

**Glimpses of hungryland; or, California sketches.  
Comprising sentimental and humorous sketches,  
poems, etc., a journey to California and back again, by  
land and water ... By W.S. Walker**

GLIMPSES OF

HUNGRYLAND

OR

California Sketches

Comprising Sentimental and Humorous Sketches, Po- ems, Etc, A Journey to California and back again, by Land and Water; Incidents of Every-day Life on the Pacific Coast,—Why I came,— What I saw, and how I like it.

BY W. S. WALKER.

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***DEDICATION.***

This little book is Respectfully Dedicated to “TOM, DICK, and HARRY,” or “any other man” who may feel inclined to sympathise with the inhabitants of “Hungryland;” and upon our solicitation, the

prompt payment of the price asked for the Work, is the strongest sympathy expected or asked by  
THE AUTHOR.

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### **INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.**

IN presenting this little work, I do not promise anything of a brilliant nature: using plain household words to express my thoughts; and if my efforts are crowned with any good results—that is: if I can cause a moment of sober reflection on the part of the reader, create a hearty laugh (even though it be at my misfortune), or persuade people to court contentment—then let me say that I have not lived in vain; and lastly, but not leastly, if I can succeed in disposing of the entire edition of this book, for about one hundred per cent above its actual cost, then my mission as a Book “writist” will be accomplished; for be it “acutely known” to “all and singular” that my principal object in publishing this book is to “make a RAISE;” for I live in “Hungryland.”

“Glimpses of Hungryland” may be considered a peculiar title for a Book, and in the course of these remarks, we will endeavor to explain what is meant thereby:—In our humble opinion Hungryland is the home of that roving, discontented and restless class of individuals who are found in every portion of the civilized world. The man who is never contented, but always restless—always pulling up stakes, and moving around in the search for something better, is always hungry, his pockets are hungry—his body, heart and mind are hungry—in short, he spends his life in Hungryland; and as we belong to that class we write from experience; for I am one of the many individuals who do not remain long enough at a time with the man who wears my clothes to enjoy the life God has given me.

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This life is largely made up of Memory and Hope, and both are Dreams. We are creatures of circumstances — and as liable to change as the ever-varying climate of our country. While standing as it were, knee-deep amid the clover-fields of the present, how often we look forward to the gilded visions of the Future; and then we retrace our steps, and bask again in the sunny haunts of our youth, and sigh for the return of those halcyon days; or perhaps in our fancy we go still farther back, groping our way over the beaten track of ages, and mourn that we lived not in earlier times, amid scenes that have long been festooned with the dust of dead centuries; while few of us truly live in the only period we can call our own: — the PRESENT.

Imagination lends a charm to distance; far-off objects lose their brightness upon a near approach. We talk of days gone by, when we were so happy and contented — when at the same time, were we to consult our journals of every-day life, we would find that we were just as miserable then as now. In those bewitching hours of the past that we so love to refer to, we were doubtless looking back or forward the same as now. I claim, as a general rule, that people blessed with the light of civilization, enjoy no true happiness on this earth. Although we see people every day, that to all outward appearance, should be happy — people who live in ease and luxury — at whose doors WANT, that cruel master never knocks — along whose path way the cares and shadows of the world should seldom or never come; yet, even they go around with long faces, bemoaning their fate, murmuring, fretting, and hoping times will get better, and declaring that everything is going wrong, and say the world is a failure, too.

There was a time, yet fresh in my memory, when the Far West looked to me most beautiful, as I stood on the fertile prairies of Illinois, surrounded with everything to render me happy — in a State, of whose vast resources a world might well be proud; yet I grew discontented, and consequently unhappy. Of course I was miserable. Everything was too common. The home-circle lost its old charm. From the friendly voices, whose genial influence had surrounded me from the sunny days of child-hood to manhood's years I turned away with dull, wearied, impatient feelings. I wanted fresh air. The climate of Illinois seemed too close and stifling for me. In the distance I beheld the Golden Land, clothed in her robes of beauty; her hills covered with verdure — the whole land be-decked

with flowers of gorgeous hue; the gold-lined ravines and silver-spangled ledges — whose ocean-washed and shell-strewn shores glistened and sparkled in the sun light of perpetual Summer. Every vale in Elysian; every mountain and slope and valleyed nook, the abode of true, romantic, and rustic happiness. Thus I gazed upon the Far West — the Fairy Isle of my imagination.

W. S. W.

### **HUNGRYLAND.**

By the Rivers and the Oceans, By the Mountains and the Lakes; Mid the regions of the North-land,  
And the tangled Southern “brakes;” From America's fertile borders To her central belts of sand— I  
have sought “a better country,” But found instead—the Hungry-land.

On the broad high-ways of travel, In the work-shops, fields and mines; In the cities, towns and  
hamlets, Where the sun of freedom shines: I have found a band of brothers,— A discontented,  
roving band; They are “men without a country,” For they live in Hungry-land.

They who pass their time in seeking For a road without a hill, Have within their souls an empty  
space, This world can never fill; For, no matter where we go, We find them hand in hand:— The  
discontented and the roving— Dwellers in the Hungry-land.

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For, no matter where your home is: On the land or on the sea; A toiler in a monarch's realm, Or with  
the noble free; Whether in a peasant's cottage, Or with wealth at your command, If contentment  
dwells not in you, You live in Hungry-land.

But there IS a “Better Country,” In a clime beyond the Sun, Where earth's trampers may find shelter  
When the toils of life are done; Where their feet will never weary, As they tread the golden sand: In  
the country “over yonder,” Beyond the Hungry Land.

### **FROM ILLINOIS TO CALIFORNIA. BY RAIL AND STEAMER.**

“My Boat is on the shore, and my Bark is on the sea.”

MY mind was made up. I was determined to “Go West.” My valise was packed. The time for my departure drew near; and on the morning of April 7th, 1864, I bid good-bye to a host of cherished relatives and kind-hearted friends, who had assembled to witness my departure, in the goodly town of Mason City, Illinois,—and a few moments later, I was “Off for California.” That day I went as far as Peoria, at which point I purchased a ticket for New York. I wished to take the Michigan Central, via Suspension Bridge, but in asking for the ticket I committed a little blunder by calling for a ticket to New York via Ex-tension Bridge. The agent was just out of the extended kind, but promptly furnished me with the proper paste-board. The next morning I arrived in Chicago, but stopped only long enough to eat a hurried breakfast, and off again; and all that day I looked out of a car window, gazing at the bustling towns, fertile fields and grand forests that form characteristic features of Michigan, when the shades of evening found us at the beautiful city of Detroit. Here we went on board a splendid ferry-boat and were invited to “Set right down to supper.” We were informed by a pompous individual, that it would be policy 10 for us to “set right down,” as we would have to pay specie over in Canada. The majority of the passengers (including the undersigned) paid our fifty cents, and about the time we got ready to call for coffee, the boat reached the Canada shore, and we heard an old sinner yell out in fiendish tones: “All aboard for Niagara.” Of course we scrambled off the boat and hurried to the train,—leaving the little supper farce on the boat to be played over again on the next load of passengers; and judge of our surprise when at the next station, the gong sounded, and as fine a looking man as I ever set eyes on, sang out:—“Twenty minutes for supper, and Greenbacks taken at par.” In order to satisfy the cravings of my “Department of the Interior,” I squandered another fifty cent piece. All that night we traveled through Canada, but owing to the darkness I was unable to form an intelligent opinion of the country, however—“you can see it on the Map.”

About day-break we arrived at Niagara Falls,—but I will not attempt a description of the magnificent grandeur of this great cataract, for a host of writers, by the side of whom, in regard to descriptive talent, I am as a fire-fly to a sheet of lightning, have tried, and fallen far short of the

reality—suffice to say:—”The World has many Water-falls, thousands of Cascades, a few Cataracts—but ONE NIAGARA.

At this great watering place I tarried for a day, trying to drink in the wonderful beauty and sublimity of the scene; but the longer I stayed, and the more I looked, the more I realized my inability to grasp the full measure of its wonderfully fascinating power. In all my wanderings nothing has struck me so forcibly, or filled my mind with a sense of its sublimity, as did the great Falls of Niagara.

On the next morning, we arrived at Albany, and soon after were on our way, winding along the storied shores of the Hudson. It was Sunday, and although the day was 11 stormy, snowing and raining alternately, the journey was highly enjoyed—the picturesque scenery adorning the banks of that noble river, forming a continuous panorama of rare beauty, unequaled on this continent.

About four o'clock on the evening of the 11th, we arrived in New York City, which, by the way I found to be a little the biggest institution in the shape of a town that I had ever been in. Of course every body was surprised to see me—especially of a Sunday evening (and it a raining, too). It did seem as if they all wanted me to stay with them; but I told them I could not possibly stop with all of them that time, as I was in something of a hurry—so I put up at French's Hotel. (Mr. French is a fine man and “knows how to keep hotel”).

It will here be in order to state that between Peoria and New York, I fell in with seven other men, all enroute for California. For convenience sake, I will call them Jones, Brown, Jenkins and Bob Ridley, of Illinois; Tripp and German, of Canada, and Olsen, a Norwegian sailor. We made a party of eight, whose general ideas seemed to run in the same direction. We solemnly declared, let come what would, we would travel together, put up at the same hotel, work together, divide our wages equally, marry the same woman, and if necessary—die together.

On the morning after our arrival in the city, we went to the office of the California Mail Steamship Line, and finding the berths all taken, we concluded to wait for a ship of Robert's Opposition Line, which was advertised to leave on the 23d; and as we would be compelled to remain in the city

so long, in order to economize, we concluded to take 'Steerage passage.' (For particulars consult Webster's Unabridged).

During our sojourn in the great Metropolis, we endeavored to "take in" every place of interest. We traversed 12 Broadway from one end to other, besides many other ways not quite so broad; and when the morning of the 23d came around, we shouldered our "traps" and went aboard the Steamship Illinois—bound for Aspinwall. "Our Ship is ready, and the wind is fair— I'm bound for the sea, Mary Ann."

At noon the cannon was fired, and a few minutes later the great paddles began to revolve, and we were drifting from the shores of America. There were fourteen hundred and fifty passengers on board:—about five hundred Irish and the balance from almost every other portion of the world.

Now reader, come and cross the big water with me.—Let us sit down in the fore-castle and journalize a little as we steam for the Isthmus.

The waters widen around our ship.—The land of our nativity is fast fading from our view,—the shore is out of sight. The ship goes bounding up and down in a manner that does not seem entirely satisfactory to the undersigned. The loud roar and crash of the huge waves, as they strike the sides of the vessel, makes me feel like quitting all my sinful habits.

APRIL 25th. A heavy sea. The waves are rolling clear over the decks; but I am not scared—simply frightened. The vessel groans as if she would come to pieces; if she does, I hope she will come to some good, firm pieces of land. If I ever do reach California, my travels on the ocean are ended.

APRIL 26th. Nearly all our mess are sick. Dinner is under way; it commences at noon and lasts until 4 p.m., then supper begins, and that never ends—that is, hardly ever; at least that's a woman. I used to do the like when I was a youth, but hazel switches promptly administered, taught me lessons wise, likewise and otherwise.

APRIL 30th. In sight of the Island of Cuba. It looks like a gray cloud stretching along the horizon, but upon a nearer approach it presents bold shores, the country appearing rather mountainous, and is interspersed with hills and valleys, dotted with lovely groves. It was here that Dr. Kane breathed out the last hours of a useful life. After his near association with the grim monster during two dark winters in the Polar regions, it is cheering to know that he was at last permitted to lie down and sleep in the “Queen of Isles”—the spot coveted by all nations—peerless Cuba: where the fragrance of rare spices fill the air with sweet perfume.

MAY 3d. There is some prospect of reaching the Isthmus to-night. But little air is stirring, and the weather is terribly warm. Our ship represents a first-class menagerie. Human nature is here in all its varied forms, and what Barnum was doing when we left New York, is indeed a mystery; for he missed a rare opportunity.

MAY 4th. We arrived at Aspinwall at 12 o'clock last night, and this morning I went up on deck and took my first look at “The Deathly Isthmus.” The country around Aspinwall is very low, and rather marshy; but the town I call rather a pretty place; clean, tidy looking houses—while the beautiful trees of the tropics:—Cocoa, Orange, Palm, Lime, Lemon, Bannana and Pine-apple, greet the eye on every hand The natives, of both sexes, come in crowds down to the pier, with baskets of their own peculiar fashioning, laden with tempting fruit, sea shells etc. Owing to the non-arrival of our connecting ship on the Pacific side, we were compelled to remain at Aspinwall several days; and as a natural consequence we spent the greater portion of our time on shore. But I regret to say that about one-third of our passengers, in their continual “wrestling” with Jamaica Rum, (which is here in plentiful quantities and very cheap), became what might very appropriately be termed: “total wrecks.”

Many of the natives go around dressed “rather seldom” 14 and live principally on the natural products of the country. They lead an easy, indolent life; an spend most of their time lying in the shade, swinging in their hammocks, dancing &c., and to all appearances enjoy life far better than more civilized nations. They have nothing to worry their minds about, for upon every hand they see the bountiful harvest, spread out by the lavish hand of Nature. What's the use of working in a

land like this? This region, round about, is full of wild animals, birds and reptiles of almost every variety. If this climate was healthy for the white race it could be easily converted into an earthly paradise; but fierce disease and threatening death keeps back the wheels of civilization.

We boarded the train and left Aspinwall on the 8th. The country across the Isthmus—a distance of forty-six miles, as I viewed it from the car window, was a mixture of the beautiful, wonderful, grand, gloomy, and peculiar order, the face of the country growing much higher as we approach Panama. We passed several villages on the road, peopled entirely by natives. Their houses are built of a kind of bamboo and thatch-work; and are exceedingly “well ventilated.”

Before leaving Aspinwall, Jenkins and I laid in half a gallon of Jamaica Rum, to keep the mosquitoes from biting us; (mosquitoes grow unusually large in Central America), and as the snakes in this country also grow to an enormous size, Ridley and Brown also laid in half a gallon of the seductive fluid to keep off the snakes. It is not necessary to add that during the entire journey we were not bothered, either by snakes or mosquitoes.

We arrived at Panama in due season; and such a time as we had getting on board the Pacific steamer (“Moses Taylor”), beggars description:—cursing, pushing, jamming and crowding—all striving to get on board first. That crowd was composed of people from nearly every civilized country—from nearly every station in life—CIVILIZED people. They knew we were all going, knew the ship was large enough to carry all of us, and knew it would wait for us; and the question arises in my mind: What made that crowd act in that manner? If the reader will promise to not go and noise it all over creation, we will answer the question to the very best of our ability, by saying: “It was Rum that did it.” The improper use of ardent spirits certainly destroys all that is good and noble in the heart of man [or woman either], or any other man, or any of his relatives; but for all that, I suppose strong drink will be made, bought, sold and drank just as long as the snakes and mosquitoes threaten to bite travelers,—and it does seem as if I can't help it.

MAY 12th. Yesterday morning about sunrise, our ship steamed up and “stood” for San Francisco. Last night, as the ship was terribly crowded, we boys concluded to sleep on deck, in the open air.

We had a heavy awning over us, however, in the shape of a clouded sky. We lay down and slept, but during the night the sea grew boisterous, and we were awakened from our innocent dreams by the angry dashing of the waves, and soon after a soaking rain came pouring down. The heavens were ablaze with the lurid glare of lightning. “It was midnight on the ocean,” and a gloomy one it was. I still remember, as I leaned over the railing, how I shrank back horrified, as I beheld the white-crested waves rolling up within a few feet of me, splashing the water in my face. The roar of the waters, the groaning of the vessel, the crash of thunder, and the spectral looking watch in the fore-castle striking the bells for the midnight hour, formed a scene such as I have no desire to figure in a second time.

MAY 18th. In sight of the coast of Mexico. The temperature is getting cooler. The hours drag slowly by, To the West far out, blue billows roll, As onward swift we go; While to the East in grandeur rise— The cliffs of Mexico.

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The mountains dark and grim loom up: Even to the clouds they reach, While Cocoa groves in quiet rest, Along the sandy beach. Tehuantepec's broad gulf we've passed— The sun is sinking low, And in the gathering darkness fades The coast of Mexico.

MAY 23d. In sight of Lower California. The headlands of Cape St Lucas rises in the distance; saw several whales to-day. Lower California presents a desolate appearance: barren hills and desert-wastes.

MAY 25th. We are nearing California; passed Monterey about noon. The sailors are getting the cables ready and putting the ship in order. In the distance I can see houses on the ever-green shores of the happy land; horses, cattle and sheep are grazing in countless numbers on the grassy slopes, and—“I long to be there too.” Our grand army of passengers all seem happy at the prospect of soon being on shore. The decks are crowded with men women and children—enough people to fill up a big town.

Jottings by the way on, the road to California will soon be laid aside. Yonder is the Golden Gate! Up goes my old hat, as the city heaves in view. The sun is just setting, and we are going into port. I thank the Giver of all good that I have escaped the dangers of the Deep, and been permitted to witness the sun go down from the shore of the Pacific. To our noble Ship, "Moses Taylor" I touch my hat. To Ocean life a long farewell.

California, I stand upon your golden shore. Your white sands glisten beneath my feet, and your blue sky, studded with brilliant stars, spreads out over my head.

### **Life in California.**

#### HOW EIGHT OF US "STUCK TOGETHER."

BEFORE leaving the Steamer, 'Moses Taylor,' our crowd [the notorious Eight], got together and unanimously agreed [according to previous arrangements], that we would all go to the same Hotel, —of course we would,—and we also remarked:—"Woe unto that" runner "who attempts to separate our crowd." Reader, perhaps you are aware that it was no small job to go ashore from an ocean steamer, after dark, in San Francisco sixteen years ago. In those days the bulk of the travel from 'the States' to California, was on ocean steamers, by the Panama and Nicaragua routes; and the arrival of a steamer was met by thousands of people, assembled on the piers, and hotel runners in that assembly were far more numerous than snakes on the Isthmus! And in regard to our going ashore I will not lacerate the feelings of the reader by entering too minutely into particulars, but will venture the statement, that it took just seven hotels to accommodate our crowd of eight. Jenkins and I fell into the clutches of a human porcupine who represented the old St. Louis Hotel down on Pacific Street—although we did not discover 18 each other's whereabouts until we accidentally met next morning in the dining room. The other six were coaxed, pulled, jerked, kidnapped and scattered promiscuously almost from the old "Barbary Coast" to the Cliff House; and it took close searching, and the greater portion of the next day to get us all together. But it was then too late The "bonds" had been loosened—the mischief was done. Each one of "our boys" had swallowed his little dose of instructions, gratuitously administered by the fatherly advisors, who infested the city, and who, I

may add, can be found everywhere. And after this, with our crowd, calm reasoning found no willing ears; and on the third day after our arrival, we indulged in a general leave-taking of each other—each one promising, in case he “struck anything real good” to notify the other boys “right off.” (I for one, have never yet been notified).

Jones had become acquainted with a young lady on the steamer, and this young lady was going to Sacramento—and Jones concluded that Sacramento was good enough for him; and he went, and I saw him no more. Brown and Ridley went over to Oakland to hunt up an old friend and although sixteen years have elapsed since then, I do not yet know whether they found that friend or not. German and Tripp went to Benecia, stayed a few weeks and then “lit out” for Canada. Jenkins went to Petaluma, and from there to Sebastopol, and from there to Illinois, and from there back to California, and from there to Ohio, and then back to Illinois, and from there back to California, and from there to Missouri (and that nearly let him out), and from there back to California, where he now is, a financial wreck, and several degrees older than he was sixteen years ago—another representative of Hungryland.

Olsen, the old sailor, got a job in the city, washing dishes at a hotel, for his board; but I since learned that a test trial of one week ended the contract—bankrupting the hotel keeper and forcing Olsen into the hospital, where he lay for seven weeks under treatment for the gout. It was 19 no fair test, as Olsen had just came off a long sea voyage, and steerage fare no doubt had a tendency to ‘scuttle’ his earthly tabernacle to some extent; and if that hotel keeper, by mortgaging his furniture, could have managed to keep his table going for one week longer, I think Olsen might have ‘filled up’ and then toned down to business; but “Such is Life.”

I had several inducements offered me in the way of employment. One man from the “upper country” offered me forty dollars per month, and all I had to do was to milk twenty-five cows before breakfast, then do up the ‘chores’ and put in the balance of the time in the field. I told him I would see him again, but I was careful not to name any particular time or place, and when I did “see him again” I took particular care to know that he did not see me; finally I went up into Sonoma County, and took a job of chopping wood, in the vicinity of Petaluma; and no doubt would

have continued at it unto this day, had I not fell to thinking how it would mar the beauty of the landscape to have all the trees cut down. That settled me. I didn't wish to 'spoil a country' with "my little hatchet"—I love fine scenery—so I threw up the job, went up on Russian River, near where the town of Guerneville now stands—in Pocket Kanion), and sat down in the shade of a huge Redwood tree and went to shaving shingles,

Thus you see, kind Reader, we are the creatures of circumstances; and although it is an easy thing for any one to look back and see where we missed opportunities and to see where we might have done different; but it is not so easy a task to look forward and see what is best for us to do, and figure out the results of the future. In our crowd of eight persons, in coming to California, perhaps not one of us ever realized our cherished expectations. No doubt all left home full of hope, interwoven with the glowing anticipations of an improved and prosperous future; and no doubt every one of us, upon our arrival here, accepted situations, which, had the same been tendered us "back 20 home," we would have indignantly refused. I could have got plenty of wood to chop in Illinois—but the axe at "our wood-pile" did not suit me; and it is quite likely a similar illustration could be applied to the other boys.

It is a note-worthy fact that a great many individuals ramble through life, until they are about ready to die, before the bitter lessons of experience assert their supremacy, and shows them how to live. "Better to bear the ills we have, than fly to those we know not of."

Reader, if there is a spot on this earth that you can call HOME,—no matter whether it is in the ice-clad regions of the North, or beneath the dreamy skies of the 'Sun-Lands'—be contented, and stay there. With a home and friends and a contented mind, the World is beautiful almost anywhere; and without these jewels, you will find this World a barren, cheerless waste—a Hungry-Land—no matter where you go. Those earthly jewels: a HOME, FRIENDS and CONTENTMENT are within the reach of almost every one. The first can be gained by Industry, Economy and Sobriety, and the second may be secured by Honesty and Uprightness; and contentment will come of itself and abide with us if we take the right view of Life, as it is, for "Life is short, and time is fleeting, And our hearts, though stout and brave, Still like muffled drums are beating Funeral marches to the grave."

## **Pilgrims on the Tramp.**

### THE HIDDEN QUARTZ LEDGE ON YUBA RIVER.

The autumn of 1864 found me once more in the wood chopping business, this time near Sebastopol, Sonoma County. I had picked up a “chum” named Reed, and he and I were sworn friends. He was a blacksmith and although both of us were doing very well, considering our respective avocations, yet like the average specimens of human nature, we both felt sure that we could do much better; and at the time my story opens, we were on the lookout for pastures new and fields more green; in short we announced to our friends that we were going to hunt “a better climate and more money.”

We met one night in a shoe shop to consult as to where we would go and when we would start. Arizona, New Mexico, and Montana were talked of, but Reed had his head set on the “old mines” of California. He knew 22 there was still plenty of money there; he had been there in '52 and after making a ‘strike’ struck for home, bought a farm in Iowa and settled down. But the visions of old haunted his brain, so he pulled up stakes and California's blue sky hovered over him, but as I remarked, we adjourned to the shoe shop to settle on the route, and finally agreed to let “luck” point out the glittering road to our future—Arizona, or the old mines! So into the hat of old Reed went 3 Nevada quarters. “Give her a shake, Reed”—up comes Arizona. “Shake her again, old boy.” It was in Reed's favor. “Hurrah for the ”old mines;” there is money there,” shouted Reed, highly excited. The last shake favored Arizona, and that settled that part of it. “Hurrah for Arizona!” we both shouted, “Let the Apaches and Commanches sound their terrible war cry, Reed and I are coming down among you, and we'll scalp (women and children) if we get half a chance.” We began at once making ready for the tramp, in a leisurely sort of a way. The best portion of two days being consumed in packing our valises, and then we bid good-by to everything in the shape of sympathetic human nature in that neighborhood, and were off for San Francisco. That was in the early part of November and we thought we could reach the gold fields before the rainy season commenced.

While on our way to “Frisco” on the steamer we met a Sonoma county ranchman named Jones, whom we knew to be one of the wealthiest men in the county. We told him we were enroute for Arizona; but he had no faith in the lower country, but said he could put us on the track of something better in the old mines of California. He told us of a certain bar on the North Fork of Yuba river, where himself and a partner had kept a boarding house and trading store in '49, dealing out provisions, etc., to the miners of that region, and one day, while at that place, he and his partner were putting up a new boarding tent, and digging down the river bank to 23 make it level they discovered a decomposed quartz ledge that was literally full of coarse gold, but as they were making money faster and easier than by digging for it, they carefully covered it up, hammered down the dirt, and erected their tent over the place, and Jones said he was satisfied everything (except the tent) was still there, just as they had left it sixteen years ago, and if we wished to unearth it, all we had to do was to go up there and pitch in. He felt satisfied it would pay us much better than anything in the savage regions of Arizona. We concluded to study about it, and the more we studied, the wilder Arizona looked, and I am sorry to say, that by the time we arrived in San Francisco it was whispered through the crowd on the pier that we looked rather wild ourselves. However, after a brief consultation we concluded to visit the Yuba river country and hunt that quartz ledge or “bust.” That night we put up at what was then known as the Chicago Hotel, on Pacific street. There I met Olsen, the old Norwegian sailor. He was glad to see me, poor fellow; he had been sick—a stranger in a strange land. He had recently got news from Norway,—his only brother had lately died and his sweetheart had married a better looking man than he was. As he told me his sad story his eyes filled with tears and in his broken English begged me to be a brother to him—he wanted to call somebody a friend, for to him the world seemed wide and desolate. I promised him everything (but money) I told him I would be a brother to him and a sister also, if I only dared to. I could well afford to be generous. Reed and I were going to the old mines, our road was staked out and we were upon it.

While in San Francisco we fell in with a man, who we will call “Jeems.” This man “Jeems” had an honest face and he wished to try his luck in the mines, so we concluded to take him in as a partner [he was badly taken in], so after taking a ‘bird's-eye’ view of San Francisco, we went on

board a steamboat, bound for Sacramento, where we 24 arrived in due season; and at this place we purchased a couple of mustangs, a frying-pan and coffee-pot; and set out upon our journey. We concluded to go by way of Ione Valley, in Amador County, although it was somewhat out of the direct line of our route; but “Jeems” had a relative who lived in Ione Valley, whom he desired to see, and to accommodate him, we went that way. Now, this relative was a third cousin to a half-brother of Jeems' uncle—and consequently felt very NEAR to Jeems.

Between Sacramento and Ione Valley we stopped at a wayside Inn, and in conversation with the landlord, we learned that he was tired of that section of the country, and seemed very anxious to seek a new location; and in order to do something for him, we refered him to Tomales Bay; and he being rather struck with our appearance (thunderstruck no doubt), brought out a pitcher of ale, and in a short time we were all AILING to some extent. We then launched off into an unabridged description of the Bay—It's clam-beds, the romantic Island—the shell beach and the splendid fishing, the splendid climate etc., and at the conclusion of our remarks, the old man in a fearful state of excitement rushed to the barn, saddled a horse, mounted him, and with jingling spurs, went flying like the wind in the direction of the famed country, leaving word for his wife to tear down and burn everything on the ranch, and follow him to the goodly land. [We passed] on up the road.

During the next day we reached Ione Valley, and after a few days rest, we set out anew.

## 25

The dust was deep, the road growing more rugged as we neared the Sierra Nevadas. We passed through Placerville, and soon after crossed the South Fork of American River. After crossing the river, our road led for nearly two miles up a very steep grade. Higher and higher, up we went. We were getting in the Sierra Nevadas. Here the scenery exceeds the loftiest imagination, but a faint idea can be formed of its grandeur by imagining everything in the shape of dashing waterfalls, rushing torrents, cold springs of water gushing from the rocks, narrow winding trails along the mountain side, the crystal waters of a river far below, stately pines and firs reaching away up into the blue space overhead, while towering in majestic grandeur the snow-capped mountains glisten in the sunlight, while scattered far back in hazy, dream-like loveliness the rustic homes of the

ranchmen in the green valleys, the miner's cabin and wigwam of the Indian all flit before the eye at one circle sweeping glance.

Such scenes as this lie spread out in living reality the year round 'neath the skies of California. From Marysville, which is considered the warmest temperature in middle and upper California, to any point fifty miles above, can be found as many changes of scenery and varying climates as the balance of the world can produce. I still love the foot-hills of the Sierras, with the enchanting scenes that adorn their variegated steeps, and would never grow weary standing on their terraced heights, gazing upon the beautiful pictures there unfolded, painted and spread out by nature's great Artist, who dips his magic brush into those unfading colors, and with one masterly stroke produces a view that the brightest genius of nations strive for ages with envious art to imitate.

It was sundown when we reached the top of the grade, where we camped in an old deserted house by the wayside. Vegetation was scarce, so we turned our horses loose, to shift for themselves, while we piled our 26 blankets on the porch, kindled a fire, made some tea, fried our bacon and eat a hearty supper. After which we went out and caught our ponies. On returning to camp, we stumbled on a couple of shocks of hay, being the sole product of a mountain ranch. We gathered the whole crop, and packed it to camp. We then tied our mustangs close to it, and told them, in a round-about way, to keep still about it, and pitch in. We then lay down to dream of theft, rapine and murder in the second degree. We awoke early in the morning in order to postpone a settlement for the hay, and pushed forward with all possible dispatch,—came to Georgetown—a nice little place, supporting about two hundred miners.

About 9, a.m., we arrived at an old deserted town bearing the name of “Bottle Hill,”—The only inhabitant we discovered here was a Spanish woman. She informed us we were within a short distance of the middle fork of American River, at the same time pointing out a rough trail that led by a much nearer way to the ferry, but seldom used by any except footmen, horsemen deeming it unsafe to ride down its terrifying steps. As we were in quest of adventure, it only took us about a minute to decide on running all risks and take the trail We then set out on one of the most perilous

journeys I ever undertook, either before or since. Though years have gone by, even now I start from my slumbers horror-stricken, as visions of the middle fork of American River flit by.

A more precipitous trail it would be difficult to imagine. We soon dismounted, uncoiled our lariats, and strung out, driving our ponies ahead of us. The mountain that we were descending was mostly covered with timber, yet once, during our descent we came to an open space, and were thus enabled to survey our position. We were midway on the side of a lofty mountain ridge, which seemed almost perpendicular, its top towering thousands of feet above us, while thousands of feet below, appeared an awful chasm—walled up with blueish-white rock, through which rushed a mad torrent, looking, from where we stood, like a silver thread, but whose deafening, thundering voice, from our stupendous height, we could not hear. That was the middle fork of American River. Our trail from here to the river, led in a zig zag course, and it took nearly three hours of unceasing travel to reach the stream, after apparently standing directly over it.

As we descended, the roar of the water gradually broke upon our ears, and when we reached the river side, the roar was absolutely deafening. The ferry-man took us over one at a time, running his boat with rope and tackle. Our trail on the opposite was equally steep and more destitute of trees, making our situation more apparent. The trail, in our ascent, at one place ran out to a bare point midway on the mountain side—the river at this point appearing below on both sides of us. Here we stopped to regain our breath, and to gaze upon the wild scene until we grew faint and dizzy; and then we continued the ascent, scarcely daring to look back until we had reached the summit.

That night we slept on the banks of Deer Creek, the roar of whose swift waters, together with the wild melody of the wind toying with the pines kept us half awake during the entire night; on the following morning we set out anew, and about noon reached a wayside inn, near French Corral, on what was then known as “The Henness Pass” route. This inn was kept by an old man named Browning, who had lived in that vicinity for several years. After refreshing the inner man, from our rudely drawn maps it was evident that we were now in the immediate vicinity of the hidden Bar, and after gaining what we could from Browning in regard to the country and laying in a fresh supply of provisions we struck out on a rude trail leading up the river, Browning informed us that it

was his opinion that the bar we were in search of lay up the North Fork of the Yuba River, and was then known as “Condemned Bar.”

A short time before sundown we reached the Bar, and found ourselves in one of the gloomiest places imaginable. The mountain tops seemed to almost meet as they hung frowning over us on each side of the river. A deep ravine came down through a dark gorge at the upper end of the bar, and we found the place in possession of a few Chinamen who were engaged in “rocking” and “sluicing” along the banks of the river- Altogether it was a hard looking place.

I asked Reed how he liked the old mines. He said he was thinking of home, and “longed to be there too.” I then asked ‘Jeems’ what he thought of the prospect, and I felt sorry for him when he turned his honest face to me and said, “I’ve got a sweetheart in Iowa; I am engaged to her but I’d give one hundred dollars to be released from her to-night.” He, like the rest of us was getting very homesick and lonesome in this gloomy place; I told Jeems if he’d stay one week on that bar and then have his picture taken and send it to his girl I thought that considerable less than one hundred dollars would let him off. We were in a lonely place and did not like the looks of our neighbors. So after supper, we lay around the camp fire forming our plans and ever and anon firing our revolvers over the Chinamen’s cabin, in order to let them know that we were a dangerous set of men and not to be trifled with. It is needless to say that we held them in check. About midnight, as usual, we were awakened by a crackling noise and upon springing to our feet we discovered that we had kindled our fire near the edge of a deep shaft that had doubtless been sunk many years before for mining purposes. This shaft had been filled up with drift-wood and derbis, and was dry as 29 tinder, and our fire had ignited the (w)hole, we had scarcely time to remove our bedding [which owing to a scarcity all we had to do was to crawl off] when the flames shot up from the shaft fully fifty feet in air. Reed said fifty-one feet and Jeems insisted that they rose to the height of fifty-one feet and a half, but I will stick to plain facts and call it fifty feet. It was a lively time I assure you. Reed fired off his old navy and shouted, “To arms” and true to instinct Jeems and I rushed frantically into his arms. The panic stricken Chinamen came dashing out of their shanty with about a nickle’s worth of

second hand clothing on the whole lot, and a short time after a few plunges and blind splashes was sufficient proof to us that our neighbors had crossed the Yuba.

After this we concluded to lay down again, each one deeming it prudent to lay as LOW DOWN as he possibly could.

After taking in the situation, as our finances were on the wane, we concluded to go up on the hills and see if we could not find some old settler or distant relative who would “put up” a little grub for us on the strength of developing that Quartz Ledge. Fortunate conclusion!

The next day about dinner time we happened to call on a family named Green. It took me but a few moments to convince them that I was GREEN too, and I told them of a host of my relatives in Illinois who were fully as green as I was. We eat dinner with the family, and when we came to start back to camp, Mrs. Green, Heaven bless her liberal heart, filled up a basket with table luxuries for our especial benefit, which [of course, after considerable coaxing] we took. The next day a man named Dunbrown came along. He was the owner of a large ranch, and carried a high head, filled with speculative ideas of bewildering magnitude. Dunbrown informed us that he was an old Californian, and well posted. What he did know might have filled a large book, yet I still think what he did not know would have 30 filled a larger and more saleable volume. Now, in order to make a fair test, we had concluded to dig a ditch about four feet deep, the full length of the bar (about 100 yards), and it was one of the rockiest bars ever “slung” together from big boulders, and tough clay; and as the digging would naturally be hard, we deemed it policy to “let the job” to Dunbrown.

So we gave him a hint of the glittering treasure that was supposed to be covered up in that bar—told him our plans, and if he wished a show in the “bonanza,” he could have it by digging that ditch. No other man on top of ground could have got such a “lay out” from us as Dunbrown—and he took it. And for seven days he swung the mattock, and for seven days, old Reed, Jeems and I lay in the shade and hurraed for the “old Californian,” and told him to hew his way into the bowels of that bar. The ditch was dug, but no signs of gold quartz; and it then began to grow alarmingly apparent that we were on a “wild goose” chase, for we found that the Yuba River, since the days of 1849,

had been filling up with 'tailings' caused by mining in the river and hills above, to the depth of 50 feet or more, and it became apparent to us that the site of the old boarding tent and the rich quartz ledge lay buried far beneath us; and then we began to change our programme. We told Dunbrow that it might be possible we were on the wrong bar; and if he would 'lay low' and 'hold the Fort.' we would go to Sonoma county and get a more accurate description of the river from Jones—and then return and accumulate wealth. This was satisfactory, and we took an affectionate leave of Dunbrow, hoping to never meet him again, unless we were perfectly assured he was unarmed. We afterwards learned that Dunbrow departed for his own home just as soon as we were well out of sight, no doubt as glad to be rid of us as we were of him.

Reader it is a terrible thing to be disappointed in some genuine expectation. You are no doubt, aware of this—most people are. I have met with but few individuals who have reached the meridian of life, whose feet have not slipped more than once while ascending the hill of life's aspirations. Few of the mighty host that strike out expecting to realize big expectations ever reach the summit, and the majority of those who have been successful became so, not so much by their own exertions as by some freak of fortune or luck, or through the assistance of friends. I belong to the class whose feet are much given to "slipping," and for the benefit of those who never get beyond the "foot hills" in this life, I write this crude sketch. If any of my statements seem exaggerated, I believe I can truly say, such things have happened. Life illustrated—as it was, is, or may be, produces a curious combination. Pictures of every-day life are seldom overdrawn, The gilded side is generally thrown to the public, it takes better; is more popular, you know. Anything that is popular always takes well in this age of gilded refinement, even though one-half the population is beggared by its application,

Shortly after leaving the bar, the rain began to pour down, and it was unanimously agreed to "hoe for Browning's Inn," which place we reached about three o'clock in the afternoon, and while we were engaged in drying our rain drenched garments, and warming ourselves up by the different processes known to western travelers, a heavy train, loaded with machinery for a Quartz Mill, drawn by oxen, came along—enroute for Egan's Canyon. The proprietor of this train needed a few more ox-drivers and as we considered ourselves sharp enough to drive, we resolved to apply for

a situation. It was agreed that I should do the talking, showing forth our qualifications etc., and Reed and Jeems were to endorse everything I said. I said too much. I told the train master, that in regard to Jeems' qualifications as an ox driver, I really knew nothing, but if the way he handled beef around the camp-fire was any recommendation, he certainly had no 32 equal in the western country. I then launched off in a general way on the peculiar manner in which Reed and I had of driving affairs—told the train-master that we had done the principal part of our traveling with a pair of calves, and if we could not drive oxen, it was no fault of ours. After a short consultation with the teamsters, it was agreed that we test our qualifications for handling an ox-whip. Reed tried his hand first. Taking the 'gad' in his hand near the butt end, he whirled the heavy lash furiously over his head for a few moments, and then bracing his feet and assuming the form of a crescent, he blazed away at the nearest ox but instead of striking the animal, he cut a gash fully 4 feet long in the wagon sheet that covered the train-master's wagon. Reed went into Browning's bar-room to get change. My turn came next I caught hold of the whip-stock about the middle; gave the lash a vigorous whirl, "whaled" away and succeeded in throwing a lasso-like noose around the neck of the train-master, who happened to stand too near the chap from Illinois. Of course we adjourned to Browning's front room, and for a few minutes money was no object to me. In regard to the ox-driving profession, Reed and myself were excused, and Jeems was offered \$30 a month and board, to drive to Egan's Canyon, with the understanding, that after he arrived there, he was to have work in the mines at higher wages; he was determined to get back to Iowa, and thinking this a move in the right direction, he accepted the situation, and the train moved on. The dark gloom of winter was already lowering over the rugged steeps of the Sierras, and to reach Egan's Canyon would require several weeks of travel and deprivation, in a wild region, through terrible storms—the recollections of which causes many of the old settlers of the Pacific Coast to shudder. And memory points me to a picture not unmingled with sadness:—It was Jeems' last view of his quartz ledge companions, —Reed and I. As he reached the first bend in the road away above us, he turned 33 around, swung his hat above his head, and shouted: "Good-bye boys," and a few moments later, Jeems was one of the friends we had seen, but beheld no more. The sad sound of his voice—his last good-bye, like that many others have followed me with their mournful echo through the shadowy mists of years. Good-bye Jeems, many a steep grade lies between you and your journey's end, and also 'tween me

and mine. That night we camped in Browning's bar-room. Browning was an old bachelor, and kept no house-keeper, but he kept an assortment of fluid extracts that seemed to obviate all necessities for a house keeper, I got supper for the crowd, (consisting of three of us) and the old inn-keeper interested us until long after midnight with thrilling sketches interwoven with his life in the Sierras. One of his hands had been "chawed" off by a grizzly, several years previous, and the missing member was replaced by an iron-hook. He gave up the bar-room for Reed and I to sleep in.

Very early in the morning I awoke and discovered my worthy partner "tending bar" all by himself; of course I asked him why such things were thusly, and he replied that he was "merely taking an invoice of Browning's stock on hand; "as a natural consequence, I applied for a situation as book-keeper or something of the kind, but just at this juncture, old Browning came in, and your humble servant hid himself beneath his blankets and slumbered. But from my humble couch I overheard Browning telling Reed that he would "treat," give us our breakfast, and pay our way to Marysville if we would push out that morning. Reed told him if he would throw in a couple of plugs of tobacco, the proposition would be accepted. The trade was closed, we mounted our mustangs, and with a miserable attempt to start a camp-meeting, we sang out: "Good-bye old Browning, stick to your stand, To you and yours a long adieu, Old Reed invoiced your stock on hand, And we are bound for Timbuctoo."

and we traveled. As we had no more old decomposed 34 quartz ledges to bother us, we concluded to strike for Park's Bar, on the Yuba, in the vicinity of Brown's Valley, and try our luck mining (this was Reed's strong hold].

We reached Park's Bar in due season, and the toll-bridge keeper gave us permission to mine on what he considered 'pay dirt' near the toll house—Our finances were getting low, and it was a "ground hog" case, so we took possession of an old cabin on the banks of the river; borrowed about twenty sluice boxes, then we borrowed enough stove wood to last us some time; then we borrowed an old worn out stove—borrowed a sack of flour—in fact we borrowed everything we could in the neighborhood, and then we twirled our old hats over our heads and shouted: "Let winter storms come on—let the floods descend,—Reed and his partner are well heeled."

As soon as possible we placed our sluice boxes in position ranging them along the river, with a good opportunity for “dumping” into the stream, and then with a couple of miner's picks, we went to work. After keeping our sluice running for about two weeks, we “cleaned up” and found about fifteen dollars worth of the precious metal; of course it was amalgated with the quicksilver, which is used to pick up fine gold, and this little treasure Reed undertook to retort by placing it in an old iron shovel, and holding it over the fire, when suddenly the shovel became red-hot and our gold all disappeared in the iron-shovel—absorbed. Then it became apparent to us that we were “busted,” but then we had the best shovel on the bar—there was money in it—but it was borrowed, and the owner wanted it—we returned it and went to work again. This time we applied ourselves vigorously, borrowed more quicksilver and prepared for another “clean up” on a certain Saturday, when sad to relate, on the Friday previous, a terrible storm set in up in the mountains; the Yuba river rose with wonderful rapidity, and on Saturday morning we awoke to discover 35 that the toll-bridge, and all our sluice boxes had been swept down the river during the night, and we never more beheld them. Then we began to realize that we were strangers in a strange land, and flat broke. Neither of us had heard from home for nearly three months—did not really know we had a home, and in order to settle this question, we concluded to write to Sonoma Co. and have our mail forwarded to Brown's Valley, and one Sunday morning about ten days after, we went to Brown's Valley for our mail, also to see if we could find any encouragement offered us in opening a new account at some provision store. Brown's Valley was distant about 7 miles, and our road or trail, lay over a very rough mountainous country. We were dressed in our best attire. Reed had on pair of cow-skin shoes, but no socks; a slouched hat, turned down before and turned up behind, and a pair of pants, which, owing to frequent patching, no doubt bore a strong resemblance to a noted coat worn by Joseph of old:—they consisted of many colors, all surmounted by a garment that might with propriety have been called vest, coat or shirt, and as easily proven to be neither. I had on a brimless hat, no coat at all, run-down boots and canvass pants, which were “half-soled” with a flour sack, and it so happened the manufacturers brand was left on so it was no trouble for any one behind me to read the following:—‘XXX Warranted’

In going to Brown's Valley we had to cross Dry Creek by walking through a flume that spanned the creek. This flume was one thousand feet in length, and nearly one hundred feet above the level of the creek-bed, and was used for conveying water for mining purposes from one hill side to another. Although a hazardous attempt for those unaccustomed to such feats, we managed to cross over in safety. After getting our mail and finding the credit business abolished at the provision stores, we set out on our return; a heavy rain set in, and when we reached the Dry Creek flume, we found the water rushing through 36 it like a mill-race, and with the storm howling around us, our only alternative was to crawl through that one thousand feet of flume, on our hands and feet. We reached our cabin shortly after dark, in a desperate frame of mind.

It was then mid-winter, and Christmas morning found us frying the string our bacon had been suspended with. This we washed down with a tin cup full of pepper-wood tea, and then we sat down to reflect on the peculiarity of the situation. All at once Reed started up and said he believed there was a God in Isreal yet, for the day before he had seen the tracks of a mountain hare in the hills above us, and rising to his full length he then and there declared that ere another sun went down, he would have the meat of that hare, or he would have WOOL. I told him I thought it would be useless for him to attempt to get within reach of any kind of game, as the sigh of as oddly dressed and hungry looking man as he was, would put lightning speed in a snail. But Reed was determined, and went out and borrowed a gun and started forth, while I sat down in the cabin to drop a few lines to Sonoma county friends, ordering parched corn and straight jackets for two miners. I knew we wanted straight jackets, for we were in straightened circumstances. I had been engaged but a short time when a noise startled me. Stepping to the door, I was just in time to see a large hare going through the chapparal like the wind, with its hair reversed, and making terrible leaps at every turn in the trail, as it caught glimpses of its desperate pursuer. Reed having thrown away his gun, was following the animal at a break-neck pace. Seeing it was a race for life, and no funeral of mine, I went back and resumed writing. About half an hour elapsed, when the clatter of worn out boots, falling on the stony ground in rapid succession, fell upon my ears. I went back only to see a continuation of the old chase. This time the hare seemed to be making directly for our cabin, but one 37 glimpse of my half-soled pantaloons and cadaverous looks turned him for

the river. Such wild leaps as that animal made, I have never saw equaled; and Reed made some of the most inhuman jumps and plunges that a mortal ever was guilty of, as with scarcely anything on except an old pair of buck-skin suspenders (owing to frequent collisions with the chaparal), he dashed wildly in pursuit. The hare leaped up a rocky point overlooking the river, giving vent to a shriek, apparently of joy, at the prospect of drowning, rather than to fall into the clutches of my wild partner, who was coming down upon him “Like a wolf on the fold,” and a moment later the terrified animal sprang into the roaring flood, and sank to rise no more forever—that is, of course, ‘hardly ever.’ Reed rushed up to the cliff and made several unsuccessful attempts to leap into the river, but finally yelled for me to come and pull him back. It is scarcely necessary to add that game of all kinds speedily left the ‘foot-hills,’ no doubt preferring colder latitudes, rather than take the risk of being disturbed by the wild hunter from Sonoma county.

There's no use talking; this sketch must be finished up in some shape or other. We determined to return to Sonoma county, but how to get there without money was a tough question. We finally hit upon a plan: I had an old watch chain, supposed to be worth \$40 (but I have since learned that some suppositions are decidedly erroneous). This chain we proposed to melt up and then travel on the “nuggets” obtained therefrom. We placed the chain in a mud ball, heated that ball at a blacksmith's forge until it was ‘red hot,’ and upon breaking it open we found a hand-full of metallic pieces, bearing a strong resemblance to coarse, or nuggett gold—and then we were off,—first making our way to Ione Valley, at which place it was decided that Reed should remain and work for a few days, while I would try to make my way to Sonoma county.

Sacramento was distant about 45 miles; and about 9 o'clock one morning, I mounted my mustang and 38 clattered in the direction of that metropolitan village. In some respects I might have been termed a “singd cat;” that is I was really worth more than outward appearances indicated. I had 70 cents in cash [mostly silver], an old rusty revolver, a ‘bull's-eye’ watch, a mustang [appraised at \$4, and that melted watch chain; and it is reasonable to suppose that few strangers would have taken me for the possessor of the wealth I actually controlled. At noon I halted and got my horse fed, which little act of foolishness cost me 50 cents—I had 20 cents left. No doubt I presented the picture of a magnificent ruin as I rode into Sacramento about 4 o'clock that evening. My coat was invisible to

the naked eye; my toes were visible; my roll of blankets was torn to shreds; my hat was merely a rim while my auburn locks waved gracefully to and fro in the breeze; and with only 20 cents in my pockets, I put my mustang in a livery stable and told the keeper I might tarry in the city for several days. He gazed upon me for a moment, and then whispered to me that small-pox was raging in Sacramento. I told him I had wintered on the Yuba, and an epidemic would be a relief. I then went to the Western House, gave my revolver to the clerk, telling him to “handle it very carefully,” at the same time informing him that in all probability I would recruit my secular system at the dining table of the Western for the space of a week. He smole a pensive smile, and said he would put on an extra dray when the market opened.

I then went to an Assayer and produced my nuggets. The assayer examined the pieces, testing them carefully, and then told me that there was probably \$3 worth of gold in the entire lot, and it would cost at least \$4 to assay it. Was that me or some other waif of humanity standing on the street, in the crowded city of Sacramento, after a ride of nearly 50 miles, with empty pockets, and my mustang in a stranger's stable, eating ten cents worth of hay at every mouth-full and taking fresh bites with alarming rapidity! I ran my hands into my pockets and finding 20 cents I 39 became thoroughly satisfied that it must be me.

A thousand thoughts hurried through my mind. Other men had stood on those same streets—all the way from the days of '49,—other men were standing on these same streets now—as flat broke as I was; and right then and there I inwardly resolved to return to Sonoma county—even though a hundred toll-bridges, spanning as many rushing torrents, lay between.

Knowing the bridge over the Sacramento River would be closed at six o'clock. I hurried to the livery stable and told the keeper that I wanted to give my mustang a bath in the river; he said that was an eminently proper thing to do; and he also intimated that a bath might be a good thing for me. I took the hint, and in order to get even, I never went back to his stable. I galloped to the Hotel—called the clerk to one side, and told him that I had met an old friend from the country, and that friend insisted on my going out and spending the night with him. The clerk gave me my revolver, patted me on the shoulder and told me to ‘go to the country by all means.’

After leaving the hotel, I scampered for the bridge, and paid out my last cent for toll—crossed the river and a few miles out I stopped at a country tavern, where I put up for the night. My mustang was provided with comfortable quarters, while I was assigned to a sort of a wood-shed and dog-house combined. The next morning I presented the land-lady with one of my choicest ‘nuggets’—supposed to be worth considerable. Of course I would not have done this with every one, (I could not afford to) but seeing it was her, and I had come along as a stranger and they took me in [to the dog-house].

Soon after I mounted my “plug” and continued on my journey; and by being liberal in dosing (bull-dosing) out my “nuggetts” I finally reached Barker Valley, where I fortunately fell in with a gentleman named Cunningham, formerly of Peoria, Illinois. He was then traveling in the interest of one of the San Francisco Daily papers; and after hearing a little of my mining experience, he held out a hand-full of gold and silver, and told me to take out all I needed to carry me safely to my destination. I did so, and afterwards I had the pleasure of returning to him the amount in full. When Mr. Cunningham tendered me the money, he told me, if in after years, I ever met an unfortunate brother, and could do so, to give to him even as he had given to me—and that was all he asked of me in return. In my journal of every-day life, I have written Mr. Cunningham down as a Christian of full stature.

I reached Sebastopol in safety, and there found myself once more with friends; and a short time after, Reed arrived, and we both settled down to our respective avocations; but when the next Autumn came round, learning that an old-fashioned Camp-meeting was to be held near Healdsburg, on Russian River, we concluded to go; and if the reader will bear with me, I will in the succeeding Sketch, tell something of what I know about the Russian River Valley, the Redwoods, and the big Camp-Meeting.

### **Russian River Valley; THE REDWOODS, AND THE BIG CAMP-MEETING.**

I well remember the morning when Reed and I, [mounted on the spring seat of a one-horse cart or “dug-out, ”] started on our journey to the Redwoods on Russian River and a big Camp-Meeting just

then commencing near Healdsburg. The weather was everything that could be desired; the sky was heavenly blue—the air balmy and delicious.—(Sebastopol was our starting point).

Our road lay through Green Valley,—a beautiful vale, skirted with tasty vineyards and flourishing orchards. After traveling about ten miles, the country became more broken, the trees assumed a more lofty height, and the hills were steeper, while the Coast Range rising in the distance indicated our near approach to the Redwoods. We intended stopping for the night with an old friend of Reed's, who lived in the Redwoods. It was about noon when we entered a deep canyon [Pocket Canyon], and before proceeding far, mammoth trees surrounded us on every side, deeply impressing us with their immensity; and I will here add that I cannot accurately describe the grandeur of a Russian River Redwood Forest. I attempted it once, but after a feeble effort, I was carried home on a smokehouse door; and anxious friends hung over me for “several times,” fearful lest I might recover and try it again; but when they found that my property was mortgaged, they soon nursed me up to my old wood chopping weight. After an hour's drive through these mighty woods, we reached the river, which we found to be a beautiful little stream, running clear and swift over a rocky bed. We drove into it, and while our horse quenched his thirst, we took a drink also, and then resumed our journey and in a short time after, we reached the old woodman's cabin [the home of Reed's old friend]. It is unnecessary for me to give the name of this old woodman, and it would conflict with my early training, too, for when I was a boy, I was told to “never call people names.” We found the old man seated under a large tree, busily engaged in making shingles. The tree at which he was working, he told us, he thought would turn out at least seven hundred thousand shingles, and although I felt disposed to doubt his statement at the time. I have since come to the conclusion that the old man may have been correct.

Of course, we were invited in to dinner; the old man was but an ordinary cook, and I presume he set out “the best in the shanty.” Our dinner consisted of cold hominy, cold potatoes, cold bacon, cold beans, and cold water—and as a natural consequence Reed and I both took a severe cold before we got through.

After dinner, in company with the old man, we started out on foot to explore the forest. It was a bright clear day and just after noon, yet beneath the shadows of the mighty forest, it was dark as twilight in the Eastern States. Such trees I had never dreamed of, and fancied that they 43 existed only in the heated imagination of the writers of fiction.

Many Redwood trees on Russian River, I have good evidence to believe, stands fully 400 feet in height, and as many as ONE MILLION of excellent shingles have been made from the best portion of the trunk of a single tree; and from forty to sixty thousand feet of clear lumber has been sawed from the body of one of these trees; and the largest trees are not cut, either for shingles or lumber, as their immense size renders them unprofitable to reduce. We feel pretty safe in saying, that there is enough Redwood timber in the canyons adjacent to Russian River to fence in the entire world, build a city larger than London, and then have enough fire-wood left to supply all creation for several years.

The canyons of Russian River, near the coast, are thickly studded with Redwood trees, varying in size from the tender sapling to giants twenty-five feet in diameter. The bark on the larger trees is from one inch to two feet in thickness; it takes a good chopper, generally from two to five days to fell one of these monsters of the forest. They chop and split very easily. I have seen plank, more than twenty feet in length, split, or rived out with a common froe—in fact, nearly all the weather-boarding for the cabins of the woodmen in early days, was gotten out in this manner. One remarkable feature of this Redwood timber is, that it seldom or never decays. Trees which, to all appearances, have lain on the ground more than one hundred years, are as sound as ever.

On the following morning we geared up our 'red horse' and started for Healdsburg, the Camp-meeting—and all way stations. Our road lay up the Russian River Valley—one of the loveliest regions that lies beneath the clear skies of this sunny land. On our winding way, we crossed Russian River nine times, and other streams in proportion. On every hand the scenery was simply enchanting in its picturesque beauty. Flourishing 44 corn-fields—immense stack-yards of Wheat, Oats and Barley; orchards groaning under their delicious burdens, and the rustic farm-houses scattered up and down the valley, or dotting the hill-sides,—all combined to form a picture of

rare loveliness. The Russian River Valley, from Cloverdale to Petaluma—a distance of fifty miles—all things considered, is unequaled on the Pacific Slope. The climate is mild and healthful. The water is excellent; no irrigation is required; wheat yields as high as sixty bushels to the acre. Apples, Peaches, Pears, Plums, Figs, and Grapes abound, and Vegetables of every description are successfully grown. Cultivated lands in this region (in 1880), rate all the way from ten to three hundred dollars per acre, according to improvements, quality and location.

We found Healdsburg a handsomely shaded village of perhaps five hundred inhabitants (this you will remember was in 1865).

We drove straight to a Livery stable and hailed the hostler thusly: “Mister, is there a tavinging in this burg?” “Yes-zur-ee,” said he; “That two-story frame over there, is a staving house, you bet. That was sufficient news for us, and after telling him to shovel the shelled oats into that red nag of ours in alopathic doses, we made a wild dash for the hotel, and were soon “getting away” with a “square meal”—that is to say, we consumed everything within three square feet of our immediate vicinity. After our repast, we took a stroll through the village, and during our rambles, we experienced the sorrow of being an unwilling spectator to a fight between two women, during which skirmish, snuff-colored hair and crinoline suffered considerably. We paused only long enough to shout: “Fight on, fair flowers of this sunny land; Northern chivalry behold and applaud your deeds.” We understand the battle continued until some spectator informed the belligerents that calico had “riz,” and that ended the fight.

In our further perambulations, we came across an acquaintance named Tom Clevinger. He was [as he stated 45 it] “one of the uncurried colt's of New Jersey;”—storm-tossed, weather-beaten and flat broke, but full of hope and ‘old Nick’ combined. He informed us that he had lately come to Healdsburg in search of employment, and had been for several days working on trial in a Blacksmith Shop, and as the proprietor of the shop was a zealous Methodist, Tom had made up his mind to attend the camp meeting, in order to create a favorable impression on the mind of his employer; so we concluded to go together, and after settling our livery and hotel bills, we boarded our little two wheeled land schooner, flourished our seven foot ‘gad’ over our team, and ‘lit’ out.

The camp-ground was one mile distant, and by frequent inquiries along the road, we managed to reach the place about sundown. We found a vast crowd assembled, with a goodly number of Ministers from various portions of the State, a FREE DINING TABLE and everything to promise a good old-fashioned time. We were glad we were there, and rejoiced that it was us. The weather was delightful; the scenery was enchanting, the occasion impressive, and when the aroma of smoking viands floated by us from the free boarding tent, visions of the faraway Yuba danced before my eyes and hungry memories stirred my soul and in extacy I grasped Reed by his right “bread-hook” and shouted:—“Old comrade, you and I together to the hungry thread of hope too oft have clung. Too often have we left the onion beds of reality to clutch the bitter fruits of Sodom—The rich quartz ledge of Yuba River is undiscovered. We have hunted gold and gathered dross. But here on the shores of this beautiful river we have found pasture. So long as the trumpet's toot calls us with due regularity to the free hash house, let us abide.” And Reed lifted up his lute-like voice [strongly reminding me of the boom of a Bittern] and said, “’tis well”—and we tarried. That evening we attended services, taking a position close to the preachers' stand, and were favorable impressed. After the meeting 46 was over, finding that there was no indications of a cold lunch being passed around we adjourned to a straw pile and slumbered until that tin-horn said: “Ye hungry starving souls draw near,” for breakfast.

The majority of the boarders dined, but Reed, Tom and your humble servant being somewhat human contented ourselves with simply “chawing” provisions and pouring down hot coffee for about 70 minutes, and then Tom told the folks to bring on their preachers—About ten o'clock we took our seats in the assembly, and listened to the Gospel's solemn warning. It was Sunday. We were strangers in a strange land—far from the haunts of our nativity. Old memories were busy in our hearts. That Sunday I shall long remember; the dark ever-green trees overhead—the wild birds singing around us in the trees—all served to bring back to me in all its freshness and purity, the sweet pictures of childhood. Hundreds of people in the vast crowd had come from the mountains and distant valleys, twenty, forty and even one hundred miles away. Quite a number of the Red children of the West had gathered on the outskirts of the camp, gazing steadily on the pale-faced speaker—listening with wrapt attention, as he in thrilling tones called on the wanderers of every

nation to come home to God. My heart was deeply touched, and I felt that I too, had wandered a long way from my Father's house. After the sermon was over, the most intense feeling prevailed—all present seemed to realize that God was there. Old woodmen and miners, many of them wrecks on the mad sea of life, got up and testified to a brighter hope—faith in Jesus. Old soldiers and sailors, bronzed by the wearing service on land and sea—men who had trod the streets of old Jerusalem and mocked and blasphemed the sacred places in the City of David, rose up and with tears coursing down their cheeks, prayed that they might yet moor their storm tossed barges on the Golden Shore.

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But time sped on, and the Camp Meeting on Russian River came to a close, yet even now, a beautiful vision gleams in the distance like “Apples of gold in pictures of silver,” and the beautiful valley—the rippling River and the old camp-ground I still see through the fast dimming portals of the far-back, as old recollections sweep as it were, the silver chords of memory with an angel's hand.

Fifteen years have gone by since we “Tented on the old Camp-ground.” Healdsburg has grown to be a flourishing city of nearly four thousand inhabitants. The iron horse snorts in the valley,—and drives the swift wheels of progress from salt water to the mountains, consigning to oblivion the old traveled ruts of former years; and the hum of a riper civilization follows in the wake, and catching up the echo from the hill-sides, rolls in gladsome tones through the beautiful valley, down to the sea.

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### **Our Redwood Cabin. (PARODY ON “THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.”)**

[The cabin referred to, still stands where it was built, in Pocket Kanion, near Russian River, Sonoma County, Cal. How brightly it gleams, that scene in the forest, As old recollections float up from the past; The tall forest trees standing thick all around it, Whose shadows all day were over us cast. The Kanion below, and the brook that wound through it, Its clear waters serving in place of a well, And close by the stream, to the right as you'd view it Was our cabin of Redwood that stood in the dell.

The old wagon road that wound through the deep valley— The young evergreens springing up by the way, Have left in my heart a lasting impression That shines from the past like a bright summer day. The bridge made of bark, and the old tree so near it, Uprooted by storms—lying just as it fell, Yet dearer than all, I shall ever revere it, Is the old Redwood cabin that stood in the dell. The soft, sighing winds and the roar of old ocean Sang us melodies rare through the still hours of night And those memories oft fill my heart with emotion, Though the scene in the forest has faded from sight. Of all earthly spots, that one seems the fairest; Like a cold drink of water from a deep crystal well, Or like an oasis in life's dreary desert Was the cabin we built in the cool shaded dell. Though years have gone by, and that home is far distant: Though between us the sands of the desert may swell Yet memory grows bright as it points me westward, To that rude cabin home that stood in the dell.

### **A Journey Overland. FROM OMAHA TO SAN FRANCISCO.**

As it has been the writer's fortune, or misfortune, as the case may be, to make the trip from “the States” to California Four Times, within the past sixteen years, I will give the Reader a partial glimpse of my last journey (in 1879), between Omaha and San Francisco. We took the Emigrant Train, as the difference in the price is much greater than the difference in accommodations.

I had my family with me, and although my eldest boy was rather over size for “small children,” we managed to run the gauntlet and come through on two tickets.

Omaha is a bustling City, the grand starting point for travelers enroute to the Far West, and at the big Union Depot, [which is now located on the Iowa shore at Council Bluffs), getting on board a Western bound Emigrant train with a family of small children, together with the indispensable camp equipage—Blankets, pillows, cooking utensils, provisions, etc., is no small job; there is always a vast crowd, of cosmopolitan aspect—a general rush—a fearful jam, and dire confusion. There is the usual swearing, crying children, a small regiment of peevish women, a host of surly men, innumerable pickpockets etc: the unpleasant situation being relieved only by the happy thought that perchance there may be one or two honest printers in the crowd. At Omaha, the emigrant from the farther East becomes aware that a change will “come over the spirit of his dreams” for at this

point the gold and dross of humanity are separated. The sheep and goats are divided—the goats as a natural consequence take the first class trains, and the emigrant is given a stiff piece of paste-board setting forth the fact that the holder thereof is an emigrant of the “third water” and must retain his seat for nine consecutive days if he hopes to reach the “Golden Shore,” as “stop-over” checks are not on the programme—first-class passengers only are allowed these luxuries; and this accursed piece of “man's inhumanity to man has made countless thousands mourn;” and for this unholy discrimination, the Union Pacific and Central Pacific Companies should receive the condemnation of the common classes of the Republic. We got safely on board and secured our seats, and in a few minutes I was thoroughly convinced that lumber and calico were certainly on the rise; for a man came into the car with two pine boards, and a couple of old calico sacks filled with saw dust, and this man told me that those articles were just the thing to fit out the hard seats and convert them into comfortable sleeping berths. He said the usual price for such things in Omaha was five dollars apiece, but as I was late getting on board, he would let me have the “whole out-fit for two dollars and a half.” I looked at the hard seats, and then at my tired family and—I closed the bargain right then and there; and after embracing my benefactor (?) and urging him to allow me to go and ‘set up’ the beer in remembrance of his Christian qualifications, I bade him farewell and hope to never hear of him again.

At about 5 o'clock in the evening, the bell blew, the 51 engineer rang his whistle, and off we started, at a speed that bore a strong resemblance to the gait of a printer's devil when going on an errand, and in somewhat less time than it usually requires to get a claim through the U.S. Pension Department, Omaha was fading in the distance, and the boundless region of “wind-loved” Nebraska was stretching out on either side and away beyond.

The country for two hundred miles west of Omaha, in regard to natural beauty, and fertility is unequaled, and certainly offers rare inducements to those in search of cheap homes in a new and rising State. We passed Columbus, Grand Island, North Platte, Sidney—all flourishing places, besides many other growing towns of minor importance, and in due time the entire State of Nebraska lay behind us, and the soil of festive Wyoming was pressed beneath us. While traversing with snail-like pace through this region, our eyes feasted on the unsophisticated Cactus, scattering

antelope, prairie dogs, stray buffalos, poor country, etc., until finally the grim peaks of the Rocky Mountains loomed up in the distance. Some dark and frowning, some covered with verdure, and others mantled with snow. The next point of interest was Cheyenne, 516 miles from Omaha—elevation, 6,041 feet.

One hour at Cheyenne was principally spent around the bread and sausage stalls, where we found everything of a most excellent order, and at prices that left no room for grumbling. That evening we reached Sherman, (the summit] elevation, 8,242 feet, distant from Omaha, 550 miles, this is the highest point on the road, yet the ascent is so gradual that one can scarcely realize the immense height obtained. The scenery is magnificently grand and beautiful, but tame compared with the rugged steeps and dizzying precipices of the Wahsatch and Sierras. Our time from the summit to Ogden, was employed as usual, in buying grub, spanking children—and gazing out of the car windows upon the most barren and apparently God-forsaken country, that was ever 52 manufactured from a poor quality of dirt, gravel, sage-brush and alkali. Just think of it, two thousand miles from Omaha to San Francisco, and fully sixteen hundred of those miles are just as inviting and as devoid of vegetation as the bottom of an Illinois frog pond, at the close of a long dry summer—the picture of desolation, clothed in Alkali and sage-brush.

At Ogden we changed cars, and were pleased to find the sleeping accommodations of Central Pacific road were greatly superior to those on the U.P.—comfortable and convenient bunks have recently been added to the emigrant cars between Ogden and San Francisco.

After leaving Ogden, we traveled for quite a distance in plain view of Great Salt Lake, [you can see it on the map]. We reached San Francisco on the ninth day after leaving Omaha, and will also further add that the sights along the road amply repay any one for coming to California. I could write a volume on the wonders and beauties of the Wahsatch and Sierras, if I only had time and knew how. At some places, the motion of the train shook the pebbles from the beetling cliff's that hang over the road, until they rattled against the car windows like hail.—Huge boulders of tons weight, hang in menacing attitude, hundreds of feet above, apparently ready to dash down and hurl

the passing train into unfathomable chasms that yawn below. Somebody will get hurt on the Central Pacific road some day.

To those in moderate circumstances, who have a desire to come to California, we would say; If you do not value time anything, and are not ashamed to ride in a car with respectable people, take an emigrant train. If you get tired riding, you can get down and walk, and gather the blooming cactus, or pebbles, and resume your seat at pleasure. [This is no joke]

Lay in a big supply stock of provisions. You will need all you can carry. It would be no bad idea to continue “laying in grub” whenever an opportunity presents itself. It is truly wonderful, the amount of edibles a family will consume on a two thousand miles journey, on a slow train. Dried beef is not the thing for travelers on a desert—it won't do to tie to; but if you are not too “hoggish,” boiled ham, well freshened, will answer; this with bread, coffee and crackers, and jellies for the children will bring you through in good shape. And when you arrive in San Francisco, you can do no better than to stop either at the Franklin House, or the International Hotel.

We struck San Francisco when the Steamer, “City of Tokio,”—bringing General U.S. Grant home from his “Trip Around the World—was hourly expected. The entire city was ablaze with enthusiasm. Everybody wanted to see the hero of the Great Rebellion. Large portraits of the General were to be seen everywhere, and the streets for miles in every direction were hung with flags and festooned with banners.

On our first evening in the city we visited the Palace Hotel, the most stupendous building of the kind in the World, and after night, standing in the grand court-yard in the center of the building, I think few grander sights can be witnessed in the new world. The superb marble floors, the brilliant lights, the beautiful fountains, the tropical plants, the tramp of a thousand feet, the bewildering music, and the magnificent building itself all around you, is indeed a sight worth seeing.

While in the city accompanied by our family, we visited Woodward's Gardens, [every body who come to San Francisco, and has any time to spend, should by all means spend a few hours at Woodward's Gardens]. It is perhaps the biggest show that has ever been exhibited on this continent

for the pusillanimous sum of twenty-five cents. After a little financial “dickering” with the gate-keeper, we found ourselves inside the grand enclosure, which embraces about ten acres. The walls of the enclosure are surmounted at intervals with magnificent bronze statues of noted men and animals. First we made our way to the Museum, the doorway to this institution being formed with the jaw-bone of the bird called the whale, the two lower ends resting on the stone basement and coming together at the top at the height of eighteen feet, forming an oval arch. After inspecting the doorway, I mentally concluded that Mr. Jonah never swallowed a whale in all his born days.

In the Museum we found everything we had ever saw, heard of or read about—curiosities and wonders gathered from every portion of the globe; magnificent mineral specimens taken from the mines of California, Arizona, Australia, Mexico, &c., thousands of rare and beautiful shells of ocean, curious coins, bearing date long before the time of the Cæsars; grand old relics from Egypt and Palestine, a huge piece from the great wall of China; old scraps of history on parchment, festooned with the dust of dead centuries; rusty armor that had once gleamed on the Crusaders in the days of chivalry, “a long time ago;” the stump of the cocoa tree under which Capt. Cook was murdered by the Hawaiaian savages: and a thousand other curiosities that space forbids mentioning.

I will just add that it would monopolize one whole week to view all the things of interest in the Gardens. The Grand Menagerie, by far the largest collection of animals on the Pacific Coast; the grand array of birds from South America and the Eastern Isles, the moving panorama of the great city and the shipping in the bay to be witnessed in the observatory, the shady dells, the rustic bridges and pleasant resting places, the lovely walks, the magnificent trees, the brilliant flowers and tall grasses form a world of beauty within themselves. Woodward's Gardens may be summed up as a ten acre show.

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## **A CHAPTER ON FACTS.**

HO, ye people from afar-off  
You who live beyond the mountains;  
Far beyond the Rocky Mountains;  
Far beyond the sandy deserts,  
Away beyond the yellow waters  
Of the mighty

Mississippi, Come and listen to my story. Rally 'round and get up closer That you may learn all about it; Though it is a simple story Nevertheless it is a true one. I will now attempt to tell you, Just exactly what's the matter, In relation to this climate, Of this California climate. There is much that's very pleasant, Pleasant in the balmy Spring-time, Pleasant in the months of Summer, Pleasant in the dreamy Autumn— For the Sun it shines out brightly, For eight months it shines out brightly And the breezes blow so softly From the great Pacific Ocean— Then comes on the rainy season, The California winter season; Dark and gloomy is that season, Sometimes raining all the winter, Sometimes raining sometimes ceasing Ceasing only to renew it, Until the valleys fills with water, Till the torrent down the mountains Rushes madly down the mountains, Rushes headlong down the mountains Rushes down with fearful roaring, Sweeping everything before it, In its headlong course before it: Thus the rains keep on descending, Thus the valleys fill with water, Through the dismal rainy season, In the land of California.

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Some say people never die here, Never die but live forever, Keep on living till they dry up; But in this they are mistaken, For 'tis here the same as elsewhere, People they grow sick and die here, Die because they cannot help it, Die, and start off on that journey, On that dark, uncertain journey, To that land beyond the river, To the land of the Hereafter. Leave this land of gold and sunshine, Leave the smiling little valleys, Leave the grand old mountain ranges Leave this land of wild adventure, Leave this land of wondrous beauty, Leave the land of California— Ranchmen leave their herds of cattle Leave their herds and tasty vineyards The Indian leaves his little wig-wam, Leaves the fresh trail of the red deer, Leaves his arrows in the quiver, Leaves his light canoe of red-wood; The miner drops his pick and shovel Looks no more for gold or silver,— No more for the Almighty Dollar, Sees his sun of life descending, Going down into the ocean, In the Future's fearful ocean, Takes a last look at his cabin, Sees this bright world fast receding, Looks his last on all things earthly, Then he takes his lone departure. Leaves the land of song and story, Leaves the land of California, And journeys on as all men must do, To the land of the Hereafter. Such is life, as I have found it, Such is life this wide world over, Life is short and Death is certain, On the land or on the ocean— And 'tis the same in California.

## **The Author's Opinion.**

EVERY cloud has its silver lining; every picture has its bright side; there is a sunny spot in every heart; and there is something good—even noble in the nature of every man; and we also believe there is good in every Political and Religious organization. Every country, every State—every district has its advantages as also its disadvantages; and from my own personal observation, during several years residence on the Pacific Coast, I feel justified in saying that California forms no exception to the general rule. And what I say concerning this country, I shall endeavor to say—not from a desire to please any particular class of individuals, but from a desire to deal fairly and squarely with my fellow-men,—and “Tell the TRUTH, though the Heavens fall.”

I first came to California in quest of adventure; and after two years I returned to the “States” thoroughly disappointed, and disgusted with everything pertaining to this western country,—and strange though it may seem, since that time, I have repeated the trip to California no less than THREE different times,—and I am in California TO-DAY, financially “busted” and out of flour!

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I give these facts, simply for illustration; for California to-day can furnish a thousand similar cases; and perhaps not one among the number can give a rational reason for his acting “thusly.”

Now, we all know that just so long as Time lasts, people will come to California and go back again, and perhaps repeat the operation until they become financially demoralized; and all that I may say, pro or con, will have little or no effect upon the roving class, for in nine cases out of ten they will take their own heads for it any way; nevertheless, I am going to say something for the benefit of those who have never been on the Pacific coast, who have their heads set for the Far West. And my advice honestly given, is this:—Do not sell out your old homes and pull up stakes, and rush off to California, merely on the strength of what you have heard; but if you are determined to come —,then by all means first come and ‘See how it is yourself.’ Let me illustrate: “A man from OUR neighborhood went to California, and in less than one year he ‘struck pay dirt’ and came home rich.”—(and no doubt married the Squire's daughter),

Readers, you have all heard about that man—of course you have. He lived in OUR neighborhood—also in YOURS; in fact he lives in almost every neighborhood East of the Missouri River. But, did you ever hear about those other fifty men who went from ‘our respective neighborhoods’ to California, and struck a different kind of ‘dirt’, and didn't make a fortune “worth a cent,” but on the contrary, got poorer day by day, and would have starved to death, had they not hung around the “Free Soup Houses” in San Francisco, until their 59 relatives and friends sent them money to enable them to get back home! Those men also lived in my neighborhood, and in yours too; yet History, and even the festive Newspapers—yea, and Society too, are peculiarly silent in regard to those poor unfortunate, ‘foolish men.’

California is a queer country. Some people like it after they get here, while others are greatly disappointed and consequently dissatisfied. Fruit of all kinds is plentiful, but not so cheap as one would imagine. Everything is sold by the pound. Land in favorable localities is what I consider “away up,” ranging all the way from twenty to four hundred dollars per acre, according to the location and improvements. Timber, especially for fuel, in middle and Northern California, is plentiful and moderately cheap; while in the Southern portions of the State, it is very scarce, and consequently very dear. Lumber, Flour, Beef and Mutton command about the same prices as in the “Western States.” Butter, Milk, Chickens, Eggs, and Corn Meal always command high prices, and rank among the Luxuries of the Pacific Slope. Wages are just about the same as in Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska, but the demand for laborers is not near so steady as in those last mentioned States.

The Climate is said to be ‘Immense.’ In some respects it IS. Tornadoes, wind-storms, thunder and lightning are of rare occurrence—in many portions of the State, there is scarcely enough wind in the course of a year to blow a straw hat off a man's head—that is, of course, if he is the right kind of a man. There are perhaps on an average, as many as two hundred bright, clear days in the course of the year; and during the remainder of the year, it is either raining or liable to rain. The rainy season usually sets in during the latter part of October, and continues, at intervals, until May.

Take the State over, the Scenery is grandly magnificent and beautiful beyond description; but the contemplating emigrant must bear in mind the fact, that scenery 60 is mighty poor feed for a

hungry family; baked beans as a steady diet, will beat scenery two to one. This is partly the Author's opinion.

For me to attempt to give the Reader a correct idea of California, as regards her vast resources, her wonderful productions, the enchanting scenery, and the bewildering climate, would be much like an elephant trying to climb to the Moon on a cob-web ladder, or like a poor man trying to make himself popular in a wealthy and aristocratic community; or the editor of a newspaper undertaking to please all his patrons: These things rank among the impossibilities of this world.

It is well known that California is rich in her Mineral resources; but the 'flush' days for the common miner has passed away. The big claims that pay 'Thousands' are controlled by capitalists, who have to be wealthy before they can work the mines successfully; and now, as in other countries, 'tis the same in California:—The unfortunate MANY work for the fortunate FEW.

The Coast counties, in my opinion, are the most suitable for homes. Wheat, Oats, and Barley are raised in immense quantities, and in fact almost everything that can be raised in any country is successfully grown on the Pacific coast. The Orange groves of Southern California already yield an immense revenue, and the vineyards, scattered all over the State, will at no distant day, surpass the generous regions of the Rhine, while cattle, sheep and hardy horses cover the hills and valleys in vast numbers, but of course this is the sunny side; for although eighty bushels of wheat is sometimes produced from a single acre, yet it must be borne in mind that four-fifths of the entire State does not contain sufficient soil to produce dog-fennel. And the people of California to-day tell us that "The climate isn't like it used to be; the soil doesn't produce so well—the rainy season lasts longer; and disease, too, with its shadowy forms and pale faces, is creeping in and gaining a foothold in the lovely valleys, along the 61 hill-sides and on the mountains of this classic land."

How all this is, I will not say (maybe the people grow harder to please), but will leave it for others to decide. I hold to the doctrine that few of us truly appreciate the blessings of To-Day. We seldom know when we are at home. Although far advanced in the walks of civilization yet a great many of us do not know how to be happy, and let me impress upon the minds of all poor men the fact:

that it is a dangerous and risky business to move with a family two thousand miles in any direction at least without first looking over the field. [I have tried it three different times, and I speak 'by the Book']. California has disappointed and ruined more people than she has enriched, satisfied or bettered. Rich or poor, a contented mind is better than Gold. It is everything. It is Health, Wealth and Happiness: And I feel safe in saying: he who leaves a good home East of the Rocky Mountains, with a heavy heart, a discontented mind, and a roving disposition, will rarely find on the Pacific Coast, that which he seeketh—for "ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT GOLD."

LAST OF THE MOHICANS.

### **Miscellaneous Poems.**

#### ***RETROSPECTION.***

Thoughts of other days surround me, Wafted up by memory's flow; Within my heart they're sadly pointing Back to thirty years ago. Through the haze, and misty shadows, Wove by Time's unceasing tide, I see the old familiar homestead Where a loving brother died. And looking back a little farther, Voices sad fall on my ear: A little group of children gather, Bitterly weeping—'round a bier. Faint and fainter grow the voices 'Round that pallid form of clay; Yet even now, I hear the whisper:—"Mother, she has passed away." Years since then have come and vanished, Leaving in their rapid flight, Hopes of future by the way-side, That bloomed in morn to fade at night; And now I find me looking backward Through the dreary space so wide, Through the thickening, hazy curtains, To the day when Mother died. Oh! how fond is memory's pleading With our hearts, grown rude and cold, Causing us to retrace our foot-steps To the scenes in days of old; Leaving behind fond recollections, Of cherished ones "gone on before;" And feeling too, that we are nearer— Closer to the "Other Shore."

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#### ***LINES TO "OLD REED."***

This is one of my first attempts at rhyming, it being a “short-hand” exhortation to my old partner in 1866, to induce him to return with me to the land of our nativity. It is needless to say that this “fetched him,” Old friend, let's go where fragrant blossoms Load the air with sweet perfume, Where the fruit defies for flavor All the lands 'long-side the Sea,— Say, don't you feel like starting To that happy land with me? Where the blue birds and the black birds and the jay birds sing so merrily In the early dewy morn, Making music for the plowman In the fields of yellow corn and white corn. Where the people can be happy, If they only try to be; So sell your claim for whatever you can get, And sling yourself back home with me; Where wild grapes they hang in clusters, Throughout the forests brown, And black haws and persimons and pawpaws like a lot of us boys at the close of a dance one night— Lie scattered on the ground; To that land that lies so far away, On Mississippi's shore, Where oft you've battled with the tide, while working on the railroad for your hash, In the good old days of yore. Dear old Reed, my heart grows sad— I can scarce suppress a sigh, To think that as well a put up man as you are would come away out here, for to chop wood and maul rails and then curl his self up And then pile down and die; For there's nothing on this dreary coast But sighs and endless fears, That follow us like a well trained coon dog from early in the morning until a long ways after night, Adown the steep of years.

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### *THE MARCH OF TIME.*

Upon the golden span of To-day's bright shore we stand; And looking back through retrospection's vale, Visions, sad and beautiful—woven in Life's fitful dream, before us rise. 'Tis Spring, and o'er the earth the queen of beauty walks; Boyish foot-prints on the hill-side and in the vale we see— As though but yesterday they had been made, And fancies of youthful days flit before us with the same freshness—once so real, Ere from our sight they were hurried by the remorseless flight of time.

A low-roofed cottage, with creeping vines we see— And down the beaten path, a mother leads her boy. Time rolls on— The Summer's heat and noon-day's sun has come and gone; Autumn, with its

“sere and yellow leaf” has tinged the forest trees, And given place to stern Winter, who holds all earth in fetters grim. Years glide by.—

Gone are the bright visions, and in their stead we see a lonely grave; And over it kneels a bent and aged form, In whose shrunken eyes we recognize the boy of long years ago! And as the moaning wind goes by, we catch the meaning of his trembling voice, As he sobs out the sacred name of —“Mother.”

In one swift glance, we see how life begins— and where the weary march will end. A myth—a dream or vision, that one rude blast will e'en dissolve. Nations by that invisible power, spring up and people the broad universe:— Are born, and live—to droop and die!

And generations yet unborn, Perchance, in future ages, upon their graves Will look, and wonder who beneath them lies. The mighty warriors who guarded once the gates of Thebes, Or lined the banks of the Euphrates— Whose prowess for centuries kept the Eastern world at bay, Had for their light, the same Sun, and Moon, and Stars that we do now behold; And they, perchance, oft-times looked back to the foot prints, and Upon the resting place of their ancestors' dust.

Still onward sweeps the tide of years:— Sceptres, before whose imperial sway, nations. paled— lies broken. Empires, proud cities, massive gates and mighty walls, into decay, Before the resistless march of Time have crumbled.

To-day, a thousand fleets ride high o'er ocean waves— To-morrow, a thousand ghastly wrecks bestrew the shore; But Time, the great Tomb Builder, strides on; His foot-steps never lag. Suns rise and set; and through the realms of space, glides the pale Moon— Bathing in her silvery light, Mountains, Rivers and Plains that reflected her glances When first the world began.

Seasons come and go, Nor heed the fate of man, who with feverish brow and anxious tread, Plods wearily through his allotted space, seeking, as it were a place—to die. But, thank God, a Hope— gathering strength from that golden promise— Within our heart shines forth: Whispering of a fairer land than this, for those who love the Lord;— And from whence there'll be *no looking back*.

***MY OLD CANOE.***

'twas Spring—the birds were warbling Their carols all around; I left the home of boy-hood's years,  
For the Western country bound. The sun shone bright o'er fields of green, —I waved my last adieu;

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As with swelling heart and dimning eyes I launched my Life Canoe.

The deep sea widened 'round my bark— Strange voices filled the air; Yet though, with strangers  
on the deep, I knew that God was there. Time rolled on, and soon I stood Upon a distant shore:—  
California's soil beneath my feet, And her blue sky spreading o'er.

Two years sped by, and I awoke From that bright gilded dream; And with my old canoe, once more,  
I pushed out in the stream. When boisterous waves or adverse winds My efforts did deride, I laid  
my paddle idly down And drifted with the tide.

Though my boat was shattered by the storms, And my hands grown brown with toil, I knew that  
welcome waited me Upon my native soil. And when I saw the dear old shore Rise over the waters  
blue, I knew that a landing place was near, For me and my old canoe.

My canoe now lies upon the banks Of Life's tempestuous stream, While far above the stormy  
heights, I see the Light-house gleam. My last great cruise I soon must take; To earth-land bid adieu,  
— And into the mists of unknown seas, I'll push my old canoe.

***TO "TOM BROWN". (An Army Comrade.)***

Some sixteen years ago, Tom Brown, I struck for the Western Sea; And old-time memories prompt  
me now To write these lines to thee; For, no matter where I go, dear Tom, I am ready to proclaim:  
— Our friendship nought on earth can brea —And I know you'll say the same.

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Tom Brown, the years go flitting by— Our work will soon be done: Life's battle, fought by you and I, Will soon be lost or won! And with old recollections Swelling in my heart to-night, I can't refrain from asking:— Have we fought the goodly fight?

Perhaps the world is changing, And the snares in this great land, For weak and wayward mortals, Grow harder to withstand; But oft our mode of living Converts Morning into Noon:— Makes Summer months to flee away, And Winter come too soon.

Tom Brown, while cherished memories Flood my heart with golden light— Days,—aye—years of the olden time Spread out before my sight:— The tented field—the bivouac fire; The tempest's angry frown, A cabin that sheltered two old friends:— Myself and Thomas Brown.

Though we may meet no more on earth, As in the days of yore; They tell me there's a Better Land Upon a Golden Shore! And my heart grows strong within me, As adown Life's Stream I row, For in that bright land I hope to meet Tom Brown, of the “Long Ago.”

### ***MY OLD “E FLAT”***

I once had a great desire to become a member of a Brass Band; that desire was gratified, but unfortunately I selected an “E Flat” horn, and thirteen days after, I came out—at the “little end”—tendered my resignation, and sent in my application for a pension).

Show me the man in all this town, Or even in the country 'round, Where-ever he may be, or can be found, From a dandy'd flirt that pride begat, To a man or boy of any kind, Who has an ample supply of wind To blow my old “E flat.”

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Fetch 'round the lad; I'll go for him; I'll satisfy his every whim, And through the papers I'll ‘blow’ for him And on all occasions pass 'round the hat To support his family in after years— To keep them all from shedding tears For Father who died (in a horn) so flat.

Oh! I'd like to see with my own eyes, The man who lives under Northern skies Who wishes upon  
the "Air" to rise— Who is foolish enough, and all that, To tarry long with this piece of brass,  
Making a noise resembling an ass— Which is all I can do on my "E flat,"

There must be some reckless chap around In the country, or within the town, In limb and wind  
almighty sound, That would like to "smell a rat." Show me the man—I'll give him a horn, That will  
make him wish he'd never been born In the days of my "E flat."

They say this is a progressive age, And every body has grown so sage— To go ahead is all the rage;  
They can all do this and that. But I want to see that man "for fun," Who by a horn can't be out-done.  
He must be a perfect "blow" or none, For it will take a regular "son of a gun" To blow my old "E  
flat."

### ***OUT IN THE DARK.***

(Inscribed to "Jim Jones, of the Foot-Hills").

Jim was a noble hearted, man, but like many others of his stamp, had contracted an unconquerable  
appetite for strong drink: and when I last saw him he was completely in the power of the 'Rum  
Fiend.'

Out in the dark, on the drunkard's road, I am trudging along the way; With hardly a ray of hope  
beyond— And my head fast turning gray For years along life's path way I have groped in fear and  
doubt, While in the chambers of my heart, The light seems going out.

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I once was deemed the 'foremost man' In all this country 'round— And called "a public benefactor"  
By the people of the town: Kind fortune smiled upon me, And left her golden mark; But, too weak  
to stand temptation— I drifted in the Dark.

I've watched my fated star grow dim, Till it faded from my sight— Amid the wreck of miss-spent years, While blacker grows the night. Few, save the wretched drunkard, Who on troubled seas embark, Can ever realize what it is To be—"Out in the Dark."

The lines are deepening on my brow— I am "going fast" they say; And the shadows thicken 'round me, As I stagger on my way. My once loved childrens' prattle, Heard in the family are, Grows fainter in the distance— As I drift in the Dark.

The grass will soon be growing Above us all, I know; But my wife and children they will be, Where the father cannot go. In a bright land "Over yonder," They will wear a shining mark; While I, the wretched drunkard. Will be—"Out in the Dark.

I can feel my boat fast gliding In the shadows, cold and gray; Comes again the fearful warning:— I am "passing fast away." I can hear the billows dashing Against the Stygian shore; But alas!—I can see no beacon To guide me safely o'er.

Memory's waves go surging past me— And hark! above the roar, I can hear my children calling— From the fast receding shore; The 'Rum Fiend,' that hideous monster, Sounds out the dismal knell, That shuts me out from Heaven, And drags me down—to Hell.

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***CENTENNIAL GREETING.***

(First published January 1st, 1876).

To the bright and sunny South-land, Where the queen of beauty walks; To the Valleys and the Mountains, And to the Northern Lakes; To Pacific's Goldeu Gate-way, To the Eastern coast of Maine; With a happy New Year's Greeting, We come to you again.

To greet the American people, Of all ages—great and small, From the youngest in the family, To the father of them all. 'tis a big page in our history, For the outside world to read, Of the many grand projections We've achieved with lightning speed;

While Earthquakes and Revolutions Have sank some countries down, This great American Nation Still proudly marches on; And this whole united people— Ever at work or on the way, Have carried on their business, And kept the World at bay!

That glad day was just dawning— That set the hills aglow, Proclaiming our Independence— ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO! Now, our sails they whiten every sea, With the Starry Flag unfurled; And our Country it is honored Throughout the entire world.

One glance at proud America— (O, we love to write the name), Is enough to make our school-boys Climb up the steps of Fame; For the road to Honor's Temple Is nowhere so easy trod— As it is in Free America, Upon her sacred sod.

From the green hills of New England, To where Pacific's breakers roar,— From the coast of grim Alaska, Clear down to our Southern shore— 72 We humbly thank our Great Creator, That our country is at peace— And the old American Eagle Proudly soars o'er all the space.

Out upon the mighty ocean, And on every foreign strand, There is a strong impression that Our Flag's upheld by God's own hand; And we, as true Americans, Should pray to Israel's God, That no other Flag but ours shall ever Find a foot-hold on our sod.

We are Republican to the centre,— Always vote the Union “ *Straight*,” For that we think, is the safest Ticket, To carry us through the ‘ *Narrow Gate* ;’ And if there are any *favours* shown. Up in that World of Light,,— We believe the old ‘ *Army of the Union* ’ Will be formed upon the “ *Right* .”

With the misty curtain rising— Rising up from memory's shore, Comes the echo of familiar foot-steps, Rising high above the roar,— With the bright blue sky above us— With our feet upon the

span That binds the ever-present With the Past and Future-land:— Comes the feeling in our bosom,  
Comes the mist into our eyes, As we watch the scenes receding, With the year that backward flies.

Dear readers: while cherished memories, Are clustering 'round us here; Let us form new  
resolutions, For a better life, this year. Let us all be known hereafter For the Good that we can do:  
And scatter joy and gladness Wherever we may go; And though storms will toss and rock us From  
morning until night— Let us fight Life's fitful battles, On the side of Truth and Right.

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### ***ADIEU TO CALIFORNIA.***

(Written on my return to the “States” by water in 1866).

I'm going home, Oh, California— Fades thy land-scape from my view, Through the Golden Gate  
we're passing, Out upon the ocean blue. All thy mountains, hills and valleys Look to me more  
lovely, now; All thy fields and shady wood-lands, With fresher verdure seem to grow.

Oft while in your lonely gulches, Seeking for the golden sand, I have cursed the luck of miners,  
And Pacific's sunny strand; But when thoughts come crowding o'er me Of my leaving thee for aye,  
Forgotten are all disappointments— I can but say: a kind adieu.

Far behind me now are fading The checkered scenes of Western life; No more will I come back to  
view them, Filled as they were with toil and strife. The white sails in the wind are flut'ring; My eyes  
once more rest on the land: But fast 'tis fading—fast receding; Again I wave the friendly hand.

Around our ship the shadows gather, Bright, o'er the waves, the moon-light beams, While far above  
our noble bark The faithful head-light gleams; The sunny land far out has faded, Old ocean's waves  
around me swell; Home voices in my heart are whispering: Pacific shores, a long farewell.

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### **PEN PICTURE OF CLOVERDALE.**

IT would no doubt seem ungrateful in me, were I to make no special mention of Cloverdale, in this little book, and in justice to the liberal hearted inhabitants—among whom we have made our home, and from whom we have derived our support in the Newspaper business during the past year, I subjoin the following; which I deem a pretty correct statement:

Cloverdale is situated in the extreme Northern portion of Sonoma county—almost at the very extreme head of the great Russian River Valley, and is the present terminus of the San Francisco & North Pacific Railroad. It has an elevation of 350 feet above the level of the sea; it contains a population of about seven hundred people; and has natural advantages which, in time, should make it a place of considerable importance.

The Town was first laid out in October, 1859, by J. A. Kleizer; and in 1872, Mr. Kleizer laid out an addition on the West side, H. Kier also laid out an addition on the North, and Doyle & Overton one on the South. The present limits contain about three hundred acres.

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The Railroad was completed to this point in 1872, and since that time, the growth of the town, although never rapid, has been steady and continued.

Cloverdale is distant from San Francisco ninety miles, transit between the two places being made in four hours, by Rail and Steamer. Two trains run daily,—making it convenient for Travelers and Residents. Four Stages also, depart regularly for Lakeport, Ukiah, Big River, the Geysers, Mendocino and other principal parts in Northern California.

The Town is regularly laid out—the streets crossing at right angles, many of them being handsomely shaded with beautiful trees. It contains three church-buildings—Congregational, Catholic, and Methodist; also a very substantial School-building; and many handsome residences adorn the principal streets and suburbs. Two miles distant, on Sulphur Creek, a good Flouring Mill is located—(run by water power), producing a superior quality of flour, meal etc. The town is abundantly supplied with good pure water, conveyed by pipes from an adjacent mountain spring.

Cloverdale is situated within a short distance of Russian River and Sulphur Creek (the latter entering the former a little North-east of town). They are both beautiful streams, Sulphur Creek, in many respects, resembling the Truckee in the Sierra Nevadas and the Weber in the Wassatch Range; they are the delight of the hunter and angler, who rarely fail to find remunerative sport along their winding and picturesque banks.

The great Valley of Russian River, beginning in the vicinity of Cloverdale, and extending clear down to Petaluma, a distance of fifty miles, is of remarkable beauty and fertility, producing almost everything in the shape of grain, fruit, vegetables &c., that can be found anywhere in the temperate zone and the tropics, Wheat, oats, rye, barley, hops, potatoes, beets, apples, peaches, pears, 77 apricots, quinces, plums, nectarines, almonds, figs, grapes, etc., being raised with little labor.

Cloverdale contains 4 Dry Goods Stores, 2 Hardware stores; 1 Tin shop; 4 Hotels; 1 Bakery; 2 Drug Stores; 1 Harness Shop; 3 Livery Stables; 6 Saloons; 1 Paint Shop; 2 Barber Shops; 2 Meat Markets; 2 Milliner & Dress-Making establishments; 2 Lumber Yards; 1 Tailor; 2 Blacksmith Shops; 1 General Warehouse and Commission Merchant; 6 Grocery Stores; 1 Real Estate Office; 1 Public Hall; 2 General Stage Offices; 1 Express Office; 1 Newspaper and Job Printing office; 3 Shoe Shops; 1 Jewelry Store; 1 Public Library; 3 Insurance Offices; 2 Fruit and Candy Stores; 1 Furniture Dealer and Undertaker; 2 Bricklayers & Plasterers; 4 Contractors & Builders; 4 Wine-Cellars; 1 Brewery.

In the year of 1879, there was shipped from Cloverdale as follows:—Stock, 74 cars; Staves, 1 car; Grain, 4,446, 753 pounds, Flour, 308,555 pounds; Wine, 28,650 lbs., Wool, 1,903,791 pounds; Eggs, 1,7000 pounds; Fruit, 6,200 pounds; Poultry, 25,220 pounds; Hides 81,424 lbs., Hops, 330,841 pounds; Quicksilver, 1,725 lbs., Grapes, 180,300 pounds; Miscellaneous, 280,387 pounds. This refers to freight shipments alone, aside from all shipments by Express.

Cloverdale is situated in the natural gate-way of one of the finest and most extensive wool-growing regions of the Pacific coast, which should make it an important manufacturing point in the near future. Three miles Northwest are the Alder Glenn Mineral Springs, whose excellent waters attract

the attention of the tourist and invalid. The Great Geysers are only 16 miles distant almost due East; and during the Spring, Summer, and Autumn, the road between Cloverdale and that widely famed resort, is lined with visitors from almost every portion of the civilized world.

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The scenery surrounding Cloverdale is grandly magnificent, picturesque and beautiful. An irregular range of high hills rise on the East and West, on the North are the mountains of Mendocino and Lake counties; while the ever-green valley, widening as it stretches South-ward, interspersed with scattering clumps of live oak, pine, fir, madrone and manzinetta, or dotted with rustic farm-houses; the fields of waving grain, tasty vineyards and inviting orchards; the clear waters of Russian River babbling over its pebbly bed; and in the distance, on either side, the eternal hills, clothed in their variegated robes of matchless beauty—all combine to form a picture of more than ordinary loveliness.

CLOVERDALE ADVERTISEMENTS

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