had some severe labour in felling pine trees and dragging them to the stockade. We have driven sharpened stakes into the earth, and, after laying the logs longitudinally within them, have twisted the lighter boughs and brushwood of the trees in the interstices. Before we began this task, however, the trapper, Malcolm, and Lacosse started in search of M'Phail, but returned the same night (Sunday) unsuccessful. In the meantime, my two patients go on favourably. the pure air and temperate living doing more for the wounds than medical skill could effect.

On Monday, a council was held as to the propriety of sending another party in search of our missing friend; and, after some discussion, the trapper started off alone, taking rations with him to last him two or three days. On Wednesday we set to work again, digging and washing, confining ourselves, however, to that portion of the stream and to those canones which were in the vicinity of the camp. Upon the whole, we made good progress during the week, frequently averaging four ounces of gold dust and flakes a-day per man. Early on Wednesday the trapper made his appearance, but he had returned without any tidings of our missing friend.

It was upon Thursday evening, as we were returning to the camp after a hard day's work, that we were delighted at perceiving our comrade M'Phail, whom we had given up for lost, making his way towards us, accompanied by a couple of Indians, fantastically dressed in the Spanish fashion, the costumes having been probably purchased by the sale of gold dust lower down the country. Our friend was, of course, joyfully received, and a special can of pisco punch brewed in honour of his return.

His adventures since his separation from the party were soon related. He had turned aside to water his horse at a small rivulet, 36 and, on his return, waited at the trail for his comrades, whom he conceived to be still in the rear. After waiting for nearly half-an-hour, he thought that they must

have passed him, and galloped after them in what he conceived to be the proper trail. After half-an-hour's ride, however, he found himself utterly at sea—no sign of the camp, or of his comrades. He mounted several high ridges, which he hoped might command a view of the Bear Valley; but all he could see was a wilderness of hills and deep ravines, here and there chequered with fertile bottoms clumped with pines and oaks. In fact, he grew quite confused, and, to add to his perplexity, in fording a rapid torrent his horse stumbled, and was carried off his legs by the strength of the stream, and had to swim for it. At length they gained the further bank; but our friend found that in his agitation he had dropped his rifle, which was irrecoverably gone.

Finding that he had no knowledge of the country about him, he determined to encamp for the night, and accordingly laid his head on his saddle, wrapped himself up in his cloak, and went supperless to sleep. When he awoke in the morning, he found that his horse, which he had tethered to a neighbouring stunted tree, had strayed away, and although he followed his trail for some time, he was eventually obliged to give up the search. The remainder of this and the following day he wandered about at random, amidst a wild and sterile country, furrowed with tremendous chasms several hundred feet in depth, and the edge of which it was necessary to skirt for miles ere a crossing-place could be found. During this time poor M'Phail fared very hardly. He saw numerous herds of elk, but they bounded past unharmed: he had no rifle. He tried in vain to find some edible roots, and was at length reduced to the necessity of chewing grass and the pith of alder trees.

Throughout this period his sufferings were excessive; but as the time passed and brought no relief, he experienced a sickness and nausea of the most gnawing and horrible description. He became so weak that he could hardly stand. At length at sunset, on the third day of his wanderings, he laid himself down upon a spot of grass, and fell into a kind of stupor, in the full belief that he would only wake in the agonies of death. It was then that he was discovered by the two Indians who brought him to the camp. They behaved with great humanity towards him, allowing him, however, to eat, first of all, only a few morsels of the dried meat which they had with them, that he might not harm himself by over-eating, after such a lengthened fast. As his stomach by degrees recovered its tone, they permitted him to take further nutriment; and after encamping with them on that and the following night, he felt sufficiently recovered to proceed on his journey to the camp. His kind

benefactors understood a few words of Spanish, and he was enabled to explain to them the part of the country he wished to reach. They undertook to guide him thither—told him they would arrive there after having slept once, and by slow marches made their way to Bear Valley, which they reached on the evening of the second day. M'Phail expressed his surprise on finding that he had wandered no greater distance off. He showed his gratitude to his guides by presenting them with the two large holster pistols which he brought with him from Oregon; and on the following morning they took their departure from the camp.

CHAPTER XX.

The Author inclined to return to the coast—Sickness in the camp—Provisions run low—What is to be done with the gold?—Proposal to convey it to the coast—Short rations—Indians visit the camp—The invalids of the party—The conveyance of the gold again discussed—Suspensions began to arise—Captain Sutter's receipt missing—Bradley's explanation—Further discussion about the gold—The matter at last arranged—No chance of rain.

August 29 th.—We have led a lazy life of it these last few days. The excitement we have lately undergone has unfitted for regular labour; and, besides, one has had altogether a tolerably long spell of toil. Although, ever since we have been fairly settled here—now about a month—we have not worked more than from four to five hours daily, and have taken it by turns to go out on hunting expeditions, still I think most of us have had enough of it; and were it not that the rainy season will soon set in, when we shall be compelled to give over work, I should, for my own part, feel inclined to return to the coast forthwith. Sickness has begun to show itself in our camp, and we have three men now laid up: Bradshaw, whose wound, though healing, will still confine him for many days; Biggs, who has had a severe attack of fever, but is now recovering fast; and Dowling, who lies inside the shanty in an almost helpless state. My stock of drugs, too, is nearly 37 exhausted. Thank God, my own health has altogether been most excellent. Although the vegetation dying off in the valleys at this time of the year gives rise to a sort of malaria, still, from the herbage not being of so rank a character about here as it is in the lower settlements, the effects are by no means so injurious; besides, the cool air from the mountains acts as a wholesome check.

Our provisions have run very low; nearly the whole of our flour is exhausted, and we are forced to live on the produce of our hunting expeditions. The little flour we have is set apart for the invalids of the party. Yesterday our hunters came in, after being absent all day, with only a black-tailed deer and a couple of hares; quails, however, are tolerably plentiful. Lacosse and the trapper have volunteered to set off to Sutter's, and bring us up a supply of breadstuffs sufficient to last us until the sickly season sets in. I believe it is arranged for them to start off tomorrow.

September 1 st.—There have been several discussions as to the prudence of keeping the large quantity of gold we have already procured in camp, when we are liable to be surprised by the Indians, who for the sake of it would tomahawk and scalp us all round. It seems to have spread from tribe to tribe that the yellow earth which the pale faces are in search of will buy not only beads and buttons and red paint, but rifles, and charges of powder and ball, scarlet blankets, and the “strong water,” which the Indian “loves, alas! not wisely but too well.” Some are of the opinion that we ought to keep it by us, always leaving a proper guard on the look-out, until we finally abandon the digging, when we could return with it to the settlements in a body. Bradley and Don Luis are rather opposed to this plan, and volunteer to take the gold themselves to San Francisco or Monterey immediately, and deliver it into the custody of some merchant there on our joint account. I don't like this suggestion, for the amount is sufficiently large to tempt any one to make off with it; besides, it would be dangerous to send it without a strong guard. To-day we have put ourselves on short rations, as our stock of provisions is getting very low.

September 2 nd.—The camp generally seem to be in favor of Bradley's proposition. Some of the more timid ones consider that we shall be in constant danger for the next two months the rainy season commences, when we must give over work. It is a great pity that the gold was not sent down at the time Lacosse and the trapper left.

Three Indians came into the camp last night, belonging, we believe, to some tribe no great distance off. We gave them a good supper; and after it was over we took care to make as much display as possible of our firearms and bullet-pouches, and to see that our horses and mules were well tethered before we turned in for the night. Story and M'Phail were the first guard. The three Indians wrapped

themselves up in their blankets, and slept just outside the tent; and after a good breakfast in the morning took their departure, shaking hands with our party all round, and expressing by other signs their satisfaction at the treatment they had met with. Biggs is nearly recovered from his attack, and will commence work again in a couple of days; meanwhile, he is doing guard duty. Dowling and Bradshaw are still both very ill.

September 3 rd, Sunday.—Bradley repeated his proposition do-day, that himself and Don Luis, accompanied by José, who was to take charge of a couple of horses, with packs containing the bulk of the gold, should start off the following morning. Story was of opinion that they ought to be attended by a guard as far as the Sacramento Valley; but, to our surprise, Bradley and Don Luis opposed this suggestion, on the score that such a precaution was unnecessary.

Yesterday evening I took an opportunity of speaking privately to Malcolm and M'Phail in reference to Bradley's proposition, and also in reference to his and Don Luis's peremptory dismissal of Story's suggestion, without even allowing it to be discussed. We then brought a circumstance to our recollection which had never struck us before, namely, that neither of us had ever seen Captain Sutter's receipt for the gold Bradley had deposited in the Captain's charge, and we determined to bring the matter up the first opportunity. To-day, therefore, while we were at breakfast, Malcolm asked Bradley if Captain Sutter had given a receipt for the gold, when he answered "Yes, certainly;" but, to our surprise, stated that he had had the misfortune to burn it. He went on to say, that while on his return to Weber's Creek, during a halt he made, he had struck a light for his cigar, and had incautiously used the receipt for that purpose. He had mentioned the matter to Don Luis, he said, the same day he returned. Malcolm, M'Phail, and myself, 38 looked at each other, but we felt bound to believe Bradley's statement. We arranged, however, during a stroll we made from the camp, after breakfast was finished, not to agree to Bradley's proposition in reference to the conveyance of our present stock of gold, unless one of us three formed one of the party accompanying it.

After dinner, I brought the subject forward by observing, that if it was intended Bradley's plan should be carried out, Malcolm would desire to form one of the party; and as an excuse for his

going, I stated that I wished him to get me a supply of drugs at San Francisco, as the little stock I had brought with me was quite exhausted;—foolish-like, not thinking at the time that Bradley and Don Luis could have procured them quite as readily as Malcolm, and that I was therefore giving no reason at all for his accompanying them. Malcolm, however, came to my relief, by stating he had business at San Francisco, as he wished to see the captains of some of the vessels in the harbour there that might be bound for the Columbia River. Bradley gave Don Luis a side-look, and said that no ships bound for the Columbia would be found at San Francisco at this time of the year. Biggs, however, who knew more about the shipping at that port than any of us, observed there would be; and rather a warm discussion ensued, which was interrupted by Story and M'Phail both saying to Bradley, that as Malcolm really wanted to go to San Francisco, they had better go in company. As there could be no possible objection to this course, it has been finally arranged for them to start off on the 5th (Tuesday). José was to be left behind.

The takings of the past week have been very good, considering that we have two of our party absent, and three laid up with illness. The sky has been a good deal overcast to-day; but still, from what I learn, there is no chance of rain for another month.

CHAPTER XXI.

The party start for the coast—How the carrying of the gold was arranged—The escort—Character of the country they passed through—Halt at noon—An alarm—A discovery—The escort return, keeping a sharp look-out—A merry evening—The narrative resumed—A loud whistle—“The best part of the gold is lost”—The party are sullen and angry—Malcolm is missing—Don Luis's explanation—A lasso whirls through the air—A horse shot—Malcolm falls to the ground—Bradley fires, and with effect—Retire to cover—A discharge of rifles—The enemy wheel off—Malcolm's horse is missing—Malcolm found to be insensible—More horsemen—Tomas Maria Carillo—Robberies at the mines—Brutal conduct—A litter procured—Malcolm conveyed to a shanty—A kind Californian woman—A volley of inquiries about the gold—“It is the doctor you have to thank for that”—The Author's reflections.

September 5 th.—This morning, the party bound for the coast started off as agreed on. We rose before daybreak, breakfasted, and got the horses in readiness just as the sun showed over the mountain. At my suggestion, Malcolm had the strongest horse we possessed allotted to him, as it had been arranged that he should carry the bulk of the gold, and that Don Luis and Bradley, who were to take as much as they could carry in their saddle-bags, were to form the guard. This plan was adopted in preference to having a led horse, which it was thought would greatly impede their progress, and prevent the party from reaching the settlements on the Sacramento that night. Bradley and Don Luis each took with them eighteen pounds weight of gold; Malcolm, who was unencumbered by anything, and merely carried a brace of pistols in his belt, took very nearly seventy pounds. To relieve Malcolm's horse as much as possible, three of us, who were to act as an escort to within a few miles of the Sacramento Valley, were each to carry fifteen pounds weight of the gold so far as we went. This escort was composed of Story, José, and myself.

We started off soon after sun rise, amidst the faint cheers of our invalided companions, and, as it was necessary for the escorting party to return to the camp that night, it was agreed that we were to retrace our steps at noon or thereabouts. The commencement of our ride was through an open country, broken up by boulders of granite and clumps of dark grey sage trees, when, after ascending some low rocky hills, their summits crowned with a dense forest of gigantic pines, we entered a grassy valley, lined with groups of noble cedars, whose spreading branches offered a most inviting shade. Every now and then, we had to make our way down the sides of huge chasms which intercepted our progress, and then to toil slowly up the difficult ascent.

At noon we halted and took shelter from the sun in a little dell with a gushing spring bubbling up in the midst, and a patch of willows fringing the banks of the running stream. We scampered our horses down it, dismounted, and, turning them loose to graze, seated ourselves at the base of a huge rock of granite. Our wallet of provisions was opened, 39 and we soon made a hearty meal. Just as we had finished, some loose earth and a few small stones came tumbling down from above, knocking every now and then against the projecting ledges of rock in their descent. We immediately started up, thinking it might be some grizzly old bear anxious to make a meal of us, and Bradley

and Malcolm scrambled up above to get a shot at him. But he had been too quick for them, for just as they reached the top, they heard the branches of the trees crackling in a tuft of underwood opposite, which lay between us and a deep water-course we had just crossed. As a fatiguing journey was before them, they did not think it worth while to give chase to the brute, and were on the point of descending again into the little hollow where they had left us, when the print of a man's foot caught Bradley's eye in the soft sandy earth. Several others were noticed close by, none of which, Bradley protested, had been made by our party, and certainly not by a bear, but by some sculking Indians, who had been very likely hovering about us. They hastened to communicate this intelligence to us, and it was decided that as the party bound for the coast were now within some few hours' ride of the upper settlements on the Sacramento, no Indians would be daring enough to attack them, and it would hardly be worth while for us to accompany them further. We, however, insisted upon riding a few miles more on the road, which having done, we took leave of them with many wishes for their safe and speedy return, and turned our horses' heads round in the direction of the camp.

Feeling rather fidgetty at the incident of the morning, we passed the spot where it had taken place, keeping an anxious look-out in every direction, and after a hard ride of several hours, reached the camp shortly after sundown, glad that we had escaped any disaster. We had a merry evening of it; a double allowance of whisky was served out, and we drank our friends' safe arrival and return.

I now sit down for the first time, after a lapse of several weeks, to resume the continuation of my narrative. Late in the evening of the 5th, while my companions were chatting over the fire, and I was engaged in writing, we were interrupted on a sudden by a loud whistle, the note of which I thought I could not be mistaken in. "Sure that's Bradley," exclaimed I; the others thought not, and, catching up their rifles, examined the flints. The whistle, when again repeated, convinced every one, however, that my first surmise had been correct. In another minute Bradley galloped up to us, and Don Luis soon followed after; but, to our astonishment, Malcolm was not of the party. "My friends," exclaimed Bradley, "a sad disaster; the best part of the gold is gone—lost beyond

a doubt.” “Lost!” said I, expecting some treachery on the part of Bradley and Don Luis; “How? I don't believe it; I never will believe it.” Bradley gave me an angry look, but said nothing.

“Where's Malcolm?” exclaimed I. “Dead by this time, I am afraid,” replied Bradley. “Good God!” I exclaimed aloud, and involuntarily muttered to myself, “Then you have murdered him.” I noticed Bradley examined the countenances of the whole party by turns, and, as my eye followed his, I saw that every one looked sullen and angry. He, too, evidently saw this, and said nothing more the whole evening. Don Luis, however, volunteered the following explanation of the mystery.

He informed us that, after we had parted from them, they put their horses into a quick trot, to escape as soon as possible into a more agreeable-looking sort of country. They suspected some vagabond Indians were hovering about, and as the ground they were travelling over afforded too many opportunities of concealment to gentry of their character, they were anxious to reach a more open district. Their road lay, for several miles, over a succession of small hills, intersected by valleys covered with stunted oak trees, and with here and there a solitary pine. Just at a point, when they were winding round a ridge of hills, which they imagined separated them from the Sacramento Valley, having a small skirting of timber on their left hand, he, Don Luis, being slightly in advance of Bradley and Malcolm, happened to turn his head round, when he saw a horseman stealthily emerging from the thicket, at a point a short distance in their rear. In a very few moments another horseman joined the first, and before Don Luis could give an alarm, the second rider, who, it seems, was an Indian, had risen in his saddle and had flung out his lasso, which, whizzing through the air true to its aim, descended over Malcolm's head and shoulders, Don Luis, who saw all this, immediately jumped from his horse, and, placing his finger on the trigger of his rifle, fired just as the 40 Indian was galloping away. The ball entered his horse's head, when the beast was brought to a stand, and, in a second of time, rolled over with its rider beneath it, just as the noose had tightened, and Malcolm was being drawn off his horse to the ground. Bradley, who only knew of the danger they were in by hearing the lasso whirl through the air, immediately dismounted, and, like Don Luis, sheltered himself behind his horse, while he took aim and fired. His never-failing rifle brought down one of their enemies, a swarthy-looking man in the usual Mexican sombrero, off his horse to the ground. In the twinkling of an eye they led their horses behind some boulders of

granite which afforded them cover, and from behind which they saw four men come charging down upon them. But Bradley and Don Luis, skilled in this kind of warfare, had already stooped down and reloaded. Don Luis was the first to let fly at the advancing party, but without success. His shot was answered by a discharge of rifles from the enemy, which whistled over his and Bradley's heads. Crack went Bradley's rifle again—"And you would have thought," said Don Luis to us, "that the ball had split into four pieces, and had given each man a tender touch, for they wheeled round their horses in an instant, and galloped off, driving Malcolm's horse before them, which we never saw again."

Don Luis then went on to say, that as soon as they saw the coast was clear, they left their cover and sought out Malcolm, who was lying on the ground with the lasso tightly pinioning his arms, and to all appearance dead. On a closer examination, however, they found that he still breathed, and also that he had been severely trampled on by some of the horses of the robbers in their retreat. Bradley pulled out his bowie-knife and cut the lasso in a few moments, when they tried to raise him up, but found that the injuries he had sustained prevented him from standing. He was, in fact, quite insensible. At that moment they were alarmed by the sound of voices, and looking round they saw a party of horsemen riding up at full speed from the direction of the Sacramento. They gave themselves up for lost, but, to their delight, the new-comers proved to be a party of miners, who hearing so many rifle-reports in such rapid succession, had immediately hastened to the spot. Don Luis supposed that the robbers had seen their approach, and that this, and not the bullet from Bradley's rifle, had been the cause of the scoundrels' precipitate retreat. They found the Indian's horse, to the saddle of which the lasso was attached, quite dead. The Indian himself had managed to crawl off, though doubtless much hurt, as Don Luis saw the horse roll right over him. The body of the robber shot by Bradley was found; life was quite extinct, the ball having passed through his chest in a transverse direction, evidently penetrating the heart. He was recognised by some of the miners—natives of the country—as one of the disbanded soldiers of the late Californian army, by name Tomas Maria Carillo; a man of the very worst character, who had connected himself with a small band of depredators, whose occupation was to lie in wait at convenient spots along the roads in the neighbourhood of the sea coast, and from thence to pounce upon and plunder any unfortunate

merchant or rancho that might be passing unprotected that way. The gang had now evidently abandoned the coast to try their fortune in the neighbourhood of the mines, and, judging from the accounts which one of the miners gave of the number of robberies that had recently taken place about there, their mission had been eminently successful.

“Our first care,” continued Don Luis, “was to see to poor Malcolm, and our next object was to go in pursuit of the ruffians. On intimating as much to our new friends, to our surprise they declined to render us any assistance. Their curiosity, which it seems was the only motive that brought them towards us, had been satisfied, and I felt disgusted at the brutality of their conduct when they coolly turned their horses' heads round, and left us alone with our dying friend, not deigning further to notice our appeals to them for assistance. No, they must set to work again, digging and washing, and we might thank ourselves that their coming up had saved *our* lives; this was the burthen of their reply. In their eager pursuit of gold, they had not a moment to spare for the commonest offices of Christian charity. At length,” said Don Luis, “in answer to my passionate expostulations, backed by the offer of any reward they might demand—which offer alone gave force to my words—two of them consented to return in about an hour with a litter to convey Malcolm to their camp.

“The litter they brought was formed of branches of trees tied together, and covered thickly over with blankets. On this Malcolm was slowly borne down the hill-side, until a rude shanty was reached. He was carried inside, and we were fortunate enough to meet with a kind Californian woman, who promised to attend on him while we returned here for your assistance.”

In reply to my inquiries, Don Luis said that he thought there were no bones broken, but poor Malcolm was dreadfully bruised, and his flesh in parts much lacerated. He feared, however, that he had experienced some severe internal injuries. As it was utterly impossible for me to have found my way to him that night, I determined to take a short nap and hurry to him the following morning.

During Don Luis's recital I did not for one moment think of the gold which we had lost; all my sympathies were with my poor friend. But, at the conclusion of Don Luis's narrative, I saw that but few of my associates participated in my grief. Don Luis was immediately assailed with inquiries

rudely addressed to him in reference to the missing gold. In reply, he stated that we all knew that Malcolm carried in his saddle-bags the great bulk of the gold they were conveying to San Francisco; and that, of course, when the robbers drove off the horse, the gold went with it. "It is the doctor you have to thank for that," growled out Bradley; and though I could not see the matter in this light, still I could not help thinking of my own distrustful disposition, which, in reality, had been the cause of making Malcolm a party to the conveyance of the treasure; this, in fact, had in all probability sacrificed my friend's life. I thought of his poor wife and children in Oregon, who would be waiting in vain for his return, which he, poor fellow, had delayed so long, in the hope of going back to them laden with wealth. Throughout the whole of the night most of the party remained gathered around the camp-fire—now in sullen silence, and now expressing their bitter dissatisfaction at the arrangements which had led to the day's misfortune. And when the first faint light of daybreak showed over the tall peaks of the snowy mountains, it discovered us looking haggard and dejected, alike wearied and disgusted with everything around.

CHAPTER XXII.

The stock of gold remaining weighed and shared—Squabbling over it—The party separate—The Author and others start off—They meet with Lacosse and the trapper—Lacosse's explanation—Arrive at Sutter's—Purchase flour at eighty-five dollars a barrel—Camps of miners—A gold-washing colony—Encamped for the night—Horses and flour missing in the morning—Visit a big bony American—A hole threatened in their skulls—How quarrels are settled—Lacosse promises to join the party at Sutter's—The march resumed—Arrive at Malcolm's shanty—The doctor prescribes for his patient—Malcolm's first idea of the lasso—The party leave for Sutter's.

We made a hasty meal from our scanty stock of provisions on the morning of the 6th, and directly it was over—just as I was about saddling my horse, to start off to visit poor Malcolm—Don Luis informed me that our companions seemed all to be of opinion that it would be best to share the stock of gold still remaining at once, when those that preferred it could make their way to the settlements, and the others could continue working, if they pleased, on their own account. I had no objection to offer to this proposition, and the gold was all collected together and weighed.

Bradley undertook the charge of Lacosse's share, and I was requested to convey Malcolm's to him. Altogether we scraped up nearly forty-two pounds weight; for, besides the gold which Don Luis and Bradley had in their saddle-bags, there were a few pounds more belonging to the general stock. This had to be divided equally, for the gold we had brought from Weber's Creek had been confided to Malcolm's charge in a separate bag. It gave exactly four pounds two ounces a man—value seven hundred dollars. This, with six hundred and fifty dollars, my share of the gold deposited with Captain Sutter, and the dust, scales, and lumps, arising from my share of the sale of the cradles, and the produce at the Mormon diggings, before Lacosse and Biggs joined us, would amount, in the whole, to over fifteen hundred dollars.

The greater part of the morning was taken up with squabbles respecting the weighing of the gold. I took no part in it, and was content to receive just what was allotted to me. I called M'Phail aside, and asked him what it was he intended doing. He replied, that if any of the others would join him, he would start in pursuit of the men who had plundered us. He was sorry the old trapper was not here, as, with his assistance, he felt certain the scoundrels might be ferreted out. Feeling that the journey to poor Malcolm was too dangerous a one to be attempted alone, I was compelled to wait until I could prevail on some of the party to join me. Don Luis, José, Bradley, M'Phail, and myself, at length arranged to start off. Biggs, who was now quite well, preferred waiting behind a few days longer. Neither Bradshaw nor Dowling were sufficiently recovered to travel. Story determined to wait until they were well enough to accompany him. I hardly liked the notion of leaving these four men behind—only two, or at most three, of them able to protect themselves in the event of their being attacked; still they did not seem to fear the danger: though, even if they had, most of us had grown so selfish and unaccommodating, that I don't think they would have met with much sympathy.

It was an hour beyond noon when we were in readiness to start. We took two of the baggage-horses with us, to carry the tent-poles and covering, and a few utensils. Our personal baggage was packed on the horses we rode. Bradley and Don Luis rode in advance, José followed with the baggage-horses, and M'Phail and myself brought up the rear. We had not proceeded more than four miles on the trail when we saw a couple of horsemen some distance ahead, advancing towards us. As soon as

we were within a couple of hundred yards of each other, we at once recognised them to be Lacosse and the old trapper. Urging our horses into a smart trot, we soon arrived alongside of them; and, on inquiring what it was that had caused them to remain so long at Sutter's, and also how it was that they had neither the baggage-horses nor, apparently, any provisions with them, Lacosse gave us this explanation.

He stated that after leaving the camp, they struck the Sacramento River that night, and succeeded in reaching the upper settlements towards evening on the following day. The next morning they pursued their journey and arrived at Sutter's Fort about sundown; they encamped near here for the night. Flour was as much as eighty-five dollars a-barrel, and everything in the way of provisions was in the same proportion. They purchased a stock of flour, and, packing their horses, moved off the same day. In the evening they encamped some fifteen miles up the Sacramento, near the mouth of the Feather River, and within a hundred yards of the spot where the Indian village existed which Captain Sutter had destroyed; the whole circumstances connected with which we had already heard from the old trapper. They resumed the journey early on the following morning, and by the evening had made about twenty-five miles, when they rested for the night near one of the little camps of miners, which they found scattered about the valley every few miles along the route. The next day they pushed forward, and found these encampments much less numerous—only one or two were passed throughout the entire day. Just after sundown, however, they saw by the fires up the hills quite a little colony of gold-washers, which they moved towards; and, after purchasing some provisions at a store recently opened there, for which they paid a most exorbitant price, they securely tethered their horses to stakes they had driven in the ground, and encamped for the night. They did not think it necessary to keep watch, but when they awoke in the morning they found the baggage-horses had been driven off, and their packs stolen. The horses they had been riding on were just as they had left them over night. The trail-marks around the camp were too numerous to make anything out of them.

On making inquiries at several of the tents, they were treated in a very cavalier sort of manner. No one, of course, knew anything about their horses and packs, and one big bony American even threatened to put a rifle-ball into them unless they left his shanty. This was rather too much for

them to swallow quietly, so they rated the fellow in round terms; but he very coolly reached his rifle down from a shelf above him, and told them that he would give them time to consider whether they would move off or not while he examined his flint, and if they were not gone by that time, he would make a hole in each of their skulls, one after the other. Finding that he was coolly preparing to carry out his threat, they made their exit, and found some ten or twelve people gathered together outside. From one of them Lacosse learnt that this man had shot two people since he had fixed himself at this spot, and that he was a terror to most of the miners in the camp. It appears to have been no uncommon thing among them for a man to settle a quarrel by severely disabling his adversary. There were several people at work down by the river, with their arms in slings, who had received serious injuries in quarrels with some of their fellows.

They thought it best to escape from such a state of things with as little delay as possible, and immediately mounted their horses and pursued their journey. That night they took good care to encamp far enough off from any of the gold-finding fraternity.

It was now our turn to explain to Lacosse the reason of our return to the settlements, and the unfortunate circumstances that had led to it. He was disappointed enough at the intelligence. He said that he should go on to the fort and collect his baggage together, and would, if possible, join Don Luis, Bradley, and M'Phail at Sutter's, and see whether any plan could be arranged on for recovering our stolen treasure. The trapper was to accompany him, and it was agreed that either Bradley or M'Phail should await their arrival at Sutter's Fort.

We resumed our journey, and at sundown fixed our tent at the bottom of a steep hollow, and supped off the moderate rations we had brought with us from the camp. The night was quite frosty, and when I awoke in the morning, my limbs were numbed with cold. We prepared our coffee, and partook of our slight breakfast, then, saddling the horses, resumed our march. It was late in the evening when we reached the rude shanty to which poor Malcolm had been conveyed a couple of days since. It was an anxious moment to me; but I was gratified to find that he had so far recovered from the injuries he had sustained as to be able to sit up and to take some little nourishment. He told me that beyond the severe bruises with which his body was covered, and a wound in the fleshy

part of his leg, he did not think he was otherwise injured. Throughout the whole of yesterday he had experienced the most violent pains in his head; but a comfortable sleep into which he had fallen last night had, to all appearances, entirely deprived him of them. He was troubled though, he told me, with a sickening sensation, which made him loathe anything in the shape of food. I at once prescribed such remedies as I thought necessary to be applied immediately, and left him in charge of his kind nurse until the morning.

I was at his bedside shortly after the sun rose, and watched by him until he awoke. Another good night's rest had greatly benefited him. During the day, recurring to his misfortune, he told me that when the lasso first fell over his shoulders, he fancied for the moment that he was in the gripe of some wild beast, but immediately he felt himself drawn from his horse, the truth became apparent to him. He was stunned by the fall, and lay insensible on the ground, quite unconscious that the horse of one of the robbers had trampled upon him, as had evidently been the case.

Don Luis, Bradley, M'Phail, and José left us about noon on their way to Sutter's Fort. I promised to rejoin them in a few days, if Malcolm so far recovered as no longer to be in need of my services. I was in great hopes of such a result, as he showed evident signs of improvement since I saw him the previous day.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The gold district—Sickness and selfishness—The dead become the prey of the wolf—Malcolm's gradual recovery—The kindness of his nurse—A malaria—Life and property alike insecure—The wealthy gold-finder laid in wait for—Bodies in the river—Gold for a pillow—Robberies—Rags—Brandy at a dollar a-dram—The big bony American again—Sutter's Fort—Intelligence of Lacosse—Intelligence of the robbers—Sweeting's Hotel again—A meeting—"El Capitan"—Desertions from the ships—Andrea's offer to a captain—The first Alcalde gone to the mines—The second Alcalde follows his superior—Start for Monterey in pursuit of Andreas—Board the vessels in port—A deserter arrested—Leave Monterey—Cross the coast range—Meet with civilized Indians—

Intelligence of the robbers—Indian horse-stealers—Continue the pursuit—Abandon it and return to Monterey.

I STAYED with Malcolm throughout the next few days, and spent a good part of my time out of doors among the gold-washers, but still I felt no inclination to take part in their labours. Fever was very prevalent, and I found that more than two-thirds of the people at this settlement were unable to move out of their tents. The other third were too selfish to render them any assistance. The rainy season was close at hand, when they would have to give over work, but meanwhile they sought after the gold as though all their hopes of salvation rested on their success. I was told that deaths were continually taking place, and that the living comrades of those whose eyes were closed in that last sleep when “the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest,” denied the poor corpses of their former friends a few feet of earth for a grave, and left the bodies exposed for the wolf to prey upon.

In a couple of days Malcolm was sufficiently recovered no longer to require my assistance. At his instigation, I took my departure towards Sutter's Fort, where M'Phail or Lacosse might perhaps still be waiting for me. I felt that he was in good hands, and that his kind Californian nurse and her husband would do all that they could for him. Their kind treatment of my poor friend offered a striking contrast to the callous selfishness around.

I journeyed by slow marches along the banks of the Sacramento, passing several colonies of gold-finders on my way. At noon I halted at one of these, and loitered some little 44 time round about the camp. The rapidly-decaying vegetation—here unusually rank—was producing a malaria, and sickness was doing its ravages; but still the poor infatuated people, or rather such of them as were not prevented by positive inability, worked on until they sunk under the toil. Every one seemed determined to labour as hard as possible for the few weeks left before the rainy season set in, and the result was, that many of them met their deaths. There were others, though, who sought to enrich themselves with the shining gold by a quicker and, perhaps, less dangerous process than all this weary toil.

According to the accounts I heard, life and property were alike insecure. The report ran, that as soon as it became known that a man had amassed a large amount of gold, he was watched and followed about till an opportunity presented itself of quietly putting him out of the way. There had been but few known deaths, but the number of persons who had been missed, and whose own friends even had not thought it worth while to go in search of them, was very large. In every case the man's stock of gold was not to be found in his tent; still there was nothing surprising in this, as every one made a point of carrying his gold about him, no matter how heavy it might happen to be. One or two dead bodies had been found floating in the river, which circumstance was looked upon as indicative of foul play having taken place, as it was considered that the poorest of the gold-finders carried fully a sufficient weight of gold about them to cause their bodies to sink to the bottom of the stream. Open attempts at robbery were rare; it was in the stealthy night time that thieves prowled about, and, entering the little tents, occupied by not more than perhaps a couple of miners, neither of whom, in all probability, felt inclined to keep a weary watch over their golden treasure, carried off as much of it as they could lay their hands on. By way of precaution, however, almost every one slept with their bag of gold underneath their pillow, having a rifle or revolver within their reach.

That same night I reached the camp of gold-washers, where Lacosse and the trapper had had their horses and packs of provisions stolen from them. The robbery, I believe, was committed by men almost on the verge of want, who thought it a more convenient way of possessing themselves of a stock of provisions than performing a journey to the lower settlements for that purpose would have been, and a cheaper way than purchasing them here, where they run scarce, and where the price of them is exorbitantly high. Other things are in proportion. Clothing of any description is hardly to be had at any price, and the majority of the miners go about in rags. Collected round a rude shanty, where brandy was being dispensed at a dollar a-dram! I saw a group of ragged gold-diggers, the greater part of them suffering from fever, paying this exorbitant price for glass after glass of the fiery spirit, every drop of which they consumed was only aggravating their illness, and, in all probability, bringing them one step nearer to their grave.

The big bony American, who treated Lacosse and the trapper in such a peremptory manner, and who seemed to be the terror of these diggings, was pointed out to me. I learnt, however, that he had accumulated a very large amount of gold, over sixteen thousand dollars' worth, it was said; and his suspicions that parties were lying in wait to plunder him of it was the cause of his acting as he had done. He thought they only came to his shanty with an excuse, for the purpose of observing its weak points, and that no doubt they had a scheme in their heads for robbing him, either at night time, or while he was absent digging and washing during the day. The men he had shot, it seems, were common thieves—one, a deserter from the garrison at Monterey, and the other belonging to a similar band of robbers to that by which our party had been attacked, and our gold carried off.

I reached Sutter's Fort the next day, and found it like the most crowded localities of some of our great cities, with the exception that the bulk of the people we met with belonged to a totally different race. I saw Captain Sutter for a few moments, when he informed me that Mr. Bradley and his party had left a couple of days ago; and that a gentleman, accompanied by a man named Joe White, who, as the Captain said, used to trap for him before the gold fever came up, had been making inquiries at the Fort respecting Mr. Bradley that very day. I at once saw that this could be no other than Lacosse, and set off to see if I could meet with him. After some search, I was fortunate enough to discover him at the newly opened hotel here, where he had intended stopping for the night. I remained with him and shared his room—a little box not more than ten feet by twelve, or thereabouts; but we considered ourselves 45 fortunate in having obtained even that, the place being tremendously crowded.

I heard from Lacosse that Captain Sutter had informed him that the leader of the band of desperadoes who had plundered us had been seen down at the Fort with some of his companions not more than ten days ago. He was quite sure he was right in the man; for Tomas Maria, who had been shot, belonged to his gang, and was, in fact, his chief lieutenant. The name of El Capitan was Andreas Armjo; and Captain Sutter said he recommended Bradley to make his way to San Francisco, where, in all probability, he would meet with him, as when he left the Fort he had taken the road towards the coast.

The next day we started off towards San Francisco, and, from inquiries made on the road, found that we were on the correct track—Bradley, Don Luis, M'Phail, and José, having passed through a day or two previous. We arrived at the end of our journey without meeting with any adventures worth noting, and at once made our way to Sweeting's hotel, glad to find it one of the few houses in this town that were not shut up. Here we met with our friends, who had been there now nearly two days, and were then on the point of starting off in pursuit of Andreas and his comrades. We learned from them, that directly they heard the important information which Captain Sutter had communicated to them, they started off in pursuit, but not with any expectation of coming up with the gentlemen they were in search of before arriving at San Francisco. They had constant tidings of them all along the route, as El Capitan was too well known to many a poor ranchero whom he had plundered of the dollars produced by the sale of his hides, while on his journey home from the sea-coast.

When they arrived at San Francisco, they made inquiries whether any ships had recently left the harbour, and were glad to find that there was not a merchant vessel in port with enough hands on board to weigh the anchor. Every ship had been more or less deserted by its crews, who had hastened off for a few weeks' labour at the gold-diggings. They found, however, that Andreas Armjo and his men had been making inquiries on board of several of the vessels to ascertain when any of them left port. On finding none were sufficiently manned to do so, they offered the captain of one schooner a thousand dollars to land them at any port in Mexico he pleased, and said they would themselves help to work the ship. The captain, however, declined the offer.

After receiving this intelligence, they went to the house of the first alcalde, to consult with him on what steps should be taken to arrest the robbers, who were then doubtless at some place near the coast. They found, however, that he had gone to the mines with the rest of the people, and they made their way to the residence of the second alcalde, in the hope of being more fortunate; but he too had gone to the mines with his superior. Further inquiries satisfied them that there was not an officer of justice left in the town of San Francisco, and they had therefore determined to make

their way forthwith to Monterey, as, in all probability, the gang would proceed there in the hope of meeting with a ship.

Lacoste and myself determined to accompany them, and the old trapper volunteered his services, which were accepted. We obtained fresh horses from Sweeting, and set off in gallant style, determined to shorten the distance by hard riding. It was early on Wednesday morning when we arrived at Monterey; and M'Phail and Bradley proceeded to board all the ships in the bay, while Don Luis, Lacoste, and myself made inquiries about the town. We soon learnt that Andreas Amjo and his party had been paying it a visit; and, moreover, one of the gang, who thought he had disguised himself so as not to be recognised, had been seized as a deserter from the garrison here. The others were not interfered with, as there was no specific charge out against them. Our robbery had, of course, not been heard of here. Don Luis and myself, after having dispatched Lacoste to communicate this intelligence to Bradley and M'Phail, sought an interview with Colonel Mason, and, on informing him of the robbery and the circumstances attending it, received from him an order to see the soldier who was then under arrest. By promises of not proceeding against him, for any share he might have had in the robbery, we induced him to confess the whole circumstances connected with it, and also to inform us of the route intended to be taken by El Capitan and the two others of the gang. This, it seems, was along the great Spanish Trail to Santa Fé.

On rejoining our companions, we decided to continue here the remainder of the day, and to start off the next morning in pursuit. We informed Colonel Mason of the circumstance, and he stated that he would have furnished us with a guard to accompany us, if he did not feel certain that the men would desert to the mines directly they got outside the town.

At four o'clock the next morning we commenced the journey, each of us taking a stock of provisions sufficient to last for a fortnight; although we hoped, and fully expected, that we should be back to Monterey several days before that time had expired. It was purely a question of hard riding. Andreas and his party had started, as far as we could learn, three days in advance of us, and no doubt knew the track better than the old trapper who had undertaken to accompany us as guide. He had never penetrated further than the foot of the Sierra, so that if we were compelled to cross

the mountains we should have to seek for some Indians to guide us on our course. By pressing our horses hard we succeeded in crossing the hills of the coast range that night, and encamped some slight way down the descent, in as sheltered a spot as we could manage to select. The night was quite frosty, but we made up a blazing fire, and, well wrapped up in our serapes, slept till morning, without feeling much inconvenience from the cold. Next day we struck the river of the lakes, and found it thickly hemmed in with timber along its whole course. We soon found a fording place, and encamped at night a few miles from the east bank. The following morning we fell in with some civilized Indians, who informed us, in answer to our inquiries, that a party of three whites passed along the trail the evening before last, and that they would have encamped not far from this spot.

These Indians, Don Luis informed me, had all of them been attached to the Californian Missions; but, since the downfall of these establishments, they had moved across the coast range, and had located themselves in the neighbourhood of the Tule Lakes, subsisting chiefly on horseflesh. To gratify their appetites, however, instead of giving chase to the number of wild horses—here called mustangs—that are scattered over the extensive prairies in the neighbourhood of the lakes, they adopt a much lazier method of supplying their larder. This is, to make predatory excursions across the mountains, and to drive off a large herd of tame horses, belonging to some poor ranchero, at a time; these they slaughter, and subsist on as long as the flesh lasts, when they set out again on a similar expedition. Sometimes they are pursued, and, if overtaken, butchered forthwith; but, in general, they manage to escape some little distance into the interior, where they are safe not to be followed.

We put spurs into our horses, and soon cleared the marshy ground intervening between us and the Fork, which we forded, and rode for several miles through a country thickly covered over with oak trees and intersected by numerous small rivulets. Large herds of elk were frequently started, and during the whole day their shrill whistle was continually being heard.

We encamped to-night without having heard anything more of Andreas Armjo and his companions. Several parties of Indians we met a few hours before sundown stated that they had not seen any white men along the trail. I felt disposed, as far as I was myself concerned, to give over the pursuit,

as my horse was already worn out by the journey; but my companions would not listen to it, and determined, at any rate, to see what would result from following it up briskly during the next day. We had all noticed that there were no new signs of horses that had been shod passing along the trail, but Bradley was of opinion that the party would be mounted on unshod beasts, as very few of the native Californians had their horses shod, unless they were going a journey across a rough broken country.

Next day we fell in with several more parties of Indians, from whom we learnt that the men we were in pursuit of were full two days journey before us. One party, who had seen them encamped the preceding evening more than forty miles ahead, told us that they had inquired of them where the trail turned off to Los Angeles. As this town was at least five or six days' journey distant, and as the Sierra had to be crossed to reach it, we concluded among ourselves that it would be best for us to return to Monterey forthwith. This decision was readily come to, as there was now no hope of overtaking the party, and every step we proceeded we were getting into a more hostile country. In all probability, if we had pursued them to Los Angeles, we should have discovered that they had struck off on to the great Spanish Trail, as was their original intention, or else have found that they had been to Los Angeles and had taken their departure for some other place.

We therefore turned our horses' heads, and retraced our steps towards the coast in no merry mood. We rode along, in fact, in sullen silence, only broken to mutter out our expressions of disappointment at the escape of those who had robbed us of the fruits of 47 so many months of toil, exposure, and hardship. We encountered nothing very remarkable during our three days' journey to Monterey. There were the same prairies to cross, the same thickets to penetrate, and the same streams to ford. Herds of elk and mustangs were continually seen upon the heights, and every now and then we met with some small parties of Indians, many of the chiefs dressed in the Spanish fashion. We were too well armed, and too many in number, for any of them to venture to attack us, had they been so inclined; but generally their intentions seemed to be perfectly pacific.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Author and his friends part company—Their regrets at the separation—Friendship in the wilderness—Friendship at a supper—The Author finds himself alone—Monterey deserted—High wages—Officers' servants not to be obtained—A few arrivals from the mines—Stores shut, houses blocked up, and ships left defenceless.

WE had previously determined, on arriving at the sea-coast, to part company. There was now no object for keeping together in a party, and our future plans were, of course, very undecided. It was, therefore, clearly advisable that we should, at least for the present, separate. This resolution was not come to without something like a pang—a pang which I sincerely felt, and which I believe was more or less experienced by us all. We had lived for four months in constant companionship—we had undergone hardships and dangers together, and a friendship, more vivid than can well be imagined in civilized lands to have been the growth of so short a period, had sprung up betwixt us. There had been a few petty bickerings between us, and some unjust suspicions on my part in respect to Bradley; but these were all forgotten. Common sense, however, dictated the dissolution of our party. When we reached Monterey, we went to an inferior sort of hotel, but the best open; and the following day we arranged the division of the proceeds arising from the sale of the gold that Bradley had left with Captain Sutter for consignment here. The same night we had a supper, at which a melancholy species of joviality was in the ascendant, and the next day shook hands and parted. Don Luis went back to his own pleasant home, and Bradley started for San Francisco. As for the others, I hardly know what were their destinations. All I know is, that on waking the next morning, I found that I was alone.

After breakfast I walked about the town. Like San Francisco, Monterey has been nearly deserted. Everybody has gone to the diggings, leaving business, ships, and stores, to take care of themselves. The persons who remain are either persons carrying on profitable branches of commerce, the very existence of which requires the presence of principals upon the spot, and their clerks and servants, who have been tempted by high wages to stay. To give an idea of the rate of remuneration paid, I may mention that salesmen and shopmen have been receiving at the rate of from two thousand three hundred to two thousand seven hundred dollars, with their board, per annum. Mere boys get

extravagant salaries in the absence of their seniors; and the lowest and most menial offices are paid for at a rate which only such a wonderful influx of gold would render credible.

But, even with the inducement of this high pay, it was found exceedingly difficult to retain the services of persons engaged in commercial and domestic capacities. I learned from Colonel Mason that the officers in garrison at Monterey had not been able for two months to command the assistance of a servant. Indeed, they had been actually obliged either to cook their own dinners, or to go without. Every one had taken his turn in the culinary department, and even Colonel Mason had not been exempted.

The prevalence of sickness at the mines has sent a few people back here; but, with the commencement of the rainy season, I anticipate that there will be plenty of labour in the market, and that its value will become correspondingly depreciated. In the meantime, the general aspect of the town is forlorn and deserted; stores are shut, houses blocked up, and in the harbour ships ride solitary and defenceless.

CHAPTER XXV.

Letter from the Author to his Brother in England.

MONTEREY, *October 11 th*, 1848.

DEAR GEORGE,—I take advantage of the departure of a courier sent by Colonel Mason, the United States Governor of California, to Washington, with dispatches, to let you know what I have been about during the five months which have elapsed since I last wrote you. Long before you receive this you will have heard in England of the extraordinary occurrences which have taken place out here. My last letter, which I hope you received, told you of the failure of the emigration scheme 48 to Oregon, and of my intention of leaving that barren desert-like place, the first possible opportunity. A friend of mine, of whom I have before spoken to you, namely, Mr. Malcolm, a Scotchman, and a thorough practical agriculturist, was anxious to shift his quarters to California, the soil of which country was represented by every one who had visited it as of extraordinary fertility.

We had heard of the war that was going on between the United States and Mexico having extended itself to that country, and Mr. Malcolm prevailed on me to accompany him to San Francisco, where he thought I might manage to obtain an appointment in the United States army. We made the voyage together, and the accompanying diary—of which more by-and-by—commences with an account of our first setting out.

But to return to California. I assure you it is hardly possible for any accounts of the gold mines, and of what I may call gold gravel and sand, to be exaggerated. The El Dorado of the early voyagers to America has really been discovered; and what its consequences may be, not only upon this continent, but upon the world, wiser heads—heads more versed than mine is in monetary science—must tell. There is much speculation here as to the effects which the late wonderful discovery will produce in the States and the old country. Of course we expect to be inundated with emigrants, coming, I suppose, from every part of the world, and truly, for all I can tell, there will be gold enough for all.

And now, the first question you will ask me is, whether I have made my fortune? I reply, my old bad luck has not forsaken me. I always seem to come in for monkey's allowance—more kicks than halfpence. Three months ago I thought my fortune was made, and that I might come home a South American nabob. Nothing of the kind. Here I was, almost on the spot, when the first news of the gold was received. I have worked hard, and undergone some hardships, and, thanks to the now almost lawless state of this country, I have been deprived of the great mass of my savings, and must, when the dry season comes round again, set to work almost anew. I have but fourteen hundred dollars' worth of the precious metal remaining, and, with the rate of prices which now universally prevails here, that will not keep me much over a couple of months. My own case, though, is that of many others. As the number of diggers and miners augmented, robberies and violence became frequent. At first, when we arrived at the Mormon diggings, for example, everything was tranquil. Every man worked for himself, without disturbing his neighbour. Now the scene is widely changed indeed. When I was last there, as you will see by my diary, things were bad enough; but now, according to the reports we hear, no man, known to be in possession of much gold, dare say, as he lays down his head at night, that he will ever rise from his pillow. The fact

is, that there is no executive government of any strength here to put an end to this state of things. The country is almost a wilderness, whereof Indians are the principal inhabitants. The small force Colonel Mason has here has been thinned very materially by desertions, and the fidelity of those that remain is, according to the opinion of their commanding officer, not to be over much depended on.

Of course, as you may expect, I am naturally much cast down at the turn which matters have taken—I mean as regards my own misfortune. It is heart-breaking to be robbed by a set of villains of what you have worked so hard for, and have undergone so much to obtain. I am in hopes, however, that my next gold campaign may be a more successful one. I dare say there have been plenty of accounts of the doings in California in the newspapers. As, however, not only you, but Anna and Charley, and my kind friends Mr. and Mrs.—and Miss—, and many others, will, I am sure, be glad to know something about my own personal adventures, I send you a rough diary of what I have seen and done. I hardly know whether you will be able to make the whole of it out, for I have interlined it in many parts, and my writing never was of the most legible character. You know I have always been in the habit, ever since I first went abroad, of jotting down some record of my movements, scanty enough, but still forming a memorial which it is pleasant to look back upon. As, however, the gold affair is not only a great feature in a man's life, but in the history of our times, I made pretty full jottings of my adventures every few days; and since I returned here, I have spent several days in expanding them, and adding to them a few extra particulars which I thought would be of interest. I don't know whether you will care to wade through such a bundle of information. The MS. when I got it all together quite frightened me, and I hardly liked to ask 49 Colonel Mason to transmit such a bulky parcel for me; but you know our couriers over here travel with quite a cavalcade of horses, and a few pounds more would not be thought much of. However, as it may prove interesting to yourself—S—I know will read it through with pleasure and delight in it—I dispatch it for you to do as you like with. It will be forwarded to a young friend of mine in New York, Mr. Thorne, to whom I have written, requesting him to transmit the package to England by one of the monthly steamers. This will save you a heavy charge for postage, which, I dare say, you would not thank me for.

You can't conceive, my dear brother, how often I have wished you were out here with me. Your engineering talents would have been invaluable in inventing some method of procuring the gold dust, or rather of separating it from the soil, which would have been much more effectual than the rude way in which we went to work. At the same time, I am now thankful you are at home. It is easy to get gold here, but it is very difficult to keep it. In fact, after all, the affair is a hazardous lottery; and those who may succeed in getting off with their pounds of gold dust and flakes to Europe, or to the States, will be the few who will win the great prizes.

In my diary, you will find a very detailed account of our various operations and successes. The first place we made for was on the south bank of the Americans' River, and when the Lower or Mormon diggings, as they are called, got over-crowded, we marched off further up the river, which soon divides itself into two branches, forming the North and South Forks. We reached the saw-mill, where the discovery was first made, and worked there some time; but finding inconveniences in the way, and hearing of another station, we started again. This new place is called Weber's Creek, and sometimes Rock Creek, and is a small stream running into the North Fork of the river. We being upon the southern bank of the South Fork, and Weber's Creek running into the North Fork at the north bank, we had to ford both branches of the stream to get to our new station, which we found very productive; the gold being more plentiful than in the lower diggings, and discovered in short veins, and in lumps amongst the rocks of the neighbouring ravines. We should probably not have gone any further than Weber's Creek—I sincerely wish we had not—but a good deal of fever and ague got about. The sun was terribly hot in those deep valleys all day, and the nights chill and damp. After some weeks here, then, we got restless, and set off once more, directing our course three days' journey to the north, to a place upon the Bear River, where we were led to expect not only plenty of gold, but a better temperature and a healthier climate. It was after we reached Bear Valley that our reverses began. It is utterly a savage country, where a strong arm and the rifle form the only code of laws. Up to our appearance on Bear River, we had got on with very few adventures, and considerable profit; but now came misfortunes. I shall not trouble you with them here: they are written at full length in the batch of MS. I send.

I hardly know what to do with myself here until the dry season comes round. The rains have not begun yet, but they may be expected from day to day, and then I suppose we shall have a vast influx from the interior, as it is quite impossible to camp out in the rainy season. Of course the price of any article of food and clothing will be excessive, and I almost think that the best thing for me to do, when the seamen come down, and the ships are manned again, will be to try and get a passage to the Sandwich Islands, which are not very far off, and in which it is probable that living is reasonable. I could easily get back to the mainland in time for the next dry season. What changes may take place by that time, however, I know not. The States may claim the land, and the gold within it, and send an army to enforce their rights. If so, a terrible scene of tumult and disorder may be expected. All the lawless adventurers who are scattered about this part of the continent are flocking down to the gold regions, so are the Indians; and I feel pretty sure that Jonathan will have a tough battle to fight if he wants to keep all the bullion to himself.

I suppose that in England the people will be pricking up their ears when they learn what we are doing here, and that we shall have plenty of emigrants from home. I hardly like to advise upon the subject here; there certainly is a wonderful amount of gold. What the chances of obtaining it and getting it taken home may be next season, I know not. At all events, the pursuit will be difficult in the extreme, and tolerably dangerous also.

Yours affectionately, J. TYRWHITT BROOKS.

THE END.

WHAT I SAW IN CALIFORNIA;

ITS SOIL, CLIMATE, PRODUCTIONS, AND GOLD MINES.

WITH ROUTES, AND ADVICE TO INTENDING EMIGRANTS. "All which I saw, and part of which I was." *Dryden*. BY EDWIN BRYANT, LATE ALCALDE OF ST. FRANCISCO.

CHAPTER I.

Geographical sketch of California—Its political and social institutions—Colorado River—Valley and river of San Joaquin—Former government—Presidios—Missions—Ports and commerce.

FOR the general information of the reader, it will be proper to give a brief geographical sketch of California, and some account of its political and social institutions, as they have heretofore existed.

The district of country known geographically as Upper California is bounded on the north by Oregon, the forty-second degree of north latitude being the boundary line between the two territories; on the east by the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra de los Mimbres, a continuation of the same range; on the south by Sonora and Old or Lower California, and on the west by the Pacific Ocean. Its extent from north to south is about 700 miles, and from east to west from 600 to 800 miles, with an area of about 400,000 square miles. A small portion only of this extensive territory is fertile or inhabitable by civilized man, and this portion consists chiefly in the strip of country along the Pacific Ocean, about 700 miles in length, and from 100 to 150 in breadth, bounded on the east by the Sierra Nevada, and on the west by the Pacific. In speaking of Upper California this strip of country is what is generally referred to.

The largest river of Upper California is the Colorado or Red, which has a course of about 1000 miles, and empties into the Gulf of California in latitude about 32° north. But little is known of the region through which this stream flows. The report of trappers, however, is that the river is *canoned* between high mountains and precipices a large portion of its course, and that its banks and the country generally through which it flows are arid, sandy, and barren. Green and Grand Rivers are its principal upper tributaries, both of which rise in the Rocky Mountains, and within the territories of the United States. The Gila is its lowest and largest branch, emptying into the Colorado, just above its mouth. Sevier and Virgin Rivers are also tributaries of the Colorado. Mary's River rises near latitude 42° north, and has a course of about 400 miles, when its waters sink in the sands of the desert, This river is not laid down on any map which I have seen. The Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers have each a course of from 300 to 400 miles, the first flowing from the north and the last from the south, and both emptying into the Bay of St. Francisco at the same point. They water the large and fertile valley lying between the Sierra Nevada and the coast range of mountains. I subjoin

California. Four months among the gold-finders, being the diary of an expedition from San Francisco to the gold districts. By J. Tyrwhitt Brooks, M.D. [pseud.] What I saw in California, a description of its soil, climate, productions, and gold mines; with the best routes and latest information for intending emigrants. By Edwin Bryant, late alcade of San Francisco. To which is annexed, an appendix containing official documents and letters authenticating the accounts of the quantities of gold found, with its actual value ... With a map <http://www.loc.gov/resource/calbk.125>

a description of the valley and river San Joaquin, from the pen of a gentleman (Dr. Marsh) who has explored the river from its source to its mouth.

“This noble valley is the first undoubtedly in California, and one of the most magnificent in the world. It is about 500 miles long, with an average width of about fifty miles. It is bounded on the east by the great Snowy Mountains, and on the west by the low range, which in many places dwindles into insignificant hills, and has its northern terminus at the Strait of Carquines, on the Bay of San Francisco, and its southern near the Colorado River.

“The river of San Joaquin flows through the middle of the valley for about half of its extent, and thence diverges towards the eastern mountain, in which it has its source. About sixty miles further south is the northern end of the Buena Vista Lake, which is about one hundred miles long, and from ten to twenty wide. Still farther south, and near the western side of the valley, is another and much smaller lake.

“The great lake receives about a dozen tributaries on its eastern side, which all rise in the great range of the Snowy Mountains. Some of these streams flow through broad and fertile valleys within the mountain's range, and, from thence emerging, irrigate the plains of the great valley for the distance of twenty or thirty miles. The largest of these rivers is called by the Spanish inhabitants the river Reyes, and falls into the lake near its northern end; it is a well-timbered stream, and flows through a country of great fertility and beauty. The tributaries of the San Joaquin are all on the east side.

“On ascending the stream we first meet with the Stanislaus, a clear rapid mountain stream, some forty or fifty yards wide, with a considerable depth of water in its lower portion. The Mormons have commenced a settlement, called New Hope, and built some two or three houses near the mouth.

“There are considerable bodies of fertile land along the river, and the higher plains afford good pasturage.

“Ten miles higher up is the river of the Tawalomes; it is about the size of the Stanislaus, which it greatly resembles, except that the soil is somewhat better, and that it particularly abounds with salmon.

“Some thirty miles farther comes in the Merced, much the largest of the tributaries of the San Joaquin. The lands along and between the tributaries of the San Joaquin and the lake of Buena Vista form a fine pastoral region, with a good proportion of arable land, and a very inviting field for emigration. The whole of this region has been but imperfectly explored; enough, however, is known to make it certain that it is one of the most desirable regions on the continent.

“In the valleys of the rivers which come down from the great Snowy Mountains are vast bodies of pine, and red-wood, or cedar timber, and the streams afford water power to any desirable amount.

“The whole country east of the San Joaquin, and the water communication which connects it with the lakes, is considered, by the best judges, to be particularly adapted to the culture of the vine, which must necessarily become one of the principal agricultural resources of California.”

The Salinas River empties into the Pacific, about twelve miles above Monterey. Bear River empties into the Great Salt Lake. The other streams of California are all small. In addition to the Great Salt Lake and the Utah Lake there are numerous small lakes in the Sierra Nevada. The San Joaquin is connected with Tule Lake, or Lake Buena Vista, a sheet of water about eighty miles in length and fifteen in breadth. A lake, not laid down in any map, and known as the *Laguna* among the Californians, is situated about sixty miles north of the Bay of San Francisco. It is between forty and sixty miles in length. The valleys in its vicinity are highly fertile, and romantically beautiful. In the vicinity of this lake there is a mountain of pure sulphur. There are also soda springs, and a great variety of other mineral waters, and minerals.

The principal mountains west of the eastern boundary of California (the Rocky Mountains) are the Bear River, Wahsatch, Utah, the Sierra Nevada, and the Coast range. The Wahsatch Mountains form the eastern rim of the “great interior basin.” There are numerous ranges in this desert basin,

all of which run north and south, and are separated from each other by spacious and barren valleys and plains. The Sierra Nevada range is of greater elevation than the Rocky Mountains. The summits of the most elevated peaks are covered with perpetual snow. This and the coast range run nearly parallel with the shore of the Pacific. The first is from 100 to 200 miles from the Pacific, and the last from forty to sixty miles. The valley between them is the most fertile portion of California.

Upper California was discovered in 1548, by Cabrillo, a Spanish navigator. In 1578, the northern portion of it was visited by Sir Francis Drake, who called it New Albion. It was first colonized by the Spaniards, in 1768, and formed a province of Mexico until after the revolution in that country. There have been numerous revolutions and civil wars in California within the last twenty years; but up to the conquest of the country by the United States in 1846, Mexican authority has generally been exercised over it.

The following description of the political and social condition of Upper California in 1822 is extracted and translated from a Spanish writer of that date. I have thought that the extract would not be uninteresting:—

“Government.—Upper California, on account of its small population, not being able to become a state of the great Mexican republic, takes the character of territory, the government of which is under the charge of a commandant-general, who exercises the charge of a superior political chief, whose attributes depend entirely upon the president of the republic and the general congress. But, to amplify the legislation of its centre, it has a deputation made up of seven vocals, the half of these individuals being removed every two 52 years. The superior political chief presides at their sessions. The inhabitants of the territory are divided amongst the presidios, missions, and towns.

“Presidios.—The necessity of protecting the apostolic predication was the obligatory reason for forming the presidios, which were established according to circumstances. That of San Diego was the first; Santa Barbara, Monterey, and San Francisco were built afterwards. The form of all of them is nearly the same, and this is a square, containing about two hundred yards in each front, formed of a weak wall made of mud-bricks. Its height may be four yards in the interior of the square, and

built on to the same wall. In its entire circumference are a chapel, storehouses, and houses for the commandant, officers, and troops, having at the entrance of the presidio quarters for a *corps-de-garde*.

“These buildings in the presidios, at the first idea, appear to have been sufficient, the only object having been for a defence against a surprise from the gentiles, or wild Indians in the immediate vicinity. But this cause having ceased, I believe they ought to be demolished, as they are daily threatening a complete ruin, and, from the very limited spaces of habitation, must be very incommodious to those who inhabit them. As to the exterior of the presidios, several private individuals have built some very decent houses, and, having evinced great emulation in this branch of business, I have no doubt but in a short time we shall see very considerable towns in California.

“At the distance of one, or at the most two miles from the presidio, and near to the anchoring-ground, is a fort, which has a few pieces of artillery of small calibre. The situation of most of them is very advantageous for the defence of the port, though the form of the walls, esplanades, and other imperfections which may be seen, make them very insignificant.

“The battalion of each presidio is made up of eighty or more horse soldiers, called *cuera*; besides these, it has a number of auxiliary troops and a detachment of artillery. The commandant of each presidio is the captain of its respective company, and besides the intervention, military and political, he has charge of all things relating to the marine department.

“*Missions*.—The missions contained in the territory are twenty-one. They were built at different epochs: that of San Diego, being the first, was built in 1769; its distance from the presidio of the same name is two leagues. The rest were built successively, according to circumstances and necessity. The last one was founded in the year 1822, under the name of San Francisco Dolores, and is the most northern of all.

“The edifices in some of those missions are more extensive than in others, but in form they are all nearly equal. They are all fabricated of mud-bricks, and the divisions are according to necessity. In all of them may be found commodious habitations for the ministers, storehouses to keep their goods

in, proportional granaries, offices for soap-makers, weavers, blacksmiths, and large parterres, and horse and cattle pens, independent apartments for Indian youths of each sex, and all such offices as were necessary at the time of its institution. Contiguous to and communicating with the former is a church, forming a part of the edifices of each mission; they are all very proportionable, and are adorned with profusion.

“The Indians reside about two hundred yards distant from the above-mentioned edifice. This place is called the rancheria. Most of the missions are made up of very reduced quarters, built with mud-bricks, forming streets, while in others the Indians have been allowed to follow their primitive customs; their dwellings being a sort of huts, in a conical shape, which at the most do not exceed four yards in diameter, and the top of the cone may be elevated three yards. They are built of rough sticks, covered with bulrushes or grass, in such a manner as to completely protect the inhabitants from all the inclemencies of the weather. In my opinion, these rancherias are the most adequate to the natural uncleanliness of the Indians, as the families often renew the, burning the old ones, and immediately building others with the greatest facility. Opposite the rancherias, and near to the mission, is to be found a small garrison, with proportionate rooms, for a corporal and five soldiers with their families. This small garrison is quite sufficient to prevent any attempt of the Indians from taking effect, there having been some examples made, which causes the Indians to respect this small force. One of these pickets in a mission has a double object; besides keeping the Indians in subjection, they run post with a monthly correspondence, or with any extraordinaries that may be necessary for government.

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“All the missions in this California are under the charge of religious men of the order of San Francisco. At the present time their number is twenty-seven, most of them of an advanced age. Each mission has one of these fathers for its administrator, and he holds absolute authority. The tilling of the ground, the gathering of the harvest, the slaughtering of cattle, the weaving, and everything that concerns the mission, is under the direction of the fathers, without any other person interfering in any way whatever, so that, if any one mission has the good fortune to be superintended by an industrious and discreet padre, the Indians disfrute in abundance all the real necessaries of life; at

the same time the nakedness and misery of any one mission are a palpable proof of the inactivity of its director. The missions extend their possessions from one extremity of the territory to the other, and have made the limits of one mission from those of another. Though they do not require all this land for their agriculture and the maintenance of their stock, they have appropriated the whole; always strongly opposing any individual who may wish to settle himself or his family on any piece of land between them. But it is to be hoped that the new system of illustration, and the necessity of augmenting private property, and the people of reason, will cause the government to take such adequate measures as will conciliate the interests of all. Amongst all the missions there are from twenty-one to twenty-two thousand Catholic Indians; but each mission has not an equal or a proportionate part in its congregation. Some have three or four thousand, whilst others have scarcely four hundred; and at this difference may be computed the riches of the missions in proportion. Besides the number of Indians already spoken of, each mission has a considerable number of gentiles, who live chiefly on farms annexed to the missions. The number of these is undetermined.

“The Indians are naturally filthy and careless, and their understanding is very limited. In the small arts they are not deficient in ideas of imitation, but they never will be inventors. Their true character is that of being revengeful and timid, consequently they are very much addicted to treachery. They have no knowledge of benefits received, and ingratitude is common amongst them. The education they receive in their infancy is not the proper one to develop their reason, and, if it were, I do not believe them capable of any good impression. All these Indians, whether from the continual use of the sweat-house, or from their filthiness, or the little ventilation in their habitations, are weak and unvigorous; spasms and rheumatics, to which they are so much subject, are the consequences of their customs. But what most injures them, and prevents propagation, is the venereal disease, which most of them have very strongly, clearly proving that their humours are analogous to receiving the impressions of this contagion. From this reason may be deduced the enormous differences between the births and deaths, which, without doubt, is one-tenth per year in favour of the latter; but the missionaries do all in their power to prevent this, with respect to the catechumens situated near them.

“The general productions of the missions are, the breed of the larger class of cattle, and sheep, horses, wheat, maize or Indian corn, beans, peas, and other vegetables; though the productions of the missions situated more to the southward are more extensive, these producing the grape and olive in abundance. Of all these articles of production, the most lucrative is the large cattle, their hides and tallow affording an active commerce with foreign vessels on this coast. This being the only means the inhabitants, missionaries, or private individuals have of supplying their actual necessities, for this reason they give this branch all the impulse they possibly can, and on it generally place all their attention.

“It is now six years since they began to gather in hides and tallow for commerce. Formerly they merely took care of as many or as much as they required for their own private use, and the rest was thrown away as useless; but at this time the actual number of hides sold annually on board of foreign vessels amounts to thirty or forty thousand, and about the same amount of arrobas (twenty-five pounds) of tallow; and, in pursuing their present method, there is not doubt but in three or four years the amount of the exportation of each of these articles will be doubled. Flax, linen, wine, olive-oil, grain, and other agricultural productions, would be very extensive if there were stimulants to excite industry; but, this not being the case, there is just grain enough sown and reaped for the consumption of the inhabitant in the territory.

“The towns contained in this district are three; the most populous being that of Angeles, which has about twelve hundred souls; that of St. Joseph's of Guadalupe may 54 contain six hundred, and the village of Branciforte two hundred; they are all formed imperfectly and without order, each person having built his own house on the spot he thought most convenient for himself. The first of these pueblos is governed by its corresponding body of magistrates, composed of an alcalde or judge, four regidores or municipal officers, a syndic, and secretary; the second, of an alcalde, two regidores, a syndic, and secretary; and the third, on account of the smallness of its population, is subject to the commandancia of Monterey.

“The inhabitants of the towns are white, and, to distinguish them from the Indians, are vulgarly called *people of reason*. The number of these contained in the territory may be nearly five thousand.

These families are divided amongst the pueblos and presidios. They are nearly all the descendants of a small number of individuals who came from the Mexican country, some as settlers, others in the service of the army, and accompanied by their wives. In the limited space of little more than fifty years the present generation has been formed.

“The whites are in general robust, healthy, and well made. Some of them are occupied in breeding and raising cattle, and cultivating small quantities of wheat and beans; but for want of sufficient land, for which they cannot obtain a rightful ownership, their labours are very limited. Others dedicate themselves to the service of arms. All the presidial companies are composed of the natives of the country, but the most of them are entirely indolent, it being very rare for any individual to strive to augment his fortune. Dancing, horse-riding, and gambling occupy all their time. The arts are entirely unknown, and I am doubtful if there is one individual who exercises any trade; very few who understand the first rudiments of letters, and the other sciences are unknown amongst them.

“The fecundity of the *people of reason* is extreme. It is very rare to find a married couple with less than five or six children, while there are hundreds who have from twelve to fifteen. Very few of them die in their youth, and in reaching the age of puberty are sure to see their grand-children. The age of eighty and one hundred has always been common in this climate; most infirmities are unknown here, and the freshness and robustness of the people show the beneficial influence of the climate; the women in particular have always the roses stamped on their cheeks. This beautiful species is without doubt the most active and laborious, all their vigilance in duties of the house, the cleanliness of their children, and attention to their husbands, dedicating all their leisure moments to some kind of occupation that may be useful towards their maintenance. Their clothing is always clean and decent. nakedness being entirely unknown in either sex.

“*Ports and Commerce.*—There are four ports, principal bays, in this territory, which take the names of the corresponding presidios. The best guarded is that of San Diego. That of San Francisco has many advantages. Santa Barbara is but middling in the best part of the season; at other times always bad. Besides the above-mentioned places, vessels sometimes anchor at Santa Cruz, San Luis Obispo, El Refugio, San Pedro, and San Juan, that they may obtain the productions of the missions

nearest these last-mentioned places; but from an order sent by the minister of war, and circulated by the commandante-general, we are given to understand that no foreign vessel is permitted to anchor at any of these places, Monterey only excepted, notwithstanding the commandante-general has allowed the first three principal ports to remain open provisionally. Were it not so, there would undoubtedly be an end to all commerce with California, as I will quickly show.

“The only motive that induces foreign vessels to visit this coast is for the hides and tallow which they barter for in the territory. It is well known, that at any of these parts there is no possibility of realizing any money, for here it does not circulate. The goods imported by foreign vessels are intended to facilitate the purchase of the aforesaid articles, well knowing that the missions have no interest in money, but rather such goods as are necessary for the Indians, so that several persons who have brought goods to sell for nothing but money have not been able to sell them. It will appear very extraordinary that money should not be appreciated in a country where its value is so well known; but the reason may be easily perceived by attending to the circumstances of the territory.

“The quantity of hides gathered yearly is about thirty or forty thousand; and the arrobas of tallow, with very little difference, will be about the same. Averaging the price of each article at two dollars, we shall see that the intrinsic value in annual circulation in 55 California is 140,000 dollars. This sum, divided between twenty-one missions, will give each one 6666 dollars. Supposing the only production of the country converted into money, with what would the Indians be clothed, and by what means would they be able to cover a thousand other necessaries? Money is useful in amplifying speculations; but in California, as yet, there are no speculations, and its productions are barely sufficient for the absolute necessary consumption. The same comparison may be made with respect to private individuals, who are able to gather a few hides and a few arrobas of tallow, these being in small quantities.”

CHAPTER II.

Leave New Helvetia for San Francisco—Cosçumne River—Mickélemes River—Ford of the San Joaquin—Extensive plain—Tule marshes—Large droves of wild horses and elk—Arrive at Dr. Marsh's—Vineyard—Californian grape—Californian wine—Aguardiénte—Mormon settlements on the San Joaquin—Californian beef—Cattle—Grasses of California—Horses—Breakfast—Leave Dr. Marsh's—Arrive at Mr. Livermore's—Comforts of his dwelling—Large herds of cattle—Sheep—Swine—Californian senora—Slaughtering of a bullock—Fossil oyster-shells—Skeleton of a whale on a high mountain—Arrive at mission of San José—Ruinous and desolate appearance of the mission—Pedlars—Landlady—Filth—Gardens of the mission—Fruit orchards—Empty warehouses and workshops—Foul lodgings.

September 13 th—We commenced to-day our journey from New Helvetia to San Francisco. Our party consisted, including myself of Colonel Russell. Dr. McKee of Monterey, Mr. Pickett, a traveller in the country, recently from Oregon, and an Indian servant, who had been furnished us by Captain Sutter. Starting about 3 o'clock P.M., we travelled in a south course over a flat plain until sunset, and encamped near a small lake on the rancho of Mr. Murphy, near the Cosçumne River, a tributary of the Sacramento, which heads near the foot of the Sierra Nevada. The stream is small, but the bottom-lands are extensive and rich. Mr. Murphy has been settled in California about two years, and, with his wife and several children, has resided at this place sixteen months, during which time he has erected a comfortable dwelling-house, and other necessary buildings and conveniences. His wheat crop was abundant this year; and he presented us with as much milk and fresh butter as we desired. The grass on the upland plain over which we have travelled is brown and crisp from the annual drought. In the low bottom it is still green. Distance 18 miles.

September 14.—We crossed the Cosçumne River about a mile from our camp, and travelled over a level plain covered with luxuriant grass, and timbered with the evergreen oak until three o'clock, when we crossed the Mickélemes River, another tributary of the Sacramento, and encamped on its southern bank in a beautiful grove of live oaks. The Mickélemes, where we crossed it, is considerably larger than the Cosçumnes. The soil of the bottom appears to be very rich, and produces the finest qualities of grasses. The grass on the upland is also abundant, but at this time

it is brown and dead. We passed through large tracts of wild oats during the day; the stalks are generally from three to five feet in length.

Our Indian servant, or vaquero, feigned sickness this morning, and we discharged him. As soon as he obtained his discharge, he was entirely relieved from the excruciating agonies under which he had affected to be suffering for several hours. Eating his breakfast, and mounting his horse, he galloped off in the direction of the fort. We overtook this afternoon an English sailor, named Jack, who was travelling towards Monterey; and we employed him as cook and hostler for the remainder of the journey.

A variety of autumnal flowers, generally of a brilliant yellow, are in bloom along the beautiful and romantic banks of the rivulet. Distance 25 miles.

September 15.—Our horses were frightened last night by bears, and this morning, with the exception of those which were picketed, had strayed so far that we did not recover them until ten o'clock. Our route has continued over a flat plain, generally covered with luxuriant grass, wild oats, and a variety of sparkling flowers. The soil is composed of a rich argillaceous loam. Large tracts of the land are evidently subject to annual inundations. About noon we reached a small lake surrounded by *tule*. There being no trail for our guidance, we experienced some difficulty in shaping our course so as to strike the San Joaquin River at the usual fording place. Our man Jack, by some neglect or mistake of his own, lost sight of us, and we were compelled to proceed without him. This afternoon we saw several large droves of antelope and deer. Game of all kinds appears to be very abundant in this rich valley. Passing through large tracts of *tule*, we reached the San Joaquin River at dark, and encamped on the eastern bank. Here we immediately made large fires, and discharged pistols as signals 56 to our man Jack, but he did not come into camp. Distance 35 miles.

September 16.—Jack came into camp while we were breakfasting, leading his tired horse. He had bivouacked on the plain, and, fearful that his horse would break loose if he tied him, he held the animal by the bridle all night.

The ford of the San Joaquin is about forty or fifty miles from its mouth. At this season the water is at its lowest stage. The stream at the ford is probably one hundred yards in breadth, and our animals crossed it without much difficulty, the water reaching about midway of their bodies. Oak and small willows are the principal growth of wood skirting the river. Soon after we crossed the San Joaquin this morning we met two men, couriers, bearing despatches from Commodore Stockton, the governor and commander-in-chief in California, to Sutter's Fort. Entering upon the broad plain, we passed, in about three miles, a small lake, the water of which was so much impregnated with alkali as to be undrinkable. The grass is brown and crisp, but the seed upon it is evidence that it had fully matured before the drought affected it. The plain is furrowed with numerous deep trails, made by the droves of wild horses, elk, deer, and antelope, which roam over and graze upon it. The hunting sportsman can here enjoy his favourite pleasure to its fullest extent.

Having determined to deviate from our direct course, in order to visit the rancho of Dr. Marsh, we parted from Messrs. M'Kee and Pickett about noon. We passed during the afternoon several *tule* marshes, with which the plain of the San Joaquin is dotted. At a distance, the tule of these marshes presents the appearance of immense fields of ripened corn. The marshes are now nearly dry, and to shorten our journey we crossed several of them without difficulty. A month earlier, this would not have been practicable. I have but little doubt that these marshes would make fine rice plantations, and perhaps, if properly drained, they might produce the sugar-cane.

While pursuing our journey we frequently saw large droves of wild horses and elk grazing quietly upon the plain. No spectacle of moving life can present a more animated and beautiful appearance than a herd of wild horses. They were divided into droves of some one or two hundred. When they noticed us, attracted by curiosity to discover what we were, they would start and run almost with the fleetness of the wind in the direction towards us. But, arriving within a distance of two hundred yards, they would suddenly halt, and after bowing their necks into graceful curves, and looking steadily at us a few moments, with loud snortings they would wheel about and bound away with the same lightning speed. These evolutions they would repeat several times, until, having satisfied their curiosity, they would bid us a final adieu, and disappear behind the undulations of the plain.

The herds of elk were much more numerous. Some of them numbered at least two thousand, and with their immense antlers presented, when running, a very singular and picturesque appearance. We approached some of these herds within fifty yards before they took the alarm. Beef in California is so abundant, and of so fine a quality, that game is but little hunted, and not much prized. Hence the elk, deer, and even antelope are comparatively very tame, and rarely run from the traveller, unless he rides very near them. Some of these elk are as large as a medium sized Mexican mule.

We arrived at the rancho of Dr. Marsh about 5 o'clock P.M., greatly fatigued with the day's ride. The residence of Dr. M. is romantically situated, near the foot of one of the most elevated mountains in the range separating the valley of the San Joaquin from the plain surrounding the Bay of San Francisco. It is called "Mount Diablo," and may be seen in clear weather a great distance. The dwelling of Dr. M. is a small one-story house, rudely constructed of adobes, and divided into two or three apartments. The flooring is of earth, like the walls. A table or two, and some benches and a bed, are all the furniture it contains. Such are the privations to which those who settle in new countries must submit. Dr. M. is a native of New England, a graduate of Harvard University, and a gentleman of fine natural abilities and extensive scientific and literary acquirements. He emigrated to California some seven or eight years since, after having travelled through most of the Mexican States. He speaks the Spanish language fluently and correctly, and his accurate knowledge of Mexican institutions, laws, and customs was fully displayed in his conversation in regard to them. He obtained the grant of land upon which he now resides, some ten or twelve miles square, four or five years ago; and although he has been constantly harassed by the wild Indians, who have several times stolen all his horses, and sometimes numbers of his cattle, he has succeeded in permanently establishing himself. The present number of cattle on his rancho is about two thousand, and the increase of the present year he estimates at five hundred.

I noticed near the house a vegetable garden, with the usual variety of vegetables. In another inclosure was the commencement of an extensive vineyard, the fruit of which (now ripe) exceeds in delicacy of flavour any grapes which I have ever tasted. This grape is not indigenous, but was introduced by the *padres*, when they first established themselves in the country. The soil and

climate of California have probably improved it. Many of the clusters are eight and ten inches in length, and weigh several pounds. The fruit is of medium size, and in colour a dark purple. The rind is very thin, and when broken the pulp dissolves in the mouth immediately. Although Dr. M. has just commenced his vineyard, he has made several casks of wine this year, which is now in a state of fermentation. I tasted here, for the first time, *aguardiente*, or brandy distilled from the Californian grape. Its flavour is not unpleasant, and age, I do not doubt, would render it equal to the brandies of France. Large quantities of wine and *aguardiente* are made from the extensive vineyards farther south. Dr. M. informed me that his lands had produced a hundredfold of wheat without irrigation. This yield seems almost incredible; but, if we can believe the statements of men of unimpeached veracity, there have been numerous instances of reproduction of wheat in California equalling and even exceeding this.

Some time in July, a vessel arrived at San Francisco from New York, which had been chartered and freighted principally by a party of Mormon emigrants, numbering between two and three hundred, women and children included. These Mormons are about making a settlement for agricultural purposes on the San Joaquin River, above the rancho of Dr. Marsh. Two of the women and one of the men are now here, waiting for the return of the main party, which has gone up the river to explore and select a suitable site for the settlement. The women are young, neatly dressed, and one of them may be called good looking. Captain Gant, formerly of the U.S. army, in very bad health, is also residing here. He has crossed the Rocky Mountains eight times, and, in various trapping excursions, has explored nearly every river between the settlements of the United States and the Pacific Ocean.

The house of Dr. Marsh being fully occupied, we made our beds in a shed, a short distance from it. Suspended from one of the poles forming the frame of this shed was a portion of the carcass of a recently slaughtered beef. The meat was very fat, the muscular portions of it presenting that marbled appearance, produced by a mixture of the fat and lean, so agreeable to the sight and palate of the epicure. The horned cattle of California, which I have thus far seen, are the largest and the handsomest in shape which I ever saw. There is certainly no breed in the United States equalling them in size. They, as well as the horses, subsist entirely on the indigenous grasses, at all seasons of

the year; and such are the nutritious qualities of the herbage, that the former are always in condition for slaughtering, and the latter have as much flesh upon them as is desirable, unless (which is often the case) they are kept up at hard work and denied the privilege of eating, or are broken down by hard riding. The varieties of grass are very numerous, and nearly all of them are heavily seeded when ripe, and are equal, if not superior, as food for animals, to corn and oats. The horses are not as large as the breeds of the United States, but in point of symmetrical proportions and in capacity for endurance they are fully equal to our best breeds. The distance we have travelled to-day I estimate at thirty-five miles.

September 17.—The temperature of the mornings is most agreeable, and every other phenomenon accompanying it is correspondingly delightful to the senses. Our breakfast consisted of warm bread, made of unbolted flour, stewed beef, seasoned with *chile colorado*, a species of red pepper, and *frijoles*, a dark-coloured bean, with coffee. After breakfast I walked with Dr. Marsh to the summit of a conical hill, about a mile distant from his house, from which the view of the plain on the north, south, and east, and the more broken and mountainous country on the west, is very extensive and picturesque. The hills and the plain are ornamented with the evergreen oak, sometimes in clumps or groves, at others standing solitary. On the summits, and in the gorges of the mountains, the cedar, pine, and fir display their tall symmetrical shapes; and the San Joaquin, 58 at a distance of about ten miles, is belted by a dense forest of oak, sycamore, and smaller timber and shrubbery. The herds of cattle are scattered over the plain,—some of them grazing upon the brown but nutritious grass; others sheltering themselves from the sun under the wide-spreading branches of the oaks. The *tout ensemble* of the landscape is charming.

Leaving Dr. Marsh's about three o'clock P.M., we travelled fifteen miles, over a rolling and well-watered country, covered generally with wild oats, and arrived at the residence of Mr. Robert Livermore just before dark. We were most kindly and hospitably received, and entertained by Mr. L. and his interesting family. After our mules and baggage had been cared for, we were introduced to the principal room in the house, which consisted of a number of small adobe buildings, erected apparently at different times, and connected together. Here we found chairs, and, for the first time in California, saw a side-board set out with glass tumblers and chinaware. A decanter of *aguardiente*,

a bowl of loaf sugar, and a pitcher of cold water from the spring, were set before us, and, being duly honoured, had a most reviving influence upon our spirits as well as our corporeal energies. Suspended from the walls of the room were numerous coarse engravings, highly coloured with green, blue, and crimson paints, representing the Virgin Mary, and many of the saints. These engravings are held in great veneration by the devout Catholics of this country. In the corners of the room were two comfortable-looking beds, with clean white sheets and pillow-cases, a sight with which my eyes have not been greeted for many months.

The table was soon set out, and covered with a linen cloth of snowy whiteness, upon which were placed dishes of stewed beef, seasoned with *chile colorado*, *frijoles*, and a plentiful supply of *tortillas*, with an excellent cup of tea, to the merits of which we did ample justice. Never were men blessed with better appetites than we are at the present time.

Mr. Livermore has been a resident of California nearly thirty years, and, having married into one of the wealthy families of the country, is the proprietor of some of the best lands for tillage and grazing. An *arroyo*, or small rivulet fed by springs, runs through his rancho, in such a course that, if expedient, he could, without much expense, irrigate one or two thousand acres. Irrigation in this part of California, however, seems to be entirely unnecessary for the production of wheat or any of the small grains. To produce maize, potatoes, and garden vegetables, irrigation is indispensable. Mr. Livermore has on his rancho about 3500 head of cattle. His horses, during the late disturbances, have nearly all been driven off or stolen by the Indians. I saw in his corral a flock of sheep numbering several hundred. They are of good size, and the mutton is said to be of an excellent quality, but the wool is coarse. It is, however, well adapted to the only manufacture of wool that is carried on in the country,—coarse blankets and *serápes*. But little attention is paid to hogs here, although the breeds are as fine as I have ever seen elsewhere. Beef being so abundant, and of a quality so superior, pork is not prized by the native Californians.

The Senora L. is the first Hispano-American lady I have seen since arriving in the country. She was dressed in a white cambric robe, loosely banded round the waist, and without ornament of any kind, except several rings on her small delicate fingers. Her complexion is that of a dark brunette,

but lighter and more clear than the skin of most Californian women. The dark lustrous eye, the long black and glossy hair, the natural ease, grace, and vivacity of manners and conversation, characteristic of Spanish ladies, were fully displayed by her from the moment of our introduction. The children, especially two or three little *senoritas*, were very beautiful, and manifested a remarkable degree of sprightliness and intelligence. One of them presented me with a small basket wrought from a species of tough grass, and ornamented with the plumage of birds of a variety of brilliant colours. It was a beautiful specimen of Indian ingenuity.

Retiring to bed about ten o'clock, I enjoyed, the first time for four months, the luxury of clean sheets, with a mattress and a soft pillow. My enjoyment, however, was not unmixed with regret, for I noticed that several members of the family, to accommodate us with lodgings in the house, slept in the piazza outside. To have objected to sleeping in the house, however, would have been considered discourteous and offensive.

September 18.—Early this morning a bullock was brought up and slaughtered in front of the house. The process of slaughtering a beef is as follows; a *vaquero*, mounted on a trained horse, and provided with a lasso, proceeds to the place where the herd is grazing. Selecting an animal, he soon secures it by throwing the noose of the lasso over the horns, and fastening the other end around the pommel of the saddle. During the first struggles of the animal for liberty, which usually are very violent, the *vaquero* sits firmly in his seat, and keeps his horse in such a position that the fury and strength of the beast are wasted without producing any other result than his own exhaustion. The animal, soon ascertaining that he cannot release himself from the rope, submits to be pulled along to the place of execution. Arriving here, the *vaquero* winds the lasso round the legs of the doomed beast, and throws him to the ground, where he lies perfectly helpless and motionless. Dismounting from his horse, he then takes from his leggin the butcher-knife that he always carries with him, and sticks the animal in the throat. He soon bleeds to death, when, in an incredibly short space of time for such a performance, the carcass is flayed and quartered, and the meat is either roasting before the fire or simmering in the stew-pan. The *lassoing* and slaughter of a bullock is one of the most exciting sports of the Californians; and the daring horsemanship and dexterous use of the lariat usually displayed on these occasions are worthy of admiration. I could not but notice the Golgotha-

like aspect of the grounds surrounding the house. The bones of cattle were thickly strewn in all directions, showing a terrible slaughter of the four-footed tribe and a prodigious consumption of flesh.

A *carretada* of fossil oyster-shells was shown to me by Mr. Livermore, which had been hauled for the purpose of being manufactured into lime. Some of these shells were eight inches in length, and of corresponding breadth and thickness. They were dug from a hill two or three miles distant, which is composed almost entirely of this fossil. Several bones belonging to the skeleton of a whale, discovered by Mr. L. on the summit of one of the highest elevations in the vicinity of his residence, were shown to me. The skeleton when discovered was nearly perfect and entirely exposed, and its elevation above the level of the sea between one and two thousand feet. How the huge aquatic monster, of which this skeleton is the remains, managed to make his dry bed on the summit of an elevated mountain, more experienced geologists than myself will hereafter determine. I have an opinion on the subject, however; but it is so contrary in some respects to the received geological theories, that I will not now hazard it.

Leaving Mr. Livermore's about nine o'clock A.M., we travelled three or four miles over a level plain, upon which immense herds of cattle were grazing. When we approached, they fled from us with as much alarm as herds of deer and elk. From this plain we entered a hilly country, covered to the summits of the elevations with wild oats and tufts or bunches of a species of grass, which remains green through the whole season. Cattle were scattered through these hills, and more sumptuous grazing they could not desire. Small streams of water, fed by springs, flow through the hollows and ravines, which, as well as the hill-sides, are timbered with the evergreen oak and a variety of smaller trees. About two o'clock, p.m., we crossed an *arroyo* which runs through a narrow gorge of the hills, and struck an artificial wagon-road, excavated and embanked so as to afford a passage for wheeled vehicles along the steep hill-side. A little farther on we crossed a very rudely constructed bridge. These are the first signs of road-making I have seen in the country. Emerging from the hills, the southern arm of the Bay of San Francisco came in view, separated

from us by a broad and fertile plain, some ten or twelve miles in width, sloping gradually down to the shore of the bay, and watered by several small creeks and estuaries.

We soon entered through a narrow street the mission of San José, or St. Joseph. Passing the squares of one-story adobe buildings once inhabited by thousands of busy Indians, but now deserted, roofless, and crumbling into ruins, we reached the plaza in front of the church, and the massive two story edifices occupied by the *padres* during the flourishing epoch of the establishment. These were in good repair; but the doors and windows, with the exception of one, were closed, and nothing of moving life was visible except a donkey or two, standing near a fountain which gushed its waters into a capacious stone trough. Dismounting from our mules, we entered the open door, and here we found two Frenchmen dressed in sailor costume, with a quantity of coarse shirts, pantaloons, stockings, and other small articles, together with *aguardiente*, which they designed retailing to such of the natives in the vicinity as chose to become their 60 customers. They were itinerant merchants, or pedlars, and had opened their wares here for a day or two only, or so long as they could find purchasers.

Having determined to remain here the residue of the day and the night, we inquired of the Frenchmen if there was any family in the place that could furnish us with food. They directed us to a house on the opposite side of the plaza, to which we immediately repaired. The senora, a dark-skinned and rather shrivelled and filthy specimen of the fair sex, but with a black, sparkling, and intelligent eye, met us at the door of the miserable hovel, and invited us in. In one corner of this wretched and foul abode was a pile of raw hides, and in another a heap of wheat. The only furniture it contained were two small benches, or stools, one of which, being higher than the other, appeared to have been constructed for a table. We informed the senora that we were travellers, and wished refreshment and lodgings for the night. "*Esta bueno, senores, esta bueno,*" was her reply; and she immediately left us, and, opening the door of the kitchen, commenced the preparation of our dinner. The interior of the kitchen, of which I had a good view through the door, was more revolting in its filthiness than the room in which we were seated. In a short time, so industrious was our hostess, our dinner, consisting of two plates of jerked beef, stewed, and seasoned with *chile colorado*, a plate of *tortillas*, and a bowl of coffee, was set out upon the most elevated stool. There were no

knives, forks, or spoons, on the table. Our amiable land lady apologized for this deficiency of table furniture, saying that she was "*muy pobre*" (very poor), and possessed none of these table implements. "Fingers were made before forks," and in our recent travels we had learned to use them as substitutes, so that we found no difficulty in conveying the meat from the plates to our mouths.

Belonging to the mission are two gardens, inclosed by high adobe walls. After dinner we visited one of these. The area of the inclosure contains fifteen or twenty acres of ground, the whole of which was planted with fruit trees and grape-vines. There are about six hundred pear trees, and a large number of apple and peach trees, all bearing fruit in great abundance and in full perfection. The quality of the pears is excellent, but the apples and peaches are indifferent. The grapes have been gathered, as I suppose, for I saw none upon the vines, which appeared healthy and vigorous. The gardens are irrigated with very little trouble, from large springs which flow from the hills a short distance above them. Numerous aqueducts, formerly conveying and distributing water over an extensive tract of land surrounding the mission, are still visible, but as the land is not now cultivated, they at present contain no water.

The mission buildings cover fifty acres of ground, perhaps more, and are all constructed of adobes with tile roofs. Those houses or barracks which were occupied by the Indian families are built in compact squares, one story in height. They are generally partitioned into two rooms, one fronting on the street, the other upon a court or corral in the rear. The main buildings of the mission are two stories in height, with wide corridors in front and rear. The walls are massive, and, if protected from the winter rains, will stand for ages. But if exposed to the storms by the decay of the projecting roofs, or by leaks in the main roof, they will soon crumble, or sink into shapeless heaps of mud. I passed through extensive warehouses and immense rooms, once occupied for the manufacture of woollen blankets and other articles, with the rude machinery still standing in them, but unemployed. Filth and desolation have taken the place of cleanliness and busy life. The granary was very capacious, and its dimensions were an evidence of the exuberant fertility of the soil, when properly cultivated under the superintendence of the *padres*. The calaboose is a miserable dark room of two apartments, one with a small loop-hole in the wall, the other a dungeon without light or ventilation. The stocks, and several other inventions for the punishment of offenders, are still standing in this

prison. I requested permission to examine the interior of the church, but it was locked up, and no person in the mission was in possession of the key. Its length I should suppose is from one hundred to one hundred and twenty feet, and its breadth between thirty and forty, with small exterior pretensions to architectural ornament or symmetry of proportions.

Returning from our rambles about the mission, we found that our landlady had been reinforced by an elderly woman, whom she introduced as "*mi madre*," and two or three Indian *muchachas*, or girls, clad in a costume not differing much from that of our mother Eve. The latter were obese in their figures, 61 and the mingled perspiration and filth standing upon their skins were any thing but agreeable to the eye. The two *senoras*, with these handmaids near them, were sitting in front of the house, busily engaged in executing some needlework.

Supper being prepared and discussed, our landlady informed us that she had a husband, who was absent, but would return in the course of the night, and, if he found strange men in the house, he would be much offended with her. She had therefore directed her *muchachas* to sweep out one of the deserted and half-ruined rooms on the opposite square, to which we could remove our baggage, and in which we could lodge during the night; and as soon as the necessary preparations were made, we retired to our dismal apartment. The "compound of villanous smells" which saluted our nostrils when we entered our dormitory for the night augured unfavourably for repose. The place had evidently been the abode of horses, cattle, pigs, and foul vermin of every description. But with the aid of a dark-coloured tallow-candle, which gave just light enough to display the murkiness and filth surrounding us, we spread our beds in the cleanest places, and laid down to rest. Distance travelled, 18 miles.

CHAPTER III.

Armies of fleas—Leave the mission—Clover—Wild mustard—A *carreta*—Family travelling—Arrive at Pueblo de San José—Capt. Fisher—Description of the Pueblo—The *embarcadero*—Beautiful and fertile valley of the Pueblo—Absence of architectural taste in California—Town squirrels—Fruit garden—Grapes—Tropical fruits—Gaming-rooms—Contrast between

Californian and American gamblers—Leave San José—Beautiful avenue—Mission of Santa Clara—Rich but neglected lands—Effects of a bad government—A senora on the road-side—Kindness of Californian women—Fast riding—Cruel treatment of horses—Arrive at the mission of San Francisco—A poor but hospitable family—Arrive at the town of San Francisco—W. A Leidesdorff, Esq., American vice-consul—First view of the bay of San Francisco—Muchachos and Muchachas—Capt. Montgomery—U. S. sloop-of-war, Portsmouth—Town of San Francisco; its situation, appearance, population—Commerce of California—Extortion of the government and traders.

September 19.—Several Californians came into the mission during the night or early this morning; among them the husband of our hostess, who was very kind and cordial in his greetings.

While our man Jack was saddling and packing the mules, they gathered around us to the number of a dozen or more, and were desirous of trading their horses for articles of clothing; articles which many of them appeared to stand greatly in need of, but which we had not to part from. Their pertinacity exceeded the bounds of civility, as I thought; but I was not in a good humour, for the fleas, bugs, and other vermin, which infested our miserable lodgings, had caused me a sleepless night, by goring my body until the blood oozed from the skin in countless places. These ruinous missions are prolific generators, and the nurseries of vermin of all kinds, as the hapless traveller who tarries in them a few hours will learn to his sorrow. When these bloodthirsty assailants once make a lodgment in the clothing or bedding of the unfortunate victim of their attacks, such are their courage and perseverance, that they never capitulate. “Blood or death” is their motto;—the war against them, to be successful, must be a war of extermination.

Poor as our hostess was, she nevertheless was reluctant to receive any compensation for her hospitality. We, however, insisted upon her receiving a dollar from each of us (*dos pesos*), which she finally accepted; and after shaking us cordially by the hand she bade us an affectionate *adios*, and we proceeded on our journey.

From the Mission of San José to the Pueblo of San José, the distance is fifteen miles, for the most part over a level and highly fertile plain, producing a variety of indigenous grasses, among which

I noticed several species of clover and mustard, large tracts of which we rode through, the stalks varying from six to ten feet in height. The plain is watered by several *arroyos*, skirted with timber, generally the evergreen oak.

We met this morning a Californian *carreta*, or travelling-cart, freighted with women and children, bound on a pleasure excursion. The *carreta* is the rudest specimen of the wheeled vehicle I have seen. The wheels are transverse sections of a log, and are usually about 2 1/2 feet in diameter, and varying in thickness from the centre to the rim. These wheels are coupled together by an axletree, into which a tongue is inserted. On the axletree and tongue rests a frame, constructed of square pieces of timber, six or eight feet in length, and four or five in breadth, into which are inserted a number of stakes about four feet in length. This frame-work being covered and floored with raw hides, the carriage is complete. The *carreta* which we met was drawn by two yokes of oxen, driven by an Indian vaquero, mounted on a horse. In 62 the rear were two *caballeros*, riding fine spirited horses, with gaudy trappings. They were dressed in steeple-crowned glazed *sombreros*, *serapes* of fiery colours, velvet (cotton) *calzoneros*, white cambric *calzoncillos*, and leggins and shoes of undressed leather. Their spurs were of immense size.

The party halted as soon as we met them, the men touching their heavy *sombreros*, and uttering the usual salutation of the morning, "*Buenos dias, senores*," and shaking hands with us very cordially. The same salutation was repeated by all the *senoras* and *senoritas* in the *carreta*. In dress and personal appearance the women of this party were much inferior to the men, Their skins were dark, sallow, and shrivelled; and their costume, a loose gown and *reboso*, were made of very common materials. The children, however, were all handsome, with sparkling eyes and ruddy complexions. Women and children were seated, *à la Turque*, on the bottom of the *carreta*, there being no raised seats in the vehicle.

We arrived at the Pueblo de San José about twelve o'clock. There being no hotels in California, we were much at a loss where to apply for refreshments and lodgings for the night. Soon, however, we were met by Captain Fisher, a native of Massachusetts, but a resident of this country for twenty years or more, who invited us to his house. We were most civilly received by Senora F., who,

although she did not speak English, seemed to understand it very well. She is a native of the southern Pacific coast of Mexico, and a lady of fine manners and personal appearance. Her eldest daughter, about thirteen years of age, is very beautiful. An excellent dinner was soon set out, with a variety of the native wines of California and other liquors. We could not have felt ourselves more happy and more at home, even at our own firesides and in the midst of our own families.

The Pueblo de San José is a village containing some six or eight hundred inhabitants. It is situated in what is called the “Pueblo Valley,” about fifteen miles south of the southern shore of the Bay of San Francisco. Through a navigable creek, vessels of considerable burden can approach the town within a distance of five or six miles. The *embarcadero*, or landing, I think, is six miles from the Pueblo. The fertile plain between this and the town, at certain seasons of the year, is sometimes inundated. The “Pueblo Valley,” which is eighty or one hundred miles in length, varying from ten to twenty in breadth, is well watered by the Rio Santa Clara and numerous *arroyos*, and is one of the most fertile and picturesque plains in California. For pastoral charms, fertility of soil, variety of productions, and delicious voluptuousness of climate and scenery, it cannot be surpassed. This valley, if properly cultivated, would alone produce breadstuffs enough to supply millions of population. The buildings of the Pueblo, with few exceptions, are constructed of adobes, and none of them have even the smallest pretensions to architectural taste or beauty. The church, which is situated near the centre of the town, exteriorly resembles a huge Dutch barn. The streets are irregular, every man having erected his house in a position most convenient to him. Aqueducts convey water from the Santa Clara River to all parts of the town. In the main plaza hundreds, perhaps thousands, of squirrels, whose abodes are under ground, have their residences. They are of a brownish colour, and about the size of our common gray squirrel. Emerging from their subterraneous abodes, they skip and leap about over the plaza without the least concern, no one molesting them.

The population of the place is composed chiefly of native Californian land-proprietors. Their ranchos are in the valley, but their residences and gardens are in the town. We visited this afternoon the garden of Senor Don Antonio Sugnot. He received us with much politeness, and conducted us through his garden. Apples, pears, peaches, figs, oranges, and grapes, with other fruits which I do

not now recollect, were growing and ripening. The grape-vines were bowed to the ground with the luxuriance and weight of the yield; and more delicious fruit I never tasted. From the garden we crossed over to a flouring-mill recently erected by a son-in-law of Don Antonio, a Frenchman by birth. The mill is a creditable enterprise to the proprietor, and he will coin money from its operations.

The Pueblo de San José is one of the oldest settlements in Alta California. Captain Fisher pointed out to me a house built of adobes, which has been standing between 80 and 90 years, and no house in the place appeared to be more substantial or in better repair. A garrison, composed of marines from the United States' ships, and volunteers enlisted from the American settlers in the country, is now stationed here. The post is under the command of Purser Watmough, of the United States 63 sloop-of-war Portsmouth, commanded by Captain Montgomery. During the evening I visited several public places (bar-rooms), where I saw men and women engaged promiscuously at the game of *monte*. Gambling is a universal vice in California. All classes and both sexes participate in its excitements to some extent. The games, however, while I was present, were conducted with great propriety and decorum so far as the native Californians were concerned. The loud swearing and other turbulent demonstrations generally proceeded from the unsuccessful foreigners. I could not but observe the contrast between the two races in this respect. The one bore their losses with stoical composure and indifference; the other announced each unsuccessful bet with profane imprecations and maledictions. Excitement prompted the hazards of the former, avarice the latter.

September 20.—The morning was cloudy and cool; but the clouds broke away about nine o'clock, and the sun shone from a vapourless sky, as usual. We met, at the Pueblo, Mr. Grove Cook, a native of Gerrard county, Ky., but for many years a resident of California. He is the proprietor of a rancho in the vicinity. We determined to leave our mules in charge of Mr. Cook's vaquero, and proceed to San Francisco on hired horses. The distance from the Pueblo de San José to San Francisco is called sixty miles. The time occupied in performing the journey, on Californian horses at Californian speed, is generally six or seven hours. Procuring horses for the journey, and leaving our baggage, with the exception of a change of clothing, we left the Pueblo about eleven o'clock A.M.

The mission of Santa Clara is situated about two and a half miles from the town. A broad *alameda*, shaded by stately trees (elms and willows), planted by the *padres*, extends nearly the entire distance, forming a most beautiful drive or walk for equestrians or pedestrians. The motive of the *padres* in planting this avenue was to afford the devout *senoras* and *senoritas* a shade from the sun, when walking from the Pueblo to the church at the mission to attend mass. A few minutes over the smooth level road, at the rapid speed of our fresh Californian horses, brought us to the mission, where we halted to make our observations. This mission is not so extensive in its buildings as that of San José, but the houses are generally in better repair. They are constructed of adobes; the church was open, and, entering the interior, I found the walls hung with coarse paintings and engravings of the saints, etc., etc. The chancel decorated with numerous images, and symbolical ornaments used by the priests in their worship. Gold-paper, and tinsel, in barbaric taste, are plastered without stint upon nearly every object that meets the eye, so that, when on festive occasions the church is lighted, it must present a very glittering appearance.

The rich lands surrounding the mission are entirely neglected. I did not notice a foot of ground under cultivation, except the garden inclosure, which contained a variety of fruits and plants of the temperate and tropical climates. From want of care these are fast decaying. Some excellent pears were furnished us by Mrs. Bennett, an American lady, of Amazonian proportions, who, with her family of sons, has taken up her residence in one of the buildings of the mission. The picture of decay and ruin presented by this once flourishing establishment, surrounded by a country so fertile and scenery so enchanting, is a most melancholy spectacle to the passing traveller, and speaks a language of loud condemnation against the government.

Proceeding on our journey, we travelled fifteen miles over a flat plain, timbered with groves and parks of evergreen oaks, and covered with a great variety of grasses, wild oats, and mustard. So rank is the growth of mustard in many places, that it is with difficulty that a horse can penetrate through it. Numerous birds flitted from tree to tree, making the groves musical with their harmonious notes. The black-tailed deer bounded frequently across our path, and the lurking and stealthy *coyotes* were continually in view. We halted at a small cabin, with a *corral* near it, in order

to breathe our horses, and refresh ourselves. Captain Fisher had kindly filled a small sack with bread, cheese, roasted beef, and a small jug of excellent schiedam. Entering the cabin, the interior of which was cleanly, we found a solitary woman, young, neatly dressed, and displaying many personal charms. With the characteristic ease and grace of a Spanish woman, she gave the usual salutation for the hour of the day, “*Buenas tardes, senores caballeros;*” to which we responded by a suitable salutation. We requested of our hostess some water, which she furnished us immediately, in an earthen bowl. Opening our sack of provisions, we spread them upon the table, and invited the senora to partake of them with us, which invitation she accepted without the slightest hesitation, and with much good-nature, vivacity, and even thankfulness for our politeness. There are no women in the world for whose manners nature has done so much, and for whom art and education, in this respect, have done so little, as these Hispano-American females on the coast of the Pacific. In their deportment towards strangers they are queens, when, in costume, they are peasants. None of them, according to our tastes, can be called beautiful; but what they want in complexion and regularity of feature is fully supplied by their kindness, the soul and sympathy which beam from their dark eyes, and their grace and warmth of manners and expression.

While enjoying the *pic-nic* with our agreeable hostess, a *caballada* was driven into the *corral* by two *vaqueros*, and two gentlemen soon after came into the house. They were Messrs. Lightson and Murphy, from the Pueblo, bound for San Francisco, and had stopped to change their horses. We immediately made ready to accompany them, and were soon on the road again, travelling at race-horse speed; these gentlemen having furnished us with a change of horses, in order that we might be able to keep up with them.

To account for the fast travelling in California on horseback, it is necessary to explain the mode by which it is accomplished. A gentleman who starts upon a journey of one hundred miles, and wishes to perform the trip in a day, will take with him ten fresh horses and a *vaquero*. The eight loose horses are placed under the charge of the *vaquero*, and are driven in front, at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour, according to the speed that is required for the journey. At the end of twenty miles, the horses which have been rode are discharged and turned into the *caballada*, and horses which have not been rode, but driven along without weight, are saddled and mounted and rode at

the same speed, and so on to the end of the journey. If a horse gives out from inability to proceed at this gait, he is left on the road. The owner's brand is on him, and, if of any value, he can be recovered without difficulty. But in California no one thinks of stopping on the road, on account of the loss of a horse, or his inability to travel at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour. Horseflesh is cheap, and the animal must go as long as he can, and when he cannot travel longer he is left, and another horse is substituted.

Twenty-five miles, at a rapid gait over a level and fertile plain, brought us to the rancho of Don Francisco Sanchez, where we halted to change horses. Breathing our animals a short time, we resumed our journey, and reached the mission of San Francisco Dolores, three miles from the town of San Francisco, just after sunset. Between the mission and the town the road is very sandy, and we determined to remain here for the night, *corralling* the loose animals, and picketing those we rode. It was some time, however, before we could find a house to lodge in. The foreign occupants of the mission buildings, to whom we applied for accommodations for the night, gave us no satisfaction. After several applications, we were at last accommodated by an old and very poor Californian Spaniard, who inhabited a small house in one of the ruinous squares, formerly occupied by the operative Indians. All that he had (and it was but little) was at our disposal. A more miserable supper I never sat down to; but the spirit of genuine hospitality in which it was given imparted to the poor viands a flavour that rendered the entertainment almost sumptuous—in my imagination. A cup of water cheerfully given to the weary and thirsty traveller, by him who has no more to part with, is worth a cask of wine grudgingly bestowed by the stingy or the ostentatious churl. Notwithstanding we preferred sleeping on our own blankets, these poor people would not suffer us to do it, but spread their own pallets on the earth floor of their miserable hut, and insisted so strongly upon our occupying them, that we could not refuse.

September 21.—We rose at daylight. The morning was clear, and our horses were shivering with the cold. The mission of San Francisco is situated at the northern terminus of the fertile plain over which we travelled yesterday, and at the foot, on the eastern side, of the coast range of mountains. These mountains are of considerable elevation. The shore of the Bay of San Francisco is about two miles distant from the mission. An *arroyo* waters the mission lands, and empties into the bay.

The church of the mission, and the main buildings contiguous, are in tolerable repair. In the latter, several Mormon families, which arrived in the ship Brooklyn from New York, are quartered. As in the other missions I have passed through, the Indian quarters are crumbling into shapeless heaps of mud.

Our aged host, notwithstanding he is a pious Catholic, and considers us as heretics and 65 heathens, gave us his benediction in a very impressive manner when we were about to start. Mounting our horses at sunrise, we travelled three miles over low ridges of sandhills, with sufficient soil, however, to produce a thick growth of scrubby evergreen oak, and brambles of hawthorn, wild currant and gooseberry bushes, rose bushes, briars, etc. We reached the residence of Wm. A. Leidesdorff, Esq., late American vice-consul at San Francisco, when the sun was about an hour high. The morning was calm and beautiful. Not a ripple disturbed the placid and glassy surface of the magnificent bay and harbour, upon which rested at anchor thirty large vessels, consisting of whalemens, merchantmen, and the U. S. sloop-of-war Portsmouth, Captain Montgomery. Besides these, there were numerous small craft, giving to the harbour a commercial air, of which some of the large cities on the Atlantic coast would feel vain. The bay, from the town of San Francisco due east, is about twelve miles in breadth. An elevated range of hills bounds the view on the opposite side. These slope gradually down, and between them and the shore there is a broad and fertile plain, which is called the *Contra Costa*. There are several small islands in the bay, but they do not present a fertile appearance to the eye.

We were received with every mark of respectful attention and cordial hospitality by Mr. Leidesdorff. Mr. L. is a native of Denmark; was for some years a resident of the United States; but subsequently the captain of a merchant vessel, and has been established at this place as a merchant some five or six years. The house in which he resides, now under the process of completion, is the largest private building in the town. Being shown to a well-furnished room, we changed our travel-soiled clothing for a more civilized costume, by which time breakfast was announced, and we were ushered into a large dining-hall. In the centre stood a table, upon which was spread a substantial breakfast of stewed and fried beef, fried onions, and potatoes, bread, butter, and coffee. Our appetites were very sharp, and we did full justice to the merits of the fare before us. The

servants waiting upon the table were an Indian *muchachito* and *muchachita*, about ten or twelve years of age. They had not been long from their wild *rancherías*, and knew but little of civilized life. Our host, however, who speaks, I believe, nearly every living language, whether of Christian, barbarian, or savage nations, seemed determined to impress upon their dull intellects the forms and customs of civilization. He scolded them with great vivacity, sometimes in their own tongue, sometimes in French, Spanish, Portuguese, Danish, German, and English, in accordance with the language in which he was thinking at the moment. It seemed to me that the little fat Indians were more confused than enlightened by his emphatic instructions. At the table, besides ourselves and host, was Lieutenant W. A. Bartlett, of the U.S. sloop-of-war *Portsmouth*, now acting as Alcalde of the town and district of San Francisco.

The *Portsmouth*, Commander Montgomery, is the only United States vessel of war now lying in the harbour. She is regarded as the finest vessel of her class belonging to our navy. By invitation of Lieutenant Bartlett, I went on board of her between ten and eleven o'clock. The crew and officers were assembled on deck to attend Divine service. They were all dressed with great neatness, and seemed to listen with deep attention to the Episcopal service and a sermon, which were read by Commander Montgomery, who is a member of the church.

In the afternoon I walked to the summit of one of the elevated hills in the vicinity of the town, from which I had a view of the entrance to the bay of San Francisco and of the Pacific Ocean. A thick fog hung over the ocean outside of the bay. The deep roar of the eternally restless waves, as they broke one after another upon the beach, or dashed against the rock-bound shore, could be heard with great distinctness, although some five or six miles distant. The entrance from the ocean into the bay is about a mile and half in breadth. The waters of the bay appear to have forced a passage through the elevated ridge of hills next to the shore of the Pacific. These rise abruptly on either side of the entrance. The water at the entrance and inside is of sufficient depth to admit the largest ship that was ever constructed; and so completely land-locked and protected from the winds is the harbour, that vessels can ride at anchor in perfect safety in all kinds of weather. The capacity of the harbour is sufficient for the accommodation of all the navies of the world.

The town of San Francisco is situated on the south side of the entrance, fronting on the bay, and about six miles from the ocean. The flow and ebb of the tide are sufficient to bring a vessel to the anchorage in front of the town and carry it outside, without the aid of wind, or even against an unfavourable wind. A more approachable harbour, or one of greater security, is unknown to navigators. The permanent population of the town is at this time between one and two hundred,^{*} and is composed almost exclusively of foreigners. There are but two or three native Californian families in the place. The transient population, and at present it is quite numerous, consists of the garrison of marines stationed here, and the officers and crews attached to the merchant and whale ships lying in the harbour. The houses, with a few exceptions, are small adobes and frames, constructed without regard to architectural taste, convenience, or comfort. Very few of them have either chimneys or fire-places. The inhabitants contrive to live the year round without fires, except or cooking. The position of San Francisco for commerce is, without doubt, superior to any other port on the Pacific coast of North America. The country contiguous and contributory to it cannot be surpassed in fertility, healthfulness of climate, and beauty of scenery. It is capable of producing whatever is necessary to the sustenance of man, and many of the luxuries of tropical climates, not taking into the account the mineral wealth of the surrounding hills and mountains, which there is reason to believe is very great. This place is, doubtless, destined to become one of the largest and most opulent commercial cities in the world, and under American authority it will rise with astonishing rapidity. The principal merchants now established here are Messrs. Leidesdorff, Grimes and Davis, and Frank Ward, a young gentleman recently from New York. These houses carry on an extensive and profitable commerce with the interior, the Sandwich Islands, Oregon, and the southern coast of the Pacific. The produce of Oregon for exportation is flour, lumber, salmon, and cheese; of the Sandwich Islands, sugar, coffee, and preserved tropical fruits.

This was in September, 1846. In June, 1847, when I left San Francisco, on my return to the United States, the population had increased to about twelve hundred, and houses were rising in all directions.

California, until recently, has had no commerce, in the broad signification of the term. A few commercial houses of Boston and New York have monopolized all the trade on this coast for a number of years. These houses have sent out ships freighted with cargoes of dry goods and a variety

California. Four months among the gold-finders, being the diary of an expedition from San Francisco to the gold districts. By J. Tyrwhitt Brooks, M.D. [pseud.] What I saw in California, a description of its soil, climate, productions, and gold mines; with the best routes and latest information for intending emigrants. By Edwin Bryant, late alcade of San Francisco. To which is annexed, an appendix containing official documents and letters authenticating the accounts of the quantities of gold found, with its actual value ... With a map <http://www.loc.gov/resource/calbk.125>

of *knick-knacks* saleable in the country. The ships are fitted up for the retail sale of these articles, and trade from port to port, vending their wares on board to the rancheros at prices that would be astonishing at home. For instance, the price of common brown cotton cloth is one dollar per yard, and other articles in this and even greater proportion of advance upon home prices. They receive in payment for their wares, hides and tallow. The price of a dry hide is ordinarily one dollar and fifty cents. The price of tallow I do not know. When the ship has disposed of her cargo, she is loaded with hides, and returns to Boston, where the hides bring about four or five dollars, according to the fluctuations of the market. Immense fortunes have been made by this trade; and between the government of Mexico and the traders on the coast California has been literally *skinned*, annually, for the last thirty years. Of natural wealth the population of California possess a superabundance, and are immensely rich; still, such have been the extortionate prices that they have been compelled to pay for their commonest artificial luxuries and wearing-apparel, that generally they are but indifferently provided with the ordinary necessaries of civilized life. For a suit of clothes, which in New York or Boston would cost seventy-five dollars, the Californian has been compelled to pay five times that sum in hides at one dollar and fifty cents; so that a *caballero*, to clothe himself genteelly, has been obliged, as often as he renewed his dress, to sacrifice about two hundred of the cattle on his rancho. No people, whether males or females, are more fond of display; no people have paid more dearly to gratify this vanity; and yet no civilized people I have seen are so deficient in what they most covet.

CHAPTER IV.

Climate of San Francisco—Periodical winds—Dine on board the Portsmouth—A supper party on shore—Arrival of Commodore Stockton at San Francisco—Rumours of rebellion from the south—Californian court—Trial by jury—Fandango—Californian belles—American pioneers of the Pacific—Reception of Commodore Stockton—Sitca—Captain Fremont leaves San Francisco for the south—Offer our services as volunteers.

FROM the 21st of September to the 13th of October I remained at San Francisco. The weather during this period was uniformly clear. The climate of San Francisco is 67 peculiar and local,

from its position. During the summer and autumnal months, the wind on this coast blows from the west and north-west, directly from the ocean. The mornings here are usually calm and pleasantly warm. About twelve o'clock M., the wind blows strong from the ocean, through the entrance of the bay, rendering the temperature cool enough for woollen clothing in midsummer. About sunset the wind dies away, and the evenings and nights are comparatively calm. In the winter months the wind blows in soft and gentle breezes from the south-east, and the temperature is agreeable, the thermometer rarely sinking below 50 deg. When the winds blow from the ocean, it never rains; when they blow from the land, as they do during the winter and spring months, the weather is showery, and resembles that of the month of May in the same latitude on the Atlantic coast. The coolness of the climate and briskness of the air above described are confined to particular positions on the coast, and the description in this respect is not applicable to the interior of the country, nor even to other localities immediately on the coast.

On the 21st, by invitation of Captain Montgomery, I dined on board of the sloop-of-war Portsmouth. The party, including myself, consisted of Colonel Russell, Mr. Jacob, Lieutenant Bartlett, and a son of Captain M. There are few if any officers in our navy more highly and universally esteemed, for their moral qualities and professional merits, than Captain M. He is a sincere Christian, a brave officer, and an accomplished gentleman. Under the orders of Commodore Sloat, he first raised the American flag in San Francisco. We spent the afternoon most agreeably, and the refined hospitality, courteous manners, and intelligent and interesting conversation of our host made us regret the rapidly fleeting moments. The wines on the table were the produce of the vine of California, and, having attained age, were of an excellent quality in substance and flavour.

I attended a supper-party given this evening by Mr. Frank Ward. The party was composed of citizens of the town, and officers of the navy and the merchant and whale ships in the harbour. In such a company as was here assembled, it was very difficult for me to realize that I was many thousand miles from home, in a strange and foreign country. All the faces about me were American, and there was nothing in scene or sentiment to remind the guests of their remoteness from their native shores. Indeed, it seems to be a settled opinion, that California is henceforth to compose a part of the United States, and every American who is now here considers himself as treading

upon his own soil, as much as if he were in one of the old thirteen revolutionary states. Song, sentiment, story, and wit heightened the enjoyments of the excellent entertainment of our host, and the jovial party did not separate until a late hour of the night. The guests, as may be supposed, were composed chiefly of gentlemen who had, from their pursuits, travelled over most of the world—had seen developments of human character under every variety of circumstance, and observed society, civilized, barbarous, and savage, in all its phases. Their conversation, therefore, when around the convivial board, possessed an unhackneyed freshness and raciness highly entertaining and instructive.

On the 27th of September, the U.S. frigate Congress, Captain Livingston, bearing the broad pennant of Commodore Stockton, and the U.S. frigate Savannah, Captain Mervine, anchored in the harbour, having sailed from Monterey a day or two previously. The arrival of these large men-of-war produced an increase of the bustle in the small town. Blue coats and bright buttons (the naval uniform) became the prevailing costume at the billiard-rooms and other public places, and the plain dress of a private citizen might be regarded as a badge of distinction.

On the 1st of October a courier arrived from the south with intelligence that the Californians at Los Angeles had organized a force and rebelled against the authority of the Americans—that they had also captured an American merchant-vessel lying at San Pedro, the port of the city of Angels, about thirty miles distant, and robbed it of a quantity of merchandise and specie. Whether this latter report was or was not true, I do not know—the former was correct. The frigate Savannah sailed for Los Angeles immediately.

Among those American naval officers whose agreeable acquaintance I made at San Francisco, was Mr. James F. Schenck, first-lieutenant of the frigate Congress, brother of the distinguished member of congress from Ohio of that name,—a native of Dayton, Ohio,—a gentleman of intelligence, keen wit, and a most accomplished officer. The officers of our navy are our representatives in foreign countries, and they are generally 68 such representatives as their constituents have reason to feel proud of. Their chivalry, patriotism, gentlemanlike deportment, and professional skill cannot be too

much admired and applauded by their countrymen. I shall ever feel grateful to the naval officers of the Pacific squadron for their numerous civilities during my sojourn on the Pacific coast.

Among the novelties presented while at San Francisco was a trial by jury—the second tribunal of this kind which had been organized in California. The trial took place before Judge Bartlett, and the litigants were two Mormons. Counsel was employed on both sides. Some of the forms of American judicial proceedings were observed, and many of the legal technicalities and nice flaws, so often urged in common-law courts, were here argued by the learned counsel of the parties, with a vehemence of language and gesticulation with which I thought the legal learning and acumen displayed did not correspond. The proceedings were a mixture, made up of common law, equity, and a sprinkling of military despotism—which last ingredient the court was compelled to employ, when entangled in the intricate meshes woven by the counsel for the litigants, in order to extricate itself. The jury, after the case was referred to them, were what is called “hung;” they could not agree, and the matters in issue, therefore, remained exactly where they were before the proceedings were commenced.

I attended one evening a *fandango* given by Mr. Ridley, an English gentleman, whose wife is a Californian lady. Several of the *senoras* and *senoritas* from the ranchos of the vicinity were present. The Californian ladies dance with much ease and grace. The waltz appears to be a favourite with them. Smoking is not prohibited in these assemblies, nor is it confined to the gentlemen. The *cigarita* is freely used by the *senoras* and *senoritas*, and they puff it with much gusto while threading the mazes of the cotillon or swinging in the waltz.

I had the pleasure of being introduced, at the residence of Mr. Leidesdorff, to two young ladies, sisters and belles in Alta California. They are members of an old and numerous family on the Contra Costa. Their names are singular indeed, for, if I heard them correctly, one of them was called Donna Maria Jesus, and the other Donna Maria Conception. They were interesting and graceful young ladies, with regular features, symmetrical figures, and their dark eyes flashed with all the intelligence and passion characteristic of Spanish women.

Among the gentlemen with whom I met soon after my arrival at San Francisco, and whose acquaintance I afterwards cultivated, were Mr. E. Grimes and Mr. N. Spear, both natives of Massachusetts, but residents of this coast and of the Pacific Islands, for many years. They may be called the patriarchs of American pioneers on the Pacific. After forming an acquaintance with Mr. G., if any one were to say to me that “Old Grimes is dead, that good old man,”

I should not hesitate to contradict him with emphasis; for he is still living, and possesses all the charities and virtues which can adorn human nature, with some of the eccentricities of his namesake in the song. By leading a life of peril and adventure on the Pacific Ocean for fifty years he has accumulated a large fortune, and is a man now proverbial for his integrity, candour, and charities. Both of these gentlemen have been largely engaged in the local commerce of the Pacific. Mr. S., some twenty-five or thirty years ago, colonized one of the Cannibal Islands, and remained upon it with the colony for nearly two years. The attempt to introduce agriculture into the island was a failure, and the enterprise was afterwards abandoned.

On the evening of the third of October, it having been announced that Commodore Stockton would land on the fifth, a public meeting of the citizens was called by the alcalde, for the purpose of adopting suitable arrangements for his reception, in his civic capacity as governor. The meeting was convened in the *plaza* (Portsmouth Square). Colonel Russell was appointed chairman, and on motion of E. Bryant a committee was appointed to make all necessary and suitable arrangements for the reception of his excellency, Governor Stockton. The following account of this pageant I extract from the “California” newspaper of October 24th, 1846.

“Agreeable to public notice, a large number of the citizens of San Francisco and vicinity assembled in Portsmouth Square for the purpose of meeting his excellency Robert F. Stockton, to welcome his arrival, and offer him the hospitalities of the city. At ten o'clock, a procession was formed, led by the Chief Marshal of the day, supported on either hand by two aids, followed by an excellent band of music—a military escort, under command of Captain J. Zeilen, 69 U.S.M.C.—Captain John B. Montgomery and suite—Magistracy of the District, and the Orator of the day—Foreign Consuls—Captain John Paty, Senior Captain of the Hawaian Navy—Lieutenant-Commanding Ruducoff,

Russian Navy, and Lieutenant-Commanding Bonnett, French Navy. The procession was closed by the Committee of Arrangements, captains of ships in port, and a long line of citizens.

“General Mariano Guadalupe Valléjo, with several others who had held office under the late government, took their appropriate place in the line.

“The procession moved in fine style down Portsmouth Street to the landing, and formed a line in Water Street. The Governor—General landed from his barge, and was met on the wharf by Captain John B. Montgomery, U.S.N., Judge W. A. Bartlett, and Marshal of the day (Frank Ward), who conducted him to the front of the line, and presented him to the procession, through the orator of the day, Colonel Russell, who addressed the commodore.”

When the governor and commander-in-chief had closed his reply, the procession moved through the principal streets, and halted in front of Captain Leidesdorff's residence, where the governor and suite entered, and was presented to a number of ladies, who welcomed him to the shores of California. After which a large portion of the procession accompanied the governor, on horseback, to the mission of San Francisco Dolores, several miles in the country, and returned to an excellent collation prepared by the committee of arrangements, at the house of Captain Leidesdorff. After the cloth was removed, the usual number of regular toasts, prepared by the committee of arrangements, and numerous volunteer sentiments by the members of the company, were drunk with many demonstrations of enthusiasm, and several speeches were made. In response to a complimentary toast, Commodore Stockton made an eloquent address of an hour's length. The toasts given in English were translated into Spanish, and those given in Spanish were translated into English. A ball in honour of the occasion was given by the committee of arrangements in the evening, which was attended by all the ladies, native and foreign, in the town and vicinity, the naval officers attached to the three ships of war, and the captains of the merchant vessels lying in the harbour. So seductive were the festivities of the day and the pleasures of the dance, that they were not closed until a late hour of the night, or rather until an early hour in the morning.

Among the numerous vessels of many nations at anchor in the harbour is a Russian brig from Sitca, the central port of the Russian-American Fur Company, on the north-western coast of this continent. She is commanded by Lieutenant Ruducoff of the Russian navy, and is here to be freighted with wheat to supply that settlement with bread-stuff. Sitca is situated in a high northern latitude, and has a population of some four or five thousand inhabitants. A large portion of these, I conjecture, are christianized natives or Indians. Many of the crew of this vessel are the aborigines of the country to which she belongs, and from which she last sailed. I noticed, however, from an inscription, that the brig was built at Newburyport, Massachusetts, showing that the autocrat of all the Russias is tributary, to some extent, to the free Yankees of New England for his naval equipment. On the 11th of October, by invitation of Lieutenant Ruducoff, in company of Mr. Jacob and Captain Leidesdorff, I dined on board this vessel. The Russian customs are in some respects peculiar. Soon after we reached the vessel and were shown into the cabin, a lunch was served up. This consisted of a variety of dried and smoked fish, pickled fish-roe, and other hyperborean pickles, the nature of which, whether animal or vegetable, I could not determine. Various wines and liquors accompanied this lunch, the discussion of which lasted until an Indian servant, a native of the north-pole or thereabouts, announced dinner. We were then shown into a handsomely furnished dining-cabin, where the table was spread. The dinner consisted of several courses, some of which were peculiarly Russian or Sitcan, and I regret that my culinary knowledge is not equal to the task of describing them, for the benefit of epicures of a more southern region than the place of their invention. They were certainly very delightful to the palate. The afternoon glided away most agreeably.

On the 12th of October, Captain Fremont, with a number of volunteers destined for the south, to co-operate with Commodore Stockton in the suppression of the reported rebellion at Los Angeles, arrived at San Francisco from the Sacramento. I had previously offered my services, and Mr. Jacob had done the same, to Commodore Stockton, as 70 volunteers in this expedition, if they were necessary or desirable. They were now repeated. Although travellers in the country, we were American citizens, and we felt under obligation to assist in defending the flag of our country

wherever it had been planted by proper authority. At this time we were given to understand that a larger force than was already organised was not considered necessary for the expedition.

CHAPTER V.

Leave San Francisco for Sonoma—Sonoma creek—“Bear men.”—Islands in the bay—Liberality of “Uncle Sam” to sailors—Sonoma—Beautiful country—General Valléjo—Senora Valléjo—Thomas O. Larkin, U.S. Consul—Signs of rain—The seasons in California—More warlike rumours from the south—Mission of San Rafael—An Irish ranchero—Sausolito—Return to San Francisco—Meet Lippincott—Discomfort of Californian houses.

October 13.—This morning the United States frigate Congress, Commodore Stockton, and the merchant-ship Sterling, employed to transport the volunteers under the command of Captain Fremont (one hundred and eighty in number), sailed for the south. The destination of these vessels was understood to be San Pedro or San Diego. While these vessels were leaving the harbour, accompanied by Mr. Jacob, I took passage for Sonoma in a cutter belonging to the sloop-of-war Portsmouth. Sonoma is situated on the northern side of the Bay of San Francisco, about 15 miles from the shore, and about 45 miles from the town of San Francisco. Sonoma creek is navigable for vessels of considerable burden to within four miles of the town.

Among the passengers in the boat were Mr. Ide, who acted so conspicuous a part in what is called the “Bear Revolution,” and Messrs. Nash and Grigsby, who were likewise prominent in this movement. The boat was manned by six sailors and a cockswain. We passed Yerba Buena, Bird, and several other small islands in the bay. Some of these are white, as if covered with snow, from the deposit upon them of bird-manure. Tens of thousands of wild geese, ducks, gulls, and other water-fowls, were perched upon them, or sporting in the waters of the bay, making a prodigious cackling and clatter with their voices and wings. By the aid of oars and sails we reached the mouth of Sonoma creek about 9 o'clock at night, where we landed and encamped on the low marsh which borders the bay on this side. The marshes contiguous to the Bay of San Francisco are extensive, and with little trouble I believe they could be reclaimed and transformed into valuable and productive

rice plantations. Having made our supper on raw salt pork and bread generously furnished by the sailors, as soon as we landed, we spread our blankets on the damp and rank vegetation and slept soundly until morning.

October 14.—Wind and tide being favourable, at daylight we proceeded up the serpentine creek, which winds through a flat and fertile plain, sometimes marshy, at others more elevated and dry, to the *embarcadero*, ten or twelve miles from the bay. We landed here between nine and ten o'clock, A.M. All the passengers, except ourselves, proceeded immediately to the town. By them we sent for a cart to transport our saddles, bridles, blankets, and other baggage, which we had brought with us. While some of the sailors were preparing breakfast, others, with their muskets, shot wild geese, with which the plain was covered. An excellent breakfast was prepared in a short time by our sailor companions, of which we partook with them. No benevolent old gentleman provides more bountifully for his servants than “Uncle Sam.” These sailors, from the regular rations served out to them from their ship, gave an excellent breakfast, of bread, butter, coffee, tea, fresh beefsteaks, fried salt pork, cheese, pickles, and a variety of other delicacies, to which we had been unaccustomed for several months, and which cannot be obtained at present in this country. They all said that their rations were more than ample in quantity, and excellent in quality, and that no government was so generous in supplying its sailors as the government of the United States. They appeared to be happy, and contented with their condition and service, and animated with a patriotic pride for the honour of their country, and the flag under which they sailed. The open frankness and honest patriotism of these single-hearted and weather-beaten tars gave a spice and flavour to our entertainment which I shall not soon forget.

From the *embarcadero* we walked, under the influence of the rays of an almost broiling sun, four miles to the town of Sonoma. The plain, which lies between the laning and Sonoma, is timbered sparsely with evergreen oaks. The luxuriant grass is now brown and crisp. The hills surrounding this beautiful valley or plain are gentle, sloping, highly picturesque, and covered to their tops with wild oats. Reaching Sonoma, we procured lodgings in a large and half-finished adobe house, erected by Don Salvador Valléjo, but now occupied by Mr. Griffith, an American emigrant, originally from North Carolina. Sonoma is one of the old mission establishments of California; but

there is now scarcely a mission building standing, most of them having fallen into shapeless masses of mud; and a few years will prostrate the roofless walls which are now standing. The principal houses in the place are the residences of Gen. Don Mariano Guadalupe Valléjo; his brother-in-law, Mr. J. P. Leese, an American; and his brother, Don Salvador Valléjo. The quartel, a barn-like adobe house, faces the public square. The town presents a most dull and ruinous appearance; but the country surrounding it is exuberantly fertile, and romantically picturesque, and Sonoma, under American authority, and with an American population, will very soon become a secondary commercial point, and a delightful residence. Most of the buildings are erected around a *plaza*, about two hundred yards square. The only ornaments in this square are numerous skulls and dislocated skeletons of slaughtered beeves, with which hideous remains the ground is strewn. Cold and warm springs gush from the hills near the town, and supply, at all seasons, a sufficiency of water to irrigate any required extent of ground on the plain below. I noticed outside of the square several groves of peach and other fruit trees, and vineyards, which were planted here by the *padres*; but the walls and fences that once surrounded them are now fallen, or have been consumed for fuel; and they are exposed to the *mercies* of the immense herds of cattle which roam over and graze upon the plain.

October 15.—I do not like to trouble the reader with a frequent reference to the myriads of fleas and other vermin which infest the rancherias and old mission establishments in California; but, if any sinning soul ever suffered the punishments of purgatory before leaving its tenement of clay, those torments were endured by myself last night. When I rose from my blankets this morning, after a sleepless night, I do not think there was an inch square of my body that did not exhibit the inflammation consequent upon a puncture by a flea, or some other equally rabid and poisonous insect. Small-pox, erysipelas, measles, and scarlet fever combined, could not have imparted to my skin a more inflamed and sanguineous appearance. The multitudes of these insects, however, have been generated by Indian filthiness. They do not disturb the inmates of those *casas* where cleanliness prevails.

Having letters of introduction to General Valléjo and Mr. Leese, I delivered them this morning. General Valléjo is a native Californian, and a gentleman of intelligence and taste far superior to

most of his countrymen. The interior of his house presented a different appearance from any house occupied by native Californians which I have entered since I have been in the country. Every apartment, even the main entrance-hall and corridors, were scrupulously clean, and presented an air of comfort which I have not elsewhere seen in California. The parlour was furnished with handsome chairs, sofas, mirrors, and tables, of mahogany framework, and a fine piano, the first I have seen in the country. Several paintings and some superior engravings ornamented the walls. Senora Valléjo is a lady of charming personal appearance, and possesses in the highest degree that natural grace, ease, and warmth of manner which render Spanish ladies so attractive and fascinating to the stranger. The children, some five or six in number, were all beautiful and interesting. General V. is, I believe, strongly desirous that the United States shall retain and annex California. He is thoroughly disgusted with Mexican sway, which is fast sending his country backwards, instead of forwards, in the scale of civilization, and for years he has been desirous of the change which has now taken place.

In the afternoon we visited the house of Mr. Leese, which is also furnished in American style. Mr. L. is the proprietor of a vineyard in the vicinity of the town, and we were regaled upon grapes as luscious, I dare say, as the forbidden fruit that provoked the first transgression. Nothing of the fruit kind can exceed the delicious richness and flavour of the California grape.

This evening Thomas O. Larkin, Esq., late United States Consul for California, arrived here, having left San Francisco on the same morning that we did, travelling by land. Mr. L. resides in Monterey, but I had the pleasure of an introduction to him at San Francisco several days previously to my leaving that place. Mr. L. is a native of Boston, and has been a resident in California for about fifteen years, during which time he has, 72 amassed a large fortune, and from the changes now taking place he is rapidly increasing it. He will probably be the first American millionaire of California.

October 17.—The last two mornings have been cloudy and cool. The rainy season, it is thought by the weather-wise in this climate, will set in earlier this year than usual. The periodical rains ordinarily commence about the middle of November. It is now a month earlier, and the

meteorological phenomena portend “falling weather.” The rains during the winter, in California, are not continuous, as is generally supposed. It sometimes rains during an entire day, without cessation, but most generally the weather is showery, with intervals of bright sunshine and a delightful temperature. The first rains of the year fall usually in November, and the last about the middle of May. As soon as the ground becomes moistened, the grass, and other hardy vegetation, springs up, and by the middle of December the landscape is arrayed in a robe of fresh verdure. The grasses grow through the entire winter, and most of them mature by the first of May. The season for sowing wheat commences as soon as the ground is sufficiently softened by moisture to admit of ploughing, and continues until March or April.

We had made preparations this morning to visit a rancho, belonging to General Valéjo, in company with the general and Mr. Larkin. This rancho contains about eleven leagues of land, bordering upon a portion of the Bay of San Francisco, twenty-five or thirty miles distant from Sonoma. Just as we were about mounting our horses, however, a courier arrived from San Francisco with despatches from Captain Montgomery, addressed to Lieutenant Revere, the military commandant at this post, giving such intelligence in regard to the insurrection at the south, that we determined to return to San Francisco forthwith. Procuring horses, and accompanied by Mr. Larkin, we left Sonoma about two o'clock in the afternoon, riding at the usual California speed. After leaving Sonoma plain we crossed a ridge of hills, and entered the fertile and picturesque valley of Petaluma creek, which empties into the bay. General Valléjo has an extensive rancho in this valley, upon which he has recently erected, at great expense, a very large house. Architecture, however, in this country is in its infancy. The money expended in erecting this house, which presents to the eye no tasteful architectural attractions, would, in the United States, have raised a palace of symmetrical proportions, and adorned it with every requisite ornament. Large herds of cattle were grazing in this valley.

From Petaluma valley we crossed a high rolling country, and reached the mission of San Rafael (forty-five miles) between seven and eight o'clock in the evening. San Rafael is situated two or three miles from the shore of the bay, and commands an extensive view of the bay and its islands. The mission buildings are generally in the same ruinous condition I have before described. We put

up at the house of a Mr. Murphy, a scholastic Irish bachelor, who has been a resident of California for a number of years. His *casa*, when we arrived, was closed, and it was with some difficulty that we could gain admission. When, however, the occupant of the house had ascertained, from one of the loopholes of the building, who we were, the doors were soon unbarred and we were admitted, but not without many sallies of Irish wit, sometimes good-natured, and sometimes keenly caustic and ironical. We found a table spread with cold mutton and cold beef upon it. A cup of coffee was soon prepared by the Indian *muchachos* and *muchachas*, and our host brought out some *scheidam* and *aguardiénte*. A draught or two of these liquids seemed to correct the acidity of his humour, and he entertained us with his jokes and conversations several hours.

October 18.—From San Rafael to Sausalito, opposite San Francisco on the north side of the entrance to the bay, it is five leagues (fifteen miles), generally over elevated hills and through deep hollows, the ascents and descents being frequently steep and laborious to our animals. Starting at half-past seven o'clock, we reached the residence of Captain Richardson, the proprietor of Sausalito, about nine o'clock in the morning. In travelling this distance we passed some temporary houses, erected by American emigrants on the mission lands, and the rancho of Mrs. Reed, a widow. We immediately hired a whale-boat from one of the ships, lying here, at two dollars for each passenger, and between ten and eleven o'clock we landed in San Francisco.

I met, soon after my arrival, Mr. Lippincott, heretofore mentioned, who accompanied us a portion of the distance over the mountains; and Mr. Hastings, who, with Mr. Hudspeth, conducted a party of the emigrants from fort Bridger by the new route, *via* the south end 73 of the Salt Lake, to Mary's River. From Mr. Lippincott I learned the particulars of an engagement between a party of the emigrants (Captain West's company) and the Indians on Mary's River, which resulted, as has before been stated, in the death of Mr. Sallee and a dangerous arrow wound to Mr. L. He had, however, recovered from the effects of the wound. The emigrants, who accompanied Messrs. Hastings and Hudspeth, or followed their trail, had all reached the valley of the Sacramento without any material loss or disaster.

I remained at San Francisco from the 18th to the 22d of October. The weather during this time was sufficiently cool to render fires necessary to comfort in the houses; but fire-places or stoves are luxuries which but few of the San Franciscans have any knowledge of, except in their kitchens. This deficiency, however, will soon be remedied. American settlers here will not build houses without chimneys. They would as soon plan a house without a door, or with the entrance upon its roof, in imitation of the architecture of the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico.

CHAPTER VI.

Boat trip up the bay and the Sacramento to New Helvetia—An appeal to the alcalde—Kanackas—Straits of San Pueblo and Pedro—Straits of Carquinez—Town of Francisca—Feather-beds furnished by nature—Mouth of the Sacramento—Islands—Delaware Tom—A man who has forgotten his mother tongue—Salmon of the Sacramento—Indian fishermen—Arrive at New Helvetia.

October 22.—Having determined to make a trip to Nueva Helvetia by water, for the purpose of examining more particularly the upper portion of the bay and the Sacramento River, in conjunction with Mr. Larkin, we chartered a small open sail-boat for the excursion. The charter, to avoid disputes, was regularly drawn and signed, with all conditions specified. The price to be paid for a certain number of passengers was thirty-two dollars, and demurrage at the rate of twenty-five cents per hour for all delays ordered by the charter-party, on the trip upwards to Nueva Helvetia. The boat was to be ready at the most convenient landing at seven o'clock this morning, but when I called at the place appointed, with our baggage, the boat was not there. In an hour or two the skipper was found, but refused to comply with his contract. We immediately laid our grievance before the alcalde who, after reading the papers and hearing the statements on both sides, ordered the skipper to perform what he had agreed to perform, to which decision he reluctantly assented. In order to facilitate matters, I paid the costs of the action myself, although the successful litigant in the suit.

We left San Francisco about two o'clock P.M., and, crossing the mouth of the bay, boarded a Mexican schooner, a prize captured by the U.S. sloop-of-war Cyane, Captain Dupont, which

had entered the bay this morning and anchored in front of Sausalito. The prize is commanded by Lieutenant Renshaw, a gallant officer of our navy. Our object in boarding the schooner was to learn the latest news, but she did not bring much. We met on board the schooner Lieutenant Hunter of the Portsmouth, a chivalrous officer, and Lieutenant Ruducoff, commanding the Russian brig previously mentioned, whose vessel, preparatory to sailing, was taking in water at Sausalito. Accepting of his pressing invitation, we visited the brig, and took a parting glass of wine with her gallant and gentlemanly commander.

About five o'clock P.M., we proceeded on our voyage. At eight o'clock a dense fog hung over the bay, and, the ebb-tide being adverse to our progress, we were compelled to find a landing for our small and frail craft. This was not an easy matter, in the almost impenetrable darkness. As good-luck would have it, however, after we had groped about for some time, a light was discovered by our skipper. He rowed the boat towards it, but grounded. Hauling off, he made another attempt with better success, reaching within hailing distance of the shore. The light proceeded from a camp-fire of three Kanacka (Sandwich island) runaway sailors. As soon as they ascertained who we were and what we wanted, they stripped themselves naked, and, wading through the mud and water to the boat, took us on their shoulders, and carried us high and dry to the land. The boat, being thus lightened of her burden, was rowed farther up, and landed.

The natives of the Sandwich islands (Kanackas, as they are called) are, without doubt, the most expert watermen in the world. Their performances in swimming and diving are so extraordinary, that they may almost be considered amphibious in their natures and instincts. Water appears to be as much their natural element as the land. They have straight black hair, good features, and an amiable and intelligent expression of countenance. Their complexion resembles that of a 74 bright mulatto; and, in symmetrical proportions and muscular developments, they will advantageously compare with any race of men I have seen. The crews of many of the whale and merchant ships on this coast are partly composed of Kanackas, and they are justly esteemed as most valuable sailors.

October 23.—The damp raw weather, auguring the near approach of the autumnal rains, continues. A drizzling mist fell on us during the night, and the clouds were not dissipated when we resumed

our voyage this morning. Passing through the straits of San Pablo and San Pedro, we entered a division of the bay called the bay of San Pablo. Wind and tide being in our favour, we crossed this sheet of water, and afterwards entered and passed through the Straits of *Carquinez*. At these straits the waters of the bay are compressed within the breadth of a mile, for the distance of about two leagues. On the southern side the shore is hilly, and *canoned* in some places. The northern shore is gentle, the hills and table-land sloping gradually down to the water. We landed at the bend of the Straits of *Carquinez*, and spent several hours in examining the country and soundings on the northern side. There is no timber here. The soil is covered with a growth of grass and white oats. The bend of the Straits of *Carquinez*, on the northern side, has been thought to be a favourable position for a commercial town. It has some advantages and some disadvantages, which it would be tedious for me now to detail.

[Subsequently to this my first visit here, a town of extensive dimensions has been laid off by Gen. Valléjo and Mr. Semple, the proprietors, under the name of "Francisca." It fronts for two or three miles on the "*Soeson*," the upper division of the Bay of San Francisco, and the Straits of *Carquinez*. A ferry has also been established, which crosses regularly from shore to shore, conveying travellers over the bay. I crossed, myself and horses, here in June, 1847, when on my return to the United States. Lots had then been offered to settlers on favourable conditions, and preparations, I understand, were making for the erection of a number of houses.]

About sunset we resumed our voyage. The wind having lulled, we attempted to stem the adverse tide by the use of oars, but the ebb of the tide was stronger than the propelling force of our oars. Soon, in spite of all our exertions, we found ourselves drifting rapidly backwards, and, after two or three hours of hard labour in the dark, we were at last so fortunate as to effect a landing in a cove on the southern side of the straits, having retrograded several miles. In the cove there is a small sandy beach, upon which the waves have drifted, and deposited a large quantity of oat-straw, and feathers shed by the millions of water-fowls which sport upon the bay. On this downy deposit furnished by nature we spread our blankets, and slept soundly.

October 24.—We proceeded on our voyage at daylight, coasting along the southern shore of the *Soeson*. About nine o'clock we landed on a marshy plain, and cooked breakfast. A range of mountains bounds this plain, the base of which is several miles from the shore of the bay. These mountains, although of considerable elevation, exhibit signs of fertility to their summits. On the plain, numerous herds of wild cattle were grazing. About two o'clock, P.M., we entered the mouth of the Sacramento. The Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers empty into the Bay of San Francisco at the same point, about sixty miles from the Pacific, and by numerous mouths or *sloughs* as they are here called. These sloughs wind through an immense timbered swamp, and constitute a terraqueous labyrinth of such intricacy, that unskilful and inexperienced navigators have been lost for many days in it, and some, I have been told, have perished, never finding their way out. A range of low sloping hills approach the Sacramento a short distance above its mouth, on the left hand side as you ascend, and run parallel with the stream several miles. The banks of the river, and several large islands which we passed during the day, are timbered with sycamore, oak, and a variety of smaller trees and shrubbery. Numerous grape-vines, climbing over the trees, and loaded down with a small and very acid fruit, give to the forest a tangled appearance. The islands of the Sacramento are all low, and subject to overflow in the spring of the year. The soil of the river bottom, including the islands, is covered with rank vegetation, a certain evidence of its fertility. The water, at this season, is perfectly limpid, and, although the tide ebbs and flows more than a hundred miles above the mouth of the river, it is fresh and sweet. The channel of the Sacramento is remarkably free from snags and other obstructions to navigation. A more beautiful and placid stream of water I never saw.

At twelve o'clock at night, the ebb-tide ⁷⁵ being so strong that we found ourselves drifting backwards, with some difficulty we effected a landing on one of the islands, clearing a way through the tangled brush and vines with our hatchets and knives. Lighting a fire, we bivouacked until daylight.

October 25.—Continuing our voyage, we landed, about nine o'clock, A.M., at an Indian *rancheria*, situated on the bank of the river. An old Indian, his wife, and two or three children, were all the

California. Four months among the gold-finders, being the diary of an expedition from San Francisco to the gold districts. By J. Tyrwhitt Brooks, M.D. [pseud.] What I saw in California, a description of its soil, climate, productions, and gold mines; with the best routes and latest information for intending emigrants. By Edwin Bryant, late alcade of San Francisco. To which is annexed, an appendix containing official documents and letters authenticating the accounts of the quantities of gold found, with its actual value ... With a map <http://www.loc.gov/resource/calbk.125>

present occupants of this *rancheria*. The woman was the most miserable and emaciated object I ever beheld. She was probably a victim of the “sweat-house.” Surrounding the *rancheria* were two or three acres of ground, planted with maize, beans, and melons. Purchasing a quantity of water and musk-melons, we re-embarked and pursued our voyage. As we ascended the stream, the banks became more elevated, the country on both sides opening into vast savannas, dotted occasionally with parks of evergreen oak.

The tide turning against us again about eleven or twelve o'clock, we landed at an encampment of Walla-Walla Indians, a portion of the party previously referred to, and reported to have visited California for hostile purposes. Among them was a Delaware Indian, known as “Delaware Tom,” who speaks English as fluently as any Anglo-Saxon, and is a most gallant and honourable Indian. Several of the party, a majority of whom were women and children, were sick with chills and fever. The men were engaged in hunting and jerking deer and elk meat. Throwing our hooks, baited with fresh meat, into the river, we soon drew out small fish enough for dinner.

The specimens of Walla-Wallas at this encampment are far superior to the Indians of California in features, figure, and intelligence. Their complexion is much lighter, and their features more regular, expressive, and pleasing. Men and women were clothed in dressed skins. The men were armed with rifles.

At sunset we put our little craft in motion again, and at one o'clock at night landed near the cabin of a German emigrant named Schwartz, six miles below the *embarcadero* of New Helvetia. The cabin is about twenty feet in length by twelve in breadth, constructed of a light rude frame, shingled with *tule*. After gaining admission, we found a fire blazing in the centre of the dwelling on the earth-floor, and suspended over us were as many salmon, taken from the Sacramento, as could be placed in position to imbibe the preservative qualities of the smoke.

Our host, Mr. Schwartz, is one of those eccentric human phenomena rarely met with, who, wandering from their own nation into foreign countries, forget their own language without acquiring any other. He speaks a tongue (language it cannot be called) peculiar to himself, and

scarcely intelligible. It is a mixture, in about equal parts, of German, English, French, Spanish, and *rancheria* Indian, a compounded polyglot or lingual *pi*—each syllable of a word sometimes being derived from a different language. Stretching ourselves on the benches surrounding the fire, so as to avoid the drippings from the pendent salmon, we slept until morning.

October 26.—Mr. Schwartz provided us with a breakfast of fried salmon and some fresh milk. Coffee, sugar, and bread we brought with us, so that we enjoyed a luxurious repast.

Near the house was a shed containing some forty or fifty barrels of pickled salmon, but the fish, from their having been badly put up, were spoiled. Mr. Schwartz attempted to explain the particular causes of this, but I could not understand him. The salmon are taken with seines dragged across the channel of the river by Indians in canoes. On the bank of the river the Indians were eating their break-fast, which consisted of a large fresh salmon, roasted in the ashes or embers, and a kettle of *atole*, made of acorn-meal. The salmon was four or five feet in length, and, when taken out of the fire and cut open, presented a most tempting appearance. The Indians were all nearly naked, and most of them, having been wading in the water at daylight to set their seines, were shivering with the cold whilst greedily devouring their morning meal.

We reached the *embarcadero* of New Helvetia about eleven o'clock, A.M., and, finding there a wagon, we placed our baggage in it, and walked to the fort, about two and a half miles.

CHAPTER VII.

Disastrous news from the south—Return of Colonel Fremont to Monterey—Call for volunteers—Volunteer our services—Leave New Helvetia—Swimming the Sacramento—First fall of rain—Beautiful and romantic valley—Precipitous mountains—Deserted house—Arable land of California—Fattening qualities of the acorn—Lost in the Coast Mountains—Strange Indians—Indian women gathering grass-seed for bread—Indian guide—Laguna—Rough dialogue—Hunters' camp—“Old Greenwood”—Grisly bear meat—Greenwood's account of 76 himself—His opinion of the Indians

and Spaniards—Retrace our steps—Severe storm—Nappa valley—Arrive at Sonoma—More rain—Arrive at San Francisco—Return to New Helvetia.

I REMAINED at the fort from the 27th to the 30th of October. On the 28th, Mr. Reed, whom I have before mentioned as belonging to the rear emigrating party, arrived here. He left his party on Mary's River, and in company with one man crossed the desert and the mountains. He was several days without provisions, and, when he arrived at Johnson's, was so much emaciated and exhausted by fatigue and famine, that he could scarcely walk. His object was to procure provisions immediately, and to transport them with pack-mules over the mountains for the relief of the suffering emigrants behind. He had lost all of his cattle, and had been compelled to *cache* two of his wagons and most of his property. Captain Sutter generously furnished the requisite quantity of mules and horses, with Indian vaqueros, and jerked meat and flour. This is the second expedition for the relief of the emigrants he has fitted out since our arrival in the country. Ex-governor Boggs and family reached Sutter's Fort to-day.

On the evening of the 28th, a courier arrived with letters from Colonel Fremont, now at Monterey. The substance of the intelligence received by the courier was, that a large force of Californians (varying, according to different reports, from five to fifteen hundred strong) had met the marines and sailors, four hundred strong, under the command of Captain Mervine, of the U.S. frigate Savannah, who had landed at San Pedro for the purpose of marching to Los Angeles, and had driven Captain Mervine and his force back to the ship, with the loss, in killed, of six men. That the towns of Angeles and Santa Barbara had been taken by the insurgents, and the American garrisons there had either been captured or had made their escape by retreating. What had become of them was unknown.* Colonel Fremont, who I before mentioned had sailed with a party of one hundred and eighty volunteers from San Francisco to San Pedro, or San Diego, for the purpose of co-operating with Commodore Stockton, after having been some time at sea, had put into Monterey and landed his men, and his purpose now was to increase his force and mount them, and to proceed by land to Los Angeles.

California. Four months among the gold-finders, being the diary of an expedition from San Francisco to the gold districts. By J. Tyrwhitt Brooks, M.D. [pseud.] What I saw in California, a description of its soil, climate, productions, and gold mines; with the best routes and latest information for intending emigrants. By Edwin Bryant, late alcalde of San Francisco. To which is annexed, an appendix containing official documents and letters authenticating the accounts of the quantities of gold found, with its actual value ... With a map <http://www.loc.gov/resource/calbk.125>

The garrison under Captain Gillespie, at Los Angeles, capitulated. The garrison at Santa Barbara, under Lieutenant Talbot, marched out in defiance of the enemy, and after suffering many hardships arrived in safety at Monterey.

On the receipt of this intelligence, I immediately drew up a paper, which was signed by myself, Messrs Reed, Jacob, Lippincott, and Grayson, offering our services as volunteers, and our exertions to raise a force of emigrants and Indians which would be a sufficient reinforcement to Colonel Fremont. This paper was addressed to Mr. Kern, the commandant of Fort Sacramento, and required his sanction. The next morning (29th) he accepted of our proposal, and the labour of raising the volunteers and of procuring the necessary clothing and supplies for them and the Indians was apportioned.

It commenced raining on the night of the twenty-eighth, and the rain fell heavily and steadily until twelve o'clock, M., on the twenty-ninth. This is the first fall of rain since March last. About one o'clock, P.M., the clouds cleared away and the weather and temperature were delightful.

About twelve o'clock, on the 30th, accompanied by Mr. Grayson, I left New Helvetia. We crossed the Sacramento at the *embarcadero*, swimming our horses, and passing ourselves over in a small canoe. The method of swimming horses over so broad a stream as the Sacramento is as follows. A light canoe or "dug-out" is manned by three persons, one at the bow one at the stern and one in the centre; those at the bow and stern have paddles, and propel and steer the craft. The man in the centre holds the horses one on each side, keeping their heads out of water. When the horses are first forced into the deep water, they struggle prodigiously, and sometimes upset the canoe; but, when the canoe gets fairly under way, they cease their resistance, but snort loudly at every breath to clear their mouths and nostrils of the water.

Proceeding ten miles over a level plain, we overtook a company of emigrants bound for Nappa valley, and encamped with them for the night on Puta creek, a tributary of the Sacramento. Five of the seven or eight men belonging to the company enrolled their names as volunteers. The grass on the western side of the Sacramento is very rank and of an excellent quality.

It commenced raining about two o'clock on the morning of the 31st, and continued to rain and mist all day. We crossed from Puta to Cache creek, reaching the residence of Mr. Gordon (25 miles) about three o'clock P.M. 77 Here we enrolled several additional emigrants in our list of volunteers, and then travelled fifteen miles up the creek to a small log-house, occupied temporarily by some of the younger members of the family of Mr. Gordon, who emigrated from Jackson county, Mo., this year, and by Mrs. Grayson. Here we remained during the night, glad to find a shelter and a fire, for we were drenched to our skins.

On the morning of the 1st of November the sun shone out warm and pleasant. The birds were singing, chattering, and flitting from tree to tree, through the romantic and picturesque valley where we had slept during the night. The scenery and its adjuncts were so charming and enticing that I recommenced my travels with reluctance. No scenery can be more beautiful than that of the small valleys of California. Ascending the range of elevated mountains which border the Cache creek, we had a most extensive view of the broad plain of the Sacramento, stretching with islands and belts of timber far away to the south as the eye could penetrate. The gorges and summits of these mountains are timbered with large pines, firs, and cedars, with a smaller growth of magnolias, manzanitas, hawthorns, etc., etc. Travelling several miles over a level plateau, we descended into a beautiful valley, richly carpeted with grass and timbered with evergreen oak. Proceeding across this three or four miles, we rose another range of mountains, and, travelling a league along the summit ridge, we descended through a crevice in a steep rocky precipice, just sufficient in breadth to admit the passage of our animals. Our horses were frequently compelled to slide or leap down nearly perpendicular rocks or stairs, until we finally, just after sunset, reached the bottom of the mountain, and found ourselves in another level and most fertile and picturesque valley.

We knew that in this valley, of considerable extent, there was a house known as "Barnett's," where we expected to find quarters for the night. There were numerous trails of cattle, horses, deer, and other wild animals, crossing each other in every direction through the live oak-timber. We followed on the largest of the cattle trails until it became so blind that we could not see it. Taking another, we did the same, and the result was the same; another and another with no better success. We then

shouted so loud that our voices were echoed and re-echoed by the surrounding mountains, hoping, if there were any inhabitants in the valley, that they would respond to us. There was no response—all was silent when the sound of our voices died away in the gorges and ravines; and at ten o'clock at night we encamped under the wide-spreading branches of an oak, having travelled about 40 miles. Striking a fire and heaping upon it a large quantity of wood, which blazed brightly, displaying the Gothic shapes of the surrounding oaks, we picketed our animals, spread our blankets, and slept soundly.

It rained several hours during the night, and in the morning a dense fog filled the valley. Saddling our animals, we searched along the foot of the next range of mountains for a trail, but could find none. Returning to our camp, we proceeded up the valley, and struck a trail, by following which two miles, we came to the house (Barnett's). The door was ajar, and entering the dwelling we found it tenantless. The hearth was cold, and the ashes in the jambs of the large fire-place were baked. In the corners of the building there were some frames, upon which beds had been once spread. The house evidently had been abandoned by its former occupants for some time. The prolific mothers of several families of the swinish species, with their squealing progenies, gathered around us, in full expectation, doubtless, of the dispensation of an extra ration, which we had not to give. Having eaten nothing but a crust of bread for 24 hours, the inclination of our appetites was strong to draw upon them for a ration; but for old acquaintance' sake, and because they were the foreshadowing of the “manifest destiny,” they were permitted to pass without molestation. There were two or three small inclosures near the house, where corn and wheat had been planted and harvested this year; but none of the product of the harvest could be found in the empty house, or on the place. Dismounting from our horses at a limpid spring-branch near the house, we slaked our thirst, and made our hydropathical breakfast from its cool and delicious water.

Although the trail of the valley did not run in our course, still, under the expectation that it would soon take another direction, we followed it, passing over a fertile soil, sufficiently timbered and watered by several small streams. The quantity of arable land in California, I believe, is much grater than has generally been supposed from the accounts of 78 the country given by travellers who have visited only the parts on the Pacific, and some few of the missions. Most of the mountain

valleys between the Sierra Nevada and the coast are exuberantly fertile, and finely watered, and will produce crops of all kinds, while the hills are covered with oats and grass of the most nutritious qualities, for the sustenance of cattle, horses, and hogs. The acorns which fall from the oaks are, of themselves, a rich annual product for the fattening of hogs; and during the period of transition (four or five weeks after the rains commence falling) from the dry grass to the fresh growth, horses, mules, and even horned cattle mostly subsist and fatten upon these large and oleaginous nuts.

We left the valley in a warm and genial sunshine, about 11 o'clock, and commenced ascending another high mountain, timbered as those I have previously described. When we reached the summit, we were enveloped in clouds, and the rain was falling copiously, and a wintry blast drove the cold element to our skins. Crossing this mountain three or four miles, we descended its steep sides, and entered another beautiful and romantic hollow, divided as it were into various apartments by short ranges of low conical hills, covered to their summits with grass and wild oats. The grass and other vegetation on the level bottom are very rank, indicating a soil of the most prolific qualities. In winding through this valley, we met four Indians on foot, armed with long bows, and arrows of corresponding weight and length, weapons that I have not previously seen among the Indians. Their complexions were lighter than those of the *rancheria* Indians of California. They evidently belonged to some more northern tribe. We stopped them to make inquiries, but they seemed to know nothing of the country, nor could we learn from them whence they came or where they were going. They were clothed in dressed skins, and two of them were highly rouged.

Ascending and descending gradually over some low hills, we entered another circular valley, through which flows a stream, the waters of which, judging from its channel, at certain seasons are broad and deep. The ground, from the rains that have recently fallen and are now falling, is very soft, and we had difficulty in urging our tired animals across this valley. We soon discovered fresh cattle signs, and afterwards a large herd grazing near the stream. Farther on, we saw five old and miserably emaciated Indian women, gathering grass-seed for bread. This process is performed with two baskets one shaped like a round shield, and the other having a basin and handle. With the shield the top of the grass is brushed, and the seed by the motion is thrown into the deep basket held in the other hand. The five women appeared at a distance like so many mowers cutting down the grass of

a meadow. These women could give us no satisfaction in response to inquiries, but pointed over the river indicating that we should there find the *casa* and *rancheria*. They then continued their work with as much zeal and industry as if their lives were dependent upon the proceeds of their labour, and I suppose they were.

Crossing the river, we struck a trail which led us to the *casa* and *rancheria*, about two miles distant. The *casa* was a small adobe building, about twelve feet square, and was locked up. Finding that admission was not to be gained here, we hailed at the *rancheria*, and presently some dozen squalid and naked men, women, and children made their appearance. We inquired for the *mayor domo*, or overseer. The chief speaker signified that he was absent, and that he did not expect him to return until several suns rose and set. We then signified we were hungry, and very soon a loaf made of pulverized acorns, mingled with wild fruit of some kind, was brought to us with a basket of water. These Indians manufacture small baskets which are impervious to water, and they are used as basins to drink from, and for other purposes.

I knew that we had been travelling out of our course all day, and it was now three o'clock, P.M. Rain and mist had succeeded each other, and the sun was hidden from us by dark and threatening masses of clouds. We had no compass with us, and could not determine the course to Nappa Valley or Sonoma. Believing that the Indian would have some knowledge of the latter place, we made him comprehend that we wished to go there, and inquired the route. He pointed in a direction which he signified would take us to Sonoma. We pointed in another course, which it seemed to us was the right one. But he persisted in asserting that he was right. After some further talk, for the shirt on my back he promised to guide us, and, placing a ragged skin on one of our horses, he mounted the animal and led the way over the next range of hills. The rain soon poured down so hard upon the poor fellow's bare skin, that he begged permission to return, to which we would not consent; but, out of compassion to him, I took off my over-coat, with which he covered his swarthy hide, and seemed highly delighted with the shelter from the pitiless storm it afforded him, or with the supposition that I intended to present it to him.

Crossing several elevated and rocky hills, just before sunset, we had a view of a large timbered valley and a sheet of water, the extent of which we could not compass with the eye, on account of the thickness of the atmosphere. When we came in sight of the water, the Indian uttered various exclamations of pleasure; and, although I had felt but little faith in him as a pilot from the first, I began now to think that we were approaching the Bay of San Francisco. Descending into the valley, we travelled along a small stream two or three miles, and were continuing on in the twilight, when we heard the tinkling of a cow-bell on the opposite side of the stream. Certain, from this sound, that there must be an encampment near, I halted and hallooed at the top of my voice. The halloo called forth a similar response, with an interrogation in English, "Who the d—I are you—Spaniards or Americans?" "Americans." "Show yourselves, then, d—n you, and let us see the colour of your hide," was the answer.

"Tell us where we can cross the stream, and you shall soon see us," was our reply.

"Ride back and follow the sound of my voice, and be d—d to you, and you can cross the stream with a deer's jump."

Accordingly, following the sound of the voice of this rough colloquist, who shouted repeatedly, we rode in the dark several hundred yards, and, plunging into the stream, the channel of which was deep, we gained the other side, where we found three men standing ready to receive us. We soon discovered them to be a party of professional hunters, or trappers, at the head of which was Mr. Greenwood, a famed mountaineer, commonly known as "Old Greenwood." They invited us to their camp, situated across a small opening in the timber about half a mile distant. Having unsaddled our tired animals and turned them loose to graze for the night, we placed our baggage under the cover of a small tent, and, taking our seats by the huge camp fire, made known as far as was expedient our business. We soon ascertained that we had ridden the entire day (about 40 miles) directly out of our course to Nappa Valley and Sonoma, and that the Indian's information was all wrong. We were now near the shore of a large lake, called the *Laguna* by Californians, some fifty or sixty miles in length, which lake is situated about sixty or seventy miles north of the Bay of San Francisco; consequently, to-morrow we shall be compelled to retrace our steps and find the trail that leads from Barnett's

house to Nappa, which escaped us this morning. We received such directions, however, from Mr. Greenwood, that we could not fail to find it.

We found in the camp, much to our gratification after a long fast, an abundance of fat grisly bear-meat and the most delicious and tender deer-meat. The camp looked like a butcher's stall. The pot filled with bear-flesh was boiled again and again, and the choice pieces of the tender venison were roasting, and disappearing with singular rapidity for a long time. Bread there was none of course. Such a delicacy is unknown to the mountain trappers, nor is it much desired by them.

The hunting party consisted of Mr. Greenwood, Mr. Turner, Mr. Adams, and three sons of Mr. G., one grown, and the other two boys 10 or 12 years of age, half-bred Indians, the mother being a Crow. One of these boys is named "Governor Boggs," after ex-governor Boggs of Missouri, and old friend of the father. Mr. Greenwood, or "Old Greenwood," as he is familiarly called, according to his own statement, is 83 years of age, and has been a mountain trapper between 40 and 50 years. He lived among the Crow Indians, where he married his wife, between thirty and forty years. He is about six feet in height, raw-boned and spare in flesh, but muscular, and, notwithstanding his old age, walks with all the erectness and elasticity of youth. His dress was of tanned buckskin, and from its appearance one would suppose its antiquity to be nearly equal to the age of its wearer. It had probably never been off his body since he first put it on. "I am," said he, "an old man—eighty-three years—it is a long time to live; —eighty-three years last—. I have seen all the Injun varmints of the Rocky Mountains,—have fout them—lived with them. I have many children—I don't know how many, they are scattered; but my wife was a Crow. The Crows are a brave nation,—the bravest of all the Injuns; they fight like the white man; they don't kill you in the dark like the Black-foot varmint, and then take your scalp 80 and run, the cowardly reptiles. Eighty-three years last—; and yet old Greenwood could handle the rifle as well as the best on 'em, but for this infernal humour in my eyes, caught three years ago in bringing the emigrators over the *de* -sart." (A circle of scarlet surrounded his weeping eyeballs.) "I can't see jist now as well as I did fifty years ago, but I can always bring the game or the slinking and skulking Injun. I have jist come over the mountains from Sweetwater with the emigrators as pilot, living upon bacon, bread, milk, and sich like mushy stuff. It don't agree with me; it never will agree with a man of my age, eighty-three last—; that is a long

time to live. I thought I would take a small hunt to get a little exercise for my old bones, and some good fresh meat. The grisly bear, fat deer, and poultry and fish—they are such things as a man should eat. I came up here, where I knew there was plenty. I was here twenty years ago, before any white man see this lake and the rich land about it. It's filled with big fish. Thar's beer-springs here, better than them in the Rocky Mountains; thar's a mountain of solid brimstone, and thar's mines of gold and silver, all of which I know'd many years ago, and I can show them to you if you will go with me in the morning. These black-skinned Spaniards have rebelled again. Wall, they can make a fuss, d—m 'em, and have revolutions every year, but they can't fight. It's no use to go arter'em, unless when you ketch'em you kill 'em. They won't stand an' fight like men, an' when they can't fight longer give up; but the skared varmints run away and then make another fuss, d—m 'em.” Such was the discourse of our host.

The camp consisted of two small tents, which had probably been obtained from the emigrants. They were pitched so as to face each other, and between them there was a large pile of blazing logs. On the trees surrounding the camp were stretched the skins of various animals which had been killed in the hunt; some preserved for their hides, others for the fur. Bear-meat and venison enough for a winter's supply were hanging from the limbs. The swearing of Turner, a man of immense frame and muscular power, during our evening's conversation, was almost terrific. I had heard mountain swearing before, but his went far beyond all former examples. He could do all the swearing for our army in Mexico, and then have a surplus.

The next morning (Nov. 3rd), after partaking of a hearty breakfast, and suspending from our saddles a sufficient supply of venison and bear-meat for two days' journey, we started back on our own trail. We left our miserable Indian pilot at his *rancheria*. I gave him the shirt from my back, out of compassion for his sufferings—he well deserved a *dressing* of another kind. It rained all day, and, when we reached Barnett's (the empty house) after four o'clock, P.M., the black masses of clouds which hung over the valley portended a storm so furious, that we thought it prudent to take shelter under a roof for the night. Securing our animals in one of the inclosures, we encamped in the deserted dwelling. The storm soon commenced, and raged and roared with a fierceness and strength rarely witnessed. The hogs and pigs came squealing about the door for admission; and

the cattle and horses in the valley, terrified by the violence of elemental battle, ran backwards and forwards, bellowing and snorting. In comfortable quarters, we roasted and enjoyed our bear-meat and venison, and left the wind, rain, lightning, and thunder to play their pranks as best suited them, which they did all night.

On the morning of the fourth, we found the trail described to us by Mr. Greenwood, and, crossing a ridge of mountains, descended into the valley of Nappa creek, which empties into the Bay of San Francisco just below the Straits of Carquinez. This is a most beautiful and fertile valley, and is already occupied by several American settlers. Among the first who established themselves here is Mr. Yount, who soon after erected a flouring-mill and saw-mill. These have been in operation several years. Before reaching Mr. Yount's settlement we passed a saw-mill more recently erected, by Dr. Bale. There seems to be an abundance of pine and red-wood (a species of fir), in the *canadas*. No lumber can be superior for building purposes than that sawed from the red-wood. The trees are of immense size, straight, free from knots and twists, and the wood is soft, and easily cut with plane and saw. Arriving at the residence of Dr. Bale, in Nappa Valley, we were hospitably entertained by him with a late breakfast of coffee, boiled eggs, steaks, and *tortillas*, served up in American style. Leaving Nappa, after travelling down it some ten or twelve miles, we crossed another range of hills or mountains, and reached Sonoma after dark, our clothing thoroughly drenched with the rain, which, with intermissions, had fallen the 81 whole day. I put up at the same quarters as when here before. The house was covered with a dilapidated thatch, and the rain dripped through it, not leaving a dry spot on the floor of the room where we slept. But there was an advantage in this—the inundation of water had completely discomfited the army of fleas that infested the building when we were here before.

It rained incessantly on the fifth. Col. Russell arrived at Sonoma early in the morning, having arrived from San Francisco last night. Procuring a boat belonging to Messrs. Howard and Mellus, lying at the *embarcadero*, I left for San Francisco, but, owing to the storm and contrary winds, did not arrive there until the morning of the seventh, being two nights and a day in the creek, and *churning* on the bay. Purchasing a quantity of clothing, and other supplies for volunteers, I sailed early on the morning of the eighth for New Helvetia, in a boat belonging to the sloop-of-

war Portsmouth, manned by U.S. sailors, under the command of Midshipman Byres, a native of Maysville, Ky. We encamped that night at the head of "Soeson," having sailed about fifty miles in a severe storm of wind and rain. The waves frequently dashed entirely over our little craft. The rain continued during the ninth, and we encamped at night about the mouth of the Sacramento. On the night of the tenth we encamped at "Meritt's camp," the rain still falling, and the river rising rapidly, rendering navigation up-stream impossible, except with the aid of the tide. On the night of the eleventh we encamped fifteen miles below New Helvetia, still raining. On the morning of the twelfth the clouds cleared away, and the sun burst out warm and spring-like. After having been exposed to the rain for ten or twelve days, without having the clothing upon me once dry, the sight of the sun, and the influence of his beams, were cheering and most agreeable. We arrived at New Helvetia about twelve o'clock.

CHAPTER VIII.

Leave New Helvetia—Pleasant weather—Meet Indian volunteers—Tule-boats—Engagement between a party of Americans and Californians—Death of Capt. Burroughs and Capt. Foster—Capture of Thomas O. Larkin—Reconnaissance—San Juan Bautista—Neglect of the dead—Large herds of Cattle—Join Col. Fremont.

On my arrival at New Helvetia, I found there Mr. Jacob. Mr. Reed had not yet returned from the mountains. Nothing had been heard from Mr. Lippincott, or Mr. Grayson, since I left the latter at Sonoma. An authorized agent of Col. Fremont had arrived at the fort the day that I left it, with power to take the *caballada* of public horses, and to enroll volunteers for the expedition to the south. He had left two or three days before my arrival, taking with him all the horses and trappings suitable for service, and all the men who had previously *rendezvoused* at the fort, numbering about sixty, as I understood. At my request messengers were sent by Mr. Kern, commandant of the fort, and by Captain Sutter, to the Indian chiefs on the San Joaquin River and its tributaries, to meet me at the most convenient points on the trail, with such warriors of their tribes as chose to volunteer as soldiers of the United States, and perform military service during the campaign. I believed that they would be useful as scouts and spies. On the 14th and 15th eight men (emigrants who had just

arrived in the country, and had been enrolled at Johnson's settlement by Messrs. Reed and Jacob) arrived at the fort; and on the morning of the 16th, with these, we started to join Colonel Fremont, supposed to be at Monterey; and we encamped at night on the Coscumne River.

The weather is now pleasant. We are occasionally drenched with a shower of rain, after which the sun shines warm and bright; the fresh grass is springing up, and the birds sing and chatter in the groves and thickets as we pass through them. I rode forward, on the morning of the 17th, to the Mickélemes River (twenty-five miles from the Coscumne), where I met Antonio, an Indian chief, with twelve warriors, who had assembled here for the purpose of joining us. The names of the warriors were as follows;—Santiago, Masua, Kiubu, Tocosu, Nonelo, Michael, Weala, Arkell, Nicolas, Heel, Kasheano, Estephen. Our party coming up in the afternoon, we encamped here for the day, in order to give the Indians time to make further preparations for the march. On the 18th we met, at the ford of the San Joaquin River, another party of eighteen Indians, including their chiefs. Their names were—José Jesus, Filipe, Raymundo, and Carlos, chiefs; Huligario, Bonefasio, Francisco, Nicolas, Pablo, Feliciano, San Antonio, Polinario, Manuel, Graviano, Salinordio, Romero, and Merikeeldo, warriors. The chiefs and some of the warriors of these parties were partially clothed, but most of them were naked, except a small garment around the loins. They were armed with bows and arrows. We encamped with our 82 sable companions on the east bank of the San Joaquin.

The next morning (Nov. 19), the river being too high to ford, we constructed, by the aid of the Indians, tule-boats, upon which our baggage was ferried over the stream. The tule-boat consists of bundles of tule firmly bound together with willow withes. When completed, in shape it is not unlike a small keel-boat. The buoyancy of one of these craft is surprising. Six men, as many as could sit upon the deck, were passed over, in the largest of our three boats, at a time. The boats were towed backwards and forwards by Indian swimmers—one at the bow, and one at the stern as steersman, and two on each side as propellers. The poor fellows, when they came out of the cold water, trembled as if attacked with an ague. We encamped near the house of Mr. Livermore (previously described), where, after considerable difficulty, I obtained sufficient beef for supper, Mr. L. being absent. Most of the Indians did not get into camp until a late hour of the night, and

some of them not until morning. They complained very much of sore feet, and wanted horses to ride, which I promised them as soon as they reached the Pueblo de San José.

About ten o'clock on the morning of the 20th, we slaughtered a beef in the hills between Mr. Livermore's and the mission of San José; and, leaving the hungry party to regale themselves upon it and then follow on, I proceeded immediately to the Pueblo de San José to make further arrangements, reaching that place just after sunset. On the 21st I procured clothing for the Indians, which, when they arrived with Mr. Jacob in the afternoon, was distributed among them.

On my arrival at the Pueblo, I found the American population there much excited by intelligence just received of the capture on the 15th, between Monterey and the mission of San Juan, of Thos. O. Larkin, Esq., late U.S. Consul in California, by a party of Californians, and of an engagement between the same Californians and a party of Americans escorting a *caballada* of 400 horses to Colonel Fremont's camp in Monterey. In this affair three Americans were killed, viz.: Capt. Burroughs, Capt. Foster, and Mr. Eames, late of St. Louis, Mo. The mission of San Juan lies on the road between the Pueblo de San José and Monterey, about fifty miles from the former place, and thirty from the latter. The skirmish took place ten miles south of San Juan, near the Monterey road. I extract the following account of this affair from a journal of his captivity published by Mr. Lurkin:

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“On the 15th of November, from information received of the sickness of my family in San Francisco, where they had gone to escape the expected revolutionary troubles in Monterey, and from letters from Captain Montgomery requesting my presence respecting some stores for the Portsmouth, I, with one servant, left Monterey for San Francisco, knowing that for one month no Californian forces had been within 100 miles of us. That night I put up at the house of Don Joaquin Gomez, sending my servant to San Juan, six miles beyond, to request Mr. J. Thompson to wait for me, as he was on the road for San Francisco. About midnight I was aroused from my bed by the noise made by ten Californians (unshaved and unwashed for months, being in the mountains) rushing into my chamber with guns, swords, pistols, and torches in their hands. I needed but a moment to be fully awake and know my exact situation; the first cry was, ‘Como estamos, Senor

Consul.' 'Vamos, Senor Larkin.' At my bedside were several letters that I had re-read before going to bed. On dressing myself, while my captors were saddling my horse, I assorted these letters, and put them into different pockets. After taking my own time to dress and arrange my valise, we started, and rode to a camp of seventy or eighty men on the banks of the Monterey River; there each officer and principal person passed the time of night with me, and a remark or two. The commandante took me on one side, and informed me that his people demanded that I should write to San Juan, to the American captain of volunteers, saying that I had left Monterey to visit the distressed families of the river, and request or demand that twenty men should meet me before daylight, that I could station them, before my return to town, in a manner to protect these families. The natives, he said, were determined on the act being accomplished. I at first endeavoured to reason with him on the infamy and the impossibility of the deed, but to no avail; he said my life depended on the letter; that he was willing, nay, anxious to preserve my life as an old acquaintance, but could not control his people in this affair. From argument I came to a refusal; he advised, urged, and demanded. At this period an officer called out****(Come here, those who are named.) I then said, 'In this 83 manner you may act and threaten night by night; my life on such condition is of no value or pleasure to me. I am by accident your prisoner—make the most of me—write, I will not; shoot as you see fit, and I am done talking on the subject.' I left him, and went to the camp fire. For a half-hour or more there was some commotion around me, when all disturbance subsided.

“At daylight we started, with a flag flying and a drum beating, and travelled eight or ten miles, when we camped in a low valley or hollow. There they caught with the lasso three or four head of cattle belonging to the nearest rancho, and breakfasted. The whole day their outriders rode in every direction, on the look-out, to see if the American company left the mission of San Juan, or Lieutenant-Colonel Fremont left Monterey; they also rode to all the neighbouring ranchos, and forced the rancheros to join them. At one o'clock, they began their march with one hundred and thirty men (and two or three hundred extra horses); they marched in four single files, occupying four positions, myself under charge of an officer and five or six men in the centre. Their plan of operation for the night was, to rush into San Juan ten or fifteen men, who were to retreat, under the expectation that the Americans would follow them, in which case the whole party outside was to

cut them off. I was to be retained in the centre of the party. Ten miles south of the mission, they encountered eight or ten Americans, a part of whom retreated into a low ground covered with oaks, the others returned to the house of Senor Gomez, to alarm their companions. For over one hour the hundred and thirty Californians surrounded the six or eight Americans, occasionally giving and receiving shots. During this period, I was several times requested, then commanded, to go among the oaks and bring out my countrymen, and offer them their lives on giving up their rifles and persons. I at last offered to go and call them out, on condition that they should return to San Juan or go to Monterey, with their arms; this being refused, I told the commandante to go in and bring them out himself. While they were consulting how this could be done, fifty Americans came down on them, which caused an action of about twenty or thirty minutes. Thirty or forty of the natives leaving the field at the first fire, they remained drawn off by fives and tens until the Americans had the field to themselves. Both parties remained within a mile of each other until dark. Our countrymen lost Captain Burroughs of St. Louis, Missouri, Captain Foster, and two others, with two or three wounded. The Californians lost two of their countrymen, and José Garcia, of Val., Chili, with seven wounded.”

The following additional particulars I extract from the “Californian” newspaper of November 21, 1846, published at Monterey: “Burroughs and Foster were killed at the first onset. The Americans fired, and then charged on the enemy with their empty rifles, and ran them off. However, they still kept rallying, and firing now and then a musket at the Americans until about eleven o'clock at night, when one of the Walla-Walla Indians offered his services to come into Monterey and give Colonel Fremont notice of what was passing. Soon after he started he was pursued by a party of the enemy. The foremost in pursuit drove a lance at the Indian, who, trying to parry it, received the lance through his hand; he immediately, with his other hand, seized his tomahawk, and struck his opponent, splitting his head from the crown to the mouth. By this time the others had come up, and, with the most extraordinary dexterity and bravery, the Indian vanquished two more, and the rest ran away. He rode on towards this town as far as his horse was able to carry him, and then left his horse and saddle, and came in on foot. He arrived here about eight o'clock on Tuesday morning, December 17th.

The Americans engaged in this affair were principally the volunteer emigrants just arrived in the country, and who had left New Helvetia a few days in advance of me.

Colonel Fremont marched from Monterey as soon as he heard of this skirmish, in pursuit of the Californians, but did not meet with them. He then encamped at the mission of San Juan, waiting there the arrival of the remaining volunteers from above.

Leaving the Pueblo on the afternoon of the 25th, in conjunction with a small force commanded by Captain Weber, we made an excursion into the hills, near a rancho owned by Captain W., where were herded some two or three hundred public horses. It had been rumoured that a party of Californians were hovering about here, intending to capture and drive off these horses. The next day (November 26th), without having met any hostile force, driving these horses before us, we encamped at Mr. Murphy's rancho. Mr. 84 Murphy is the father of a large and respectable family, who emigrated to this country some three or four years since from the United States, being originally from Canada. His daughter, Miss Helen, who did the honours of the rude cabin, in manners, conversation, and personal charms, would grace any drawing-room. On the 28th, we proceeded down the Pueblo valley, passing Gilroy's rancho, and reaching the mission of San Juan just before dark. The hills and valleys are becoming verdant with fresh grass and wild oats, the latter being, in places, two or three inches high. So tender is it, however, that it affords but little nourishment to our horses.

The mission of San Juan Bautista has been one of the most extensive of these establishments. The principal buildings are more durably constructed than those of other missions I have visited, and they are in better condition. Square bricks are used in paving the corridors and the ground floors. During the twilight, I strayed accidentally through a half-opened gate into a cemetery, inclosed by a high wall in the rear of the church. The spectacle was ghastly enough. The exhumed skeletons of those who had been deposited here lay thickly strewn around, showing but little respect for the sanctity of the grave, or the rights of the dead from the living. The cool damp night—breeze sighed and moaned through the shrubbery and ruinous arches and corridors, planted and reared by those whose neglected bones were now exposed to the rude insults of man and beast. I could not but

imagine that the voices of complaining spirits mingled with these dismal and mournful tones; and plucking a cluster of roses, the fragrance of which was delicious, I left the spot, to drive away the sadness and melancholy produced by the scene.

The valley contiguous to the mission is extensive, well watered by a large *arroyo*, and highly fertile. The gardens and other lands for tillage are inclosed by willow hedges. Elevated hills, or mountains, bound this valley on the east and west. Large herds of cattle were scattered over the valley, greedily cropping the fresh green herbage, which now carpets mountain and plain.

Colonel Fremont marched from San Juan this morning, and encamped, as we learned on our arrival, ten miles south. Proceeding up the *arroyo* on the 29th, we reached the camp of Colonel F. about noon. I immediately reported, and delivered over to him the men and horses under my charge. The men were afterwards organized into a separate corps, of which Mr. R. T. Jacob, my travelling companion, was appointed the captain by Colonel Fremont.

CHAPTER IX.

California battalion—Their appearance and costume List of officers—Commence our march to Los Angeles—Appearance of the country in the vicinity of San Juan—Slaughter of beeves—Astonishing consumption of beef by the men—Beautiful morning—Ice—Salinas river and valley—Californian prisoners—Horses giving out from fatigue—Mission of San Miguel—Sheep—Mutton—March on foot—More prisoners taken—Death of Mr. Stanley—An execution—Dark night—Capture of the mission of San Luis Obispo—Orderly conduct and good deportment of the California battalion.

November 30.—The battalion of mounted riflemen, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Fremont, numbers, rank and file, including Indians, and servants, 428. With the exception of the exploring party, which left the United States with Colonel F., they are composed of volunteers from the American settlers, and the emigrants who have arrived in the country within a few weeks. The latter have generally furnished their own ammunition and other equipments for the expedition. Most of these are practised riflemen, men of undoubted courage, and capable of bearing any fatigue and

privations endurable by veteran troops. The Indians are composed of a party of Walla-Wallas from Oregon, and a party of native Californians. Attached to the battalion are two pieces of artillery, under the command of Lieutenant McLane, of the navy. In the appearance of our small army there is presented but little of “the pomp and circumstance of glorious war.” There are no plumes nodding over brazen helmets, nor coats of broadcloth spangled with lace and buttons. A broad-brimmed low-crowned hat, a shirt of blue flannel, or buckskin, with pantaloons and mocassins of the same, all generally much the worse for wear, and smeared with mud and dust, make up the costume of the party, officers as well as men. A leathern girdle surrounds the waist, from which are suspended a bowie and a hunter's knife, and sometimes a brace of pistols. These, with the rifle and holster-pistols, are the arms carried by officers and privates. A single bugle (and a sorry one it is) composes the band. Many an embryo Napoleon, in his own conceit, whose martial spirit has been excited to flaming intensity of heat by the peacock-plumage and gaudy trappings of our militia 85 companies, when marching through the streets to the sound of drum, fife, and brass band, if he could have looked upon us, and then consulted the state of the military thermometer within him, would probably have discovered that the mercury of his heroism had fallen several degrees below zero. He might even have desired that we should not come. “Between the wind and his nobility.”

War, stripped of its pageantry, possesses but few of the attractions with which poetry and painting have embellished it. The following is a list of the officers composing the California Battalion:— Lieut.—colonel J. G. Fremont, commanding; A. H. Gillespie, major; P. B. Reading, paymaster; H. King, commissary; J. R. Snyder, quartermaster, since appointed a land-surveyor by Colonel Mason; Wm. H. Russell, ordnance officer; T. Talbot, lieutenant and adjutant; J. J. Myers, sergeant-major, appointed lieutenant in January, 1847.

Company A.—Richard Owens, captain; Wm. N. Loker, 1st lieutenant, appointed adjutant, Feb. 10th, 1847; B. M. Hudspeth, 2d lieutenant, appointed captain, Feb. 1847; Wm. Findlay, 2d lieutenant, appointed captain, Feb. 1847.

Company B.—Henry Ford, captain; Andrew Copeland, 1st lieutenant.

Company C.—Granville P. Swift, captain; Wm. Baldrige, 1st lieutenant; Wm. Hartgrove, 2d do.

Company D.—John Sears, captain; Wm. Bradshaw, 1st lieutenant.

Company E.—John Grisby, captain; Archibald Jesse, 1st lieutenant.

Company F.—L. W. Hastings, captain (author of a work on California); Wornbough, 1st lieutenant; J. M. Hudspeth, 2d do,

Company G.—Thompson, captain; Davis 1st lieutenant; Rock, 2d do.

Company H.—R. T. Jacobs, captain; Edwin Bryant, 1st lieutenant (afterwards alcalde at San Francisco); Geo. M. Lippincott, 2d do., of New York.

Artillery Company.—Louis M'Lane, captain (afterwards major); John K. Wilson, 1st lieutenant, appointed captain in January, 1847; Wm. Blackburn, 2d do. (now alcalde of Santa Cruz).

Officers on detached Service and doing Duty at the South.—S. Hensley, captain; S. Gibson, do. (lanced through the body at San Pascual); Miguel Pedorena, do., Spaniard (appointed by Stockton); Stgo. Arguello, do., Californian (appointed by do.); Bell, do. (appointed by do.), old resident of California (Los Angeles); H. Rhenshaw, 1st lieutenant, appointed by do.); A. Godey, do. (appointed by do.); Jas. Barton, do. (appointed by do.); L. Arguello, do., Californian (appointed by do.).

After a march of six or eight hours, up the valley of the *arroyo*, through a heavy rain, and mud so deep that several of our horses gave out from exhaustion, we encamped in a circular bottom, near a deserted adobe house. A *caballada* of some 500 or 600 loose horses and mules is driven along with us, but many of them are miserable sore-backed skeletons, having been exhausted with hard usage and bad fare during the summer campaign. Besides these, we have a large number of pack-mules, upon which all our baggage and provisions are transported. Distance 10 miles.

We did not move on the 1st and 2d of December. There being no cattle in the vicinity of our camp, a party was sent back to the mission, on the morning of the 1st, who in the afternoon returned,

driving before them about 100 head, most of them in good condition. After a sufficient number were slaughtered to supply the camp with meat for the day, the remainder were confined in a *corral* prepared for the purpose, to be driven along with us, and slaughtered from day to day. The rain has continued, with short intermissions, since we commenced our march on the 30th of November. The ground has become saturated with water, and the small branches are swollen into large streams. Notwithstanding these discomforts, the men are in good spirits, and enjoy themselves in singing, telling stories, and playing *monte*.

December 3.—The rain ceased falling about 8 o'clock this morning; and, the clouds breaking away, the sun cheered us once more with his pleasant beams. The battalion was formed into a hollow square, and, the order of the day being read, we resumed our march. Our progress, through the deep mud, was very slow. The horses were constantly giving out, and many were left behind. The young and tender grass upon which they feed affords but little nourishment, and hard labour soon exhausts them. We encamped on a low bluff, near the *arroyo*, timbered with evergreen oak. Distance 8 miles.

December 4.—I was ordered with a small party in advance this morning. Proceeding up the valley a few miles, we left it, crossing several steep hills sparsely timbered with oak, from which we descended into another small 86 valley, down which we continued to the point of its termination, near some narrow and difficult mountain gorges. In exploring the gorges, we discovered the trail of a party of Californians, which had passed south several days before us, and found a horse which they had left in their march. This, doubtless, was a portion of the party which captured Mr. Larkin, and had the engagement between Monterey and St. Juan, on the 17th ult. The main body coming up, we encamped at three o'clock. The old grass around our camp is abundant; but having been so much washed by the rains, and consequently exhausted of its nutritious qualities, the animals refused to eat it. The country over which we have travelled to-day, and as far as I can see, is mountainous and broken, little of it being adapted to other agricultural purposes than grazing.

Thirteen beeves are slaughtered every afternoon for the consumption of the battalion. These beeves are generally of good size, and in fair condition. Other provisions being entirely exhausted, beef constitutes the only subsistence for the men, and most of the officers. Under these circumstances,

the consumption of beef is astonishing. I do not know that I shall be believed when I state a fact, derived from observation and calculation, that the average consumption per man of fresh beef is at least ten pounds per day. Many of them, I believe, consume much more, and some of them less. Nor does this quantity appear to be injurious to health, or fully to satisfy the appetite. I have seen some of the men roast their meat and devour it by the fire from the hour of encamping until late bed-time. They would then sleep until one or two o'clock in the morning, when, the cravings of hunger being greater than the desire for repose, the same occupation would be resumed, and continued until the order was given to march. The Californian beef is generally fat, juicy, and tender, and surpasses in flavour any which I ever tasted elsewhere. Distance 10 miles.

December 5.—I rose before daylight. The moon shone brightly. The temperature was cold. The vapour in the atmosphere had congealed and fallen upon the ground in feathery flakes, covering it with a white-semi-transparent veil, or crystal sheen, sparkling in the moonbeams. The smoke from the numerous camp-fires soon began to curl languidly up in graceful wreaths, settling upon the mountain summits. The scene was one for the pencil and brush of the artist; but, when the envious sun rose, he soon stripped Madam Earth of her gauzy holiday morning-gown, and exposed her every-day petticoat of mud.

Our march to-day has been one of great difficulty, through a deep brushy mountain gorge, through which it was almost impossible to force the field-pieces. In one place they were lowered with ropes down a steep and nearly perpendicular precipice of great height and depth. We encamped about three o'clock, P.M., in a small valley. Many of the horses gave out on the march, and were left behind by the men, who came straggling into camp until a late hour of the evening, bringing their saddles and baggage upon their shoulders. I noticed, while crossing an elevated ridge of hills, flakes of snow flying in the air, but melting before they reached the ground. The small spring-branch on which we encamped empties into the Salinas River. The country surrounding us is elevated and broken, and the soil sandy, with but little timber or grass upon it. Distance 12 miles.

December 6.—Morning clear and cool. Crossed an undulating country, destitute of timber and water, and encamped in a circular valley surrounded by elevated hills, through which flows a small

tributary of the Salinas. The summits of the mountains in sight are covered with snow, but the temperature in the valleys is pleasant. Distance 15 miles.

December 7.—Ice, the first I have seen since entering California, formed in the branch, of the thickness of window-glass. We reached the valley of the Salinas about eleven o'clock A.M., and encamped for the day. The river Salinas (laid down in some maps as Rio San Buenaventura) rises in the mountains to the south, and has a course of some sixty or eighty miles, emptying into the Pacific about twelve miles north of Monterey. The valley, as it approaches the ocean, is broad and fertile, and there are many fine ranchos upon it. But, higher up, the stream becomes dry in the summer, and the soil of the valley is arid and sandy. The width of the stream at this point is about thirty yards. Its banks are skirted by narrow belts of small timber. A range of elevated mountains rises between this valley and the coast. A courtmartial was held to-day, for the trial of sundry offenders. Distance 8 miles.

December 8.—Morning cool, clear, and pleasant. Two Californians were arrested by 87 the rear-guard near a deserted rancho, and brought into camp. One of them turned out to be a person known to be friendly to the Americans. There has been but little variation in the soil or scenery. But few attempts appear to have been made to settle this portion of California. The thefts and hostilities of the Tular Indians are said to be one of the causes preventing its settlement. Distance 15 miles.

December 9.—The mornings are cool, but the middle of the day is too warm to ride comfortably with our coats on. Our march has been fatiguing and difficult, through several brushy ravines and over steep and elevated hills. Many horses gave out as usual, and were left, from inability to travel. Our *caballada* is diminishing rapidly. Distance 10 miles.

December 10.—Our march has been on the main beaten trail, dry and hard, and over a comparatively level country. We passed the mission of San Miguel about three o'clock, and encamped in a grove of large oak timber, three or four miles south of it. This mission is situated on the upper waters of the Salinas, in an extensive plain. Under the administration of the *padres* it was a wealthy establishment, and manufactures of various kinds were carried on. They raised immense

numbers of sheep, the fleeces of which were manufactured by the Indians into blankets and coarse cloths. Their granaries were filled with an abundance of maize and frijoles, and their store-rooms with other necessaries of life, from the ranchos belonging to the mission lands in the vicinity. Now all the buildings, except the church and the principal range of houses contiguous, have fallen into ruins, and an Englishman, his wife, and one small child, with two or three Indian servants, are the sole inhabitants. The church is the largest I have seen in the country, and its interior is in good repair, although it has not probably been used for the purpose of public worship for many years. The Englishman professes to have purchased the mission and all the lands belonging to it for 300 dollars.

Our stock of cattle being exhausted, we feasted on Californian mutton, sheep being more abundant than cattle at this mission. The wool, I noticed, was coarse, but the mutton was of an excellent quality. The country over which we have travelled to-day shows the marks of long drought previous to the recent rains. The soil is sandy and gravelly, and the dead vegetation upon it is thin and stunted. About eighty of our horses are reported to have given out and been left behind. Distance 20 miles.

December 12.—To relieve our horses, which are constantly giving out from exhaustion, the grass being insufficient for their sustenance while performing labour, the entire battalion, officers and men, were ordered to march on foot, turning their horses, with the saddles and bridles upon them, into the general *caballada*, to be driven along by the horse-guard. The day has been drizzly, cold, and disagreeable. The country has a barren and naked appearance; but this, I believe, is attributable to the extreme drought that has prevailed in this region for one or two years past. We encamped near the rancho of a friendly Californian—the man who was taken prisoner the other day and set at large. An Indian, said to be the servant of Tortoria Pico, was captured here by the advance party. A letter was found upon him, but the contents of which I never learned. This being the first foot-march, there were, of course, many galled and blistered feet in the battalion. My servant obtained, with some difficulty, from the Indians at the rancho, a pint-cup of *pinole*, or parched corn-meal, and a quart or two of wheat, which, being boiled, furnished some variety in our viands at supper,

fresh beef having been our only subsistence since the commencement of the march from San Juan. Distance 12 miles.

December 13.—A rainy disagreeable morning. Mr. Stanley, one of the volunteers, and one of the gentlemen who so kindly supplied us with provisions on Mary's River, died last night. He has been suffering from an attack of typhoid fever since the commencement of our march, and unable most of the time to sit upon his horse. He was buried this morning in a small circular opening in the timber near our camp. The battalion was formed in a hollow square surrounding the grave which had been excavated for the final resting-place of our deceased friend and comrade. There was neither bier, nor coffin, nor pall—“Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note.”

The cold earth was heaped upon his mortal remains in silent solemnity, and the ashes of a braver or a better man will never repose in the lonely hills of California.

After the funeral the battalion was marched a short distance to witness another 88 scene, not more mournful, but more harrowing than the last. The Indian captured at the rancho yesterday was condemned to die. He was brought from his place of confinement and tied to a tree. Here he stood some fifteen or twenty minutes, until the Indians from a neighbouring *rancheria* could be brought to witness the execution. A file of soldiers were then ordered to fire upon him. He fell upon his knees, and remained in that position several minutes without uttering a groan, and then sank upon the earth. No human being could have met his fate with more composure, or with stronger manifestations of courage. It was a scene such as I desire never to witness again.

A cold rain fell upon us during the entire day's march. We encamped at four o'clock, P.M.; but the rain poured down in such torrents that it was impossible to light our camp-fires and keep them burning. This continued nearly the whole night, and I have rarely passed a night more uncomfortably. A scouting party brought in two additional prisoners this evening. Another returned, and reported the capture of a number of horses, and the destruction of a rancho by fire. Distance 12 miles.

December 14.—The battalion commenced its march on foot and in a heavy rain. The mud is very deep, and we have been compelled to wade several streams of considerable depth, being swollen by the recent rains. At one o'clock a halt was ordered, and beef slaughtered and cooked for dinner. The march was resumed late in the afternoon, and the plain surrounding the mission of San Luis Obispo was reached in the pitch darkness of the night, a family in the *canada* having been taken prisoners by the advance party to prevent them from giving the alarm. The battalion was so disposed as to surround the mission and take prisoners all contained within it. The place was entered in great confusion, on account of the darkness, about nine o'clock. There was no military force at the mission, and the few inhabitants were greatly alarmed, as may well be supposed, by this sudden invasion. They made no resistance, and were all taken prisoners except one or two, who managed to escape and fled in great terror, no one knew where or how. It being ascertained that Tortoria Pico, a man who has figured conspicuously in most of the Californian revolutions, was in the neighbourhood, a party was despatched immediately to the place, and he was brought in a prisoner. The night was rainy and boisterous, and the soldiers were quartered to the best advantage in the miserable mud houses, and no acts of violence or outrage of any kind were committed.

The men composing the Californian battalion, as I have before stated, have been drawn from many sources, and are roughly clad, and weather-beaten in their exterior appearance; but I feel it but justice here to state my belief, that no military party ever passed through an enemy's country and observed the same strict regard for the rights of its population. I never heard of an outrage, or even a trespass being committed by one of the American volunteers during our entire march. Every American appeared to understand perfectly the duty which he owed to himself and others in this respect, and the deportment of the battalion might be cited as a model for imitation. Distance 18 miles.

CHAPTER X.

Tremendous rain—Mission of San Luis Obispo—Gardens—Various fruits—Farm—Cactus tuna—Calinche—Pumpkins—Trial of Tortoria Pico—Procession of women—Pico's pardon—Leave San Luis—Surf of the Pacific—Captain Dana—Tempestuous night—Mission of St. Ynes—Effects

of drought—Horses exhausted—St. Ynes Mountain—View of the plain of Santa Barbara and the Pacific—A wretched Christmas-day—Descent of St. Ynes Mountain—Terrible storm—Frightful destruction of horses—Dark night What we are fighting for—Arrive at Santa Barbara—Town deserted.

December 15.—The rain fell in cataracts the entire day. The small streams which flow from the mountains through, and water the valley of, San Luis Obispo, are swollen by the deluge of water from the clouds into foaming unfordable torrents. In order not to trespass upon the population at the mission, in their miserable abodes of mud, the church was opened, and a large number of the soldiers were quartered in it. A guard, however, was set day and night, over the chancel and all other property contained in the building, to prevent its being injured or disturbed. The decorations of the church are much the same as I have before described. The edifice is large, and the interior in good repair. The floor is paved with square bricks. I noticed a common hand-organ in the church, which played the airs we usually hear from organgrinders in the street.

Besides the main large buildings connected with the church, there are standing, and partially occupied, several small squares of adobe 89 houses, belonging to this mission. The heaps of mud, and crumbling walls outside of these, are evidence that the place was once of much greater extent, and probably one of the most opulent and prosperous establishments of the kind in the country. The lands surrounding the mission are finely situated for cultivation and irrigation if necessary. There are several large gardens, inclosed by high and substantial walls, which now contain a great variety of fruit-trees and shrubbery. I noticed the orange, fig, palm, olive, and grape. There are also large inclosures hedged in by the prickly-pear (cactus), which grows to an enormous size, and makes an impervious barrier against man or beast. The stalks of some of these plants are of the thickness of a man's body, and grow to the height of fifteen feet. A juicy fruit is produced by the prickly-pear, named *tuna*, from which a beverage is sometimes made, called *calinche*. It has a pleasant flavour, as has also the fruit, which, when ripe, is blood-red. A small quantity of pounded wheat was found here, which, being purchased, was served out to the troops, about a pound to the man. Frijoles and pumpkins were also obtained, delicacies of no common order.

December 16.—A court-martial was convened this morning for the trial of Pico, the principal prisoner, on the charge, I understood, of the forfeiture of his parole which had been taken on a former occasion. The sentence of the court was, that he should be shot or hung, I do not know which. A rumour is current among the population here, that there has been an engagement between a party of Americans and Californians, near Los Angeles, in which the former were defeated with the loss of thirty men killed.

December 17.—Cool, with a hazy sky. While standing in one of the corridors this morning, a procession of females passed by me, headed by a lady of fine appearance and dressed with remarkable taste and neatness, compared with those who followed her. Their *rebosos* concealed the faces of most of them, except the leader, whose beautiful features, I dare say, she thought (and justly) required no concealment. They proceeded to the quarters of Colonel Fremont, and their object, I understood, was to petition for the reprieve or pardon of Pico, who had been condemned to death by the court-martial yesterday, and whose execution was expected to take place this morning. Their intercession was successful, as no execution took place, and in a short time all the prisoners were discharged, and the order to saddle up and march given. We resumed our march at ten o'clock, and encamped just before sunset in a small but picturesque and fertile valley timbered with oak, so near the coast that the roar of the surfbreaking against the shore could be heard distinctly. Distance seven miles.

December 18.—Clear, with a delightful temperature. Before the sun rose the grass was covered with a white frost. The day throughout has been calm and beautiful. A march of four miles brought us to the shore of a small indentation in the coast of the Pacific, where vessels can anchor, and boats can land when the wind is not too fresh. The surf is now rolling and foaming with prodigious energy—breaking upon the beach in long lines one behind the other, and striking the shore like cataracts. The hills and plains are verdant with a carpet of fresh grass, and the scattered live-oaks on all sides, appearing like orchards of fruit-trees, give to the country an old and cultivated aspect. The mountains bench away on our left, the low hills rising in gentle conical forms, beyond which are the

more elevated and precipitous peaks covered with snow. We encamped about three o'clock near the rancho of Captain Dana, in a large and handsome valley well watered by an *arroyo*.

Captain Dana is a native of Massachusetts, and has resided in this country about thirty years. He is known and esteemed throughout California for his intelligence and private virtues, and his unbounded generosity and hospitality. I purchased here a few loaves of wheat bread, and distributed them among the men belonging to our company as far as they would go, a luxury which they have not indulged in since the commencement of the march. Distance 15 miles.

December 19.—The night was cold and tempestuous, with a slight fall of rain. The clouds broke away after sunrise, and the day became warm and pleasant. We continued our march up the valley, and encamped near its head. The table-land and hills are generally gravelly, but appear to be productive of fine grass. The soil of the bottom is of the richest and most productive composition. We crossed in the course of the day a wide flat plain, upon which were grazing large herds of brood-mares (*manadas*) and cattle. In the distance they resembled large armies approaching us. The peaks of the elevated mountains in sight are covered with snow. A 90 large number of horses gave out, strayed, and were left behind to-day, estimated at one hundred. The men came into camp bringing their saddles on their backs, and some of them arriving late in the evening. Distance 18 miles.

December 20.—Parties were sent back this morning to gather up horses and baggage left on the march yesterday, and it was one o'clock before the rear-guard, waiting for the return of those, left camp. The main body made a short march and encamped early, in a small hollow near the rancho of Mr. Faxon, through which flows an *arroyo*, the surrounding hills being timbered with evergreen oaks. The men amused themselves during the afternoon in target-shooting. Many of the battalion are fine marksmen with the rifle, and the average of shots could not easily be surpassed. The camp spread over an undulating surface of half a mile in diameter, and at night, when the fires were lighted, illuminating the grove, with its drapery of drooping Spanish moss, it presented a most picturesque appearance. Distance 3 miles.

December 21.—Clear and pleasant. A foot march was ordered, with the exception of the horse and baggage guard. We marched several miles through a winding hollow, passing a deserted rancho, and ascending with much labour a steep ridge of hills, descending which we entered a handsome valley, and encamped upon a small stream about four miles from the mission of St. Ynes. The banks of the *arroyo* are strewn with dead and prostrate timber, the trees, large and small, having been overthrown by tornados. The plain has suffered, like much of the country we have passed through, by a long-continued drought, but the composition of the soil is such as indicates fertility, and from the effects of the late rains the grass is springing up with great luxuriance, from places which before were entirely denuded of vegetation. A party was sent from camp to inspect the mission, but returned without making any important discoveries. Our horses are so weak that many of them are unable to carry their saddles, and were left on the road as usual. A man had his leg broken on the march to-day, by the kick of a mule. He was sent back to the rancho of Mr. Faxon. Distance 15 miles.

December 22.—Clear and pleasant. Being of the party which performed rear guard duty to-day, with orders to bring in all stragglers, we did not leave camp until several hours after the main body had left. The horses of the *caballada* and the pack-animals were continually giving out and refusing to proceed. Parties of men, exhausted, lay down upon the ground, and it was with much urging, and sometimes with peremptory commands only, that they could be prevailed upon to proceed. The country bears the same marks of drought heretofore described, but fresh vegetation is now springing up and appears vigorous. A large horse-trail leading into one of the *canadas* of the mountains on our left was discovered by the scouts, and a party was dispatched to trace it. We passed one deserted rancho, and reached camp between nine and ten o'clock at night, having forced in all the men and most of the horses and pack-mules. Distance 15 miles.

December 23.—Rain fell steadily and heavily the entire day. A small party of men was in advance. Discovering in a brushy valley two Indians armed with bows and arrows, they were taken prisoners. Learning from them that there was a *caballada* of horses secreted in one of the *canadas*, they continued on about ten miles, and found about twenty-five fresh fat horses, belonging to a

Californian now among the insurgents below. They were taken and delivered at the camp near the eastern base of the St. Ynes Mountain. Passed this morning a rancho inhabited by a foreigner, an Englishman.

December 24.—Cloudy and cool, with an occasional sprinkling rain. Our route to-day lay directly over the St. Ynes Mountain, by an elevated and most difficult pass. The height of this mountain is several thousand feet. We reached the summit about twelve o'clock, and, our company composing the advance-guard, we encamped about a mile and a half in advance of the main body of the battalion, at a point which overlooks the beautiful plain of Santa Barbara, of which, and the ocean beyond, we had a most extended and interesting view. With the spy-glass, we could see, in the plain far below us, herds of cattle quietly grazing upon the green herbage that carpets its gentle undulations. The plain is dotted with groves, surrounding the springs and belting the small water-courses, of which there are many flowing from this range of mountains. Ranchos are scattered far up and down the plain, but not one human being could be seen stirring. About ten or twelve miles to the south, the white towers of the mission of Santa Barbara raise themselves. Beyond is the illimitable waste of waters. A more lovely and picturesque landscape I never beheld. On the summit of the mountain, and surrounding us there is a growth of hawthorn, manzinita (in bloom), and other small shrubbery. The rock is soft sandstone and conglomerate, immense masses of which, piled one upon another, form a wall along the western brow of the mountain, through which there is a single pass or gateway about eight or ten feet in width. The descent on the western side is precipitous, and appears almost impassable. Distance 4 miles.

December 25. Christmas-day, and a memorable one to me. Owing to the difficulty in hauling the cannon up the steep acclivities of the mountain, the main body of the battalion did not come up with us until twelve o'clock, and before we commenced the descent of the mountain a furious storm commenced, raging with a violence rarely surpassed. The rain fell in torrents, and the wind blew almost with the force of a tornado. This fierce strife of the elements continued without abatement the entire afternoon, and until two o'clock at night. Driving our horses before us, we were compelled to slide down the steep and slippery rocks, or wade through deep gullies and ravines filled with mud and foaming torrents of water, that rushed downwards with such force as to carry

along the loose rocks and tear up the trees and shrubbery by the roots. Many of the horses falling into the ravines refused to make an effort to extricate themselves, and were swept downwards and drowned. Others, bewildered by the fierceness and terrors of the storm, rushed or fell headlong over the steep precipices and were killed. Others obstinately refused to proceed, but stood quaking with fear or shivering with cold, and many of these perished in the night from the severity of the storm. The advance party did not reach the foot of the mountain and find a place to encamp until night—and a night of more impenetrable and terrific darkness I never witnessed. The ground upon which our camp was made, although sloping from the hills to a small stream, was so saturated with water that men as well as horses sunk deep at every step. The rain fell in such quantities, that fires with great difficulty could be lighted, and most of them were immediately extinguished.

The officers and men belonging to the company having the cannon in charge laboured until nine or ten o'clock to bring them down the mountain, but they were finally compelled to leave them. Much of the baggage also remained on the side of the mountain, with the pack-mules and horses conveying them, all efforts to force the animals down being fruitless. The men continued to straggle into the camp until a late hour of the night;—some crept under the shelving rocks and did not come in until the next morning. We were so fortunate as to find our tent, and after much difficulty pitched it under an oak-tree. All efforts to light a fire and keep it blazing proving abortive, we spread our blankets upon the ground and endeavoured to sleep, although we could feel the cold streams of water running through the tent and between and around our bodies.

In this condition we remained until about two o'clock in the morning, when the storm having abated I rose, and shaking from my garments the dripping water, after many unsuccessful efforts succeeded in kindling a fire. Near our tent I found three soldiers who had reached camp at a late hour. They were fast asleep on the ground, the water around them being two or three inches deep; but they had taken care to keep their heads above water, by using a log of wood for a pillow. The fire beginning to blaze freely, I dug a ditch with my hands and a sharp stick of wood, which drained off the pool surrounding the tent. One of the men, when he felt the sensation consequent upon being “high and dry,” roused himself, and, sitting upright, looked around for some time with an expression of

bewildered amazement. At length he seemed to realize the true state of the case, and exclaimed, in a tone of energetic soliloquy,—

“Well, who *wouldn't* be a soldier and fight for California?”

“You are mistaken,” I replied.

Rubbing his eyes, he gazed at me with astonishment, as if having been entirely unconscious of my presence; but, reassuring himself, he said:

“How mistaken?”

“Why,” I answered, “you are not fighting for California.”

“What the d—l, then, am I fighting for?” he inquired.

“For TEXAS.”

“Texas be d—d; but hurrah for General Jackson!” and with this exclamation he threw himself back again upon his wooden pillow, and was soon snoring in a profound slumber.

Making a platform composed of sticks of wood upon the soft mud, I stripped myself to the skin, wringing the water from each garment as I proceeded. I then commenced drying them by the fire in the order that they were replaced upon my body, an employment 92 that occupied me until daylight, which sign, above the high mountain to the east, down which we had rolled rather than marched yesterday, I was truly rejoiced to see. Distance 3 miles.

December 26.—Parties were detailed early this morning, and despatched up the mountain to bring down the cannon, and collect the living horses and baggage. The destruction of horse-flesh, by those who witnessed the scene by daylight, is described as frightful. In some places large numbers of dead horses were piled together. In others, horses half buried in the mud of the ravines, or among the rocks, were gasping in the agonies of death. The number of dead animals is variously estimated

at from seventy-five to one hundred and fifty, by different persons. The cannon, most of the missing baggage, and the living horses, were all brought in by noon. The day was busily employed in cleansing our rifles and pistols, and drying our drenched baggage.

December 27. Preparations were commenced early for the resumption of our march; but such was the condition of everything around us, that it was two o'clock, P.M., before the battalion was in readiness; and then so great had been the loss of horses in various ways, that the number remaining was insufficient to mount the men. One or two companies, and portions of others, were compelled to march on foot. We were visited during the forenoon by Mr. Sparks, an American, Dr. Den, an Irishman, and Mr. Burton, another American, residents of Santa Barbara. They had been suffered by the Californians to remain in the place. Their information communicated to us was, that the town was deserted of nearly all its population. A few houses only were occupied. Passing down a beautiful and fertile undulating plain, we encamped just before sunset in a live-oak grove, about half a mile from the town of Santa Barbara. Strict orders were issued by Col. Fremont, that the property and the persons of Californians, not found in arms, should be sacredly respected. To prevent all collisions, no soldier was allowed to pass the lines of the camp without special permission, or orders from his officers.

I visited the town before dark, but found the houses, with few exceptions, closed, and the streets deserted. After hunting about some time, we discovered a miserable dwelling, occupied by a shoemaker and his family, open. Entering it, we were very kindly received by its occupants, who, with a princely supply of civility, possessed but a beggarly array of comforts. At our request they provided for us a supper of *tortillas*, *frijoles*, and stewed *carne* seasoned with *chile colorado*, for which, paying them *dos pesos* for four, we bade them good evening, all parties being well satisfied. The family consisted, exclusive of the shoemaker, of a dozen women and children, of all ages. The women, from the accounts they had received of the intentions of the Americans, were evidently unprepared for civil treatment from them. They expected to be dealt with in a very barbarous manner, *in all respects*; but they were disappointed, and invited us to visit them again. Distance 8 miles.

CHAPTER XI.

Santa Barbara—Picturesque situation—Fertility of the country—Climate—Population—Society—Leave Santa Barbara—Rincon—Grampus—Mission of St. Buenaventura—Fine gardens—Meet a party of mounted Californians—They retreat before us—Abundance of maize—Arrival of couriers from Com. Stockton—Effects of war upon the country—More of the enemy in sight—News of the capture of Los Angeles, by Gen. Kearny and Com. Stockton—Mission of San Fernando—The Maguey—Capitulation of the Californians—Arrive at Los Angeles—General reflections upon the march—Meet with old acquaintances.

THE battalion remained encamped at Santa Barbara, from the 27th of December to the 3rd of January, 1847. The U.S. flag was raised in the public square of the town the day after our arrival.

The town of Santa Barbara is beautifully situated for the picturesque, about one mile from the shore of a roadstead, which affords anchorage for vessels of any size, and a landing for boats in calm weather. During stormy weather, or the prevalence of strong winds from the south-east, vessels, for safety, are compelled to stand out to sea. A fertile plain extends some twenty or thirty miles up and down the coast, varying in breadth from two to ten miles, and bounded on the east by a range of high mountains. The population of the town I should judge, from the number of houses, to be about 1200 souls. Most of the houses are constructed of adobes, in the usual architectural style of Mexican buildings. Some of them, however, are more Americanized, and have some pretensions to tasteful architecture, and comfortable and convenient interior arrangement. Its commerce, I presume, is limited to the export of hides and tallow produced upon the surrounding plain; and the commodities received in exchange for these 93 from the traders on the coast. Doubtless, new and yet undeveloped sources of wealth will be discovered hereafter that will render this town of much greater importance than it is at present.

On the coast, a few miles above Santa Barbara, there are, I have been told, immense quantities of pure bitumen or mineral tar, which, rising in the ocean, has been thrown upon the shore by the waves, where in a concrete state, like resin, it has accumulated in inexhaustible masses. There are,

doubtless, many valuable minerals in the neighbouring mountains, which, when developed by enterprise, will add greatly to the wealth and importance of the town. For intelligence, refinement, and civilization, the population, it is said, will compare advantageously with any in California. Some old and influential Spanish families are residents of this place; but their *casas*, with the exception of that of Senor Don José Noriega, the largest house in the place, are now closed and deserted. Senor N. is one of the oldest and most respectable citizens of California, having filled the highest offices in the government of the country. One of his daughters is a resident of New York, having married Alfred Robinson, Esq., of that city, author of "Life in California."

The climate, judging from the indications while we remained here, must be delightful, even in winter. With the exception of one day, which was tempestuous, the temperature at night did not fall below 50°, and during the day the average was between 60° and 70°. The atmosphere was perfectly clear and serene, the weather resembling that of the pleasant days of April in the same latitude on the Atlantic side of the continent. It is a peculiarity of the Mexicans that they allow no shade or ornamental trees to grow near their houses. In none of the streets of the towns or missions through which I have passed has there been a solitary tree standing. I noticed very few horticultural attempts in Santa Barbara. At the mission, about two miles distant, which is an extensive establishment and in good preservation, I was told that there were fine gardens, producing most of the varieties of fruits of the tropical and temperate climates.

Several Californians came into camp and offered to deliver themselves up. They were permitted to go at large. They represented that the Californian force at the south was daily growing weaker from dissensions and desertions. The United States prize-schooner Julia arrived on the 30th, from which was landed a cannon for the use of the battalion. It has, however, to be mounted on wheels, and the gear necessary for hauling it has to be made in the camp. Reports were current in camp on the 31st, that the Californians intended to meet and fight us at San Buenaventura, about thirty miles distant. On the 1st of January, the Indians of the mission and town celebrated new-year's day, by a procession, music, etc. They marched from the mission to the town, and through most of the empty and otherwise silent streets. Among the airs they played was "Yankee Doodle."

January 3.—A beautiful spring-like day. We resumed our march at 11 o'clock, and encamped in a live-oak grove about ten miles south of Santa-Barbara. Our route has been generally near the shore of the ocean. Timber is abundant, and the grass and other vegetation luxuriant. Distance 10 miles.

January 4.—At the “Rincon,” or passage between two points of land jutting into the ocean, so narrow that at high tides the surf dashes against the nearly perpendicular bases of the mountains which bound the shore, it has been supposed the hostile Californians would make a stand, the position being so advantageous to them. The road, if road it can be called, where all marks of hoofs or wheels are erased by each succeeding tide, runs along a hard sand-beach, with occasional projections of small points of level ground, ten or fifteen miles, and the surf, even when the tide has fallen considerably, frequently reaches to the bellies of the horses. Some demonstration has been confidently expected here, but we encamped in this pass the first day without meeting an enemy or seeing a sign of one. Our camp is close to the ocean, and the roar of the surf, as it dashes against the shore, is like that of an immense cataract. Hundreds of the grampus whale are sporting a mile or two distant from the land, spouting up water and spray to a great height, in columns resembling steam from the escape-pipes of steam-boats. Distance 6 miles.

January 5.—The prize-schooner Julia was lying off in sight this morning, for the purpose of co-operating with us, should there be any attempt on the part of the enemy to interrupt the march of the battalion. We reached the mission of San Buenaventura, and encamped a short distance from it at two o'clock. Soon after, a small party of Californians exhibited 94 themselves on an elevation just beyond the mission. The battalion was immediately called to arms, and marched out to meet hem. But, after the discharge of the two field-pieces, they scampered away like a flock of antelopes, and the battalion returned to camp, with none killed or wounded on either side. Under the belief that there was a larger force of Californians encamped at a distance of some five or six miles, and that during the night they might attempt a surprise, or plant cannon on the summit of a hill about a mile from camp, so as to annoy us, a party, of which I was one, was detached, after dark, to occupy the hill secretly. We marched around the mission as privately as possible, and took our position on the hill, where we remained all night without the least disturbance, except by the tempestuous

wind, which blew a blast so cold and piercing as almost to congeal the blood. When the sun rose in the morning, I could see, far out in the ocean, three vessels scudding before the gale like phantom ships. One of these was the little schooner that had been waiting upon us while marching along the “Rincon.” Distance 14 miles.

January 6.—The wind has blown a gale in our faces all day, and the clouds of dust have been almost blinding. The mission of San Buenaventura does not differ, in its general features, from those of other establishments of the same kind heretofore described. There is a large garden, inclosed by a high wall, attached to the mission, in which I noticed a great variety of fruit-trees and ornamental shrubbery. There are also numerous inclosures, for cultivation, by willow hedges. The soil, when properly tilled, appears to be highly productive. This mission is situated about two miles from the shore of a small bay or indentation of the coast, on the edge of a plain or valley watered by the Rio Santa Clara, which empties into the Pacific at this point. A chain of small islands, from ten to twenty miles from the shore, commences at Santa Barbara, and extends south along the coast, to the bay of San Pedro. These islands present to the eye a barren appearance. At present the only inhabitants of the mission are a few Indians, the white population having abandoned it on our approach, with the exception of one man, who met us yesterday and surrendered himself a prisoner.

Proceeding up the valley about seven miles from the mission, we discovered at a distance a party of sixty or seventy mounted Californians, drawn up in order on the bank of the river. This, it was conjectured, might be only a portion of a much larger force stationed here, and concealed in a deep ravine which runs across the valley, or in the *canadas* of the hills on our left. Scouting-parties mounted the hills, for the purpose of ascertaining if such was the case. In the mean time, the party of Californians on our right scattered themselves over the plain, prancing their horses, waving their swords, banners, and lances, and performing a great variety of equestrian feats. They were mounted on fine horses, and there are no better horsemen, if as good, in the world, than Californians. They took especial care, however, to keep beyond the reach of cannon-shot. The battalion wheeled to the left for the purpose of crossing a point of hills jutting into the plain, and taking the supposed concealed party of the enemy on their flank. It was, however, found impracticable to cross the hills with the cannon; and, returning to the plain, the march was continued, the Californians still

prancing and performing their antics in our faces. Our horses were so poor and feeble that it was impossible to chase them with any hope of success. As we proceeded, they retreated. Some of the Indian scouts, among whom were a Delaware named Tom, who distinguished himself in the engagement near San Juan, and a Californian Indian named Gregorio, rode towards them; and two or three guns were discharged on both sides, but without any damage, the parties not being within dangerous gun-shot distance of each other. The Californians then formed themselves in a body, and soon disappeared behind some hills on our right. We encamped about four o'clock in the valley, the wind blowing almost a hurricane, and the dust flying so as nearly to blind us. Distance 9 miles.

January 7.—Continuing our march up the valley, we encamped near the rancho of Carrillo, where we found an abundance of corn, wheat, and frijoles. The house was shut up, having been deserted by its proprietor, who is said to be connected with the rebellion. Californian scouts were seen occasionally today on the summits of the hills south of us. Distance 7 miles.

January 8.—Another tempestuous day. I do not remember ever to have experienced such disagreeable effects from the wind and the clouds of dust in which we were constantly enveloped, driving into our faces without intermission. We encamped this afternoon in a grove of willows near a rancho, where, as yesterday, we found corn and beans in abundance. Our horses, consequently, fare well, and we fare better than we have done. One-fourth of the battalion, exclusive of the regular guard, is kept under arms during the night, to be prepared against surprises and night-attacks. Distance 12 miles.

January 9.—Early this morning Captain Hamley, accompanied by a Californian as a guide, came into camp, with despatches from Commodore Stockton. The exact purport of these despatches I never learned, but it was understood that the commodore, in conjunction with General Kearny, was marching upon Los Angeles, and that, if they had not already reached and taken that town (the present capital of California), they were by this time in its neighbourhood. Captain Hamley passed, last night, the encampment of a party of Californians in our rear. He landed from a vessel at Santa Barbara, and from thence followed us to this place by land. We encamped this afternoon at a rancho, situated on the edge of a fertile and finely watered plain of considerable extent, where we

found corn, wheat, and frijoles in great abundance. The rancho was owned and occupied by an aged Californian, of commanding and respectable appearance; I could not but feel compassion for the venerable old man, whose sons were now all absent and engaged in the war, while he, at home and unsupported, was suffering the unavoidable inconveniences and calamities resulting from an army being quartered upon him.

As we march south there appears to be a larger supply of wheat, maize, beans, and barley in the granaries of the ranchos. More attention is evidently given to the cultivation of the soil here than farther north, although neither the soil nor climate is so well adapted to the raising of crops. The Californian spies have shown themselves at various times today, on the summits of the hills on our right. Distance 12 miles.

January 10.—Crossing the plain, we encamped, about two o'clock P.M., in the mouth of a *canada*, through which we ascend over a difficult pass in a range of elevated hills between us and the plain of San Fernando, or Couenga. Some forty or fifty mounted Californians exhibited themselves on the summit of the pass during the afternoon. They were doubtless a portion of the same party that we met several days ago, just below San Buenaventura. A large number of cattle were collected in the plain and corralled, to be driven along to-morrow for subsistence. Distance 10 miles.

January 11.—The battalion this morning was divided into two parties; the main-body, on foot, marching over a ridge of hills to the right of the road or trail; and the artillery, horses and baggage, with an advance-guard and escort, marching by the direct route. We found the pass narrow, and easily to be defended by brave and determined men against a greatly superior force; but when we had mounted the summit of the ridge there was no enemy, nor the sign of one, in sight. Descending into a *canada* on the other side, we halted until the main body came up to us, and then the whole force was again reunited, and the march continued.

Emerging from the hills, the advance party to which I was attached met two Californians, bareheaded, riding in great haste. They stated that they were from the mission of San Fernando; that the Californian forces had met the American forces under the command of General Kearny

and Commodore Stockton, and had been defeated after two days' fighting; and that the Americans had yesterday marched into Los Angeles. They requested to be conducted immediately to Colonel Fremont, which request was complied with. A little farther on we met a Frenchman, who stated that he was the bearer of a letter from General Kearny, at Los Angeles, to Colonel Fremont. He confirmed the statement we had just heard, and was permitted to pass. Continuing our march, we entered the mission of San Fernando at one o'clock and in about two hours the main body arrived, and the whole battalion encamped in the mission buildings.

The buildings and gardens belonging to this mission are in better condition than those of any of these establishments I have seen. There are two extensive gardens, surrounded by high walls; and a stroll through them afforded a most delightful contrast from the usually uncultivated landscape we have been travelling through for so long a time. Here were brought together most of the fruits and many of the plants of the temperate and tropical climates. Although not the season of flowers, still the roses were in bloom. Oranges, lemons, figs, and olives hung upon the trees, and the blood—red *tuna*, or prickly-pear, looked very tempting. Among the 96 plants I noticed the American aloe (*argave Americana*), which is otherwise called *maguey*. From this plant, when it attains maturity, a saccharine liquor is extracted, which is manufactured into a beverage called *pulque*, and is much prized by Mexicans. The season of grapes has passed, but there are extensive vineyards at this mission. I drank, soon after my arrival, a glass of red wine manufactured here, of a good quality.

The mission of San Fernando is situated at the head of an extensive and very fertile plain, judging from the luxuriance of the grass and other vegetation now springing up. I noticed in the granary from which our horses were supplied with food many thousand bushels of corn. The ear is smaller than that of the corn of the Southern States. It resembles the maize cultivated in the Northern States, the kernel being hard and polished. Large herds of cattle and sheep were grazing upon the plain in sight of the mission.

January 12.—This morning two Californian officers, accompanied by Tortaria Pico, who marched with us from San Luis Obispo, came to the mission to treat for peace. A consultation was held and

terms were suggested, and, as I understand, partly agreed upon, but not concluded. The officers left in the afternoon.

January 13.—We continued our march, and encamped near a deserted rancho at the foot of Couenga plain. Soon after we halted, the Californian peace-commissioners appeared, and the terms of peace and capitulation were finally agreed upon and signed by the respective parties. They were as follows:—

ARTICLES OF CAPITULATION,

Made and entered into at the Ranch of Couenga, this thirteenth day of January, eighteen hundred and forty-seven, between P. B. Reading, major; Louis M'Lane, junr., commanding 3rd Artillery; William H. Russell, ordnance officer—commissioners appointed by J. C. Fremont, Colonel United States Army, and Military Commandant of California; and José Antonio Carillo, commandant esquadron; Augustin Olivera, diputado—commissioners appointed by Don Andres Pico, Commander-in-chief of the Californian forces under the Mexican flag.

Article 1st. The Commissioners on the part of the Californians agree that their entire force shall, on presentation of themselves to Lieutenant-Colonel Fremont, deliver up their artillery and public arms, and that they shall return peaceably to their homes, conforming to the laws and regulations of the United States, and not again take up arms during the war between the United States and Mexico, but will assist and aid in placing the country in a state of peace and tranquility.

Art. 2nd. The Commissioners on the part of Lieutenant-Colonel Fremont agree and bind themselves, on the fulfilment of the 1st Article by the Californians, that they shall be guaranteed protection of life and property, whether on parole or otherwise.

Article 3rd. That until a Treaty of Peace be made and signed between the United States of North America and the Republic of Mexico, no Californian or other Mexican citizen shall be bound to take the oath of allegiance.

Article 4th. That any Californian or citizen of Mexico, desiring, is permitted by this capitulation to leave the country without let or hinderance.

Article 5th. That, in virtue of the aforesaid articles, equal rights and privileges are vouchsafed to every citizen of California, as are enjoyed by the citizens of the United States of North America.

Article 6th. All officers, citizens, foreigners or others, shall receive the protection guaranteed by the 2nd Article.

Article 7th. This capitulation is intended to be no bar in effecting such arrangements as may in future be in justice required by both parties.

ADDITIONAL ARTICLE.

Ciudad de Los Angeles, Jan. 16th, 1847.

That the paroles of all officers, citizens and others, of the United States, and naturalized citizens of Mexico, are by this foregoing capitulation cancelled, and every condition of said paroles, from and after this date, are of no further force and effect, and all prisoners of both parties are hereby released.

P. B. READING, Maj. Cal'a. Battalion.

LOUIS M'LANE, Com'd. Artillery.

WM. H. RUSSELL, Ordnance Officer.

JOSE ANTONIO CARILLO, Comd't. of Squadron.

AUGUSTIN OLIVERA, Deputado.

Approved,

J. C. FREMONT, Lieut.-Col. U.S. Army, and Military Commandant of California.

ANDRES PICO, Commandant of Squadron and Chief of the National Forces of California.

The next morning a brass howitzer was brought into camp, and delivered. What other arms were given up I cannot say, for I saw none. Nor can I speak as to the number of Californians who were in the field under the command of Andres Pico when the articles of capitulation were signed, for they were never in sight of us after we reached San Fernando. Distance 12 miles.

January 14.—It commenced raining heavily this morning. Crossing a ridge of hills, we entered the magnificent undulating plain surrounding the city of Angels, now verdant with a carpet of fresh vegetation. Among other plants I noticed the mustard, and an immense quantity of the common pepper-grass of our gardens. We passed several warm springs which throw up large quantities of bitumen or mineral tar. Urging our jaded animals through the mud and water, which in places was very deep, we reached the town about 3 o'clock.

A more miserably clad, wretchedly provided, and unprepossessing military host, 97 probably never entered a civilized city. In all, except our order, department, and arms, we might have been mistaken for a procession of tatterdemalions, or a tribe of Nomades from Tartary. There were not many of us so fortunate as to have in our possession an entire outside garment; and several were without hats or shoes, or a complete covering to their bodies. But that we had at last reached the terminus of a long and laborious march, attended with hardships, exposure, and privation rarely suffered, was a matter of such heartfelt congratulation, that these comparatively trifling inconveniences were not thought of. Men never, probably, in the entire history of military transactions, bore these privations with more fortitude or uttered fewer complaints.

We had now arrived at the abode of the *celestials*, if the interpretation of the name of the place could be considered as indicative of the character of its population, and drenched with rain and plastered with mud, we entered the “City of the Angels,” and marched through its principal street to our temporary quarters. We found the town, as we expected, in the possession of the United States

naval and military forces under the command of Commodore Stockton and General Kearny, who, after two engagements with six hundred mounted Californians on the 8th and 9th, had marched into the city on the 10th. The town was almost entirely deserted by its inhabitants, and most of the houses, except those belonging to foreigners, or occupied as quarters for the troops, were closed. I met here many of the naval officers whose agreeable acquaintance I had made at San Francisco. Among others were Lieutenants Thompson, Hunter, Gray and Rhenshaw, and Captain Zeilin of the marines, all of whom had marched from San Diego. Distance 12 miles.

CHAPTER XII.

City of Angels—Gardens—Vineyards—Produce of the vine in California—General products of the country—Reputed personal charms of the females of Los Angeles—San Diego—Gold and quicksilver mines—Lower California—Bituminous springs—Wines—A Kentuckian among the angels—Missions of San Gabriel and San Luis Rey—Gen. Kearny and Com. Stockton leave for San Diego—Col. Fremont appointed Governor of California by Com. Stockton—Com. Shubrick's arrival—Insurrection in the northern part of California suppressed—Arrival of Col. Cooke at San Diego.

LA CIUDAD DE LOS ANGELES is the largest town in California, containing between fifteen hundred and two thousand inhabitants. Its streets are laid out without any regard to regularity. The buildings are generally constructed of adobes one and two stories high, with flat roofs. The public buildings are a church, quartel, and government house. Some of the dwelling-houses are frames, and large. Few of them, interiorly or exteriorly, have any pretensions to architectural taste, finish, or convenience of plan and arrangement. The town is situated about 20 miles from the ocean, in a extensive undulating plain, bounded on the north by a ridge of elevated hills, on the east by high mountains whose summits are now covered with snow, on the west by the ocean, and stretching to the south and the south-east as far as the eye can reach. The Rio St. Gabriel flows near the town. This stream is skirted with numerous vineyards and gardens, inclosed by willow hedges. The gardens produce a great variety of tropical fruits and plants. The yield of the vineyards is very abundant; and a large quantity of wines of a good quality and flavour, and *aguardiente*, are

manufactured here. Some of the vineyards, I understand, contain as many as twenty thousand vines. The produce of the vine in California will, undoubtedly, in a short time form an important item in its exports and commerce. The soil and climate, especially of the southern portion of the country, appear to be peculiarly adapted to the culture of the grape.

We found in Los Angeles an abundance of maize, wheat, and *frijoles*, showing that the surrounding country is highly productive of these important articles of subsistence. There are no mills, however, in this vicinity, the universal practice of Californian families being to grind their corn by hand; and consequently flour and bread are very scarce, and not to be obtained in any considerable quantities. The only garden vegetables which I saw while here were onions, potatoes, and *chile colorado*, or red pepper, which enters very largely into the *cuisine* of the country. I do not doubt, however, that every description of garden vegetables can be produced here, in perfection and abundance.

While I remained at Los Angeles, I boarded with two or three other officers at the house of a Mexican Californian, the late alcalde of the town, whose political functions had ceased. He was a thin, delicate, amiable, and very polite gentleman, treating us with much courtesy, for which we paid him, when his bill was presented, a very liberal 98 compensation. In the morning we were served, on a common deal table, with a cup of coffee and a plate of *tortillas*. At eleven o'clock, a more substantial meal was provided, consisting of stewed beef, seasoned with *chile colorado*, a rib of roasted beef, and a plate of *frijoles* with *tortillas*, and a bottle of native wine. Our supper was a second edition of the eleven o'clock entertainment.

The town being abandoned by most of its population, and especially by the better class of the female portion of it, those who remained, which I saw, could not, without injustice, be considered as fair specimens of *the angels*, which are reputed here to inhabit. I did not happen to see one beautiful or even comely-looking woman in the place; but, as the fair descendants of Eve at Los Angeles have an exalted reputation for personal charms, doubtless the reason of the invisibility of the examples of feminine attractions, so far-famed and so much looked for by the sojourner, is to be ascribed to their "unavoidable absence," on account of the dangers and casualties of war. At this time, of course, everything in regard to society, as it usually exists here, is in a state of confusion

and disorganization, and no correct conclusions in reference to it can be drawn from observation under such circumstances.

The bay of San Pedro, about twenty-five miles south of Los Angeles, is the port of the town. The bay affords a good anchorage for vessels of any size; but it is not a safe harbour at all times, as I have been informed by experienced nautical men on this coast. San Gabriel River empties into the bay. The mission of San Gabriel is about twelve miles east of Los Angeles. It is represented as an extensive establishment of this kind, the lands surrounding and belonging to it being highly fertile. The mission of San Luis Rey is situated to the south, about midway between Los Angeles and San Diego. This mission, according to the descriptions which I have received of it, is more substantial and tasteful in its construction than any other in the country; and the gardens and grounds belonging to it are now in a high state of culétivation.

San Diego is the most southern town in Upper California. It is situated on the Bay of San Diego, in latitude 33° north. The country back of it is described by those who have travelled through it as sandy and arid, and incapable of supporting any considerable population. There are, however, it is reported on authority regarded as reliable, rich mines of quicksilver, copper, gold, and coal, in the neighbourhood, which, if such be the fact, will before long render the place one of considerable importance. The harbour, next to that of San Francisco, is the best on the Pacific coast of North America, between the Straits of Fuca and Acapulco.

For the following interesting account of Lower California I am indebted to Rodman M. Price, Esq., purser of the U.S. sloop-of-war Cyane, who has been connected with most of the important events which have recently taken place in Upper and Lower California, and whose observations and opinions are valuable and reliable. It will be seen that the observations of Mr. Price differ materially from the generally received opinions in reference to Lower California.

“Burlington, N.J., June 7, 1848.

“Dear Sir,—It affords me pleasure to give you all the information I have about Lower California, derived from personal observation at several of its ports that I have visited, in the U. S. ship *Cyane*, in 1846-47.

“Cape St. Lucas, the southern extremity of the peninsula of Lower California, is in lat. 22° 45' N., has a bay that affords a good harbour and anchorage, perfectly safe nine months in the year; but it is open to the eastward, and the hurricanes which sometimes occur during July, August, and September, blow the strongest from the southeast, so that vessels will not venture in the bay during the hurricane season. I have landed twice at the Cape in a small boat, and I think a breakwater can be built, at small cost, so as to make a safe harbour at all seasons. Stone can be obtained with great ease from three cones of rocks rising from the sea, and forming the extreme southerly point of the Cape, called the Frayles. Looking to the future trade and commerce of the Pacific Ocean, this great headland must become a most important point as a depôt for coal and merchandise, and a most convenient location for vessels trading on that coast to get their supplies. Mr. Ritchie, now residing there, supplies a large number of whale-ships that cruise off the Cape, annually, with fresh provisions, fruits, and water. The supplies are drawn from the valley of San José twenty miles north of the Cape, as the land in its immediate vicinity is mountainous and sterile; but the valley of San José is extensive and well cultivated, producing the greatest variety 99 of vegetables and fruits. The sweet and Irish potato, tomato, cabbage, lettuce, beans, peas, beets, and carrots are the vegetables; oranges, lemons, bananas, plantains, figs, dates, grapes, pomegranates, and olives are its fruits. Good beef and mutton are cheap. A large amount of sugar-cane is grown, from which is made *panoche*, a favourite sugar with the natives; it is the syrup from the cane boiled down, and run into cakes of a pound weight, and in appearance is like our maple-sugar.

“*Panoche*, cheese, olives, raisins, dried figs, and dates, put up in ceroons of hide, with the great staples of the Californians—hides and tallow—make the export of San José, which is carried to San Blas and Mazatlan, on the opposite coast. This commerce the presence of the *Cyane* interrupted, finding and capturing in the Bay of La Paz, just after the receipt of the news of war on that coast in September, 1846, sixteen small craft, laid up during the stormy season, engaged in this trade.

“I cannot dismiss the valley of San José, from which the crew of the *Cyane* have drawn so many luxuries, without alluding to the never-failing stream of excellent water that runs through it (to which it owes its productiveness) and empties into the Gulf here, and is easily obtained for shipping when the surf is low. It is now frequented by some of our whale ships, and European vessels bound to Mazatlan with cargoes usually stop here to get instructions from their consignees before appearing off the port; but vessels do not anchor during the three hurricane months. The view from seaward, up this valley, is beautiful indeed, being surrounded by high barren mountains, which is the general appearance of the whole peninsula, and gives the impression that the whole country is without soil, and unproductive. When your eye gets a view of this beautiful, fertile, cultivated, rich, green valley, producing all the fruits and vegetables of the earth, Lower California stock rises. To one that has been at sea for months, on salt grub, the sight of this bright spot of cultivated acres, with the turkeys, ducks, chickens, eggs, vegetables, and fruit, makes him believe the country an *Eldorado*. Following up the coast on the Gulf side, after passing Cape Polmo, good anchorage is found between the peninsula and the island of Cerralbo. Immediately to the north of this island is the entrance to the great and beautiful bay of La Paz. It has two entrances, one to the north and one to the south of the island of Espiritu Santo. The northern one is the boldest and safest for all craft drawing over twelve feet. The town of La Paz is at the bottom or south side of the bay, about twenty miles from the mouth. The bay is a large and beautiful sheet of water. The harbour of Pichelinque, of perfect millpond stillness, is formed inside of this bay. The *Cyane* lay at this quiet anchorage several days.

“Pearl-fishing is the chief employment of the inhabitants about the bay, and the pearls are said to be of superior quality. I was shown a necklace, valued at two thousand dollars, taken in this water. They are all found by diving. The *Yake* Indians are the best divers, going down in eight-fathom water. The pearl shells are sent to China, and are worth, at La Paz, one dollar and a half the *arroba*, or twenty-five pounds. Why it is a submarine diving apparatus has not been employed in this fishery, with all its advantages over Indian diving, I cannot say. Yankee enterprise has not yet reached this new world. I cannot say this either, as a countryman of ours, Mr. Davis, living at Loretta, has been a most successful pearl-fisher, employing more Indians than any one else engaged

in the business. I am sorry to add that he has suffered greatly by the war. The country about La Paz is a good grazing country, but very dry. The mountains in the vicinity are said to be very rich in minerals. Some silver mines near San Antonio, about forty miles south, are worked, and produce well. La Paz may export one hundred thousand dollars a-year of *plata pina*. Gold-dust and virgin gold are brought to La Paz. The copper and lead mines are numerous and rich. To the north of La Paz are numerous safe and good harbours. Escondida, Loretta, and Muleje are all good harbours, formed by the islands in front of the main land.

“The island of Carmen, lying in front of Loretta, has a large salt lake, which has a solid salt surface of several feet thickness. The salt is of good quality, is cut out like ice, and it could supply the world. It has heretofore been a monopoly to the governor of Lower California, who employed convicts to get out the salt and put it on the beach ready for shipping. It is carried about a quarter of a mile, and is sent to Mazatlan and San Blas. A large quantity of salt is used in producing silver. To the north of Muleje, which is nearly opposite Guymas, the gulf is so much narrower that it is a harbour itself. No accurate 100 survey has ever been made of it—indeed, all the peninsula, as well as the coast of Upper California, is laid down wrong on the charts, being about twelve miles too far easterly. The English Government now have two naval ships engaged in surveying the Gulf of California.

“On the Pacific coast of the peninsula there is the great Bay of Magdalena, which has fine harbours, but no water, provisions, or inhabitants. Its shores are high barren mountains, said to possess great mineral wealth. A fleet of whale-ships have been there during the winter months of the last two years, for a new species of whale that are found there, represented as rather a small whale, producing forty or fifty barrels of oil; and, what is most singular, I was assured, by most respectable whaling captains, that the oil is a good paint-oil (an entire new quality for fish-oil). Geographically and commercially, Lower California must become very valuable. It will be a constant source of regret to this country, that it is not included in the treaty of peace just made with Mexico. We have held and governed it during the war, and the boundary of Upper California cuts the head of the Gulf of California, so that Lower California is left entirely disconnected with the Mexican territory.

“Cape St. Lucas is the great headland of the Pacific Ocean, and is destined to be the Gibraltar and entrepot of that coast, or perhaps La Paz may be preferred, on account of its superior harbour. As a possession to any foreign power, I think Lower California more valuable than the group of the Sandwich Islands. It has as many arable acres as that group of islands, with rich mines, pearl-fishing, fine bays and harbours, with equal health, and all their productions. As a country, it is dry, mountainous, and sterile, yet possessing many fine valleys like San José, as the old mission establishments indicate. I have heard Todas Santos, Commondee, Santa Guadalupe, and others, spoken of as being more extensive, and as productive as San José.

“I am, most faithfully and truly, yours,

“RODMAN M. PRICE.”

In the vicinity of Los Angeles there are a number of warm springs which throw out and deposit large quantities of bitumen or mineral tar. This substance, when it cools, becomes hard and brittle like resin. Around some of these springs many acres of ground are covered with this deposit to the depth of several feet. It is a principal material in the roofing of houses. When thrown upon the fire, it ignites immediately, emitting a smoke like that from turpentine, and an odour like that from bituminous coal. This mineral, so abundant in California, may one day become a valuable article of commerce.

There are no reliable statistics in California. The traveller is obliged to form his estimate of matters and things chiefly from his own observation. You can place but little reliance upon information derived from the population, even when they choose to answer your questions; and most generally the response to your inquiries is—“*Quien sabe?*” (who knows?) No Californian troubles his brains about these matters. The quantity of wines and *aguardiente* produced by the vineyards and distilleries, at and near Los Angeles, must be considerable—basing my estimate upon the statement of Mr. Wolfskill, an American gentleman residing here, and whose house and vineyard I visited. Mr. W.'s vineyard is young, and covers about forty acres of ground, the number of vines being 4,000 or 5,000. From the produce of these, he told me, that last year he made 180 casks of wine,

and the same quantity of *aguardiente*. A cask here is sixteen gallons. When the vines mature, their produce will be greatly increased. Mr. W.'s vineyard is doubtless a model of its kind. It was a delightful recreation to stroll through it, and among the tropical fruit-trees bordering its walks. His house, too, exhibited an air of cleanliness and comfort, and a convenience of arrangement not often met with in this country. He set out for our refreshment three or four specimens of his wines, some of which would compare favourably with the best French and Madeira wines. The *aguardiente* and peach-brandy, which I tasted, of his manufacture, being mellowed by age, were of an excellent flavour. The quantity of wine and *aguardiente* produced in California, I would suppose, amounted to 100,000 casks of sixteen gallons, or 1,600,000 gallons. This quantity by culture can be increased indefinitely.

It was not possible to obtain at Los Angeles a piece of woollen cloth sufficiently large for a pair of pantaloons, or a pair of shoes, which would last a week. I succeeded, after searching through all the shops of the town, in procuring some black cotton velvet, for four yards of which I paid the sum of 12 dollars. In the United States the same article would probably have cost 1.50 dollar. For four dollars more I succeeded in getting the pantaloons made up by an American tailor, who came into the country with General Kearny's forces. A Rocky Mountain trapper and trader (Mr. Goodyear), who has established himself near the Salt Lake since I passed there last year, fortunately arrived at Los Angeles, bringing with him a quantity of dressed deer and elk skins, which were purchased for clothing for the nearly naked soldiers.

Among the houses I visited while here, was that of Mr. Pryor, an American, and a native of Louisville, Ky. He has been a resident of the country between twenty and thirty years, but his Kentucky manners, frankness, and hospitality still adhere to him.

I remained at Los Angeles from the 14th to the 29th of January. During this time, with the exception of three days, the weather and temperature were pleasant. It rained one day, and during two days the winds blew strong and cold from the north-west. The nights are cool, but fires are not requisite to comfort. The snow-clad mountains, about twenty-five or thirty miles to the east of us, contrast singularly with the brilliant fresh verdure of the plain.

On the 18th of January General Kearny, with the dragoons, left for San Diego. There was understood to be a difference between General Kearny and Commodore Stockton, and General Kearny and Colonel Fremont, in regard to their respective powers and duties; which, as the whole subject has subsequently undergone a thorough investigation, and the result made public, it is unnecessary for me to allude to more particularly. I did not converse with General Kearny while he was at Los Angeles, and consequently possessed no other knowledge of his views and intentions, or of the powers with which he had been invested by the President, than what I derived from report.

On the 19th, Commodore Stockton and suite, with a small escort, left for San Diego. Soon after his departure the battalion was paraded, and the appointment of Colonel Fremont as governor of California, and Colonel W. H. Russell, as secretary of state, by Commodore Stockton, was read to them by Colonel Russell. It was announced, also, that, although Colonel Fremont had accepted the office of chief civil magistrate of California, he would still retain his military office, and command the battalion as heretofore.

Commodore Shubrick, however, arrived at Monterey on the 23rd of January, in the U.S. ship Independence, and, ranking above Commodore Stockton, assumed the chief command, as appears by the date of a general order published at Monterey, and written on board the United States ship Independence, on February 1st, thanking the volunteers for their services, and announcing the restoration of order. For I should state that an insurrection, headed by Don Francisco Sanchez, had broken out in the upper portion of California some time towards the last of December, which had been put down by a detachment of marines and volunteers. The insurgents had committed some outrages, and among other acts had taken prisoner Lieutenant W. A. Bartlett, acting Alcalde of San Francisco, with some other Americans. An account of the suppression of this affair I find in the "California" newspaper of February 6th, 1847, from which it appears, "that a party of one hundred and one men, commanded by Captain Ward Marston, of the United States marines, marched from San Francisco on the 29th December in search of the enemy, whom they discovered on the 2nd of January, about one hundred in number, on the plains of Santa Clara, under the command of Francisco Sanchez. An attack was immediately ordered. The enemy was forced to retire, which

they were able to do in safety, after some resistance, in consequence of their superior horses. The affair lasted about an hour, during which time we had one marine slightly wounded in the head, one volunteer of Captain Weber's command in the leg; and the enemy had one horse killed, and some of their forces supposed to be killed or wounded. In the evening the enemy sent in a flag of truce, with a communication, requesting an interview with the commanding officer of the expedition the next day, which was granted, when an armistice was entered into, preparatory to a settlement of the difficulties. On the 3rd, the expedition was reinforced by the mounted Monterey volunteers, fifty-five men, under the command of Captain W.A.T. Maddox, and on the 7th, by the arrival of Lieutenant Grayson with fifteen men, attached to Captain Maddox's company. On the 8th a treaty was concluded, by which the enemy surrendered Lieutenant Bartlett, and the other prisoners, as well as all their arms, including one small field-piece, their ammunition and accoutrements, and were permitted to return peaceably to their homes, and the expedition to their respective posts.”

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A list of the expedition which marched from San Francisco is given as follows:—Captain Ward Marston, commandant; Assistant-surgeon J. Duval, aide-de-camp. A detachment of United States marines, under command of Lieutenant Tansil, thirty-four men; artillery, consisting of one field-piece, under the charge of Master William F. De Iongh, assisted by Mid. John M. Kell, ten men; Interpreter John Pray; mounted company of San José volunteers, under command of Captain C. M. Weber, Lieutenant John Murphy, and acting Lieutenant John Reed, thirty-three men; mounted company of Yerba Buena volunteers, under command of Captain William M. Smith, Lieutenant John Rose, with a small detachment under Captain J. Martin, twelve men.

Thus ended the insurrections, if resistance against invasion can properly be so called, in Upper California.

On the 20th January, the force of sailors and marines which had marched with Commodore Stockton and General Kearny left Los Angeles, to embark at San Pedro for San Diego. On the 21st a national salute was fired by the artillery company belonging to the battalion, in honour of Governor Fremont. On the 22nd, letters were received from San Diego, stating that Colonel Cooke,

who followed General Kearny from Santa Fé with a force of four hundred Mormon volunteers, had reached the neighbourhood of that place. Having applied for my discharge from the battalion as soon as we reached Los Angeles, I received it on the 29th, on which day, in company with Captain Hastings, I set out on my return to San Francisco, designing to leave that place on the first favourable opportunity for the United States.

CHAPTER XIII.

Leave Los Angeles for San Francisco—Don Andres Pico—A Californian returning from the wars—Domestic life at a rancho—Women in favour of peace—Hospitable treatment—Fandango—Singular custom—Arrive at Santa Barbara—Lost in a fog—Valley of the Salinas—Californians wanting Yankee wives—High waters—Arrive at San Francisco.

We left Los Angeles late in the afternoon of the 29th of January, with two Indian vaqueros, on miserable broken-down horses (the best we could obtain), and encamped at the deserted rancho at the foot of Couenga plain, where the treaty of peace had been concluded. After we had been here some time, two Indians came to the house, who had been sent by the proprietor of the rancho to herd the cattle. Having nothing to eat with us, a tempting offer prevailed upon the Indians to milk one of the cows; and we made our supper and our breakfast next morning on milk. Both of our Indian vaqueros deserted in the night, carrying with them sundry articles of clothing placed in their charge. A few days have made a great change in the appearance of the country. The fresh grass is now several inches in height, and many flowers are in bloom. The sky is bright, and the temperature is delightful.

On the 30th of January, leaving the mission of San Fernando on our right, at a distance of eight or ten miles, we followed the usually travelled trail next to the hills, on the western side of the plain. As we were passing near a rancho, a well-dressed Californian rode out to us, and, after examining the horses of our miserable *caballada*, politely claimed one of them as his property. He was told that the horse was drawn from the public *caballada*, at Los Angeles, and could not be given up. This seemed to satisfy him. After some further conversation, he informed us, that he was Don

Andres Pico, the late leader and general of the Californians. The expression of his countenance is intelligent and prepossessing, and his address and manners courteous and pleasing. Shaking hands, and bidding us a very earnest *adios*, he put spurs to his horse and galloped away.

We were soon after overtaken by a young Californian, who appeared at first rather doubtful whether or not he should make our acquaintance. The ice being broken, however, he became very loquacious and communicative. He stated that he was returning to his home near Santa Barbara, from the wars, in which he had been engaged against his will. The language that he used was, that he, with many others of his acquaintances, were forced to take up arms by the leading men of the country. He was in the two battles of the 8th and 9th of January, below Los Angeles; and he desired never to be in any more battles. He was heartily rejoiced that there was peace, and hoped that there would never be any more wars. He travelled along with us until afternoon, when he fell behind, and we did not see him again until the next day.

After passing two or three deserted houses, we reached an inhabited rancho, situated at the extremity of a valley, and near a narrow 103 gorge in the hills, about four o'clock, and, our jaded animals performing duty with reluctance, we determined to halt for the night, if the prospect of obtaining anything to eat (of which we stood in much need) was flattering. Riding up to the house, a small adobe, with one room, and a shed for a kitchen, the *ranchero* and the *ranchera* came out and greeted us with a hearty "*Buena tardes, Senores, paisanos amigos,*" shaking hands, and inviting us at the same time to alight and remain for the night, which invitation we accepted. The kind-hearted *ranchera* immediately set about preparing supper for us. An Indian *muchacha*, was seated at the *metate* (handmill), which is one of the most important articles of the Californian culinary apparatus. While the *muchacha* ground, or rather crushed, the wheat between the stones, the *ranchera*, with a platter-shaped basket, cleansed it of dust, chaff, and all impure particles, by tossing the grain in the basket. The flour being manufactured and sifted through a *cedazo*, or coarse sieve, the labour of kneading the dough was performed by the *muchacha*. An iron plate was then placed over a rudely-constructed furnace, and the dough, being beaten by hand into *tortillas* (thin cakes), was baked upon this. What would American housewives say to such a system as this? The viands being prepared, they were set out upon a small table, at which we were invited to seat ourselves. The meal

consisted of *tortillas*, stewed jerk beef, with *chile* seasoning, milk, and *quesadillas*, or cheesecakes, green and tough as leather. However, our appetites were excellent, and we enjoyed the repast with a high relish.

Our host and hostess were very inquisitive in regard to the news from below, and as to what would be the effects of the conquest of the country by the Americans. The man stated that he and all his family had refused to join in the late insurrection. We told them that all was peaceable now; that there would be no more wars in California; that we were all Americans, all Californians — *hermanos, hermanas, amigos*. They expressed their delight at this information by numerous exclamations.

We asked the woman how much the dress which she wore, a miserable calico, cost her? She answered, “*seis pesos*” (six dollars). When we told her that in a short time, under the American government, she could purchase as good a one “*por un peso*,” she threw up her hands in astonishment, expressing by her features at the same time the most unbounded delight. Her entire wardrobe was soon brought forth, and the price paid for every article named. She then inquired what would be the cost of similar clothing under the American government, which we told her. As we replied, exclamation followed upon exclamation, expressive of her surprise and pleasure, and the whole was concluded with “*Viva los Americanos—viva los Americanos!*” I wore a large coarse woollen pea-jacket, which the man was very desirous to obtain, offering for it a fine horse. I declined the trade.

In the evening several of the brothers, sisters, and brothers and sisters-in-law of the family collected, and the guitar and violin, which were suspended from a beam in the house, were taken down, and we were entertained by a concert of instrumental and vocal music. Most of the tunes were such as are performed at *fandangos*. Some plaintive airs were played and sung with much pathos and expression, the whole party joining in the choruses. Although invited to occupy the only room in the house, we declined it, and spread our blankets on the outside.

The next morning (January 31st), when we woke, the sun was shining bright and warm, and the birds were singing gayly in the grove of evergreen oaks near the house. Having made ready to resume our journey, as delicately as possible we offered our kind hostess compensation for the trouble we had given her, which she declined, saying, that although they were not rich, they nevertheless had enough and to spare. We however insisted, and she finally accepted, with the condition that we would also accept of some of her *quesadillas* and *tortillas* to carry along with us. The *ranchero* mounted his horse and rode with us about three or four miles, to place us on the right trail, when, after inviting us very earnestly to call and see him again, and bidding us an affectionate *adios*, he galloped away.

Travelling over a hilly country, and passing the ruins of several deserted ranchos, the grounds surrounding which were strewn with the bones of slaughtered cattle, we reached, about five o'clock P.M., a cluster of houses in the valley of Santa Clara River, ten miles east of the mission of San Buenaventura. Here we stopped at the house of a man named Sanchez. Our arrival was thought to be worthy of notice, and it was accordingly celebrated in the evening by a *fandango* given at one of the houses, to which 104 we were invited. The company, to the number of some thirty or forty persons, young and old, were assembled in the largest room of the house, the floor being hard clay. The only furniture contained in the room was a bed and some benches, upon which the company seated themselves when not engaged in dancing.

Among the *senoritas* assembled were two daughters of an American named Chapman, who has been a resident of the country for many years. They were fair-skinned, and might be called handsome. An elder and married sister was also present. They called themselves Americans, although they did not speak our language, and seemed to be more proud of their American than their Spanish blood.

A singular custom prevails at these *fandangos*. It is this: during the intervals between the waltzes, quadrilles, and other dances, when the company is seated, a young lady takes the floor *solus*, and, after showing off her graces for general observation a few minutes, she approaches any gentleman she may select, and performs a variety of pirouettes and other Terpsichorean movements before

him for his especial amusement and admiration, until he places on her head his hat or cap, as the case may be, when she dances away with it. The hat or cap has afterwards to be redeemed by some present, and this usually is in money. Not dancing ourselves, we were favoured with numerous special exhibitions of this kind, the cost of each of which was *un peso*. With a long journey before us, and with purses in a nearly collapsed condition, the drafts upon us became so frequent, that at an early hour, under a plea of fatigue and want of rest, we thought it prudent to beat a retreat, leaving our fair and partial *fandangueras* to bestow their favours upon others better able to bear them. The motions of the Californian females of all classes in the dance are highly graceful. The waltz is their favourite measure, and in this they appear to excel as much as the men do in horsemanship. During the progress of the dance, the males and females improvise doggerel rhymes complimentary of the personal beauties and graces of those whom they admire, or expressive of their love and devotion, which are chanted with the music of the instruments, and the whole company join in the general chorus at the end of each verse. The din of voices is sometimes almost deafening.

Our host accompanied us to our lodgings on the opposite side of the way. Beds were spread down under the small porch outside, and we laid our bodies upon them, but not to sleep, for the noise of the fandango dancers kept us awake until broad daylight, at which time it broke up.

Hiring fresh horses here, and a vaquero to drive our tired animals after us, we started about 9 o'clock in the morning, and, passing through San Buenaventura, reached Santa Barbara, 45 miles, a little after two in the afternoon. We stopped at the house of Mr. Sparks, who received us with genuine hospitality. Santa Barbara presented a more lively appearance than when we passed here on our way down, most of its population having returned to their homes. Procuring fresh but miserably poor horses, we resumed our journey on the afternoon of the 2nd of February, and encamped at the rancho of Dr. Den, situated on the plain of Santa Barbara, near the sea shore. The soil of this plain is of the most fertile composition. The fresh grass is now six or eight inches high, and the varieties are numerous. Many of the early flowers are in bloom. I noticed a large wheat field near the house, and its appearance was such as to promise a rich harvest.

The rain fell heavily on the morning of the 3rd, but continuing our journey we crossed the St. Ynes Mountain, and, passing the mission by that name, reached the rancho of Mr. Faxon after dark, where we halted for the night. Around the mission of St. Ynes I noticed, as we passed, immense quantities of cattle bones thickly strewn in all directions. Acres of ground were white with these remains of the immense herds belonging to this mission in the days of its prosperity, slaughtered for their hides and tallow. We met two or three elegantly dressed Californians to-day, who accosted us with much civility and apparent friendliness.

Mr. Faxon is an Englishman by birth, and has resided in California about thirty years. He is married to a Californian lady, and has a family of interesting and beautiful children. A large portion of the land belonging to his rancho is admirably adapted to agriculture, and he raises crops of corn and vegetables as well as wheat without irrigation. He informed me that the yield of wheat on his rancho was fully seventy bushels to the acre. Mr. F. showed me specimens of lead ore from which he moulds his bullets, taken from an inexhaustible mine in the Tular Valley, some fifty miles distant from this. It is certainly 105 the richest ore that I have ever seen, appearing almost like the pure metal. He also showed me a caustic alkali, produced by burning a plant or shrub which grows in great abundance in the Tular Valley. This substance is used by him in the manufacture of soap.

About noon on the 4th, we halted at the rancho of Captain Dana, where we procured fresh horses, leaving our wretchedly lean and tired animals, and, proceeding on, stopped for the night at the rancho of Mr. Branch, an intelligent American, originally from the state of New York, who has been settled in the country a number of years. His rancho is situated on what is called the *arroyo grande*, a small stream which empties into the Pacific some two or three miles from the house. The house is new, and constructed after American models of farm-houses, with neat and comfortable apartments, chimneys and fireplaces. The arable lands here are finely adapted to the culture of maize, wheat, and potatoes.

Our horses straying, it was twelve o'clock on the 5th before we found them. The rain had fallen steadily and heavily all night, and during the forenoon, and was pouring down when we started. We passed through the mission of San Luis Obispo just before sunset, intending to halt at a rancho

about three miles distant in *canada*. But, the storm increasing in strength, it became suddenly so dark in the mountain-gorge, that we could not distinguish the trail, and, after wandering about some time, vainly attempting to find the house, we were compelled to bivouac, wet to our skins, without fire or shelter, and the rain pouring down in torrents.

The next morning (Feb. 6), in hunting up our loose horses, we discovered the house about half a mile distant from our camp. Continuing our journey, we halted about nine o'clock at a rancho near the ruins of Santa Margarita. A solitary Indian was the only occupant of the house, and only inhabitant of the place; and he could furnish us with no food. Passing two or three other deserted ranchos, we reached the house of a Mexican about one o'clock, where we obtained a meal of fried eggs and *tortillas*, after having been without food thirty hours. Late in the afternoon we arrived at the mission of San Miguel, now occupied by an Englishman named Reed, his *mestiza* wife, and one child, with two or three Indian vaqueros. Crossing the Salinas in the morning (Feb. 7), we continued down its eastern side, and encamped in a wide bottom under a large live oak. A *quesadilla* was all we had to eat. This was divided, one-half being reserved for breakfast. The fresh vegetation has so much changed the face of the country on this river since we passed along here in December, that I scarcely recognise it. The grass is six or eight inches high in the bottom, the blades standing so thick as to present a matted appearance, and the hills are brilliant with flowers—pink, purple, blue, and yellow.

On the 8th we continued down the eastern bank of the Salinas, passing through several large and fertile bottoms, and reaching the rancho of San Lorenzo about twelve o'clock. This rancho, as we learned from the proprietors, is owned by two bachelor brothers, one of whom told me that he had not been off his lands but once or twice for several years. Large herds of fat cattle and horses were grazing upon the luxuriant grasses of the plain, and there were several extensive inclosures sowed in wheat, which presented all the indications of an abundant harvest. But, with all these natural resources surrounding him the elder brother told us that he had nothing to eat in his house but fresh beef. A quantity of the choice pieces of a fat beef was roasted by an Indian boy, which we enjoyed with all the relish of hungry men. Our host, a gentleman of intelligence and politeness, made apology after apology for his rude style of living, a principal excuse being that he had no

wife. He inquired, with apparent earnestness, if we could not send him two pretty accomplished and capable American women, whom they could marry; and then they would build a fine house, have bread, butter, cheese, and all the delicacies, luxuries, and elegancies of life in abundance. He appeared to be well pleased with the conquest of the country by the Americans, and desirous that they should not give it up. When we resumed our journey in the afternoon, he rode with us four or five miles to show us the way, and, on taking his leave, invited us to return again, when he said he hoped his accommodations would be much improved. Riding 15 miles, we halted at a tule-cabin, where we remained until two o'clock in the morning, when, the moon shining brightly, we mounted our horses, and continued our journey.

We reached the Monterey road just at daylight. My intention had been to visit Monterey; but the Salinas being unfordable, and there being no ferry, it was not possible to do it without swimming the river, which I did not feel inclined to do. Monterey is situated on the bay by that name, about 90 miles by water south of San Francisco. The bay affords a good anchorage and landing in calm weather, being exposed only to the northers, which blow violently. The town contains about 1500 inhabitants, and is rapidly increasing in wealth and population. Arriving at the rancho of Don Joaquin Gomez, we found no one but a *mestiza* servant at home, and could obtain nothing to eat but a *quesadilla*. All the streams, large and small, are much swollen by late heavy rains, and the travelling is consequently very laborious and difficult. Resting our horses a short time, we crossed the mountains, and reached the mission of San Juan Bautista about noon.

At San Juan we met with Messrs. Grayson, Boggs, and a party of volunteers returning from Monterey to San Francisco, having been discharged since the suppression of the rebellion in this part of California, headed by Francisco Sanchez. Here we learned, for the first time, the arrival at Monterey of Commodore Shubrick in the ship Independence, and of the Lexington with Captain Tomkins's company of artillery, and freighted otherwise with munitions, stores, and tools necessary to the erection and defence of durable fortifications at Monterey and San Francisco.

Seven or eight miles beyond San Juan, we found that the waters of the *arroyo* had risen so as to inundate a wide valley which we were compelled to cross. After making several ineffectual attempts

to reach the opposite side, wading through the water, and sometimes falling into deep holes from which it was difficult for either men or horses to extricate themselves, we encamped for the night on a small elevation in the valley, entirely surrounded by water. Our condition was miserable enough. Tired, wet, and hungry, we laid down for the night on the damp ground.

The next day (Feb. 10), about eleven o'clock, we succeeded in finding a ford across the valley and stream, and procured dinner at a soap-factory on the opposite side, belonging to T. O. Larkin, Esq. Continuing on, we encamped at a rancho occupied by an Englishman as *mayor domo*. He was very glad to see us, and treated us with unbounded hospitality, furnishing a superabundance of beef and *frijoles* for our consumption. On the 11th, about three P.M., we arrived at the Pueblo de San José, and, finding there a launch employed by Messrs. Howard and Mellus in collecting hides, bound for San Francisco, we embarked in her, and on the morning of the 13th arrived at that place. We found lying here the U.S. sloop Warren, and Lieutenant Radford politely furnished us with a boat to land. In the afternoon the Cyane, Commander Dupont, with Gen. Kearny on board, and the store-ship Erie, with Col. Mason on board, arrived in the harbour. Col. Mason is from the United States direct, via Panama, and brings late and interesting intelligence.

The Cyane and Warren have just returned from a cruise on the southern Pacific coast of Mexico. The town of Guymas had been taken by bombardment. The Cyane had captured, during her cruise, fourteen prizes, besides several guns at San Blas. The boats of the Warren, under the command of Lieut. Radford, performed the gallant feat of cutting out of the harbour of Mazatlan the Mexican schooner Malek Abdel.

Landing in San Francisco, I found my wardrobe, which I had deposited in the care of Capt. Leidesdorff, and the first time for nearly five months dressed myself in a civilized costume. Having been during that time almost constantly in motion, and exposed to many hardships and privations, it was, as may be supposed, no small satisfaction to find once more a place where I could repose for a short time at least.

CHAPTER XIV

Progress of the town of San Francisco—Capt. Dupont Gen. Kearny—The presidio—Appointed Alcalde—Gen. Kearny's proclamation—Arrival of Col. Stevenson's regiment—Horse-thief Indians—Administration of justice in California—Sale of lots in San Francisco.

WHEREVER the Anglo-Saxon race plant themselves, progress is certain to be displayed in some form or other. Such is their “go-ahead” energy, that things cannot stand still where they are, whatever may be the circumstances surrounding them. Notwithstanding the wars and insurrections, I found the town of San Francisco, on my arrival here, visibly improved. An American population had flowed into it; lots, which heretofore have been considered almost valueless, were selling at high prices; new houses had been built, and were in progress; new commercial houses had been established; hotels had been opened for the accommodation of the travelling and business public; and the publication of a newspaper had been commenced. The little village of two hundred 107 souls, when I arrived here in September last, is fast becoming a town of importance. Ships freighted with full cargoes are entering the port, and landing their merchandise to be disposed of at wholesale and retail on shore, instead of the former mode of vending them afloat in the harbour. There is a prevailing air of activity, enterprise, and energy; and men, in view of the advantageous position of the town for commerce, are making large calculations upon the future; calculations which I believe will be fully realized.

On the 15th I dined on board the sloop-of-war Cyane, with Commander Dupont, to whom I had the good fortune to be the bearer from home of a letter of introduction. I say “good fortune,” because I conceive it to be one of the greatest of social blessings, as well as pleasures, to be made acquainted with a truly upright and honourable man—one whose integrity never bends to wrongful or pusillanimous expediency;—one who, armed intellectually with the panoply of justice, has courage to sustain it under any and all circumstances;—one whose ambition is, in a public capacity, to serve his country, and not to serve himself;—one who waits for his country to judge of his acts, and, if worthy, to place the laurel wreath upon his head, disdaining a self-wrought and self-assumed coronal. Capt. Dupont is a native of Delaware; and that gallant and patriotic state should feel proud

of such a son. He is one of whom all men, on sea or on land, with whom his duties as an officer or citizen of our republic brings him in contact, speak well; and whose private virtues, as well as professional merits, are deserving of the warmest admiration and the highest honours.

Although I have long known Gen. S. W. Kearny from reputation, and saw him at Los Angeles, I was here introduced to him for the first time. Gen. K. is a man rising fifty years of age. His height is about five feet ten or eleven inches. His figure is all that is required by symmetry. His features are regular, almost Grecian; his eye is blue, and has an eagle-like expression, when excited by stern or angry emotion; but, in ordinary social intercourse, the whole expression of his countenance is mild and pleasing, and his manners and conversation are unaffected, urbane, and conciliatory, without the slightest exhibition of vanity or egotism. He appears the cool, brave, and energetic soldier; the strict disciplinarian, without tyranny; the man, in short, determined to perform his duty, in whatever situation he may be placed, leaving consequences to follow in their natural course. These, my first impressions, were fully confirmed by subsequent intercourse, in situations and under circumstances which, by experience, I have found an unfailing alembic for the trial of character—a crucible wherein, if the metal be impure, the drossy substances are sure to display themselves. It is not my province to extol or pronounce judgment upon his acts; they are a part of the military and civil history of our country, and as such will be applauded or condemned, according to the estimate that may be placed upon them. But I may be allowed to express the opinion, that no man, placed under the same circumstances, ever aimed to perform his duty with more uprightness and more fidelity to the interests and honour of his country, or who, to shed lustre upon his country, ever braved greater dangers, or endured more hardships and privations, and all without vaunting his performances and sacrifices.

On the 16th, in company of Gen. Kearny, Capt. Turner, and Lieuts. Warner and Hallock, of the U.S. Engineer Corps, I rode to the Presidio of San Francisco, and the old fortification at the mount of the bay. The presidio is about three miles from the town, and consists of several blocks of adobe buildings, covered with tiles. The walls of most of the buildings are crumbling for the want of care in protecting them from the annual rains; and without this care they will soon become heaps of mud. The fort is erected upon a commanding position, about a mile and a half from the entrance

to the bay. Its walls are substantially constructed of burnt brick, and are of sufficient thickness and strength to resist heavy battering. There are nine or ten embrasures. Like everything else in the country belonging to the public, the fort is fast falling into ruins. There has been no garrison here for several years; the guns are dismounted, and half decomposed by long exposure to the weather, and from want of care. Some of them have sunk into the ground.

On the 20th I was waited upon by Gen. Kearny, and requested to accept the office of alcalde, or chief magistrate, of the district of San Francisco. There being no opportunity of returning to the United States immediately, I accepted of the proposed appointment, and on the 22d was sworn into office, my predecessor, Lieut. W. A. Bartlett, of the navy, 108 being ordered to his ship by the commanding officer of the squadron.

The annual salute in celebration of the birthday of the immortal and illustrious founder of our republic, required by law from all the ships of the navy in commission, in whatever part of the world they may be at the time, strikes us more forcibly when in a far-off country, as being a beautiful and appropriate tribute to the unapproachable virtues and heroism of that great benefactor of the human race, than when we are nearer home, or upon our own soil. The U.S. ships in the harbour, at twelve o'clock on the 22d, each fired a national salute; and the day being calm and beautiful, the reports bounded from hill to hill, and were echoed and reechoed until the sound died away, apparently in the distant gorges of the Sierra Nevada. This was a voice from the soul of WASHINGTON, speaking in majestic and thunder-tones to the green and flowery valley, the gentle hills and lofty mountains of California, and consecrating them as the future abode of millions upon millions of the sons of liberty. The merchant and whale ships lying at anchor, catching the enthusiasm, joined in the salute; and for a time the harbour and bay in front of the town were enveloped in clouds of gunpowder smoke.

General Kearny left San Francisco, in the frigate Savannah, Captain Mervine, on the 23d, for Monterey, and soon after his arrival at that place issued the following proclamation:—

PROCLAMATION TO THE PEOPLE OF CALIFORNIA.

The President of the United States having instructed the undersigned to take charge of the civil government of California, he enters upon his duties with an ardent desire to promote, as far as he is able, the interests of the country and the welfare of its inhabitants.

The undersigned has instructions from the President to respect and protect the religious institutions of California, and to see that the religious rights of the people are in the amplest manner preserved to them, the constitution of the United States allowing every man to worship his Creator in such a manner as his own conscience may dictate to him.

The undersigned is also instructed to protect the persons and property of the quiet and peaceable inhabitants of the country against all or any of their enemies, whether from abroad or at home; and when he now assures the Californians that it will be his duty and his pleasure to comply with those instructions, he calls upon them all to exert themselves in preserving order and tranquillity, in promoting harmony and concord, and in maintaining the authority and efficiency of the laws.

It is the wish and design of the United States to provide for California, with the least possible delay, a free government, similar to those in her other territories; and the people will soon be called upon to exercise their rights as freemen, in electing their own representatives, to make such laws as may be deemed best for their interest and welfare. But until this can be done, the laws now in existence, and not in conflict with the constitution of the United States, will be continued until changed by competent authority; and those persons who hold office will continue in the same for the present, provided they swear to support that constitution, and to faithfully perform their duty.

The undersigned hereby absolves all the inhabitants of California from any further allegiance to the republic of Mexico, and will consider them as citizens of the United States; those who remain quiet and peaceable will be respected in their rights and protected in them. Should any take up arms against or oppose the government of this territory, or instigate others to do do, they will be considered as enemies, and treated accordingly.

When Mexico forced a war upon the United States, time did not permit the latter to invite the Californians as friends to join her standard, but compelled her to take possession of the country to prevent any European power from seizing upon it, and, in doing so, some excesses and unauthorized acts were no doubt committed by persons employed in the service of the United States, by which a few of the inhabitants have met with a loss of property; such losses will be duly investigated, and those entitled to remuneration will receive it.

California has for many years suffered greatly from domestic troubles; civil wars have been the poisoned fountains which have sent forth trouble and pestilence over her beautiful land. Now those fountains are dried up; the star-spangled banner floats over California, and as long as the sun continues to shine upon her, so long will it float there, over the natives of the land, as well as others who have found a home in her bosom; and under it agriculture must improve, and the arts and sciences flourish, as seed in a rich and fertile soil.

The Americans and Californians are now but one people; let us cherish one wish, one hope, and let that be for the peace and quiet of our country. Let us, as a band of brothers, unite and emulate each other in our exertions to benefit and improve this our beautiful, and which soon must be our happy and prosperous, home.

Done at Monterey, capital of California, this first day of March, A.D. 1847, and in the seventy-first year of independence of the United States.

S. W. KEARNY,

Brig.-Gen. U.S.A., and Governor of California.

The proclamation of General Kearny gave great satisfaction to the native as well as the emigrant population of the country. Several of the alcaldes of the district of my jurisdiction, as well as private individuals (natives of the country), expressed, by letter and orally, their approbation of the sentiments of the proclamation in the warmest terms. They said that they were heartily willing to become Americans upon these terms, and hoped that there would be the least possible delay

in admitting them to the rights of American citizenship. There was a general expectation among natives as well as foreigners, 109 that a representative form of territorial government would be immediately established by General Kearny. Why this was not done, is explained by the recent publication of General Scott's letter to General Kearny, dated November 3rd, 1846, of which Colonel Mason was the bearer, he having left the United States on the 7th November. In this letter General Scott says:—

“As a guide to the civil governor of Upper California, in our hands, see the letter of June 3rd (last), addressed to you by the Secretary of War. You will not, however, formally declare the province to be annexed. Permanent incorporation of the territory must depend on the government of the United States.

“After occupying with our forces all necessary points in Upper California, and establishing a temporary civil government therein, as well as assuring yourself of its internal tranquillity, and the absence of any danger of reconquest on the part of Mexico, you may charge Colonel Mason, United States first dragoons, the bearer of this open letter, or land officer next in rank to your own, with your several duties, and return yourself, with a sufficient escort of troops, to St. Louis, Missouri; but the body of the United States dragoons that accompanied you to California will remain there until further orders.”

The transport ships Thomas H. Perkins, Loo Choo, Susan Drew, and Brutus, with Colonel Stevenson's regiment, arrived at San Francisco during the months of March and April. These vessels were freighted with a vast quantity of munitions, stores, tools, saw-mills, grist-mills, etc., etc., to be employed in the fortification of the principal harbours on the coast—San Francisco, Monterey, and San Diego. The regiment of Col. Stevenson was separated into different commands, portions of it being stationed at San Francisco, Sonoma, Monterey, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles; and some companies employed against the horse-thief Indians of the Sierra Nevada and the Tulares.

As good an account of these horse-thief Indians, and their depredations, as I have seen, I find in the “California Star,” of March 28th, 1847, written by a gentleman who has been a resident of California for a number of years, and who has been a sufferer. It is subjoined:—

“During the Spanish regime, such a thing as a horse-thief was unknown in the country; but as soon as the Mexicans took possession, their characteristic anarchy began to prevail, and the Indinas to desert from the missions. The first Indian horse-thief known in this part of the country was a neophyte of the mission of Santa Clara, George, who flourished about twenty years ago. He absconded from his mission to the river of Stanislaus, of which he was a native. From thence he returned to the settlements, and began to steal horses, which at that time were very numerous. After pursuing his depredations for some time, he was at last pursued and killed on his return from one of his forages. The mission of Santa Clara has been, from that time to the present day, the greatest nursery for horse-thieves, as the Stanislaus river has been and is their principal rendezvous. I have taken some pains to inquire among some of the most intelligent and respectable of the native inhabitants, as to the probable number of horses that have been stolen between Monterey and San Francisco within the last twenty years, and the result has been that more than one hundred thousand can be distinctly enumerated, and that the total amount would probably be double that number. Nearly all these horses have been eaten! From the river of Stanislaus, as a central point, the evil has spread to the north and south, and at present extends from the vicinity of the Mickélemes River on the north, to the sources of the St. Joaquin on the south. These Indians inhabit all the western declivity of the great snowy mountains, within these limits, and have become so habituated to living on horseflesh, that it is now with them the principal means of subsistence.

“In past time they have been repeatedly pursued, and many of them killed, and whole villages destroyed, but, so far from being deterred, they are continually becoming more bold and daring in their robberies, as horses become scarcer and more carefully guarded. About twenty persons have been killed by them within the knowledge of the writer. Among others, Mr. Lindsay and Mr. Wilson were killed by them not long ago. Only about one month since, they shot and dangerously wounded four persons employed on the farm of Mr. Weber, near the Pueblo of St. Joseph, and at

the same time stole the horses of the farm, and those also from the farms of Captain Fisher and Mr. Bernal, in the same vicinity; in all, about two hundred head. Within the last ten days numerous parties of them have been committing depredations on many 110 of the farms in the jurisdiction of the Contra Costa, and scarcely a night passes but we hear of their having stolen horses from some one. Three days ago, a party of them were met by some young men who had been out catching wild horses on the plains of the St. Joaquin, but as they were mounted on tired animals, they were only able to recapture the stolen horses, but could not overtake the thieves.”

It has not been within the scope of my design, in writing out these notes, to enter into the minute details of the conquest and occupation of California by the forces of the United States. To do so would require more space than I have allowed myself, and the matter would be more voluminous than interesting or important. My intention has been to give such a sketch of the military operations in California, during my residence and travels in the country, as to afford to the reader a general and correct idea of the events transpiring at the time. No important circumstance, I think, has escaped my attention.

Among the officers of the army stationed at San Francisco, with whom I became acquainted, were Major Hardie, in command of the troops, Captain Folsom, acting quarter-master-general in California, and Lieutenant Warner, of the engineer corps. Lieutenant Warner marched with General Kearny from the United States, and was at the battle of San Pasqual. I have seen the coat which he wore on that occasion, pierced in seven different places by the lances of the enemy. He did not make this exhibition himself; and I never heard him refer to the subject but once, and then it was with the modesty of a veteran campaigner.

The corps of topographical engineers accompanying General Kearny, under the command of Captain Emory, will, doubtless, furnish in their report much interesting and valuable information. Mr. Stanley, the artist of the expedition, completed his sketches in oil, at San Francisco; and a more truthful, interesting, and valuable series of paintings, delineating mountain scenery, the floral exhibitions on the route, the savage tribes between Santa Fé and California—combined with camp-life and marches through the desert and wilderness—has never, and probably never will be,

exhibited. Mr. Stanley informed me that he was preparing a work on the savage tribes of North America and of the islands of the Pacific, which, when completed on his plan, will be the most comprehensive and descriptive of the subject of any that has been published.

Legal proceedings are much less complex in California than in the United States. There is no written statute law in the country. The only law books I could find were a digested code entitled, "Laws of Spain and the Indies," published in Spain about a hundred years ago, and a small pamphlet defining the powers of various judicial officers, emanating from the Mexican government since the revolution. A late Mexican governor of California, on being required by a magistrate to instruct him as to the manner in which he should administer the law within his jurisdiction, replied, "*Administer it in accordance with the principles of natural right and justice,*" and this is the foundation of Californian jurisprudence. The local *bandos*, or laws, are enacted, adjudicated, and executed by the local magistrates, or *alcaldes*. The *alcalde* has jurisdiction in all municipal matters, and in cases for minor offences, and for debt in sums not over one hundred dollars. In cases of heinous or capital offences, the *alcalde* has simply an examining power, the testimony being taken down in writing, and transmitto the *juez de primera instancia*, or first judge of the district, before whom the case is tried. Civil actions, for sums over one hundred dollars, must also be tried before the *juez de primera instancia*, and from him there is an appeal to the prefect, or the governor of the province. The trial by *hombres buenos*, or good men, is one of the established legal tribunals when either of the parties demand it, and is similar to our trial by jury; the difference being in the number, the *hombres buenos* usually consisting of three or five, as they may be ordered by the magistrate, or requested by the litigants, and our jury of twelve. With honest and intelligent magistrates, the system operates advantageously, as justice is speedy and certain; but the reverse of this, with corrupt and ignorant magistrates, too frequently in power, the consequences of the system are as bad as can well be imagined.

The policy of the Mexican government has been to encourage in certain localities the erection of pueblos, or towns, and for this purpose they have made grants of land to the local authorities, or municipalities, within certain defined limits, to be regranted upon application, in lots of fifty or one hundred varass, as the case may be, to persons 111 declaring their intention to settle and to do

business in the town. For these grants to individuals a certain sum of money is paid, which goes into the treasury of the municipality. The magistrates, however, without special permission, have no power to grant lots of land within a certain number of feet of or below high-water mark. The power is reserved to be exercised by the governor of the province. It being necessary for the convenient landing of ships, and for the discharging and receiving of their cargoes, that the beach in front of the town of San Francisco should be improved with wharfs, etc., etc., and that titles should be granted to individuals who otherwise would make no durable improvements. As magistrate of the town, in compliance with the request of numerous citizens, I solicited from General Kearny, the acting governor, a relinquishment, on the part of the general government, of the beach lands in front of the town in favour of the municipality, under certain conditions. This was granted by the Governor, who issued a decree dated 10th March, permitting the sales by auction of all such grounds adjacent to the water-side as might be found adapted to commercial purposes, with the exception of such lots as might be selected for the use of the United States government, by its proper officers. The sales accordingly took place, the lots were eagerly purchased, and the port has already become a place of considerable commercial activity.

CHAPTER XV.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS UPON THE COUNTRY.

First settlement of the missionaries—Population—Characteristics of white population—Employments—Pleasures and amusements—Position of women—Soil—Grasses—Vegetable productions—Agriculture—Fruits—Cattle—Horses—Wild animals—Minerals—Climate—Flora—Water-power—Timber—Religion.

IT was during the month of November, 1602, the sun just retiring behind the distant high land which forms the background of a spacious harbour at the southernmost point of Alta California, that a small fleet of vessels might have been seen directing their course as if in search of a place of anchorage; their light sails drawn up, while the larger ones, swelling now and then to the action of the breeze, bore them majestically along, forcing their way through the immense and almost

impenetrable barrier of sea-weed, to a haven which, at the remote period stated, was considered the unexplored region of the North. The fleet referred to hauled their wind to the shore, and, passing a bluff point of land on their left, soon came to anchor; but not until the shades of night had cast a gloom over the scene so recently lighted up with the gorgeous rays of a setting sun.

This was the commencement, or rather preliminary mark, of civilization in this country, by the Spaniards, (if so it can be called,) and on the following morning a detachment was landed, accompanied by a friar, to make careful investigation of the long ridge of high land which serves as a protection to the harbour from the heavy north-west gales. They found, as reported, an abundance of small oak and other trees, together with a great variety of useful and aromatic herbs; and from its summit they beheld the extent and beauty of the port, reaching, as they said, full three leagues from where the vessel lay at anchor. A large tent was erected on the sandy beach, to answer the purposes of a church, where the friar might perform mass, and by directions of the commanding officers, the boats were drawn up for repairing, wells were dug, parties were sent off to cut wood, while guards were placed at convenient distances to give notice of the approach of any hostile force. The latter precaution was hardly carried into effect, ere a large body of naked Indians were seen moving along the shore, armed with bows and arrows. A friar, protected by six soldiers, was dispatched to meet them, who, making signs of peace by exhibiting a white flag and throwing handfuls of sand high into the air, influenced them to lay aside their arms, when, affectionately embracing them, the good old friar distributed presents of beads and necklaces, with which they eagerly adorned their persons. This manifestation of good feeling induced them to draw near to where the commander had landed with his men, but perceiving so large a number, they retreated to a neighbouring knoll, and from thence sent forward to the Spaniards ten aged females, who, possessing apparently so much affability, were presented immediately with gifts, and instructed to go and inform their people of the friendly disposition cherished for them by the white strangers. This was sufficient to implant a free intercourse with the Indians, who daily visited the Spaniards, and bartered off their skins and furs in exchange for bread and trinkets. But at length the time arrived for the fleet to depart, and they proceeded 112 northward, visiting in their course Monterey and Mendocino, where the

same favourable result attended the enterprise as at other places, and they returned in safety to New Spain.

So successful had been the character of this expedition throughout the entire period of its execution, that an enthusiasm prevailed in the minds of the Spaniards, which could only be assuaged by an attempt to conquer and christianize the inhabitants of that distant portion of the American continent. Many were the fruitless results of the Spanish adventurer—numerous were the statements of his toil and labour, till at length a formidable attempt, under the patronage and direction of Don Gaspar de Portala and Father Junipero Serra, successfully achieved the desired object for which it was planned and executed.

At San Diego, where, a century and a half before, the primitive navigators under Cortez communed with the rude and unsophisticated native—there, where the zealous devotee erected his altar on the burning sand, and with offerings of incense and prayer hallowed it to God, as the birthplace of Christianity in that region—upon that sainted spot commenced the spiritual conquest, the cross was erected, and the holy missionaries who accompanied the expedition entered heart and soul upon their religious duties. Successful in all they undertook, their first establishment in a short time was completed, and drawing around it the converted Indians in large numbers, the rude and uncultivated fields gave place to agricultural improvement—the arts and sciences gradually obtained foundation where before all was darkness, and day after day hundreds were added to the folds of the holy and apostolic church. Thus triumphantly proceeded the labours of the Spanish conquerors! In course of time other institutions were founded at Santa Barbara, Monterey, and San Francisco, where at each place a military fortress was erected, which served for their protection, and to keep in check such of the natives who were disinclined to observe the regulations of the community.

The natives formed an ardent and almost adorable attachment for their spiritual fathers, and were happy, quite happy, under their jurisdiction. Ever ready to obey them, the labour in the field and workshop met with ready compliance, and so prosperous were the institutions that many of them became wealthy, in the increase of their cattle and great abundance of their granaries. It was no unusual sight to behold the plains for leagues literally spotted with bullocks, and large fields of corn

and wheat covering acres of ground. This state of things continued until the period when Mexico underwent a change in its political form of government, which so disheartened the feelings of the loyal missionaries, that they became regardless of their establishments, and suffered them to decline for want of attention to their interests. At length, civil discord and anarchy among the Californians prepared a more effective measure for their destruction, and they were left to the superintendence of individuals who plundered them of all that was desirable or capable of removal. Thus, the government commenced the robbery, and its hirelings carried it out to the letter, destroying and laying waste wherever they were placed. In order to give the inhabitants a share of the spoils, some of them were permitted to slaughter the cattle by contract, which was an equal division of the proceeds, and the contractors were careful, when they delivered one hide to a mission, to reserve *two* for themselves, in this way following up the example of their superiors.

This important revolution in the systematic order of the monastic institutions took place in 1836, at which period the most important of them possessed property, exclusive of their lands and tenements, to the value of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. At the present day they have but a little more than dilapidated walls and restricted boundaries of territory. Notwithstanding this wanton devastation of property, contrary to the opinion of many who were strongly in favour of supporting these religious institutions, the result proved beneficial to the country at large. Individual enterprise succeeded as the lands became distributed, so that the Californian beheld himself no longer dependent on the bounty of his spiritual directors, but, on the contrary, he was enabled to give support to them, from the increase and abundance of his own possessions.

Subsequent to the expulsion of the Mexicans, numbers of new farms were created, and hundreds of Americans were scattered over the country. Previous to 1830, the actual possessions of horned cattle by the *rancheros* did not exceed one hundred thousand; but in 1842, according to a fair estimate, made by one on the spot, the number had increased to four hundred thousand; so that 113 the aggregate is equal to that held by the missions when in their most flourishing condition. The present number is not much, if any, short of one million.

Presuming a statistical knowledge of this country, before and after the missionary institutions were secularized, may be interesting, I will insert the following returns of 1831 and 1842, to contrast the same with its present condition:—

1st. In 1832 the white population throughout Alta-California did not exceed 4,500, while the Indians of the twenty-one missions amounted to 19,000; in 1842, the former had increased to 7,000, and the latter decreased to about 5,000.

2nd. In the former year, the number of horned cattle, including individual possessions, amounted to 500,000; in the latter, to 40,000.

3rd. At the same period, the number of sheep, goats, and pigs, was 321,000; at the latter, 32,000.

4th. In 1831 the number of horses, asses, mules, etc., was 64,000; in 1842 it was 30,000.

5th. The produce in corn, etc., had decreased in a much greater proportion—that of seventy to four.

The amount of duties raised at the custom-house in Monterey, from 1839 to 1842, was as follows, viz.:—

1839 85,613 dollars.

1840 72,308 ”

1841 101,150 ”

1842 73,729 ”

The net amount of revenue seldom exceeding in any year eighty thousand dollars; so that, when a deficiency took place, to supply the expenditures of government, it had been usual to call upon the missions for aid.

The value of the hides and tallow derived from the annual *matanzas* may be estimated at 372,000 dollars. These two commodities, with the exception of some beaver, sea-otter, and other furs, comprise the most important part of the exportations, which in addition, would augment the value of exports to 400,000 dollars.

The permanent population of that portion of Upper California situated between the Sierra Nevada and the Pacific, I estimate at 25,000. Of this number, 8,000 are Hispano-Americans, 5,000 foreigners, chiefly from the United States, and 12,000 christianized Indians. There are considerable numbers of wild or Gentile Indians, inhabiting the valley of the San Joaquin and the gorges of the Sierra, not included in this estimate. They are probably as numerous as the Christian Indians. The Indian population inhabiting the region of the Great Salt Lake, Mary's River, the oases of the Great Desert Basin, and the country bordering the Rio Colorado and its tributaries, being spread over a vast extent of territory, are scarcely seen, although the aggregate number is considerable.

The Californians do not differ materially from the Mexicans, from whom they are descended, in other provinces of that country. Physically and intellectually, the men, probably, are superior to the same race farther south, and inhabiting the countries contiguous to the city of Mexico. The intermixture of blood with the Indian and negro races has been less, although it is very perceptible.

The men, as a general fact, are well made, with pleasing sprightly countenances, and possessing much grace and ease of manners, and vivacity of conversation. But hitherto they have had little knowledge of the world and of events, beyond what they have heard through Mexico, and derived from the supercargoes of merchant-ships and whalemens touching upon the coast. There are no public schools in the country—at least I never heard of one. There are but few books. General Valléjo has a library with many valuable books, and this is the only one I saw, although there are others; but they are rare, and confined to a few families.

The men are almost constantly on horseback, and as horsemen excel any I have seen in other parts of the world. From the nature of their pursuits and amusements, they have brought horsemanship to a perfection challenging admiration and exciting astonishment. They are trained to the horse and

the use of the lasso (*riata*, as it is here called) from their infancy. The first act of a child, when he is able to stand alone, is to throw his toy lasso around the neck of a kitten; his next feat is performed on the dog; his next upon a goat or calf; and so on, until he mounts the horse, and demonstrates his skill upon horses and cattle. The crowning feat of dexterity with the *riata*, and of horsemanship, combined with daring courage, is the lassoing of the grisly bear. This feat is performed frequently upon this large and ferocious animal, but it is sometimes fatal to the performer and his horse. Well drilled, 114 with experienced military leaders, such as would inspire them with confidence in their skill and prowess, the Californians ought to be the finest cavalry in the world. The Californian saddle is, I venture to assert, the best that has been invented, for the horse and the rider. Seated in one of these, it is scarcely possible to be unseated by any ordinary casualty. The bridle-bit is clumsily made, but so constructed that the horse is compelled to obey the rider upon the slightest intimation. The spurs are of immense size, but they answer to an experienced horseman the double purpose of exciting the horse, and of maintaining the rider in his seat under difficult circumstances.

For the pleasures of the table they care but little. With his horse and trappings, his sarape and blanket, a piece of beef and a *tortilla*, the Californian is content, so far as his personal comforts are concerned. But he is ardent in his pursuit of amusement and pleasure, and these consist chiefly in the fandango, the game of monte, horse-racing, and bull and bear-baiting. They gamble freely and desperately, but pay their losses with the most strict punctuality, at any and every sacrifice, and manifest but little concern about them. They are obedient to their magistrates, and in all disputed cases decided by them, acquiesce without uttering a word of complaint. They have been accused of treachery and insincerity. Whatever may have been the grounds for these accusations in particular instances, I know not; but, judging from my own observation and experience, they are as free from these qualities as our own people.

While the men are employed in attending to the herds of cattle and horses, and engaged in their other amusements, the women (I speak of the middle classes on the ranchos) superintend and perform most of the drudgery appertaining to housekeeping, and the cultivation of the gardens, from whence are drawn such vegetables as are consumed at the table. These are few, consisting of

frijoles, potatoes, onions, and *chiles*. The assistants in these labours are the Indian men and women, legally reduced to servitude.

The soil of that portion of California between the Sierra Nevada and the Pacific will compare, in point of fertility, with any that I have seen elsewhere. As I have already described such portions of it as have come under my observation, it is unnecessary for me here to descend to particulars. Wheat, barley, and other small grains, with hemp, flax, and tobacco, can be produced in all the valleys, without irrigation. To produce maize, potatoes, and other garden vegetables, irrigation is necessary. Oats and mustard grow spontaneously, with such rankness as to be considered nuisances upon the soil. I have forced my way through thousands of acres of these, higher than my head when mounted on a horse. The oats grow to the summits of the hills, but they are not here so tall and rank as in the valleys.

The varieties of grasses are greater than on the Atlantic side of the continent, and far more nutritious. I have seen seven different kinds of clover, several of them in a dry state, depositing a seed upon the ground so abundant as to cover it, which is lapped up by the cattle and horses and other animals, as corn or oats, when threshed, would be with us. All the grasses, and they cover the entire country, are heavily seeded, and, when ripe, are as fattening to stock as the grains which we feed to our beef, horses, and hogs. Hence it is unnecessary to the sustenance or fattening of stock to raise corn for their consumption.

Agriculture is in its rudest state. The farming implements which have been used by the Californians, with few exceptions, are the same as were used three hundred years ago, when Mexico was conquered by Cortez. A description of them would be tedious. The plough, however, which merely scratches the ground, is the fork of a small tree. It is the same pattern as the Roman plough, two thousand years ago. Other agricultural implements are of the same description. The Americans, and other foreigners, are, however, introducing the American plough, and other American farming tools, the consequence of which has already been, to some extent, to produce a revolution in agriculture. The crops of wheat and barley, which I saw about the 1st of June, while passing through the country on my journey to the United States, exceeded in promise any which I have seen in the United

States. It was reported to me that Captain Sutter's crop of wheat, for 1847, would amount to 75,000 bushels.

The natural vegetable productions of California have been sufficiently noticed in the course of this work, for the reader to form a correct estimate of the capabilities of the soil and climate. It is supposed by some, that cotton, sugar, and rice, could be produced here. I do not doubt but there are portions 115 of the country where these crops would thrive; but I question whether, generally, they could be cultivated to advantage. Nearly all the fruits of the temperate and tropical climates are produced in perfection in California, as has before been stated.

The principal product of the country has been its cattle and horses. The cattle are, I think, the largest and finest I ever saw, and the beef is more delicious. There are immense herds of these, to which I have previously referred; and their hides and tallow, when slaughtered, have hitherto composed the principal exports from the country. If I were to hazard an estimate of the number of hides annually exported, it would be conjectural, and not worth much. I would suppose, however, at this time (1847), that the number would not fall much short of 150,000, and a corresponding number of arrobas (25 pounds) of tallow. The average value of cattle is about five dollars per head.

The horses and mules are correspondingly numerous with the cattle; and although the most of them are used in the country, considerable numbers are driven to Sonora, New Mexico, and other southern provinces, and some of them to the United States, for a market. They are smaller than American horses, and I do not think them equal for continuous hard service; but on short trips, for riding, their speed and endurance are not often, if ever, equalled by our breed of horses. The value of good horses is from ten to twenty-five dollars; of mares, five dollars. The prices have, however, since the Americans came into the country, become fluctuating, and the value of both horses and cattle is increasing rapidly.

The wild animals of California are the wild-horse, the elk, the black-tailed deer, antelope, grizzly bear, all in large numbers. Added to these are the beaver, otter, coyote, hare, squirrel, and the usual variety of other small animals. There is not so great a variety of small birds as I have seen

elsewhere. I do not consider that the country presents strong attractions for the ornithologist. But what is wanting in variety is made up in numbers. The bays and indentations on the coast, as well as the rivers and lakes interior, swarm with myriads of wild geese, ducks, swans, and other water birds. The geese and ducks are a mongrel race, their plumage being variegated, the same as our barn-yard fowls. Some of the islands in the harbour, near San Francisco, are white with the *guano* deposited by these birds; and boat-loads of eggs are taken from them. The pheasant and partridge are abundant in the mountains.

In regard to the minerals of California, not much is yet known. It has been the policy of the owners of land upon which there existed minerals to conceal them as much as possible. A reason for this has been, that the law of Mexico is such, that if one man discovers a mine of any kind upon another man's land, and the proprietor does not work it, the former may *denounce* the mine, and take possession of it, and hold it so long as he continues to work it. Hence the proprietors of land upon which there are valuable mineral ores conceal their existence as much as possible. While in California I saw quicksilver, silver, lead, and iron ores, and the specimens were taken from mines said to be inexhaustible. From good authority I learned the existence of gold and copper mines, the metals being combined; and I saw specimens of coal taken from two or three different points, but I do not know what the indications were as to quality. Brimstone, saltpetre, muriate and carbonate of soda, and bitumen, are abundant. There is little doubt that California is as rich in minerals of all kinds as any portion of Mexico.

I have taken much pains to describe to the reader, from day to day, and at different points during my travels in California, the temperature and weather. It is rarely so cold in the settled portions of California as to congeal water. But twice only while here I saw ice, and then not thicker than window-glass. I saw no snow resting upon the ground. The annual rains commence in November, and continue, with intervals of pleasant springlike weather, until May. From May to November, usually, no rain falls. There are, however, exceptions. Rain sometimes falls in August. The thermometer, at any season of the year, rarely sinks below 50° or rises above 80°. In certain positions on the coast, and especially at San Francisco, the winds rise diurnally, and blowing fresh upon the shore render the temperature cool in midsummer. In the winter the wind blows from the

land, and the temperature at these points is warmer. These local peculiarities of climate are not descriptive of the general climate of the interior.

For salubrity I do not think there is any climate in the world superior to that of the coast of California. I was in the country nearly a year, exposed much of the time to 116 great hardships and privations, sleeping, for the most part, in the open air, and I never felt while there the first pang of disease, or the slightest indication of bad health. On some portions of the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers, where vegetation is rank, and decays in the autumn, the malaria produces chills and fever, but generally the attacks are slight, and yield easily to medicine. The atmosphere is so pure and preservative along the coast, that I never saw putrified flesh, although I have seen, in midsummer, dead carcasses lying exposed to the sun and weather for months. They emitted no offensive smell. There is but little disease in the country arising from the climate.

The botany and flora of California are rich, and will hereafter form a fruitful field of discovery to the naturalist. There are numerous plants reported to possess extraordinary medical virtues. The “soap-plant” (*amole*) is one which appears to be among the most serviceable. The root, which is the saponaceous portion of the plant, resembles the onion, but possesses the quality of cleansing linen equal to any “oleic soap” manufactured by my friends Cornwall and Brother, of Louisville, Ky.

There is another plant in high estimation with the Californians, called *canchalagua*, which is held by them as an antidote for all the diseases to which they are subject, but in particular for cases of fever and ague. For purifying the blood, and regulating the system, I think it surpasses all the medicinal herbs that have been brought into notice, and it must become, in time, one of the most important articles in the practice of medicine. In the season for flowers, which is generally during the months of May and June, its pretty pink-coloured blossoms form a conspicuous display in the great variety which adorn the fields of California.

The water-power in California is ample for any required mill purposes. Timber for lumber is not so convenient as is desirable. There is, however, a sufficiency of it, which, when improvements are made, will be more accessible. The timber on the Sierra Nevada, the most magnificent in the

world, cannot be, at present, available. The evergreen oak, that grows generally in the valleys, is not valuable, except for fuel. But in the *canadas* of the hills, and at several places on the coast, particularly at Santa Cruz and Bodega, there is an amount of pine and fir, adapted for lumber, that will not be consumed for a long time.

The religion of the Californians is the Roman Catholic, and, like the people of all Roman Catholic countries, they appear to be devotedly attached to the forms of their religion. That there are some, I will not say how many, paganish grafts upon the laws, formalities, and ceremonies, as prescribed by the “Holy Church Universal” for its government and observance, is undeniable, but these probably do not materially affect the system. The females, I noticed, were nearly all devoutly attached to their religious institutions. I have seen, on festival or saint days, the entire floor of a church occupied by pious women, with their children, kneeling in devout worship, and chanting with much fervency some dismal hymn appertaining to the service. There are but few of the Jesuit fathers who established the missions now remaining in the country. The services are performed at several of the churches that I visited, by native Indians, educated by the *padres* previous to their expulsion by the Mexican government.

CHAPTER XVI.

OFFICIAL REPORT ON THE GOLD MINES.

The following is an official account of a visit paid to the gold region in July by Colonel Mason, who had been appointed to the military command in California, and made his report to the authorities at Washington. It is dated from head-quarters at Monterey, August 17, 1848.

“Sir,—I have the honour to inform you that, accompanied by Lieut. W. T. Sherman, 3rd Artillery, A.A.A. General, I started on the 12th of June last to make a tour through the northern part of California. We reached San Francisco on the 20th, and found that all, or nearly all, its male inhabitants had gone to the mines. The town, which a few months before was so busy and thriving,

was then almost deserted. Along the whole route mills were lying idle, fields of wheat were open to cattle and horses, houses vacant, and farms going to waste.

“On the 5th we arrived in the neighbourhood of the mines, and proceeded twenty-five miles up the American Fork, to a point on it now known as the Lower Mines, or Mormon Diggings. The hill sides were thickly strewn with canvas tents and bush-harbours; a store was erected, and several boarding shanties in operation. The day was intensely hot, yet 117 about 200 men were at work in the full glare of the sun, washing for gold—some with tin pans, some with close woven Indian baskets, but the greater part had a rude machine known as the cradle. This is on rockers, six or eight feet long, open at the foot, and its head had a coarse grate, or sieve; the bottom is rounded, with small cleets nailed across. Four men are required to work this machine; one digs the ground in the bank close by the stream; another carries it to the cradle, and empties it on the grate; a third gives a violent rocking motion to the machine, whilst a fourth dashes on water from the stream itself. The sieve keeps the coarse stones from entering the cradle, the current of water washes off the earthy matter, and the gravel is gradually carried out at the foot of the machine, leaving the gold mixed with a heavy fine black sand above the first cleets. The sand and gold mixed together are then drawn off through auger holes into a pan below, are dried in the sun, and afterwards separated by blowing off the sand. A party of four men, thus employed at the Lower Mines, average 100 dollars a-day. The Indians, and those who have nothing but pans or willow baskets, gradually wash out the earth, and separate the gravel by hand, leaving nothing but the gold mixed with sand, which is separated in the manner before described. The gold in the Lower Mines is in fine bright scales, of which I send several specimens.

“As we ascended the south branch of the American fork, the country became more broken and mountainous, and twenty-five miles below the lower washings the hills rise to about 1000 feet above the level of the Sacramento Plain. Here a species of pine occurs, which led to the discovery of the gold. Captain Sutter, feeling the great want of lumber, contracted in September last with a Mr. Marshall to build a saw-mill at that place. It was erected in the course of the past winter and spring—a dam and race constructed; but when the water was let on the wheel, the tail race was found to be too narrow to permit the water to escape with sufficient rapidity. Mr. Marshall, to save

labour, let the water directly into the race with a strong current, so as to wash it wider and deeper. He effected his purpose, and a large bed of mud and gravel was carried to the foot of the race. One day Mr. Marshall, as he was walking down the race to this deposit of mud, observed some glittering particles at its upper edge; he gathered a few, examined them, and became satisfied of their value. He then went to the fort, told Captain Sutter of his discovery, and they agreed to keep it secret until a certain grist-mill of Sutter's was finished. It, however, got out and spread like magic. Remarkable success attended the labours of the first explorers, and, in a few weeks, hundreds of men were drawn thither. At the time of my visit, but little more than three months after its first discovery, it was estimated that upwards of four thousand people were employed. At the mill there is a fine deposit or bank of gravel, which the people respect as the property of Captain Sutter, though he pretends to no right to it, and would be perfectly satisfied with the simple promise of a pre-emption on account of the mill which he has built there at a considerable cost. Mr. Marshall was living near the mill, and informed me that many persons were employed above and below him; that they used the same machines as at the lower washings, and that their success was about the same—ranging from one to three ounces of gold per man daily. This gold, too, is in scales a little coarser than those of the lower mines. From the mill Mr. Marshall guided me up the mountain on the opposite or north bank of the south fork, where in the bed of small streams or ravines, now dry, a great deal of coarse gold has been found. I there saw several parties at work, all of whom were doing very well; a great many specimens were shown me, some as heavy as four or five ounces in weight; and I send three pieces, labelled No. 5, presented by a Mr. Spence. You will perceive that some of the specimens accompanying this hold mechanically pieces of quartz—that the surface is rough, and evidently moulded in the crevice of a rock. This gold cannot have been carried far by water, but must have remained near where it was first deposited from the rock that once bound it. I inquired of many if they had encountered the metal in its matrix, but in every instance they said they had not; but that the gold was invariably mixed with wash-gravel, or lodged in the crevices of other rocks. All bore testimony that they had found gold in greater or less quantities in the numerous small gullies or ravines that occur in that mountainous region. On the 7th of July I left the mill and crossed to a small stream emptying into the American fork, three or four miles below the saw-mill. I struck the stream (now known as Weber's Creek) at the washings of Sunol and Company. They had about

thirty Indians 118 employed, whom they pay in merchandise. They were getting gold of a character similar to that found in the main fork, and doubtless in sufficient quantities to satisfy them. I send you a small specimen, presented by this Company, of their gold. From this point we proceeded up the stream about eight miles, where we found a great many people and Indians, some engaged in the bed of the stream, and others in the small side valleys that put into it. These latter are exceedingly rich, two ounces being considered an ordinary yield for a day's work. A small gutter, not more than 100 yards long by four feet wide, and two or three deep, was pointed out to me as the one where two men (W. Daly and Percy M'Coon) had a short time before obtained. 17,000 dollars' worth of gold. Captain Weber informed me, that he knew that these two men had employed four white men and about 100 Indians, and that, at the end of one week's work, they paid off their party, and had left 10,000 dollars' worth of this gold. Another small ravine was shown me, from which had been taken upwards of 12,000 dollars' worth of gold. Hundreds of similar ravines, to all appearances, are as yet untouched. I could not have credited these reports had I not seen, in the abundance of the precious metal, evidence of their truth. Mr. Neligh, an agent of Commodore Stockton, had been at work about three weeks in the neighbourhood, and showed me, in bags and bottles, 2000 dollars' worth of gold; and Mr. Lyman, a gentleman of education, and worthy of every credit, said he had been engaged with four others, with a machine, on the american fork, just below Sutter's Mill, that they worked eight days, and that his share was at the rate of fifty dollars a-day, but hearing that others were doing better at Weber's Place, they had removed there, and were then on the point of resuming operations.

“The country on either side of Weber's Creek is much broken up by hills, and is intersected in every direction by small streams or ravines which contain more or less gold. Those that have been worked are barely scratched, and, although thousands of ounces have been carried away, I do not consider that a serious impression has been made upon the whole. Every day was developing new and richer deposits; and the only impression seemed to be, that the metal would be found in such abundance as seriously to depreciate in value.

“On the 8th July I returned to the lower mines, and eventually to Monterey, where I arrived on the 17th of July. Before leaving Sutter's, I satisfied myself that gold existed in the bed of the Feather

River, in the Yubah and Bear, and in many of the small streams that lie between the latter and the American fork; also, that it had been found in the Consummes, to the south of the American fork. In each of these streams the gold is found in small scales, whereas in the intervening mountains it occurs in coarser lumps.

“Mr. Sinclair, whose rancho is three miles above Sutter's on the north side of the American, employs about fifty Indians on the north fork, not far from its junction with the main stream. He had been engaged about five weeks when I saw him, and up to that time his Indians had used simply closely-woven willow baskets. His net proceeds (which I saw) were about 16,000 dollars' worth of gold. He showed me the proceeds of his last week's work—14 lbs. avoirdupois of clean-washed gold.

“The principal store at Sutter's fort, that of Brannan and Co., had received in payment for goods 36,000 dollars' worth of this gold from the 1st of May to the 10th of July. Other merchants had also made extensive sales. Large quantities of goods were daily sent forward to the mines, as the Indians, heretofore so poor and degraded, have suddenly become consumers of the luxuries of life. I before mentioned that the greater part of the farmers and rancheros had abandoned their fields to go to the mines. This is not the case with Captain Sutter, who was carefully gathering his wheat, estimated at 40,000 bushels. Flour is already worth, at Sutter's, 36 dollars a-barrel, and will soon be 50. Unless large quantities of breadstuffs reach the country much suffering will occur; but as each man is now able to pay a large price, it is believed the merchants will bring from Chili and the Oregon a plentiful supply for the coming winter.

“The most moderate estimate I could obtain from men acquainted with the subject was, that upwards of 4,000 men were working in the gold district, of whom more than one-half were Indians, and that from 30,000 to 50,000 dollars' worth of gold, if not more, were daily obtained. The entire gold district, with very few exceptions of grants made some years ago by the Mexican authorities, is on land belonging to the United States. It was a matter of serious reflection to me, how I could secure to the Government certain rents 119 or fees for the privilege of securing this gold; but upon considering the large extent of country, the character of the people engaged, and the small scattered

force at my command, I resolved not to interfere, but permit all to work freely, unless broils and crimes should call for interference.

“The discovery of these vast deposits of gold has entirely changed the character of Upper California. Its people, before engaged in cultivating their small patches of ground, and guarding their herds of cattle and horses, have all gone to the mines, or are on their way thither. Labourers of every trade have left their work-benches, and tradesmen their shops; sailors desert their ships as fast as they arrive on the coast; and several vessels have gone to sea with hardly enough hands to spread a sail. Two or three are now at anchor in San Francisco, with no crew on board. Many desertions, too, have taken place from the garrisons within the influence of these mines; twenty-six soldiers have deserted from the post of Sonoma, twenty-four from that of San Francisco, and twenty-four from Monterey. I have no hesitation now in saying, that there is more gold in the country drained by the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers than will pay the cost of the present war with Mexico a hundred times over. No capital is required to obtain this gold, as the labouring man wants nothing but his pick and shovel and tin pan, with which to dig and wash the gravel, and many frequently pick gold out of the crevices of rocks with their knives, in pieces of from one to six ounces.

“Gold is also believed to exist on the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada; and, when at the mines, I was informed by an intelligent Mormon that it had been found near the Great Salt Lake by some of his fraternity. Nearly all the Mormons are leaving California to go to the Salt Lake; and this they surely would not do unless they were sure of finding gold there, in the same abundance as they now do on the Sacramento.

“I have the honour to be,

“Your most obedient Servant,

“R. B. MASON, “Colonel 1st Dragoons, commanding.

“Brigadier-General R. Jones, “Adjutant-General, U.S.A., Washington, D.C.”

CHAPTER XVII.

Rate of Wages—Mode of procuring the Gold—Extent of Gold Region—Price of Provisions.

IT will be seen, from the later accounts that each new report continues to realize the wildest expectation. The following letter dated Monterey, November 16th, is highly interesting—

“We can now call ourselves citizens of the United States. We have now only to go by law, as we formerly went by custom; that is, when Congress gives us a government and code. The old foreign residents of California, having done very well ten or twenty years without law, care but very little whether Congress pays early or late attention to the subject. Those who have emigrated from the Atlantic States within the last three or four years deem the subject an important one; I only call it difficult. The carrying out a code of laws, under existing circumstances, is far from being an easy task. The general Government may appoint governors, secretaries, and other public functionaries; and judges, marshals, collectors, etc., may accept offices with salaries of 3000 or 4000 dollars per annum; but how they are to obtain their petty officers, at half these sums, remains to be seen. The pay of a member of Congress will be accepted here by those alone who do not know enough to better themselves. Mechanics can now get 10 to 16 dollars per day; labourers on the wharfs or elsewhere, 5 to 10 dollars; clerks and storekeepers, 1000 to 3000 dollars per annum—some engage to keep store during their pleasure at 8 dollars per day, or 1 lb. or 1 1/2 lb. of gold per month; cooks and stewards, 60 to 100 dollars per month. In fact, labour of every description commands exorbitant prices.

“The Sandwich Islands, Oregon, and Lower California are fast parting with their inhabitants, all bound for this coast, and thence to the great ‘placer’ of the Sacramento Valley, where the digging and washing of one man that does not produce 100 troy ounces of gold, 23 carats, from the size of a half spangle to one pound in a month, sets the digger to ‘prospecting,’ that is, looking for better grounds. Your ‘Paisano’ can point out many a man who has, for fifteen to twenty days in succession, bagged up five to ten ounces of gold a-day. Our placer, or gold region, now extends over 300 or 400 miles of country, embracing all the creeks and branches on the east side of the river

Sacramento and one side of the San Joaquin. In my travels I have, when resting under a tree and grazing my horse, seen pieces of pure gold taken from crevices of the rocks or slate where we were stopping. On one occasion, nooning or refreshing on the 120 side of a stream entirely unknown to diggers or 'prospectors,' or rather, if known not attended to, one of my companions, while rolling in the sand, said, 'Give me a tin pan; why should we not be cooking in gold sand?' He took a pan, filled it with sand, washed it out, and produced in five minutes two or three dollars' worth of gold, merely saying, as he threw both pan and gold on the sand, 'I thought so.' Perhaps it is fair that your readers should learn, that, however plenty the Sacramento Valley may afford gold, the obtaining of it has its disadvantages. From the 1st of July to the 1st of October, more or less, one half of the people will have fever and ague, or intermittent fever. In the winter, it is too cold to work in the water. Some work in the sand by washing from the surface in a wooden bowl, or tin pan; some gouge it out from the rocks or slate; the more lazy ones roll about and pick up the large pieces, leaving the small gold for the next emigration. The extent of the gold region on the San Joaquin and Sacramento rivers extends a distance of 800 miles in length by 100 in width. It embraces not only gold, but quantities of quicksilver in almost general abundance. It is estimated that a small population actively engaged in mining operations in that region could export 100,000,000 dollars in gold in every year, and that an increased population might increase that amount to 300,000,000 dollars annually. You may believe me when I say that for some time to come California will export, yearly, nearly or quite 500,000 ounces of gold, 22 to 24 carats fine; some pieces of that will weigh 16 lbs., very many 1 lb. Many men who began last June to dig gold with a capital of 50 dollars can now show 5000 to 15,000 dollars. I saw a man to-day making purchases of dry goods, etc., for his family, lay on the counter a bag of raw hide, well sewed up, containing 109 ounces. I observed, 'That is a good way to pack gold dust.' He very innocently replied, 'All the bags I brought down are that way; I like the size!' Five such bags in New York would bring nearly 10,000 dollars. This man left his family last August. Three months' digging and washing, producing four or five bags, of 100 ounces each, is better than being mate of a vessel at 40 dollars per month, as the man formerly was. His companion, a Mexican, who camped and worked with him, only had two or three cow-hide bags of gold. In this tough, but true, golden tale, you must not imagine that all men are equally successful. There are some who have done better, even to 4000 dollars in a month; many 1000

dollars during the summer; and others, who refused to join a company of gold-washers who had a cheap-made machine, and receive one ounce per day, that returned to the settlement with not a vest pocket-full of gold. Some left with only sufficient to pay for a horse and saddle, and pay the physician six ounces of gold for one ounce of quinine, calomel, and jalap in proportion. An ounce of gold for advice given, six ounces a visit, brings the fever and ague to be rather an expensive companion. A 'well' man has his proportionate heavy expenses also, to reduce his piles or bags of gold. Dry beef in the settlements, at 4 cents per lb., at the Placer, 1 to 2 dollars per lb.; salt beef and pork, 50 to 100 dollars per barrel; flour, 30 to 75 dollars per barrel; coffee, sugar, and rice, 50 cents to 1 dollar per lb. As washing is 50 cents to 1 dollar a garment, many prefer throwing away their used-up clothes to paying the washerwoman; that is, if they intend returning to the settlements soon, where they can purchase more. As to shaving, I have never seen a man at the Placer who had time to perform that operation. They do not work on Sundays, only brush up the tent, blow out the emery or fine black sand from the week's work. Horses that can travel only one day, and from that to a week, are from 100 to 300 dollars. Freight charge by launch owners for three days' run, 5 dollars per barrel. Wagoners charge 50 to 100 dollars per load, 20 to 50 miles, on good road. Corn, barley, peas, and beans, 10 dollars a-bushel. Common pistols, any price; powder and lead very dear. I know a physician who, in San Francisco, purchased a common made gold-washer at 20 or 30 dollars, made of 70 or 80 feet of boards. At a great expense he boated it up to the first landing on the Sacramento, and there met a wagoner bound to one of the diggings with an empty wagon, distant about 50 miles. The wagoner would not take up the machine under 100 dollars. The doctor had to consent, and bided his time. June passed over, rich in gold; all on that creek did wonders, when the wagoner fell sick, called on his friend the doctor, whose tent was in sight; the doctor came, but would not administer the first dose under the old sum of 100 dollars, which was agreed to, under a proviso that the following doses should be furnished more moderate. When a man's time is worth 100 dollars a-day, to use a spade and tin pan, neither doctors nor wagoners can think much of a pound of gold, and you may suppose merchants, traders, and pedlars are not slow to make their fortunes in these golden times. In San Francisco there is more merchandize sold now, monthly, than before in a year. Vessels after vessels arrive, land their cargoes, dispose of them, and bag up the dust and lay up the vessel, as the crew are soon among the missing. The cleanest clear out is where

the captain follows the crew. There are many vessels in San Francisco that cannot weigh anchor, even with the assistance of three or four neighbouring vessels. Supercargoes must land cargo on arriving, or have no crew to do it for them. Some vessels continue to go to sea, with small crews, at 50 dollars per month for green hands. Old hands are too wise for them, and prefer digging an ounce or two a-day, and drinking hock and champagne at half an ounce a-bottle, and eating bad sea bread at 1 dollar per pound. I have seen a captain of a vessel, who, by his old contract in the port whence he sailed, was getting 60 dollars per month, paying his cook 75 dollars, and offering 100 dollars per month for a steward; his former crew, even to his mates, having gone a 'prospecting.' Uncle Sam's ships suffer a little the same way, although they offer from 200 to 500 dollars for the apprehension of a deserter. The Ohio, however, laid in the port of Monterey about a month, and lost only 20 or 30 men. Colonel Stevenson's regiment is disbanded, 99 out of 100 of whom have also gone 'prospecting,' including the colonel, who arrived in Monterey last month, from his last post, and was met by his men at the edge of the town, to escort and cheer him into the town. The captains, etc., have bought up country carts and oxen, turned drivers, and gone to the Placer. Our worthy governor, Colonel of the 1st Dragoons, etc., having plenty of carts, wagons, horses, and mules, with a few regulars left, has also gone, but under better advantages, for the second or third time, to see the Placer and the country, and have justice done to his countrymen or himself. Commodore Jones, lately arrived in Monterey, supposed it to be the capital, head-quarters, etc., but found not even the Governor left. Where head-quarters are may be uncertain, whether in Monterey, Sutter's Fort, or in a four-mule wagon travelling over the gold region. Now, whether head-quarters are freighted with munitions of war, etc., or whether the cargo consists of blankets, shirts, etc., to clothe the suffering Indians, for the paltry consideration of gold, no one cares or knows; but the principle should be, that, if privates can or will be off making their thousands, those who are better able should not go goldless."

The *Washington Union* contains a letter from Lieutenant Larkin, dated Monterey, November 16, received at the State Department, containing further confirmation of the previous despatches, public and private, and far outstripping all other news in its exciting character. The gold was increasing in size and quality daily. Lumps were found weighing from one to two pounds. Several

had been heard of weighing as high as 16 pounds, and one 25 pounds. Many men, who were poor in June, were worth 30,000 dollars, by digging and trading with the Indians. 100 dollars a-day is the average amount realized daily, from July to October. Half the diggers were sick with fevers, though not many deaths had occurred among them. The Indians would readily give an ounce of gold for a common calico shirt; others were selling for ten dollars each in specie. The gold region extends over a track of 300 miles, and it was not known that it did not extend 1000. A letter from Commodore Jones states that many of the petty officers and men had deserted and gone in search of the gold. He adds, the Indians were selling gold at 50 cents the ounce. Many vessels were deserted by captain, cook, and seamen. The ship *Isaac Walton* offered discharged soldiers 50 dollars per month to go to Callao, which was refused. She was supplied by government sailors. All the naval vessels on the coast were short of hands. Nearly the whole of the 3rd Artillery had deserted. Provisions were scarce and high; board, 4 dollars a-day; washing, 6 dollars a-dozen. Merchants' clerks get from 2000 to 3000 dollars a-year.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Route by land—Outfit, etc., and advice to intending Emigrants.

THE route via Independence or St. Joseph, Mo., to Fort Laramie, South Pass, Fort Hall, the Sink of Mary's River, etc., etc., the *old* route. Let no emigrant, carrying his family with him, deviate from it, or imagine that he can find a better road. This road is the best that has yet been discovered, and to the Bay of San Francisco and the Gold Region it is much the shortest. The Indians, moreover, on this route, have, up to the present time, 122 been so friendly as to commit no acts of hostility on the emigrants. The trail is plain and good where there are no physical obstructions, and the emigrant, by taking this route, will certainly reach his destination in good season and without disaster. From our information we would most earnestly advise all emigrants to take this trail, without deviation, if they would avoid the fatal calamities which almost invariably have attended those who have undertaken to explore new routes.

The lightest wagon that can be constructed, of sufficient strength to carry 2500 pounds' weight, is the vehicle most desirable. No wagon should be loaded over this weight, or if it is, it will be certain to stall in the muddy sloughs and crossings on the prairie in the first part of the journey. This wagon can be hauled by three or four yokes of oxen or six mules. Oxen are usually employed by the emigrants for hauling their wagons. They travel about 15 miles per day, and, all things considered, are perhaps equal to mules for this service, although they cannot travel so fast. They are, however, less expensive, and there is not so much danger of their straying and of being stolen by the Indians.

Pack-mules can only be employed by parties of men. It would be very difficult to transport a party of women and children on pack-mules, with the provisions, clothing, and other baggage necessary to their comfort. A party of men, however, with pack-mules, can make the journey in less time by one month than it can be done in wagons—carrying with them, however, nothing more than their provisions, clothing, and ammunition.

For parties of *men* going out, it would be well to haul their wagons, provisions, etc., as far as Fort Laramie, or Fort Hall, by mules, carrying with them pack-saddles and *alforjases*, or large saddle-bags, adapted to the pack-saddle, with ropes for packing, etc., when, if they saw proper, they could dispose of their wagons for Indian ponies, and pack into California, gaining perhaps two or three weeks' time.

The provisions actually necessary per man are as follows:—

150 lbs. of flour.

150 do. bacon.

25 do. coffee.

30 do. sugar.

Added to these, the main items, there should be a small quantity of rice, 50 or 75 lbs. of crackers, dried peaches, etc., and a keg of lard, with salt, pepper, etc., and such other luxuries of light weight as the person outfitting chooses to purchase. He will think of them before he starts.

Every man should be provided with a good rifle, and, if convenient, with a pair of pistols, five pounds of powder, and ten pounds of lead. A revolving belt-pistol may be found useful.

With the wagon, there should be carried such carpenter's tools as a hand-saw, auger, gimlet, chisel, shaving-knife, etc., an axe, hammer, and hatchet. This last weapon every man should have in his belt, with a hunter's or a bowie-knife.

From Independence to the first settlement in California, which is near the *gold region*, it is about 2050 miles—to San Francisco, 2290 miles.

The accounts that have been received and published in regard to the wealth and productiveness of the gold mines, and other mines in California, are undoubtedly true. They are derived from the most authentic and reliable sources, and from individuals whose veracity may be undoubtingly believed.

When a young man arrives there, he must turn his attention to whatever seems to promise the largest recompense for his labour. It is impossible in the new state of things produced by the late discoveries, and the influx of population, to foresee what this might be. The country is rich in agricultural resources, as well as in the precious metals, and, with proper enterprise and industry, he could scarcely fail to do well.

Families, as well as parties going out, should carry with them good tents, to be used after their arrival as houses. The influx of population will probably be so great that it will be difficult, if not impossible, to obtain other shelter for some time after their arrival. The climate of the country, however, even in winter, is so mild that, with good tents, comfort is attainable. They should be careful, also, to carry as much *subsistence* into the country as they can; as what they purchase there, after their arrival, they will be compelled to pay a high price for.

The shortest route to California is unquestionably by the West India Mail Packets, which leave Southampton on the 17th of every month. The point to which they take passengers is Chagres. This voyage is usually accomplished in about 22 to 26 days. From thence passengers proceed across the Isthmus, a distance of about 52 miles (say three or four 123 days' journey) to Panama, and thence 3500 miles by sea in the Pacific to St. Francisco. From the vast number of eager emigrants that it is expected will assemble at Panama, it is very probable that great delay will be occasioned from there not being sufficient number of vessels to convey them to their destination. Unless such adventurers are abundantly supplied with money, they will not be able to live in the hot desolation of the tropics, where life is but little valued, and where death is even less regarded. The entire route by sea (round Cape Horn) cannot be less than 18,500 miles, and generally occupies from five to six months, yet this route is much cheaper, safer, and in the end (from the delay that will occur at Panama) quite as *short*. This route, particularly to parties from England, is universally allowed to be the best many, dangers and difficulties that attend the route across the Isthmus of Panama (not noticing the probable delay) will be avoided, and many a one will bitterly regret that he was ever induced to attempt (as he perceives ship after ship sailing gallantly on to these favoured regions) what he considered a shorter route, from the want of the means of transit, while he is himself compelled idly to waste his time, a prey to pestilence and to the "hope deferred that maketh the heart sick."

APPENDIX.

THE following are letters addressed to the Government at Washington, and other communications, all of which, it will be seen, are fully confirmatory of the accounts given in the preceding pages; with other details of interest relative to the state of the gold districts: *Extract from a Letter from Mr. Larkin, United States Consul at Monterey, to Mr. Buchanan, Secretary of State at Washington.* "San Francisco (Upper California), June 1, 1848. "Sir: ***I have to report to the State Department one of the most astonishing excitements and state of affairs now existing in this country, that, perhaps, has ever been brought to the notice of the Government. On the American fork of the Sacramento and Feather River, another branch of the same, and the adjoining lands, there has been within the

present year discovered a placer, a vast tract of land containing gold, in small particles. This gold, thus far, has been taken on the bank of the river, from the surface to eighteen inches in depth, and is supposed deeper, and to extend over the country.

“On account of the inconvenience of washing, the people have, up to this time, only gathered the metal on the banks, which is done simply with a shovel, filling a shallow dish, bowl, basket, or tin pan, with a quantity of black sand, similar to the class used on paper, and washing out the sand by movement of the vessel. It is now two or three weeks since the men employed in those washings have appeared in this town with gold, to exchange for merchandise and provisions. I presume nearly 20,000 dollars of this gold has as yet been so exchanged. Some 200 or 300 men have remained up the river, or are gone to their homes, for the purpose of returning to the Placer, and washing immediately with shovels, picks, and baskets; many of them, for the first few weeks, depending on borrowing from others. I have seen the written statement of the work of one man for sixteen days, which averaged 25 dollars per day; others have, with a shovel and pan, or wooden bowl, washed out 10 dollars to even 50 dollars in a day. There are now some men yet washing who have 500 dollars to 1,000 dollars. As they have to stand two feet deep in the river, they work but a few hours in the day, and not every day in the week.

“A few men have been down in boats to this port, spending twenty to thirty ounces of gold each—about 300 dollars. I am confident that this town (San Francisco) has one-half of its tenements empty, locked up with the furniture. The owners—storekeepers, lawyers, mechanics, and labourers—all gone to the Sacramento with their families. Small parties, of five to fifteen men, have sent to this town and offered cooks ten to fifteen dollars per day for a few weeks. Mechanics and teamsters, earning the year past five to eight dollars per day, have struck and gone. Several U.S. volunteers have deserted. U.S. barque Anita, belonging to the Army, now at anchor here, has but six men. One Sandwich Island vessel in port lost all her men; and was obliged to engaged another crew at 50 dollars for the run of fifteen days to the Islands.

“One American captain having his men 124 shipped on this coast in such a manner that they could leave at any time, had them all on the eve of quitting, when he agreed to continue their pay and

food; leaving one on board, he took a boat and carried them to the gold regions—furnishing tools and giving his men one-third. They have been gone a week. Common spades and shovels, one month ago worth 1 dollar, will now bring 10 dollars, at the gold regions. I am informed 50 dollars has been offered for one. Should this gold continue as represented, this town and others would be depopulated. Clerks' wages have risen from 600 dollars to 1000 per annum, and board; cooks, 25 dollars to 30 dollars per month. This sum will not be any inducement a month longer, unless the fever and ague appears among the washers. The *Californian*, printed here, stopped this week. The *Star* newspaper office, where the new laws of Governor Mason, for this country, are printing, has but one man left. A merchant, lately from China, has even lost his China servants. Should the excitement continue through the year, and the whale-ships visit San Francisco, I think they will lose most all their crews. How Col. Mason can retain his men, unless he puts a force on the spot, I know not.

“I have seen several pounds of this gold, and consider it very pure, worth in New York 17 dollars to 18 dollars per ounce; 14 dollars to 16 dollars, in merchandise, is paid for it here. What good or bad effect this gold mania will have on California, I cannot fore tell. It may end this year; but I am informed that it will continue many years. Mechanics now in this town are only waiting to finish some rude machinery, to enable them to obtain the gold more expeditiously, and free from working in the river. Up to this time, but few Californians have gone to the mines, being afraid the Americans will soon have trouble among themselves, and cause disturbance to all around. I have seen some of the black sand, as taken from the bottom of the river (I should think in the States it would bring 25 to 50 cents per pound), containing many pieces of gold; they are from the size of the head of a pin to the weight of the eighth of an ounce. I have seen some weighing one-quarter of an ounce (4 dollars). Although my statements are almost incredible, I believe I am within the statements believed by every one here. Ten days back, the excitement had not reached Monterey. I shall, within a few days, visit this gold mine, and will make another report to you. In closed you will have a specimen.

“I have the honour to be, very respectfully, “THOMAS O. LARKIN. “P.S. This placer, or gold region, is situated on public land.”*Mr. Larkin to Mr. Buchanan.* “Monterey, California, June

28, 1848. "SIR: My last dispatch to the State Department was written in San Francisco, the 1st of this month. In that I had the honour to give some information respecting the new "placer," or gold regions lately discovered on the branches of the Sacramento River. Since the writing of that dispatch I have visited a part of the gold region, and found it all I had heard, and much more than I anticipated. The part that I visited was upon a fork of the American River, a branch of the Sacramento, joining the main river at Sutter's Fort. The place in which I found the people digging was about twenty-five miles from the fort by land.

"I have reason to believe that gold will be found on many branches of the Sacramento and the Joaquin rivers. People are already scattered over one hundred miles of land, and it is supposed that the "placer" extends from river to river. At present the workmen are employed within ten or twenty yards of the river, that they may be convenient to water. On Feather river there are several branches upon which the people are digging for gold. This is two or three days' ride from the place I visited.

"At my camping place I found, on a surface of two or three miles on the banks of the river, some fifty tents, mostly owned by Americans. These had their families. There are no Californians who have taken their families as yet to the gold regions; but few or none will ever do it; some from New Mexico may do so next year, but no Californians.

"I was two nights at a tent occupied by eight Americans, viz., two sailors, one clerk, two carpenters, and three daily workmen. These men were in company; had two machines, each made from one hundred feet of boards (worth there 150 dollars, in Monterey 15 dollars—being one day's work), made similar to a child's cradle, ten feet long, with out the ends.

"The two evenings I saw these eight men bring to their tents the labour of the day. I suppose they made each 50 dollars per day; their own calculation was two pounds of gold 125 a-day—four ounces to a man—64 dollars. I saw two brothers that worked together, and only worked by washing the dirt in a tin pan, weigh the gold they obtained in one day; the result was 7 dollars to one, 82 dollars to the other. There were two reasons for this difference; one man worked less hours than the other, and by chance had ground less impregnated with gold. I give this statement as an extreme

case. During my visit I was an interpreter for a native of Monterey, who was purchasing a machine or canoe. I first tried to purchase boards and hire a carpenter for him. There were but a few hundred feet of boards to be had; for these the owner asked me 50 dollars per hundred (500 dollars per thousand), and a carpenter washing gold dust demanded 50 dollars per day for working. I at last purchased a log dug out, with a riddle and sieve made of willow boughs on it, for 120 dollars, payable in gold dust at 14 dollars per ounce. The owner excused himself for the price, by saying he was two days making it, and even then demanded the use of it until sunset. My Californian has told me since, that himself, partner, and two Indians, obtained with this canoe eight ounces the first and five ounces the second day.

“I am of the opinion that on the American fork, Feather River, and Copimes River, there are near two thousand people, nine-tenths of them foreigners. Perhaps there are one hundred families, who have their teams, wagons, and tents. Many persons are waiting to see whether the months of July and August will be sickly, before they leave their present business to go to the ‘Placer.’ The discovery of this gold was made by some Mormons, in January or February, who for a time kept it a secret; the majority of those who are working there began in May. In most every instance the men, after digging a few days, have been compelled to leave for the purpose of returning home to see their families, arrange their business, and purchase provisions. I feel confident in saying there are fifty men in this ‘Placer’ who have on an average 1,000 dollars each, obtained in May and June. I have not met with any person who had been fully employed in washing gold one month; most, however, appear to have averaged an ounce per day. I think there must, by this time, be over 1,000 men at work upon the different branches of the Sacramento; putting their gains at 10,000 dollars per day, for six days in the week, appears to me not overrated.

“Should this news reach the emigration of California and Oregon, now on the road, connected with the Indian wars, now impoverishing the latter country, we should have a large addition to our population; and should the richness of the gold region continue, our emigration in 1849 will be many thousands, and in 1850 still more. If our countrymen in California, as clerks, mechanics, and workmen, will forsake employment at from 2 dollars to 6 dollars per day, how many more of the same class in the Atlantic States, earning much less, will leave for this country under such

prospects? It is the opinion of many who have visited the gold regions the past and present months, that the ground will afford gold for many years, perhaps for a century. From my own examination of the rivers and their banks, I am of opinion that, at least for a few years, the golden products will equal the present year. However, as neither men of science, nor the labourers now at work, have made any explorations of consequence, it is a matter of impossibility to give any opinion as to the extent and richness of this part of California. Every Mexican who has seen the place says throughout their Republic there has never been any 'placer like this one.'

“Could Mr. Polk and yourself see California as we now see it, you would think that a few thousand people, on 100 miles square of the Sacramento valley, would yearly turn out of this river the whole price our country pays for the acquired territory. When I finished my first letter I doubted my own writing, and, to be better satisfied, showed it to one of the principal merchants of San Francisco, and to Captain Fulsom, of the Quartermaster's Department, who decided at once I was far below the reality. You certainly will suppose, from my two letters, that I am, like others, led away by the excitement of the day. I think I am not. In my last I inclosed a small sample of the gold dust, and I find my only error was in putting a value to the sand. At that time I was not aware how the gold was found; I now can describe the mode of collecting it.

“A person without a machine, after digging off one or two feet of the upper ground, near the water (in some cases they take the top earth), throws into a tin pan or wooden bowl a shovel full of loose dirt and stones; then placing the basin an inch or two under water, continues to stir up the dirt with his hand in such a manner that the running water will carry off the light earths, occasionally, with 126 his hand, throwing out the stones; after an operation of this kind for twenty or thirty minutes, a spoonful of small black sand remains; this is on a handkerchief or cloth dried in the sun, the emerge is blown off, leaving the pure gold. I have the pleasure of inclosing a paper of this sand and gold, which I from a bucket of dirt and stones, in half-an-hour, standing at the edge of the water, washed out myself. The value of it may be 2 dollars or 3 dollars.

“The size of the gold depends in some measure upon the river from which it is taken; the banks of one river having larger grains of gold than another. I presume more than one half of the gold put

into pans or machines is washed out and goes down the stream; this is of no consequence to the washers, who care only for the present time. Some have formed companies of four or five men, and have a rough-made machine put together in a day, which worked to much advantage, yet many prefer to work alone, with a wooden bowl or tin pan, worth fifteen or twenty cents in the States, but eight to sixteen dollars at the gold region. As the workmen continue, and materials can be obtained, improvements will take place in the mode of obtaining gold; at present it is obtained by standing in the water, and with much severe labour, or such as is called here severe labour.

“How long this gathering of gold by the handful will continue here, or the future effect it will have on California, I cannot say. Three-fourths of the houses in the town on the bay of San Francisco are deserted. Houses are sold at the price of the ground lots. The effects are this week showing themselves in Monterey. Almost every house I had hired out is given up. Every blacksmith, carpenter, and lawyer is leaving; brick-yards, saw-mills and ranches are left perfectly alone. A large number of the volunteers at San Francisco and Sonoma have deserted; some have been retaken and brought back; public and private vessels are losing their crews; my clerks have had 100 per cent. advance offered them on their wages to accept employment. A complete revolution in the ordinary state of affairs is taking place; both of our newspapers are discontinued from want of workmen and the loss of their agencies; the Alcaldes have left San Francisco, and I believe Sonoma likewise; the former place has not a Justice of the Peace left.

“The second Alcalde of Monterey to-day joins the keepers of our principal hotel, who have closed their office and house, and will leave to-morrow for the golden rivers. I saw on the ground a lawyer who was last year Attorney-General of the King of the Sandwich Islands, digging and washing out his ounce and a half per day; near him can be found most all his brethren of the long robe, working in the same occupation.

“To conclude; my letter is long, but I could not well describe what I have seen in less words, and I now can believe that my account may be doubted. If the affair proves a bubble, a mere excitement, I know not how we can all be deceived, as we are situated. Governor Mason and his staff have left Monterey to visit the place in question, and will, I suppose, soon forward to his department his

views and opinions on this subject. Most of the land, where gold has been discovered, is public land; there are on different rivers some private grants. I have three such purchased in 1846 and 1847, but have not learned that any private lands have produced gold, though they may hereafter do so. I have the honour, dear sir, to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant, “THOMAS O. LARKIN.”

DESERTION FROM THE SHIPS.—“We collate from other sources several other interesting letters and documents, and which will be found well worth perusal. “Monterey, Sept. 15, 1848. “Messrs. Grinnell, Minturn, and Co.: “Sirs—I embrace this opportunity to inform you of my new situation, which is bad enough. All hands have left me but two; they will stay till the cargo is landed and ballast in, then they will go. Both mates will leave in a few days, and then I will have only the two boys, and I am fearful that they will run. I have got all landed but 900 barrels; on Monday I shall get off ballast if the weather is good. There's no help to be got at any price. The store-ship that sailed from here ten days ago took three of my men at 100 dollars per month; there is nothing that anchors here but what loses their men. I have had a hard time in landing the cargo; I go in the boat every load. If I can get it on shore I shall save the freight. As for the ship she will lay here for a long time, for there's not the least chance of getting a crew. The coasters are giving 100 dollars per month. All the ships at San Francisco have stripped and laid up. The Flora, of New London, is at San Francisco; all left. You probably have heard of the situation of things here. A sailor will be 127 up at the mines for two months, work on his own account, and come down with from two to three thousand dollars, and those that go in parties do much better. I have been offered 20 dollars per day to go, by one of the first men here, and work one year. It is impossible for me to give you any idea of the gold that is got here. Yours respectfully, “CHRISTOPHER ALLEN, “Captain of the ship Isaac Walton.’,

Another letter dated St. Francisco, September 1st, contains the following:—

“A day or two ago the Flora, Captain Potter, of New London, anchored in Whaleman's Harbour, on the opposite side of the Bay. Yesterday the captain, fearing he would lose all his men, weighed anchor, intending to go to sea. After getting under weigh, the crew, finding the ship was heading

out, refused to do duty, and the captain was forced to return and anchor here. Last night nine of the crew gagged the watch, lowered one of the boats, and rowed off. They have not been heard of since, and are now probably half way to the gold region. The Flora is twenty-six months out, with only 750 bbls. of oil. Every vessel that comes in here now is sure to lose her crew, and this state of things must continue until the squadron arrives, when, if the men-o'-war-men do not run off too, merchant-men may retain their crews.

“The whale-ship Euphrates, of New Bedford, left here a few weeks since, for the United States, to touch on the coast of Chili to recruit. The Minerva, Captain Perry, of New Bedford, has abandoned the whaling business, and is now on his way hence to Valparaiso for a cargo of merchandise. Although two large ships, four barks, and eight or ten brigs and schooners have arrived here since my return from the mineral country, about four weeks since, with large cargoes of merchandise, their entire invoices have been sold. Vessels are daily arriving from the islands and ports upon the coast, laden with goods and passengers, the latter destined for the gold-washings.

“Much sickness prevails among the gold-diggers; many have left the ground sick, and many more have discontinued their labours for the present, and gone into more healthy portions of the country, intending to return after the sickly season has passed. From the best information I can obtain, there are from two to three thousand persons at work at the gold-washings with the same success as heretofore.” THE DIGGINGS.—Extract of a letter from Monterey, Aug. 29.

“At present the people are running over the country and picking it out of the earth here and there, just as a thousand hogs, let loose in a forest, would root up ground-nuts. Some get eight or ten ounces a-day, and the least active one or two. They make the most who employ the wild Indians to hunt it for them. There is one man who has sixty Indians in his employ; his profits are a dollar a-minute. The wild Indians know nothing of its value, and wonder what the pale-faces want to do with it; they will give an ounce of it for the same weight of coined silver, or a thimbleful of glass beads, or a glass of grog. And white men themselves often give an ounce of it, which is worth at our mint 18 dollars, or more, for a bottle of brandy, a bottle of soda-powders, or a plug of tobacco.

“As to the quantity which the diggers get, take a few facts as evidence. I know seven men who worked seven weeks and two days, Sundays excepted, on Feather River; they employed on an average fifty Indians, and got out in these seven weeks and two days 275 pounds of pure gold. I know the men, and have seen the gold, and know what they state to be a fact—so stick a pin there. I know ten other men who worked ten days in company, employed no Indians, and averaged in these ten days 1500 dollars each; so stick another pin there. I know another man who got out of a basin in a rock, not larger than a wash-bowl, two pounds and a half of gold in fifteen minutes; so stick another pin there! Not one of these statements would I believe, did I not know the men personally, and know them to be plain matter-of-fact men—men who open a vein of gold just as coolly as you would a potato-hill.”

ASSAY OF THE GOLD.—Lieutenant Loeser having arrived at Washington with specimens of the gold from the diggings, the following account of its quality appeared in the “Washington Union,” the government organ:—

“Understanding last evening that the lieutenant had arrived in this city, and had deposited in the War Office the precious specimens he had brought with him, we called to see them, and to free our mind from all hesitation as to the genuineness of the metal. We had seen doubts expressed in some of our exchange papers; and we readily admit that 128 the accounts so nearly approached the miraculous, that we were relieved by the evidence of our own senses on the subject. The specimens have all the appearance of the native gold we had seen from the mines of North Carolina and Virginia, and we are informed that the Secretary would send the small chest, called a caddy, containing about 3,000 dollars' worth of gold, in lumps and scales, to the mint, to be melted into coins and bars. The specimens have come to Washington as they were extracted from the materials of the placer. The heaviest piece brought by Lieutenant Loeser weighs a little more than two ounces; but the varied contents of the casket (as described in Colonel Mason's schedule) will be sent off to-day, by special messenger, to the mint at Philadelphia for assay, and early next week we hope to have the pleasure of laying the result before our readers.” The assay was subsequently made, and

the result officially announced. The gold is declared to be from 3 to 8 per cent. purer than American standard gold coin.

ANOTHER ASSAY.—The following is the report of an assay of Californian gold dust, received by Mr. T. O. Larkin, United States consul at Monterey. “New York, Dec. 8, 1848. “Sir,—I have assayed the portion of gold dust, or metal, from California, which you sent me, and the result shows that it is fully equal to any found in our Southern gold mines. I return you 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ grains out of the 12 which I have tested, the value of which is 45 cents. It is 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ carats fine—within half a carat of the quality of English sovereigns or American eagles—and is almost ready to go to the mint. The finest gold metal we get is from Africa, which is 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 23 carats fine. In Virginia we have mines where the quality of the gold is much inferior—some of it so low as 19 carats—and in Georgia the mines produce it nearly 22 carats fine. The gold of California, which I have now assayed, is fully equal to that of any, and much superior to some produced from the mines in our Southern States. “JOHN WARWICK, “Smelter and refiner, 17, John-Street.”

INCONVENIENCES OF TOO MUCH GOLD.—The following letter (January 12) from Captain Fulsom, of the United States Service, writing from San Francisco, confirms the fact of the difficulty of procuring servants, or indeed manual assistance of any description:—

“All sorts of labour is got at enormous rates of compensation. Common clerks and salesmen in the stores about town often receive as high as 2500 dollars and their board. The principal waiter in the hotel where I board is paid 1700 dollars per year, and several others from 1200 to 1500 dollars! I fortunately have an Indian boy, or I should be forced to clean my own boots, for I could not employ a good body servant for the full amount of my salary as a government officer. I believe every army officer in California, with one or two exceptions, would have resigned last summer could they have done it, and been free at once to commence for themselves. But the war was not then terminated, and no one could hope to communicate with Washington correspondents, to get an answer in less than six, and perhaps ten, months. For some time last summer (August and July) the officers at Monterey were entirely without servants; and the governor (Colonel Mason) actually took his turn in cooking for his mess.”

EFFECTS OF THIS DISCOVERY ON THE UNITED STATES.—The following remarks upon the influence of this immense discovery, which appeared in a popular New York journal on the 23rd January, proves the extent of impression produced upon society in the States by the intelligence of this new source of natural wealth:—

“The news (February 12) from California will attract the observation of the whole community, A spirit is generated from those discoveries, which is more active, more intense, and more widely spread, than that which agitated Europe in the time of Columbus, Cortez, and Pizarro. There seems to be no doubt that, in a short time—probably less than two years—those mines can be made to produce 100,000,000 dollars per year. The region is the most extensive of the kind in the world, being 800 miles in length, and 100 in width, with every indication that gold exists in large native masses, in the rocks and mountains Sierra Nevada. But these vast gold mines of the are not the only mineral discoveries that have been made. The quicksilver in the same region seems to be as abundant as the gold, so that there are approximated to each other two metals, which will have a most important effect and utility in making the gold mines more valuable. Heretofore the gold and silver mines of Mexico and Peru have been valuable to Spain, because she possessed a monopoly of the quicksilver mines at Almaden in 129 the Peninsula. This is surpassed by California. According to the last accounts now given to the public, emigrants were crowding in from every port in the Pacific to California—from Mexico, Peru, the Sandwich Islands, Oregon; and we have no doubt by this time the British possessions in the East, China, and everywhere else in that region, are furnishing emigrants to the wonderful regions of California. In less than a year there will probably be a population of 100,000 to 200,000 souls, all digging for gold, and capable of producing from 100,000,000 dollars to 300,000,000 dollars worth per annum of pure gold, to be thrown on the commerce of the world at one fell swoop.

What is to be the effect of such vast discoveries on the commerce of the world—on old communities, on New York, London, and other great commercial cities? Such a vast addition to the gold currency of the world will at once disturb the prices and value of all productions and merchandise to a similar extent to that which we see in Monterey and San Francisco. The prices

of every commodity will therefore rise extravagantly during the next few years, according to the produce of gold from that region. Now, in a rising market everything prospers; every one gets rich, civilisation expands, industry increases, and all orders of society are benefited. As soon as the first crop of gold from California reaches New York, the impulse which it will give to commercial enterprise, and the advance in the price of everything which it will cause, will be tremendous. The bank currency will be expanded, for the basis will be abundant; real estate will increase in value, agricultural productions and agricultural labour will advance at once 10, 15, 20, 30, or 40 per cent., even to as great an extent, perhaps, as was witnessed when the demand came from Ireland for the food of this country to feed the starving Irish. New York and her sister cities will be the centre of all those revolutionary movements which are certain to spring from the gold productions of California, on the commerce of the whole civilized world. Ship-building will increase in value, steam-boats will be wanted, the railroads projected across the Isthmus in various places, in Mexico and Central America will be pushed to completion, and we should not be surprised to see an active attempt made, under the auspices of the Federal Government, to construct a railroad across the continent, through the South Pass, from St. Louis, or some other point on the Mississippi, to San Francisco. The discovery of these great gold mines will no doubt form the agent of the greatest revolution in the commercial centres of the world and on the civilisation of the human race that has ever taken place since the first dawn of history. New York will henceforth, from its position to the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans, probably in less than a quarter of a century, present a population greater than that of Paris, and display evidences of wealth, grandeur, magnificence, and industry, in an equal if not greater degree than what we see in London at this day. We expect that, in the next twenty-five years, we shall make as rapid a march in this metropolis, and in the neighbouring cities, as any city has done during the last twenty-five centuries. There is no necessity for all going to California. Those who remain, and will raise produce, manufacture goods, build ships, construct steam-engines, and advance the Fine Arts, will enjoy the benefits of those discoveries to as great an extent as those who go to the Sacramento to dig for gold. All the results of the labours of those diggers must come to this metropolis, swell its magnificence, and increase the intensity of its action in commercial affairs. Even in a political point of view the discovery of these wonderful gold mines in California, under the Government of the United States, will have a wonderful and astounding

effect. We should not be surprised to see, in a short time, all the old provinces of Mexico, as far as the Isthmus of Darien, knocking for admission into this union; while, on the other side, the British provinces of Canada, and even the Spanish island of Cuba, may be begging and praying to be let in at the same time, and be permitted to enjoy some of the vast advantages, and participate a little in the energy, which this vast confederacy will exhibit to the astonished world.

DISORDERS IN THE GOLD DISTRICT.—Up to the close of the year the accounts were with few exceptions favourable to the morals and habits of the masses of adventurers congregated on the banks of the San Francisco and the vicinity; subsequently the statements on these points began to change, and every letter noticed some robbery or murder, generally both, as of frequent occurrence, and at length they became so common that there was neither protection for life nor property. The following ominous intelligence, which appeared in the *Washington Union* (the organ of government), created an immense sensation. It was 130 the substance of a letter from San Francisco, dated the end of December, addressed to Commodore Jones. “This letter (according to the *Union*) presents a desperate state of affairs as existing in California. Everything is getting worse as regards order and government. Murders and robberies were not only daily events, but occurring hourly. Within six days more than twenty murders had been perpetrated. The people were preparing to organise a provisional government in order to put a stop to these outrages. Within five days three men have been hung by Lynch Law. The United States revenue laws are now in force, and will yield 400,000 dollars the first year. The inhabitants are opposed to paying taxes.”

LATEST ACCOUNTS (*from the New York Press.*)—The desperate state of affairs in California is fully confirmed. Murders and robberies were occurring daily. The following are particulars supplied by Lieutenant Lanman, of the United States navy, who had returned to New York, after having acted for a year past as collector at Monterey:—

“Only about an hour before he left, he saw a man on board the flag-ship, just arrived from the mines, who confirmed the previous reports in regard to the discoveries on the river Staneslow, where he had seen a single lump of gold weighing nine pounds, and heard of one that weighed twenty pounds. The gold excitement in Monterey had entirely abated, the immense mineral wealth

of the country being looked upon as an established fact. There was no disposition (except among the landholders) to exaggerate. For a year past Lieutenant Lanman has been performing the duties of collector at the port of Monterey; and, having seen every man who had returned from a visit to the mines, his opportunities for obtaining authentic information were better than if he had visited the mines in person. He informs us that no large amounts of gold dust or ore were selling at a sacrifice; he does not believe that one hundred ounces of the gold dust could have been purchased at the reported rate of eight dollars, the ordinary prices ranging from ten to twelve dollars per ounce. The weekly receipts of gold at San Francisco were estimated at from thirty to fifty thousand dollars, and Lieutenant Lanman knew of one individual who had in his possession thirty thousand dollars' worth of pure ore and dust. The current value of gold in trade was sixteen dollars per ounce. There was a scarcity of coin throughout the country; but when Lieutenant Lanman arrived at Panama, he was informed that 600,000 dollars had just been shipped for California by certain Mexican gentlemen, and that the American consul at Paita (Mr. Ruden) had in charge coin of the value of 118,000 dollars, which he intends to exchange for ore and dust. Peru and Chili are not behind the United States in regard to the gold excitement, no less than twenty vessels having sailed from these two countries within a short time bound to San Francisco. They were all well laden with provisions and other necessaries of life, and their arrival would probably reduce the prices, which have heretofore been so exorbitant. The whole amount of gold collected at the washings since the excitement first broke out is variously estimated—some put it down as high as 4,000,000 of dollars, but this I think is a little too high.”

A private letter says the produce of a vineyard of 1,000 vines brought 1,200 dollars; the vegetables of a garden of one acre, near San Francisco, 1,500 dollars. A snow-storm had covered the gold-diggings, and the people were leaving, on account of sickness, intending to return in the spring, which is said to be the best season for the gold harvest. Labourers, according to one letter-writer, demanded a dollar an hour! Adventurers continued to arrive at San Francisco from all parts of the world; and several persons, who were reported to be laden down with gold, were anxious to return to the United States, but could not very readily find a conveyance, as the sailors deserted the ships immediately on their arrival in port.

CALIFORNIAN GOLD 250 YEARS AGO.—Pinkerton, in an account of Drake's discovery of a part of California, to which he gave the name of New Albion, states:—"The country, too, if we can depend upon what Sir Francis Drake or his chaplain say, may appear worth the seeking and the keeping, since they assert that *the land is so rich in gold and silver, that upon the slightest turning it up with a spade or pick-axe, these rich metals plainly appear mixed with the mould.* It may be objected that this looks a little fabulous; but to this two satisfactory answers may be given: the first is, that later discoveries on the same coast confirm the truth of it, which for anything I can see ought to put the fact out of question; but if any doubts should remain, my second answer should overturn these. For I say next, that the country of New 131 Mexico lies directly behind New Albion, on the other side of a narrow bay, and in that country are the mines of Santa Fé, which are allowed to be the richest in the world; here, then, is a valuable country, to which we have a very fair title."

EFFECTS OF THE CALIFORNIAN NEWS IN ENGLAND.—A glance at the advertisements in the daily papers (says the *Examiner*) will show that the public appetite for California is likely to be promptly met. The burden of the various vessels already announced as ready for immediate departure amounts to about 5,000 tons, distributed in ships ranging from 190 to 700 tons, to say nothing of the West India mail-steamer, which leaves on the 17th, carrying goods and passengers to Chagres, or of a "short and pleasant passage" advertised to Galveston, in Texas, as a cheap route to the Pacific. The rates range from £25 upwards to suit all classes. Thus far, however, we have only the arrangements for those who are able to move. The opportunities provided for those who wish to share the advantages of the new region without its dangers are still more ample. Indeed, so imposing are the plans for an extensive investment of capital for carrying on the trade in shares of £5 each, that it would seem as if the first effect of the affair would be to cause a scarcity of money rather than an abundance. About a million and a quarter sterling is already wanted, and the promoters stipulate for the power of doubling the proposed amounts as occasion may offer. There is a "California Gold-Coast Trading Association;" a "California Gold Mining, Streaming, and Washing Company;" a "California Steam Trading Company;" a "California Gold and Trading Company;" and a "California Gold Mining, etc., Trading Company." The last of these alone will require £600,000 for its objects, but as half the shares are "to be reserved for the United States

of America,” the drain upon our resources will be lessened to that extent. Some of the concerns propose to limit their operations to trading on the coast, sending out at the same time “collecting and exploring parties” whenever the prospect may be tempting. Others intend at once to get a grant from the legislature at Washington of such lands “as they may deem necessary,” while others intend to trust to chance, simply sending out a “practical” manager, accompanied by an adequate number of men “accustomed to the extraction of gold in all its forms.” Along with these advertisements are some of a modified nature, to suit parties who may neither wish to go out with a batch of emigrants, nor to stay at home and wait the results of a public company. One “well-educated gentleman” seeks two others “to share expenses with him.” Another wishes for a companion who would advance £200, “one half to leave his wife, and the other half for outfit;” a third tells where “any respectable individuals with small capital” may find persons willing to join them; a fourth states that respectable persons having not less than £100 are wanted to complete a party; and a fifth, that a “seafaring man is ready to go equal shares in purchasing a schooner to sail on speculation.” What number may be found to answer these appeals it is impossible to conjecture. Common sense would say not one, but experience of what has been practised over and over again reminds us that the active parties on the present occasion are not calculating too largely upon the credulity of their countrymen. That the country will be a pandemonium long before any one can reach it from this side is hardly to be doubted, unless, indeed, the United States' government shall have been able to establish a blockade and cordon, in which case the new arrivals will have to get back as well as they can.

PROBABLE EFFECT ON THE CURRENCY IN EUROPE.—In the description of gold mines, and rivers flowing over golden sands, we must be prepared for a little over-colouring. Such discoveries have always excited sanguine hopes, and dreams of exhaustless wealth; but if the accounts—and they really appear well authenticated—of the golden treasures of California be true, quantities of the most precious of all metals are found—not buried in mines, but scattered on the surface of the earth, and the fortunate adventurer may enrich himself beyond the dreams of avarice, almost without labour, without capital, and with no care but that which cupidity generates. The principle that the value of the precious metals, like other products of industry, is determined primarily by the cost

of production, and then by scarcity, ideas of utility, and convenience, seems to be neutralized by this new discovery; and it becomes a curious question, how far it may affect the value of gold and silver in Europe. If the abundance of gold flowing from America be such as to exceed the demand, the value of gold will fall, and the price of all other commodities relatively rise, and the relative proportion between gold and silver be 132 disturbed so as to affect the standards of value in each country and the par of exchange between one and another. The productiveness of the silver mines, there is no doubt, is greater and more regular than those of gold; but the enormous increase of the silver currency on the Continent, in the United States, and even in India, and our own colonies, has kept the price of silver a little below five shillings an ounce. On the other hand the English standard of value being gold only, the drain of gold is generally towards England, while that of silver is towards the Continent. We do not doubt that the English Mint price of gold, £3 17s. 10 1/2d. an ounce, and the price at which the Bank of England are compelled to purchase, £3 17s. 9d. an ounce, are causes which not only regulate, but, within certain limits, determine, the price of gold throughout the world. Suppose, for a moment, the circulation of England, exceeding thirty millions and the Bank store of fifteen millions, to be thrown on the markets of Europe, by an alteration of the standard of value—how material would be the fall in price! It is equally obvious that England would be first and most materially affected by any large and sudden production of her standard of value; for though America would be enriched by the discovery of the precious metals within her own territories, it is only because she would possess a larger fund to exchange for more useful and necessary products of labour. The value of silver would not fall, assuming the supply and demand to be equalised, but gold would fall in relation to silver, and the existing proportion (about 15 to 1 could) no longer be maintained. Then prices would rise of all articles now estimated in our currency — *i. e.* an ounce of gold would exchange for less than at present. And, assuming the price of silver to keep up as heretofore, about 5s. an ounce, our sovereign would be valued less in other countries, and all exchange operations would be sensibly affected. The only countervailing influence in the reduction of gold to, say, only double the price of silver, would be an increased consumption in articles of taste and manufacture, which, however, can only be speculative and uncertain. It is said by accounts from California that five hundred miles lie open to the avarice of gold-hunters, and that some adventurers have collected from 1,200 to 1,800 dollars a-day; the probable average of each

man's earnings being from 8 to 10 dollars a-day, or, let us say, £2, The same authority avers there is room and verge enough for the profitable working, to that extent, of a hundred thousand persons. And it is likely enough before long that such a number may be tempted to seek their easily acquired fortune in the golden sands of El Sacramento and elsewhere. Now two pounds a-day for each man would amount to £200,000, which, multiplied by 300 working days, will give £60,000,000 a-year! That is, £600,000,000 in ten years! A fearful amount of gold dust, and far more than enough to disturb the equanimity of ten thousand political economists. The gold utensils found among the simple-minded and philosophic Peruvians (who wondered at the eager desire of Christians for what they scarcely valued), will be esteemed trifles with our golden palaces, and halls paved with gold, when California shall have poured this vast treasure into Europe. Assuming in round numbers each 2,000 lbs., or troy ton, to be equivalent to £100,000 sterling, the above amount in one year would represent *six hundred* tons, and in ten years *six thousand* tons of gold! The imagination of all-plodding industrious England is incapable of grasping so great an idea! Can there be any doubt, then, of a revolution in the value of the precious metals?

PROHIBITION FROM THE GOVERNMENT.—It would seem that the government have at length taken measures to preserve the gold districts from the bands of foreign adventurers who are daily pouring in from every quarter. Towards the end of January we learn that General Smith had been sent out by the United States government, with orders to enforce the laws against all persons, not citizens of the States, who should be found trespassing on the public lands. Official notice to this effect was issued to the American consul at Panama and other places, in order that emigrants on their way to California might be made aware of the determination of the government previous to their arrival. The punishment for illegal trespassing is fine and imprisonment. It was not known at the date of the last intelligence from California how this notification, which makes such an important change in the prospects of the numerous bodies now on their way thither, has been received by the population assembled at the land of promise. 133

THE following general view of the nature of the country which divides the United States from California is taken from a narrative, published by Lieutenant Emory, of a journey from the Arkansas to the newly annexed territory of the United States.

“The country,” says the lieutenant, “from the Arkansas to the Colorado, a distance of over 1200 miles, in its adaptation to agriculture, has peculiarities which must for ever stamp itself upon the population which inhabits it. All North Mexico, embracing New Mexico, Chihuahua, Sonora, and the Californias, as far north as the Sacramento, is, as far as the best information goes, the same in the physical character of its surface, and differs but little in climate and products. In no part of this vast tract can the rains from heaven be relied upon, to any extent, for the cultivation of the soil. The earth is destitute of trees, and in great part also of any vegetation whatever. A few feeble streams flow in different directions from the great mountains, which in many places traverse this region. These streams are separated, sometimes by plains, and sometimes by mountains, without water and without vegetation, and may be called deserts, so far as they perform any useful part in the sustenance of animal life.

“The whole extent of country, except on the margin of streams, is destitute of forest trees. The Apaches, a very numerous race, and the Navajoes, are the chief occupants, but there are many minor bands, who, unlike the Apaches and Navajoes, are not nomadic, but have fixed habitations. Amongst the most remarkable of these are the Soones, most of whom are said to be Albinoes. The latter cultivate the soil, and live in peace with their more numerous and savage neighbours. Departing from the ford of the Colorado in the direction of Sonora, there is a fearful desert to encounter. Alter, a small town, with a Mexican garrison, is the nearest settlement. All accounts concur in representing the journey as one of extreme hardship, and even peril. The distance is not exactly known, but it is variously represented at from four to seven days' journey. Persons bound for Sonora from California, who do not mind a circuitous route, should ascend the Gila as far as the Pimos village, and thence penetrate the province by way of Tucson. At the ford, the Colorado is 1,500 feet wide, and flows at the rate of a mile and a half per hour. Its greatest depth in the channel, at the ford where we crossed, is four feet. The banks are low, not more than four feet high. and,

judging from indications, sometimes, though not frequently, overflowed. Its general appearance at this point is much like that of the Arkansas, with its turbid waters and shifting sand islands.”

The narrative of Lieut. Emory, of his journey from this point across the Desert of California, becomes highly interesting and characteristic.

“*November 26.*—The dawn of day found every man on horseback, and a bunch of grass from the Colorado tied behind him on the cantle of his saddle. After getting well under way, the keen air at 26° Fahrenheit made it most comfortable to walk. We travelled four miles along the sand butte, in a southern direction; we mounted the buttes and found a firmer footing covered with fragments of lava, rounded by water, and many agates. We were now fairly on the desert.

“Our course now inclined a few degrees more to the north, and at 10, A.M., we found a large patch of grama, where we halted for an hour, and then pursued our way over the plains covered with fragments of lava, traversed at intervals by sand buttes, until 4, P.M., when, after travelling 24 miles, we reached the Alamo or cotton-wood. At this point, the Spaniards informed us, that, failing to find water, they had gone a league to the west, in pursuit of their horses, where they found a running stream. We accordingly sent parties to search, but neither the water nor their trail could be found. Neither was there any cotton-wood at the Alamo, as its name would signify; but it was nevertheless the place, the tree having probably been covered by the encroachments of the sand, which here terminates in a bluff 40 feet high, making the arc of a great circle convexing to the north. Descending this bluff, we found in what had been the channel of a stream, now overgrown with a few ill-conditioned mezquite, a large hole where persons had evidently dug for water. It was necessary to halt to rest our animals, and the time was occupied in deepening this hole, which, after a strong struggle, showed signs of water. An old champagne basket, used by one of the officers as a pannier, was lowered in the hole, to prevent the crumbling of the sand. After many efforts to keep out the caving sand, a basket-work of willow twigs effected the object, and, much to the joy of all 134 the basket, which was now 15 or 20 feet below the surface, filled with water. The order was given for each mess to draw a kettle of water, and Captain Turner was placed in charge of the spring, to see fair distribution.

“When the messes were supplied, the firmness of the banks gave hopes that the animals might be watered, and each party was notified to have their animals in waiting; the important business of watering then commenced, upon the success of which depended the possibility of their advancing with us a foot further. Two buckets for each animal were allowed. At 10, A.M., when my turn came, Captain Moore had succeeded, by great exertions, in opening another well, and the one already opened began to flow more freely, in consequence of which, we could afford to give each animal as much as it could drink. The poor brutes, none of which had tasted water in forty-eight hours, and some not for the last sixty, clustered round the well and scrambled for precedence. At 12 o'clock I had watered all my animals, thirty-seven in number, and turned over the well to Captain Moore. The animals still had an aching void to fill, and all night was heard the munching of sticks, and their piteous cries for more congenial food.

“*November 27 and 28.*—To-day we started a few minutes after sunrise. Our course was a winding one, to avoid the sand-drifts. The Mexicans had informed us that the waters of the salt lake, some thirty or forty miles distant, were too salt to use, but other information led us to think the intelligence was wrong. We accordingly tried to reach it; about 3, P.M., we disengaged ourselves from the sand, and went due (magnetic) west, over an immense level of clay detritus, hard and smooth as a bowling-green. The desert was almost destitute of vegetation; now and then an Ephedra, ænothera, or bunches of Aristida were seen, and occasionally the level was covered with a growth of Obione canescens, and a low bush with small oval plaited leaves, unknown. The heavy sand had proved too much for many horses and some mules, and all the efforts of their drivers could bring them no further than the middle of this desert. About 8 o'clock, as we approached the lake, the stench of dead animals confirmed the reports of the Mexicans, and put to flight all hopes of being able to use the water.

“The basin of the lake, as well as I could judge at night, is about three-quarters of a mile long and half a mile wide. The water had receded to a pool, diminished to one half its size, and the approach to it was through a thick soapy quagmire. It was wholly unfit for man or brute, and we studiously kept the latter from it, thinking that the use of it would but aggravate their thirst. One or two of the

men came in late, and, rushing to the lake, threw themselves down and took many swallows before discovering their mistake; but the effect was not injurious except that it increased their thirst. A few mezquite trees and a chenopodiaceous shrub bordered the lake, and on these our mules muched till they had sufficiently refreshed themselves, when the call to saddle was sounded, and we groped silently our way in the dark. The stoutest animals now began to stagger, and when day dawned scarcely a man was seen mounted.

“With the sun rose a heavy fog from the south-west, no doubt from the gulf, and, sweeping towards us, enveloped us for two or three hours, wetting our blankets and giving relief to the animals. Before it had disappeared we came to a patch of sun-burned grass. When the fog had entirely dispersed we found ourselves entering a gap in the mountains, which had been before us for four days. The plain was crossed, but we had not yet found water. The first valley we reached was dry, and it was not till 12 o'clock, M., that we struck the Cariso (cane) creek, within half a mile of one of its sources, and although so close to the source, the sands had already absorbed much of its water, and left but little running. A mile or two below, the creek entirely disappears. We halted, having made fifty-four miles in the two days, at the source, a magnificent spring, twenty or thirty feet in diameter, highly impregnated with sulphur, and medicinal in its properties.

“The desert over which we had passed, ninety miles from water to water, is an immense triangular plain, bounded on one side by the Colorado, on the west by the Cordilleras of California, the coast chain of mountains which now encircles us, extending from the Sacramento river to the southern extremity of Lower California, and on the north-east by a chain of mountains, running southeast and northwest. It is chiefly covered with floating sand, the surface of which in various places is white, with diminutive spinelas, and everywhere over the whole surface is found the large and soft muscle shell. I have noted the only two patches of grass found during the ‘jornada.’ There were scattered, at wide intervals, the *Palafoxia linearis*, 135 *Atriplex*, *Encelia farinosa*, *Daleas*, *Euphorbias*, and a *Simsia*, described by Dr. Torrey as a new species.

“The southern termination of this desert is bounded by the Tecaté chain of mountains and the Colorado; but its northern and eastern boundaries are undefined, and I should suppose from the

accounts of trappers, and others, who have attempted the passage from California to the Gila by a more northern route, that it extends many days' travel beyond the chain of barren mountains which bound the horizon in that direction. The portal to the mountains through which we passed was formed by immense buttes of yellow clay and sand, with large flakes of mica and seams of gypsum. Nothing could be more forlorn and desolate in appearance. The gypsum had given some consistency to the sand buttes, which were washed into fantastic figures. One ridge formed apparently a complete circle, giving it the appearance of a crater; and although some miles to the left, I should have gone to visit it, supposing it to be a crater, but my mule was sinking with thirst, and water was yet at some distance. Many animals were left on the road to die of thirst and hunger, in spite of the generous efforts of the men to bring them to the spring. More than one was brought up, by one man tugging at the halter and another pushing up the brute, by placing his shoulder against its buttocks. Our most serious loss, perhaps, was that of one or two fat mares and colts brought with us for food; for, before leaving camp, Major Swords found in a concealed place one of the best pack mules slaughtered, and the choice bits cut from his shoulders and flanks, stealthily done by some mess less provident than others.

“*Nov. 29.*—The grass at the spring was anything but desirable for our horses, and there was scarcely a ration left for the men. This last consideration would not prevent our giving the horses a day's rest wherever grass could be found. We followed the dry sandy bed of the Cariso nearly all day, at a snail's pace, and at length reached the 'little pools' where the grass was luxuriant but very salt. The water strongly resembled that at the head of the Cariso creek, and the earth, which was very tremulous for many acres about the pools, was covered with salt. This valley is not more than half a mile wide, and on each side are mountains of grey granite and pure quartz, rising from 1,000 to 3,000 feet above it.

“We rode for miles through thickets of the centennial plant, *Agave Americana*, and found one in full bloom. The sharp thorns terminating every leaf of this plant were a great annoyance to our dismounted and wearied men, whose legs were now almost bare. A number of these plants were cut by the soldiers, and the body of them used as food. The day was intensely hot, and the sand deep; the animals, inflated with water and rushes, gave way by scores; and although we advanced

only sixteen miles, many did not arrive at camp until 10 o'clock at night. It was a feast day for the wolves, which followed in packs close on our track, seizing our deserted brutes, and making the air resound with their howls as they battled for the carcasses.

“*December 12.*—We followed the Solidad through a deep fertile valley in the shape of a cross. Here we ascended to the left a steep hill to the table lands, which, keeping for a few miles, we descended into a waterless valley, leading into Balse bay at a point distant two or three miles from San Diego. At this place we were in view of the fort over-looking the town of San Diego and the barren waste which surrounds it.

“The town consists of a few adobe houses, two or three of which only have plank floors. It is situated at the foot of a high hill on a sand flat, two miles wide, reaching from the head of San Diego Bay to False Bay. A high promontory, of nearly the same width, runs into the sea four or five miles, and is connected by the flat with the main land. The road to the hide-houses leads on the east side of this promontory, and abreast of them the frigate Congress and the sloop Portsmouth are at anchor. The hide-houses are a collection of store-houses where the hides of cattle are packed before being shipped, this article forming the only trade of the little town.

“The bay is a narrow arm of the sea indenting the land some four or five miles, easily defended, and having twenty feet of water at the lowest tide. The rise is five feet, making the greatest water twenty-five feet.

“Standing on the hill which overlooks the town, and looking to the north-east, I saw the mission of San Diego, a fine large building now deserted. The Rio San Diego runs under ground in a direct course from the mission to the town, and, sweeping around the hill, discharges itself into the bay. Its original debouche was into False bay, where meeting the waters rolling in from the seaward, a bar was formed by the deposit of sand, making the entrance of False Bay impracticable. 136 *January 2.*—Six and a half miles march brought us to the deserted mission of San Luis Rey. The keys of this mission were in charge of the alcalde of the Indian village, a mile distant. He was at the door to receive us and deliver up possession. There we halted for the day, to let the sailors, who suffered

dreadfully from sore feet, recruit a little. This building is one which, for magnitude, convenience, and durability of architecture, would do honour to any country.

“The walls are adobe, and the roofs of well-made tile. It was built about sixty years since by the Indians of the country, under the guidance of a zealous priest. At that time the Indians were very numerous, and under the absolute sway of the missionaries. These missionaries at one time bid fair to christianize the Indians of California. Under grants from the Mexican government, they collected them into missions, built immense houses, and began successfully to till the soil by the hands of the Indians for the benefit of the Indians.

“The habits of the priests, and the avarice of the military rulers of the territory, however, soon converted these missions into instruments of oppression and slavery of the Indian race.

“The revolution of 1836 saw the downfall of the priests, and most of these missions passed by fraud into the hands of private individuals, and with them the Indians were transferred as serfs of the land.

“This race, which, in our country, has never been reduced to slavery, is in that degraded condition throughout California, and does the only labour performed in the country. Nothing can exceed their present degradation.”

The general closing remarks of Lieutenant Emory are as follow:

“The region extending from the head of the Gulf of California to the parallel of the Pueblo, or Ciudad de los Angeles, is the only portion not heretofore covered by my own notes and journal, or by the notes and journals of other scientific expeditions fitted out by the United States. The journals and published accounts of these several expeditions combined will give definite ideas of all those portions of California susceptible of cultivation or settlement. From this remark is to be excepted the vast basin watered by the Colorado, and the country lying between that river and the range of Cordilleras, represented as running east of the Tulare lakes, and south of the parallel of 36°, and the country between the Colorado and Gila rivers.

“Of these regions nothing is known except from the reports of trappers, and the speculations of geologists. As far as these accounts go, all concur in representing it as a waste of sand and rock, unadorned with vegetation, poorly watered, and unfit, it is believed, for any of the useful purposes of life. A glance at the map will show what an immense area is embraced in these boundaries; and, notwithstanding the oral accounts in regard to it, it is difficult to bring the mind to the belief in the existence of such a sea of waste and desert; when every other grand division of the earth presents some prominent feature in the economy of nature, administering to the wants of man. Possibly this unexplored region may be filled with valuable minerals.

“Where irrigation can be had in this country, the produce of the soil is abundant beyond description. All the grains and fruits of the temperate zones, and many of those of the tropical, flourish luxuriantly. Descending from the heights of San Barnardo to the Pacific one meets every degree of temperature. Near the coast, the winds prevailing from the south-west in winter, and from the north-west in summer, produce a great uniformity of temperature, and the climate is perhaps unsurpassed in salubrity. With the exception of a very few cases of ague and fever of a mild type, sickness is unknown.

“The season of the year at which we visited the country was unfavourable to obtaining a knowledge of its botany. The vegetation, mostly deciduous, had gone to decay, and no flowers nor seeds were collected. The country generally is entirely destitute of trees. Along the principal range of the mountains are a few live oaks, sycamore and pine; now and then, but very rarely, the sycamore and cotton-wood occur in the champaign country, immediately on the margins of the streams. Wild oats everywhere cover the surface of the hills, and these, with the wild mustard and carrots, furnish good pasturage to the immense herds of cattle which form the staple of California. Of the many fruits capable of being produced with success, by culture and irrigation, the grape is perhaps that which is brought nearest to perfection. Experienced wine-growers and Europeans, pronounce this portion of California unequalled for the quality of its wines. THE END.